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# The Messiah, Vol 1

Commentaries on Kahlil Gibran's The Prophet

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## The Messiah, Vol 1

### Chapter #1

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BELOVED OSHO,

ALMUSTAFA, THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED, WHO WAS A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY, HAD WAITED TWELVE YEARS IN THE CITY OF ORPHALESE FOR HIS SHIP THAT WAS TO RETURN AND BEAR HIM BACK TO THE ISLE OF HIS BIRTH.

AND IN THE TWELFTH YEAR, ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF IELOOL, THE MONTH OF REAPING, HE CLIMBED THE HILL WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS AND LOOKED SEAWARD; AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.

THEN THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN, AND HIS JOY FLEW FAR OVER THE SEA. AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM AND HE THOUGHT IN HIS HEART:

HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW? NAY, NOT WITHOUT A WOUND IN THE SPIRIT SHALL I LEAVE THIS CITY.

LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN I HAVE SPENT WITHIN ITS WALLS, AND LONG WERE THE NIGHTS OF ALONENESS; AND WHO CAN DEPART FROM HIS PAIN AND HIS ALONENESS WITHOUT REGRET?

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS, AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.

IT IS NOT A GARMENT I CAST OFF THIS DAY, BUT A SKIN THAT I TEAR WITH MY OWN HANDS.

NOR IS IT A THOUGHT I LEAVE BEHIND ME, BUT A HEART MADE SWEET WITH HUNGER AND WITH THIRST.

Kahlil Gibran... the very name brings so much ecstasy and joy that it is impossible to think of another name comparable to him. Just hearing the name, bells start ringing in the heart which do not belong to this world. Kahlil Gibran is pure music, a mystery such that only poetry can sometimes grasp it, but only sometimes.

You have chosen a man who is the most beloved of this beautiful earth. Centuries have passed; there have been great men but Kahlil Gibran is a category in himself. I cannot conceive that even in the future, there is a possibility of another man of such deep insight into the human heart, into the unknown that surrounds us.

He has done something impossible. He has been able to bring at least a few fragments of the unknown into human language. He has raised human language and human consciousness as no other man has ever done. Through Kahlil Gibran, it seems all the mystics, all the poets, all creative souls have joined hands and poured themselves.

Although he has been immensely successful in reaching people, still he feels it is not the whole truth, but just a glimpse. But to see the glimpse of truth is a beginning of a pilgrimage that leads you to the ultimate, to the absolute, to the universal.

Another beautiful man, Claude Bragdon has said about Kahlil Gibran, a few beautiful words. He says, "His power came from some great reservoir of spiritual life, else it could not have been so universal and so potent. But the majesty and beauty of the language with which he clothed it were all his own."

I have always loved this statement of Bragdon, even though not agreeing with it.

One need not agree with a beautiful flower; one need not agree with the sky full of stars -- but one can still appreciate. I make a clear-cut distinction between agreement and appreciation -- and a man is civilized if he can make the distinction. If he cannot make the distinction, he's still living in a primitive, uncivilized state of consciousness.

I agree in a sense, because whatever Bragdon is saying is beautiful; hence, my appreciation. But I cannot *agree* because whatever he is saying is simply guesswork. It is not his own experience.

Have you noted? -- he says, "His power came from some great reservoir of spirituality, of spiritual life, else it could not have been so universal and so potent." It is rational, logical, but it has no roots in experience. He feels that something beyond the grasp of mind has come through Kahlil Gibran but he is not certain. And he cannot be certain, because it is not his experience. He is immensely impressed by the beautiful language; each word is a poetry unto itself. But he himself is unaware of that great reservoir of spirituality. He himself has not tasted it. He has loved Kahlil Gibran but he has not lived him.

With me, the situation is totally different. Hence, there are a few things I would like to say to you before I make my commentaries on the statements of Kahlil Gibran.

First, he is certainly a great poet, perhaps the greatest that has ever been born on the earth, but he is not a mystic; and there is a tremendous difference between a poet and a mystic. The poet, once in a while, suddenly finds himself in the same space as the mystic. In those rare moments, roses shower over him. On those rare occasions, he is almost a Gautam Buddha -- but remember, I'm saying *almost*.

These rare moments come and go. He's not the master of those rare moments. They come like the breeze and the fragrance and by the time you have become aware -- they are gone.

A poet's genius is that he catches those moments in words. Those moments come into your life too. They are free gifts of existence -- or in other words, glimpses to provoke in you a search, to come to a moment when this space will become your very life, your blood, your bones, your marrow. You will breathe it, your heart will beat it. You will never be able to

lose it, even if you want to.

The poet is for moments a mystic, and the mystic is a poet forever.

But this has always created a very difficult question, and nobody been able to solve it.

I have a humble solution. The problem has been posed again and again, thousands of times all over the world: if the poet gets only glimpses, yet creates so much beauty, so much poetry -- words start becoming alive the moment he touches them -- why have the mystics not been able to produce the same kind of poetry? They are twenty-four hours a day, day and night in that creative state, but their words don't carry that beauty. Even the words of Gautam Buddha or Jesus Christ fall very much short of the words of people like Kahlil Gibran, Mikhail Naimy, Rabindranath Tagore. It certainly seems to be strange; because the people who have only *moments* create so much and the people who have the universal consciousness available to them, waking or sleeping... what happens? Why have they not been able to produce Kahlil Gibran's? And nobody has answered it.

My own experience is that if a beggar finds a gold mine, he will sing and he will dance and he will go mad with joy -- but not an emperor.

A poet once in a while becomes the emperor -- but only once in a while; that's why he cannot take it for granted. But the mystic is not just for a moment merged with the universal consciousness -- he *is* merged. There is no way of coming back.

Those small glimpses may be translated into words, because they are only dewdrops. But the mystic has become the ocean; hence, silence becomes his song. All words seem so impotent, nothing seems to be capable of bringing his experience into any kind of communication. And the ocean is so vast and he is continuously one with it; naturally, he himself forgets that he is separate.

To create, you have to be there to create.

To sing a song, you have to be there.

But the mystic has become the song.

His presence is his poetry. You cannot print it, you cannot paint it, you can only drink it.

To communicate with a poet is one thing but to be in communion with a mystic is totally different. But it is good to begin with poets, because if you are not able even to absorb dewdrops, the ocean is not for you. Or better to say, you are not for the ocean.

To you, even the dewdrop will appear like a vast ocean.

Speaking on Kahlil Gibran is a very rare, almost impossible thing because I am not a poet.

I am poetry.

I am not a painter; I am the painting. Where the painter has got lost into the painting, I don't know.

An ancient story is: One Japanese emperor told all the painters of his country and the neighboring countries that he wanted a painting which looked as if it were real: "If you have painted a door, it will not look like a painting. Everybody will be mistaken and will try to enter it. Unless a painting is so real, I do not consider it a painting. And one who can paint such a thing, whatever he wants... even if my whole empire is his desire, he will be rewarded."

Thousands of painters came to the palace. They tried... but how can you paint a painting which will give the exact impression of the real?

But one painter said he would paint only on one condition: While he is painting, he should not be disturbed. No limitation of time should be imposed on him. And he does not paint on canvasses -- he will paint on a big wall inside the palace. And unless the painting is

complete, nobody is allowed to come in. The first man to see it complete will be the emperor.

The conditions were accepted. It took him almost six years. The emperor was getting old, but he had promised not to interfere. He kept his word. After six years, the painter came and told the emperor, "You can come."

The painter took the emperor into the room. The emperor could not believe it. It really looked real. There were tall trees and a small winding foot path in the painting. The emperor asked, "Where does this path go?"

The painter said, "You can walk on it...."

And believe it or not -- I don't believe it, but it is so lovable -- the painter entered with the emperor to show him the path and they have not returned.

If you try to think of it as a historical, factual thing you will miss the whole point. It is a parable. And it is absolutely *true* -- not factual.

The real painter dissolves himself into his painting, and the real poet disappears into his poetry. But *that* kind of creativity is of the mystic -- and because the mystic disappears in his creativity, he has no time even to sign his painting, or his poetry. The poets can do that, because for a moment the window opens, they see the beyond, and the window closes.

Kahlil Gibran has written almost thirty books. *THE PROPHET*, which we are going to discuss, is his first book; the remaining are rubbish. This is a strange phenomenon -- what happened to the man? When he wrote this, he was just young -- twenty-one years of age. One would have thought that now more and more would be coming. And he tried hard; for his whole life he was writing but nothing came even close to the beauty and the truth of *THE PROPHET*. Perhaps the window never opened again.

A poet is accidentally mystic. It is just by accident... a breeze comes, you cannot produce it. And because he became world famous -- this is one book which must have been translated in almost all the languages of the world -- he tried hard to do something better, and that's where he failed. It is unfortunate that he never came across a man who could have told him a simple truth: "You had not tried when you created *THE PROPHET*, it *happened*. And now you are trying to *do* it."

It has happened; it is not your doing. You may have been a vehicle. Something that was not yours... just like a child is born of a mother. The mother cannot create the child, she is simply a passage. *THE PROPHET* belongs to the category of a very small number of books which are not dependent on your action, your intelligence, on you; on the contrary, they are possible only when you are not, when you allow them to happen, when you don't stand in the way. You are so relaxed that you don't interfere.

This is one of those rarest of books. In it, you will not find Kahlil Gibran -- that's the beauty of the book. He allowed the universe to flow through him; he is simply a medium, a passage, just a hollow bamboo which does not hinder the flute player.

In my experience, books like *THE PROPHET* are holier than your so-called holy books. And because these books are authentically holy, they have not created a religion around themselves. They don't give you any ritual, they don't give you any discipline, they don't give you any commandments. They simply allow you to have a glimpse of the same experience which happened to them.

The whole experience cannot come into words, but something... perhaps not the whole rose, but a few petals. They are enough proof that a rose exists. Your window just has to be open, so a breeze sometimes can bring petals.

Those petals coming through a breeze into your being are really invitations of the unknown. God is calling you for a long pilgrimage. Unless that pilgrimage is made, you will

remain meaningless, dragging somehow, but not really living. You will not have laughter in your heart.

Kahlil Gibran avoids his own name by creating a fictitious name, Almustafa. That's the beginning of THE PROPHET. Almustafa is the prophet.

ALMUSTAFA, THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED, WHO WAS A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY, HAD WAITED TWELVE YEARS IN THE CITY OF ORPHALESE FOR HIS SHIP THAT WAS TO RETURN AND BEAR HIM BACK TO THE ISLE OF HIS BIRTH...

Great truths can only be said in parables.

Almustafa is just a fictitious name. Why is he called THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED ? Why is he said to be A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY ? Because he waited for twelve years....

The whole secret of Almustafa is in the waiting.

He was not in a hurry, he was not demanding, he was not asking. He was simply waiting. To wait, one needs immense trust that whatsoever happens, it doesn't matter. If your waiting is total, your ship one day is going to come to take you back to your origins, to the sources of life, love, laughter.

Each seed has to learn only one thing: to wait for the right season for the spring to come. There is nothing that the seed can do. It cannot bring the spring; spring will come on its own accord.

And if the seed tries too much, in its very doing it may become non-receptive, closed. A seed has simply to be open, receptive, waiting... whenever the spring comes. One thing is certain in the heart of hearts of the seed: spring comes, because the seed has seen the flowers all around, the whole garden.

You have seen the flowering of a Gautam Buddha but the trust has not arisen. You have looked into my eyes, but the trust has not arisen -- still there are questions, still there are doubts, still there is mistrust.

And ordinarily, flowers don't speak to the seeds. But I'm trying... who knows? Somebody may hear, somebody may see, somebody may learn the art of awakening. That is the only religion I know of.

AND IN THE TWELFTH YEAR, ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF IELOOL, THE MONTH OF REAPING....

There are times when you have to sow the seeds and there are times when you have to reap the crop. And when Almustafa saw that the time of the year, of Ielool, had come, the time of reaping...

HE CLIMBED THE HILL WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS AND LOOKED SEAWARD; AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.

It almost literally happens in this way. If you wait and wait, your trust goes on growing, and when the trust matures in you, then you can be certain that the time has come to return to your origins. The search for God is not the search for some goal ahead. It is the search for the origins, it is the search for the space from where you have come.

Waiting means you are not asking, you are not desiring, you are not longing, you are not saying that now it is enough. As your waiting deepens, you are coming closer and closer to

the origin, and the origin is at the very center of your being.

By the way, in Sanskrit, for "man" the word is *purus*. *Purus* comes from a root which means "city" -- *pur*. That's why you will see Kanpur, Nagpur, Jabalpur -- that *pur* means the city.

And you are a walled city. Just in the center of your walled city is your very origin; it is from there that you have grown. One day you have to go back to your origins.

When you came out of your origins, you were unconscious. Religion is a return journey -- and you all have come with a return ticket. But this time, going back, you will be going fully aware, alert, conscious. And this was the purpose of the whole pilgrimage: to complete the circle from the unconscious to consciousness, from darkness to light, from death to eternity. This is the whole purpose of our being here.

AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.... And naturally, coming from the unconscious, you will always have to pass through a period which is full of mist.

If you have had at any time the experience of chloroform, then you will understand it. Because I had no experience of chloroform, I asked one of my friends, a very famous doctor. He said, "What are you suggesting? Without any operation, what is the need?"

I said, "I just want to see the circle -- from consciousness to unconsciousness, from unconsciousness to consciousness. I have seen it in myself, but I want something as an example that I can give to people, to those who are not alert, aware and conscious."

He said, "This is against our medical practice. A strange kind of thing...."

I said, "Who is talking about medical practice? And nobody is going to know about it, don't be afraid." He was perspiring. I said, "Don't be afraid -- and if you *don't* do it, I am going to tell."

He said, "Strange, this is blackmail!"

And I said, "This is not blackmail, this is whitemail! Say yes or say no."

He said, "You wait, because if you start telling people, everybody will believe it. So it is better that you have it."

So he took me into his surgery, he gave me the chloroform and told me: "Count from one, two, three, and go on." I went on... when I reached fifty-one, he said, "Wait! I have never seen anybody who goes beyond seven, eight, nine at the most."

I said, "Your dose is not enough. You will have to give me at least a dose of three times more."

He said, "My God... but in the first place, chloroform is no longer used. And using it three times! But I can see... the way you were repeating, and when I said, 'Wait!' you immediately opened your eyes."

So he gave me a good dose. I said, "I will consider it a good dose only if I stop at nine."

He said, "What do you mean? *You* will also know that you are stopping at nine?"

I said, "I will know it and I will tell you when I have stopped. So don't try to deceive me."

He gave me a good dose, and I remember that I started going slower, deeper; the numbers were as if they are coming from far away, and when nine came, I said, "Okay."

He said, "You are not supposed to speak while under chloroform!"

I said, "You should have said so before; I am a very obedient patient. Your dose is still not right."

I could feel that my numbers were getting slurred. But that is not a big thing -- after three, I get slurred anyway. Under chloroform, I was exactly, without any mistake going up to fifty-one. Without chloroform, I cannot go beyond three!

Five times the dose he had to give me, but it was a good experience. As you come back,

you can see the whole circle if you are alert enough. If you are not alert enough, then too, you can feel this much: when you stopped, and when again you can remember that you had stopped at nine. And as consciousness comes back, you can see that you have passed through a dark tunnel.

But this is just a toy.

In the real experience also, it happens in the same way. When you are coming out of your unconscious there will be a period which can only be called a period of mist. Everything is unclear, surrounded by mist.

THEN THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN, AND HIS JOY FLEW FAR OVER THE SEA. AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

The moment he saw that the ship had arrived, was coming closer, THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN. If you can wait silently, one day the guest is going to knock on your doors; the ship is going to come. It has always come, without any exception. And the proof and the evidence that you are not dreaming, that you are not hallucinating, is that suddenly for the first time you will see the gates of your heart flung open.

Up to now, what you used to say -- that "I am open" -- was only superficial. But now the joy of going back home is so much that the strength of the joy, the abundance of the joy, flings all the doors of the heart open.

Your heart is a seed.

When it opens its doors with joy, it becomes a flower.

You have come home.

There were many dark nights and there were many anguishes and many nightmares, but all that is over. Your joy is so much that it spreads all over the ocean. It is oceanic. This is the feeling that William James called "oceanic."

Only one psychologist of this century has touched just a little bit of your inner being -- and that man is not Sigmund Freud, that man is not Alfred Adler, that man is not Carl Gustav Jung. That man is William James, whom nobody bothers about. He defined religious experience as "oceanic." It cannot be just logical; you cannot reach to the word 'oceanic' through logic, through reason, through psychoanalysis. Unless this man had felt something so big and vast that he could not find any word in the language....

"Oceanic" was never used before William James; he coined the word. "Ocean" is one thing; "oceanic" is a totally different thing.

AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES....

These small things are not small; they are of tremendous importance. When you are feeling inside such an oceanic joy, it is bound to be, absolutely, that you will close your eyes, because now there is nothing outside worth seeing. You have seen the seer. Now all that is beautiful and all that is around you and that you have always desired pales down. It loses all value. The eyes are bound to be closed.

So if you see the statues of Mahavira, Adinatha, Parashunyatha -- you will be surprised: why are they all with closed eyes? They have seen the outside -- now they are seeing the interiority of their being. It is qualitatively different. It is not that it is much more beautiful, no; it is a beauty of a totally different kind.

It is so real that the people who have experienced it have also said that the world is illusory, because they have seen something far more real than the stones and the objects and the mountains and the stars....

These small things show the authenticity of the person. Kahlil Gibran is not just philosophizing; otherwise, he would have forgotten about closing the eyes.  
AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES...

And a very significant thing:  
AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

Millions of people are praying every day, but not in the silences of their souls. Just words -- Christian words, Hindu words, Mohammedan words, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic....  
A prayer that consists of words is not a prayer at all.  
A prayer consists only of silences.

And remember, he could have simply said, "And he prayed in the *silence* of his soul" and you would not have thought even for a single moment. In fact, that would have been more linguistically right: "He prayed in the silence of his soul." But it would have been existentially wrong, because it is not *one* silence within you; there are layers and layers and layers of silences.

Those who have entered, they know: there are seven layers of silences connecting to seven centers of your body. Each center becomes silent; hence, instead of using the singular "silence", he has used a plural: *silences*.

And you will be surprised that he is the only person who has used silences. There are other great poets, but they have always used "silence of the soul." Naturally, they are simply repeating what they have heard from generation to generation. It is not their own experience.

Kahlil Gibran's statement, *silences of the soul* shows that he has not only an intellectual approach, a philosophical approach, a theological approach -- his approach is existential. He has drowned himself in those silences. He has seen that it is not one silence -- there are layers and layers of silences. And each silence has its own fragrance, its own taste, so you can demarcate.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM AND HE THOUGHT IN HIS HEART...

This is so profound that unless you have been on the path, it is impossible to make this statement. After experiencing the immense joy that spreads all over the ocean, and after entering depths of silences... a statement about sadness?

He is so authentic -- and he has not edited his experience at all. It will look illogical -- after such a beautiful spiritual experience, suddenly you become concerned about sadness? But what can he do?

And I agree with him absolutely.

After reaching peaks of joy, you will have to confront sadness.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM... These are all symbolic, every word. It was certainly an uphill experience, but a poet cannot remain on the sunlit tops of the Himalayan peaks -- he has to come back. And naturally, seeing so much joy... and then the window starts closing; the flower again starts becoming a bud, the petals start closing as if after the dance, suddenly the evening has come and there is darkness all around. Coming from the hilltop into the dark valleys of life, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM....

But his sadness -- and the sadness of all those who have realized something; it may not be the whole truth, it may be just a fragmentary experience. These words will relate to you not

only Kahlil Gibran's experience but the experience of *everyone* who has ever been in such a space and come back down to the earth.  
HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW?

He has seen -- the ship is coming. Now you can see the human frailty, the dilemma: this world is known; that ship is still surrounded in mist. And one never knows where it is going to land you.

From the moment you became my fellow travelers, has not the question arisen in your mind, time and again: "Where is this pilgrimage going to end? HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW?"

As he comes closer to the earth, as he comes closer to the outer world, as he comes closer to the flowers and the stars, a problem: HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE... WITHOUT SORROW? -- in a ship one knows nothing about. You cannot even see the ship clearly, it is surrounded in mist; how can you see the other shore? It is absolutely invisible. And who knows whether there *is* any other shore? because nobody has ever returned from the other shore to give you an eyewitness account.

HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE....? -- he's torn apart -- AND WITHOUT SORROW?... and for many reasons.  
NAY, NOT WITHOUT A WOUND IN THE SPIRIT SHALL I LEAVE THIS CITY.

The world of our experiences, the world of our bodily pleasures, the world of our mind, its flights.... "How shall I leave? So much beauty on one side -- which is tangible; I can touch it, I can feel it -- and I'm to leave all this for something unknown, intangible, invisible." You can understand; putting yourself in his place, the heart will be torn apart. It will be almost the anguish of "To be, or not to be?" because all that you are, your roots, are here in this earth.

LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN I HAVE SPENT WITHIN ITS WALLS.

He's not unaware of the fact: "In this city, which is known to me... LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN... anguish, anxiety. AND LONG WERE THE NIGHTS OF ALONENESS. But still -- and this has to be understood by every meditator -- because everybody has lived in this world, in this body, perhaps for many, many lives, we have even become accustomed to pain. We will miss it. We have become accustomed to misery. You cannot conceive of yourself without misery, without pain, without anxiety. Then what will you be? -- because all that you have been consists of all these things. So although they are not your longings, not your desires, the very experience of living in them for centuries and they have become your second nature.

Kahlil Gibran gives a greater psychological insight than any psychologist of our times:

AND WHO CAN DEPART FROM HIS PAIN AND HIS ALONENESS WITHOUT REGRET?

Strange seems to be the statement -- but it is not strange, it is the experience of all of you. The same pain, the same misery -- and you know that it is heavy on the heart and you are also aware that you can drop it, but you have been too long with it. A certain friendship, a certain love affair with the misery... otherwise, nobody is preventing you from dropping all your miseries.

The day I decided to drop, I dropped it. I had not even gone to ask anybody, "How to drop?" Anybody who asks how to drop misery does not want to drop it; that "how" will

create more misery.

And there are, all around the world, people who are selling misery to you. Wherever there is a demand, there is a supply. You go to those people -- "I want to drop the misery how to drop it?"

They say, "Stand on your head!" Torture your body. This is yoga. But it takes lives to drop it -- go on standing on your head and distorting your body. It is good that people don't follow these misery-sellers, hawkers; otherwise, they would turn the whole world into a circus. If the whole world becomes impressed by yoga -- what do you think? -- everywhere you will see such great scenes.

I have heard that when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister of India, he was very much interested in yoga -- particularly, standing on his head every day early in the morning.

One donkey -- he was no ordinary donkey, remember; he was the leader of all the donkeys of India -- had gone to see him, because donkeys are not represented in the assemblies and the parliament and they also have some rights! So he was on a deputation, thinking that early in the morning would be good because a person is still not tired; the whole day's problems are not there, he is fresh. And Jawaharlal was doing his *shirshasana*, his headstand, in the garden of his residence. Of course, there were two policemen standing at the gate.

The donkey first thought: "Should I ask or just go in?" He said, "If I ask there may be trouble," and those two policemen did not care about a donkey; if he goes inside, there is no harm, let him go.

He went directly to where Nehru was doing his headstand. He looked into Nehru's eyes. Nehru said, "My God! What has happened to you, why are you standing upside down?" Nehru asked the donkey!

It is good that... otherwise you would find donkeys doing headstands and anything is possible because in yoga....

The moment you ask how to drop misery you know perfectly well you don't want to drop it, because there is no reason. If you don't want to be miserable, it is so simple -- don't be miserable. I simply decided. And thirty-five years have passed; I have not been miserable -- although the whole world is trying to make me miserable. But they should remember: it is impossible. Once I have decided, I have decided.

As I was coming out of the American jails, the jailer said to me, "Strange... people enter jail and they look very good. When they come out they look very bad. But you are looking better!"

I said, "Twelve days of complete rest, no problem, no disciples... no need of any security" -- I was the most secure person inside. I told him, "Even President Ronald Reagan is not so secure. If you want him to be really secure, put him in jail! -- absolute security!"

He said, "I have never seen any man... I am going to retire soon. In my whole life's experience, you are the first man who has come out of the jail so happy."

I said, "I didn't think it would be so soon; I was planning to rest a little more."

But it was not only the jailer. My attorneys, as I came to them, said, "What happened? You are looking far better." As I reached my residence, Vivek said, "Why don't you look so good here?"

I said, "This is not a jail. I was practicing for twelve days because I know for certain if there is any hell -- I'm going too!"

God is not going to tolerate me. His priests are not tolerating me anywhere in the world. Even if I somehow reach heaven, God is not going to allow me in. Perhaps they have already

passed a resolution -- "This man is dangerous. If he comes this side, be alert!" But they need not be worried, I'm not going to their side.

So I said, "These twelve days in American jails, one jail in England for one night's experience, some experience in Greece... soon I'll be ready for a world tour! Because before you go to hell, some practice is absolutely necessary. I never go anywhere without homework!"

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS. AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.

What he's saying is almost what I could have said. How can I leave my body without you all? My ship arrived a long time ago but I am not even looking at it.

He is right. Every master will feel the same way:

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF MY SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS. AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.  
IT IS NOT A GARMENT I CAST OFF THIS DAY, BUT A SKIN THAT I TEAR WITH MY OWN HANDS.  
NOR IS IT A THOUGHT I LEAVE BEHIND ME, BUT A HEART MADE SWEET WITH HUNGER AND WITH THIRST.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #2

Chapter title: A boundless drop to a boundless ocean

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BELOVED OSHO,  
YET I CANNOT TARRY LONGER.  
THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK.  
FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE  
AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.  
FAIN WOULD I TAKE WITH ME ALL THAT IS HERE. BUT HOW SHALL I?  
A VOICE CANNOT CARRY THE TONGUE AND THE LIPS THAT GAVE IT WINGS. ALONE MUST  
IT SEEK THE ETHER.  
AND ALONE AND WITHOUT HIS NEST SHALL THE EAGLE FLY ACROSS THE SUN.  
NOW WHEN HE REACHED THE FOOT OF THE HILL, HE TURNED AGAIN TOWARDS THE SEA,  
AND HE SAW HIS SHIP APPROACHING THE HARBOR, AND UPON HER PROW THE  
MARINERS, THE MEN OF HIS OWN LAND.  
AND HIS SOUL CRIED OUT TO THEM AND HE SAID:  
SONS OF MY ANCIENT MOTHER, YOU RIDERS OF THE TIDES,  
HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS. AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING,  
WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.  
READY AM I TO GO, AND MY EAGERNESS WITH SAILS FULL SET AWAITS THE WIND.  
ONLY ANOTHER BREATH WILL I BREATHE IN THIS STILL AIR, ONLY ANOTHER LOVING LOOK  
CAST BACKWARD,  
AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU, A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS.  
AND YOU, VAST SEA, SLEEPING MOTHER,  
WHO ALONE ARE PEACE AND FREEDOM TO THE RIVER AND THE STREAM,  
ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE, ONLY ANOTHER MURMUR IN THIS  
GLADE,  
AND THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU, A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

Almustafa says, "... I CANNOT TARRY LONGER. THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK."

This is the experience of all those who have become awakened to their reality, who are realized spiritual beings. Their work on themselves is complete; they need not tarry any longer in the dark valleys of life. But they tarry as long as existence allows them.

The reason is transformation: the moment you know yourself, your passion -- the same energy that was dragging you down and down -- becomes a new force. Hence the word *compassion* -- passion has become compassion, lust has become love. Passion has a thousand

and one problems; compassion has only one problem.

I am reminded of Gautam Buddha. It is said... the words are not important but the meaning is the most beautiful and the most significant one can experience. When Gautam Buddha became enlightened, it was a full moon night. For the first time he faced a new question. He had faced many questions -- and because he was able to dissolve all those questions, he was not even aware before that this question, the last one, would also arise at a certain moment in the journey towards the stars. It was compassion.

As he became enlightened, all his own worries, anxieties, disappeared as if they had never existed before, as if he had been asleep and it was just a nightmare. Now that he was awake, all those dreams were not there. But a new thing -- so new that he had not even dreamt of it -- suddenly became his whole being.

Compassion is the name of that state. The whole energy that was involved in passions is purified, refined. It no longer goes downwards -- it opens its wings and is ready to fly. But what about those millions and millions of people who are still wandering in darkness, in blindness? Can he simply be so selfish that he can forget all about them? Friends and enemies, lovers and those who hated him, people who nourished him all his life and the people who wanted to destroy him. But when compassion arises, the difference between the friend and the enemy disappears. Now it is just a whole caravan of humanity -- fellow travelers.

Should he look back or just go ahead and disappear into the universal bliss? He has come to the point from where there is no barrier for him. He can move and fly like an eagle into the open sky of truth, beauty, goodness -- *satyam, shivam, sunderam*.

But what about those who are left behind? They may have hated him -- they *have* hated him; efforts were made on his life many times. But the moment compassion arises, one feels compassion even for those whose whole effort was to destroy the man, to destroy his message, to destroy him so entirely that his name disappears, forgotten. But still... they are human beings, facing same anxieties, the same problems, the same jealousies; suffering in the same hell.

The story is that Buddha stopped at the gate of paradise, for which he had been working his whole life. The door opened. There was music, celebration, because only once in a while the door opens. Only once in a while there is a man who rises to such heights that paradise has to rejoice. The gatekeepers asked, requested: "You have arrived! Come in." But they were surprised. He was looking sad, because he was not thinking this moment about paradise and its benedictions. He was thinking of millions of souls wandering, not knowing where to go, not knowing what to do, suffering, in deep torture.

Should he go back and forget all about the paradise and its pleasures, its eternal life, its every moment rejoicings? He has achieved it with great arduousness. Now that he has found it, and now that paradise is celebrating to receive him -- should he enter the gate? But that will be utter selfishness, ugly -- not worthy of a man like Gautam Buddha.

He told the doorkeepers, "Please, shut the doors again. I cannot come in. I will wait until the last human being has passed into paradise. I am going to be the last human soul and these doors will not be opened again once I enter. It may take eternity but it does not matter. I see millions of sad faces, hearts full of tears, people who have never known a smile -- their whole life is just hellfire.

"No. Please close the doors. I am afraid -- if the doors remain open, in some weak moment I may be tempted to enter."

Buddha still stands outside the gate of paradise -- because we are all still groping -- for us

and for millions of the past and for the millions of others who will be coming. This may be just a beautiful story but it contains pure truth, unpolluted.

Almustafa is in the same situation. His ship has arrived, *yet i cannot tarry longer....* He wants to be still in the world. He has loved the world, although there were dark nights... but there were beautiful sunrises too. And there were thorns but there were beautiful roses too. Although there were people who have tried to kill him, there were people who were ready to die for him any moment. Just a word from him would have been enough. Thousands of people have said to him, with their total heart and being:

*Buddham sharanam gachchhami*: I go to the feet of the awakened one.

*Sangham sharanam gachchhami*: I go to the feet not only of the awakened one, but also to the commune that has arisen around him, all kinds of seekers.

*Dhammam sharanam gachchhami* -- not only to Buddha, not only to his commune, but also to his *message*.

There were these people also.

Buddha remained at the gate -- perhaps the same situation arises in every mystic's life. But existence has certain cosmic laws. It never makes any exceptions. That's why I said it is a beautiful story, signifying a tremendously meaningful truth. Don't forget: existence cannot allow exceptions, Buddha or no Buddha. If you have arrived, you have arrived. I know from my own experience: there are no gates to paradise and there are no gatekeepers... *yet i cannot tarry longer*.

Almustafa *wants* to tarry a little longer but it is against the rules of our very life. He has to go; he will *have* to go -- with a deep sadness in his heart.

He has achieved blissfulness, peace, silence, serenity. He has blossomed in thousands of flowers. His spring has come... but others are still seeds. Millions have even forgotten that they are seeds, that they have a potentiality, of growth. Hence, every realized soul would like to tarry a little longer just to say that which is almost impossible to say... but at least that which cannot be said can be shown; perhaps not in words but in silence.

He would like to tarry a little longer so the people living in darkness can at least see what is possible to a man -- his aroma, his presence -- to tarry a little longer so that a few can drink from his eyes, from his presence, from his grace. Now that he is capable of becoming a bridge between these two worlds which are unbridgeable, the rules do not allow it. However much he wants to tarry a little longer, he will have to go:

THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK.

It is impossible, when the universe calls you, to say no. You are part of it.

Your heartbeats are not different from the heartbeat of the universe. You are not separate. You are separate only in your ignorance. As you become enlightened, as your interiority becomes full of light, there is a great shock and surprise waiting for you: "My God, now I can help but the universe is calling me. Unwillingly, reluctantly... but I will have to go. *I must embark*."

This is a totally different kind of sadness. You all have known sadness that was selfish. You have lost something -- a beloved, a friend, a mother, a father. Your sadness has always been of losing something that you never wanted to lose. Your sadness is the sadness of the bankrupt.

But the sadness Almustafa is talking about is not *your* sadness. Even your moments of

happiness are lower, far lower than the moments of sadness of a man who is standing at the door -- because the whole situation has changed. He is not sad for himself. Now he is no more. He is only bliss, he is only ecstasy; the question of sadness does not arise.

His sadness is for others. He can do something, but the ship is coming and the sea is calling and existence accepts no exceptions -- he will have to embark.

Joy in the heart for what has happened to him, and tears in his eyes... because he will be leaving all those with whom he has lived long, suffered long. He has been almost one with them.

FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.

His trouble is twofold: he cannot stay anymore, the rules are against it. And he cannot stay even if existence makes an exception, because staying neither in this world nor in that world will put him into a limbo.

FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.

There are only two ways -- either to go back and live the life that he never wanted to live, for the sake of others, or to go ahead and enter into a new life, a higher life, a life that knows no death. But if you remain between the two, you will be crystallized into a mould; you will be turned into a stone statue.

Life is movement, it is a flow. It is a river, it is always moving. The moment it stops moving, it becomes dirty, muddy, starts dying. Flowing, it remains fresh and young and excited and adventurous because it does not know what is going to happen in the next moment.

Existence knows only flowing -- always moving, never stopping. To stop is another name of death. In any direction, in any dimension -- the moment you stop you are dead.

Hence I am against the idea that God is perfect. If he is perfect then Friedrich Nietzsche is right, that he is dead. Perfection means death. Once something is perfect, there is nothing left to be done, nowhere to go, no possibility of any more growth. Because all the religions of the world have made their gods absolute, perfect, that is the reason why Nietzsche is saying that God is dead. But Nietzsche was only a philosopher -- of great intelligence, but no meditation.

I say unto you, it depends on you whether your god is going to live or to die.

Go on moving, then your god is alive.

Stop and your god is dead.

It is almost like a bird on the wing: if the wings go on moving, the bird is alive. If the wings stop moving, the bird will fall down on the earth, dead. Movement is synonymous with life. Anything permanent, unmoving is synonymous with death.

Only death never moves.

Life knows no other law than movement.

I have always loved a beautiful, ancient story. A great king dreamt that a black shadow was standing before him. Even in his dream, he felt a great fear. Somehow he managed to ask the shadow: "Who are you and why are you here in my dream?"

The shadow said, "I have come with a purpose. I am not your enemy, don't be afraid. I've come to warn you that tomorrow, as the sun is setting, you will die. So do anything that you can to avoid death.

"It is unprecedented," the shadow said. "Never is anyone informed by death beforehand. It does not come with an appointment; it simply comes and you are no more. But you have been such a beautiful man and such a nice king, loved by millions of people. You have never invaded any country, you have never gone to war. You have done no violence to anybody. Just thinking of this, for the first time, I am going against my own discipline. I am informing you. You have almost a whole day to protect yourself -- do something!"

No one can sleep after such a dream. The king immediately asked his security to be on alert. He had an old servant who was almost like his father, because his father had died very early and this servant had raised him and protected his empire, and when he was of the right age, crowned him as the king. Naturally, he called the old man.

He said, "I have seen such a dream... I have tightened security measures. What else can be done? Time is very short, I have never seen time moving so fast."

The old man said, "Security measures will not help. If death can enter even in your dreams, what can these people do to prevent it? It is better that you call immediately all the wise people of the country, astrologers, philosophers, learned scholars, great priests. Seek their advice. I'm just an old servant."

Immediately all the wise people from the capital were gathered. They came with their scriptures and they started arguing with each other. Night was gone, the sun had risen. And once the sun has risen, the sunset is not very far away. And all those wise people -- philosophers, astrologers and others -- were so much engaged in argumentation, in criticizing each other's view that the old servant said to the king, "Leave these people. They have never come to any agreement in centuries! No two philosophers have ever agreed on any point. With these big scriptures they have come... they will take centuries. They all have their own hypotheses, theories about death. My suggestion is, let them discuss. You take your best horse -- and you have the best horse in the world -- and escape from this palace as fast as possible. Don't stop until sunset has passed and you are still alive."

The idea was appealing.

It is said in a proverb in Tibet: Why do dogs bark at each other continuously, day in, day out? The proverb says these are philosophers; from their past lives, they have not forgotten yet... barking at each other. They know only barking. And strangely enough, they bark at the moon. Now what concern have dogs with the moon? They are not astronauts. But they are discussing the beauty! To us it is barking, but that is their language.

They always bark at people who are in uniforms -- policemen, postmen. Strange people -- why should they bark at poor postmen, policemen, sannyasins? They are absolutely against uniformity. They cannot agree on anything, and uniformity shows agreement. That's why I have withdrawn... why unnecessarily trouble poor dogs? If you are not in a uniform, the dog will not pay any attention. You don't mean anything, you are not a philosophical question. Once you are in uniform, then it is impossible for the dog *not* to disagree.

So the old man said, "You know the old proverb. These astrologers and philosophers are going to be born as dogs and they will bark and they will continue for eternity in this way. Don't waste time. They are not concerned with you, they are not concerned with your death. They are concerned with their *opinions* about death."

The king escaped from the palace. That seemed to be a very rational approach. Death had appeared in the palace, so it was better to go as far away from the palace as possible. He had really a great horse, and he took him outside the boundaries of his kingdom. He was very happy. The sun was setting and he came across a beautiful grove of mango trees, a silent and cool place to rest. The whole day long, they had not eaten anything. They had not even taken

any care about their thirst because no moment could be lost -- you cannot die in one day if you don't drink water or you don't eat food.

But now it was almost over. Almost half the sun had gone under the horizon; the other half would be slipping soon... and then there will be night and the beautiful place he has found.

So he said, "This is the right place." He stopped, got down from the horse, patted the horse and said, "You are my greatest friend. I have never seen a horse who can go so fast." And just as he was praising the horse, the sun went down. He felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked back... the black shadow that he had seen in the dream.

He said, "I must also thank your horse. You certainly have the best horse in the world, because I was worried -- this is the place destined for your death. I was worried whether you would be able to reach in time or not. But you have come in time, and the moment you stopped... I was following you. My work was done."

Whenever anything stops... a full point is a death point. *For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould.* You cannot tarry anymore. Once you have seen the ship, once you have heard the call of the ocean, nothing can be done.

FAIN WOULD I TAKE WITH ME ALL THAT IS HERE. BUT HOW SHALL I?

This is such a great insight. Although in life there is misery, pain, agony, anguish -- but there are also moments of joy, moments of love. The work is difficult to sort out, everything is mixed. But life is not absolutely dark. There are in the darkness a few shining stars too. In fact, the more life is dark, the more stars shine.

*Fain would i take with me all that is here...* Nothing can be taken. And there is so much! *...but how shall I?* The moment you pass the boundary of this life into the universal, you have to leave everything behind. You cannot take anything with you except yourself. That's why all intelligent people in the world have been only interested to know about themselves, to find themselves -- because that is the only thing you have brought into the world and that is the only thing you are going to take out of the world.

All else belongs to the world -- nothing belongs to you.

A VOICE CANNOT CARRY THE TONGUE AND THE LIPS THAT GAVE IT WINGS.  
ALONE MUST IT SEEK THE ETHER.

Although the tongue and the lips gave birth to the voice, the song, the poetry... but the song cannot take with it the lips, the tongue. The song will have to leave them behind... *alone must it seek the ether ...* this eternal infinity of space. *And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun.*

You cannot take your nest. You have built it, it was cozy. In rain, in winter, in summer, it protected you. But you cannot take it with you. You cannot take those who loved you, you cannot take those you had always thought that you cannot live without. It was your love nest....

Alone -- -and absolutely alone -- the eagle has to *fly across the sun*. There is no possibility for the eagle to carry any luggage, howsoever precious.

All these thoughts suddenly became very prominent. They were never before so. Before, he was thinking how to get out of this madhouse that we call the world, how to get out of this

insane crowd that surrounds you.

But now that the moment has come and you are able, suddenly you realize -- you will be left alone, and you have never been alone. You were born in a family, in a society, in a tradition, in a religion, in a country. You have grown with millions of people around you and suddenly you have to leave *everything*, without any discrimination.

The idea of renunciation arose out of such experiences. If Mahavira renounced his kingdom... he was going to be the successor of his father. His younger brother tried to persuade him: "You are going to be the king. Why are you going away?"

And the answer was, "It is only a question of time. One day, one has to go alone. Tomorrow is uncertain; hence I have to go right now. And you are here to be the king -- *you* be the king." And he was so total in his renunciation that he renounced even clothes. He went naked.

Only three names are worth remembering. One is Mahavira of India; the other is Diogenes of Greece. And the third is Laila of Kashmir. They renounced everything, for a simple reason: when it is going to be taken away, it is more prestigious to throw it away. When it is certain, absolutely certain to be taken away, then why unnecessarily carry the burden and the problems and the puzzles that will be created by the burden?

Out of the three, Laila is the most important because she is a woman. To be naked is not that difficult for a man. But for a woman... and a beautiful woman; Kashmir produces the most beautiful women in the world. And Kashmir loved Laila so much... it is almost impossible for a Mohammedan, and Kashmir is ninety percent Mohammedan. Laila was Hindu. But Mohammedans have a saying in Kashmir: "We respect only two words in the world: *Allah* -- God -- and *Laila*. These two words are enough." They have raised Laila to the same status as God. They have not done that even to Hazrat Mohammed, who is the founder of Mohammedanism. Laila is not even a Mohammedan but her courage, her grace, her beauty and her absolute determination not to have any possession and just to be an eagle, totally free from possessions....

Paradoxical it is, but worth remembering: the moment you renounce everything, you possess the whole universe. Then the whole sky is yours.

NOW WHEN HE REACHED THE FOOT OF THE HILL, HE TURNED AGAIN TOWARDS THE SEA, AND HE SAW HIS SHIP APPROACHING THE HARBOR AND UPON HER PROW THE MARINERS, THE MEN OF HIS OWN LAND."

Now it is becoming more and more difficult for him. First it was a ship far away, surrounded in mist. There was a possibility to decide in favor of the known and not to bother about the unknown. But as he was descending the hill, he looked back again -- the ship had almost reached the harbor, and he saw the mariners and he saw many *men of his own land*.

These are all symbols. Kahlil Gibran, through Almustafa is trying to say that it is impossible to choose the known once the unknown approaches closer and closer. And the moment he saw the people of his own land... now the unknown starts becoming known. Now it is not such a risk -- he knows those people, he has recognized them. Now it is not a question of choosing. By the time he has reached the foot of the hill, he knows in his heart that the time to go has come. Now nothing can prevent him. The only thing that could have prevented him was the unknowability, the strangeness of the ship. But it is no longer strange.

Those people represent experiences, experiences that he recognizes now as his true source of life -- not this world in which he was an outsider, a stranger, somehow deceiving himself

that "I am not an outsider. I am a Hindu. I am a Mohammedan. I am a Christian." These are deceptions that we have created, false identities, so that we don't feel that we are in a strange place where we don't belong.

No one is a Hindu and no one is a Mohammedan, no one is a Christian. No one is a German, no one is a Japanese, no one is an American. These are false identities, props -- somehow we go on believing in them; otherwise we will feel so alone.

No one is a husband, no one is a wife. Just by sitting beside a fire and a priest repeating mantras in Sanskrit -- which neither he understands nor you understand -- and just a few minutes before, you were strangers....

In India -- and the same is true in other countries in different ways -- the basic thing is some ritual. The priest creates the ritual. The husband and wife take seven rounds around the fire and two strangers have become as if they are born for each other.

I was a professor in my university. One professor was really going through difficult times with his wife. She actually beat him. Finally, he came to me. He was not known to me but somebody suggested to him that "The man has strange ideas, maybe he can figure out something."

He said, "I will not hide anything." He showed me his back, because that very morning the wife had beaten him with a stick. There was blood.

He said, "What to do?"

I said, "You are an idiot! How did she become your wife?"

He said, "How? We have taken the seven rounds around the fire god."

I said, "Take seven rounds again in the reverse order! It is so simple. Fire is not a problem; if you have gone clockwise, this time go anti-clockwise, or if you have gone anticlockwise, this time go clockwise. And say goodbye to her -- why be bothered?"

He said, "The people who have sent me to you were right that you are a man of strange ideas. I have never thought about it, such a simple solution. If seven rounds can make two persons husband and wife, then just in the reverse order they are released." He said, "But you will have to come with me."

I said, "Why are you creating trouble for me?"

He said, "But a priest is needed!"

I said, "Then I am coming."

And he said, "Do you know Sanskrit?"

And I said, "Don't be worried. Neither your priest knew it, nor you, nor your wife. And this time it is not going to be marriage. I will do it in Hebrew."

He heard the word *Hebrew*. He said, "Are you a Jew?"

I said, "I am no one; I just thought if Sanskrit has made you husband and wife, Hebrew may be helpful. You have to go anticlockwise anyway."

He said, "Give me a little time...."

I said, "You will get another beating from your wife. You are asking for time so that you can ask your wife what her idea is -- she will beat you, and then I am not coming. Because if she can beat you... I am a complete stranger. I don't want to be beaten unnecessarily."

We have created friends, relationships, which are just to pretend one thing: that we are not alone. But whatever you do, it is all phony. Deep down you know you are alone. Deep down you know that even living with your wife for thirty or forty years, neither do you know her nor does she know you. You cannot even have a nice conversation for five minutes. The husband enters in the house and immediately starts reading the newspaper, just to avoid the wife.

But it is not so easy. Wives are throwing newspapers, books, turning the radio off, the television off -- "First I have been waiting the whole day, and you come home... and to avoid me, you have managed these devices." You go to any house and you will be surprised, that if the wife is in one direction, the husband keeps his newspaper... he is not reading it, or he may have read it many times.

Whatever we do, there is no glue which can make two persons one. Even if the glue is made in Germany, it won't work.

AND HIS SOUL CRIED OUT TO THEM AND HE SAID: SONS OF MY ANCIENT MOTHER, YOU RIDERS OF THE TIDES, HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS. AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING, WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.

There is not a single human being who has accepted his situation as it is. There is a dream that things could be better, he could be in a better world. He himself could be in a better consciousness.

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS. AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING, WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.

As you meditate, you will pass many layers of the mind -- from the conscious to the unconscious, from the unconscious to the collective unconscious, from the collective unconscious to the cosmic unconscious. This is your darker side, your night of the soul. And you will meet strange dreams, strange phenomena.

Western psychology is completely lost into the unconscious part of your being, the darker side of your being. They can't see a simple, logical truth: that if there is night, there must be a day; if there is unconsciousness, more unconsciousness and more unconsciousness, there must be another wing to your life -- consciousness, more consciousness...

Meditation and psychology move in two different directions. Psychology goes on digging in the darker parts of your being and finds only dreams. It becomes psychoanalysis, just analysis of dreams.

In the East, we have not bothered about the unconscious part, because with the same effort you can move to the other side of your being, the lighter side, the day of your life where sun shines forth in an unclouded sky. From conscious to superconscious, from superconscious to collective superconscious, and from collective superconscious to cosmic superconscious... that cosmic superconscious is the moment of awakening.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: I have seen you in my nights; now I am seeing you with fully awakened consciousness. But this is my deepest dream -- to realize myself, to become myself, to be my potential. So although I am seeing you in my full awakening, it is also my deepest dream, my greatest longing, to come home. It becomes more and more difficult now to tarry anymore on this shore.

READY AM I TO GO, AND MY EAGERNESS WITH SAILS FULL SET AWAITS THE WIND.

I am just waiting for the wind to take me home -- *ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind*. The only waiting is for the wind, so that the sails can be full of the wind and I can move back to my origins, to the land of my deepest dream and of my deepest awakening.

ONLY ANOTHER BREATH WILL I BREATHE IN THIS STILL AIR, ONLY ANOTHER LOVING LOOK CAST BACKWARD, AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS.

Because the air is still right now, the ship cannot move. This small time I can use. At least I can breathe my last breath as a memory of this strange world.

*Only another loving look...* With loving eyes I can have a backward look at the world in which I have lived, loved, suffered, rejoiced. It has been my home up to now. Now I realize it is only a caravanserai, but old beautiful memories... just one look backwards. One more breath and I am ready.

... AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU, A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS. AND YOU, VAST SEA, SLEEPING MOTHER, WHO ALONE ARE PEACE AND FREEDOM TO THE RIVER AND THE STREAM, ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE...

Kahlil Gibran certainly has a magical touch -- whatever word he touches.... There are ordinary words you all use, but once he touches them they become gold. He's saying: Every river, before it falls into the ocean, hesitates for a moment, wants to look back. The long journey from the mountains, all those experiences, good and bad....

ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE, ONLY ANOTHER MURMUR IN THIS GLADE, AND THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU....

Just give me this much time...

A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

I am ready.

The beauty of his statement... that whatever may have happened, it was always mixed, and one never knows: there may never again be a chance to visit this strange place, these strange people whom I thought were my friends, my wives, my husbands, my children, all these trees, these mountains -- just a look, and there is time because the air is still. As the air starts filling the sails of the ship, I am ready.

He has come to a decision which every seeker of truth one day comes to.

I hope every one of you will come to the same point, where the river takes one look backwards and then melts into the ocean and becomes the ocean....

A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #3

### Chapter title: A seeker of silences

**9 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium**

Archive code: 8701095

ShortTitle: MESS103

Audio: Yes

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND AS HE WALKED HE SAW FROM AFAR MEN AND WOMEN LEAVING THEIR FIELDS AND  
THEIR VINEYARDS AND HASTENING TOWARDS THE CITY GATES.  
AND HE HEARD THEIR VOICES CALLING HIS NAME, AND SHOUTING FROM FIELD TO FIELD  
TELLING ONE ANOTHER OF THE COMING OF HIS SHIP.  
AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF:  
SHALL THE DAY OF PARTING BE THE DAY OF GATHERING?  
AND SHALL IT BE SAID THAT MY EVE WAS IN TRUTH MY DAWN?  
AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO HIM WHO HAS LEFT HIS PLOUGH IN MIDFURROW, OR TO  
HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?  
SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY-LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND  
GIVE UNTO THEM?  
AND SHALL MY DESIRES FLOW LIKE A FOUNTAIN THAT I MAY FILL THEIR CUPS?  
AM I A HARP THAT THE HAND OF THE MIGHT MAY TOUCH ME, OR A FLUTE THAT HIS  
BREATH MAY PASS THROUGH ME?  
A SEEKER OF SILENCES AM I, AND WHAT TREASURE HAVE I FOUND IN SILENCES THAT I  
MAY DISPENSE WITH CONFIDENCE?  
IF THIS IS MY DAY OF HARVEST, IN WHAT FIELDS HAVE I SOWED THE SEED, AND IN WHAT  
UN-REMEMBERED SEASONS?  
IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT  
SHALL BURN THEREIN.  
EMPTY AND DARK SHALL I RAISE MY LANTERN,  
AND THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT SHALL FILL IT WITH OIL AND HE SHALL LIGHT IT ALSO.  
THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS. BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID. FOR HE  
HIMSELF COULD NOT SPEAK HIS DEEPER SECRET.

The moment someone comes back to his own self -- after long wanderings into strange  
lands, living meaningless lives -- it is not only that *he* comes home; the truth of his coming  
home is immediately felt in thousands of hearts, far and wide.

You cannot hide the flame of truth.

Those who have eyes are bound to see it.

And you cannot stop the fragrance of your flowering from reaching those who are not  
dead, who are still alive, who are still sensitive, who are still open to receive.

That's what happened. As Almustafa saw his ship coming closer and closer to the harbor,

as he recognized that this ship is not something unknown, but something that he had forgotten... he knows it. He recognizes the people, the mariners on the ship, and suddenly the fear of the unknown disappears. And with the disappearance of the fear, a determination arises in him: "Now I have to go. My time to leave this dark and dismal existence, towards the eternal and the ultimate, has come."

AND AS HE WALKED DOWN THE HILL, HE WAS AMAZED TO SEE -- HE SAW FROM AFAR MEN AND WOMEN LEAVING THEIR FIELDS AND THEIR VINEYARDS AND HASTENING TOWARDS THE CITY GATES.

Nothing has been said yet. But something has reached the hearts of those who have not become stones, who can still feel, who can still love. He has not revealed to anyone that his ship has arrived and the time of departure is not far away. He was just coming to say that, "Long I have lived with you. Thousands of beautiful memories I am carrying with me, but I will have to leave you behind. I have heard the call from the ocean. The people of my land, of my birth, of my origins, for whom I have been waiting for twelve years, have arrived."

Without any indication, people started rushing towards him from different directions: *leaving their fields and their vineyards and hastening towards the city gates.*

It is not only that communication needs always words. In fact, the more valuable is the message, the less the words are needed. And if the message is of the ultimate home, silence is enough.

Why have these people, simple and innocent, suddenly started rushing towards him? -- *hastening.* They have never bothered about him. He has been with them for twelve years, nobody has paid any attention to him. And today, when he is to leave, men and women are rushing towards him.

This has always happened. Nobody in the whole history of man has been able to hide the truth. It is like a light -- how can you hide it? It may be a faraway star to you, you may not be able to reach it -- but nobody can prevent you from recognizing it.

And remember: recognizing it is not a small matter. Your heart is touched, your being is full of joy. One of you, at least one of you has blossomed; his fragrance has reached you. Before the petals fall and the flower disappears, you have to reach quickly, at least to say goodbye, to show your thankfulness -- because his realization shows definitively that you are also carrying the same seed. Perhaps you have not searched for it, have ignored it, got lost in many many things in the world.

One person remembering himself reminds many: What are you doing here? You had not come here just to do the trivia that you are involved in. You have forgotten that this earth was going to be a discipline, a school, a training, a learning, a discipleship.

AND HE HEARD THEIR VOICES CALLING HIS NAME.  
AND SHOUTING FROM FIELD TO FIELD, TELLING ONE ANOTHER OF THE COMING OF HIS SHIP.

They have never believed him. He has been telling them again and again: "Just a little more and my spring is on the way. Soon my ship will be arriving." They have laughed at him, they have mocked him. They have disbelieved in him. They thought him a poet, a dreamer of dreams, but they have never recognized that perhaps his ship *is* coming.

And now they are *shouting from field to field, telling one another...* "We were wrong and he was right. We were many, he was alone. He could not prove, he could not give any

evidence for what unknown lands he was talking about but now there is no need of any evidence. The ship has arrived.

There are skies beyond skies.

One just needs a heart strong enough to wait.

AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF:

SHALL THE DAY OF PARTING BE THE DAY OF GATHERING?"

He has been trying to gather these people all the time he has been amongst them, and nobody listened. He was an outsider, a stranger, talking about strange and mysterious things which he had no reason, no logic to prove. *Shall the day of parting be the day of gathering...* now that I am going to leave?

They are rushing and shouting his name, FIELD TO FIELD: "Although he was alone, he was right. We were many but we were wrong."

Truth is not a question of majority or minority.

Truth is always of the individual -- never of the crowd. And the crowd recognizes only at the time of parting -- but then it is too late.

AND SHALL IT BE SAID THAT MY EVE WAS IN TRUTH MY DAWN?

For twelve years he has labored -- insisting, emphasizing, knocking on each door -- "Don't be worried, my ship is coming..." But for twelve years people have been listening to the same thing: "My ship is coming, my ship is coming," and it never comes, and nobody knows from where, and nobody knows that there exists another shore.

How deeply he has longed to convince these people, that "This is not your real home. Shall my eve, my evening, be called *in truth my dawn*? My last words, my departure is going to be the evidence of my truth."

This is not only about Almustafa -- this is about all the mystics of the world. The day of departure, their evening... only when they are going to leave do people recognize. Such is the blindness of humanity; such is the insanity of the world.

But he is not complaining. On the contrary, he is immensely concerned about one thing:

AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO HIM WHO HAS LEFT HIS PLOUGH IN THE MIDFURROW, OR TO HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?

The man of realization has no complaint, no grudge. And the world has never treated these people humanely -- not even superficially. The world has always treated them inhumanely, barbarously. They crucified Jesus... and now half the world is Christian.

Nobody listened to Gautam Buddha. In the land of the origin of Buddha's enlightenment, Buddhism completely disappeared. This country goes on claiming to the whole world, that "We are the country of Gautam Buddha," and there is not a single Buddhist, even in the temple which was made in his memory at the spot where Gautam Buddha became enlightened. He was against -- as every man of truth is going to be -- the priests, because they are exploiting people in the name of religion. He was against the past because the past is past; you have to live in the present, and if the past is too heavy on you, you are going to miss this moment.

It is a small moment.

You have to be very fresh, unburdened, unprejudiced.

Before Gautam Buddha, India was nothing but an pseudo-religious empire of brahmins. He was absolutely against the brahmins, the priests. He was against the VEDAS because if you look into them, ninety-eight percent is rubbish. And you have been worshipping them.

In the presence of Gautam Buddha, nobody could raise his voice because his face, his eyes, his presence was so potent that whatever he said became an eternal truth. His presence was the authority. But once he was gone, even for the temple which was raised in the memory of his enlightenment, a brahmin priest had to be given charge of it because they could not find a Buddhist. And for twenty-five centuries, even today, a brahmin priest still owns the temple. His family, for twenty-five centuries has owned it. What a contradiction!

Man is so blind -- and is always late, always missing the train. He reaches the platform but the train has left. But still... there is no complaint but only compassion:

AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO THEM WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR PLOUGHS IN MIDFURROW, OR TO HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?

The concern of a man who is awakened is how to give you more... how to awaken you, how to give you eyes to see, ears to hear, a heart which feels... how to make you more loving.

SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND GIVE TO THEM?

There is not much time -- some gift.... He's not concerned about what they have done to him. He understands: whatever they have done was done in their sleep, in their unconsciousness.

A man of consciousness is not a beggar. He's an emperor, always thinking of giving more and more -- more than you can contain, more than you can understand. He goes on giving. Even as you go on crucifying these people, it is understood that what you are doing, you can only do that. Jesus on the cross prays to God only for one thing, and it is not for himself. It is for those who are crucifying him: "Father, forgive these people because they know not what they are doing."

SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND GIVE TO THEM?

AND SHALL DESIRES FLOW LIKE A FOUNTAIN THAT I MAY FILL THEIR CUPS?  
AM I A HARP THAT THE HAND OF THE MIGHTY MAY TOUCH ME...?

The time is so short. He's concerned: what to do? -- he has nothing to give.

*Am I a harp that the hand of the mighty may touch me...* so I can go, leaving my music behind. They have not understood me; perhaps my music can awaken them.

OR A FLUTE THAT HIS BREATH MAY PASS THROUGH ME?

As far as Almustafa is concerned, he knows he is no more. He has nothing to give. But he can become a flute, a hollow bamboo so that the breath of the universe *may pass through me* and become a song in the hearts of the people who are rushing towards him.

*A seeker of silences am I...* "All my life I have been seeking silences. I have not gathered money so that I can distribute it. I have gathered *silences*. You can take them, but I cannot

give them to you."

This is something immensely important to understand.

The greatest treasure can be taken, but cannot be given.

George Gurdjieff, one of the most significant men of this century, has even to say that unless a disciple is ready to steal from the master, he will not get anything. It is in the very nature of things. The doors of the master are open; he wants to give, he tries to give in thousands of ways -- but it is not in *his* capacity to give to you if you are not ready to receive it. But if you are ready to see, the treasure and the doors open. The master is calling you: "Take as much as you can" -- or perhaps he is pretending to be asleep so that you don't feel embarrassed.

Gurdjieff was saying something which has never been said in the long history of man: "Unless a disciple is ready even to steal from the master, he is not going to get it," because the master cannot force it. Anything forced upon you becomes a lie, becomes a bondage. You have to gather courage and take it.

"A SEEKER OF SILENCES AM I, AND WHAT TREASURE HAVE I FOUND IN SILENCES THAT I MAY DISPENSE WITH CONFIDENCE?"

He has found himself. He has found what the world knows by the name of "God." But the treasure is so vast, so big... and the seeker is no more. The person who had gone in search has found the source -- but it happens simultaneously: the moment you find the source, you are no more.

No man has ever been able to see the ultimate, for the simple reason that the ultimate can never be reduced to an object. You cannot be just an observer. The ultimate, as you come closer to it, starts pulling you with such a force and gravitation that you don't have even time to say, "I have found it!" You don't have time to shout "Eureka!" Before you say anything, you are gone. What you were seeking is found, but the person who started the search is lost.

Either you or God -- both cannot exist together. This is the reason why we have called Gautam Buddha "Osho", why we have called Mahavira "Osho" -- because the person who started the journey is no longer there; he has found, and in the very finding he has become one with it.

And one thing very significant he says: *with confidence*. He wants to give but he does not find the confidence that the treasure he has found is possible to give. It has never been given, it has been always found. Each individual has to find it on his own. Nobody can give it to you, it cannot be a gift. You cannot borrow it. You have to die to find it; you have to disappear for God to appear. Your disappearance is one side of the coin; on the other side is God.

That's why he says: "I am no more. What confidence do I have? Unless these people themselves start taking, it is impossible to give."

IF THIS IS MY DAY OF HARVEST, IN WHAT FIELDS HAVE I SOWED THE SEED, AND IN WHAT UN-REMEMBERED SEASONS?

Whenever I have read this statement, it has always reminded me of myself. My whole life I have been sowing the seeds in fields all over the world... *and in what un-remembered seasons?* I have not waited for the right season to sow the seeds because the next moment is not certain. I may be here, I may not be here. And if this moment you are available, it is

better not to bother about the spring. Let the seed wait in you; whenever the spring comes, the seed will become a sprout.

*If this is my day of harvest...* Almustafa must be thinking, "Soon, in many many fields the harvest time must be coming. I may have forgotten completely"...*in what un-remembered seasons.*

I am reminded of one very important woman... because there have been a very small number of women who can be called important, but this woman was certainly important -- Madame Blavatsky. She founded a great movement, Theosophy. She used to travel all over the world, except Russia -- and Russia was her native land.

It happens again and again; it seems to be almost a rule, a law. Blavatsky wandered all over the earth but could not enter Russia, her own birthplace, her own land. But wherever she went, she always used to carry two bags, on both shoulders, filled with seeds of beautiful flowers. Sitting in a train, from the window she would go on throwing seeds outside the train. People thought that she was mad. People asked, "What is the purpose? You may never come again on this route."

She said, "That is not the point. I may not come but the spring will come. I may not come, but whoever passes by here will see the beautiful flowers."

Almustafa is right: *if this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed?* But people like Kahlil Gibran -- who is speaking through the mouth of a fictitious figure, Almustafa -- don't keep accounts. They don't keep account books that say *in what fields have I sowed the seeds*, in what season.

They are not goal-oriented, and they are not business people. They are lovers -- it does not matter whose field it is. If beautiful roses blossom... it does not matter who passes by, if the breeze brings the fragrance to his nostrils. And these people are not mathematical. They don't care whether it is day or night. They don't care whether you deserve or not. They never ask you: "Are you qualified enough to receive the seed?" No. Without remembering what seed, in what field, in what season, they go on sowing because they trust. They know only one thing: sooner or later the spring is going to come to everybody.

Every human being has to become a god -- go on sowing the seeds. Centuries don't matter. In the eternity of time, your centuries are just like seconds.

IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT SHALL BURN THEREIN.

The lantern is mine but the flame has to be divine.

EMPTY AND DARK SHALL I RAISE MY LANTERN, AND THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT SHALL FILL IT WITH OIL AND HE SHALL LIGHT IT ALSO.

The moment the awakened one speaks.... He's empty, his lantern is without a flame. But he provides his lantern, his words, his gestures, his presence, for the divine to possess him. The realized man is a possessed man, possessed by the whole. Hence his authority -- because those words are not his; those words are from the whole.

Those words are holy.

IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT SHALL BURN THEREIN.

Almustafa is saying, "I am no more. Don't see me, I am only an empty lantern. Look inside the lantern

at the flame. The flame is not mine. The flame is not thine, either -- the flame belongs to the whole."

It is the same flame, whether the lantern is provided by Al-Hillaj Mansoor or by Moses or by Kabir or by Nanak. It does not matter. What matters is the flame, the light that radiates from those whose ship has arrived.

THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS.... But his words are also pure honey. His words are also utterly silent. His words are also not the same words that you will find in the dictionaries and in the books. They have a certain flavor. They are coming from his emptiness. They are coming from the beyond.

THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS. BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID.

Every realized soul has died with a deep sadness -- because our language is so poor; our language is of the marketplace, it is not of the temple. It is perfectly useful as far as things are concerned but it becomes absolutely impotent as you start entering deeper into yourself. In the silences of your soul... whatever is found, words cannot express it.

*But much in his heart remained unsaid* -- not only in his heart, in all the great hearts who have blossomed, who have been blessed by the divine -- much has remained unsaid. In fact, the most significant has remained unsaid. For that you have to learn the language of silence. For that you have to sit at the feet of the master -- not asking anything, just silently waiting -- and perhaps, heart to heart, a synchronicity happens, a harmony, so that whatever is the dance of the master's heart starts becoming the dance of your heart. All that is important has been communicated only through that way.

The West is very poor -- not in material things, but in spirituality, because it has not learned the art of sitting in silence with someone who is overflowing with truth, with beauty, with bliss... but cannot say it. You have to be able to hear it without it being said.

In the West, even to sit at the feet of someone will be thought uncivilized, inhuman. They don't know -- they can't know, because they can't see what is transpiring. But once in a while it happens....

One of my attorneys in America -- one of the best; he is the head of the law department at the University of California. He used to come every day to see me in all those jails where they went on taking me -- six jails in all. The first day he came to see me, I was behind the bars sitting on a chair. Outside the bars was a chair for him -- Peter Schey is his name, a very beautiful man. I felt that he was very tense physically, in his chair.

I asked, "What is the matter, Peter?"

He said, "Strange, I have never felt in my life such a thing. If you don't mind, can I sit on the floor?"

I said, "Peter Schey, you are a great attorney, dean of the faculty of law in a famous university. Why should you ask such a thing?"

He said, "That's what I have been asking myself -- but allow me. Something happens when I come to see you that I feel it is not right for me to sit on a chair, I just want to sit on the floor."

I said, "If that makes you happy, sit on the floor."

The third or fourth day he asked me: "What is the magic? Because since I have been sitting on the floor in front of you just for five or seven minutes, I feel so relaxed the whole day. I have never known anything of silence. I'm a man of law, I have never felt my heart. For the first time, I have heard that my heart also beats. For the first time, love has come to me." I said, "Peter Schey, you have become a sanniyasin!"

He said, "You have stolen my words, I was just going to say that."

There are things which are invisible. You can't see the air but you can't live without it. You can't see what transpires when a disciple becomes silent sitting by the side of the master. Once he has tasted that sweetness, he may not be able to convince anybody, but that is meaningless -- *he* is convinced.

I asked Peter Schey, "Can you convince my other attorneys?"

He said, "That is impossible, because even I cannot believe what is happening. I don't have any logic for it, any reason for it. Perhaps your enemies are right who say, that you hypnotize people."

I said, "Perhaps they are right!" Because hypnosis, if it is *done*, becomes an ordinary thing -- a street magician does it. But if hypnosis happens on its own accord, then it is of a totally different category. If you are feeling relaxed and silent, no other logic is needed. If you are feeling loving... love belongs to a higher order, to the *highest* order of law.

BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID. FOR HE HIMSELF COULD NOT SPEAK HIS DEEPER SECRET.

Not that mystics have not tried to bring out their very soul... but the secret is so deep and the reach of our words and our hands is so small, nobody has ever succeeded. But to know that you have a secret which you cannot say is a great realization.

Have you ever thought that you have something within you which you cannot say? You will find that whatever you have, you can say it, because whatever you have, you have heard it. It has come from books, from the society, from the teachers, from education -- it is all borrowed. It is all superficial. You will not find a single thing in you that you cannot express.

Only a meditator goes so deep that soon he leaves language far behind. Soon he is on a virgin land never traveled by anyone -- not even by himself. It is so virgin that words which have been used by millions of people for millions for years... they must be the dirtiest things in existence! You drink tea from a cup. Just think: from the same cup millions of people go on drinking the tea. Soon they will be drinking saliva, not tea!

Words cannot be virgin. And your silences are virgin.

Hence: *for he himself could not speak his deepest secret*. He wanted to.

The day Gautam Buddha became enlightened, the first question arose in his mind: "How am I going to say it? And not to say it looks so hard, so inhuman -- when there are millions of seekers in the world and you have found what they are seeking, at least give them a few hints, a few guidelines, a little map, a guidebook. Keeping it to yourself and not saying it is very uncompassionate."

For seven days continuously, he was troubled. This trouble he had never felt before. He had thousands of other troubles; they had all disappeared. Now there was only one trouble, one problem: How to indicate? How to wake up people and shout in their ears so that something reaches their silences?

The story is so beautiful. Up to this point I think, I realize, it is not a story, it is a truth. Beyond this, it becomes a story -- but without that story, you will not be able to understand the truth that Gautam Buddha was facing, encountering within himself.

So I agree up to this point that is an existential experience because it is my own experience too.

The story is: Gods in heaven became very disturbed. In millions of years... somebody becomes enlightened; it is such a great phenomenon that it should not remain unexpressed.

What about those millions of people who are in darkness, in unconsciousness? If the awakened person cannot help them, then who is going to help them? Who is going to show them the other shore, the further shore?

Seven days they waited and they thought Gautam Buddha was not going to speak. So finally they came down with their king, Indra. They touched the feet of Gautam Buddha and asked him not to remain silent. Such a flowering, so rare, should not simply disappear without leaving footprints for others to find the source. Of course all this conversation happened in silence -- those were gods from heaven -- neither they spoke nor Buddha, but the heart to heart conversation was possible with them.

Gautam Buddha said to them, "I have been thinking for seven days of all the pros and cons. I don't see the point of speaking. People are deaf, people are blind. They can hear but they cannot listen. They see and yet they see only the non-essential. So why get into unnecessary trouble?"

I can understand him. I have been getting into unnecessary trouble every day. I could have remained simply silent and enjoyed my bliss, without being harassed by politicians, by religious priests -- almost by the whole world and I have done nothing except to make an effort to convey that which is very difficult to convey.

But I have been successful in a way. Never before has anyone been able to reach so many people's hearts.

That's why I don't take any note of their jails, their harassment, their barbarousness. They cannot even tell me why they are harassing me -- because I am a "controversial man." But who is going to tell these idiots -- have you ever heard about any great man who was not controversial? Do you think Krishna was not controversial? Do you think Jesus was not controversial, or Socrates, or Pythagoras?

Destroy all controversial men and you will destroy the whole humanity. Then there will be only buffaloes and donkeys and policemen.

If I am controversial, that means truth is controversial.

That means your minds are so full of prejudice that you cannot understand simple things, but make them into a controversy. Because your minds become disturbed, your prejudices are stirred. It is better to poison Socrates and be at ease, to crucify Jesus and be at ease.

But remember: whatever evolution of consciousness has happened, it has happened by the controversial -- not by the obedient, not by the traditional, not by the orthodox. It has happened only by rebels. But a rebel is understood only on the day of departure. His evening turns out to be the morning, but it is too late.

Gautam Buddha said, "Leave me alone. I have thought about it continuously for seven days. Those who are capable of listening to me will come to me without my speaking and those who are not capable of listening to me, I can go on shouting from the housetops -- they will simply report to the police superintendent that a man is creating nuisance here. 'A controversial man is shouting from the housetops and the peace and the silence of the people is disturbed.' In what peace are people living? In what silence are people living?"

Buddha was absolutely reluctant, and I can understand his reluctance. Why bother, when nobody is going to listen and everybody is going to misunderstand you? It is better to be silent. Those who are thirsty perhaps may come, may not come; it is none of your business. You have arrived, your search is complete.

But the gods were not so easily convinced.

They went and talked among themselves: "What to do? because this will be a calamity. A buddha remains silent... and this will be the greatest insult to humanity if Buddha remains

silent. It will be the greatest loss to the future, to the coming generations. They will never forgive us. Because only we know that he has arrived, it is our responsibility somehow to persuade him."

They came to a conclusion -- and that conclusion Buddha could not deny. Their argument was very simple: they said, "You are 99.9 percent right. But have you thought about the few rare souls who may be thirsty, just on the verge, the boundary line and they need just a push? And what is the harm? -- you are not going to lose anything. If only a few people can come to the same realization as you, the world will remain in debt to you forever."

They said, "You cannot deny that there are a few people in the world who may be just on the verge -- but nobody is pushing them, and they are afraid of the unknown. They need someone for whom there is no unknown. His certainty, his authority will help them to take one step. And that's all -- they will be in the same state of consciousness as you are. Don't deprive us of a few enlightened beings. Humanity is so poor. Make it just a little richer, just a little more beautiful."

A moment of silence -- Buddha closed his eyes and said, "For those few I will speak, although I cannot speak the whole truth. I cannot speak the most secret but I can speak this much, so that they can move towards the farther star. I can show them the star... my finger. It is not a problem to me. I had not thought about those marginal cases."

Almustafa is speaking, I am speaking, just for those few who have decided not to remain buffaloes -- who are in search of a transformation, who want to know what this life is all about.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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## The Messiah, Vol 1

### Chapter #4

#### Chapter title:

**10 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium**

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Length: 123 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND WHEN HE ENTERED INTO THE CITY ALL THE PEOPLE CAME TO MEET HIM, AND THEY  
WERE CRYING OUT TO HIM AS WITH ONE VOICE.  
AND THE ELDERS OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID:  
GO NOT YET AWAY FROM US.  
A NOONTIDE HAVE YOU BEEN IN OUR TWILIGHT, AND YOUR YOUTH HAS GIVEN US DREAMS  
TO DREAM.  
NO STRANGER ARE YOU AMONG US, NOR A GUEST, BUT OUR SON AND OUR DEARLY  
BELOVED.  
SUFFER NOT YET OUR EYES TO HUNGER FOR YOUR FACE.  
AND THE PRIESTS AND THE PRIESTESSES SAID UNTO HIM:  
LET NOT THE WAVES OF THE SEA SEPARATE US NOW, AND THE YEARS YOU HAVE SPENT  
IN OUR MIDST BECOME A MEMORY.  
YOU HAVE WALKED AMONG US A SPIRIT, AND YOUR SHADOW HAS BEEN A LIGHT UPON  
OUR FACES.  
MUCH HAVE WE LOVED YOU. BUT SPEECHLESS WAS OUR LOVE, AND WITH VEILS HAS IT  
BEEN VEILED.  
YET NOW IT CRIES ALOUD UNTO YOU, AND WOULD STAND REVEALED BEFORE YOU.  
AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF  
SEPARATION.

Kahlil Gibran, in the name of Almustafa, is giving the very essence of mysticism. He is not preaching any religion, he is preaching religion *as such*.

In fact, the very existence of three hundred religions on the earth indicates definitively that man has missed understanding the very spirit of religion. There cannot be three hundred chemistries -- not even three; there cannot be three hundred mathematics. About the objective world, we are so clear -- that science is one, and can only be one, without any adjective attached to it. It would look so stupid to say *Hindu* science, *Mohammedan* science *Christian* physics, *Jaina* mathematics. But that's what has happened with religion.

And religion is your very soul, your very interiority, your very subjectivity. How is it possible that there can be so many religions? There can be only one: *religiousness*. I will not even call it a religion for the simple reason that the moment you use a noun, the growth has stopped. "Religion" means something has come to a full stop. Religiousness means

something continuously growing, flowering, bringing new spaces and new secrets, unrevealed to you, undreamed of.

Religion is the very river of existence.

It knows no beginning, it knows no end.

All the religions are against me for the simple reason that I am exposing their falsity, their fakeness, their masks.

For this reason, Kahlil Gibran has chosen a name, Almustafa, so that he can put all the experiences of all the mystics of the world -- past, present and future -- in this name. Man has limitations because he is born in a limited society, conditioned by his parents as Hindu, as Mohammedan, as Christian. Almustafa is not born of any parents. He is not born at all, he does not exist. Almustafa is simply a symbol of all those flames that have become awakened while we have remained asleep.

Almustafa represents the very central core of pure religiousness. Remember this: he is not preaching any religion. And this is one of the reasons he was not understood before the time of his departure. Everybody suspected... because he is not a Hindu, Hindus cannot accept him. He is not a Mohammedan. Mohammedans cannot accept him. He does not belong to any organized religion.

Kahlil Gibran has such great insight that rather choosing a historical person, he has chosen a fictitious name, vast and big, which need not belong to anybody. Yet everybody can belong to him.

And this is my position too -- of course, more difficult than Almustafa's. Almustafa cannot be jailed, Almustafa cannot be poisoned, Almustafa cannot be shot. Almustafa cannot be crucified, because Almustafa is just an idea. But even though he was the purest expression of the innermost experiences possible, he was not condemned. He was not stoned, but ignored -- he is a "dreamer."

But when the time of departure came and when his dream appeared as reality, everything changed.

AND WHEN HE ENTERED INTO THE CITY ALL THE PEOPLE CAME TO MEET HIM.

All the people -- without bothering about their ideologies, theologies, philosophies; without their trivial differences. This was not a time to lose. They forget that they are Mohammedans or Christians or Jews. The man is *going*. And what he has been saying for twelve years and nobody has believed, is now a reality. Nobody can deny it...*all the people came to meet him. And they were crying out to him as with one voice.*

They have missed. He has lived amongst them for twelve years, and they could not recognize. They went on finding faults with him and slowly slowly, they stopped bothering about him. He talks nonsense -- who has ever heard that a day comes when existence welcomes you? that a day comes when the whole existence dances because you have found the secret of life and death, you have found the golden key to the door of God.

They were all *crying out to him as with one voice*. Alas, if they had laughed with him as one voice, the world would have been a totally different place, a beauty unto itself -- without wars, without conflicts, without discriminations. They cried together, but the time was lost.

If you are fortunate enough to find a master, don't miss a single moment. Allow him to dance in you. Allow him to laugh through you, with one voice, and this very earth can become a paradise. It is just that we are blind and we cannot see it.

AND THE ELDERS OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID.... These words go on

echoing in my heart -- songs of those days when humanity was innocent, when there were no nations and man was as free as birds of a sky. Just think of a bird, carrying a passport, a visa for six weeks....

Man has been far more beautiful when he was less knowledgeable, and even more sincere, authentic when he was as innocent as a child. We are living a very corrupted, polluted, prejudiced life. Now no elders come. Almustafa still happens, but instead of elders coming, police commissioners come -- not to welcome but to serve a notice: "You have to leave this place within thirty minutes."

Man has been growing old but he has not been growing up. He is not becoming more innocent. He's not becoming more insightful.

These words of Kahlil Gibran belong to the childhood of humanity. Because they said:

*Go not yet away from us.* Now that we have recognized you, you are going. Don't be so hard. Be compassionate. Now that we are ready to listen, you are leaving us. *Go not yet away from us*, because we are wandering in our darkness of jealousies, anger, fear, anguish -- and you are going? This should be the moment of coming! Forgive us that we could not see you, although you spent twelve years amongst us.

A NOONTIDE HAVE YOU BEEN IN OUR TWILIGHT.  
AND YOUR YOUTH HAS GIVEN US DREAMS TO DREAM.  
NO STRANGER ARE YOU AMONG US, NOR A GUEST,  
BUT OUR SON AND OUR DEARLY BELOVED.  
SUFFER NOT YET OUR EYES TO HUNGER FOR YOUR FACE.

Only for the first time have we seen you. And we have seen you not just as one of the crowd; now your face has become to us the face of God. This will be unbearable, this departure. It would have been better if you had gone and we had not recognized you. But now that we have seen your face, your mystery, now that we have looked into your eyes and your radiance, now that we are touched by your presence, thousands of flowers have grown within our souls. Give it one chance more -- now we will not be the same. Because you are no more the person we used to think you were -- a little crazy, waiting for some unknown ship nobody has heard about, without any evidence, without even a letter from the other shore that the ship will be coming at a certain time, in a certain season.

But you were so innocent, you went on waiting -- "The ship is coming." Your waiting must have become heavy on the heart of God himself. In these long years of waiting, you have become a magnet. This is not the time to leave us. We will hunger to see your face again. Where are we going to find you? Please, do not go away from us.

Such was the childhood of humanity... and such is the childhood still. A child trusts, dreams of unknown lands, hopes, is never pessimistic. If it has not happened today, it is going to happen tomorrow -- but it is going to happen.

My own motto in life has been: hope for the best and expect the worse. In either case, you are a victor. Either your hope is fulfilled or your expectation is fulfilled -- but fulfillment is yours.

*And the priests and the priestesses said unto him....* The very mention of priestesses makes it clear that Almustafa is talking about those golden, ancient days when there was no question of whether one was man or woman; even a woman could be a priestess. Man had not yet become male chauvinistic. The woman was still free, had an equal opportunity.

I am reminded of a beautiful, historical fact. In the most ancient book in existence, RIG VEDA there is a woman -- Gargi. The emperor of the country used to have every year a great

gathering of all the wise ones, men or women, to discuss the meaning of life. And he used to give the winner one thousand beautiful cows, their horns covered with pure gold, studded with diamonds.

Yagnavalkya was one of the greatest teachers in those days, but he was not a master... and this has rarely happened again. Gargi was a mystic, and a master. She was not interested in the reward, but Yagnavalkya and thousands of others reached early in the morning and the discussion started. Yagnavalkya was so confident of his victory that when he arrived... he arrived late, just like any politician. And he came with five hundred disciples, just to show the emperor -- "I am not coming alone. These other people who are discussing don't have any following." He must have been a good showman.

And his confidence -- that he is going to win -- shows his ego. You have seen how Almustafa says, "And how can I be confident in sharing my truth, my experience?" Those who know, hesitate. Only idiots don't hesitate, because to hesitate you need some intelligence. And where the ultimate is concerned, mind is so small -- you cannot be confident.

Another great seer, Mahavira, used to answer a single question in such a strange way... nobody else has ever done it. A question needs one answer, but Mahavira would give seven answers, contradicting each other.

You ask him, "Does God exist?"

And his word was: "Perhaps...*shayot* -- maybe."

This "perhaps," this "maybe" is not coming out of ignorance. It is coming out of the infinity of the word *God* and the smallness of the mind which is going to express it. It can only express one aspect at one time. So he had a seven-fold logic. Aristotle is just a child in comparison to Mahavira and Aristotle is the father of Western logic. But his logic is two-fold -- yes or no. But life is a rainbow; you cannot be so certain as to say yes or no. Perhaps yes, perhaps no.

So first, Mahavira would say "Perhaps, yes. But wait, this is only one aspect; language is very poor. Perhaps no. But wait... perhaps yes and no both. But don't come to a conclusion... perhaps yes and indefinable, perhaps no and indefinable. Perhaps yes and no both *and* indefinable."

This is the quality of a man who wants to give you all the possible aspects. And God cannot be confined into a single word; hence he has added "indefinable." Still, there are many more aspects but I don't want to confuse you. He has already confused!

But Yagnavalkya came with such confidence... it was full noontime, the sun was hot, and the cows were standing in front of the palace, perspiring. His confidence was that of a knowledgeable person -- he was learned, a great scholar. He told one of his disciples, "Take these cows to our commune. Why should these poor cows suffer unnecessary heat? As far as victory is concerned, that is certain" -- he's taking the reward before even entering the palace.

But following him came Gargi. She was alone, sat silently through all the discussions that were going on, and when Yagnavalkya had defeated all the contestants and asked the emperor, "Please forgive me. As far as the reward is concerned, my disciples have taken the cows long before," Gargi stood up. Perhaps she might not have stood if Yagnavalkya had not shown such idiotic confidence about ultimate affairs.

Gargi said, "Wait. You have defeated everybody because they all belong to *your* category: knowledgeable persons. All that is proved is not that you are true; only one thing is proved: that you are more learned, more scholarly, more knowledgeable. But to be more knowledgeable does not prove that you know the truth. I have been sitting silently,

watching... if somebody asserts the truth, what is the need for me even to speak? But now this is going too far. I will have to discuss with you."

Those were beautiful days. Even a woman could challenge the greatest scholar of the country. She asked just two or three questions and Yagnavalkya was flat on the ground.

She asked, "You said God created the world -- why? Why did you say that? Were you a witness when he was creating the world? In either case, you will prove wrong. If you were a witness, the world had already been created; you were there and you are part of the world. And if you were not a witness, then on what grounds...?"

Yagnavalkya was shocked. Those thousands of other scholars were shocked. Even the emperor was shocked. She was right: a witness is needed; an eyewitness is needed.

And she said, "Just for argument's sake, even if I accept that God created the world, I want to know: what are your reasons for believing in this hypothesis?"

Yagnavalkya said, "Everything has to be created. God is just like a potter. This beautiful and vast existence cannot come into existence out of nothing, somebody must create it."

Gargi said, "Accepted. But you have lost your victory -- return those cows."

Yagnavalkya said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "If existence needs a god to create it, then who created God? If this is accepted as a criterion -- that everything that is, has to be created... You are saying this vast existence needs a creator. Certainly the creator must be vaster, bigger, greater than the universe. Who created him?"

And Yagnavalkya saw the point, that now it was impossible to get rid of this woman. Because God is created by God two, God two is created by God three... but where will it end? Finally the question remains: Who created the first God? And Gargi said, "If the first God needs no creator, why unnecessarily impose hypothetical ideas? If God can be without any creator, why can't the existence be without any creator?"

Yagnavalkya became so angry; it was such a defeat -- the defeat of the confidence of the scholar -- that he forgot all courtesy and said, "Woman, if you don't stop, soon you will see your head rolling on the ground!"

Gargi said, "Is that an argument? Do you think by cutting my head you will be victorious? That will be the absolute certainty of your defeat. Just go on, bring the cows back." And the cows had to be given back -- to a woman!

And today, most of the religions don't allow the woman any opportunity equal to man. Jainism says that unless a woman is born again as a man, she cannot find the truth; only a man is capable of finding the truth, he has the monopoly. Even truth is monopolized. Mohammedans don't allow their women even to show their faces to the world. They don't allow them in their mosques. Jews keep a separate section for women. They don't have even at least equal rights of inquiry. Hindus don't allow their women to read the VEDAS, the UPANISHADS -- that is committing a sin.

Kahlil Gibran is writing of those pure and innocent days. That's why he says, *and the priests and the priestesses said unto him: let not the waves of the sea separate us now...* Up to now, we were absolutely unaware of who you are. Don't go, don't let the sea separate us *...and the years you have spent in our midst become a memory.*

Remain with us, give us the same eyes that you have. Show us the path that you have known, that you have traveled; otherwise you will be just a memory, as if seen in a dream. No, don't just become a memory to us. It will be a torture, that we went on missing for twelve years continuously. It will be unbearable. Live with us, transform us, because we can see -- whatever you were saying, you have made it materialize.

These are certainly of the very ancient, innocent days when priests had not become exploiters of man, when priests had not declared themselves as mediators between man and God. They were also seekers, humble seekers.

Today's priests -- of *any* religion -- have fallen so low that the pope, a few months ago, declared that nobody can confess to God directly; he has to confess to a priest and the priest will convey the message to God. Without the priest, you don't have even the right to be in direct contact with existence!

Anybody can see the business in it, the politics in it, the will to power. Because what power has the priest except the pretension that he is a mediator, that God sends his messages through him? And you have also to send your prayers, your confessions through him. This is his whole business. He is no more a seeker, he has become part of the marketplace.

Because of this phenomenon, all priests are against people like Almustafa. Why are they angry at me? -- for the simple reason that I am saying it is your birthright to be in direct contact with existence. No mediator is needed. This whole business of priesthood has to be dissolved. These are nothing but suckers of your blood. They know nothing of God; all their knowledge is verbal, from the books.

And they have reduced you to such a state that you cannot even sing a song to God or to existence -- because to me, God is just a name for existence. They have taken your right of singing a song to the trees, to the stars, of dancing on a fullmoon night on a sea beach -- a mediator is needed. And those idiots don't know how to sing; they don't know how to dance.

I have heard that one Catholic bishop was very friendly with a Jewish rabbi. They had decided to play golf, so at a certain time which had been decided before, the rabbi reached the church. But one never knows how many confessors are going to come. So the bishop took him inside the cabin where he sits behind a curtain, and on the other side sits the confessor of his sins.

He said, "I am sorry. If you help me a little, I will get ready. Meanwhile, you take my seat."

"But," the rabbi said, "I don't know what this confession is."

He said, "It is nothing. I will do two or three confessions in front of you so you can understand. It is a simple process: just listen to the person and according to his sin, give him punishment -- five dollars, ten dollars...."

The rabbi said, "That *is* simple. Dollars I understand. You can go."

But still the bishop showed him two persons' confessions. To one he said, "Five dollars -- deposit it with the treasurer of the church."

To another he said: "Ten dollars."

And the rabbi said, "I have understood. As far as business is concerned, nobody can beat us. You can go -- get ready quick, and I will finish this whole line of confessors meanwhile. It won't take that much time -- what is the point? The real point is dollars. Why bother listening to unnecessary stories?"

And the first man came and said: "Father, I am very much ashamed. Last time I raped a woman and promised not to do it again, but human weaknesses... I have done it again."

The rabbi said, "That's enough -- thirty dollars."

The man said, "But last time you punished me and asked for only ten dollars."

The rabbi said, "Don't be worried. Just deposit thirty dollars -- twenty dollars are in advance. But get lost."

These are the mediators between you and God. Their God is the greatest lie. They are nothing but parasites. Whenever you see a priest, find the strongest "Flit" -- they are just the

mosquitos of Poona.

If this earth is no longer burdened by priests... and I am not adding to it priestesses, because these priests killed all the priestesses. In the Middle Ages, thousands of priestesses... they just changed the name; they called them witches and burned them. So now there are only priests.

But this asking of the priest and the priestesses, LET NOT THE WAVES OF THE SEA SEPARATE US NOW... Now it is a totally different matter. We had not recognized you, we had not even bothered to think about you. We were simply ignoring you -- a man who talks off the wall, who says a ship is coming which will take him to the other shore, the real home, to the origins of life and consciousness, to God. But now that we have recognized you, be merciful, be compassionate.

AND THE YEARS YOU HAVE SPENT IN OUR MIDST... don't let them become just a memory. We want you here, living -- because the memory will fade away and soon we will start suspecting whether we have seen a dream or there really was such a man as Almustafa.

That has been the attitude of the Western historian. It took three centuries for them to recognize that a man like Gautam Buddha is possible. If you look the old history books written by Western scholars, Gautam Buddha is just a myth, a mythology. How can such a man be real? And they were not saying it only about Gautam Buddha, they were saying the same about Jesus Christ. Three centuries ago, historians were writing books saying that Jesus Christ never existed, that it was an ancient drama which slowly slowly became a reality in the mind of man. Because how to believe in a man like Jesus? -- uneducated, poor, a carpenter's son who speaks with such authority?

No one has given words so much weight as Jesus Christ. Simple, ordinary words in his hands become diamonds, start growing wings. Even the enemies of Jesus have recognized the fact that he may be wrong, he may be mad, but one thing is certain: nobody else has spoken the way he speaks. Nobody has the heart to speak with such authority that he needs no other argument -- just his statement is enough. He pours so much energy into it. But the historians were saying, "No man can speak the way Jesus speaks. No man can live the way Gautam Buddha lived. No one has the presence, the radiance Zarathustra had. Certainly these people are creations of great poets, not realities."

That's why the priests and the priestesses are asking: "Don't just become a memory to us. We could not recognize you when you were alive, shouting in our ears, living amongst us. The moment you are gone we will start thinking we must have seen a dream." Otherwise, where can you find man like Almustafa?

YOU HAVE WALKED AMONG US A SPIRIT, AND YOUR SHADOW HAS BEEN A LIGHT UPON OUR FACES.

Now at the moment of departure, they don't see him as a physical body, but a spiritual phenomenon: You have been to us *a spirit*... forgive us; that's why we could not see you. We just saw your body. Now we have been possessed by your spirit and you are going. And now we recognize that even *your shadow has been a light upon our faces*.

Even your shadow has been a light upon our faces. -- what to say about you now? You are no more a shadow. You have lost your shadow, you have become pure light to us. Perhaps you were always a light and the shadow was our creation.

I was a student in the university. I have always lived in my own way, never bothering about the whole world. I used to have a long robe without any buttons. And in those days, I

had also a body -- which I have been destroying for thirty years continuously, because now there is no use of the body for me.

Sohan must be here somewhere. She has seen me in those days and she used to say, "Your body looks like a marble statue." And I was going to all the debates in the country -- wherever they were happening, in any university -- representing my university. I had collected so many seals and cups that my mother's only problem was, "Where to put all this junk that you go on bringing home? You need a separate house just for this junk!"

My professors were happy, my principals were happy. Their institutions were becoming famous because all the seals from the whole country were coming to their schools. The principal himself took me to a studio for a photograph because they wanted to release it to newspapers and magazines, showing that perhaps no student had ever collected so many seals and so many cups. He was a very proper man. Everything about him was proper -- shaving twice a day.

When we reached the studio and the photographer had arranged things, the principal looked at me and he said, "Without buttons?"

I said, "You want *my* photograph or your own? I am a very improper person."

But he said, "We can immediately find buttons for you... or a coat or something to cover it."

"Then" I said, "why don't *you* sit here -- who knows me? -- and have your photograph taken? My photograph will be *my* photograph -- and I have never used buttons."

He said, "You *are* strange. But why don't you use buttons?"

I said, "I love the cool breeze coming to my chest. I hate buttons!" I said, "Decide quickly; otherwise I am going."

He said, "No, don't go. Have it your way. But you are a strange fellow."

I said, "I am not a strange fellow, I am just myself. You are a strange fellow -- imposing your idea of buttons on me! Keep your buttons for yourself and for your children and their generations."

Times have changed. People who are in authority, who have power of some kind, will try to impose things on you. But these innocent farmers, gardeners, men and women -- they said to Almustafa:

*Much have we loved you.* But we are unconscious people. Only now do we remember that we have loved you always, but it was deep in the unconscious. We could not say it to you because we ourselves were not aware of it. Your departure... and so many things have surfaced in our beings. Your realization is not only your realization -- something has happened to us all.

MUCH HAVE WE LOVED YOU.

BUT SPEECHLESS WAS OUR LOVE, AND WITH VEILS HAS IT BEEN VEILED.

Veils upon veils -- even we were not aware. And now that we are aware, we can remember that even if we had been aware before, we would not have been able to give words to our love -- *but speechless was our love...*

*Yet now it cries aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you.* Just wait a little more, just linger on a little more amongst us so that you can become a mirror to us and we can see ourselves and our hidden treasures, and our love can become an expression. If not in words, then in actions -- but give us time to show it to you; otherwise what will you think? Twelve years you lived amongst us and nobody even said once to you, "I love you." But now

everything has changed.

AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

This is such a tremendously significant statement:

And ever has it been that loves knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.

There is a beautiful story. Gautam Buddha declared that he was going to die -- the same; his ship had arrived -- and he asked, "Before I leave you, do you have any questions?"

Only one man amongst ten thousand sannyasins asked a question -- with tears in his eyes -- and he was his own brother, his elder brother Ananda. Ananda had lived with him for forty-two years, day and night, almost like a shadow following him. He slept in his room, he walked with him. Nobody had been so close to him as Ananda, and only he had a question. Others said, "You have given us so much, we will not harass you with questions at this moment of separation. Just let us sit silently."

But Ananda asked, "What about me? Forty-two years I have been with you. Others, who came afterward and have not lived so long with you, have become enlightened and I am still unenlightened. And now you are going."

Buddha said, "Don't be worried. As I leave the body, within twenty-four hours you will become enlightened."

Ananda said, "I don't understand the arithmetic of it -- forty-two years with you and I have not become enlightened, and twenty-four hours without you and I will become enlightened?"

Gautam Buddha laughed and said, "Ananda, because you were so close, and you are also my elder cousin-brother, you started taking me for granted. Only separation, only my death, can make you awake. Less than that won't do. I have tried everything, but you think -- you are with me, you are my brother and you must be taking care about my enlightenment... and being together for so long, you completely forgot. The obvious is always forgotten. That which you have, there is a human tendency to forget it. You remember only at the moment of separation."

AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

A master gives you his life as an opportunity to be awakened. He also gives you his death -- a second, and the last opportunity for you to be awakened.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #5

### Chapter title: Disclose us to ourselves

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND OTHERS CAME ALSO AND ENTREATED HIM. BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT. HE ONLY BENT HIS HEAD; AND THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR SAW HIS TEARS FALLING UPON HIS BREAST.  
AND HE AND THE PEOPLE PROCEEDED TOWARDS THE GREAT SQUARE BEFORE THE TEMPLE.  
AND THERE CAME OUT OF THE SANCTUARY A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS ALMITRA. AND SHE WAS A SEERESS.  
AND HE LOOKED UPON HER WITH EXCEEDING TENDERNESS, FOR IT WAS SHE WHO HAD FIRST SOUGHT AND BELIEVED IN HIM WHEN HE HAD BEEN BUT A DAY IN THEIR CITY.  
AND SHE HAILED HIM, SAYING:  
PROPHET OF GOD, IN QUEST OF THE UTTERMOST, LONG HAVE YOU SEARCHED THE DISTANCES FOR YOUR SHIP.  
AND NOW YOUR SHIP HAS COME, AND YOU MUST NEEDS GO.  
DEEP IS YOUR LONGING FOR THE LAND OF YOUR MEMORIES AND THE DWELLING-PLACE OF YOUR GREATER DESIRES; AND OUR LOVE WOULD NOT BIND YOU NOR OUR NEEDS HOLD YOU.  
YET THIS WE ASK ERE YOU LEAVE US, THAT YOU SPEAK TO US AND GIVE US OF YOUR TRUTH.  
AND WE WILL GIVE IT UNTO OUR CHILDREN, AND THEY UNTO THEIR CHILDREN, AND IT SHALL NOT PERISH.  
IN YOUR ALONENESS YOU HAVE WATCHED WITH OUR DAYS, AND IN YOUR WAKEFULNESS YOU HAVE LISTENED TO THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER OF OUR SLEEP.  
NOW THEREFORE DISCLOSE US TO OURSELVES, AND TELL US ALL THAT HAS BEEN SHOWN YOU OF THAT WHICH IS BETWEEN BIRTH AND DEATH.  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, OF WHAT CAN I SPEAK SAVE OF THAT WHICH IS EVEN NOW MOVING WITHIN YOUR SOULS?

Kahlil Gibran has covered in these few words the whole spectrum of spiritual growth. First we saw the innocent people come to him -- farmers, gardeners, leaving their work in their fields, rushed towards him.

Whenever truth has arrived, the innocent are the blessed ones who recognize it. Have you ever thought about it? -- not a single rabbi ever came to listen to Jesus. Strange as it may seem -- because the days when Jesus lived were the highest peak of Jewish wisdom and

Jerusalem had the most learned, scholarly rabbis of any city in the world.

The people who came to listen to Jesus were uneducated, uncultured -- farmers, fishermen, gardeners, carpenters. Amongst his apostles, none was from the higher strata of the society. None was a brahmin, none was a pundit, none was a professor.

Jerusalem was the seat of the Jewish university; people traveled from faraway lands to Judea to be educated in Jerusalem. Jerusalem was at the very peak of its youth. But none of these learned people came to listen to Jesus. The reason? -- because they believed they knew it all. They have read all the scriptures, they are acquainted with all the wise sayings of the past. Their memories were full, but memory is not intelligence.

In fact, the more knowledgeable you become, the less is the possibility of your ever becoming intelligent enough to discover yourself. Your knowledge does not give you your real being, it only creates a pseudo ego -- and the egoist cannot go to a carpenter's son, Jesus -- who knows nothing because he has no certificates.

Only one man... and because he was the only one, his name is still remembered. He was a professor in the university; Nicodemus was his name. But even he could not gather courage enough to come to Jesus in full daylight. He was afraid -- "What will people say?" He is a professor of religion and he goes and asks questions to an uneducated young man who has never seen the scriptures? Hence he went in the middle of the night, when everyone was asleep; even Jesus' intimate apostles were asleep. He woke up Jesus, introduced himself -- "I am a professor of religion in the university; Nicodemus is my name. Please forgive me for disturbing your sleep."

Jesus said to him, "Don't be worried about it, because I will disturb your far deeper sleep. But you are a coward and on this path, cowards cannot move. It needs guts -- and the first symbol of a courageous man is to recognize that he knows not, that all his knowledge is borrowed, that he is repeating words of others, that he has never entered into silences of his own soul, that he is blind."

The very recognition is a great beginning. The moment you recognize that you do not know, you are already moving towards the path that leads to knowing. In the scriptures are only dead words; a true seeker cannot be satisfied with them. He would like to come in contact while the word is still alive, blood and flesh.

Scriptures are needed by those who cannot encounter a man like Jesus, because he is going to hit them hard to make them aware: "All that you have learned has been learned in sleep, and all that you have been repeating is mechanical. It is not your own experience."

Truth can only be experienced. Only lies can be learned. Millions of libraries are full of lies -- beautiful lies. Not that they were always lies... once they were also alive, once they were also uttered by someone who had found them. In that moment, the word has wings. In that moment, the word is full of silence, love, beauty, truth.

But all that fragrance of the living word will disappear soon -- the flower will die, the petals will disappear into the earth. Not even a trace will be left behind. But faraway echoes will go on and on, in scriptures collected by scholars, commented on by researchers. But whatever they are doing is dissecting a corpse, and by dissecting a corpse you cannot find the soul.

What medical science goes on doing, idiots have been doing since the very beginning. In every medical college, they are dissecting corpses to find what it is that we call life. Can you think of people more blind? And they are very learned. And because they cannot find the living principle of life in a corpse, they deny it.

It is very easy to deny, it is very easy to say no. You can do it sitting in your chair, no

pilgrimage is needed. But to find, to seek and search, you will have to move into the unknown without any prejudice. And all knowledge that is borrowed, creates only prejudice and nothing else.

An intelligent man puts all his knowledge aside and becomes an innocent child -- who knows nothing but who is open, available, receptive; whose eyes are full of wonder, who is mystified by small things. A seashell on the beach, a wildflower which attracts nobody, mystifies him. He is living in a wonderland. It is not only Alice who entered wonderland; every child lives in wonderland.

And that's what Jesus said to Nicodemus. Unless you are born again in this very life, unless you become a child again, there is no hope for you.

When Almustafa saw the people coming... they were all innocent people -- not rabbis, not popes, not professors; no *shankaracharyas*, no ayatollahs, but simple people, who knew that they knew not. But that is the beginning of an eternal journey in which one goes on disappearing. One day one finds the truth, but one does not find oneself. The seeker is lost and the sought is found. The knower is no more, but knowledge, knowing has blossomed.

*And others came also... who are these "others"?*

AND OTHERS CAME ALSO AND ENTREATED HIM, BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT.

These "others" are the presidents, the prime ministers, the governors, the police commissioners -- all types of blind and deaf people. Seeing that the whole city of Orphalese is rushing towards that mad guy, Almustafa... These so-called leaders of men are really followers of the crowd, because it is the crowd that gives them power. Wherever the crowd is going, the leader pretends that he's leading them. He goes on watching to see whether the crowd is behind him or not. All the leaders are just followers of their own followers. It is because of these people that the world remains miserable, insane, stupid.

AND OTHERS CAME... Almustafa had answered the innocent people who were telling him, "Forgive us; we had been seeing you, yet we have seen your face for the first time. And what a calamity that this is the day of your departure -- and you have been amongst us for twelve years and we simply thought you were a dreamer of dreams. Forgive us. Don't go away, be with us a little more. Share your truth with us; now we are ready."

But then the blind, the deaf, the knowledgeable arrived. And because all the simple people and their crowd were so much impressed by the very presence of Almustafa, they also entreated him, but this was hypocrisy. Those questions were not authentic; they were not coming from their own hearts. They were just showing the people that "not only have *you* recognized him, we have also recognized him." They always want to convince people that "We are ahead of you."

But Almustafa is not deceived, cannot be deceived.

... BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT. On the contrary, HE ONLY BENT HIS HEAD; AND THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR SAW HIS TEARS FALLING UPON HIS BREAST.

Those tears are his answer to these people who are still pretending. At the moment of departure -- when the uncultured, uncivilized, uneducated and the poor have recognized -- still they cannot recognize, they cannot see. Power blinds. Knowledge blinds.

He is crying, tears are falling on his chest, out of compassion -- "What kind of people are leading the world?"

The governor of California wanted to meet me. He sent a messenger. I said, "I am available. Rather than sending you, he should have come himself. What prevents him? If I wanted to see him, I would have gone and knocked on his door; it is just the right thing to do. He should come and knock on *my* door. Everybody is welcome."

The woman who had come with the message said, "But he is a governor."

I said, "He may be God -- then too, if he wants to meet me, he has to come."

But power, prestige, respectability.... One president of India, Jakirhussain, sent a message with one of the oldest members of parliament, Seth Govinddas -- I was the guest of Seth Govinddas. He tried to persuade me.

I said, "Forget it. If he wants to see me and meet me, I'm available, but I don't have any business to go to the president's house."

He said, "You don't understand, he can be of immense help."

I said, "In my whole life, I have only trusted in existence, not in anybody's help."

In fact it was a problem for him, because if he had succeeded in taking me to the president, he would have obliged the president. But my simple refusal... he said, "How am I going to convey it to him?"

I said, "Repeat my words exactly, that it is the thirsty who comes to the well, it is not the well who runs after thirsty people. The thirsty person may be the president, it doesn't matter. Beggar or emperor, whoever is thirsty has to come to the well."

I have also wept, because I have also come across so many blind people. Even my own sannyasins have sometimes tried to persuade me -- "If the governor or the prime minister or the president is favorable to you, then these small guys, police commissioners, etc., will not harass you. On the contrary, they will welcome you."

I said, "I am not a businessman."

My father used to tell me many times: "You know perfectly well that it is not good to sleep and cover your head and face under the blanket. It is not hygienic."

I said, "I know. But I don't have any other time for my tears."

In the darkness of the night, covered under the blanket, I can cry and weep to my heart's content, seeing all kinds of stupidities happening all around, all over the world.

And if you tell these people, "You are the cause of making the earth a hell," they are annoyed, they are irritated. They become revengeful. Now, at least I can claim one thing, that nobody in the whole history of man has had so many enemies as I have. This is some great distinction. And I have not harmed anybody.

All my efforts have been to wake you, to deliver a message that I am carrying in my heart, to share my silence and my bliss. And people are annoyed, irritated. Almost all the countries of the world have decided that I cannot enter in their lands. I was thinking that perhaps my own country would behave in a different way, but I was wrong. Idiots are idiots. Whether they are American or Indian makes no difference.

I was in Bombay. One leader, a president of some powerful political group, wrote a letter to the chief minister and sent a copy to me. The letter was to tell the chief minister that my presence in Bombay would pollute the atmosphere.

I said, "My God, can anyone pollute Bombay? The worst city in the whole world...." For four months I was there; I never went out even one time. I never even looked out of my window. I remained in a completely closed room -- still, you can smell... as if you are sitting in a toilet! This is Bombay.

I started thinking of how to pollute it more but I am sorry to confess, I could not find any way. It is too far gone.

And then pressure was brought on one of my sannyasins in whose home I was a guest for four months: if I'm not removed from his house, he, his family and his house, with me, will be burned.

One sometimes wonders whether to cry or to laugh.

Somebody was continuously phoning every day -- "When are you coming to Poona? I am a police officer and I am inquiring about it to give you protection." We inquired of the Bombay police, we inquired of the Poona police. They said, "We have not been phoning you. Somebody is pretending to be a police officer."

I was going to come last Sunday, but my host became so much concerned that he asked for protection from the police. On Saturday night, the police informed him, "We can give you protection up to Thana. Beyond that you will have to ask another district, up to Chinchwad; from Chinchwad you will have to ask the Chinchwad police for protection up to Poona."

I told him, "You don't be worried. Rather than asking for protection from these people... I know their protection."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "When I was arrested in America, I was handcuffed, a heavy chain around my waist, chains on my feet. I could not even walk. And they were afraid that people would be there all over the street, and I may raise my hands, so they put another chain that connected my handcuffs to the chain around my waist so I could not move my hands. And they rushed so madly in their car... and the reason was that people were all around and they were waving and giving me the sign of victory. Then I understood why they were in such a hurry. Photographers were all around, press people were all around, and if they see that people are greeting me and they have arrested me without any arrest warrant, it will look like the whole talk about democracy is simply nonsense. The continuous propaganda about individuality, freedom of expression, is just to deceive the whole world."

The U.S. Marshal who was sitting in front in the car taking me inside the jail, told me, "Here, you are absolutely protected."

I said, "What about you? If being handcuffed, chained, is protection -- then first give it to your president, to your governors, because their lives are in constant danger. In America, twenty percent of the presidents have been assassinated. It is not a small number. Keep all your presidents in jail! But don't talk nonsense to me."

To avoid the police protection -- because I have seen the police protection -- rather than moving from Bombay on Sunday, I moved on Saturday night. My host was not convinced, but the next morning, he *was* convinced because his house was surrounded by fifteen policemen with guns.

He had come with me. His family informed him that "Police are surrounding the house. We are almost under arrest, and we are telling them that Osho left last night." And they told the police, "Your protection was asked -- but then he was leaving at twelve o'clock today. Why have you arrived in the morning, with guns? And we had asked only for six police officers, without uniforms -- why a whole regiment?"

They remained there the whole day thinking that I would leave at twelve. Finally, they thought that perhaps I was not in the house. Then the chief said to the son of my sannyasin, "Osho bluffed us."

Strange -- we had asked for protection. If we don't want it, you cannot impose it upon us -- "We will protect you whether you want it or not." Where does the question of bluffing arise?

I reached here at four o'clock in the night, and within three hours the police were here. I

was asleep. As I opened my eyes, I saw two policemen in my bedroom.

I said, "I never see dreams, particularly nightmares. How have these dodos managed to come inside?" I asked, "Do you have any search warrant?" -- they didn't have -- "Then how have you entered my private bedroom?"

They said, "We have to serve a notice on you." Sometimes one wonders whether we use words in our sleep. Is this the way to serve a notice? Is this the way to be a servant of the people? All these are servants of the people; *we* pay them. They should behave like servants... but they behave like masters.

I said, "I have not committed any crime. I have just slept for three hours, is it a crime?"

One of them said, "You are a controversial person and the police commissioner feels your presence may provoke violence in the city."

Now these people are not even aware that I was here for seven years, and no violence was provoked by me in the city -- what more evidence do you want? On the contrary, a man from this city has tried to kill me, to assassinate me -- in front of ten thousand sannyasins and twenty police officers, he threw a dagger at me in a morning discourse. It was almost impossible to lose the case even if we wanted to lose. Ten thousand eye-witnesses you cannot find for any such case -- and twenty police officers!

Still the case was dismissed, that it never happened. These are our magistrates, this is our police. These are our police commissioners. If they wanted to keep the silence of the city, they should have thrown out that man who tried to assassinate me.

But the next day when my attorney went to see the commissioner, he was surprised. On his calendar of appointments was the name of the same man; it seemed he was behind the whole thing. And I have been here for two days, and still violence has not happened in the city.

In seven years while I was here, I entered your city only four times. I never left the ashram. And those four times were absolutely necessary. I had not gone to see a film. My father was dying in the hospital, that's why I had to go. One of my sannyasins was in a hospital in a coma, and I had to go. All four times I had gone only to the hospital to see someone who was dying -- and died. Sitting in my room, how could I have created violence in the city?

And on the notice... I said "Read it. What is my crime?" My crime is that I am controversial. But can you tell me -- has there ever been a man of any intelligence who was not controversial? To be controversial is not a crime. In fact, the whole evolution of human consciousness depends on controversial people: Socrates, Jesus, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Bodhidharma, Zarathustra. They were fortunate that none of them entered Poona.

This city is condemned, because this city murdered Mahatma Gandhi, this city tried to murder me... and they are trying to tell me that I am controversial and dangerous. They are not even ashamed. Mahatma Gandhi was murdered by the same group of people who have tried to assassinate me. For centuries to come, Poona will be remembered as a city of murderers.

Because he had no reasonable cause... otherwise, you would have seen me again handcuffed and in jail, because I have done something which is unprecedented. That police officer misbehaved. I was lying down on my bed and he throws the notice over my face! I cannot tolerate such subhuman behavior. I immediately tore up the notice and threw it away, and I told those police officers, "Go and tell your commissioner."

I know that a notice from the government should not be thrown away, but there are limits! First, the law has to show humanity and respect for human beings. Only then can it expect

respect from others. And these are our servants; we pay the tax. And they have become masters.

It was right of Almustafa not to answer them; they don't deserve. But I am a different kind of man than Almustafa.

*He only bent his head...* I will never do that. You can cut my head but I will not bend my head. And those who stood near saw his tears falling upon his breast.

Yes, I also weep and cry for humanity, but I am crying in the darkness, covering myself. I don't want you to see my tears, because my tears will be painful to you. My tears will be like wounds to you. You have seen only my songs... but my eyes also have tear glands.

But those tears are for the blind and the deaf, the heartless. Those tears are for all categories of idiots.

Poona can brag about one thing: you have the highest category of idiots in the world. And he and the people proceeded towards the great square before the temple.

Each statement by Kahlil Gibran is significant. Why towards the temple? All over the world there are thousands and thousands of temples and churches and mosques and gurudwaras and synagogues -- and people go there to pray. Their prayers are like parrots repeating words; they do not even know the meaning of those words.

No, the function of the temple is totally different. The function of the temple is, when somebody arrives home like Almustafa, then the temple is the place to declare it. Almustafa entering into a temple, the temple becomes sacred. But without Almustafa, a temple is just a house -- empty, meaningless.

And he and the people proceeded towards the great square before the temple. You should enter the temple only when you deserve, when you have earned, when you feel you have something to share; something sacred and something of the beyond.

And there came out of the sanctuary a woman whose name was Almitra. And she was a seeress.

By the way, I want you to remember that Kahlil Gibran is perhaps one of those very few people for whom the woman is closer to the sacred than the man, for the simple reason that she is more heart than head. She knows how to love. And if you don't know how to love, how can you know how to pray?

Prayer is nothing but the most refined form of love. A love unaddressed to anybody, a love for the whole.

Almitra was a seeress. Kahlil Gibran should be remembered forever as one who gives respect and dignity to women. All your so-called bogus religious leaders of the world have only condemned the woman. Even the greatest of them, for whom I have great respect, but with reservations -- even Gautam Buddha who is certainly the highest peak ever attained up to now, the Everest. Even he was not respectful towards women. For years he continuously refused to initiate any women. And finally, after twenty years of continual refusal, continual insult, humiliation, he reconsidered. Because of a strange situation, he had to concede and accept women initiates. He must have been very reluctant even in that moment. He had to agree because the woman was almost his real mother... because his mother died when he was born, immediately. His own mother never saw him; neither had he any remembrance of his mother.

His mother's younger sister remained unmarried just because she wanted to take care of this rare child, who had a charisma from the very beginning. And astrologers and prophets declared that either he would become an emperor of the whole world or he would renounce the world and become the greatest awakened man humanity has known.

This woman brought up the child, cared about him -- and sacrificed her own life, for the simple reason that if she got married, she would have her own children and would have to divide her caring and become involved in her own life, her children, her husband. No, she remained unmarried so that she could shower all her love on Gautam Buddha.

When that old woman, who could be said to be really his mother, came and asked to be initiated, there was a great silence, a great moment of hesitation. Twenty years of continual refusal... but how can he refuse this woman -- -who has sacrificed her whole life for him, and he cannot do even this much for her, to initiate her into sannyas? Reluctantly, I say, he initiated her. And why do I say "reluctantly"? -- because immediately afterwards he declared, "My religion was going to last for five thousand years. Now it will last for only five hundred years because a woman has entered into the fold." As if a woman is a disease, as if Buddha's religion is no longer healthy enough to remain alive for five thousand years. The entry of a woman seems to mean that his religion has grown a cancer.

Ugly is the statement -- and the same is the case with Mahavira, the same is the case with Jesus, the same is the case with Mohammed. The same is the case with Moses. And these are our highest flights towards the stars.

Kahlil Gibran seems to have a far more human and far deeper insight. There have been seers in all the religions, but Almitra is a seeress. And the reason he gives has to be understood very deeply and preserved in the deepest part of your being:

AND HE LOOKED UPON HER WITH EXCEEDING TENDERNESS, FOR IT WAS SHE WHO HAD FIRST SOUGHT AND BELIEVED IN HIM WHEN HE HAD BEEN BUT A DAY IN THEIR CITY.

For twelve years he had been in the city and she was the only one who recognized him -- even on the first day when he entered the city.

People go on asking me, "Why do you have so many sannyasins in the bodies of women?" -- as if sannyas has anything to do with the body. In what way is sannyas concerned with the body?

Sannyas is a concern with the soul. And the woman is more open and more available because she knows not logic, but love. And the law of love is the highest law in life; the laws based on logic are the lowest.

A man needs first to be intellectually convinced. I have millions of sannyasins -- certainly, seventy-five percent are women, twenty-five percent are men. This is a rare phenomenon, because Buddha, or Mahavira, or Mohammed, Jesus -- nobody allowed them.

A man first needs to be logically convinced; he begins from the lowest. And then it is long ladder to reach to the ardor of love. Love is absolutely beyond logic, transcendental to logic. Even my own sannyasins -- first they are convinced: this man seems to be right; whatever he is saying seems to be substantial. They raise all kinds of doubts in their minds, they try in every way to be skeptical. When finally their skepticism and their doubts are destroyed, then a thick layer of intellectuality is removed and their heart is available.

But the woman first falls in love with me and then she thinks, "Whatever he's saying is bound to be right. How can love be wrong?"

Their approaches are different. Man has chosen a long route -- unnecessarily, but it looks like more manly, arduous, hard -- -and he will go on a long journey to come back home.

The woman has chosen the shortcut -- the path of love -- it is only one step. It does not need even the second step. One step and you have arrived. That too I am saying because it will be difficult to understand if I say exactly what happens: it is not even one step.

Man takes many many steps, miles and miles, just to come back home -- tired, exhausted, sad.

That's why saints look so sad. What do you call them in England? -- hangdog faces. Nice people, but unnecessarily running in all directions to find the place where they have always been.

So to say the absolute truth, the woman does not take even a single step. It is truth that takes a step towards the woman; the woman simply falls in love and the home has arrived. She has been there, the love has just opened her eyes.

Almitra was the first to recognize that Almustafa belongs to the other shore, he's a stranger here. He's not dreaming about a ship -- he is so lovely, so beautiful, that she cannot doubt even if he is dreaming. In her deep love, his dream becomes a reality. The ship that would arrive twelve years afterwards had arrived for Almitra the very first day. Those twelve years' distance do not exist for her.

People ask me why so many women become sannyasins. It is simple: because they are women, because they are hearts, because they know only one language and that language is of love.

*And she hailed him, saying...* and you can see the difference. The people who have recognized on the last day when they saw the separation was going to happen, suddenly became aware that they have missed -- amongst them was a man, a messiah, a message from the other shore. But they were simply deaf and blind, and now it is too late.

So they are saying, "Linger on a little more... just a little more. We have not been able to taste your truth and we have not been able to drink from your eyes. Shower your grace a little more."

But Almitra says something totally different:

PROPHET OF GOD, IN THE QUEST OF THE UTTERMOST, LONG HAVE YOU SEARCHED THE DISTANCES FOR YOUR SHIP.  
AND NOW YOUR SHIP HAS COME, AND YOU MUST NEEDS GO.

Only love can see it.  
The mind is greedy. Mind is greed.

All those people who are saying, "Linger on a little"... I say unto you, if Almustafa agrees with them, they will forget all about him again. Again they will take him for granted -- "What is the hurry? And if the ship comes again, we can persuade him to remain with us."

Man lives in tomorrows which never come. Mind has no contact with the present; either it lives in the past or it lives in the future.

They are shocked: they could not recognize and twelve years have passed -- what a loss! And they can also see that if he remains, perhaps tomorrow or the day after tomorrow they may be able to understand his truth, his experience.

But I repeat again: If Almustafa remains with them, they will forget him again.

But Almitra says to him, "It is hard, it hurts, but there is no other way. You have waited long, you have given opportunity enough to these people. Now You must needs go.

DEEP IS YOUR LONGING FOR THE LAND OF YOUR MEMORIES AND THE DWELLING-PLACE OF YOUR GREATER DESIRES; AND OUR LOVE WOULD NOT BIND YOU NOR OUR NEEDS HOLD YOU.

That's the beauty of love, that it gives you freedom. That is the criterion of whether there

is love or not. If love prevents you from your growth, it is not love. Love may suffer but will not be jealous, love may suffer but will not be a bondage.

Almitra says, *and our love would not bind you nor our needs hold you*. We need you, certainly we need you, but you have been here twelve years -- it is enough. We have ignored you, perhaps people are not thirsty. So you don't pay any attention to people's prayer that you remain with us. I know -- Deep is your longing for the land, your love for the people but whatever you could do, you have done. We would like you to be here, but love would not bind you -- we need you, but it is our unconsciousness that we missed you -- nor our needs hold you.

Yet this we ask ere you leave us, that you speak to us and give us of your truth.

We don't want you to be here, we don't want to become a prison to you because of our needs and because of our love and because of your compassion. But at least do this much before you leave: speak to us and give us of your truth.

Remember, truth is always individual. There is no truth of the collective mind, of the crowd. The crowd has only lies -- Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism.

The crowd has only lies.

The truth is always individual.

It is experienced in the very innermost core of your being -- where you cannot take anybody with you. You cannot take the person you love, you cannot take your friend with you. You have to go alone, and only in your aloneness is the realization. And because the realization happens in the individual, there is no need of any religion, organized.

Yes, religiousness is needed -- unorganized, available to each individual according to his own potential, possibilities.

A real human society, a real civilization will allow every individual to seek and search and find his truth. Gautam Buddha's truth is of no use to you. My truth is of no use to you. At the most, the man who has realized the truth can give you a certainty that truth is not just a hypothesis; that it is a reality, that it transforms people.

I cannot give you my truth, but my presence can trigger a journey in you towards the ultimate shrine.

But a woman thinks in a different way than a man, because her thinking is not based on thoughts. Her thinking is based on feelings. Why is she saying it? Because she says:

And we will give it unto our children

It is not greed.

And they unto their children,

And it shall not perish.

We want your flame to remain alive. We will go on passing it from heart to heart.

In your aloneness you have watched with our days, and in your wakefulness you have listened to the weeping and the laughter of our sleep.

She's saying, "Whatever you have watched, we were laughing in our sleep, we were talking in our sleep, we were acting, doing things in our sleep. We were not aware what was going on."

*Now therefore disclose us to ourselves...* We don't ask anything more. Just disclose us to ourselves, and tell us all that has been shown you of that which is between birth and death.

A tremendously potent question: What is between birth and death? That is your life principle -- between birth and death is God -- but because you are asleep, you never become aware of it. You are born and you will die, and without knowing what was between the two. And between the two was your truth.

And he answered:

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, OF WHAT CAN I SPEAK SAVE OF THAT WHICH IS EVEN NOW MOVING WITHIN YOUR SOULS?

Every master simply wakes you up to your own reality, to your own truth. He does not give you anything.

You already have it. You have just not looked inwards.

A little silence, a little meditateness and you will start uncovering yourself. Truth is a discovery within.

Almustafa is right when he says...*of what can i speak save of that which is even now moving within your own souls?* I can see the flame but you don't look inwards. Just close your eyes, look inwards. Go on digging deeper and deeper until you have come to the waters of eternal life.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #6

### Chapter title: Speak to us of love

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN SAID ALMITRA, SPEAK TO US OF LOVE.  
AND HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED UPON THE PEOPLE, AND THERE FELL A STILLNESS  
UPON THEM. AND WITH A GREAT VOICE HE SAID:  
WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM,  
THOUGH HIS WAYS ARE HARD AND STEEP.  
AND WHEN HIS WINGS ENFOLD YOU YIELD TO HIM,  
THOUGH THE SWORD HIDDEN AMONG HIS PINIONS MAY WOUND YOU.  
AND WHEN HE SPEAKS TO YOU BELIEVE IN HIM,  
THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS AS THE NORTH WIND LAYS WASTE THE  
GARDEN.  
FOR EVEN AS LOVE CROWNS YOU SO SHALL HE CRUCIFY YOU. EVEN AS HE IS FOR YOUR  
GROWTH SO IS HE FOR YOUR PRUNING.  
EVEN AS HE ASCENDS TO YOUR HEIGHT AND CARESSES YOUR TENDEREST BRANCHES  
THAT QUIVER IN THE SUN,  
SO SHALL HE DESCEND TO YOUR ROOTS AND SHAKE THEM IN THEIR CLINGING TO THE  
EARTH.  
LIKE SHEAVES OF CORN HE GATHERS YOU UNTO HIMSELF.  
HE THRESHES YOU TO MAKE YOU NAKED.  
HE SIFTS YOU TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR HUSKS.  
HE GRINDS YOU TO WHITENESS.  
HE KNEADS YOU UNTIL YOU ARE PLIANT;  
AND THEN HE ASSIGNS YOU TO HIS SACRED FIRE, THAT YOU MAY BECOME SACRED  
BREAD FOR GOD'S SACRED FEAST.  
ALL THESE THINGS SHALL LOVE DO UNTO YOU THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE SECRETS OF  
YOUR HEART, AND IN THAT KNOWLEDGE BECOME A FRAGMENT OF LIFE'S HEART.  
BUT IF IN YOUR FEAR YOU WOULD SEEK ONLY LOVE'S PEACE AND LOVE'S PLEASURE,  
THEN IT IS BETTER FOR YOU THAT YOU COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF  
LOVE'S THRESHING-FLOOR, INTO THE SEASONLESS WORLD WHERE YOU SHALL LAUGH,  
BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR LAUGHTER, AND WEEP, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR TEARS.

The people who have realized the meaning of life have only spoken to those who can understand love, because love is the meaning of life. Very few people have realized that love is your very flame. It is not food that keeps you alive, it is love -- which keeps you not only alive but gives you a life of beauty, truth, silence, and millions of other priceless things.

The world can be divided in two parts: the world where everything has a price and the world where price is meaningless. Where prices are no longer relevant, values arise. Prices are for things, for dead things.

Life does not recognize that which is dead. But such a simple truth, man goes on missing. He even tries to purchase love; otherwise there would not have been prostitutes. And it is not only a question of prostitutes. What are your marriages? -- a permanent institution of prostitution.

Remember, only when you enter into the world of values -- where no money, no power, no respectability is of any help -- are you entering into authentic life. And the flavor of that life is love.

Because man is so much accustomed to purchasing everything, he forgets that the very effort to purchase something that cannot be purchased is a murder. A husband demands love from his wife because he has purchased her, and the same is true about the wife. But they are unaware that they are assassinating each other. They do not know: the moment price enters into love, love dies.

Love is very delicate, very sacred. In all of our relationships, we are trying to reduce the other person to a thing. A wife is a thing. If you have any intelligence, let her remain just a woman. A husband is no more alive. Allow him to remain in freedom because only in freedom can love flower.

But man, in his utter stupidity, has destroyed everything that is valuable. You even try to purchase God. How deep is your blindness? People who can afford it -- remember the word "afford" -- have temples in their houses. Statues can be purchased but whatever you do with those statues is sheer nonsense; a purchased statue can never become a living God. And not only do they purchase the statue, they also purchase a priest to do the worship.

I have seen priests running from one house to another house because they have to worship in at least ten or twelve temples; only then they can feed themselves. And the people who are purchasing even prayer, worship, think they are doing great virtuous acts. These are the sinners!

Your life will not have any flowers if it does not have something which is priceless. Do you have something in your life which is priceless?

People are selling even their lives. What are your soldiers? -- and their number must be millions all around the earth. They have sold themselves. Their only function is to kill and be killed. But as far as I can see, that is not important; they have killed themselves the day they sold themselves. They may be still breathing, but just to breathe is not life. Trees breathe, vegetables breathe. Cabbages and cauliflowers breathe, but they are not alive and they know nothing of love. They have prices attached to them. Perhaps cabbages are cheaper, cauliflowers a little costly -- because cauliflowers are nothing but cabbages with university degrees. But don't do this to any human being.

And if you cannot purchase a thing you cannot possess it either. In your deep sleep, you even possess your children without ever becoming aware that the very possession -- "This is *my child*" -- is a murder. Children come through you, but they belong to the universe. You are just a passage. But you make every effort that your child should have your family name, your religion, your political ideology. He should be just an obedient object.

When I was a student in the university, the government of India passed a resolution that unless you participate in the training for the army, your postgraduate degree could not be given to you. It was compulsory. I approached the vice-chancellor and I said, "I would love to remain without any postgraduate degree. I am not willing to participate in a training which

is nothing but a very psychological process of destroying your consciousness, your life, and reducing you to just a number."

In the army, when somebody dies, on the notice board it is declared, "Number Sixteen has fallen." When you read this, that "Number Sixteen has fallen," nothing happens to your heart because Number Sixteen has no wife, no children, no old mother, no old father to be taken care of. Numbers don't produce children. This is a strategy. But if you see a name, you will suddenly feel sad. What will happen to the children, to the wife, to the old mother, to the old father who is just living to see his son coming back home? But he does not know that his son exists no more. He has become Number Sixteen. Number Sixteen can be replaced and *will* be replaced. Somebody else will become Number Sixteen.

You cannot replace a living human being... but a dead number? But it is not only the soldiers; if you look at yourself, in many ways you have allowed the crowd around you to make you a number. Even the people who say that they love you simply want to possess you, to exploit you. You are an object of their longings, of their desires.

Love is not available in the marketplace. For love, you will have to understand that existence is not a dead existence. It is full of light, overflowing with love but to experience that love, you have to be attuned with the world of values.

Almustafa did not answer some people. Perhaps they were not worth answering. They have lost their souls: somebody has become a governor, somebody has become a president. The presidents and the governors and the prime ministers -- they don't have any souls; otherwise it is impossible for a man like Josef Stalin to kill one million Russians. And these were not capitalists -- Russia has never been so rich -- these were poor people, but they wanted not to be possessed by anyone and they were rebelling against slavery. First the czars were killing them for centuries, but Stalin outdid all the czars.

But sometimes I think perhaps he killed only dead people. Adolf Hitler killed six million human beings -- but perhaps it is not right to condemn him, because these six million people had lost their souls long before. Somebody had become a husband, somebody had become a wife, somebody had become a father, somebody had become a mother.

In the world of nature, a woman is just a woman -- not a lady. A lady is a woman who is living a posthumous life. In nature, there are authentic men -- raw, rooted in the earth -- but you will not find your gentlemen. They are the hypocrites who have died long ago and are now just breathing, eating, dragging themselves from the cradle to the grave. If they were really alive, they would have known the secret that exists between birth and death.

Almustafa simply refused to answer those people -- who may have been knowledgeable, who may have been rich, but their questions were phony. Their questions were American.

I must remind you: the word "phony" comes from America. It is derived from "telephone." When you are talking to someone on the telephone, have you observed the change? The voice is not the same, the tone is not the same, and no one knows whether on the other side there is another American or a ghost.

I have heard.... One great psychoanalyst was treating a super-rich billionaire. Although his fee was beyond the capacity of millions of people, for the super-rich it was nothing.

The rich man continued. A year passed and he would lie down on the psychoanalyst's couch and would talk all kinds of absurd things... which are filled in your heads too; it is another thing that you keep them within, but in psychoanalysis you have to bring them out.

The psychoanalyst was getting bored but he could not get rid of the super-rich man because he was getting so much money from him. Finally, he found an American solution to it: He said to the rich man, "I have so many other patients and sometimes your session takes

three hours, four hours, five hours. You have time, you have money. I have a humble suggestion to make. I will keep a tape recorder which will listen to you. My four or five hours will be saved and at night when I have time, I can listen to the tape."

The rich man said, "Great!"

The next day when the psychoanalyst was entering his office, he saw the rich man coming out. He said, "So quick? Are you finished?"

He said, "No, I have also brought my tape recorder. My tape recorder is talking to your tape recorder. Why should I waste five hours? When tape recorders can do it, what is the need of me coming every day?"

This is how, slowly slowly, man becomes more and more mechanical. He says things, he lives a life, but it is all like a robot.

Dale Carnegie, one of America's most famous philosophers -- he would not be recognized as a philosopher anywhere else except in America -- but his book, HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE has sold second only to THE BIBLE. And it is full of crap. He suggests that every husband, at least three or four times a day, should say to his wife, "Darling, I love you so much, I cannot live without you. I cannot conceive of myself without you." Whether you mean it or not does not matter.

Do you see the phoniness? If you are in love, it is so difficult to say "I love you," because words fall short. And to repeat three, four times a mechanical routine... you don't mean anything, you are just a gramophone record. Perhaps the needle on the record is stuck: "Darling, I love you." And the darling also answers, and deep inside both hate each other: "This is the woman who has destroyed my freedom. This is the man who has put me into a prison."

Love is the highest value. That's why Jesus could say, "God is love." But his statement is two thousand years old. It needs some refinement, it needs to be made up-to-date. God is not love.

I say unto you: Love is god. And there is a vast difference between the two, although the same words are used. If God is love, that simply means it is only one of the qualities of God. He may have many other qualities: he may be wise, he may be just, fair. He may be forgiveness.

But when you say "Love is god," the statement is totally different. Then god itself becomes a quality of those who know how to love. Then there is no need to believe in God... because it is only a hypothesis. And it is up to you what to make of the hypothesis.

The Jewish God in the Old Testament says, "I am a very angry God, I'm very jealous. I am not nice! Remember, I am not your uncle! I cannot tolerate another God." The Mohammedans have inherited the Jewish conception of God. That's why they have been destroying statues and temples, beautiful pieces of art: because there is only one God and one holy book and one messenger, Mohammed. This is a fascist attitude, ugly, inhuman. What is the problem if there are millions of gods? The world will be far richer. Why are you stuck with one god?

Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, all such religions which believe in one god believe in dictatorship, not in democracy. What is the problem?

Gautam Buddha is perhaps the first democratic religious person, who says that every man is a potential god and finally, all are going to blossom into godhood. This has a beauty.

Almustafa did not answer those people. Instead he cried, wept, tears came to his eyes because their questions were phony. They were asking simply to show others that they were knowledgeable. You know perfectly well the distinction between a knowledgeable question

and an authentic quest. When you want to exhibit your knowledge, there is no quest in your heart. You are asking to show that you are not ignorant.

In fact, before asking the question, you already know the answer -- not by your own experience, but borrowed....

A great philosopher in Gautam Buddha's time came to see him. He brought his five hundred disciples with him. Buddha never refused anybody. Even at the last moment when he was dying, he asked if anybody had a question because "Now, I am going, my ship has arrived. And I don't want it to be said by future generations that Gautam Buddha was alive and yet he did not answer an authentic question."

The same man asked the philosopher, "Is it your question or a quest?"

The philosopher said, "What is the difference?"

Buddha said, "The difference is unbridgeable, of the earth and the sky. A quest is a thirst. A question is a mind game. If you have a quest, I am ready to answer. But if it is only a question, don't waste my time."

Almustafa did not answer those people amongst whom he had lived for twelve years and who had never asked anything. But when Almitra, the woman who had recognized him on the first day in the city of Orphalese, asked -- he answered. And he answered with such beauty, with such poetry, with such truth. Perhaps nobody else has answered that way -- not even a person like Krishna, who answered his disciple Arjuna's questions after questions.

Perhaps Arjuna's questions are authentic, but Krishna's answers are not. He is not concerned with the quest. His whole concern is political -- somehow to persuade Arjuna to participate in the war. So he goes on answering in different ways which contradict each other and finally, when he finds that his answers are not convincing to Arjuna, he resorts to the last thing which any dictator is bound to fall upon.

Finally, he says, "It is God's will that you should participate in the war." It is strange that God is speaking to him and not to Arjuna directly. If I had been in the place of Arjuna, I would have said, "It may be God's will for *you* -- fight! But as far as I am concerned, it is God's will not to fight but to renounce this whole nonsense of destroying and killing people and move deeper into the Himalayas to meditate."

But he became afraid. If it is God's will, he has to fight. He forgot a simple thing -- why does God always need mediators? Why can't he speak directly?

In fact, there is no God. These mediators are the most cunning people in the world. In the name of God, they are forcing their own ideas. Because they cannot force through their arguments, their final strategy is to bring God in.

I have wondered always: Is God your real question? Anybody's? It is philosophical, intellectual, hypothetical -- but what will you do if you meet God? And what is the point of meeting God? No, that is not the real quest of man.

Almitra does not ask Almustafa, "Speak to us of God." No, she asks:

SPEAK TO US OF LOVE.

It has to be noted that only a woman can ask about love. Man wants to know God or to become God. These are power trips.

Love is not a power trip. Love is the only experience in which you become humble, simple, innocent.

And what does Almustafa say? Meditate over it. Each single word is of immense significance:

AND HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED UPON THE PEOPLE...

Before answering, you have to look into the hearts of people -- to see whether there is any stirring, whether love is their quest. Almitra has asked a very fundamental question; the *most* fundamental question. But what about the people, the crowd who have gathered there?

AND THERE FELL A STILLNESS UPON THEM.

A great silence, because those were simple people, and as Almustafa looked around into their eyes, into their faces, there was a great silence. Those simple people really wanted to know what Almitra had asked about. Perhaps they were not articulate enough to ask the question; Almitra had become their voice. She represents their hearts. Seeing that....

AND WITH A GREAT VOICE HE SAID:  
WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM...

Do not doubt, do not be skeptical, because love is beckoning you towards something you have not known. Although you have the seed... but the seed has not known its own flower. *When love beckons to you, you are blessed; Follow him.*  
THOUGH HIS WAYS ARE HARD AND STEEP.

Love is not just a bed of roses.

AND WHEN HIS WINGS ENFOLD YOU YIELD TO HIM...

Do not resist, do not be reluctant, do not go half-hearted. Don't be wishy-washy.

THOUGH THE SWORD HIDDEN AMONG HIS PINIONS MAY WOUND YOU.

And love certainly wounds people, but that wound is something like a surgical operation. You are carrying so much hate -- that hate has to be destroyed. For a time you may feel a wound, an empty space where hate used to be.

AND WHEN HE SPEAKS TO YOU BELIEVE IN HIM...

He's not saying believe in what he speaks, remember. He is saying when he speaks, believe in *him*. There is a very subtle distinction. If I am speaking to you, you can believe in what I am speaking -- that will be from the head, and that is not going to help in any way because tomorrow somebody may speak against it, with better arguments, with more logic. Then you will shift.

Almustafa is saying *believe in him*, not what he is saying. This is a tremendously potential statement: Whenever a master speaks, do not be too much bothered about his words. If the words can only help you to believe in the authenticity of the master, they have done their work. When you believe in a person, it is from the heart. It is not an argument. When you believe in words, it is from the head. It is just an argument.

Life is not an argument, and love is not an argument. It is a meeting of two hearts, two beings -- two bodies become one. That is what Almustafa is saying:

THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS...

It is going to shatter your dreams. It is going to shatter your sleep, it is going to shatter you. Just believing in words will not shatter anything in you. On the contrary, you will become more knowledgeable, your ego more decorated.

THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS AS THE NORTH WIND LAYS WASTE THE GARDEN.  
FOR EVEN AS LOVE CROWNS YOU SO SHALL HE CRUCIFY YOU.

Never before has anybody spoken, in a single sentence, the whole alchemy of man's transformation. Love will crown you but it will also crucify you. It will crucify you as you have been, your past, and it will crown you as you should be, your future. Love is both: a crowning and a crucifixion. Because of this, millions of people miss the glory of love. The crucifixion makes them afraid... and what is the point of being crowned if you are going to be crucified?

But you are not one, you are many. The real you will be crowned and the false personalities will be crucified, and these processes are going to happen simultaneously. On the one hand, death; on the other hand, a resurrection.

EVEN AS HE IS FOR YOUR GROWTH SO IS HE FOR PRUNING.

You have grown so many ugly things in your life. They have to be pruned -- and that pruning is not against your growth. In fact, those ugly things that you have gathered around yourself -- jealousy, domination, continuous effort to have the upper hand -- will not allow you to experience love.

When I read that sentence, I remember my gardener, Mukta. She goes on pruning my trees. I know what she's doing is right, because unless you prune them, they will not grow.

But whenever she sees me -- once in a while I come out of the room and she hides her garden scissors. Mukta, from today, there is no need to hide. But only prune that which is against the growth of the tree. Don't prune according to your ideas of how the tree should be. Let the tree be itself. Give it freedom... and if a gardener cannot love his own trees, who is going to love? Prune whenever you see that this will help to bring more foliage, more growth, more leaves, more flowers.

I am not against pruning. I had told her not to do this because there was, six years ago, a beautiful creeper on the back fence of my garden. But it was wild, and Mukta is a Greek. Just to prune it, she named it "The Monster." This is one of the strategies of human mind. Whenever you want to destroy something, first you give it a name -- that becomes the argument for you. That poor creeper was not a monster. Yes, it was wild, but to be wild is not to be a monster. I am wild... but do you think you can prune me? I have not even cut a single hair of my beard -- they are the originals. You all have unoriginal beards. I have never cut a single hair of my mustache.

Just a few days ago, there was a question: "Osho, everything you say reaches my heart but one question remains: how do you manage to eat?" I can understand his question -- an

unpruned mustache has almost covered my lips. That's why I never come to eat with you. I always eat alone just to protect my original hair. It is a little difficult.

EVEN AS HE ASCENDS TO YOUR HEIGHT AND CARESSES YOUR TENDEREST BRANCHES  
THAT QUIVER IN THE SUN...

You will enjoy it when love reaches to your heights with tenderness, caressing your branches dancing in the wind and in the sun and in the rain. But that is only the half of it.

SO SHALL HE DESCEND TO YOUR ROOTS AND SHAKE THEM IN THEIR CLINGING TO THE  
EARTH.

And you cannot choose one and avoid the other. Love is a solid phenomenon, it cannot be cut into fragments. Just as your heights need to be showered by love, your roots which are clinging to the earth have to be shaken, because every clinging is an imprisonment. Love would like to give you wings to fly -- and with a clinging mind, with attachment, it is impossible to fly in the open sky. Just to cling to the earth, you have grown great roots going deep down so that nobody can shake you. It is out of fear, but fear is just the opposite pole of freedom.

Don't cling to anything -- not even to the person you love. Clinging will destroy the very love to which you were clinging. Don't become a bondage.

I have heard.... A great freedom fighter had gone for a holiday in the hills. On the way, he stopped for a night's rest in a small *caravanserai*. The owner of the *serai* had a beautiful parrot, and in accordance with his beauty, he had made a golden cage studded with diamonds. The owner also loved freedom, so he had taught the parrot only one word: "Freedom." The whole day long the parrot used to call, "Freedom! Freedom!" and his voice would echo and re-echo in the valleys.

This freedom fighter thought, "This is strange. I know the owner; he's my friend. I know his love for freedom -- that's why he has taught his parrot only one word, "Freedom." But this is very contradictory. If he loves freedom, let the parrot be free. Even the golden cage studded with diamonds is not freedom." So he waited. In the middle of the night the parrot again shouted, "Freedom! Freedom!" and in the silences around, the voice of the parrot echoed far and wide.

The man came out. It was night and the owner was asleep. No one was around. He opened the door of the cage and waited... such a freedom-loving parrot, seeing the door open, will immediately fly into the sky. But instead of flying into the sky, the parrot clung hard to his golden cage.

But the freedom fighter was not a man to be defeated by a parrot. He put his hand inside the cage, pulled the parrot out... and while he was pulling the parrot out, the parrot was hitting his hand, scratching his hand and still shouting, "Freedom! Freedom!" His whole hand was full of blood, but he threw the parrot into the open sky on a fullmoon night. The hand was wounded, but he felt deeply contented that the parrot was free.

He went to sleep. In the morning he was awakened again by the same voice: "Freedom!" He said, "My god, he has come back!" He looked out. The door was still open and the parrot was inside.

Love will caress you. But it will also go deep down to your roots and shake them to make you free.

It is something to be remembered: most of us go on living in a contradiction. On the one hand we want freedom; on the other hand, we go on clinging to something. Freedom is a risk. In the cage, the parrot is safe, secure. In freedom, although he gains the whole existence, the whole sky, he loses the safety and the security.

But freedom is such a value, anything can be sacrificed for it. And love needs absolute freedom to grow. Only then can you make the whole sky your home. People afraid of insecurity, unsafety, choose just the word love but never experience it.

If you want to experience love, you will have to risk everything and all -- all your clingings, all your future safeties. But instead of sacrificing clingings and safeties and securities, man in his deep sleep has sacrificed love and saved the security.

That is what your marriage is -- love is sacrificed; security is there. Of course in marriage there is security, there is safety; there is a guarantee that tomorrow also the wife will be available to you, the husband will be taking care of you. But what about love? Then love becomes an empty word.

Be aware of empty words, and particularly words like love, which are *higher* than God -- God is only a quality of love. Don't go on carrying an empty container with no content in it. This is your misery, the misery of the whole humanity. Nobody loves. Love is risky.

I teach you to take all the risks, because even a single moment of love is equal to the whole eternity. And a life without love may be immortal, but will be just a graveyard. Nothing will blossom. You will be secure -- but what will you do with your security?

LIKE SHEAVES OF CORN HE GATHERS YOU UNTO HIMSELF.

But if you are clinging to something else, how can existence, or God, or love, gather you unto himself?

*He threshes you to make you naked* because you are covered with so many fake personalities. Your face is not your original face. There are so many masks.

HE THRESHES YOU TO MAKE YOU NAKED.  
HE SIFTS YOU TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR HUSKS.  
HE GRINDS YOU TO WHITENESS.

The word "whiteness" has to be understood -- it is not a color. The whole rainbow you can have, but you will miss two colors which you have become accustomed to -- black and white. And why have all the mystics condemned the black and praised the white?

White is not a color but *all* the colors. If you mix all the colors of the rainbow, whiteness arises. So whiteness is basically a great synthesis of all the colors of life. And if you remove all the colors, then there is blackness. Blackness is negativity, blackness is no. Blackness is death.

Whiteness is positivity, whiteness is yes, whiteness is God. Whiteness is love.

HE KNEADS YOU UNTIL YOU ARE PLIANT;  
AND THEN HE ASSIGNS YOU TO HIS SACRED FIRE, THAT YOU MAY BECOME SACRED  
BREAD FOR GOD'S SACRED FEAST.

All the religions of the world had been teaching people to fast. Almustafa is talking about

the feast. Against all the religions, I am in agreement with Almustafa. Life is not a fasting, it is a continuous feast -- a celebration, a festival of lights.

Love transforms your life into a festival of lights.

And unless your life becomes a feast and a festival, remember: you have not done the thing you have come for on this earth.

ALL THESE THINGS SHALL LOVE DO UNTO YOU THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE SECRETS OF YOUR HEART, AND IN THAT KNOWLEDGE BECOME A FRAGMENT OF LIFE'S HEART. BUT IF IN YOUR FEAR YOU WOULD SEEK ONLY LOVE'S PEACE AND LOVE'S PLEASURE, THEN IT IS BETTER FOR YOU THAT YOU COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF LOVE'S THRESHING-FLOOR...

People want love but they don't want to be prepared for all the threshing, the fire that they have to pass through. They think love is just pleasure. It is not. Love is far more: it is blissfulness, it is the ultimate benediction. But you will have to drop the fear.

The man who is full of fear will never know the sweet taste of love. And if you have not known love, you have not known anything: all your knowledge is useless, all your treasures are useless. All your respectabilities are useless.

Almustafa says rightly:

THEN... COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF LOVE'S THRESHING-FLOOR, INTO THE SEASONLESS WORLD WHERE YOU SHALL LAUGH, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR LAUGHTER, AND WEEP, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR TEARS.

You will never know anything in its wholeness, in its totality. You will laugh but your laughter will be superficial. You will weep but your tears will be crocodile tears. Your life will always remain just a potentiality, it will never become a reality. And you will live your life in sleep -- unconscious.

I will give you an example of sleep and unconsciousness.

The police commissioner -- I can forgive him but I cannot forget him -- had to withdraw his order that I should leave Poona within thirty minutes, because he could not provide any reason. I have never committed a crime. This is my birthright, to move freely -- at least in this country. But to withdraw his order was against his ego. It took almost the whole day... how to phrase a small withdrawal? If he withdraws it, it will look like he is stupid: "Then why did you issue it if you don't have any reason?" He will not cancel it because, "If you were going to cancel it, then why in the first place did you issue it?"

My attorneys were sitting in his office and he would go in the back room to consult with his subordinates -- or perhaps the Hindu chauvinist people who were behind the whole scene; the same person who has thrown a dagger at me -- they were his advisors!

Finally, he came with a form... and it will show you the sleepiness and unconsciousness of man.

He said, "I cannot say it is a withdrawal; I cannot cancel it. I can only suspend it. That means that at any moment I can cancel the suspension."

He's unable to give any reason right now. Still, he wants it to be a "suspended order," and that too, not without conditions. I had told my attorney, Tathagat, that "Compromise is not possible on *any* account. I would prefer even to be shot or crucified but compromise, no. So remember if there is the word 'compromise' anywhere, I am not going to accept it."

So he told him, "You are imposing conditions and compromise. My master is not going to

accept it, you will have to change it."

Again, he went inside and came with the idea that "We will not call it compromise and we will not call it conditions; we will call these *norms*. I am giving you these norms, but you will have to sign that these are the norms of your ashram."

Who is he to dictate norms to us? Can he dictate norms to Mohammedans? Can he dictate norms to Hindus? Can he dictate norms to Christians? He knew it, that's why he has not signed it.

We are giving him -- in writing -- our norms, although *he* has dictated them. Each word he has considered with his people. One knows not who was behind it -- some holy ghost! And the norms are so stupid.

One norm is that nobody should be allowed to smoke cigarettes. While he was giving these norms, all the people in his office were smoking cigarettes, and he asked Tathagat, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

This is unconsciousness. This man must be in deep slumber. He himself is smoking!

Another norm: that nobody should be allowed to drink alcohol. In this country, alcohol is not prohibited. Many times they have tried -- particularly people like Morarji Desai, who are ready to drink their own urine! -- but they have tried to enforce that nobody should drink alcohol. It became a crime. Many times it has been done -- and withdrawn, because what happens? The moment they stop it, people start making their own alcohol. It goes underground. More people start drinking than ever, because whenever you prevent people from something it becomes more attractive; there must be something in it.

Thousands of people have died in India because alcohol was prohibited. People were making their own alcohol. They don't know how to make it and they don't know what is available in the black market. Thousands of people were poisoned by drinking the alcohol they were getting from the black market, because now there was no question of any standard, no government check-up on it.

And alcohol at least is vegetarian.

I will tell Tathagat when he comes back: "Go there. One more norm is needed: that nobody is allowed to drink his own urine. He can drink somebody else's, that is another thing...."

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #7

### Chapter title: Love possesses not

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BELOVED OSHO,  
LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF.  
LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED;  
FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE.  
WHEN YOU LOVE YOU SHOULD NOT SAY, "GOD IS IN MY HEART," BUT RATHER, "I AM IN THE  
HEART OF GOD."  
AND THINK NOT YOU CAN DIRECT THE COURSE OF LOVE, FOR LOVE, IF IT FINDS YOU  
WORTHY, DIRECTS YOUR COURSE.  
LOVE HAS NO OTHER DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.  
BUT IF YOU LOVE AND MUST NEEDS HAVE DESIRES, LET THESE BE YOUR DESIRES:  
TO MELT AND BE LIKE A RUNNING BROOK THAT SINGS ITS MELODY TO THE NIGHT.  
TO KNOW THE PAIN OF TOO MUCH TENDERNESS.  
TO BE WOUNDED BY YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE;  
AND TO BLEED WILLINGLY AND JOYFULLY.  
TO WAKE AT DAWN WITH A WINGED HEART AND GIVE THANKS FOR ANOTHER DAY OF  
LOVING;  
TO REST AT THE NOON HOUR AND MEDITATE LOVE'S ECSTASY;  
TO RETURN HOME AT EVENTIDE WITH GRATITUDE;  
AND THEN TO SLEEP WITH A PRAYER FOR THE BELOVED IN YOUR HEART AND A SONG OF  
PRAISE UPON YOUR LIPS.

Almustafa has the deepest insight into love that anyone has ever shown. These are not the words of a philosopher, these are the experiences of a mystic.

Almustafa is just a name. It is Kahlil Gibran who is speaking through him -- and for a special reason. He could have spoken directly in his own name; there was no need for Almustafa to be a medium. But Kahlil Gibran does not want to create a religion, although whatever he has said is the fundamental religiousness. To avoid it... because in the name of religion so much inhumanity to human beings has been done, so much bloodshed....

Millions of people have been killed. Thousands have been burned alive. The moment any religion becomes organized and crystallized it becomes a danger to all that is valuable in life. Then it is no longer the path to God, it becomes an excuse for war.

Kahlil Gibran keeps himself hiding behind Almustafa so people don't start worshipping him, so people don't continue the ugly past. Rather than saying directly what he wants to say,

he has created a device: Almustafa. Because of Almustafa, his book is not counted as a holy book -- although it is one of the most holy books in the world. Compared to it, all other holy books will appear unholy.

He created Almustafa so that his book would be taken as fiction, as poetry. This is his compassion, and this is his greatness. You can look in all the holy scriptures; you will not find words so alive that they go directly like arrows into your heart. And you will find much that is inhuman, unworthy of remaining in those holy scriptures. But man is so blind -- just the small fiction of Almustafa, and people have forgotten a simple fact: that these truths cannot be asserted unless you have experienced them, unless they are your own.

Kahlil Gibran has prepared the ground for me. He has sown the seeds in unknown fields, in "unremembered seasons."

I am here in the right time for the harvest.

You are my harvest. You are the fruits and the flowers. Talking on Kahlil Gibran is just to remind you about your seeds. And also, something more important....

There is an ancient story in the land of Kahlil Gibran -- one of the most beautiful lands on the earth, Lebanon. It is famous only for two things -- Kahlil Gibran and thousands-of-years-old cedar trees which are still trying to reach towards the stars.

Kahlil Gibran was also doing that. The cedars of Lebanon have not succeeded yet, but Kahlil Gibran has succeeded. Perhaps one day those cedars will also reach to the stars.

One of the most important Dutch painters, Vincent van Gogh -- perhaps the most important as far as insight, understanding is concerned -- in all his paintings, his trees always go beyond the stars; the stars are left behind. He was thought mad by his contemporaries. He was asked again and again: "Where have you seen trees growing above the faraway stars?"

Vincent van Gogh said, "I have not seen them, but sitting by the side of the trees, I have heard their longings. And I paint the flower even before the seed has been sown."

All his stars are strange: he has painted them as spirals. Even the painters laughed at him -- "You must be insane. Stars are not spirals." He said, "What can I do? Not only in my dreams but even in my wakefulness, my heart always feels that they are spirals." He could not sell a single painting in his whole life -- who will purchase such paintings? And he painted them with his blood, with his very life.

He used to get from his younger brother just enough money every week so that he could eat two meals a day for seven days. He used to fast three days in the week so he could purchase paints, canvasses. No other painter has painted with such longing, with such deep love.

He lived just to paint; he died when he was thirty-three. And just a few months ago, physicists have come to the conclusion that stars *are* spirals -- one hundred years afterwards.

The poet has certainly some unknown shortcut to knowing things. He cannot prove it. He is not a scientist, he is not a logician. But the contemporaries are thousands of years behind. It is very rare to find an individual who is authentically contemporary. Rajiv Gandhi, the prime minister of India, won the election on a single slogan: "I want India to enter the twenty-first century." And not a single man in this vast country of nine hundred million people asked him whether the country has yet reached the twentieth century! People are living in thousands-of-years-old superstitions, in ideologies which have no relevance to truth. And they are not willing to come out of their darkness.

I would like my people to be not only of this century or of the twenty-first century; I would like my people to be the people of the whole future. When you can be masters of the whole future, why unnecessarily remain beggars?

Listen to these words, because these are not words, these are living flames. It is pure fire. If it cannot consume you, you have not heard it:

LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF...

Such a tremendous statement, which will always remain fresh. I cannot conceive of any time in the future when this statement will become out of date. If you can understand it, if you can live it, the whole future also becomes yours. It can open the doors of the unknown reality that awaits you.

*Love gives naught but itself...* You also give when you are in love -- flowers, ice cream, *bhelpuri*. But this is not love, this is bargaining, business.

In a small school, the teacher had been insisting on the greatness of Jesus for almost one hour to the students. The school belonged to a church; it was an international school.

After one hour, she asked, "Can anyone say who is the greatest man in history?"

A little boy, an American, said, "Abraham Lincoln."

The teacher could not believe it. For one hour she had been hammering into their heads that Jesus Christ is the highest peak human consciousness has ever achieved, and this idiot says "Abraham Lincoln"!

She said, "You are not wrong, but not right either. Sit down."

Another girl stood up to answer the same question and she said, "Winston Churchill."

The teacher said, "My god!" But because the school was in England and Winston Churchill was the prime minister, she could not say, "You are not right." She said, "You are very close to the truth."

And then a very small boy started waving his hand -- and this was strange, because this boy had never done such a thing. He was a very silent individual.

The teacher said, "What is your answer?"

He said, "There is no question; everybody knows Jesus Christ is the greatest man in the world."

The teacher was shocked even more, because the boy was a Jew. But there was a seal waiting -- whoever gives the right answer is going to win the seal. The little boy, carrying the big seal, was followed by the teacher and caught outside the school. The teacher said, "Listen, are you not a Jew?"

He said, "Of course I am. What is the problem? Why are you following me?"

She said, "Being a Jew... and you declare Jesus Christ to be the greatest man in the world?"

He laughed. He said, "Ah, yes. In the deepest core of my heart, I know that Moses is the greatest man in the world. But business is business."

Love is not business, but man has reduced love into business.

Love gives only itself because there is nothing higher to give. Can you think of anything greater? anything more valuable?

*Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself* -- that is even more significant to understand. Love knows only giving; even the idea of getting something in return does not arise. But this is the miracle of existence: if you give love, love returns a thousandfold back to you, your own love.

There is no need to be a beggar. Love makes you an emperor. It gives itself, and strangely enough finds that the same love has become a thousandfold and has returned from all directions. The more you give it the more you have it.

Humanity looks so poor because we have forgotten the cosmic law. Instead of giving, love has become a beggar, it is continuously asking. The wife is asking, "Give me love, I am your wife." The husband is saying, "Give me love." Everyone is asking "Give me love." Who is going to give? -- all are beggars.

You should come near an emperor like me, who gives and goes on giving, because it is an inexhaustible source.

And the more I have loved people, the more I was surprised: my love has increased and I can give more.

I have heard a story:

A man's dog died. He had been very loving towards the dog, and the dog was rare -- a beautiful piece of art. It was not just an ordinary dog; generations of crossbreeding had created it. The man was very sad. He went to the same pet shop where he had purchased the first dog, and said that he wanted something better; otherwise he would not be able to forget his old dog.

The owner said, "Don't be worried. I have a very rare dog -- and very cheap." He showed him the dog and certainly, the man had never seen such a beautiful dog with such a philosophical face, with such loving eyes, with such a beautiful body.

He said, "I am ready to pay anything."

But the owner said, "He's not very costly, he's the cheapest dog I have. There are more costly dogs if you want."

The man went around and he was surprised: those costly dogs were nothing compared to that cheap dog. He asked the owner: "I'm puzzled and confused. Why are you selling that dog so cheap?"

The owner said, "You don't understand. First purchase it, and then you will understand."

So he purchased the dog -- at such a cheap price! You could not even get a vagabond dog from the street at that price.

Puzzled, he went home. In the morning he looked and the dog had disappeared. He said, "My god, where has the dog gone? The house was locked and I am alone."

He rushed back to the shop and the dog was there, sitting in his place. The owner said, "Have you understood why he is the cheapest dog? He always comes back. He has been sold a thousand times but he is so obedient.... You can have him," he said, "but what is the point?"

When I read the story I could remember only one thing in my experience... because I don't have a dog, although dogs come once in awhile. But I know about love. It is not only cheap, it has no price at all. To be loving costs nothing, and yet it always comes back a thousandfold. You go on becoming richer and richer. It is a strange economics of existence.

LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF.  
LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED.

The moment you possess anything, you have killed it. And millions are the people in the world who have killed their love with their own hands. They should look at their hands -- they are covered with the blood of their own love. And now they are miserable; they never wanted to kill, there was no intention to kill, but in their unconsciousness they started possessing. If they loved someone, they wanted to possess that person *totally*. Husbands are possessing their wives, wives are possessing their husbands, parents are possessing their children. Teachers are trying in every possible way to possess their students. Politicians are trying to possess countries. Religions are trying to possess millions of people and their lives.

They are all murderers, because the moment you try to possess, you have killed.  
Life thrives only in freedom.

If you love, you will give more and more freedom to your beloved.

And love never allows anyone to possess it -- because love is your very soul. If you allow somebody to possess it, you have committed suicide.

So either love is murdered or commits suicide. People are simply walking corpses with begging bowls, searching for love, for warmth, for tenderness. And they are not going to find it because they have created a stupid society, they have created a mad world.

The basis of everybody going neurotic or psychotic is simple: their souls are not nourished. Love is the very nourishment. You can have all the wealth of the world; if you don't have love, you are the poorest man -- unnecessarily burdened with wealth, palaces, empires.

But one who loves, one who has known the secret of love -- not to possess and not to be possessed -- is really born again. He has become, in the true sense, alive. He will have all the beautiful experiences of life, all the great ecstasies of existence.

If love grows in your heart, you are pregnant with God. It is God growing within you. Slowly, slowly you will disappear and there will only be pure godliness. It is felt....

Those who have been close to Gautam Buddha or Mahavira have felt it. It is a strange story that neither Mahavira believes in God nor Buddha believes in God. People think that they are atheists, but no, absolutely no. They don't believe in God because they *themselves* are God.

You believe in God because your God is somewhere high beyond the sky; you are just a creature, creeping on the earth. Why should a Buddha believe in God? He's within him, he himself has become the temple of God. So although they denied the existence of God, the reason for the denial was not the same as the reason of an atheist.

The atheist denies God because God cannot be proved logically. The atheist should deny love too, because love also cannot be proved logically.

I have known many atheists and I have asked them only one question: "Have you ever fallen in love?"

And they were surprised. They said, "Why are you changing the subject? We were talking about God."

I said, "I am not changing the subject, I am *coming to* the subject. Have you ever fallen in love?"

They said, "Yes, we have loved."

"Then," I said, "think once again. Can you prove scientifically, rationally, logically, that love exists?"

They said, "We cannot."

"Then," I said, "stop denying God, because for the same reasons, you have been denying God."

Only a man like Gautam Buddha has the right to deny God, because he has found him. And he has found him not somewhere else, but in himself. Now, God is not an object but his own subjectivity.

And it is strange that these two persons, Gautam Buddha and Mahavira, are the only people in the whole world who have preached nonviolence. Non-violence is their word for love. They avoided the word 'love' because love has got into wrong company. You go to a prostitute and you say, "I love you." Love has fallen into the gutter. That's why they had to find something virgin, pure. But it means love: "nonviolence."

And at the same time I must remind you that the people who have believed in God in the sky have not been nonviolent. Mohammed is not nonviolent; neither is Moses, nor is Jesus.

In twenty centuries, Christians have killed so many people that it is impossible to count them. Mohammedans have been killing continuously for fourteen centuries, and the people who are Mohammedans are not those who are converted because of the truth; they are converted because they are cowards. Mohammedanism came to people with a sword in one hand and the HOLY KORAN in another: "You can choose. There is no need of any argument, the sword is the argument." Those who had some guts died rather than choosing out of fear.

Love cannot arise out of fear. The Christians have changed the tactics because the times have changed, but the story is the same: THE HOLY BIBLE in one hand and a loaf of bread in another: "You can choose." Have you seen anybody being converted to Christianity because of its higher values, greater truth, deeper insights? Have you seen anybody who is rich, cultured, educated being converted to Christianity? No, it needs beggars, it needs orphans, because *they* need food. They are hungry. They are not hungry for truth; they are hungry for bread, they are hungry for a shelter, they are hungry for clothes. Is this conversion?

The Christian church of America got annoyed with me for the simple reason that the well-educated, talented, young generation was coming to me. And my hands are empty; there is neither a sword nor bread nor a HOLY KORAN nor a HOLY BIBLE.

I can only give you my love, because I know it is going to come back.

Christians became annoyed. They were not annoyed with Vivekananda because Vivekananda was being political. He was telling them, "It is all the same: Christianity, Hinduism, their teachings are all the same." There was no problem with him. They were not afraid of Ramateertha....

Why should they have been so annoyed with me? For almost one year, my sannyasins in Italy -- which is the citadel of Catholic Christianity -- have been trying to get just a three-week tourist visa for me, and the pope goes on interfering with the government. Just today I received the message that now it has become a burning question in Italy that the government does not say no. If they say no, then my sannyasins are going to the court. And they cannot say yes, because the pope, and the votes....

Finally, one political party of radical revolutionaries saw the whole game: For one year continuously! -- you should answer, either yes or no. But you always go on saying "tomorrow" and tomorrow never comes. Now the radical revolutionary party has insisted to the prime minister of Italy that, "Either you give the visa or you deny it."

If the pope can enter India, then who are you to prevent me? And when the pope came to India I welcomed him, and I condemned the people who were throwing stones at him and were protesting that he should go back. I condemned those people, the Hindu chauvinists. These are the signs of weakness. If the pope is coming, invite him, welcome him for a discussion. You have your *shankaracharyas* -- have open-forum discussions all over the country. And if he is right, let this country be Christian, because the question is not whether Hindu or Christian, the question is to be always with the truth.

I have been challenging the pope continually -- I am ready to come to the Vatican, his own city, amongst his own people. I am ready to discuss not anything else but Catholic Christianity. And my condition is simple: if you can defeat me, I will become a Catholic Christian, but if you are defeated, then you have to become a sannyasin! And the Vatican has to become my headquarters.

But such impotent people... they will not say anything, and they will go on pressuring the prime minister: "Votes... if this man is allowed, then Catholic votes will not be given to you." Now, the whole country is Catholic, and you will not find politicians who have any spine. These are spineless creatures.

One young man, Suraj Kalmadhi, from Poona, is now the opposition leader in the parliament. He has been sending messages to me saying, "You come back to India; I will fight for you in the parliament." And I have come to Poona -- now he should at least fight with the police commissioner. But spineless....

Yes, there are a few people who are not to be categorized with these spineless ones: Balasaheb R. Borade from the City Youth Congress has written to me, saying that "We will fight for you." And today, the Mayor of Poona, Ulhas Dhole Patil came, saying that "Whatever has happened is so ugly that I have come just to apologize. Forgive us; it should not have happened." He has written a letter to me, saying, "You are welcome in the city of Poona and I want you to stay here forever." And just now he came again and told my secretary, Neelam: "I am going to pass a resolution in the Poona Corporation that the Corporation should ask forgiveness, and ask that you please don't leave Poona, but remain here."

There are a few people still alive, it seems, in this city of the dead. Perhaps a few more dead people will start standing up, coming out of their graves, because I am not going to tolerate this police commissioner here. Either I am going to be here or he is going to be here! I don't believe in compromising.

I am a nonviolent person; I have never killed even an ant. But the day I found, in the early morning in the darkness of my room, shouting, forcing the door... I opened my eyes. Half asleep, I saw two ghostlike people. I wondered -- since when have ghosts started wearing uniforms? I asked them, "Who are you? And on what authority have you entered my bedroom?"

And those stupid guys had no answers. They just threw a paper over my face. I had no idea what it was; I tore it up and threw it away. That was the only moment in my life I have thought of having a revolver; those two ghosts must have gone out of my bedroom dead, not living.

I would like to tell Ulhas Dhole Patil: If you really mean it -- and I think you really mean what you say -- then this police commissioner and those two idiots should be immediately transferred from here. They are becoming the cause of condemnation for the whole city, for the coming generations, forever.

You just look at what ideas he has suggested, and enforced. And these people Rajiv Gandhi is thinking to take into the twenty-first century! -- in bullock carts, I hope. Instead of bullocks, these people will be good.

His conditions... and he has not even the guts to say, "These are my conditions." He persuaded the office, the ashram in-charge, Svabhav, to sign saying that "These are *our* ideas," that "we will abide by the following norms." And you just look at the norms.

About two norms, I talked this morning. But then I found it is a long list. You have to understand it, and you have to make the whole city understand it.

*First: only for two hours a discourse is allowed.* Is this the freedom for which thousands of people died? Is this the freedom for which Bharat Singh was crucified? Is this the freedom for which, for one hundred years continuously, the country was struggling? And it goes against the constitution of India. A third-rate government servant violating the constitution of India -- who is he to tell me that my discourse should be only for two hours? It will *never* be.

But his stupidity knows no limits.

*Second: only five meditations, one hour each.* In the country where meditation was born, in the country where there are one hundred twelve meditations, in the country where all the geniuses for almost ten thousand years have done nothing but meditate... a police commissioner ordering us that we will abide, and we will do only five meditations, each meditation only for one hour. How much does he know about meditation? If he has any guts, he should come here and first let us decide how much he knows about meditation. I don't think he can even give the names of one hundred twelve meditations; to know about meditation is a totally different thing.

And the constitution gives us religious freedom. Why only for us? -- if you are making it a law, then it should be for the whole country; for all the temples, for all the mosques, for all GURUDWARAS.

This is a temple of God. Nobody can say to us that we cannot meditate for more than one hour.

Today he is saying.... I warn the people of Poona: this insane person should be removed immediately, because today he is imposing himself on a small, nonviolent group of people who have done no harm to anybody -- "You should meditate only one hour." My discourse should be only for two hours. Soon he will be imposing on you -- "Your intercourse should be only for two hours." What about intercourse? What about himself? What is the limit he has imposed upon himself? How long, three minutes?

And *Third: discourses will be open to police officers.* Why? Discourses are for the disciples. This is not a police academy. And do you think your police officers will be able to understand the discourses? Only idiots enter into the service of police. And why should discourses be open to police officers? If they are interested, they should come here as disciples; they are open to all.

But we cannot allow specifically police officers -- they can come here as human beings. Have they lost their humanity completely?

And not only police officers -- *their men accompanying* them... Who are these "men"? Shiv Sena people? Hindu chauvinists? Who are these "men" who are going to accompany police officers? Why can't they come by themselves? Last time also -- when the same person, Vilas Tupe, had thrown a dagger at me -- they had asked for twenty police officers for my protection. It is strange... now things are more clear, looking retrospectively. It was the police who informed us, "Somebody is going to throw a dagger at Osho, so twenty police officers should be allowed in the discourse -- for protection."

The dagger was thrown and the twenty police officers were just standing there -- they did nothing! It is absolutely clear: they were there to protect Vilas Tupe. Otherwise ten thousand sannyasins might have destroyed Vilas Tupe and not even fragments of his being would have been found anywhere. It was certainly a conspiracy of the police and Vilas Tupe.

And then the police insisted that we need not worry: "It will be a police case." And twenty police officers, eyewitnesses; ten thousand eyewitnesses, sannyasins... and the magistrate simply cancelled the case. It seems the conspiracy was deeper; even the magistrate was involved in it. It was such a clear case, so solid that even if we wanted to lose it, it would be impossible to lose it.

But the strategy was clear. They said, "You need not be worried, we are taking it into our hands. The police will take Vilas Tupe to court." And the police did nothing there. The dagger was there, in the hands of the police, and they remained silent. Within five minutes Vilas Tupe was free.

The same man and the same group -- and again the same number of policemen are asking to enter here. This is a simple, logical inference: the men accompanying him are nobody else but Vilas Tupe and his group. He should have also asked that at least one of them should be allowed to carry a dagger!

*Fifth: the discourses will not be provocative.* Then what is the purpose of the discourse? It has to provoke your sleeping souls, it has to provoke your potential. It has to be provocative; otherwise there is no purpose.

This is not a kindergarten school. This is a school of mysticism and the effort is to provoke in you a longing, a tremendous desire to see the truth.

But who is this man who is trying to destroy *my* freedom and *your* freedom?

*Sixth: they should not be against any other religion.* Hindus can be against Mohammedans; otherwise why don't they go to the mosques for their prayers? Mohammedans can be against Hindus, Christians can be against others.

I am against *all* religions, because I am a religious person and a religious person is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian nor Buddhist. I will speak against all religions because they are pseudo -- they are not true religions. And if he has any intelligence to prove otherwise, he's welcome. If he can prove that the organized religions are true religions... but destroying the freedom of people to be *religious* is against all human values.

I will speak against all religions. I have to, because I stand for *religiousness*, not for religions.

*Seventh: the number of foreigners residing in the ashram will not be more than one hundred.* We don't believe in countries and we don't believe in nations. For us, nobody is a foreigner.

We are children of the same universe, of the same earth -- who is a foreigner? And what right has he got? Where in the constitution is the right given to police commissioners to restrict the number of foreigners listening to a master? From where did he get this number one hundred? -- why not ten thousand? How has he decided for one hundred? It is arbitrary.

And as far as I am concerned and my people are concerned, here nobody is a foreigner. The moment you enter this house of God, you are simply human beings.

And I am not going to change because of these stupid, ordinary public servants who know nothing of religion, who know nothing of humanity, and still.... He has some nerve. But I am going to put him right. He has got into trouble unnecessarily. Whoever gets into trouble with me will repent for his whole life.

*And their names will be informed to the police.* Here, everybody's name is a sannyas name. They are all rooted in the Sanskrit language. How are you going to find that this name is a foreigner's? I have my own ways....

*Nine: the number of foreigners daily visiting the ashram for discourses will not exceed one thousand.* This man seems to be... something is either loose in his head or something is too tight. But he need not be worried; we have in our ashram all kinds of mind-mechanics. He can come -- either we will loosen his mind or tighten his mind.

Just one problem about which I am afraid, apprehensive: if there is no mind inside? -- then it is going to be trouble. But we will find some solution.

He does not understand. This is a democracy; this is a free, sovereign country. And if the government allows people from all over the world to enter the country... he seems to be superior to the government.

We are not going to abide by any nonsense, and if this man is not removed, he will have to face me in court. And in court, I am not going to have an advocate; I myself am going to

face it.

*Tenth: no number of the ashram or visitors is allowed to carry firearms.* What about the twenty police officers? They will have to leave their firearms outside, according to his own dictates. He seems to be having nightmares -- nobody has any firearms here. He wants twenty police officers to bring firearms.

My attorney, Tathagat, had told him: "Usually there were seven thousand to ten thousand people from all over the world. You cannot cut the number to one thousand."

And he said, "We don't have enough people to control ten thousand people." This is said by a commissioner! He can control the whole district and he has enough people for the whole commissionerary but just for a six-acre area of land, he does not have enough people to control. And who is asking him to control?

We have been here from 1974 and there was never a need to control our people. There has been no fight in the ashram. He does not even understand that the people who have come here have not come here to fight. They have come here to be more loving, to be more honest, to be more sincere, to be more truthful -- they are seekers. There is no need of any control. Nobody controls here.

So he should remember: whoever comes to the doors of this temple -- as a seeker, not as a police officer -- whether his skin is white or black, whether his nose is long or short, he's welcome. And if he has any problem with that, either he can come here... or if he raises such nonsense questions again, I am dragging him into court. And he should not think that in the Poona court the magistrates can be manipulated in the same way they have been before. Because it was a police case, we did not interfere. Now it will be a direct fight with me -- and the case is not going to end in Poona, it will go up to the Supreme Court in Delhi. If justice is not done, then I am going to the people all over the country. This government is nothing but servants of the people.

Then I am going to ask the people of the country to throw out all these idiots. It is better that he pack his suitcases. And he has those two donkeys -- put the suitcases on those two donkeys and escape! The sooner you do it, the better it will be.

*Eleventh: members of the ashram are prohibited from indulging in any obscene behavior in the ashram or outside the ashram.* Does he know what the word "obscene" means? The temples of Khajuraho should be demolished by the order of the commissioner of Poona because they are obscene. The temples of Puri should be demolished, the temples of Konark should be demolished. The beautiful caves of Ajanta and Ellora should be demolished.

These are the things which attract the whole world -- and if they are not obscene, then he will have to show, in front of my people, what obscenity is.

You have naked Jaina monks and that is not obscene. You have naked Hindu monks and that is not obscene. And all over the country, you have shivalingas. Shivalinga represents the penis of Shiva and the vagina of Parvati, and they are all over the country -- everywhere, in every city, under any tree. They are not obscene.

I would love to know: Is this police commissioner born not of a woman? Wasn't his father obscene? Wasn't his mother obscene? And while his father was doing all kinds of obscenities to his mother, if my sannyasins had entered the room to give him an invitation... "You are invited for a discourse...."

He is saying "inside the ashram or outside the ashram." The whole of India is obscene. Their scriptures are obscene. He should go to some library and just look into *shivapuran* and he will find out what obscenity is. And Shiva is one of the gods of the Hindus.

These people are going to teach *me*? There is nothing obscene in the world. Everything is

natural -- it is your interpretation. Yes, I can understand if he had said, "They should not be indulging in any behavior which is obscene *outside* the ashram." I have no concern outside the ashram. It is their individual responsibility what they are doing or not doing.

And it is for the police commissioner and his police to go to the court and get a clear-cut definition of obscenity. Up to now, all over the world, no court has been able to decide what is obscene and what is not. But I think you have got a police commissioner who knows what is obscene. We would love to see him just give us a little show of his obscenity, so that we can also understand that this is obscene behavior and we are not to do it outside the ashram.

*Twelve: the police officers will have the right to visit the ashram during any time of day or night. their lawful directions will be complied with, without any hesitation.*

Are my sannyasins also allowed to enter your houses during any time of day or night? No sane person could ask that police officers be allowed in the night. For what? We don't need them even in the day! Their faces, their uniforms, their retarded minds -- for what do we need them? No. This is a temple of God, and you will have to act according to *our* directions. You cannot order us unless we indulge in any crime. If we are murdering people, of course it is lawful for you to ask for permission to enter the premises.

You have seen what has happened in the *gurudwara* of Amritsar. For three hundred years, the British people were more intelligent; they never entered the temple of the Sikhs. A temple should be respected.

It is our temple. Do you want to create another Amritsar? Then certainly we will need ten thousand licenses for machine guns. Of course they will be lawful. But if the police behave in such a way, then I am not a Gandhian. I do not believe in violence; but I also do not believe in anybody else doing violence to my people.

We are nonviolent people. We don't need any police. And there is no need for them to enter the premises of the ashram without permission, behaving in the same way they would behave in their own temples. They can come to the gate. That is the limit. Beyond that, it belongs to God -- not to the commissioner of the police commissioner.

LOVE POSSESSES NOT...

And we believe in love, we don't believe in machine guns. But if you force us, you will find yourself destroying your constitution, your democracy, your prestige in the whole world.

NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED;  
FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE.

WHEN YOU LOVE YOU SHOULD NOT SAY, "GOD IS IN MY HEART..." because that can become your ego. Hence, Almustafa says: BUT RATHER, "I AM IN THE HEART OF GOD."

He has improved upon the first statement but the second statement, although better, can still be improved. My suggestion is that you should say, "Love is and I am not."

AND THINK NOT YOU CAN DIRECT THE COURSE OF LOVE, FOR LOVE, IF IT FINDS YOU WORTHY, DIRECTS YOUR COURSE.

Relax and trust into love. And allow love to take you. Just as every river goes to the

ocean, every small stream of love arising from your heart goes to the universal, to the ultimate, to God.

LOVE HAS NO OTHER DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.  
BUT IF YOU LOVE AND MUST NEEDS HAVE DESIRES, LET THESE BE YOUR DESIRES...

But if you are not strong enough to surrender totally to love, and you have other desires too, then Almustafa says, at least have *these* desires:

TO MELT AND BE LIKE A RUNNING BROOK THAT SINGS ITS MELODY TO THE NIGHT.  
TO KNOW THE PAIN OF TOO MUCH TENDERNESS.  
TO BE WOUNDED BY YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE:  
AND TO BLEED WILLINGLY AND JOYFULLY.  
TO WAKE AT DAWN WITH A WINGED HEART AND GIVE THANKS FOR ANOTHER DAY OF  
LOVING;  
TO REST AT THE NOON HOUR AND MEDITATE LOVE'S ECSTASY;  
TO RETURN HOME AT EVENTIDE WITH GRATITUDE;

If you cannot let go totally, then slowly slowly, step by step, move towards gratitude.

AND THEN TO SLEEP WITH A PRAYER FOR THE BELOVED IN YOUR HEART AND A SONG OF  
PRAISE UPON YOUR LIPS.

And don't be bothered by any police commissioners!

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #8

### Chapter title: Let there be spaces

**12 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN ALMITRA SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID,  
AND WHAT OF MARRIAGE, MASTER?  
AND HE ANSWERED SAYING:  
YOU WERE BORN TOGETHER, AND TOGETHER YOU SHALL BE FOR EVERMORE.  
YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER WHEN THE WHITE WINGS OF DEATH SCATTER YOUR DAYS.  
AYE, YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER EVEN IN THE SILENT MEMORY OF GOD.  
BUT LET THERE BE SPACES IN YOUR TOGETHERNESS.  
AND LET THE WINDS OF HEAVENS DANCE BETWEEN YOU.  
LOVE ONE ANOTHER, BUT MAKE NOT A BOND OF LOVE:  
LET IT RATHER BE A MOVING SEA BETWEEN THE SHORES OF YOUR SOULS.  
FILL EACH OTHER'S CUP BUT DRINK NOT FROM ONE CUP.  
GIVE ONE ANOTHER OF YOUR BREAD BUT EAT NOT FROM THE SAME LOAF.  
SING AND DANCE TOGETHER AND BE JOYOUS, BUT LET EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE,  
EVEN AS THE STRINGS OF A LUTE ARE ALONE THOUGH THEY QUIVER WITH THE SAME  
MUSIC.  
GIVE YOUR HEARTS. BUT NOT INTO EACH OTHER'S KEEPING.  
FOR ONLY THE HAND OF LIFE CAN CONTAIN YOUR HEARTS.  
AND STAND TOGETHER YET NOT TOO NEAR TOGETHER:  
FOR THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE STAND APART,  
AND THE OAK TREE AND THE CYPRESS GROW NOT IN EACH OTHER'S SHADOW.

Almustafa has spoken of love; the next thing to be considered is marriage, obviously -- but not the marriage that you know. Not the marriage that the whole world has followed, because it is not out of love. It is not rooted in love; in fact, on the contrary it is a device of the cunning society, the priests and politicians, to bypass love.

Hence in the old days -- and in ancient Eastern countries, even today -- the child marriage has existed. Children know nothing of life, they know nothing of marriage. In their innocence, all the cultures and civilizations have found a good opportunity to exploit them. Before love arises in their hearts they are already in bondage.

The existing marriage is not only not of love, it is *against* love. It is so destructive that it is impossible to find anything more destructive of human spirit, human joy, human playfulness, human sense of humor.

In a child marriage, the children who are going to be married are not even asked.

Astrologers are asked, palmists are asked, the I Ching is consulted, tarot cards are looked into. The decisive factor is not the lives of the children who are going to be married, the decisive factor is the parents on both sides. Love is not at all a concern. They have their own considerations -- the family, the prestige of the family, their respectability in the society, the money that is going to be transferred from the girl's parents to the boy's parents. It is strange that the people who are going to be married, who are going to live a long life ahead of them, are completely excluded. It is a business; everything else is considered.

For example, royal families will only allow their children to marry into another royal family. It is politics -- pure politics. Just look at Europe's royal families: they are all connected in some way or other by marriage. It avoids conflicts, it avoids invasion -- and it makes them stronger. When four or five royal families are connected through their children, they have five times more power. Although it is absolutely against physiology, against the findings of medical science, still it continues, as if royal blood has some more special quality to it than the blood of a commoner.

Turiya is here. Her husband was also one of my most intimate sannyasins, Vimalkirti. He was the great-grandson of the German emperor -- although the empire is gone, royalty remains.

Vimalkirti was a rebellious spirit. He married out of love -- Turiya, a commoner. The whole family was against it -- not just his own family but many families in Europe, royal families, because it is against their tradition. And naturally, because they're all connected, Vimalkirti became almost an outcast.

If the empire had still been there, Vimalkirti would have been the emperor of Germany. His mother is the daughter of the Queen of Greece. She is also the sister of England's Queen Elizabeth's husband, Prince Philip. She must have other sisters, other brothers, who have entered into other royal families. They were all against it, they tried hard to stop Vimalkirti from marrying Turiya. But he was a man of integrity and intelligence. He could not understand the superstition. Nobody, no expert, if given few samples of blood can find out which is the royal blood. Blood is blood.

And when Vimalkirti and Turiya came here, that was really outrageous -- that the great-grandson of the German emperor, the oldest royal family in Europe, should become a sannyasin and be a bodyguard of a beggar like me who has nothing of his own. They have been so furious that when the Queen of Greece died -- and she had become the Queen Mother because she had so many children; almost all the royal families had become connected through her children -- her last words were, "Somehow bring Vimalkirti, Turiya and their daughter back from that dangerous man."

But Vimalkirti died -- and he died because this stupid idea of royal families marrying. Then you are really marrying your sisters, your brothers -- they are all closely connected. And the closer is the connection, the more dangerous; this is the finding of modern science, medicine, physiology, chemistry. Marriages should be between people who are as far away as possible; then children are healthier, more intelligent, more beautiful. Otherwise, certain diseases go round and round in twelve or fifteen families.

When Vimalkirti died we thought it must have been an accident, because he was exercising and suddenly fell and became unconscious. Every effort was made. In the best hospital... Zareen is here, my sannyasin; Vimalkirti was being treated under her husband, Dr. Modi's care. But all the doctors were convinced: "We could go on keeping him with artificial breathing but he's really dead. It is a brain hemorrhage, nothing can be done." After the fourth day, they insisted that they had other patients, and only one emergency room for people who

are in coma. "And Vimalkirti is dead. The moment you remove the artificial breathing, you will see -- he is a corpse."

But I insisted that they at least let his mother and father, his brothers arrive. They were coming. The mother and the brother came, and then finally the doctor said, "It is becoming ridiculous." And the moment the artificial breathing was turned off, it was a corpse.

The father came late -- and these are the royal people -- an old man, who could have been the emperor of Germany. He was not concerned with the death, the possible death of his son, the future of his son's wife, the future of their child. He had gone for a holiday with his girlfriend. And he's just a postmaster, but royal blood, even in a postmaster....

We gave Vimalkirti the best celebration. Perhaps he would not have got that much love, such a beautiful celebration, even if he had been the emperor of Germany. Still the mother, and later on the father who came, were angry at me. Their whole anger against Vimalkirti turned towards me. They were consulting legal experts about how they could sue me in the court for the death of their son. They had to stop that, because they would have given me a chance to prove to the whole world that this nonsense of royal marriages should be banned.

They stopped suing me because Vimalkirti had died from a disease that he had inherited. Just after a few days, his uncle died in the same way -- suddenly fell unconscious, brain hemorrhage, and finished. And later on, I came to know that their grandfather had also died in the same way. For no reason, no disease -- just from nowhere the brain hemorrhage, and the man is gone.

They stopped suing me, seeing the situation that I would bring into the court: Your father was not my sannyasin, Vimalkirti's uncle was not my sannyasin. Rather than suing me, take care of yourself because you will be dying in the same way, it is only a question of time. The disease is inherited.

And all the royal families of Europe have inherited diseases. Just think: not a single man from these royal families has shown any intelligence, any genius. What is the reason? They should be the most intelligent people in the world but they are the most retarded. It is simply a scientific fact that marriage should not happen when you are closely related.

If you are a Hindu, never marry a Hindu; a Mohammedan is better, a Christian is better. If you are a Jew, find a Hindu. And don't be worried because these are also very close, deep down in the past. Right now you see them as separate -- just as you see the branches of a big tree separate, and then the small branches are even more separate. But as you go deeper, you find a trunk -- they are all coming from the same source.

My vision is: If man wants to become superman then find out -- are there people on Mars or on some other planet? Marriage between those and the people of the earth will create the superman. His life will be long, his health will be superb. His intelligence will be the highest.

But parents have been deciding and asking idiots about decisions, astrologers -- what have stars to do with you? You live on such a small planet that stars may not be even aware of your planet... and they are far away. Some stars are so far away that they will never know that any planet like earth has ever existed.

Light rays have tremendous speed -- ultimate speed. When there was no earth... because earth is only four billion years old; four billion years ago, from thousands of stars, rays started moving -- not for the earth, it is their natural radiation. But they are so far away... although the speed of their rays is ultimate -- there is no other speed higher than that; a ray travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Just think of one minute; you will have to make the number sixty times more. Think of the whole day; you will have to make that number twenty-four times sixty more. Think of the whole year! You will have to

make that number three-hundred sixty-five times more.

We had no idea -- because miles cannot be the right measure; otherwise you will have to write a whole book! Thousands and thousands of zeros, just to tell about the nearest star. The nearest star sends its rays in four years, so where you see it, remember -- it is no longer there. It used to be there four years ago. So at night you are seeing an absolute illusion, no star is there where you are seeing it. Perhaps one thousand years ago, one million years ago, four million years ago it used to be there. Meanwhile, it may have traveled millions of miles....

And there are stars farther away. Their rays have not reached the earth yet, and perhaps by the time their rays reach the earth, there may be no earth at all.

(HERE THE ELECTRICITY FAILS, TAKING WITH IT THE AUDIO AND VIDEO RECORDING.  
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SILENCE, OSHO RESUMES SPEAKING.)

If someone is trying to watch... this seems to be the police commissioner because in his orders, we are not allowed to have gaps in our discourses!

In this vast universe, the earth is so small, negligible. Even compared with the sun, it is very small... the sun is thousands of times bigger than the earth. And our sun itself is a mediocre fellow. There are suns thousands of times bigger, which you see as stars. They look small because they are so far away. Such a small earth, and we have divided it into hundreds of small pieces. And made man a foreigner to other men.

Just see the stupidity of the whole thing: Just before 1947, the people living in Pakistan were not foreigners; now they are foreigners. The people living in Bangladesh were not foreigners; now they are foreigners.

Politicians cannot live without creating conflict, fight, war. For that, all these divisions are needed, and each division tries to hold its people within its fold. That is the reason why you cannot marry a Mohammedan woman or a Hindu man. Your society will be bloodthirsty -- one man or one woman is going out of the fold, there is one vote less. Truth does not count; neither does man's well-being. All that counts is power. And power is the need of the most inferior people.

A man cannot eat power, cannot drink power -- why is there so much struggle? Why does he want to be on top, in control of everything? He suffers from an inferiority complex. He knows deep down he's nobody, and he's afraid that if he does not prove himself to be somebody special, extraordinary, then people are going to discover his nobodiness, his ordinariness.

A real person of superiority has no lust for power. The lust for power arises out of inner poverty, the lust for money out of inner poverty. The parents are not interested in their children's joyful life, they are interested in them being rich, well-connected, because those connections, those contacts are helpful in rising higher on the ladder of power.

So for thousands of years, marriage has been one of the ugliest things invented by power lusty people.

Almustafa is not talking about the marriage you know. He's not talking even about the love marriage -- that is a recent development in developed countries. Child marriage has disappeared and people are marrying when they fall in love. But love they know not; the mystery of love is absolutely unknown to them. In fact, they are calling something else love. They are calling *lust* love -- your so-called love marriages are nothing but blind lust.

Love is never blind. Because there exists the confusion, and you don't make the demarcation, people have started talking about "blind love." Love gives you the clearest

vision, fresh eyes. Lust is certainly blind because it is biological, it has nothing to do with your spirituality.

THEN ALMITRA SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID, AND WHAT OF MARRIAGE, MASTER?

For the first time, she's addressing Almustafa as *Master*... because the time of separation is coming close. And whatever he has said about love, only a master can say -- one who knows, one who knows from his own experience.

AND HE ANSWERED SAYING:  
YOU WERE BORN TOGETHER....

Don't misunderstand this statement. He's not saying that every man is born with a possible wife somewhere. He's saying something totally different. He's saying, *you were born together*. You were born together in love because you became new, you became fresh, you became young, you became a song, you became a dance that you have never been.

AND TOGETHER YOU SHALL BE FOR EVERMORE.

If you are born out of love, if your togetherness is not out of lust, your love is going to deepen every day. Lust lessens everything, because biology is not interested in whether you remain together or not. Its interest is reproduction; for that, love is not needed. You can go on producing children without any love.

I have been observing all kinds of animals. I have lived in forests, in mountains, and I was always puzzled: whenever they are making love they look very sad. I have never seen animals making love joyfully; it is as if some unknown force is pressuring them to do it. It is not out of their own choice; it is not their freedom but their bondage. That makes them sad.

The same I have observed in man. Have you seen a husband and wife on the road? You may not know if they are husband and wife, but if they are both sad you can be certain they are.

I was traveling from Delhi to Srinagar. In my air-conditioned compartment there were only two seats, and one was reserved for me. A couple came, a beautiful woman and a young, beautiful man. Both could not be accommodated in that small coupe, so he left the woman and he went into another compartment. But he was coming at every station, bringing sweets, fruits, flowers.

I was watching the whole scene. I am just a watcher. I asked the woman, "How long have you been married?"

She said, "It must have been seven years."

I said, "Don't lie to me! You can deceive anybody else, but you cannot deceive me. You are not married."

She was shocked. From a stranger, who had not spoken... who had simply been watching. She said, "How did you come to know?"

I said, "There is nothing in it, it is simple. If he were your husband, then once he had disappeared, if he had come back at the station where you were going to get off, you would be fortunate!"

She said, "You don't know me, I don't know you. But what you are saying is right. He's my lover. He's my husband's friend."

I said, "Then everything is okay."

What goes wrong between husbands and wives, even after a love marriage? It is not love, and everybody has accepted it as if he knows what love is. It is pure lust. Soon you are fed up with each other. Biology has tricked you for reproduction and soon there is nothing new -- the same face, the same geography, the same topography. How many times have you explored it? The whole world is sad because of marriage, and the world still remains unaware of the cause.

Love is one of the most mysterious phenomena. About that love, Almustafa is speaking.

*You were born together* in the moment love arose in you. That was your real birth. *And together you shall be for evermore*, because it is not lust. You cannot be bored, because it is not lust.

Once you have reproduced children, biology has left you and you find it strange living with a stranger. The woman is not known to you, the man is not known to you. All that you are doing is quarreling, nagging, harassing each other. This is not love.

Love is the flowering of meditation. Meditation brings many treasures; perhaps love is the greatest roseflower that grows on the bush of meditation.

YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER WHEN THE WHITE WINGS OF DEATH SCATTER YOUR DAYS  
AYE, YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER EVEN IN THE SILENT MEMORY OF GOD. BUT LET THERE BE SPACES...

Remember these statements: ... LET THERE BE SPACES IN YOUR TOGETHERNESS.

Be together but do not try to dominate, do not try to possess and do not destroy the individuality of the other. And that is being done everywhere.

Why should the woman take the name of the man? She has her own name, she has her own individuality. Just think: the man taking the name of the woman -- no man will be ready for it. But you have destroyed the woman because she is fragile, delicate, humble.

Why should the woman go to the man's house? Why shouldn't the man go to the woman's house? Once in a while it happens that the man goes because the woman he has married, he has married on the condition that he will be going to live in her house; because the father of the woman has no son who is going to look after his properties, possessions. But have you watched? -- whenever a man goes to live in his wife's house, he's condemned by everybody. He's laughed at, as if he has lost his manliness... but nobody laughs at the woman.

In fact, man is more capable of going to the woman's house. She is more fragile. To take her from the garden where she has grown, to uproot her, is the beginning of destruction. She can never be an individual in the man's house. She's going to be just a slave, uprooted, unconnected with anyone. She's just a servant. And that's the way she has been treated all over the world.

My own suggestion is, the moment a man and woman decide to live together, they should have their own house. Nobody should go to anybody else's house, because whoever goes to anybody else's house is going to be a slave. And slaves can not be joyous. They have lost their integrity, their individuality. They have sold themselves.

But when you live together, LET THERE BE SPACES... The husband comes home late; there is no need, no necessity for the wife to inquire where he has been, why he's late. He has his own space, he's a free individual. Two free individuals are living together and nobody encroaches on each others' spaces. If the wife comes late, there is no need to ask "Where have you been?" Who are you? -- she has her own space, her own freedom.

But this is happening every day, in every home. Over small matters they are fighting, but

deep down the question is that they are not ready to allow the other to have his own space.

Likings are different. Your husband may like something, you may not like it. That does not mean that it is the beginning of a fight, that because you are husband and wife, your likings should also be the same. And all these questions... every husband returning home goes on in his mind, "What is she going to ask? How am I going to answer?" And the woman knows what she's going to ask and what he's going to answer, and all those answers are fake, fictitious. He's cheating her.

What kind of love is this that is always suspicious, always afraid of jealousies? If the wife sees you with some other woman -- just laughing, talking -- that's enough to destroy your whole night. You will repent: this is too much just for a little laughter. If the husband sees the wife with another man and she seems to be more joyous, more happy, this is enough to create a turmoil.

People are unaware that they don't know what love is. Love never suspects, love is never jealous. Love never interferes in the other's freedom. Love never imposes on the other. Love gives freedom, and the freedom is possible only if there is space in your togetherness.

This is the beauty of Kahlil of Gibran... tremendous insight. Love should be happy to see that his woman is happy with someone, because love wants his woman to be happy. Love wants the husband to be joyous. If he's just talking to some woman and feels joyous, the wife should be happy, there is no question of quarrel. They are together to make their lives happier, but just the opposite goes on happening. It seems as if wives and husbands are together just to make each other's lives miserable, ruined. The reason is, they don't understand even the meaning of love.

*But let there be spaces in your togetherness...* It is not contradictory. The more space you give to each other, the more you are together. The more you allow freedom to each other, the more intimate you are. Not intimate enemies, but intimate friends.

AND LET THE WINDS OF HEAVENS DANCE BETWEEN YOU.

It is a fundamental law of existence that being together too much, leaving no space for freedom, destroys the flower of love. You have crushed it, you have not allowed it space to grow.

Just recently, scientists have discovered about animals that they have a territorial imperative. You must have seen dogs pissing on this pillar, pissing on that pillar -- you think it is useless? It is not. They are drawing the boundary -- "This is my territory." The smell of their urine will prevent another dog from entering in. If another dog comes just close to the boundary, the dog whose territory it is will not take any note. But just one step more and there is going to be a fight.

All the animals in the wild do the same. Even a lion, if you don't cross his boundary, is not going to attack you -- you are a gentleman. But if you cross his boundary then whoever you are, he's going to kill you.

We have still to discover human beings' territorial imperative. You must have felt it, but it has not yet been scientifically established. Going in a local train in a city like Bombay, the train is so overcrowded... people are all standing, very few have found seats. But watch the people who are standing -- although they are very close, they are trying in every way not to touch each other.

As the world becomes more overcrowded, more and more people are going insane, committing suicide, murders, for the simple reason that they don't have any space for

themselves. At least lovers should be sensitive, that the wife needs her own space just as you need your own space.

One of my most-loved books is by Rabindranath Tagore, AKHARI KAVITA, "The Last Poem." It is not a book of poetries, it is a novel -- but a very strange novel, very insightful.

A young woman and a man fall in love and as it happens, immediately they want to get married. The woman says, "Only on one condition...." She is very cultured, very sophisticated, very rich.

The man said, "Any condition is acceptable, but I cannot live without you."

She said, "First listen to the condition; then think it over. It is not an ordinary condition. The condition is that we will not live in the same house. I have a vast land, a beautiful lake surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens and lawns. I will make you a house on one side, just the opposite from where I live."

He said, "Then what is the point of marriage?"

She said, "Marriage is not destroying each other. I am giving you your space, I have my own space. Once in a while, walking in the garden we may meet. Once in a while, boating in the lake we may meet -- *accidentally*. Or sometimes I can invite you to have tea with me, or you can invite me."

The man said, "This idea is simply absurd."

The woman said, "Then forget all about marriage. This is the only right idea -- only then can our love go on growing, because we always remain fresh and new. We never take each other for granted. I have every right to refuse your invitation just as you have every right to refuse my invitation; in no way are our freedoms disturbed. Between these two freedoms grows the beautiful phenomenon of love."

Of course the man could not understand, and dropped the idea. But Rabindranath has the same insight as Kahlil Gibran... and they were writing at almost the same time.

If this is possible -- to have space *and* togetherness both -- then *the winds of heaven dance between you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love.*

It should be a free gift, given or taken, but there should be no demand. Otherwise, very soon you are together but you are as apart as faraway stars. No understanding bridges you; you have not left the space even for the bridge.

LET IT RATHER BE A MOVING SEA BETWEEN THE SHORES OF YOUR SOULS.

Don't make it something static. Don't make it a routine. *Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.* If freedom and love together can be yours, you don't need anything more. You have got it -- that for which life is given to you.

FILL EACH OTHER'S CUP BUT DRINK NOT FROM ONE CUP.

He's just trying to make you understand how these apparently contradictory things -- space and togetherness -- are possible: *fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.* The distinction is very subtle but very beautiful.

GIVE ONE ANOTHER OF YOUR BREAD BUT EAT NOT FROM THE SAME LOAF.  
SING AND DANCE TOGETHER AND BE JOYOUS, BUT LET EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE.

Don't reduce the other in any way.

EVEN AS THE STRINGS OF A LUTE ARE ALONE  
THOUGH THEY QUIVER WITH THE SAME MUSIC.

The strings of the lute are alone, but they quiver with the same music. The separation, the space, is in the individuality of the strings. And the meeting and melting and merging is in the music.

That music is love.

GIVE YOUR HEARTS. BUT NOT INTO EACH OTHER'S KEEPING.

Giving is great. Love gives unconditionally, but it does not give its heart *into each other's keeping*.

FOR ONLY THE HAND OF LIFE CAN CONTAIN YOUR HEARTS.  
AND STAND TOGETHER YET NOT TOO NEAR TOGETHER...

One has to be very, very alert. Stand together but without destroying the other. Not too much together -- leave spaces.

FOR THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE STAND APART

Just look at these pillars. They stand apart but still they support the same roof. There is space, individuality, and yet there is a merger and meeting because they are supporting the same roof.

AND THE OAK TREE AND THE CYPRESS GROW NOT IN EACH OTHER'S SHADOW.

This much space is needed -- that the other is not under your shadow. Otherwise, it will not grow.

Why are people who are in love constantly angry, sad? -- because their own growth is not happening. One of the two has covered the whole sky and has not left even a little space for the sun, for the wind, for the rain to reach the other. It is not love, it is ownership, possessiveness.

Love would like you to grow at the same rate, to the same height, so that you dance together in the sun, in the wind, in the rain.

Your togetherness should be an art.

Love is the greatest art in existence.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #9

### Chapter title: Your children are not your children

**12 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND A WOMAN WHO HELD A BABE AGAINST HER BOSOM SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CHILDREN.  
AND HE SAID:  
YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN.  
THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.  
THEY COME THROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU,  
AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.  
YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,  
FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS.  
YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS,  
FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW, WHICH YOU CANNOT VISIT, NOT  
EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.  
YOU MAY STRIVE TO BE LIKE THEM, BUT SEEK NOT TO MAKE THEM LIKE YOU.  
FOR LIFE GOES NOT BACKWARDS NOR TARRIES WITH YESTERDAY.  
YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH.  
THE ARCHER SEES THE MARK UPON THE PATH OF THE INFINITE, AND HE BENDS YOU WITH  
HIS MIGHT THAT HIS ARROWS MAY GO SWIFT AND FAR.  
LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS;  
FOR EVEN AS HE LOVES THE ARROW THAT FLIES, SO HE LOVES ALSO THE BOW THAT IS  
STABLE.

It is almost impossible to find a book comparable to Kahlil Gibran's THE PROPHET, for the simple reason that it has a tremendous inner consistency: First he talks about love, then he talks about marriage and now he's going to talk about children. This is how the river of life flows -- from love to marriage to children.

AND A WOMAN WHO HELD A BABE AGAINST HER BOSOM SAID,  
SPEAK TO US OF CHILDREN.

Before I start my meditations on Kahlil Gibran, one more thing has to be noted -- that all these three questions have come from women. Men also ask questions but they are always abstract... about God - who the hell is this guy? just an invention of man's mind, and nothing much; it is not an authentic question -- about heaven and hell and about thousands of other

things, but all abstract. They don't touch your life at all. You can live perfectly well without a god. In fact, you *are* living perfectly well -- whether God is or not makes no difference to you.

I have seen the theists, and I have seen the atheists. If you talk to them, their ideas are just diametrically opposite to each other. But if you look at their lives, they are the same. Their real problems you can see by observing their lives: they are about love, they are about marriage, they are about children. But in their books, in their philosophies, they are talking about things which do not matter at all.

Do you see the difference? The woman is more realistic, more pragmatic, more earthbound. She has roots. Her inquiries are not just games and puzzles about empty words. And for centuries, the woman has not been allowed even to ask. It is because of this that people's minds are full of all kinds of garbage and their lives are empty. They do not know anything about the real problems that have to be encountered every moment, from the cradle to the grave.

One great philosopher of India, a contemporary man, Dr. Ranade -- he was the most respected and the most learned scholar, logician; he was a professor of philosophy at the University of Allahabad. In his days, the department of philosophy at the University of Allahabad had become the most prominent department of philosophy in India, and India has almost one thousand universities.

I had seen him just a few days before he died. He was very old, retired, but still people used to come from far and wide -- not only from this country but from all over the world -- to ask questions, to inquire.

I was sitting with him. He said to me: "What are your questions?"

I said, "I know not."

"Then why have you come to me?"

I said, "Just to see you and to see the people who are continually coming to you from morning till night."

I watched him for almost six hours, and all the people who came had come with abstract questions: "Does God exist? Is the soul a reality? Is there life beyond death?" And he was answering them.

After six hours, I said to him: "You are old, and I'm too young -- it doesn't look right for me to say, but perhaps we may not see each other again; forgive me if it hurts you: You have wasted your whole life. In these six hours, I have seen in what way you have wasted it. I have not heard a single question or a single answer that *really* concerns life. And these people have come from faraway places and you have lived a long life but as far as I am concerned... don't feel that I'm not respectful to you, I am saying this because I *am* respectful. Whatever small time you have left, don't waste it. At least in the evening of your life, inquire into something which is authentic."

He was shocked, because nobody had ever told him this. But he was an honest man. He said, "I am old, and you *are* young but you are right."

The real question is not whether life exists after death. The real question is whether you are alive before death.

The real question is not whether God is love -- just, fair, compassionate. The real question is, do you know what love is? Do you know what justice is? Do you know what compassion is? Have you lived and tasted all these treasures of existence?

The real question is not whether the soul exists or not. The real question is: Have you ever entered into yourself to see whether there is any inner reality, or are you just a container

without any content?

Kahlil Gibran is not a philosopher of the abstract. The people who are so much interested in the abstract are really escaping from the real problems of life. They are cowards, not philosophers. But these cowards are dominating the whole world's thinking.

All these questions are coming from women. And there was a great crowd of people -- there were learned people, there were priests, there were philosophers. But when they asked, Almustafa -- who represents Kahlil Gibran -- did not answer them. The questioner may be an idiot; that does not mean you have to answer his stupid questions.

But the moment Almitra came out of the temple, Almustafa started answering the way perhaps nobody else has ever answered.

If you ask a great philosopher like Martin Heidegger or Jean Paul Sartre or Emmanuel Kant about children, they will laugh. They will say, "We are philosophers and we are not interested in trivia. Children? -- is this a philosophical question? Marriage? -- is this a philosophical question?" Just look in the contents of the great philosophical treatises of the world and you will not find love, marriage, children, there.

But I say to you, all those great treatises are just escapes from the realities of life. Emmanuel Kant is interested in the existence of God but is unable to love anyone. He was not a friend to anyone. These are small things, and these people are great philosophers. But I repeat again: they are cowards.

A woman asked Emmanuel Kant... she had waited long, because it is not the way of the woman's heart to take the initiative, that looks ungraceful. But life is short. You cannot wait too long. And youth is even shorter, and beauty is just a flower that blossoms in the morning and is withered by the evening. Finally the woman -- against the feminine nature, against herself -- asked Emmanuel Kant: "I love you. Do you love me? Just a small 'yes' and I can wait for my whole life."

But Emmanuel Kant could not say yes. He said, "First I have to think about it." It took him three years to consult all the books of different races, countries, of different centuries, to collect data about marriage -- for and against. And he was very much puzzled because they were all balanced. There were reasons in favor of marriage and there were reasons against marriage and their weight was equal.

His servant -- he lived his whole life with a servant -- had been watching all these three years. He said, "Listen to me: I am not a philosopher, I am a poor man, your servant, and it is none of my business but there is a limit. I have been repressing my temptation to say something to you and today I have decided to say it.

"When you have gone to the university, I have been looking into your notes for and against marriage. They are equal; hence you cannot take any decision. Just one thing I want to say to you: that is that you have not experienced love. And all these arguments are impotent, they cannot give you any experience. My humble suggestion is, when both sides are equally weighty and decision is difficult, always decide for 'yes' because that is opening a door to experience. 'No' will close the door to experience."

Emmanuel Kant could not believe that this thought had never occurred to him. He rushed, knocked on the woman's door. An old man came out. He introduced himself: "I am Emmanuel Kant and perhaps you are the father of the woman. I have come to say yes."

The old man said, "It is too late. She is already married and she has two children. Go and knock on some other door."

But he was such a coward, he could not gather courage to approach another woman. All his great philosophy... and the same is the case with all other great philosophers. But nobody

has looked into the psychology -- why are they interested in absurd, meaningless problems and not in the real problems of life? Real problems need courage.

The world has known not a single woman who was a great philosopher. And how can a woman be a great philosopher? She wants to know: *Speak to us of children...* about marriage, about love. A woman has a certain authenticity, for the simple reason that all her interest is in the small matters of life, the intimate matters of life -- matters which she has to face moment to moment.

Alas, it has been a great loss. The world is full of stupid philosophies, rooted in fear and cowardliness. It would help humanity immensely if the woman is listened to, if her questions are respected and answered not just through the head but through the heart.

A man's question has no need of the heart. In what way is God connected with your heart? Or life beyond death? These are all thoughts in the head.

Remember this: that Kahlil Gibran's *PROPHET* opens a totally new dimension to philosophy, gives credit and respect to small things of life -- because life is made of small things and if you cannot solve them, forget all about great problems. How can you solve them? You are simply asking them because you don't want even to be aware of the real and the pragmatic problems of life.

*And he said....* Listen very carefully, because very few statements exist in the whole literature of the world which have such beauty, such truth, such sincerity:

YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN.

A child is not a thing. You cannot possess a child. To say that "This is *my* child," is to assert your ignorance.

Life can never be possessed. You can have it in open hands but the moment your hands become closed fists, life has escaped out of them. Almost all the parents of the world have destroyed their children because they have claimed ownership. To own a child? You cannot create life, how can you own it? It is a gift from the abundance of existence. Be grateful that you have been chosen to be a vehicle.

The child has come through you but that does not mean he belongs to you. You have been nothing but a passage. If parents had remembered this small and simple truth, the world would have been a totally different place.

THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.

It is the eternal life -- flowing through mountains, through forests, through plains. The child that has come through you has been coming through many other people before you. He has eternity behind him and eternity ahead of him. He had been in many houses, in many cities, in many strange places. In those millions of vehicles, you are also one. Be humble and be respectful to the child. No society in the world has been, up to now, respectful to the children. All respect is for the elders, all respect is for the old, almost dead. All respect is for the graveyards -- no respect for the cradles.

And the child is the purest life -- uncontaminated.

Almustafa is right when he says:

THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.

THEY COME THROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU....

They are coming from the very beginning.

AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.

These small statements have tremendous implications if you understand that the child is *life's longing for itself*. Then the child is closer to the very source of life than the old man. The old man is closer to death... but strange -- death has been worshipped, respected, and life has been crushed, destroyed in every possible way.

If you know they come from you but they do not belong to you, then no parent is going to impose his religion, his politics, his ideas on the innocent child. He comes as a tabula rasa -- nothing is written on him -- and the parents are in such a hurry to make him a Christian, to make him a Hindu, to make him a Buddhist.

I remember my own childhood. My parents naturally wanted me to go with them when they went to the temple, to the religion they belonged to, but I have been a little bit crazy from the very beginning.

I told them, "It is your religion, it is your temple. You should have a little more patience. Give me time. I will find my own religion, my own temple."

They said, "What kind of nonsense are you talking? Every child belongs to the religion he is born into."

I said, "Every other child may belong, may not belong -- that is their business. As far as I am concerned, I do not belong to any religion. I have not even searched for it. Allow me and help me to stand on my own feet. Don't cripple me. Don't destroy me. If there is truth, I will find it. But it cannot be borrowed -- you cannot give it to me."

They were not happy -- obviously. I never wrote with my name, the name of my religion. It was good that I entered school a little later than other children... because my mother's father had only one daughter, my mother. And he lived in a faraway village where people had not seen the railway train, a car, a bus, because there was no road.

He asked my father: "I feel very lonely since you have taken my daughter as your wife. Let your first child be with us. We feel very empty, all the joy of our life has disappeared." And my mother was only seven years old when she was married. That's how things used to be in India -- and still are in the villages.

They said, "Our daughter was our joy, she was our song. She was our life... and she is so young. She may not be able to take enough care of the child. Let the child grow with us, and of course later on you can take him back. And you will have many more children...."

It was such a great blessing to me... because my father's mother died when he got married; he was only ten years old. When I was born, he must have been twenty years old and my mother, seventeen years old. And they themselves were at a loss how to raise a child. So it was a good opportunity. I was raised by my maternal grandfather and grandmother. But there was no school -- I was so fortunate all the way -- there was no temple, there was no priest. I grew almost like a wild child, and I have remained the wild child still.

My maternal grandfather died when I was seven years old. It was old enough to have one's own ideas, so when I came back to my parents, we were strangers. I had never known my mother as my mother. I had known my grandmother.

The first seven years are the most important in life, because they are the foundation. So when my father took me to the school and filled out the form in which he was required to write to what religion I belonged, I stopped him.

I said, "Write down that as yet, he belongs to no religion. He will search, he will try to find."

My father said, "But that will look very strange."

I said, "No -- truth, however strange is never really strange. And a lie, however familiar, is never familiar. It does not exist at all."

And it remained a problem with me as I moved from one school to another, from college to the university, everywhere. It is taken for granted that everybody is born into a religion. And this is absolute stupidity. How can one be born into a religion? You may be born to a father who is a doctor -- that does not mean that you become a doctor because you are born as the child of a doctor. Your father and mother both may be doctors -- that too, does not make any difference. If you want to be a doctor, you will have to go through the whole education, examinations; only then you can become a doctor.

For ordinary things, you know perfectly well that a child is not born a doctor, is not born a professor, is not born a scientist. How can he be born as a mystic?

Filling out forms was always a problem. The clerk would say, "The form has to be filled completely. You have left out one thing."

I said, "I have to leave it out, because I don't know my religion yet."

And I was sent again and again to the principals: "What to do with this boy? He says he has not found his religion yet but the requirement is that the form should be filled out completely. Nothing should be left empty."

I said, "You can reject my form, you can refuse me admission to your institution, but I cannot lie. I don't have a religion."

They persuaded me. Lovingly, they would say, "It is just a form. Your father must have a religion."

I said, "This form concerns me, not my father. As far as my father is concerned, I have put his religion with his name. But I don't have any religion."

They had to accept it. I said, "In fact, you should withdraw this type of form in which religion is required."

Even when I graduated from the university... the education minister was well known to me because he had been a vice-chancellor and I had been to his university many times for debating competitions. I had taken all their seals and their cups, so he was well acquainted with me.

It was a requirement that you had to win a seal continuously for three years and then it became yours. Otherwise, you would keep it for one year and return it the next year when again there would be a debate. But I went on winning continuously. He said, "You are a strange person. These seals, these cups had been with us since the university was established fifty years ago, because nobody was able to win continuously for three years. And now we are in trouble: every year we have to purchase a new seal, a new cup and we know that if you appear again...."

He had become the education minister so I went directly to him. I said, "I have passed my postgraduate examination, I have topped the whole university, and I want to be appointed immediately to any university you feel is right."

He said, "This is not the way. You first fill out the application form." And again, the same problem: "What is your religion?"

I said, "What has religion to do with my qualifications as a teacher? I don't have any religion. And if you refuse me, I am going to have my first press conference."

He said, "Don't do any such thing. Just write anything, any religion. Write it in such a

way that nobody can read it. But the form has to be filled out."

I said, "I cannot do that."

Since my first entry into school, that line on my forms has remained empty. It is still empty. I have found religiousness but I have not found any religion. And I am immensely happy that nobody tried to force upon me their idea, their god, their concept of existence.

Every child has the birthright not to be tortured and conditioned by his parents, because everybody's most fundamental right is the search, the seeking, the pilgrimage.

AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.  
YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS....

But just the opposite is being done.

Do you remember your parents? Were they interested in giving you their love, unconditionally? Or they were interested in using their love to contaminate your mind with their religion, with their political ideology, with their nationality. Otherwise, how is it that humanity is so divided? Who is the criminal behind it? Why should there be so many nations? Why should there be so many religions?

Humanity is one. Truth is one. But people have not been allowed to search for their own original face. They have been given masks, and people live their whole lives believing that this is their original face.

How do you know you are Christian? You have never been with Christ. You were not given the choice, the opportunity to choose whether you would like to be in love with Christ or Gautam Buddha or Mahavira or Lao Tzu or Zarathustra.

Your religion is your bondage. It is your imprisonment. Your Christianity, your Hinduism, your Mohammedanism, your Jainism -- they are all chains which you cannot see, because they are not binding your body, they are binding your very soul. Any man who has accepted ideologies from others has sold himself. He's a slave, although it is being said from every pulpit in every country that slavery has disappeared.

I say it is not true. Yes, slavery has changed its form; it has become more dangerous. If you handcuff me, still my spirit is free; if you chain my feet, still my spirit is free. You can destroy my body; still my spirit is free. But to pollute your mind with Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, is to bind invisible chains around your very spirit. This is *real* crime. And all parents of the world up to now are responsible for it.

YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,  
FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS.

Their thoughts have not yet become mature, they are still in seed form. They are still only potentialities, but given freedom and love, they will become realities, they will become actualizations. And when your own thought becomes a reality it brings such joy to your being, such fulfillment, such bliss that you cannot dream about it. You cannot have any notion about it, it is beyond the capacity of your mind to conceive it--because it ripens in your heart, it blossoms in your heart.

YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS...

With all good intentions, all parents are murderers of their own children. You see all over

the earth only dead people walking, who have lost their souls even before they had any notion of what it is.

FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW, WHICH YOU CANNOT VISIT, NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.

You belong to the past; your days are over. Parents cannot conceive the future -- and the children are not going to live in the past, so don't burden them with your dead scriptures. They will have their own scriptures, they will have their own saints. They will have their own Buddhas, they will have their own Christs. Why should they be burdened with the past? They have an open future.

And if you love your children, you should keep your hands off. Help them to be strong, help them to be able to go on the search for the unknown but don't give them your ideas; they are absolutely useless to them. Because of them, they will miss their own destiny. You are distracting them.

Just watch small children and see the clarity of their vision.

I have heard... in a small school, a Christian priest is teaching the children that God created all things, the whole universe, in six days -- and on the seventh day he rested.

One small boy stood up and he said, "What about railway trains?"

The priest was at a loss. Certainly, there is no mention in the New Testament or in the Old Testament that God created railway trains. Another small boy started waving his hand. The teacher said, "You also have a question?"

He said, "No, I want to answer."

He could not believe that He could not find the answer and this small child.... He said, "Okay, let us try. What is your answer? This boy is asking, what about railway trains?"

The other boy said, "It is written that God created all creeping things -- railways trains are included!"

Small children have an insight and a clarity. As you become older, you start gathering dust. And everybody is giving you advice -- advice is the only thing in the world which everybody gives and nobody takes -- but this is corrupting the minds of the small children who are dependent on you.

Almustafa is right:

... HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS.  
FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW.

You belong to the yesterdays, they belong to the tomorrows. Give as much love as you can. The present is a meeting point but also a point of departure. From the present, where you are meeting, you will depart. Every day, the gap between you and your children will become bigger and bigger.

They talk of the generation gap. It is one of the most beautiful things that has happened in this century -- the generation gap. Make every effort to widen it, make it almost unbridgeable. Otherwise you will be carrying corpses all your life.

Gautam Buddha died twenty-five centuries ago. Jesus died two thousand years ago. Is man insane? -- why should anybody go on carrying dead bodies? You are twenty-five centuries ahead. Evolution has not stopped with Gautam Buddha; Gautam Buddha is twenty-five centuries back. But because you are burdened by that dead corpse, you cannot

create your own buddhas.

If you are absolutely free of the past, you will find higher peaks of consciousness -- higher than any Christ and higher than any Buddha. We are not falling downwards. Our consciousnesses are reaching towards the stars, but it is so difficult to understand such an obvious truth.

The past is the greatest barrier to your life.

The police commissioner... remember, I can forgive him but I cannot forget him. I will go on hammering on his head -- even if he's in his grave, my hammer will go on hammering him.

He has asked the ashram in-charge that I should not criticize any religion. What does it mean? It means I should not criticize the past -- and the past has been so ugly that it needs all the criticism that one can make, so that it can be erased from your minds and your minds can be made available to the future.

You are pregnant with many Buddhas and many Christs. Why should you go back? But because you are already burdened, I have to condemn them and I have to criticize them -- although I accept the freedom of everyone to criticize me. But I had never thought that I was going to face such an impotent humanity. It is nothing but impotence that is asking, "Don't criticize any religion."

Mohammedans are marrying four wives. If you criticize it, you are criticizing their religion because in their holy book, the Koran, Mohammed allows them to marry four or more women. The woman is nothing but an object of your sexual lust -- and you want me not to criticize it? I would not criticize it, I would not have talked about it, if Mohammed had given the same right to women too, so that each woman could marry four husbands. Then the man would have been fair. But right now he is a male chauvinist. And he is one of the causes of creating sexual perversions in the world, because nature creates an equal number of men and women... fortunately, nature knows nothing about Mohammedanism and the HOLY KORAN.

And why am I saying "fortunately"? Because one woman is enough to finish you! Four women for every man... then you will see in every house, one Jesus Christ hanging on a cross.

I have heard that a thief was caught red-handed, stealing, in a house. The magistrate asked, "At what time did you enter the house?"

He said, "Nearabout ten in the night."

The magistrate said, "But what were you doing the whole night? because you were caught early in the morning, six o'clock."

He said, "It is a long and sad story. I just want you to remember: whatever punishment you want, you can give to me. Even crucifixion is acceptable but don't punish me by telling me to marry two women."

The magistrate said, "You seem to be a strange person. The whole night you were in the house. You have not stolen anything, but you have been found in the house and now you are asking this, that I should not punish you by making you marry two women? No such punishment exists. Don't be worried about that. But what is the whole story?"

He said, "The whole story is, unfortunately.... I entered the house; the man has two wives. One wife lives on the ground floor, and the second wife lives on the first floor. And they were both dragging the man to their floors -- on the steps, one woman would come and drag the man upwards, and the other woman would come and drag him back downwards. It was so interesting that I forgot all about my own business, what I had come there for. And anyway,

stealing was impossible because the man was crying and the women were screaming... so please -- just avoid this punishment!"

Nature produces an equal number of men and women. The Mohammedan concept is against nature, and nobody can prevent me from condemning it, criticizing it. Yes, everybody has the right to answer my criticism. These are impotent people -- because they cannot answer, they want to prevent somebody with their guns!

Mohammed himself married nine women. What do you think of women? Are they *things*? Commodities? Cattle? And if it were only that it happened fourteen centuries before, a story, there would be no need to be worried about it. Just in this very century, the Nizam of Hyderabad had five hundred wives -- and you want me not to criticize it? But the poor Nizam is nothing compared to the Hindu god, Krishna -- he had sixteen thousand wives!

And at least this can be said in favor of the Nizam and Mohammed, that they married women with the consent of their parents. Krishna, whom Hindus think is a god, simply took away any woman who was beautiful. They were almost all women married to other men. They had their children, they had their husbands. They had to look after their own houses, their own families.

This criminal behavior... just because he had the power, the armies. His soldiers would go into anybody's house and drag out the woman he wanted. In this way, he collected sixteen thousand women, a great collector of women. But what about those sixteen thousand families? Their children, their husbands, the old father of the husband, the old mother of the husband? And I am not to criticize any religion.

If you have any answer, I am ready to pay my total attention. And if you can convince me that this kind of behavior is religious, moral, worthy of a man you think is a god, I will accept it. But first you have to prove it. Because you cannot prove it, to hide your impotence you are preventing me, saying that I should not criticize any religion.

The whole past of humanity is my past too, it is *my* inheritance too, and I have every right to criticize my past, my inheritance. Wherever I see something ugly, inhuman, barbarous, I *have* to criticize it as strongly as possible. And those who don't want their religions to be criticized should leave those religions, they are of no worth.

I have never said in my whole life, that whatever I am saying should not be criticized. In fact I have been inviting people -- criticize me, because I know what I am saying has a truth. And if I cannot criticize the past -- the ugly past, the rotten past -- then how we are going to create a better future?

You have heard the proverb that history repeats. It repeats because of people like this police commissioner. If the past is criticized, it will not be repeated again, but if you can go on doing anything in the name of religion....

For example, Sikhs are allowed to have a sword because it is their religious thing. Strange -- if Sikhs are allowed to have a dangerous weapon that can destroy any life, then what is the guarantee and defense for other people? Either everyone should be allowed or nobody should be allowed. Double standards simply show that it is a political game because you are afraid. The Britishers were afraid; for three hundred years, they allowed Sikhs to carry swords.

But then we can make our own religious ideas -- nobody can criticize them. I can make it a point that every sannyasin should have a machine gun. It is our religious right. What is wrong in it? The police commissioner has ordered us that no firearms should be inside the ashram. He should look at his face in a mirror. Then why are the Sikhs allowed? And I'm not saying that Sikhs should *not* be allowed, I am simply saying there should be one standard for all human beings. These double standards are ugly, immoral, corrupt.

He has asked that police officers should be allowed in the discourses. Can he ask the same to the Mohammedans, that police officers should be allowed in their prayers, in their sermons, in their mosques, inside? And if he cannot do that, he cannot do it to us.

He asks that inside the ashram or outside the ashram, there should be no "obscene behavior" from the sannyasins. All the scriptures of the Hindus are obscene, and anybody who has any guts, I welcome him: I will show him what is written in his scriptures. In the HOLY BIBLE, there are five hundred pages of absolute obscenity. And still it is the "Holy Bible." You cannot find a more unholy book in the whole world.

One of my friends has collected all the five hundred pages and published a book. No government is going to allow that book entry into their country, it will be banned. But strange -- those five hundred pages are verbatim from the BIBLE. If you are banning anything, the BIBLE should be banned. But strange... double standards everywhere.

Parents should not give their thoughts to their children because their thoughts are already out of date. The children will have their own thoughts.

Even trees know better. Every fall, the old leaves drop and disappear into the earth to give a place for the new leaves -- greener, younger, juicier. If they go on clinging to their old leaves, there will be no space, no possibility for the new leaves to appear.

Have you ever wondered why, in the contemporary world, people like Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Basho, Kabir, Jesus, Zarathustra -- are not born? What has happened? Is humanity a spent force? No -- humanity is more powerful, has more energy than ever. But the past goes on becoming bigger and bigger. Naturally, every day, one day is joined with the yesterdays. And now the past has become almost like a Himalaya on the fragile chest of human beings. This is the reason why you don't have such beautiful beings. And if once in a while a man arises, he looks like such a stranger, such an outsider that you cannot tolerate him. You have forgotten the taste of the world when there were thousands of enlightened people all over. Nobody was annoyed. People were full of gratitude.

But today, the situation is completely different. All that burden on the mind prevents you from seeing the new. And the new is bound to tell the past, the dead, to get lost.

I have been looking into all the scriptures of all the religions -- they are all obscene. Still, no government dares to ban them. And they ask that my people should not behave in any obscene way.

First take care of your own house. First clean your own mind, and if you cannot do it, I am here and my people are here. Come here, we do dry brainwashing! Just one thing is needed -- that you should bring your brain with you, because I have heard....

A politician was on the surgery table -- in fact, every politician should be there but he was going nuts. Even other nuts started saying to him, "You have crossed the limit!" So finally, he went to a brain surgeon. They looked into his brain and they said, "My god! This seems to be a politician's brain -- everything is wrong."

So they took out the whole brain to clean it. They went into another room, because it would take almost six hours to clean. When they were cleaning his brain in the other room, two persons came running, shook the politician, who was lying alone in the surgery room. He opened his eyes.

They said, "What are you doing here? You have been chosen to be the prime minister of the country!"

He jumped, rushed out with his friends, and when the doctors had cleaned the brain, they came back. The man was missing. They had never done such hard work. They said, "My god, where has he disappeared to -- and without a brain!"

They went in search, inquired... somebody said, "We have seen him with two persons, rushing towards the prime minister's house."

So the surgeons went there and they saw him. He had become the prime minister of the country. The surgeons said, "You have forgotten your brain in our surgery!"

He said, "Don't bother, just keep it safe. As long as I'm prime minister, no brain is needed."

Don't give your rotten past as an inheritance to your children. They have their future. Let them grow according to their own potential. *You may strive to be like them....* This is where Kahlil Gibran simply surpasses in his insights:

YOU MAY STRIVE TO BE LIKE THEM BUT SEEK NOT TO MAKE THEM LIKE YOU.

And what does the BIBLE say? "God made the man in his own image." Since that time, every father is trying to make his child in his own image. Almustafa is saying just the opposite:

*You may strive to be like them*, because they are of the future, and they are innocent. They are closer to existence than you are. For you, there is nothing except death to happen, but to them millions of things are going to happen: love is going to happen, meditation is going to happen, gratefulness is going to happen. Please resist the temptation that your child should be a carbon copy of you. It is possible to make the child a carbon copy of you, but you will have to kill him. That's what I'm saying: that all the parents are killing their children just to make them carbon copies. And the child has the potential to be his own original face.

The original face has beauty, the original face has something of the divine. The original face has charisma. A carbon copy has nothing.

FOR LIFE GOES NOT BACKWARDS NOR TARRIES WITH YESTERDAY.

YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH towards the unknown and the unknowable. Don't prevent them. Give them strength, give them love, so they can reach to the farthest star.

YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH. THE ARCHER SEES THE MARK UPON THE PATH OF THE INFINITE, AND HE BENDS YOU WITH HIS MIGHT THAT HIS ARROWS MAY GO SWIFT AND FAR.

Existence wants you to bend like a bow before your own children because they have to travel far and you have to give them strength.

LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS.

Be glad when your child starts moving away from you, when he starts becoming an individual in his own right. Feel blessed that he is not an obedient idiot. Except idiots, nobody is obedient.

Intelligence is rebellion. Feel blessed and bless the child that you have given birth to a rebellious spirit. This should be your pride, but this becomes people's anxiety.

LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS;

FOR EVEN AS HE LOVES THE ARROW THAT FLIES, SO HE LOVES ALSO THE BOW THAT IS STABLE.

Existence loves you both.  
You are also children of the same existence.

It is just that your time is over; give place to the fresh arrows and bless them.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #10

### Chapter title: When you give of yourself

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN SAID A RICH MAN, SPEAK TO US OF GIVING.  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.  
IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.  
FOR WHAT ARE YOUR POSSESSIONS BUT THINGS YOU KEEP AND GUARD FOR FEAR YOU  
MAY NEED THEM TOMORROW?  
AND, TOMORROW, WHAT SHALL TOMORROW BRING TO THE OVER-PRUDENT DOG  
BURYING BONES IN THE TRACKLESS SAND AS HE FOLLOWS THE PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY  
CITY?  
AND WHAT IS FEAR OF NEED BUT NEED ITSELF?  
IS NOT DREAD OF THIRST WHEN YOUR WELL IS FULL, THE THIRST THAT IS  
UNQUENCHABLE?  
THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE LITTLE OF THE MUCH WHICH THEY HAVE -- AND THEY GIVE  
IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE MAKES THEIR GIFTS UNWHOLESOME.  
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE AND GIVE IT ALL.  
THESE ARE THE BELIEVERS IN LIFE AND THE BOUNTY OF LIFE, AND THEIR COFFER IS  
NEVER EMPTY.  
THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.  
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH PAIN, AND THAT PAIN IS THEIR BAPTISM.  
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE AND KNOW NOT PAIN IN GIVING, NOR DO THEY SEEK  
JOY, NOR GIVE WITH MINDFULNESS OF VIRTUE;  
THEY GIVE AS IN YONDER VALLEY THE MYRTLE BREATHES ITS FRAGRANCE INTO SPACE.  
THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS,<sup>1</sup> AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES  
HE SMILES UPON THE EARTH.  
IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH  
UNDERSTANDING;  
AND TO THE OPEN-HANDED THE SEARCH FOR ONE WHO SHALL RECEIVE IS JOY GREATER  
THAN GIVING.  
AND IS THERE AUGHT YOU WOULD WITHHOLD?  
ALL YOU HAVE SHALL SOME DAY BE GIVEN;  
THEREFORE GIVE NOW, THAT THE SEASON OF GIVING MAY BE YOURS AND NOT YOUR  
INHERITORS'.

Almustafa is entering into the world of man, and particularly the man who is rich. Before I say something about his magnificent statements, a few remarks are absolutely necessary.

Life up to now has been corrupted by ambition. There is no other poison which is more potent than ambition because it kills you and yet keeps you breathing. Ambition turns you into vegetables, and the lure of ambition is given to every child with the mother's milk. From the very first moment, his whole life is being based on principles of destructiveness. Nothing destroys more than ambitiousness.

You have all been told -- by the parents, by the teachers, by the priests, by the neighbors, by all these so-called well-wishers -- that you have to become somebody special, important, powerful. And money gives more power than anything else, because even the politicians are commodities in the market -- you can purchase them.

In fact, every politician is sold into the hands of the super-rich. But the super-rich is the poorest person on the earth. He has succeeded in being important, in being powerful, but he has lost his soul. Inside, there is just emptiness and darkness.

Why does it happen? What is the mechanism of its happening?

Ambition is a ladder, and you always see somebody ahead of you. It is competitive. Your whole mind is continuously thinking of ways and means, right or wrong, to reach higher than others. And if you are cunning enough, you may succeed, but in the world of ambition, success is the ultimate failure. But one becomes alert and aware about the failure only when he has reached the last rung of the ladder. He has wasted his whole life in search of being higher than others, holier than others, richer than others. And now, his desire is fulfilled.

Cursed are those people who reach to the final stage of their ambition. This ambition has been their dream day and night -- and it is not easy, because everybody else is also trying for the same success. But by the time you have reached the last rung of the ladder, you are in for a great surprise and a shock because there is no longer anywhere to go and your whole training in life has been just to compete, to fight. It is no ordinary competition, it is cutthroat; it does not matter how many people you destroy. Your eyes are fixed on a faraway fulfillment.

You have heard the saying -- it must have been created by the idiots -- that "Nothing succeeds like success." It is not the saying of a man who has really succeeded. Because I say to you: Nothing fails like success. You have reached the goal but your whole life has slipped by. There was no time for anything -- not even to breathe properly, not even to smile, not even to love. What kind of life have you lived? It was like a robot, mechanical, and now that you have arrived at the desired goal there is tremendous frustration in your being, because nothing is there.

But very few have been courageous enough to say that it is a strategy of the society to keep people away from living. The whole society is against life, against love, against songs, against dances. Trees are far happier, flowers are more joyous. Those who are sensitive can even hear the sermons in the stones... but these are not the people who are after some goal, because the goal is always tomorrow. Meanwhile, you are miserable. Who knows whether you are going to succeed or not? You have staked your whole life for success, but even if you have all the wealth of the world, you cannot eat it. It cannot be a nourishment to your life and your spirit. On the contrary, it has made you a rich beggar, surrounded by riches but at the very center of your being there is just a begging bowl.

I am reminded of a small story, very ancient. A king, a great king has come out of the palace just to have a little walk in his beautiful, vast garden. As he is stepping out, he faces a beggar with a begging bowl. And the beggar says, "I am fortunate to find you directly. Otherwise... I have been waiting for months for an appointment, but who cares to give an appointment for a beggar?"

The king said, "What do you want?"

He said, "My longing is not for much. Just this small begging bowl -- fill it with anything that you think, as a great king, is worthy of you. Don't think about my worth, I am a worthless beggar. Think about yourself -- fill it with something that you think you are worthy of."

The king had never seen such a beggar -- who is not asking because he is hungry, because he is thirsty, because he has nothing to live on. On the contrary, he is saying, "Think about yourself. Your gift should have the signature of a great king... anything will do."

This was a great challenge, and the king called his prime minister. Before he could say anything to the prime minister, the beggar said, "But remember one thing, one condition: the bowl has to be filled completely."

The king said, "Don't be worried. I have so much, such a vast empire, and your begging bowl is so small. Are you worried that I cannot fill it completely with something?" And just to show the beggar, he told the prime minister that, "Fill his bowl with diamonds, rubies, emeralds -- the most precious stones -- so that he will remember for his whole life that he has met with an emperor."

There was no problem because the king's palace was full of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones. But immediately there *was* a problem: the prime minister filled the begging bowl, but the moment anything went into the bowl, it disappeared. The question of filling it completely seemed to be impossible.

But the king was also adamant, an egoist, a conqueror of many lands. He said, "Even if my whole empire is needed, I have given my word and it has to be fulfilled."

Slowly slowly, all the precious stones disappeared. Then gold, then silver... but they went on disappearing. By the evening, the king himself was a beggar, and the bowl was as empty as it had been in the morning.

The beggar said, "I am amazed. Such a great emperor and you cannot fill a poor beggar's bowl?"

People had been watching the whole day, the rumor spread all over the country. The whole capital had gathered. People from faraway places had rushed to see. The king fell at the feet of the beggar and asked, "I have failed to fulfill my promise; forgive me. But I will think that you have forgiven me only if you tell me the secret of your begging bowl, where the whole empire has disappeared. All my wealth -- where has it gone? Is it a magic bowl? Are you a magician?"

The poor beggar laughed. He said, "No, I am not a magician. By accident, because I don't have any money even to purchase a begging bowl, I found this skull of some dead man. I polished it, cut it in the shape of a begging bowl. The secret is, man's skull is so small... but even the greatest empire is not going to fill it. It will go on asking for more. I am not a magician, the magic is in the human head. And because of this bowl, I have been hungry for days. Everything disappears and the desire remains the same."

When a man reaches the highest rung of the ladder, his whole life is gone. and what does he find there? Nothing -- but it needs courage to say it to the others who are behind him, struggling to reach the top.

Gautam Buddha renounced his kingdom, not without reason. Mahavira renounced his kingdom, not without reason. The twenty-four *teerthankaras*, the great masters of the Jainas, all renounced kingdoms. They cannot all be mad. But they have seen the reality: their fathers were successful, but successful only in the eyes of others. Others could not see inside them. Inside, they were still beggars, bigger beggars than when they started this journey of

ambition. There comes a point when you start feeling that your whole educational system, that your well-intentioned parents, have all been fast asleep.

And there is no way of going back; there is no way of having your youth again. There is no way to let the flowers of love grow in you -- you have become dry and hard and dead, because the competition is tough and to be successful you have to be tough. That toughness destroys all your beautiful values -- love, joy, ecstasy. You never think of meditation. Money is your only meditation.

The first question comes from a rich man:

THEN SAID A RICH MAN, SPEAK TO US OF GIVING.

He's asking: "I have struggled and destroyed myself in getting more and more and now I see that my life began from the very beginning on the wrong track. Please, *speak to us of giving*."

"I don't want to get anything more. This whole stupid idea of getting and getting, more and more, has been suicidal. Perhaps by giving I may start feeling a little more alive again. Perhaps a breeze of love may enter into my dark soul, perhaps a ray of light. Getting and getting I have tried -- teach me about giving; perhaps that is the right way."

The people in the East who renounce the whole world have inherited a wisdom of centuries: If you want a dance in your heart and peace in your soul; if you want to become more conscious and awake, give it all. It was not *against* the world. as so-called religious teachers of all religions go on teaching people. They do not understand the basic psychology of it. They have seen the great masters renouncing everything, all their possessions, and they have logically concluded that perhaps there is a secret in renouncing. So for centuries they have been teaching against riches, against life, against the world. The ultimate result you can see in the East. It has become poorer and poorer, because if you are going to renounce, then what is the point of collecting first? The East has become a beggar.

But I say unto you: Unless you have, how can you renounce?

So Mahavira was immensely blissful, Gautam Buddha was in constant ecstasy -- but don't think that a beggar who has nothing to renounce outwardly... he may look like a religious person, but deep down those desires for more -- for pleasure, for being special -- will go on lurking in the darkness. Gautam Buddha and the people of his type were not wrong. But seeing their joy, their peace, their serenity, an absolutely wrong conclusion has been derived by the scholars, the priests. They go on teaching anti-life values.

This is a simple arithmetic: you can renounce only if you have it. If you don't have it... apparently both persons look alike -- one has renounced, one does not have it -- both are in the same situation, but not in the same psychology, not in the same spiritual space. Hence, I have been misunderstood all over the world, because I have been teaching people: first *have*. And then if you are intelligent, you are bound to renounce it.

Religion is not for the poor. The poor can pretend to be religious but inside, all those desires for more go on growing. He talks about renouncing but he knows nothing of renunciation. Renunciation is a *second* step.

Rejoicing is the first step. Religion happens only to those who have come to the point where they can see that their desires are absurd, they lead nowhere. It has to be your own experience. In that very experience, the psychology of possessiveness disappears; then there is beauty.

Twenty-five centuries have passed and the East has not been able to produce another

Buddha. Why? -- a tremendously misunderstood logic. The rich man -- and *only* a rich man -- can ask, "Teach us of giving." A poor man can only ask, "Teach us of getting." In other words, as long as you are asking for more and more, you are poor.

The day the awakening happens to you that this insane idea of getting more and more is not leading you anywhere and your life is slipping out of your hands, then only the question has an authenticity: *speak to us of giving*.

AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.

The words of Kahlil Gibran should be written in pure gold. If you are thinking of giving your possessions, there is not going to be a revolution in your life. Think of giving up your very desire for *possessiveness*. Possessions are not a problem: you can live in a palace, the palace is not going to disturb you. The palace is not even aware of you. The problem is that "It is my palace!" That possessiveness has to be given up; whether you give up the palace or not is irrelevant.

YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.  
IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.

Ambition is the way of the ego. It makes you more and more yourself.

It happened: The first prime minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, had gone to the West for a Commonwealth meeting. His number two in the cabinet was Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. He was given the number two position not because of any special quality, but because he had political power in his hands. Mohammedans had divided into two parts: the majority was following Muhammadali Jinnah and asking for a separate land, Pakistan. Maulana Azad remained with the Nationalist Congress, and because of his religious scholarship -- a *maulana* is the highest degree as far as Mohammedans are concerned -- and because of him, a great number of Mohammedans were not following Muhammadali Jinnah.

Maulana Azad was a great orator, but he knew only Urdu, Arabic. And it is a strange craziness of human beings -- the thing that you cannot understand, you think must be of a very high order. All the priests of the world have tried that. The rabbi will speak in Hebrew and the Jews are impressed, although they do not understand anything of it. Translated, it is rubbish. I always have the feeling that the word "rubbish" must have come from "rabbi," I cannot find any other source. The Hindu pundit will speak in Sanskrit. Neither do you know what it means nor perhaps does he know what he is repeating, because translated, it looks so stupid.

All religious teachers have been against their scriptures being translated because once they are translated into the languages which people understand, the power of the priest is gone. If you listen to a Hindu priest reciting from the VEDAS, you will be impressed, but look into the translations and you will feel as if you have awakened from a sleep. Perhaps two percent of the sentences in all the four VEDAS are significant. Ninety-eight percent are simply crap. And the same is the situation with Buddhism, Jainism and other religions.

Maulana was highly respected, and because of him, India is still the largest Mohammedan country in the world, even after the partition of Pakistan. No other country has as great a number of Mohammedans as India has. Certainly, his power over Mohammedans was great. But he himself was as stupid as every priest *needs* to be.

He was put second, and he was very much annoyed; he wanted to be the prime minister of India. It was so difficult to convince him -- "It will look very awkward that the country is being divided in two parts because Hindus and Mohammedans don't want to live together, and then both countries have a Mohammedan prime minister? And Hindus will not tolerate it either. You have taken a large part of the country in the name of religion; now leave Hindustan for those who are in the majority -- the Hindus."

He became -- reluctantly -- ready to be number two because he knew that in Pakistan he would not even be anywhere. At least here he is number two. But the desire to be the prime minister of the country was such that when Jawaharlal went away, he immediately ordered Jawaharlal's chauffeur: "Now, as long as Jawaharlal is outside the country, I am the prime minister. I am number two in the cabinet -- acting prime minister." So the prime minister's car with the prime minister's bodyguards, with the prime minister's flag on the car... other cars ahead, a few other cars behind... the whole prime minister's show -- and one day he managed it.

Other cabinet ministers suggested to him, "There is no such thing as *acting* prime minister because the prime minister is not the formal head of the government. If the president goes out, then the vice-president becomes acting president for the time being, but the prime minister remains prime minister wherever he is. In no country's constitution is there a provision for an acting prime minister. So it is stupid, don't do it."

But he was not ready to listen. Jawaharlal was informed in London. Immediately, he phoned to Maulana to say, "Don't do such a stupidity, the whole world will laugh. Such a thing does not happen. If you are acting prime minister, then what am I doing here in the prime minister's conference? And the president, who is the nominal head of the country is there. Just go back to your own bungalow and behave intelligently."

But it is very difficult to behave intelligently if your unconscious mind is filled with desires, with ambitions.

A Gautam Buddha is empty of any ambitions. He has seen the show. But because twenty-four *teerthankaras* of the Jainas, Gautam Buddha, the Hindu reincarnations of God -- Rama, Krishna -- were all coming from royal families, the richest in the country, it proved a calamity to the whole land. People became poverty-worshippers. If the East is poor, this misunderstanding is the reason. And for centuries, they were conditioned with this stupid logic.

So I say that to be *really* religious you should live totally and intensely the life of the world, so that you can see one day that it is just a dream. When it is your OWN understanding that it is just a dream -- futile, meaningless -- the very desire to possess will disappear. You will not ask about giving, because in giving, there is still the ego and ignorance present. Who are you to give?

Almustafa is pointing to a very significant fact:

LITTLE YOU GIVE IF YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS. IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.

The moment you are non-possessive, the ego disappears. You have given yourself.

FOR WHAT ARE YOUR POSSESSIONS BUT THINGS YOU KEEP AND GUARD FOR FEAR YOU MAY NEED THEM TOMORROW?

All possessiveness -- "this is mine, that is mine" -- is rooted in your fear, because what about tomorrow? If you don't cling to possessions, tomorrow you may be in difficulty.

AND TOMORROW, WHAT SHALL TOMORROW BRING TO THE OVER-PRUDENT DOG BURYING BONES IN THE TRACKLESS SAND AS HE FOLLOWS THE PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY CITY?

The same is the situation of all those who cling to their possessions. A dog following the pilgrims hides bones in the sand, without being aware that tomorrow he will not be able to find them because the pilgrims, the caravan will have moved and he's moving with the caravan.

Today is enough unto itself.

And tomorrow will take care of itself.

This is trust -- not believing in this god, in that god, in this holy book, in that holy book.

The day the police commissioner sent his people here, unauthorized -- they entered into my bedroom. I was asleep. I had reached here nearabout four in the night. It was still dark and half-asleep, I could not figure out -- what is all this noise going on? because they were forcing their way, violently.

My people were saying, "He has come late, he's asleep. And what is the reason to see him? His powers of attorney are with Neelam; his legal advisor, Tathagat, is present. If there is anything, it can be settled. Don't disturb him. And you don't have any search warrant, you cannot enter a private bedroom."

But power is blind. They forced their way violently into my room. Hearing the noise, I could not believe -- since when have ghosts started dressing like policemen? I had to rub my eyes to see exactly what was going on. These are ugly days.

I had no idea that they were serving a notice to me, because they simply threw a piece of paper over me in the darkness of early morning. Only later on I came to know that it was a notice for me to leave the city in thirty minutes, from the police commissioner. A police commissioner is just a servant of the people -- they started phoning him again and again, and the same reply: "He is in worship." I wonder what kind of worship he does? because all worship is stupid, and particularly in this country.

Perhaps he may be worshipping the elephant god, Ganesh. And do you know how Ganesh came into existence? A man with an elephant's head -- with such a big belly, as if he is pregnant -- riding on a poor mouse. The mouse must have been dead long centuries ago, the day he was caught by Ganesh as his vehicle.

And how was Ganesh created? It is not only Christians who are foolish in saying that Jesus was born of a virgin Mary.... It is absolutely unscientific; it is not possible. Without a man, the woman alone cannot give birth to a child. But Ganesh's story is even more outlandish. Shiva, the father of Ganesh, was out. And Parvati, the mother of Ganesh, was taking a bath. Rubbing her body, she collected so much dust... it seems Parvati took only one bath in her whole life, because to make with that dust a statue of Ganesh with such a big belly, the woman must have been covered with layers of dust. And it is certain that she never had another son -- simple logic, that she never took another bath again.

This Ganesh is the most-loved god in this part of India. And when she saw that she had made a beautiful statue out of all the dust collected from the bath.... In the first place, one wonders what kind of woman this Parvati was. And then by her divine powers, she made the statue alive. And because she was still cleaning herself, she told Ganesh: "You sit outside and don't allow anybody to come in."

Shiva came back. Ganesh had no idea that he was his father, so he stopped him. And just think of these gods -- just because of being stopped, he became so angry that he cut off the head of Ganesh. Parvati came running -- "What have you done? This was our son!"

So he rushed around to find out... they lived in the Himalayas. The head could have rolled down thousands of feet, and it was just mud. Finding nothing, he came across an elephant so he cut off the head of the elephant. He glued it.

And Ganesh is the most-loved god in this part of the country. Most probably, this police commissioner was worshipping Ganesh. He can worship such a stupid idea but in the notice, he cannot write my full name. He writes, "Dearest Rajneesh" -- just to avoid "Osho."

Nowhere... I have been around the world -- no magistrate, no judge, no police officer has been so discourteous. They have all addressed me the way my people address me. But in my own country, where all kinds of stupidities and idiotic ideas are worshipped as "Osho".... Ganesh is the most important one. Whenever you start a new thing, the first thing is to remember Ganesh -- *Shree Ganesh Namah*. And nobody bothers -- who is this fellow? And how is it possible?

And he orders me not to criticize any religion. It must be his own fear: if I come to know what kind of god he is worshipping and what kind of holy book he believes in, I will criticize both and destroy them both. And I am ready to argue with him -- these fictitious stories, not even reasonable... and people are worshipping.

The real religious person does not worship, he trusts in existence. Worship is a poor, plastic substitute. He trusts in existence: he knows, "If existence has taken care of me today, tomorrow will also be the same. *It* will come as today, and if existence needs me, it will take care of me." This is real giving.

AND WHAT IS FEAR OF NEED BUT NEED ITSELF?  
IS NOT DREAD OF THIRST WHEN YOUR WELL IS FULL, THE THIRST THAT IS  
UNQUENCHABLE?  
THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE LITTLE OF THE MUCH WHICH THEY HAVE -- AND THEY GIVE  
IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE...

All the religions have exploited your hidden desires.

I was participating in a religious conference in Prayag. I heard one *shankaracharya* speaking to thousands of people, saying, "If you give one rupee in donation, in the other world you will get one thousand rupees." A good bargain! Good business! But all Hindu scriptures are full of such promises -- "Give a little here and you will get much as a reward in heaven."

This is not trust. This is not getting rid of your mad desire for possessions. Here, you are giving one rupee -- people will see: this man is a very religious man, he gave one rupee to a beggar. But they don't know his hidden desire. He is giving it as a guarantee so that he can get one thousand rupees after death. He is depositing in God's bank. But the interest rate seems to be absolutely absurd!

People give just a little to make sure that in the other world they will get much. And in this world, they will get recognition, respectability; people will think of them as religious people.

One of the successors of Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, went around the country asking people to donate land, just one-sixth of their land to the poor. And he was given millions of acres of land in donation for the poor. Only later on it was discovered that almost all of that land was useless, unfertile. But those people got recognition, got seats in the

assemblies and the parliament. Not only did they give the rotten land which had no use, they simply *said* it; actually they never gave it. It has not been transferred to the poor. And what is the poor man going to do with that land? It has no value at all. But this is the way man's ego has invented to get recognition, respectability, honor.

... THEY GIVE IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE MAKES THEIR GIFTS UNWHOLESOME.

Kahlil Gibran is truly a religious man with a sincerity, authenticity which is rare. He is saying, "These gifts are not religious. They are unwholesome."

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE AND GIVE IT ALL. THESE ARE THE BELIEVERS IN LIFE AND THE BOUNTY OF LIFE, AND THEIR COFFER IS NEVER EMPTY.

These are the people who trust. If God or existence or whatever name you give it, can give you life... its bounty, its abundance will be always available to those who trust.

When I left and resigned from the university, naturally my father was very much concerned. He came rushing from the village which was one hundred and twenty miles away from the university and asked me, "Have you thought of tomorrow? Have you thought of sickness? Have you thought of old age?"

I said, "I never thought of my birth, I never thought of my youth. The same source of life that has taken care, will take care. And if I am not needed, then there is no need to care for me; then I should be removed and a place should be made available for someone who is needed. Don't be worried."

But it is very difficult. He could not convince me, but he did whatever he could. I told him, "Remember, I will not take a single rupee in inheritance from you. You have given me enough -- your love, the freedom that you have given me is rare." But a father is a father. He immediately went home and transferred much property into my name, without informing me, because he knew that I was not going to accept it. I came to know about it only when he died. Taxes have to be paid on the property, and for the first time I received a letter saying that "You are not paying taxes."

I said, "Have I to pay taxes on my body? Even my clothes don't belong to me. Nothing belongs to me; I don't possess anything, they have come to me from my sannyasins. And I never accept them forever. I accept them only to use -- they can take them back any time, they are theirs. I don't use the watch twenty-four hours a day -- only for the lecture time, because I don't have any sense of time. I may go on speaking... and once in a while, when I forget to look at the watch, I do go on speaking. My people have asked, "Should we give you some indication?" I have told them, "Never do such a thing, because I don't like any interference."

I told my father, "I trust existence." And I have proved that existence has taken care of me better than I could have managed myself.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.

All the religions have been lying to you -- and the police commissioner says to me that I should not criticize any religion. They have lied to you. They say that if you give here, you will be rewarded in heaven. Neither do they have any evidence of heaven nor do they have

any evidence from millions of people who have gone before -- just a single letter, a postcard -- that "Yes, what these priests are saying is right."

All that money that you give goes to the priests. But the desire to be rewarded blinds you to a simple truth: In the very giving, you feel so joyful... what more reward is needed?

This is one of the principles I insist on most: that each act comes with either its reward or with its punishment. There is no need of any God who is twenty-four hours noting things into his books about millions of people of this earth... and scientists say there are at least fifty thousand planets where life exists.

Have mercy on poor God, don't burden him unnecessarily. Life has an autonomous mechanism of its own. Your very act is either a reward or a punishment. And that can give you the criterion, too: if it is a reward, it is right; if it is a punishment, it is wrong. If it is a reward, it is virtue; if it is a punishment, it is sin. There is no need to go to anybody to ask. Each act, twenty-four hours a day, is teaching you.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.  
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH PAIN, AND THAT PAIN IS THEIR BAPTISM.

This is so beautiful of Kahlil Gibran, that even pain becomes a religious transformation. Even if you give not with joy but with pain, that pain will purify you. That pain is a fire, it will burn all that is wrong in you. You will come out of it more sincere, more human, more religious. This is the meaning of baptism, not the baptism of the Christian priests.

And I am going to criticize it -- dropping a little water on small babies' heads is not baptism, it is simply foolishness.

I have heard a story. One great bishop lived opposite a great rabbi, and naturally there was continuous competition. Even in religious people, the same thing continues.

One day the rabbi came out in the morning and saw that in the bishop's garage there was sitting a beautiful Chevrolet, the latest model. And the bishop came out and sprinkled water on it. The rabbi could not resist his temptation -- what is this idiot doing? He went and asked, "Dear sir, what are you doing?"

The bishop said, "Baptism; now the car is Christian."

The rabbi was very much offended by the new Chevrolet, but a rabbi is a Jew, intelligent as far as money is concerned. He managed that night to collect enough money to purchase a beautiful Lincoln Continental, a much higher-class car than the Chevrolet. The Chevrolet in America is the poor man's car. The Lincoln Continental is their best car -- the rich man's car.

The bishop saw it from his house. He said, "My god, this rabbi is something!"

He went to the rabbi's house and asked, "Whose car is this?"

The rabbi said, "Whose? I have purchased it. It is the latest model Lincoln Continental."

And the bishop said, "What are you doing?" With garden scissors he was cutting the exhaust pipe.

He said, "I am doing the circumcision; now it is a Jew."

And these idiots are not only in stories, they are realities spread all over the world.

A real baptism is the fire through which you pass, the pain through which you pass. You don't escape it. You still trust in existence: if it gives you pain there must be some reason in it, something in your heart has to be burned so that you can become pure.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE AND KNOW NOT PAIN IN GIVING, NOR DO THEY SEEK JOY...

These are the purest, the most religious.

... NOR GIVE WITH MINDFULNESS OF VIRTUE.

They don't give because giving is taught by every religion as virtue.

THEY GIVE AS IN YONDER VALLEY THE MYRTLE BREATHES ITS FRAGRANCE INTO SPACE.

They give just like flowers give their fragrance to the winds, to take it wherever the wind is going. They never come to know to whom they have given. They are not concerned. They simply give out of their love, for no reward, for no virtue. These are the highest givers. They are not even aware of giving.

THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS, AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES HE SMILES....

They have become one with existence. Their hands are God's hands and their eyes are God's eyes....

THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS,  
AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES HE SMILES UPON THE EARTH.

These are the highest peaks of consciousness, beauty, love. Everybody has the potential to become the hands of God, the eyes of God. And unless you become that, you have missed the very point of your life.

IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH UNDERSTANDING.

Why humiliate a person and force him to ask? That is ugly. When you see that some need exists and you are able to fulfill it through your own understanding, fulfill it.

When I was a student in the university, I used to receive two hundred rupees per month from someone, I knew not who. I had tried every way to find out who the person was. On the first day of each month, the money order was there but there was no name, no address. Only when the person died... and he was no one other than the founder of the university in which I was a student.

I went to his home. His wife said, "I am worried -- not because my husband has died; everybody has to die. My concern is, from where am I going to get two hundred rupees to send you?"

I said, "My god, your husband has been sending it? I never asked, and there was no need because I am getting a scholarship from the university, free lodging, free boarding -- everything free."

The wife said, "I also asked him many times: Why do you go on sending two hundred rupees to him? And he said, 'He needs it. He loves books but he has no money for books. And his need for books is greater than his need for food.'"

But he was a rare man. In his whole life, whatever he earned he donated to create the

university in his town.

India has almost one thousand universities. I have seen many. His university is small; it is a small place. But his university is the most beautiful -- on a hilltop surrounded by great trees, and below it such a big lake full of lotus flowers... the lake is so big that you cannot see the other shore. And I came to know that he had given everything to the university. Nobody was asking, nobody was even expecting that in that small place there would be a great university.

He was a world-known legal expert. He had offices in London, in New Delhi, in Peking; he was continuously on the move.

I had asked him, "Why have you chosen this place?"

He said, "I have gone all over the world and I have never seen such a beautiful small hill, with big trees, with such a beautiful lake, with so many lotuses...." The whole lake is covered with flowers and lotus leaves. In the early morning, on all the lotus petals... dewdrops gather in the night... in the morning you can see -- that lake is the richest in the world because each dewdrop shines like a diamond.

He had taken me around the place and he said, "It is not a question of my town, it is a question of the beauty of this place."

But I had never imagined that he would be sending me two hundred rupees per month, unsigned. So I cannot even send him a thank you note.

IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH UNDERSTANDING;  
AND TO THE OPEN-HANDED THE SEARCH FOR ONE WHO SHALL RECEIVE IS JOY GREATER THAN GIVING.

What can we give? Everything is mundane.

Almustafa is right when he says that the true giver is not concerned to attain some joy by giving. His joy is in searching for someone to whom he can give -- who is receptive, who is open, who will not feel offended.

AND IS THERE AUGHT YOU WOULD WITHHOLD?  
ALL YOU HAVE SHALL SOME DAY BE GIVEN;  
THEREFORE GIVE NOW...

Death will take everything away. Hence, never be worried about giving. Life has given to you, life will take it away. Why miss the chance of the joy of giving? Why miss the chance of becoming the hands of God, and the eyes of God?

... THAT THE SEASON OF GIVING MAY BE YOURS AND NOT YOUR INHERITORS'.

People collect for their inheritors. This is wrong for two reasons: one, you miss the chance of giving; secondly, whoever is going to inherit your money will miss the chance of earning it himself. You have destroyed two persons -- yourself and your children.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #11

### Chapter title: Life gives unto life

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BELOVED OSHO,  
YOU OFTEN SAY, "I WOULD GIVE, BUT ONLY TO THE DESERVING."  
THE TREES IN YOUR ORCHARD SAY NOT SO, NOR THE FLOCKS IN YOUR PASTURE.  
THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.  
SURELY HE WHO IS WORTHY TO RECEIVE HIS DAYS AND HIS NIGHTS IS WORTHY OF ALL  
ELSE FROM YOU.  
AND HE WHO HAS DESERVED TO DRINK FROM THE OCEAN OF LIFE DESERVES TO FILL HIS  
CUP FROM YOUR LITTLE STREAM.  
AND WHAT DESERT GREATER SHALL THERE BE, THAN THAT WHICH LIES IN THE COURAGE  
AND THE CONFIDENCE, NAY THE CHARITY, OF RECEIVING?  
AND WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE,  
THAT YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?  
SEE FIRST THAT YOU YOURSELF DESERVE TO BE A GIVER, AND AN INSTRUMENT OF  
GIVING.  
FOR IN TRUTH IT IS LIFE THAT GIVES UNTO LIFE -- WHILE YOU, WHO DEEM YOURSELF A  
GIVER, ARE BUT A WITNESS.  
AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS -- ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF  
GRATITUDE, LEST YOU LAY A YOKE UPON YOURSELF AND UPON HIM WHO GIVES.  
RATHER RISE TOGETHER WITH THE GIVER ON HIS GIFTS AS ON WINGS;  
FOR TO BE OVERMINDFUL OF YOUR DEBT IS TO DOUBT HIS GENEROSITY WHO HAS THE  
FREE-HEARTED EARTH FOR MOTHER, AND GOD FOR FATHER.

All the religions of the world teach charity, service, giving. But look at the world they have created -- there is neither any charity nor any service nor any giving. They have used beautiful words, but their beautiful words are like the words of a blind man who is talking about light. His words may be beautiful but they don't carry any truth.

Almustafa is giving you one of the most important secrets of transforming your life. He says:

YOU OFTEN SAY, "I WOULD GIVE, BUT ONLY TO THE DESERVING."

This is what all the religions have been teaching. The Buddhist scriptures are full of teachings that you should give only to the Buddhists because they are the deserving. And the

brahmin scriptures are full, teaching everybody to give and share and serve -- not those who need, who are starving, who are dying -- but give to the brahmins because they deserve it. They have misled humanity; hence this mess all over the world.

Almustafa is bringing you something of a very original insight -- fresh, unpolluted. It cannot be a borrowed truth because there is no scripture in the world from which it can be borrowed. It is a heartfelt experience.

THE TREES IN YOUR ORCHARD SAY NOT SO, NOR THE FLOCKS IN YOUR PASTURE.

They simply give out of their abundance. If a tree is heavy with fruits, even if there is no one to take those fruits the tree is going to return them to the earth. It cannot go on living so heavily laden, burdened with abundance.

Give out of your abundance.

THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.

Life is a constant movement. Whenever the flow stops, there is death. All full stops belong to death; life is unaware of any full stop.

The really authentic religious person gives because he has; he gives because if he does not give it, it will perish, and with its perishing he will also perish. The religious person shares. It is not an obligation to anybody. On the contrary, the person who receives is obliging you because he has saved you from a burden that could have killed you.

THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.

Look into your own experience. The moments of giving are the most pleasant moments. The greatest joy comes to those who can give without any distinctions. The question is not to whom you are giving, the question is that you are so full, your giving is your overflowing. And overflowing is the dance of life, the song of existence.

Cling to it, hold it, and it is going to die. It needs a continuous movement to live, just like your breathing. Try to hold it, out of fear -- who knows whether it will come back or not? -- and you will be committing suicide. Because you go on giving your breath... and it *is* a giving, whether you are aware of it or not. And the more you give, the fuller is your giving, the healthier you are, the younger you are.

It is a well-known fact that ordinarily we breathe very superficially. We have almost six thousand small openings in our lungs, but it is very rare that anybody breathes with his full lungs. The healthiest person you know breathes only through two thousand small openings. But the other four thousand openings remain without any oxygen -- which is your life. That's why exercise, or running, or jogging, or swimming helps you -- because you breathe deeply. But before you can breathe, you have to empty your lungs of all carbon dioxide that goes on collecting. If your lungs become full of carbon dioxide, you are dead.

The trees around you here also breathe, but they breathe carbon dioxide. So when you breathe out, you are giving to the trees. They need carbon dioxide -- without you, they will die. And they exhale oxygen -- without them, you cannot live. But in his blindness, man goes on cutting trees, not knowing that he is cutting his own life.

I have observed minutely all kinds of people. The miser breathes the shallowest. He clings even to the carbon dioxide which is his death. But we have made up strange things,

strange ideas of humanity, and because they have been repeated so often you have forgotten completely to question them.

Do you know that not a single case in the whole history of man has happened that a man has died by heart attack while making love? It cannot be just coincidence. People are having heart attacks in all kinds of situations. The one situation in which the heart attack does not happen is while you are making love. And the simple reason is, while you are making love you start breathing more fully, more deeply. You are giving, and in your giving is your life.

Do not be worried about whether the person deserves it or not. That is the question and the concern of the miser.

I have observed people who are not misers. They will not have heart attacks. Your whole life is an organic unity. Whatever you do, it reflects your whole personality in all directions. Almustafa is right:

SURELY HE WHO IS WORTHY TO RECEIVE HIS DAYS AND HIS NIGHTS IS WORTHY OF ALL ELSE FROM YOU.

If existence is willing to give that person life, you cannot give him a cup of tea? If existence is ready to keep him alive for seventy, eighty or more years; if existence never thinks of whether he deserves it or not, what are you giving that you are so much concerned about? In fact, you don't want to give. You want some excuse: "I am not giving, not because I am a miser -- I am not giving because there is nobody who deserves."

AND HE WHO HAS DESERVED TO DRINK FROM THE OCEAN OF LIFE DESERVES TO FILL HIS CUP FROM YOUR LITTLE STREAM.

But the brahmin scriptures say, "Give only to the brahmins. Then it is charity, then it is virtuous." They never say, "Give to the *sudras*, the untouchables." In fact, they *need*. But according to the ugly classification of Hinduism, they don't *deserve*.

And we are so blind that we never see that the real person who deserves is the one who needs. He may be a thief, he may be a murderer -- who are you to judge? In your very judgment, you have shown your inhumanity.

I have heard that in a master's small cottage far away from the town, one fullmoon night a thief entered.

The master was awake. He had only one thing, a blanket -- half he used as his mattress and half to cover himself. In the day, he used the same blanket to cover his nakedness because he had no other clothes.

Seeing the man in the fullmoon night -- because the doors were open, the windows were open and the moon was coming in.... The thief was well known. The master closed his eyes, because to keep your eyes open... if the thief knows it, it is disrespectful to his humanity. If he has come miles from the town to steal from a poor master's house, he must be in great need.

He wept. He covered himself under the blanket... "What will he find in my house? He will have to go eight miles again empty-handed. If he had just informed me two or three days before, I could have begged all over the town, collected something for him. This is not the right way to come to a poor man's house." He is not concerned that he is a thief. He is concerned that he has nothing that the man can steal and be satisfied.

Inside the house there was darkness, and the master was worried -- he may stumble, fall,

may get hurt. So he lit a candle and went inside, following the thief.

The thief looked back: suddenly the light had come into the darkness, and as he saw the master, he was frozen with fear. "If this man says a single word, the whole town is going to believe him."

But the master said, "Don't be afraid. I have come just to help you. Inside the house it is very dark. Moreover, for thirty years I have lived in this house and I have not found anything. Just accept me as a partner: whatever we find, we can divide it fifty-fifty. Or, if you want to keep it all, that too is okay because I have not been able to find anything. It is yours; you are the finder."

The heart of the thief was touched. He had heard the word "compassion" but now he came to know it for the first time in his life. No condemnation, no judgment. On the contrary, he was going to help him to steal from his own house.

The thief said, "Just forgive me, master. I was unaware that it was your house; otherwise, I would not have dared to enter."

The master said, "But you cannot go empty-handed, and I have only this blanket. Outside it is too cold. Please, accept this blanket."

He gave his blanket and the thief was amazed that he was naked inside -- that was all he possessed. The thief tried to persuade him....

The master said, "Don't wound me any more. Next time when you come just let me know in advance; I will make arrangements, and if you need a certain thing you can mention that too. There are so many lovers in this town, so many disciples and devotees, I assure you. I am ashamed because my blanket is old. It is not worth giving to anyone... but just see my helplessness and be kind enough to accept it. I will remain grateful to you for my whole life."

The thief was in a dilemma: what to do? He had never seen such a man. He touched the feet of the master, took the blanket -- because now it was too difficult to refuse -- and rushed out of the home, because it was getting too hard to remain in his presence. He had seen emperors and he had seen generals but he had never seen a human being.

As he was going out, the master said, "Remember, don't forget. You have made me so happy. For my whole life, I have been a beggar. I have never known the joy of giving. You have turned me from a beggar into an emperor by receiving my old and rotten blanket. Your heart is large, your understanding is deep. Come again and again."

As the thief left, the master was sitting, shivering. It was so cold... and he saw the full moon from his window and he wrote a small haiku which means:

Why has the existence made me so poor?

Only this moment, encountering the thief

I have felt my poverty. If I could give him this beautiful moon, I would have given it also.

The question is not whether the person to whom you are giving something deserves it or not. The question is whether he needs it or not. Give to him out of love; give out of respect. Don't destroy anybody's dignity.

AND WHAT DESERT GREATER SHALL THERE BE THAN THAT WHICH LIES IN THE COURAGE  
AND THE CONFIDENCE, NAY THE CHARITY, OF RECEIVING?

This is simply a virgin statement. Nobody -- no Krishna, no Buddha, no Jesus -- has ever been able to assert such a deep truth: ...*the charity of receiving*. They have all been talking about the charity of *giving*.

Feel obliged to those who receive from you. Look at their courage and confidence -- they

could have refused. Look at their charity. They have allowed you to shower on them just like a cloud which is heavy with rain. And when there is a cloud heavy with rainwater and showers, do you think it goes all around finding who deserves it? Does it rain more in the brahmin's field and less in the poor sudra's field? It is unconcerned. It is simply grateful to the thirsty earth that receives it with joy. And all over, the joy comes into green foliage, flowers with fragrance. Suddenly the dry land is no longer dry -- it is full of juice and full of life.

But still, the thirsty land has done a charitable act: it has unburdened a cloud. It has freed the cloud -- now it can move more easily in any direction the wind is blowing.

But no religion has ever thought about it. In fact, the religions have been concerned with the money and power that can come from rich people. They were really trying to persuade the rich to give... but in such a roundabout way.

Reading a Buddhist scripture on charity, I was amazed at how cunning is the mind of people you think are religious. I don't think those words have been uttered by Gautam Buddha himself, because they were compiled after his death. And he had been speaking for forty-two years continuously, so there are so many schools -- exactly thirty-two schools -- with different scriptures saying that "This has been asserted by Buddha." Now there is no way to decide.

But reading... first it talks about the beauty of charity, the virtue of charity, the reward that you will get in the other world if you are charitable. And in the end it says, "But remember, give only to those who deserve." And it defines who the people are who deserve. The definition is such that only a Buddhist monk will fit into it. Give to a *bhikku*, the Buddhist monk -- he is not saying *exactly* to the Buddhist monk, but he gives a definition which is applicable only to a Buddhist monk.

And the same is true about Hindus and about Mohammedans and about Christians. But none of them has really thought about the charity of receiving, because they were not concerned about themselves; they were concerned about the money -- how to get it, how to allure people to donate, how to convince them that whatever they are giving is a good business, because they will be receiving much more in the other life.

Here, Almustafa rises to the highest consciousness possible.

AND WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE,  
THAT YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?

Who are you? You are giving something mundane -- money, bread, clothes, shelter for the night.

It happened once that I was traveling from one village to another village. There were no railway trains in that area, and my chauffeur was new, and there were two towns with very similar names. So he got into the wrong town in the middle of the night. It was a Mohammedan town. I wanted just to rest for the night.

The first question was, "Are you a Mohammedan?"

I said, "Is it necessary to be a Mohammedan? I will only be sleeping under the shelter of your house."

They said, "If you are a Mohammedan, you are welcome. If you are not a Mohammedan, we are sorry" -- because that is what their preachers have been telling them.

Hilariously, my chauffeur was a Mohammedan, so he said, "In the next house, you are not to speak at all. You look perfectly like a Mohammedan, there is no problem. You just don't speak and I will manage. I will say, 'My master, my boss, is in silence.'"

I said, "Try it." It worked! I received all their hospitality, even more because I was keeping silence. But in the morning when we were leaving, I said, "It will only be right to make you aware that I am not a Mohammedan and I'm not keeping silence. Of course, my chauffeur is a Mohammedan."

They were really angry and annoyed. The whole town gathered. My chauffeur said, "What trouble are you creating? It was just a question of two minutes more. If you had kept silent, they all would have welcomed you and thought a great saint, a sage had blessed their house, their town."

I said, "But it was not true. I agreed with you because I was feeling too tired and sleepy."

But things became too hot. My chauffeur said, "You have to do something, because these are all fanatics." Anybody who belongs to an organized religion is a bigot and a fanatic because his basic understanding is that only *his* religion is right and all other religions are wrong. He may say so, he may not say so.

Seeing the situation -- and I had to reach a certain place in time, and the joke had gone already too far -- I laughed and said, "You people are so simple and innocent. Can't you recognize a Mohammedan when you see one?"

They said, "We can see, you *look* like a Mohammedan."

And I said, "As for my silence, this was my last night of silence. That's why I'm speaking now."

And they all laughed and they all hugged me and they said, "Whenever you want, you are welcome. Whenever you pass along this route, all houses are open for you."

WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE, THAT YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?

Is this an act of charity? This is not charity. Charity imposes no conditions, charity knows no conditions. Charity simply gives and feels grateful that you received, that you did not reject.

SEE FIRST THAT YOU YOURSELF DESERVE TO BE A GIVER  
-- that should be your concern: are you worthy of giving? --

AND AN INSTRUMENT OF GIVING.  
FOR IN TRUTH IT IS LIFE THAT GIVES UNTO LIFE -- WHILE YOU, WHO DEEM YOURSELF A GIVER, ARE BUT A WITNESS.

Can you find something more beautiful ever asserted? Life gives to life, while you are unnecessarily fulfilling your ego that you are the giver. How can you be the giver? You had come naked without anything, and you will leave this world naked and without anything. And just in between these two nakednesses, you become a possessor, a giver. Everything belongs to existence.

One who understands, sees himself as only an instrument through whom life gives to life. And he is just a witness.

Just today, Nirvano brought me a small press cutting: DEVELOP WISDOM TO SAVE HUMANITY. "The prime minister, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi, today posed the question whether man, who has developed enough knowledge to wipe out humanity, will be able to acquire enough wisdom to save it."

And Rajiv Gandhi has deceived the whole country, saying that "If you vote us into power, we are going to usher the whole country into the twenty-first century." It seems now he's growing his wisdom tooth too late. Was he not aware of this fact, that man is not wise enough even to be called human? He's not even contemporary -- and particularly in this country, he is centuries behind. While he was promising that he would take you into the twenty-first century, he befooled you. He took you for a good ride.

And now: "Inaugurating a five-day international conference in memory of Indira Gandhi entitled TOWARDS NEW BEGINNINGS Mr. Gandhi said, 'Man has not changed his basic thinking, though he has exchanged the club used by the primitive man with nuclear missiles to destroy each other.'"

When he was talking to the country and telling people that he was going to take the country into the twenty-first century before anybody else enters it, the chief editor of ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY had come to take my interview in America. His last question was, "Do you have any message for Rajiv Gandhi?"

And this was my message: "Tell him that just by bringing more technology you cannot bring the twenty-first century to your country. First, people's minds have to be changed. Their prejudices are rotten; they are living in the past, not in the present -- and you are talking about the future. Yes, you can have all the technology that the West has, but that does not mean that you will have the wisdom to use nuclear bombs for creative purposes. You are fighting for small things: Mohammedans fighting Hindus, Hindus are fighting with Sikhs...."

He was annoyed by my message. But now he's coming to his senses because new elections are coming close. Now he has to find some new slogans. These are my words he is repeating, but when I sent them he was annoyed. Because in the whole country, nobody was asking him, "What nonsense are you talking?"

People of this country are thinking of bringing back the same old age when Rama ruled -- *ram raja*, the kingdom of Rama. Mahatma Gandhi, one of the most cunning politicians the world has ever produced, was continuously talking about it -- "The moment the country becomes independent, the spinning wheel is going to be the only technology." He was against railway trains, he was against telephones. He was against telegrams, post offices. He had been insisting his whole life that the spinning wheel was the last invention of humanity. After that, whatever has happened has to be dropped; only then can man live in peace.

I agree with him. Only then can man live in peace because only then will man be in his grave! Of course, graveyards are the most peaceful places -- ghosts don't fight and ghosts don't belong to Hindus, to Mohammedans, to Christians. A ghost is a ghost. Even ghosts are far wiser than your living people.

"The prime minister wondered whether the present generation was in any way better than the generation that had gone by." Now great wisdom is arising in him. He should first try to change the character and the consciousness of his cabinet, of his parliament, of his government and its bureaucracy.

One of the members of Parliament has asked, "Is the Indian government against Osho's disciples coming from other countries to see him and to be with him?" And Rajiv Gandhi's cabinet minister flatly denied it -- "This is absolutely wrong. Everybody is welcomed."

And this is an absolute lie. Because now I am receiving messages from all over the world that sannyasins are being refused by all the Indian embassies. And you will be aware of what is happening in Poona. Whatever is happening in Poona, a small public servant, the police commissioner, has not the guts to do it. He must have had the support of the Maharashtra government and the central government from New Delhi.

If everybody is welcome then why in every embassy are my sannyasins being refused?

The cabinet minister is lying to the parliament, and to lie to the parliament is to lie to the whole nation because the parliament is representative of the whole country. To lie to the parliament is to lie to the whole world.

So one thing is being said in the parliament and just the contrary orders are being given to all the embassies.

Now I have withdrawn orange clothes, malas, seeing the stupidity of the politicians. They can not recognize my sannyasins, so they have started asking, "For what do you want to go to India?"

And I have received from many countries the same report: whenever they said that they wanted to go to India to learn the art of meditation, the ambassadors said, "Now India is no longer allowing people to come for learning meditation. You can come to see the Taj Mahal, you are welcome to visit the country, but as far as meditation is concerned, a visa cannot be given." Now, my people are simple and innocent, and that is the whole approach that I am teaching to them. They had never thought that the Indian government would be *against* meditation.

I would like to ask Mr. Rajiv Gandhi: Is there any other way to create wisdom than meditation? This is my open challenge -- either he can come here or I am ready to go to his parliament -- there is only one way to be wise and that comes out of a silent mind. But the silent mind is another name for meditation.

Is he aware what he is talking about? Wisdom... he should start changing his cabinet. It consists of characterless people, lying, and it must be completely in his awareness. He was present when the minister said, "We are not preventing anyone. Osho's disciples are welcome." But there seems to be no sign at all.

Hundreds of sannyasins have been given visas because they saw that it was better not to mention meditation, because meditation has now become synonymous with my name. So they started saying, "We are just tourists going to see beautiful cities in India." They got visas but at Bombay airport they have names of the sannyasins who used to live with me continuously for seven years here in this city of the dead.

Of course, the dead were a little disturbed, because a living people cannot behave according to the dead. Have you ever seen two dead persons hugging each other? -- and when two dead persons see two living beings joyously hugging each other, just a gesture of love, they feel jealous. They feel that they have missed life. They are irritated, they start tossing and turning in their graves.

Hundreds of sannyasins are being turned back from Bombay airport. Now who is going to pay their fare, their hard-earned money? They earned money just to come to see me and be here for a few weeks and they are thrown back.

I would like to tell Mr. Rajiv Gandhi that your government owes that money to my sannyasins. That money should be given back. On what grounds are you turning them back from the airport? They have never committed a crime in your country, they are not coming here to commit crimes. They can commit crimes anywhere in their own countries.

And if they are coming here to sit silently and listen to me, or just sit silently in my presence, to share my love -- who are you to throw them out from the airport? And who is going to give them back their hard-earned money?

The Indian government should be aware of the fact that if you don't stop all this nonsense, I am going to the high court or to the supreme court, and bringing Mr. Rajiv Gandhi there. Things are so clear that I don't even need a legal expert -- just common sense is enough.

The news clipping is saying that he was inaugurating a five-day international conference. In his conference, people from other countries are welcome to listen to his garbage. What does he know? If it was a conference on the mechanical science of airplanes or a conference of pilots, of course he would be entitled to address it or to participate in it. But about wisdom... what wisdom has he got?

And the conference was arranged in memory of Indira Gandhi. What has Indira Gandhi done? I had great hopes for her, but she failed utterly. In fact, she initiated the violence. What about thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who have been killed and assassinated? No conference will be held for them, and they were innocent people, doing no harm to anybody. The same cannot be said about Indira Gandhi.

And I had always loved her; I was the only person in the whole of India who blessed her when she was fighting to come back into power. I had blessed her because I wanted this country to get rid of Morarji Desai. My blessing was directly for Indira Gandhi, but it was an indirect way of saying that all these senile people should be thrown out. But she had not the guts even publicly to recognize my blessings. She said to her secretary, "Osho is the only man." Vinoba Bhave did not bless her, and he was her spiritual guru, her spiritual master. When she went for his blessing, the people of his ashram said, "He is in silence. So you can see him, but he cannot speak."

Gurus of politicians cannot be other than politicians. Just a day before, he was not in silence, and just a day afterwards he was not in silence! Exactly on the day she came, he went into silence. And the same strategy was adopted by the *shankaracharya*. There also, she went to receive blessings and he was in silence.

She had been telling my private secretary, Laxmi, again and again: "I want to come to Poona and to meet Osho. I have to ask many questions concerning the future of this country." Many times appointments were decided -- she's coming on this date -- and just one day before, it was cancelled. It happened so many times that I told Laxmi, "When you see her again tell her that from Osho's side it is cancelled forever."

What kind of stupid thing is... for nine months continuously she was coming, she was coming, she was coming. And she *came* to Poona and Laxmi went to see her and she said, "I am very sorry. I wanted to come to the ashram but I have so many appointments" -- appointments with dead people.

Appointments with whom? She could not find time to come from the circuit house to the ashram, but she went to Kolhapur because another shankaracharya was visiting Kolhapur. She wasted six hours, and the shankaracharya was silent -- because these are all politicians in different masks. Nobody wants to say anything controversial. Naturally, you can understand why they cannot say anything controversial....

I have not committed any crime except that I am controversial. Every man of integrity, every man of understanding is bound to be controversial. If I see something is wrong, I am going to say it is wrong. And if I see something is right, the whole world may not agree with me, but I am going to say it is right. It is better to die for the truth than to live and compromise with lies.

The fact is that forty years of freedom have been wasted by one family -- the Nehru family. From Jawaharlal Nehru up to Rajiv Gandhi, forty years of this great country have been simply wasted. Their own interest has been to continue a family dynasty they have created. Otherwise, what other qualifications does Rajiv have to be a prime minister of a country which is so full of problems? It does not need cowards.

I can change the whole fate of this country within ten years without any problem. There is

not much to it, you just have to be courageous enough to destroy all the superstitions. Whether they belong to Hindus or to Mohammedans or to Christians, it does not matter.

You have to stop your growing crowd... which can be stopped without any difficulty. In my commune in America, where five thousand people were living, in five years' time not a single child was born. And there was no enforcement of any kind. Sheer understanding just made people see the situation.

But rather than making people understand the situation, you go on praising Mother Teresa, who is against birth control. Whoever is against birth control should be behind bars! -- Mother Teresa or father pope does not matter. All these fathers and mothers can get married and get lost! What business do they have? Their business is that if birth control comes, from where will you get more orphans? And without orphans how can you go on increasing the population of Catholics? It is sheer politics -- not religion at all.

If Rajiv Gandhi really wants the country to become a little wise, the beginning should be from the prime minister's house. They should learn how to meditate. Every session of the parliament should start with one hour of meditation.

They should change the whole bureaucracy which we have inherited from the British imperialists. This bureaucracy was not created to give people freedom, to give people freedom of expression. This bureaucracy was created just for opposite reasons: to destroy people, their freedom, their individuality, to destroy all kinds of intelligence. And the same bureaucracy continues.

If Rajiv Gandhi really means what he is saying, he should start with his own government. It is full of all kinds of idiots. Their whole function is not to allow the country to grow.

When the police commissioner created unnecessary nuisance in a religious temple, where he has no business to interfere..... Even if he enters, he should enter with permission and he should leave his shoes outside the gate and all his firearms and his idea of being a police commissioner. These people were created to be brutal, to be inhuman. They are still in power.

If Rajiv Gandhi is sincere and honest, the police commissioner of Poona should be demoted and suspended *immediately*. No such thing should be tolerated at all.

When we phoned him again and again, at his office they said, "He has not come to the office yet." When we said, "Then please just give us his phone number," they would not give us his phone number. It took almost one hour for our people there at the commissioner's office just to get the phone number of his house. If he is not in the office, and it is office time....

And when we phoned his home, they said, "He is worshipping." Again and again he was always "worshipping." Is this government paying government and public money to people to worship in their homes at the time when they should be in the office?

Rajiv Gandhi should start doing something to change his bureaucracy. A small file takes *years* to move; an ordinary thing which can be decided within minutes, takes lifetimes. The file goes on moving from one table to another and it moves only when you bribe the person. Then it moves to another table. Then you have to bribe the other person. Then it moves to another table... and there is a long line of tables from here to New Delhi.

How do you expect a country where ninety-eight percent of the people are uneducated... and they don't know what is going on. Change the government first. The country has to be given the right guidelines, which of course you and your colleagues cannot give.

Every university should have classes of meditation -- not only for the students but also for the other citizens. Whoever wants to learn meditation should be allowed to learn. And your ambassadors are preventing people, exactly because of the word "meditation." The moment

they say, "We are going to learn meditation," the visa is denied.

I would love to know -- is there another way of becoming wise? Has Rajiv Gandhi found some other key which Buddha missed, Mahavira missed, Patanjali missed, Lao Tzu missed? For ten thousand years, all the great masters have missed that which Rajiv Gandhi has found -- the key to wisdom. Then at least distribute those keys to people.

It is very easy to use big words to impress people. Neither they know the meaning of it nor you know the meaning of it. Most probably, the speech was written by a clerk. That is the routine business of all the leaders -- somebody writes their speeches. They are simply gramophone records. Particularly of a company called "His Master's Voice." And have you seen their symbol? That dog seems to really wise, listening so intently, sitting before the speaker.

It was Indira Gandhi who was responsible for all the deaths that have occurred. And more deaths will occur, because the problem is still a problem. Indira Gandhi supported Bangladesh in separating from Pakistan. She sent armies to Bangladesh, which was not her business, to support pundit Muzibur Rahman. He also belongs to the same Nehru family it seems.

When it is a question of Pakistan, and Bangladesh wants to be separate, and their reasons are valid, then why should there be double standards? If Sikhs want freedom... it is everybody's right.

These politicians go on repeating that "Democracy is *for* the people, *of* the people, *by* the people." And whenever the people ask, "We want to rule ourselves," immediately democracy and the definition of democracy is forgotten.

What is the problem? If Punjab wants to be independent... the theory of separation has been accepted, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi, by your grandfather! It is not *my* proposal. It was Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who accepted the separation of India into Pakistan and India. And why did they accept it? -- for a simple reason: they all were getting old and they were worried about whether they would be able to achieve power in their lifetimes or not. So even if they cannot get the whole of India, something is better than nothing; they will accept the separation. And then Indira Gandhi repeated the same policy again; she supported Bangladesh to be separate.

My simple understanding is that once a certain group of people wants to be free, nobody should create any hindrances. Freedom is such a high value. Indira Gandhi would have been loved and respected by the Sikhs, would have been remembered for centuries to come if she had willingly and lovingly accepted the idea that if you want to be free, it is your birthright. "You be free, and whatever help we can give you, we are prepared to give."

She would not have been assassinated. Perhaps the Sikhs would have dropped the idea of separating from a country which is so willing, so supportive, so loving. What is the point of being separated? But Indira Gandhi created a trouble which will continue unless somebody is ready to give freedom to anybody who wants it.

There is no law above freedom.

But nobody will remember those thousands and thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who have been massacred. It was she who sent the armies into the temple of the Sikhs -- which is absolutely ugly, against the Indian constitution. She destroyed the sanctity of a holy place.

Now the police commissioner wants to do the same here. He wants us not to have arms -- we don't have. It will be a really easy job: they can bring all their machine guns and shoot all of my people.

But that will record for the coming humanity that all these politicians are the enemies of

democracy, freedom, humanity -- of the birth of a new man.

AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS -- ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF OF GRATITUDE....

Almustafa is continuously showering as many beautiful roses on you as possible.

AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS,

because we have all received life. We are all receiving life-giving air every moment. We are receiving from the fruits, life; from the water, life. We are all receivers. Don't get into the egoist idea that "I am a giver." The moment you think in terms that you are a giver, you burden the person to whom you are giving. You humiliate him, it is really a very subtle insult. And he will continue to carry the burden that he's grateful to you.

ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF GRATITUDE, LEST YOU LAY A YOKE UPON YOURSELF AND UPON HIM WHO GIVES.

RATHER RISE TOGETHER WITH THE GIVER OF HIS GIFTS AS ON WINGS;  
FOR TO BE OVERMINDFUL OF YOUR DEBTS IS TO DOUBT HIS GENEROSITY WHO HAS THE FREE-HEARTED EARTH FOR MOTHER, AND GOD FOR FATHER.

There is no need for anyone to feel that "I am the giver" and there is no need for anyone to be grateful to the person. It is life that gives. You are both the wings of the same bird. Rise high together, don't be separate as giver and receiver.

It is something to be continuously remembered: share, and forget all about it. The giver has to forget, the receiver has to forget. Both should be grateful towards life because it is life which gives.

To life, you are only a witness.

I would like to add only one thing which Almustafa has forgotten. The receiver is also a witness, not only the giver. They are both witnessing the tremendous drama of existence and life.

If it can happen that there is no giver and no receiver, but only a life moving continuously between two shores of the ocean, then you are tasting for the first time something of what I call godliness.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #12

### Chapter title: The wine and the winepress

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN AN OLD MAN, A KEEPER OF AN INN, SAID, SPEAK TO US OF EATING AND DRINKING.  
AND HE SAID:  
WOULD THAT YOU COULD LIVE ON THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH, AND LIKE AN AIR  
PLANT BE SUSTAINED BY THE LIGHT.  
BUT SINCE YOU MUST KILL TO EAT, AND ROB THE NEWLY BORN OF ITS MOTHER'S MILK TO  
QUENCH YOUR THIRST, LET IT THEN BE AN ACT OF WORSHIP,  
AND LET YOUR BOARD STAND AN ALTAR ON WHICH THE PURE AND THE INNOCENT OF  
FOREST AND PLAIN ARE SACRIFICED FOR THAT WHICH IS PURER AND STILL MORE  
INNOCENT IN MAN.  
WHEN YOU KILL A BEAST SAY TO HIM IN YOUR HEART:  
BY THE SAME POWER THAT SLAYS YOU, I TOO AM SLAIN; AND I TOO SHALL BE CONSUMED.  
FOR THE LAW THAT DELIVERED YOU INTO MY HAND SHALL DELIVER ME INTO A MIGHTIER  
HAND.  
YOUR BLOOD AND MY BLOOD IS NAUGHT BUT THE SAP THAT FEEDS THE TREE OF  
HEAVEN."  
AND WHEN YOU CRUSH AN APPLE WITH YOUR TEETH, SAY TO IT IN YOUR HEART:  
YOUR SEEDS SHALL LIVE IN MY BODY, AND THE BUDS OF YOUR TO-MORROW SHALL  
BLOSSOM IN MY HEART,  
AND YOUR FRAGRANCE SHALL BE MY BREATH.  
AND TOGETHER WE SHALL REJOICE THROUGH ALL THE SEASONS.  
AND IN THE AUTUMN, WHEN YOU GATHER THE GRAPES OF YOUR VINEYARDS FOR THE  
WINEPRESS, SAY IN YOUR HEART:  
I TOO AM A VINEYARD, AND MY FRUIT SHALL BE GATHERED FOR THE WINEPRESS,  
AND LIKE NEW WINE I SHALL BE KEPT IN ETERNAL VESSELS.  
AND IN WINTER, WHEN YOU DRAW THE WINE, LET THERE BE IN YOUR HEART A SONG FOR  
EACH CUP;  
AND LET THERE BE IN THE SONG A REMEMBRANCE FOR THE AUTUMN DAYS, AND FOR THE  
VINEYARD, AND FOR THE WINEPRESS.

It is significant that now the question is from an old man. These are metaphors, because Kahlil Gibran is a poet. He has glimpses of mysticism, but he is not a mystic himself. Hence I will not be agreeing on all points that he is giving in reply to the old man.

The old man is representative of the traditional mind, of the orthodox, of the past, of all those who are dead. But still, there was no need to answer him the way he has answered. That

shows the difference between a poet and a mystic.

These words are coming from Kahlil Gibran himself. He is no more the hands through which God speaks, the eyes that smile at you but the smile is of God. The window that was opening to the eternal is for a moment closed.

I have talked about the distinction between the poet and the mystic: the mystic is always the same, on the same height, on the same sunlit peaks, but the poet goes on falling back.

THEN AN OLD MAN, A KEEPER OF AN INN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF EATING AND DRINKING.  
AND HE SAID:  
WOULD THAT YOU COULD LIVE ON THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH, AND LIKE AN AIR  
PLANT BE SUSTAINED BY THE LIGHT....

But now the authority is gone. The words are still beautiful, but something is missing. Up to now he was speaking from the heights; now he is standing amongst the crowd, just one of them.

BUT SINCE YOU MUST KILL TO EAT, AND ROB THE NEWLY BORN OF ITS MOTHER'S MILK TO  
QUENCH YOUR THIRST, LET IT THEN BE AN ACT OF WORSHIP....

This is compromise. And this is one of the reasons why the world was not annoyed with Kahlil Gibran. He reaches to high peaks -- that too, through a fictitious figure, Almustafa -- but he will go on many times falling back and will not have the courage to go against the tradition, the traditional mind, the society, its old, deep-rooted ugly behavior.

It is strange that a man like Kahlil Gibran will agree with killing living animals to eat. He was born in a nonvegetarian society; he has not been able to be completely free of its bondage, its conditioning. Otherwise it would be impossible to say that you can go on killing animals for eating, *and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to quench your thirst.*

Man for thousands of years has been a hunter. And if you are born in a society which eats living animals, you certainly don't have any reverence for life. He is allowing the old man in himself to say these things.

Violence cannot come from the divine. Violence is barbarous. And it is only because the whole humanity is almost asleep that you never question a simple thing: if you are eating living beings, killing living beings for your food, it is not very far away -- you can easily kill human beings too. What is the difference?

Life is one, whether it exists in the singing birds or in the beautiful deer or in the glories of a lion -- they are also our brothers and sisters.

What is the difference between a cannibal and a meat eater?

One of my friends was caught in Africa where there still exist small groups of cannibals who eat human flesh, who kill man just for eating. And because they had nothing else to offer him to eat.... They had enough human meat, so they were not interested in killing him right away; they were preserving him in the same way all meat-eating people preserve their cattle for the right moment when they will be killed.

He was hungry and he wanted to eat something. There was no other way than to share whatever they were eating. And he told me -- he managed to escape in the deep darkness of the night -- a very strange thing. He is a meat eater, but to eat the meat of other human beings was a shock. But, hungry and tired, he managed to eat... and he was surprised: the human meat is the most delicious.

In the beginning of this century, the cannibals in Africa were three thousand. Now they

are only three hundred, because when they cannot get anybody else -- and nobody goes into those parts -- then they start eating their own children, their own wives. From three thousand they are reduced to three hundred. All over the world, population is a problem -- the population explosion. And those poor cannibals are shrinking, and are bound to disappear soon.

But I want you to consider the fact that the moment you kill, it does not matter whom you are killing, it is always life that is destroyed. Whether it was in the form of man or in the form of an animal makes no difference. And this stupidity continues without considering the fact that with the new technology we can produce enough, and there is no need to kill any bird, any animal, any human being.

But because Kahlil Gibran was born in a nonvegetarian society, that conditioning is still lingering somewhere in his unconscious. He allows it very lightly: *But since you must kill to eat and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to quench your thirst, let it then be an act of worship.* That is trying to cover it up -- *Let it be an act of worship.*

Can Kahlil Gibran say the same to the cannibals, that "When you are eating a man, let it be an act of worship"?

I have heard a very beautiful story about the first Christian missionary who dared to go to the cannibals in Africa to teach them Christianity, to convert them to Christianity.

He was caught hold of and he saw a big pot of boiling water on the fire. Fear started coming to him. He had been told by his friends, "Don't go there; it is impossible to convert those people to Christianity. And anyway they are disappearing by themselves. By the end of this century perhaps there will be no cannibals in the world." But the missionary was very adamant. He wanted to be the pioneer, who converted even the cannibals.

While they were putting him into the boiling water, he said, "What are you doing?" They said, "Soon you will see."

Just as a last resort, he said, "Have you ever tasted Christianity?"

They said, "No, not yet, but soon we are going to taste -- just let the soup be ready."

I don't see any difference between nonvegetarians and cannibals. A man of love, compassion, understanding, can only be a vegetarian.

And the trees are available to give their abundance. There is no need to kill. It is a sheer hangover from the past hunting days, when there was no cultivation.

You will be surprised to know that Jainas, who are the only community in the whole world which is vegetarian... not even the Buddhists are vegetarians, although Buddha preached vegetarianism. Then what happened? How did the whole of Asia, which is Buddhist, become meat eaters? This will show you the cunning mind of man. If he can find some small loophole he is not going to miss the opportunity to remain his old self. He is not going to transform.

The story is that Buddha had absolutely told his disciples not to eat meat. Because it is not only a question of reverence for life; it is also a question that if you are not full of reverence for life, your own heart is going to become hard. Your love is going to be phony, your compassion, just a word.

The concern of Mahavira and Gautam Buddha was that man should eat not only to live; man should eat to grow into purer consciousness. A meat eater remains unconscious, tethered to the earth. He cannot fly into the sky of consciousness. Both things cannot exist together, that you are becoming more and more conscious and you are not even aware what you are doing -- and just for taste, which is not impossible without killing. You can have the tastiest food possible. So it is absolutely unnecessary, an old past hangover.

But one day an incident happened -- because this was the teaching of Buddha, that his sannyasins should eat only one time a day, and that is enough. And perhaps science is going to say the same to you, to eat only one time a day. Because it has now been found that if you eat less you live longer. If you eat more, you die sooner.

And the reason is that eating for taste becomes an obsession; you want more and more. Americans eat at least five times a day. That is just the average; I'm not talking about REAL Americans.

When I was in America I felt that Charles Darwin had come a little too early. That happens to all geniuses. He proved as far as what evidence was available at that time, that man has come from the monkeys. Have you seen the monkeys? They are continuously chewing something or other. But he failed to find the missing link, because the monkeys and man... there is a big gap. There must have been a link also, that he worked his whole life to find -- some animal which is part monkey, part man. That would have put his hypothesis on absolutely certain ground.

Seeing the Americans, I felt very sad for Charles Darwin, because these are the missing links! Either they are eating, or if there is no possibility to contain more.... Thirty million Americans are dying because of overeating, and they still continue to eat! It is an obsession.

You cannot behave like monkeys the whole day long while you are awake, but you can at least chew chewing gum -- just a substitute so your mouth continues to feel you are eating. Even in your sleep you can go on crushing your teeth together, and there are people -- I know them personally -- who are eating the whole day, in between chewing gum, smoking cigarettes. In the night you cannot drop the whole day's practice just because you are asleep. They must be dreaming of delicious food; that's why they are crushing their teeth.

It is a strange coincidence: In America, thirty million people are dying because they don't have anything to eat. They are called in America, "street people." Most of them -- almost all of them -- are black. They don't have any shelter, they don't have anything to eat. And exactly the same number of people, thirty million other Americans -- they are all white, without exception -- are dying of overeating. The question can be solved for sixty million people within minutes, with just a little understanding. And America goes on sending its missionaries to poor countries.

The logic is clear. They come here and to other poor countries to give food, shelter, clothes, because these poor people can be converted. Those thirty million Americans are already Christians, so there is no need to bother about them. The whole question seems to be how to increase the number, because in the final count the number decides who is powerful.

Another thing -- he talks about the newly born being robbed of their mother's milk. I was speaking in a Jaina conference, which is the only vegetarian community in the whole world. And I said to them, "If you want to be really and totally vegetarian, you have to stop drinking milk and eating milk products also." Because a cow gives birth to a kid, the milk belongs to the kid. The cow is not giving milk for you.

And have you observed? All other animals, after a short time, stop drinking milk and move to solid food. It is only man who goes on drinking milk to the very end of his life. It must have physiological and psychological consequences; they cannot be avoided.

First, the milk was for the cow's child and the cow's child was going to become a bull; hence the milk has all the chemicals and elements necessary to make a strong bull. And if man drinks the same milk, he is going to become more like a bull than like a man! And on top of it, monogamy, celibacy... bulls are not known for celibacy. In fact, one bull is enough for hundreds of cows.

The blindness is such that Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, all think that milk is the purest food. It is not. And these are the people who worship somebody who simply remains on milk.

I used to live in a city and there was a big ashram... I inquired, "What is the attraction? because I have seen the man -- he looks to me like just an average idiot."

They said, "No, he is a great saint. He lives only on milk. He is called Dundadari Baba -- the milk-drinking saint."

I said, "If he has been drinking only milk, he should be called a dangerous bull!"

And finally it was found that he *was* a dangerous bull -- because the milk was not from a human mother, and milk is an animal product. It comes from the animal's body, just as the blood does. Those who pretend to be vegetarians should stop all milk products. Otherwise, it is a substitute, at the cost of those animals' small kids. That milk is for them, not for you.

The Jainas were very much angry with me, but they had no argument against it.

Buddhists became meat eaters because of a small incident. Buddha's teaching was that one should not ask when he goes to beg. Every sannyasin had to go every day for begging -- one should not ask; otherwise, sannyasins will become a burden on people. Whatever is given, accept it with thankfulness. But one day, a monk came and asked, "I am in difficulty," because the other rule was that whatever is given to you in the begging bowl, you have to eat it all. It is not much, because you are eating one time in twenty-four hours. No chewing gum, no cigarettes.... And for another reason too -- that food is scarce; people are giving to you out of reverence for you. You should not throw their food. Nothing should be thrown from the begging bowl.

This sannyasin came with his begging bowl and he said, "I am in a dilemma. As I was coming home, a bird flying over dropped a piece of meat into my begging bowl. So what do you suggest to me? Should I throw it out? That goes against your teaching that nothing should be thrown out or left uneaten. There should be a respect for food, because it is your very life. Or should I eat this piece of meat? That too is against your teaching that we should not eat meat."

Even Gautam Buddha had to close his eyes and to think what to say to this man. Both the alternatives were dangerous. If he says you can throw it, that will become an example for others to come. Whatever they don't like they can throw. If he says eat it, he is allowing the person to eat meat. He weighed all the pros and cons, and then he thought: This kind of accident is not going to happen every day. In my eighty years' life, this is the first instance. So it is better to let him eat.

He allowed him to eat, and that became the loophole. When Buddhism spread all over Asia... they would not ask directly, but indirectly they would indicate to their friends, intimate disciples, sympathizers... and all over Asia all the Buddhists are eating meat because of that one stupid bird. They have followed the bird, not the Buddha.

But Gautam Buddha and Mahavira tried their best to make human beings so full of reverence for life that no animal is killed.

Man can produce vegetables and other vegetarian varieties of fruits, and with the modern technology miracles are possible. In the Soviet Union they have fruits which man has never heard of. They are cross-breeding. Once in a while you also eat something which was not produced by nature, but you are not aware that it is from cross-breeding. You all eat oranges -- they are not natural fruits. They are a cross-breed between lemons and *mossambis*. And the proof of whether any fruit is a cross-breed is very simple: its seeds are useless. You cannot produce it just by sowing its seeds; it has always to be brought into existence by cross-breeding. The oranges are like Anglo-Indians!

Nothing is wrong in it. And in Russia they have created thousands of fruits, through the same process. Then you can make them as delicious, as potent as possible. So now there exists no necessity at all for anyone to be a cannibal, because to me anybody who eats meat is a cannibal. We are all children of the same nature -- why should you confine it to, and condemn, the cannibals and not condemn yourselves?

But Kahlil Gibran has fallen into the old trap of tradition, conditioning, upbringing. That's why I cannot count him in the category of the enlightened ones. He has come very close, but has not entered the temple yet. A great man, full of tremendous insights, but he remained only on the steps of the temple.

And he says, *let it be an act of worship*. My feeling is that he himself could have seen what he was saying. So just to cover up -- *let it be an act of worship*. But all the barbarians in the world in the past have been sacrificing human beings -- and because it was "an act of worship" they were never thought to be cannibals. Even today, in the great temple of Calcutta, the temple of Mother Goddess Kali, every day animals are sacrificed -- as "an act of worship." And once they are sacrificed they are distributed amongst the worshippers as the *prasad*, the gift of God.

When I went in I could not believe my eyes -- how cunning the man can be! He wants to eat meat, so he has made it "an act of worship." I asked the high priest of the great temple of Kali in Calcutta: "Do you really believe that it is an act of worship? What happens to the animal's soul?"

He said, "The animal who is sacrificed is blessed, because he goes directly to paradise."

I said, "Then why don't you sacrifice your father, your mother, your children, and send them directly to paradise?"

It is a simple fact: YOU are not sacrificing. Why have you not sacrificed yourself? If you have found such a shortcut, then why sacrifice an animal? -- who has not asked to go to paradise, and there are millions of people who are continuously thinking of how to reach paradise and enjoy all the pleasures there. Sacrifice them!

In Bengal, the main food of people is rice and fish. Even a man like Ramakrishna could not get out of the old conditioning. Just like Kahlil Gibran, but again the same cunningness. They don't call a fish a fish. They call it *jaldandi*, a plant, a flower of the water. Just by changing words, do you think you can deceive existence?

I went to Ramakrishna's temple where he used to live, and where many sannyasins lived who followed Ramakrishna. They have a Ramakrishna order of sannyasins. I said, "What is the point of changing the word? Do you think that by calling a fish a water plant, or a water flower, it will change anything?" But it all goes on happening in unconsciousness.

AND LET YOUR BOW STAND AN ALTAR ON WHICH THE PURE AND THE INNOCENT OF THE FOREST AND PLAIN ARE SACRIFICED FOR THAT WHICH IS PURER AND STILL MORE INNOCENT IN MAN.

I absolutely condemn these statements. He is saying: The animals from the wild are innocent -- sacrifice them for a greater innocence, which is in you. As I see it, the reverse may be true. The animals are far more innocent than man. Have you heard of any animal creating a world war? Any animal becoming Ronald Reagan, Adolf Hitler? Have you heard about animals being money-minded, collecting currency notes? Have you heard of any animal stealing in the darkness of the night? Have you heard about any animal being a rapist? Has any animal knocked on any psychoanalyst's door, saying that "I am going crazy"?

No animal commits murders, suicides. No animal in the wild ever becomes sexually perverted, because there are no priests -- they are absolutely needed to make people sexually perverted. Again, with a very sophisticated philosophical strategies: they teach celibacy, and celibacy is against nature. On the one hand they say God made man in his own image -- if he wanted to make men and women celibate, who was preventing him? And at least now after so many many thousands of years... but the priests are teaching celibacy, and they are the people who have created all kinds of perversions, homosexuality....

And homosexuality has brought AIDS, which is the most dangerous disease man has ever encountered, because it seems we will not be able to find any medicine for it. But nobody has the courage to say that celibacy should be made a crime, because AIDS is a by-product of celibacy. It was born -- homosexuality was born -- in monasteries, where they prevented any woman from entering, in nunneries where they prevented any man from entering.

In the oldest monastery in Europe -- it is one thousand years old; the most strict monastery in the world -- its basic rule is that you enter into it but you cannot get out of it unless you die. Second, not even a six-month-old baby girl can be allowed inside the monastery. For one thousand years, no woman has entered the monastery. Now, what are these monks going to do?

To teach celibacy is as stupid as to teach that to urinate is irreligious -- stop urinating, only then God will be happy with you. And I say unto you, you will find stupid people who will be ready even to do that. But then they will have a double personality. To the world they will show they don't urinate, and inside the monastery where nobody can enter, they will urinate -- how can a man live without urination? If he really wants not to urinate he will have to stop drinking water.

If a man wants to be celibate he will have to stop all nourishment from food, from water, from air... in other words, he will have to commit suicide. Only dead people are celibate. The more alive you are, the more energy you have, and the energy needs to be shared because every day you are creating more and more energy from nourishment.

Celibacy is one of the ugliest things that religions have preached to man. They have a certain point behind it. Once they convince you -- and they have convinced the whole of humanity that celibacy is great -- they have done two things. Those who are not celibate have been made to feel guilty, weak, that "We are not strong enough." On the other hand, those who have taken to the life of celibacy have been turned into a sort of schizophrenia. Half of them wants to remain celibate and half of them -- which is more powerful, because it is more natural -- will have to find some way for the energy to be released. But he will also feel guilty, that he is going against his own promise.

All the religions of the world have done one thing: they have made every person feel guilty. This is a great strategy to enslave man, to destroy his dignity, to destroy his individuality and unnecessarily make him perverted.

In England they continually pray -- in every public meeting, in the movies, wherever people gather, the first thing is: "God save the Queen." I was always thinking, "From whom do they want to save the queen?" Just now I have come to know they want to save the queen from the king, Prince Phillip, because he is gay. And who knows? he may be suffering from AIDS. Naturally, God has to interfere.

But this is just a rumor that he is gay. I don't have any guarantee about it. But the rumor is all over England.

The pope before this pope was a world-famous homosexual. Before becoming a pope, he was the cardinal in Milan, and this was the talk of the city because he was always moving

with a young, beautiful man. Slowly slowly it became known that he was gay. But he was senior, powerful -- he was elected as pope. The moment he became pope, his boyfriend from Milan was immediately called, and became his secretary.

People keep beautiful secretaries -- girls -- just for a change from the old rotten wife. But he was keeping his boyfriend as a secretary and everybody knew it, and nobody objected to it.

These are the reasons why all religions are annoyed with me, but I am determined. I don't care who is annoyed, irritated, becomes my enemy, but I am going to say the truth. I don't have any hangover from the past. I have dropped it all.

Perhaps I am the first new man, the beginning of a new humanity which will be natural, sincere and truthful.

In these statements, Kahlil Gibran has certainly proved my point that he is not yet a mystic and fully enlightened person, although he comes very close. But it doesn't matter whether you are close to the temple or far away from the temple. If you are not in the temple what difference does it make how many yards or miles or light years away you are, or how close?

WHEN YOU KILL A BEAST, SAY TO HIM IN YOUR HEART:  
BY THE SAME POWER THAT SLAYS YOU I AM SLAIN; AND I TOO SHALL BE CONSUMED.  
FOR THE LAW THAT DELIVERED YOU INTO MY HAND SHALL DELIVER ME INTO A MIGHTIER  
HAND.  
YOUR BLOOD AND MY BLOOD IS NAUGHT BUT THE SAP THAT FEEDS THE TREE OF  
HEAVEN.

These are words... if he had avoided them, his book would be totally free from all dirt. *When you kill a beast* -- but why should you kill a beast? It is strange: when you kill a beast it is a game, hunting, and when the beast kills you nobody says it is a game, it is hunting. Then it is a calamity. Double standards are always of the cunning mind -- although he is trying to put them in such a way that they can deceive anybody, particularly those who are nonvegetarians. They will feel immensely happy that Kahlil Gibran, a man like Kahlil Gibran, is supporting their ugliest act in life.

AND WHEN YOU CRUSH AN APPLE WITH YOUR TEETH, SAY TO IT IN YOUR HEART:  
YOUR SEED SHALL LIVE IN MY BODY...

It is very strange: why should you not go to a lion and say, "Eat me please, my seeds will live in your body"?

... AND THE BUDS OF YOUR TO-MORROW SHALL BLOSSOM IN MY HEART...

When are you going to blossom into a lion's heart?

... AND YOUR FRAGRANCE SHALL BE MY BREATH...

But just for a change, once in a while, let your fragrance be in the breath of a beautiful lion! If he had added that too, I would not have said of him that he has fallen from the heights.

... AND TOGETHER WE SHALL REJOICE THROUGH ALL THE SEASONS.

Perfectly good! Get eaten by the beast and enjoy together all the seasons. In fact, the beast will be enjoying more than a man can enjoy.

AND IN THE AUTUMN WHEN YOU GATHER THE GRAPES OF YOUR VINEYARDS FOR THE WINEPRESS, SAY IN YOUR HEART:  
I TOO AM A VINEYARD...

But when are you going to be put in a winepress?

... AND MY FRUIT SHALL BE GATHERED FOR THE WINEPRESS,  
AND LIKE NEW WINE I SHALL BE KEPT IN ETERNAL VESSELS.

These are empty words. He should have proved it by going to the vineyard, mixing himself in the mud, becoming manure so the vineyard becomes richer. And the grapes will be your life, and if those grapes become wine you will be in the wine. But why this one-sided thing, that the GRAPES should think so? This is sheer exploitation, decorated in beautiful words.

I deny this part completely.

*And in winter when you draw the wine* -- but it is always you who are either killing the beast or drawing the wine -- let there be in your heart a song for each cup;  
This is easy -- too easy.

AND LET THERE BE IN THE SONG A REMEMBRANCE FOR THE AUTUMN DAYS, AND FOR THE VINEYARD, AND FOR THE WINEPRESS.

But first go through the winepress! This is not only about this particular subject. Anywhere when you find double standards you are facing a hypocrite.

Yesterday I talked about a few statements made by the prime minister of India, Rajiv Gandhi. Something more has come to me through another press cutting. He said, "Man's instinct for violence was reflected in acts of terrorism, the concept of power blocs, the arms race, and the practice of apartheid. We have exchanged the primitive club for nuclear missiles; we have not changed in our thinking."

The instinct of violence, he says, "was reflected in acts of terrorism." And what is reflected in your armies? And why does a poor country like India go on wasting seventy-five percent of its total income on growing armies? And only twenty-five percent remains for nine hundred million people. Which instinct is showing there?

And India has been asking America for almost five years continuously: "Give us more uranium, because we also want to make nuclear weapons." And Rajiv Gandhi himself has gone to America for the same purpose. But strange... people say something and do something else. India is already an atomic power -- for what? Fifty percent of Indians are undernourished. In the coming two or three years they will be dying of starvation. Will you give them your atomic weapons to eat, your atomic bombs?

And this was my message, sent to him, that there is no point at all in creating atom bombs and nuclear weapons, because whatever you do you cannot become a world power comparable to America or the Soviet Union. They are too far ahead. It will take three

hundred years for India to become a great world power, but do you think those great world powers will wait for you? In three hundred years they will have again gone at least six hundred years ahead of you.

Now small nations should simply forget all about atomic weapons, nuclear missiles. And for what are you keeping a big army, and feeding and preparing those people to kill or to be killed? And remember: your basic need is food for the country, clothes for people. I have known people who have eaten grass, roots of trees. I have known people... they are so hungry that they sleep with a brick tied on their stomachs so they don't feel the hunger. And this country wants to create nuclear weapons.

But when I had sent the message, he was really annoyed. Now is the time -- he should offer an apology.

He is saying that man's violence is reflected in terrorism -- but who creates terrorism? Our experience is that the Indian government is forcing us to be terrorists. My whole philosophy is based on love and nonviolence, but it is not the nonviolence of a coward. If the police commissioner is not removed from this place to a faraway *Nagaland* with all those police officers who entered into my room, forcibly, violently... who is responsible for creating terrorism?

And if Rajiv Gandhi goes on doing such stupid acts... because this police commissioner cannot do anything; they all know me, and unless they have an indication from New Delhi they will not put their necks out and get into unnecessary trouble. And if this police commissioner comes to the ashram with firearms and asks us not to have any firearms -- we don't have -- do you want us just to be oppressed, humiliated? killed? butchered?

I love my people. And I am not a man with whom you can behave in this way. We are silently doing our meditations; there is no question of any police officers being here. But if you force it, I have many terrorists whom I have transformed into peaceful meditators. If I am forced, I will not hesitate at all. Then this country will see another struggle for freedom, because the old struggle for freedom has failed. In the name of freedom we have not got anything. We are in a far worse condition than we have ever been before.

Terrorism doesn't drop suddenly from the sky. What can individuals do when governments having all the power start destroying their individuality, their freedom, their freedom of expression. They are forcing silent, simple people who have no business with violence, who are not politicians... but if forced too much... there is a limit.

In the name of freedom one family has been ruling for forty years. And Rajiv says, "the concept of power blocs..." And your ambassadors are preventing my people from coming here to meditate and just listen to me. You are discriminating. You are talking of power blocs and still you go on saying why foreigners should be allowed here. What is the idea of "foreigners"? It is creating discrimination and power blocs.

In America they did everything to destroy my commune, which we had created with tremendous labor. People worked twelve hours, fourteen hours a day to create an oasis in the desert. The desert was for sale for almost half a century, and there was not a single buyer... because who would buy that desert?

We found a letter from one of the most prominent real estate dealers, which was sent before the purchase of that desert. A real estate agent praises the property you are interested in, because he is going to get his commission of two percent. And it was not small, because we were purchasing that desert for six million dollars. But the man must have had some human heart. He had written a letter, saying "Please don't purchase this parcel; although it is big, eighty-four thousand acres, it is absolutely barren and you will have to put in millions of

dollars to make it livable."

That letter was never shown to me; otherwise I would have refused.

We transformed the desert. All the Americans around were laughing, saying that it was impossible: "You will go on pouring money into it, labor into it, and still a desert is a desert." They were not worried in the beginning. They became worried only when we succeeded, because we poured in almost three hundred million dollars. From all over the world sannyasins were sending their hard-earned money, and we made it an oasis. Five thousand sannyasins were living there and at festival times, four times a year, the population used to increase to twenty thousand people.

We had every arrangement for twenty thousand people. There was a hall where twenty thousand people could sit and listen to me, and we created special tents which could be air conditioned, which could be heated, which could be used all year 'round without any trouble. Because for twenty thousand people we wanted to give the best we could. They were coming from far away; otherwise who has ever heard of anybody going to America in search of truth ?

We created the first holy place in America. We created a new Kaaba, a new Kashi. It is ten times more expensive there. And the American government did everything illegal, criminal, to destroy the commune. They had never thought that we would succeed so they waited. But when we succeeded, then they were shocked.

And just a few weeks ago, the United States attorney in a press conference told the truth, because one journalist asked him, "Why have you not put Osho into jail? Why have you deported him? If he committed any crime he should be in jail."

He said, "There were three reasons: one, our priority was to destroy the commune; second, we did not want Osho to be put in jail because Owe did not want him to become a martyr; and thirdly, it was impossible to put him in jail because he had not committed any crime, he had not done anything against the law. We had no proof at all, no evidence against him."

And this is the same man... in the court he brought thirty-six charges against me. Who creates terrorists?

I was ordered to leave America within fifteen minutes, because they were afraid that if I went back to the commune, five thousand sannyasins were there and it would not be easy to arrest me again. Those five thousand sannyasins were not going to take it easily.

Those five thousand sannyasins are now all over the world, with a wound in their hearts. Rajiv Gandhi should behave himself: Remove this police commissioner from here, and don't interfere in our right of freedom, freedom of expression, our right to seek the truth, our right to meditate. We are not harming anybody. But I think all these politicians are blind.

And Rajiv Gandhi is talking against the arms race, and he is doing the same thing in India -- even though I have warned that India can never become a world power, we are too late. For two thousand years we have been under slavery. Those countries which are now great powers have lived in freedom. They have created immense capacity to destroy.

And it is simple to know: in his own grandfather, Jawaharlal Nehru's time, China attacked India and Jawaharlal was furious, thinking that his armies would be able to throw out the enemy at least from our land. But no, thousands of miles of beautiful Himalaya is still in China's power. And these people have accepted it. Now nobody talks about it, that they have been defeated, and if China wants it can come and take even more, the whole Himalayan range.

For forty years continuously, Indian armies have been standing on alert in Kashmir,

because just after independence, Pakistan attacked Kashmir and has taken a big portion -- one of the most unique portions in the world. Just like Caucasus, that part of Kashmir has the longest life span for people: one hundred and fifty years is very common; one hundred and eighty, two hundred years you can also find here and there. And still those people who are one hundred and eighty years old are working in the fields, they are still young.

And you have taken the defeat by Pakistan without any shame, and Pakistan is a smaller country than your country. It is so stupid to keep a great army in Kashmir.

Politicians want people never to be left in peace. That's why I said that within ten years I can destroy all the problems, because I am not a politician. Kashmir is a simple thing: ninety percent of Kashmir is Mohammedan, and they want to go to Pakistan. The fear is not of Pakistan, the fear is of ninety percent Mohammedans living in Kashmir. So you are really imprisoning Kashmir for forty years. A simple thing would be a vote under neutral observers from the U.N., on where Kashmir wants to live. If Kashmiris want to live in India, they can live there. There is no need to create a wall of armies. But the fear is that the voting will go in favor of Pakistan.

But if Kashmiris want to live in Pakistan, who are you to prevent them? Let them go to Pakistan, there is no need of any fight. All over India there are continuous riots everywhere. One day it is Ahmedabad, another day it is somewhere else. In Punjab it is continuing... even the news media has been prevented from publishing anything about what is happening in Punjab. We don't know exactly what the Indian armies are doing in Punjab.

And this man is not even ashamed of stating these facts. India is continuously expanding its arms race, and he is talking as if the whole world is doing these things and we are not doing these things. But politicians are the ugliest people in the world.

Mahatma Gandhi, who is responsible for giving the India to Rajiv Gandhi's family... and just a few facts and you will understand why I say he was the most cunning politician the world has ever known. One American writer who was working on a biography of Mahatma Gandhi asked him: "You are against arms, armies. If the country becomes independent, what will you do with all the armies you have and all the arms you have?"

And he said, without blinking an eye, "Armies will be dispersed. They should go to the fields to work, to the factories to produce. And arms will be thrown into the ocean. We are nonviolent people."

And then independence came and Pakistan attacked Kashmir, and Mahatma Gandhi was the first one -- because he was thought to be the father of the nation -- he blessed three airplanes flying over his house. It should not be called "house," it is a palace. India's richest man of that time, Jugal Kishore Birla, lived in that palace; it was his palace, and Mahatma Gandhi was staying there. He came out in the garden to bless the airplanes because they were going ahead, followed by other airplanes, to attack Pakistan.

He had forgotten all about nonviolence. And he never again mentioned a single word about throwing the arms in the ocean, dispersing the armies, letting these people go to the fields to produce... because this unproductive mass of armies that they have created consumes seventy-five percent of the income of the land. They are simply parasites. And Rajiv Gandhi is saying man has to become wise.

And just because I had said in one of my statements that the Indian parliament has members who are almost retarded, immediately a notice was served to me: "You have insulted the country's greatest institution." I have never heard that; I have been hearing from my childhood that these are public servants and the parliament is for the people, and people are not for the parliament.

I replied to them... it has been almost two months that I have been waiting, because I said, "I am ready to come to the parliament and repeat whatever I said, with more strength. And it is not an insult to the parliament. If you feel it is an insult I can bring my therapists, my psychologists, or you can bring your therapists and psychologists and let each and every parliament member be checked to see whether he is retarded or not. Without checking it, you cannot say that I have insulted you." To call a spade a spade is not an insult to the spade.

But these politicians are the same all over the world. I want you to understand one thing: that I am not going to leave America either. They owe more than three hundred million dollars to my sannyasins. And if they have any sense of dignity, the money should be returned to the people who had put it there, to the people who worked for five years continuously.

Just a little time more... because the Italian Radical Party has said that they will be very happy if I accept the presidency of their party, and I have said I am absolutely ready. Once I am the president of Italian Radical Party, then I will see who prevents me from entering Italy. And then I am going to take the suit to the world court that America owes three hundred million dollars to us; it should be returned immediately.

And do you know, they destroyed the commune and now they have said that their priority was to destroy the commune. But why? The commune was not doing any harm to them. The commune was twenty miles away from any American town, and nobody bothered even to go those towns. We were self-sufficient, we were producing our own food, we were producing our own milk products, we were producing everything we needed. And we were not using any money for exchange. If you needed something, the commune would provide it. Money you could donate, but you could not purchase anything. Money would be needed if the commune wanted to purchase something from outside. It was a unique commune, of its own kind.

Everybody was equal, for the simple reason that you could not use your money. You may have millions of dollars and somebody may be without a single dollar, but you were both equal as far as being inside the commune was concerned. This was the highest form of communism that has ever happened in the world, and it was not only simple communism. It was also an impossible miracle, it was anarchism. Nobody was governing.

You can see it here: nobody is forcing you to do something. It is your love; if you want to do something, do it. Whatever you want to do, choose it. It was a great synthesis between two opposing philosophies of communism and anarchism.

And as the commune became more and more successful, America became more and more threatened. President Ronald Reagan is a fundamentalist Christian, which is another name for a fanatic Christian. So all the fanatic Christians and Ronald Reagan together destroyed the commune. Who creates terrorism?

Because I was not a citizen of America, I remained silent. But I am a citizen of India; I will not remain silent. I will give a new freedom struggle to the whole nation. I have no interest in politics, but if I see that they go on interfering with my work, then one thing is certain: Rajiv Gandhi cannot be the prime minister again. I will follow him in his election campaign everywhere -- not as a candidate against him, because I don't care to be the prime minister of India, but to expose him and to make people aware that this has again become slavery. A single family goes on and on for forty years ruling the country and doing nothing.

Perhaps we need another revolution in this country. The revolution that we fought and the freedom that came proved fake, bogus.

In America -- you can see the stupidity -- they have raised a marble monument in The

Dalles, the county seat where our commune existed, a memorial saying that "We have succeeded in throwing out the enemies; we have succeeded in destroying the commune which was a danger to the nation." I have asked somebody to send me the exact words and the picture, because we are also going to make a monument here, that America owes three hundred million dollars to us, "In the sacred memory of Rajneeshpuram" so that history remembers. I am not going to leave Ronald Reagan so easily. He has to pay all the money, and he has to apologize too. Because his own attorney is saying that "our priority was to destroy the commune."

But why? And he himself is accepting that I had not committed any crime and there was no evidence. And still I have been fined four hundred thousand dollars -- that is nearabout sixty lakh rupees. And I don't have a single rupee. But as I have been telling you again and again, I have trusted existence. I have loved people. Within ten minutes they managed to collect four hundred thousand dollars -- sixty lakh rupees. Even the magistrate was surprised, because they were thinking that neither would we be able to produce that money nor could I get out of the prison.

That money has also to be returned, because your attorney has accepted publicly that there is no proof against me. Then for what am I punished? And the punishment also states that for five years I cannot enter America. But if I have not committed any crime, then this judge should be punished. Your judicial process is as corrupted as any.

Not only that for five years I should not enter America, but a fifteen year suspended jail sentence. That means that if I enter America there will be no need of any trial -- I will be simply put in jail for fifteen years.

And this is being done to a man whom the attorney general of America.... He is a close bosom friend of Ronald Reagan. They have been educated together, they have been in the Hollywood cowboy third-class films together. And as Ronald Reagan became the president, immediately this man was appointed as the highest law authority, the attorney general of America. And if the office of the highest law authority of America says they don't have any evidence that I have committed any crime, then for what am I punished?

But I have to wait. Once I am the president of the Radical Party of Italy, I am going to sue Ronald Reagan, the judge, and ask the U.N. to interfere in the matter. And Italy has its best and most intelligent people in the Radical Party.

I have many Italian sannyasins -- who used to be terrorists. I have persuaded them to drop it. Just a single moment's indication and all over India and all over the world, the Indian government will have to face me. They should not think I am alone. I also have my friends, I also have my lovers, I also have my sympathizers -- in millions.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #13

### Chapter title: Speak to us of work

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN A PLOUGHMAN SAID,  
SPEAK TO US OF WORK.  
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:  
YOU WORK THAT YOU MAY KEEP PACE WITH THE EARTH AND THE SOUL OF THE EARTH.  
FOR TO BE IDLE IS TO BECOME A STRANGER UNTO THE SEASONS, AND TO STEP OUT OF  
LIFE'S PROCESSION THAT MARCHES IN MAJESTY AND PROUD SUBMISSION TOWARDS THE  
INFINITE.  
WHEN YOU WORK YOU ARE A FLUTE THROUGH WHOSE HEART THE WHISPERING OF THE  
HOURS TURNS TO MUSIC.  
WHICH OF YOU WOULD BE A REED, DUMB AND SILENT,  
WHEN ALL ELSE SINGS TOGETHER IN UNISON?  
ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE  
BUT I SAY TO YOU THAT WHEN YOU WORK YOU FULFIL A PART OF EARTH'S FURTHEST  
DREAM, ASSIGNED TO YOU WHEN THAT DREAM WAS BORN,  
AND IN KEEPING YOURSELF WITH LABOUR YOU ARE IN TRUTH LOVING LIFE,  
AND TO LOVE LIFE THROUGH LABOUR IS TO BE INTIMATE WITH LIFE'S INMOST SECRET.  
BUT IF YOU IN YOUR PAIN CALL BIRTH AN AFFLICTION AND THE SUPPORT OF THE FLESH A  
CURSE WRITTEN UPON YOUR BROW, THEN I ANSWER THAT NAUGHT BUT THE SWEAT OF  
YOUR BROW SHALL WASH AWAY THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN.  
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD ALSO THAT LIFE IS DARKNESS,  
AND IN YOUR WEARINESS YOU ECHO WHAT WAS SAID BY THE WEARY.  
AND I SAY THAT LIFE IS INDEED DARKNESS SAVE WHEN THERE IS URGE,  
AND ALL URGE IS BLIND SAVE WHEN THERE IS KNOWLEDGE.  
AND ALL KNOWLEDGE IS VAIN SAVE WHEN THERE IS WORK. AND ALL WORK IS EMPTY  
SAVE WHEN THERE IS LOVE. AND WHEN YOU WORK WITH LOVE YOU BIND YOURSELF TO  
YOURSELF, AND TO ONE ANOTHER, AND TO GOD.

In these words, Almustafa is giving the deepest experience of creativity. Life belongs to those who are creative because life is nothing but a long, eternal procession of creating more beauty, more truth... of creating higher states of consciousness, and finally of creating a god in your own being.

There are people who think that without being creative, they can be happy. It is impossible, because creativity is the only way to relate with the ecstasy of existence.

Hence, listen to his words not through your mind but through your heart -- because they

come from the heart, and can be understood only if you receive them in the heart. It is not a communication of words from one mind to another mind. It is a *communion* -- the deepest calling -- to your depths, which you have completely forgotten.

THEN A PLOUGHMAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF WORK.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:

YOU WORK THAT YOU MAY KEEP PACE WITH THE EARTH AND THE SOUL OF THE EARTH.

Have you observed? -- all around you, the whole existence is continuously creating. The biblical story is absurd that God created everything in six days and then rested on the seventh day. And since then, nothing has been heard about it; he's still resting. What kind of rest is this? He must have died! The very idea that God created existence and all that it contains in six days is sheer nonsense.

I used to travel all over the country, for almost twenty years continuously. I had an old tailor who prepared clothes for me. I told him, "I am in urgent need -- this time please don't behave like a tailor! I need my robes prepared in six days because on the seventh day, I'm leaving the city."

That old tailor looked at me and said, "I have no objection. They will be prepared. But just look at the world: God created it in six days, and what a mess it is in! The same will be the case with your robes; then don't tell me about it."

In six days, this whole existence?

I say unto you that creativity is a continuity, the seventh day never comes. Have you seen trees on holiday, rivers on holiday? On Sunday, which is the day for the sun, he should not rise; it is a holiday. Even God rested, why should the poor sun rise and go on and on?

Existence is a continuous creativity. It has not been created by anyone, it *itself* is divine. So I would like you to replace it in your minds and in your hearts: the word "god" does not mean the creator, it means creativity. And it is my experience that the most blissful people in the world are those who can create something. The most miserable are those who are uncreative because the more uncreative you are, the farther and farther you are from nature -- from earth, from the sky, from the stars -- whose dance knows no beginning and no end.

Almustafa is absolutely right:

*You work that you may keep pace with the earth and the soul of the earth.* If your work is just a burden to you, somehow to be done, you are not keeping pace with the whole existence. You are falling backwards. And to be in tune with existence is the only bliss -- there is no other -- and to fall out of pace with the earth and the sky is the only misery.

Man is miserable and is going to remain miserable because he has lost contact with the creative forces that have given birth to him, that are keeping him alive. He has become futile. He looks almost as if he would rather enjoy the rest in a grave than work, create, and dance with the whole existence.

FOR TO BE IDLE IS TO BECOME A STRANGER UNTO THE SEASONS....

We have been given such a beautiful existence with such glorious seasons. In the fall, when the leaves start falling from the trees, have you heard the song? When the wind passes through the dead leaves which have gathered on the ground... even the dead leaves are not as dead as man has become; still they can sing. They don't complain that the tree has dropped them. They go with nature wherever it leads. And this is the way of a true religious heart: no

complaint, no grudge but just being blissful for all that existence has given to you -- which you had not asked for, which you had not earned.

Have you danced while it is raining? No, you have created umbrellas. And it is not only against the rain... you have created many umbrellas to protect you from the constant creativity of existence.

When I was a student in the university, whenever it used to rain it was an absolute certainty that I would leave the class, and my professors became aware that "When it is raining, you cannot stop him. He has to go." And I had found the loneliest street, with tall trees reaching and touching the clouds. On that silent and deserted road, there were only a few bungalows belonging to professors and deans, and the vice chancellor. It was a silent place and it was a dead-end street.

The last bungalow belonged to the head of the department of physics. His family had become accustomed to it, that if I was there, the rain was bound to come; or if it was raining, I was bound to come. We had become simultaneous, to the family.

The whole family used to look -- "What kind of crazy boy is this?" Soaked in the falling rain, in the dancing winds... and because that was the dead-end, I used to stay under a tree as long as it continued to rain. The family was certainly curious. They wanted to inquire, "Who is this boy?" But the head of the department of physics had become interested in me for other reasons. He was a lover of books and he always found me in the library. There were days when we were the only two persons in the library.

He started becoming more and more loving and friendly towards me and he said, "You are a little strange. You should be in your class, but I see you most of the time in the library."

I said, "In the class, the professor is almost always out of date. He is saying things which he read when he was in the university thirty years ago. In these thirty years, everything has changed. I want to keep pace with the growing wisdom, knowledge, science. In fact, in the library I am more a contemporary, in touch with the latest findings. So I go to class once in a while when I feel a desire to argue. My professors are happy that I remain in the library because whenever I visit their classes, it is always trouble. There is a gap of thirty years and I have all the latest information."

He said, "One day I would like to take you to my home. I want you to be introduced to my children, my wife, to show them that here is a student who has come to the university not for degrees but to learn; not for certificates and gold medals but to keep in tune with the explosion of knowledge in all directions, in all dimensions. Sometimes, even although I am the head of the department of physics and you have nothing to do with physics, you know more than I know. Now it is too late to cover the gap of thirty years; I have lost contact."

So one day he invited me. He was feeling that his family would be immensely happy to meet me, to talk with me, to listen to what I had to say. But he was very much shocked -- as we entered his house, the whole family started laughing, and they escaped inside the house!

He said, "This is very strange. They have never done this before. My wife is a postgraduate, all my children are getting educated. This is not a behavior..."

I said, "You don't know; I *know* your family, we are well acquainted. Although we have not spoken to each other, we have known each other for two years."

He said, "This is strange. I wasn't even aware of the fact."

I said, "Don't be worried and don't feel sad and sorry and hurt by the behavior of your family. What they have done is absolutely right."

We entered, and the family gathered. He asked them: "What was the reason for you all to start laughing and why did you all escape? Is this a way to welcome a guest? And I had

informed you that I was bringing a guest that you would all love."

They said, "But we are almost in love with the guest already. He's the craziest fellow in your university. Not only does he waste his time, when it rains, he wastes our time too because we cannot go inside until he leaves. He's an interesting fellow."

Then I explained to him that I loved running miles against the wind -- one feels so alive -- going for long walks without any umbrella, particularly when it is raining. Even when it is a hot day and the sun is throwing fire, it has its own beauty -- to perspire and then to have a jump in the lake. The water feels so cool, just the contrast.

One who understands life will not be left behind.

In fact, what Almustafa is saying is very moderate -- *to keep pace* with life. I teach my sannyasins to dance *ahead* of life. Why wait for life to move? Let life try to keep pace with YOU and that will bring great joy and bliss to you which millions of people on the earth remain absolutely unaware of.

... AND TO STEP OUT OF LIFE'S PROCESSION THAT MARCHES IN MAJESTY AND PROUD SUBMISSION TOWARDS THE INFINITE.

Life is continuously moving towards the eternal, the infinite, the ultimate. If you lose contact, you start feeling like just a living corpse. You cannot have laughter and you cannot have tears of joy. You have died before death; you may live fifty years more but that is posthumous life. You are no longer part of the beautiful caravan of life moving always into the unknown.

It is an adventure, a moment-to-moment challenge.

WHEN YOU WORK YOU ARE A FLUTE THROUGH WHOSE HEART THE WHISPERING OF THE HOURS TURNS TO MUSIC.

It is not a question of any particular work -- any work that you love. You need not be the president of a country to be happy. Perhaps just making shoes... but making them with such intensity and totality that you are completely lost in the act, and you are far more blessed than any president can be.

The moment you are lost in work, you become almost like a flute on the lips of existence itself. Your every gesture turns into grace, and your every moment brings celestial music to the earth. You become a vehicle.

WHICH OF YOU WOULD WOULD BE A REED, DUMB AND SILENT, WHEN ALL ELSE SINGS TOGETHER IN UNISON?

It is almost inconceivable how vast the universe is. And the latest discoveries of physics are that it is not a static universe, such that there is a boundary to it. It is continually expanding, becoming bigger and bigger. With the speed of light, all the stars are running farther away from the center.

The universe today is far bigger than it was yesterday. Tomorrow you will be living in an even bigger universe. It seems there are no limits to existence and its expansion. But there are people who are not in tune with this vast universal harmony.

Even here I see two or three persons every day: when you are all singing, rejoicing, they are sitting like the dead, freshly driven from their graves. If they cannot be part of the dance

and the music, they should not be here. Even while I am paying respect to them with my folded hands, they are sitting dead and stiff.

You have to watch: Whenever you see any dead person here, he should never be allowed in this temple of the living. I am not wasting my time with the dead; otherwise there are many graveyards I can go to, and without any trouble, without disturbing anybody, without any controversy, talk to the dead to my heart's content.

This is a living temple of god. If you cannot be in communion with my people, please don't enter here. This is not the place for you. Perhaps they are the agents of the dead police commissioner! Otherwise, I am paying respect to their dignity with folded hands and they cannot even show that much courtesy. And when you are all singing and rejoicing, I watch them -- they look so ugly, so out of place.

So everyone of you has to be alert. If you find some dead person sitting by your side, make sure he never again crosses the doors of this temple. And strangely enough, those dead people are always sitting on the chairs! I know one should be respectful of the dead but the dead have also some duty towards the living.

So remember: from tomorrow, if I see anybody not in tune with you, I will have to enter among you and take hold of that man and throw him out. Enough is enough -- I have been waiting -- and these people should be searched well; they may be carrying firearms with them. And if anybody is found with firearms, report him to the police. Even if he says that he's a policeman in plainclothes; even if he shows his identity card, everything can be false. If notes can be printed, do you think identity cards cannot be printed?

No firearms are allowed in this temple. This is sacrilegious. This is against intelligence, against love, against prayer. They can come, even if they are agents of the police, if they come as disciples. Everybody has some profession... here, even thieves and murderers are welcome.

And in fact, the psychological fact is that the people who enter the police service are the same people who turn out to be criminals. Criminals are doing the same work as the policemen are doing; they belong to the same category, to the same psychology. They are two sides of the same coin. Criminals are a little more courageous -- they are doing their business alone. The weaker criminals are not capable enough to do their crimes alone; they want the support of the government, firearms. But what they do is exactly the same -- sometimes even *more* criminal.

Everybody is welcome here except the dead. So you have to be aware -- don't put me to the trouble of going inside and taking some donkey by his ears. Don't force me to do that.

Don't let them come in. And you can watch, just watch around you. If somebody is sitting dead, just tell him: "This is not the place for you. There are graveyards -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan. Go wherever you want, but get lost!"

ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE.

Man has been fed such great lies that one wonders: why do we go on and on feeding our children on the same lies -- which have not given you anything in life. Your insanity, your unconsciousness, your blindness must be enormous.

In this country you can see it. The country has been divided for five thousand years by one of the most criminal minds of the world. But Hindus think that he is a great seer. His name is Manu and his book is MANUSMRITI. It divides humanity into four categories: the highest is the brahmin -- who never works, who only worships, who only prays, and he's the

highest. And the lowest is the *sudra*, who works and supports the whole society. You can live without brahmins without any trouble. In fact, because of them there is always trouble. But you cannot live without the sudras. Who is going to clean your streets, your gutters, your absolutely unhygienic, ugly toilets?

In fact, most Indian houses don't have any toilets. People are using the earth openly, urinating anywhere, defecating anywhere. And these people think they are the most cultured people in the world.

In Bombay, I became aware that the whole city is floating in urine and shit! I have always wondered why Morarji Desai had chosen Bombay to be his residence. It is because the perfume that surrounds the great city of Bombay... except Morarji Desai, nobody else could enjoy it.

We are, and we have been for centuries, so inhuman to one-fourth of our people -- who are the very foundation of our society; without them, you cannot live a single day. But they are condemned, they are not even accepted as human beings.

They cannot live in the middle of the city, they have to live outside the city. Their other name in Sanskrit is *antyaja* -- those who live outside the town. And there have been times when even their shadow was thought to be disgusting, so every sudra had to move with a bell in his hand -- it was in the north of India -- so that people could disperse, hearing his bell. You think the West has invented the horn? You are wrong, it is an invention of Hindu society, thousands of years old. No sudra was allowed to move in all parts of the city -- only a few parts, but there too he had to keep ringing a bell continuously so everybody should know who he is.

How you have taken the dignity of a human being, how you have reduced him! Dogs can move, buffaloes can move, donkeys can move, police officers can move -- but a sudra cannot move because if even his shadow touches you, you will have to take a bath immediately to clean yourself.

In the south, it became even more absurd. Every sudra had a long brush attached to a belt at the back, and in his hand, a bell. And why was this long brush attached? -- so that the earth does not become unclean. When he moves, the brush goes on cleaning it.

And you think this country is civilized?

A brahmin can marry any woman -- she may belong to the warriors, the second category; she may belong to the *vaishyas*, the business people, the third category. She may even belong to the fourth category, the sudras -- although if he marries a sudra, he will be expelled from the highest caste. He will become a sudra, that is the only punishment. But the sudra cannot marry any woman beyond his caste; it is a more heinous crime, according to Manu, than murder. And Manu is still the lawgiver to the Hindus.

I am asked continuously not to criticize anybody. You just tell me: if nobody criticizes these idiots of the past, then how are we going to get rid of all this nonsense?

The sudra is not allowed to have any education, he's not allowed to read any religious scripture. Obviously, he cannot read because he has never been in a school.

It was the British government who made a law that sudras can and should be allowed in the schools. When I was a child and I first entered school, I was surprised that a few children were sitting outside the class. I asked, "What is the matter? Why are these children sitting out of the class?"

And the teacher told me, "They are sudras. Although the law has been enforced, we cannot drop our culture. They have to sit outside."

Even if some sudra somehow manages to learn to read, he cannot read any religious

scripture. The penalty and the punishment is death. Forget all about reading religious scriptures -- he cannot even *listen*. If somewhere brahmins are reciting the VEDAS, the sudra is not allowed to listen.

This is the respect that you have given to labor. The parasites, the brahmins, are the highest caste; you have to touch their feet. *Always you have been told that work is a curse....* And certainly, when religious priests were saying that work is a curse, it appeared to be absolutely a fact, because for thousands of years you have been cursing the workers. It is a vicious circle. First you take the dignity of the laborer, of the worker; first you destroy his pride, his integrity. He cannot do another business.

In Hinduism, there is no movement -- you are born a brahmin, you cannot become a brahmin. Even if you are more learned, more wise... even a Gautam Buddha cannot become a brahmin.

And the brahmins have not been able to produce a single Gautam Buddha. But you will be surprised: the sudras have produced people almost equal to Gautam Buddha -- of course, unrecognized by the society. But now you can see... a Kabir who was a weaver, and weavers belong to the sudras. He's uneducated; hence he has not the refined expression of a Gautam Buddha but what he says in the simple and ordinary language of the people has the same flight. And sometimes -- because it is raw, uncut diamonds -- it has more potential, more possibility, more meaning.

Buddha is a well-cut diamond, well polished, but now you cannot do anything more to him. Kabir is a Kohinoor, just out of the mine. Let me remind you: when the Kohinoor was found, it was three times bigger than it now is in the crown of the Queen of England. To cut it, to give it facets, to give it a beautiful shape, to polish it, two-thirds was lost. Kabir is an uncut, freshly taken out diamond; he has many more possibilities than the Kohinoor.

Raidas was a shoemaker but has the same attainment of consciousness. He was uneducated, never heard of any religious scriptures. His case proves that all religious scriptures are useless, there is no need. A Raidas just making shoes can rise to the same height as a Gautam Buddha -- then what is the need of unnecessarily burdening yourself with religious scriptures?

A Gora... he was a potter. He's also part of the sudras, the untouchables -- they cannot be touched. But the poetry of Kabir, Raidas, Gora, is so beautiful, so authentic, so unburdened with unnecessary ornaments -- just pure and simple. No brahmin has been able even to produce a Raidas, a Gora or a Kabir, and still they continue to be the most respected people in the society. And the most unproductive, because they are not working at all; they are not creating anything.

I repeat: they are parasites, bloodsuckers. They should be brought back to the earth and they should be made aware that unless you create and work, you don't deserve anything. Why have they not been able to create a Kabir or a Buddha? The reason is simple: because they have fallen far away from nature and existence. Remaining uncreative, nobody can go on dancing with the tune, in harmony with the stars.

ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE  
BUT I SAY TO YOU THAT WHEN YOU WORK YOU FULFILL A PART OF EARTH'S FURTHEST  
DREAM....

You are participating when you are working, creating, with love and devotion and joy. You have become, without knowing, part of the creativity of the whole existence. Your life

will be showered with great bliss and great benediction.

Existence has a dream to fulfill: to create in every living being, ultimately, the qualities of a god. And this dream was *assigned to you when that dream was born...* from the very beginning.

You are the arrows of existence to reach to the farthest stars.

AND IN KEEPING YOURSELF WITH LABOUR YOU ARE IN TRUTH LOVING LIFE.

How can you show your love to life? There is a beautiful Sufi story. A great emperor used to go around the town every day early in the morning when the sun was rising, on his horse. It was a beautiful exercise for him and also an experience of how the city was growing, how his capital was becoming more and more beautiful.

He had a dream to make it the most beautiful place on the earth. But he was always puzzled... and he always stopped his horse and watched an old man, who must have been one hundred and twenty years old. He was always working in the garden, sowing seeds, watering trees -- trees which would take hundreds of years to come to their youth; trees that live for four thousand years.

He was puzzled: this man is half in the grave; for whom is he sowing these seeds? He will never be able to see the fruits and the flowers. It is impossible to conceive that this man is going to see the outcome of his labor.

One day, he could not resist his temptation. He stepped down from the horse and asked the old man: "I have been passing every day and the same question arises every time. Now it has become almost impossible not to interfere with your work, just for a moment. I want to know: for whom are you sowing these seeds? These trees will become ripe, young, when you are not here."

The old man looked at the emperor and laughed. He said, "If this had been the logic of my forefathers, then I would not have been able to get fruits and flowers and this beautiful garden. I am a gardener for generations -- my father and my forefathers planted seeds, I have eaten the fruit. What about my children? What about my children's children? If they had also been of your opinion, there would have been no garden. People come from faraway places to see this place because I have trees that are thousands of years old. I am simply doing whatever I can in thankfulness.

"And as far as sowing the seeds... when the spring comes, seeing green leaves coming out is such a joy that I have completely forgotten how old I am. I am as young as ever. I have remained young because I have continued to be creative. Death takes away people who become useless; perhaps that's why I have lived so long, and still I am young. Death is compassionate to me because I am keeping pace with existence. Existence will miss me; existence is not able to replace anybody. Perhaps that's why I am still alive. But you are young and you are asking questions like a man who is dying. The reason is, you are uncreative."

The only way to love life is to create more life, is to make life more beautiful, more fruitful, more juicy. Don't leave this earth unless you have made it a little better than you found it when you were born -- this is the only religion that I know of. All other religions are just fake.

I teach you the religion of creativity. And by creating more life, you will be transformed because one who can create life has already become part of God, of godliness.

AND TO LOVE LIFE THROUGH LABOUR IS TO BE INTIMATE WITH LIFE'S INMOST SECRET.

What is the most intimate secret? -- that life never dies. Only forms change: old leaves fall, new leaves are arriving; old trees disappear but before disappearing they have spread millions of seeds all around.

In India there is a tree... perhaps just behind our campus. The name of the tree is *semal*. It is a very intelligent tree because... it is big; under its shade, thousands of people can sit. Naturally, it is afraid: if its seeds fall underneath, without sun, they will die. It has to find a way so that the seeds can go as far as possible.

So the *semal* tree creates a seed with cotton wool around it... it is the most beautiful cotton wool. Because of the cotton wool, the seed cannot fall directly to the earth, and the wind takes it far away. The tree has secured for its children a place where they will be able to grow. This existence is not stupid. Its very intelligence is another name of God. This *semal* tree one day will die, but before dying it will make certain that thousands of *semal* trees, its children, are going to live the same beautiful life of dance in the rain, in the sun, in the wind.

BUT IF YOU IN YOUR PAIN CALL BIRTH AN AFFLICTION AND THE SUPPORT OF THE FLESH A CURSE WRITTEN UPON YOUR BROW, THEN I ANSWER THAT NAUGHT BUT THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW SHALL WASH AWAY THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN.

All the religions have been telling such lies to people. It seems the very profession of the priest is to lie, and to lie with such a method that people start believing in it. They have been saying, "Whatever you do, you cannot change your fate. It is written on your brow." Nothing is written there. You have to write it by what you do, by what you become.

Everybody creates his own destiny. And even if there is written something, Almustafa is saying, "Don't be worried. The sweat, the perspiration will wash it away. Be creative with such intensity that even if something is written there, it will be washed away" -- although the truth is, there is nothing that is written.

You come into the world absolutely free.

What you become is your responsibility. Only fools go to the astrologers, only fools are concerned about their birth charts. The intelligent person creates his own destiny, his own life. Don't waste your time in astrology, birth charts, tarot cards, I Ching. Just learn to love life and enhance life with your heart. Whatever you can do, do it.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD ALSO THAT LIFE IS DARKNESS,  
AND IN YOUR WEARINESS YOU ECHO WHAT WAS SAID BY THE WEARY.

This statement is more important than all the religious scriptures of the world, because they are all saying, "Life is darkness, life is a punishment. You are suffering all these miseries and pains and anxieties because of your evil acts in your past lives." These are the people who themselves are uncreative; hence they have fallen out of tune. They are miserable.

Look at your saints -- whether they are Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan or Jaina, it makes no difference -- they are all against life, anti-life. You have to renounce this life; only in your renunciation will you be able to please God.

But if you renounce life, you naturally become uncreative. That's why your saints are the most uncreative people in the world. Otherwise, this world would have been a paradise. But

because they have fallen out of tune and become miserable, because they are tired of misery, because they are weary, they think something is wrong with life.

The reality is just the opposite: everything is right with life, something is wrong with those saints. Your saints are all sick people, they need psychological treatment. And instead of giving them psychological treatment, you have been worshipping them, fulfilling their egos. They become even more sad because sadness is bringing, without any effort, a fulfillment of the ego.

The politician has to fight, struggle, to fulfill his ego. The man who is after money -- it is not an easy job because there are millions of competitors. But for the saint, there is no competition. His is the only business where competition does not exist. You can stand on your head as long as you want; no one is going to come and compete. You can torture your body, you can fast for months; people will come to worship you. They will bring flowers, touch your feet and receive your teaching -- which is going to be sick, because it is out of a sick mind.

Humanity has been tortured by psychologically sick people, and they are still in power, and people are listening to them without ever thinking for a moment that no tree ever becomes a saint, no mountain, no ocean, no river, no star in existence -- only man can become psychologically sick. And if you start worshipping a sick man, he will start teaching the same sickness to you.

Life is light. Life is joy. Life is celebration.

But ask those who have experienced life -- not those who have renounced it. Just by their renunciation, they have closed the doors of ever knowing the deepest secrets and the mysteries of existence. I have seen all kinds of idiots but your saints are incomparable. They have reached to the highest peak of being an idiot.

Listen to the singers, listen to the dancers, listen to the painters, listen to the poets. Listen to those who are creating something beautiful, who are enhancing life. Stop listening to people who are anti-life. If they are anti-life it is their business -- leave them! Don't worship them, because your worship is keeping them sick. If you stop worshipping them, soon they will realize: "Something is wrong with me."

I have heard a story. One dog had become a saint, and he was continuously teaching one thing to all the dogs of the city: "We have not been evolving to higher peaks of consciousness because we are wasting our energy in unnecessary barking at each other. Barking is our problem. Stop barking!"

And every dog thought, "There seems to be some reasonability in what he is saying because we *are* unnecessarily barking -- barking at the moon."

Now the people who are going to the moon are called astronauts. What will you call the dogs? -- astroNUTS. But they are the most ancient astronuts: from the very beginning, they have been against the moon. Full moon night, and they cannot even sleep.

So it looked logical: "Our whole energy is being wasted in barking." They all started worshipping that dog, and the more they worshipped, the more authoritative the dog became. Their conviction made him convinced in return that what he was saying must be right. Otherwise, so many dogs cannot listen, with their heads down in shame... "Our great teacher, great saint, our first saint in the whole of history, and nobody listens to him. The moment he is gone, barking starts."

But there is a limit to everything. One full moon night, they decided: "At least for one night, whatever temptations come -- a policeman passes, a strange dog from another town passes -- we will keep our eyes closed. And at least one night every year we will devote to

our saint's teaching." So they all became silent.

The teacher could not believe what had happened. The whole city was silent, no dog barking. He went around the city. Dogs were hiding wherever they could find a place to hide -- with closed eyes, with clenched teeth. It was very strenuous and very difficult, but it was only a question of one night.... "In the morning we can bark with vengeance but if we have decided, then we should stick to the decision."

But the saint became very much worried: what would happen to his sainthood? All the dogs had stopped barking -- what was he going to do? His only business was to teach them that barking was wrong.

As the middle of the night came, the teacher felt for the first time a strange irritation in his throat. He said, "My god, what is happening? All the dogs are silent and a great urge to bark is arising in me."

In fact, his urge to bark had been fulfilled because he was continuously barking in the form of teaching all over the town -- moving from here to there, his throat was never unemployed. It was the first time for six hours he had not talked. And of course, he was a dog so he went into a dark corner and started barking.

When other dogs heard that one dog had broken the promise, then they could not resist the temptation. The whole city burst, all the dogs barking as they had never barked. And the teacher came from the darkness and started saying, "This is the curse of our race; otherwise we could have risen above humanity. Stop barking! Barking is the only problem, the only sin!"

If you don't go to your saints, I say to you they will be in the same position as the saint of the dogs. They will rush and do things against that which they have been teaching you. Just give them a little chance.

But you are continuously worshipping them. There is always a crowd around them. It is so fulfilling. Politicians come to be blessed by them for their elections -- presidents, prime ministers. And what is their qualification? Their qualification is that they are anti-life. I teach you life, love, laughter.

AND I SAY THAT LIFE IS INDEED DARKNESS SAVE WHEN THERE IS URGE...

If your longing to reach to the stars has died, life is darkness.

AND ALL URGE IS BLIND SAVE WHEN THERE IS KNOWLEDGE.

All longing is blind unless it arises out of wisdom and your meditateness, out of your silence.

AND ALL KNOWLEDGE IS VAIN SAVE WHEN THERE IS WORK...

A knowledge that is uncreative, unproductive, is barren, is meaningless. It is vain.

AND ALL WORK IS EMPTY SAVE WHEN THERE IS LOVE.

If you work without love, you are working like a slave. When you work with love, you work like an emperor. Your work is your joy, your work is your dance. Your work is your poetry.

*And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God.*

Work based in love brings you closer to yourself and closer to others and finally, closer to God himself.

Remember, I repeat again: If anybody is not going to participate in the song there is still time -- get lost!

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #14

### Chapter title: Work is love made visible

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND WHAT IS IT  
TO WORK WITH LOVE?  
IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART, EVEN AS IF YOUR  
BELOVED WERE TO WEAR THAT CLOTH.  
IT IS TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH AFFECTION, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO DWELL IN  
THAT HOUSE.  
IT IS TO SOW SEEDS WITH TENDERNESS AND REAP THE HARVEST WITH JOY, EVEN AS IF  
YOUR BELOVED WERE TO EAT THE FRUIT.  
IT IS TO CHARGE ALL THINGS YOU FASHION WITH A BREATH OF YOUR OWN SPIRIT,  
AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.  
OFTEN I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY, AS IF SPEAKING IN SLEEP,  
"HE WHO WORKS IN MARBLE AND FINDS THE SHAPE OF HIS OWN SOUL IN THE STONE, IS  
NOBLER THAN HE WHO PLOUGHS THE SOIL.  
"AND HE WHO SEIZES THE RAINBOW TO LAY IT ON A CLOTH IN THE LIKENESS OF MAN, IS  
MORE THAN HE WHO MAKES THE SANDALS FOR OUR FEET."  
BUT I SAY, NOT IN SLEEP, BUT IN THE OVERWAKEFULNESS OF NOONTIDE, THAT THE WIND  
SPEAKS NOT MORE SWEETLY TO THE GIANT OAKS THAN TO THE LEAST OF ALL THE  
BLADES OF GRASS;  
AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE WIND INTO A SONG MADE  
SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.  
WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE.  
AND IF YOU CANNOT WORK WITH LOVE BUT ONLY WITH DISTASTE, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU  
SHOULD LEAVE YOUR WORK  
AND SIT AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE AND TAKE ALMS OF THOSE WHO WORK WITH JOY.  
FOR IF YOU BAKE BREAD WITH INDIFFERENCE, YOU BAKE A BITTER BREAD THAT FEEDS  
BUT HALF MAN'S HUNGER.  
AND IF YOU GRUDGE THE CRUSHING OF THE GRAPES, YOUR GRUDGE DISTILS A POISON  
IN THE WINE.  
AND IF YOU SING THOUGH AS ANGELS, AND LOVE NOT THE SINGING YOU MUFFLE MAN'S  
EARS TO THE VOICES OF THE DAY AND THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Almustafa is saying immensely beautiful things, but the most important thing is missing. That is the misery of a poet: he comes to know as deeply as possible but he never reaches the very center. Only a mystic is able to reach to the very center. So although all these statements are beautiful, keep in mind that something is missing. And I am going to make you aware of

what is missing.

I am not a poet. I can understand the beauty of poetry because I am a mystic; I am rooted in my own center, in my own being. I would love you to understand Almustafa's statements -- perhaps they will help you reach to the center, of which he himself is not aware.

And what I am saying about Almustafa, I am really saying about Kahlil Gibran. I have not spoken on him. For many years, again and again, I thought to give new blood and new life to his statements, but whenever I saw that there was something missing, I wondered whether I would be doing justice to you if I simply commented on Kahlil Gibran without telling you that he is not an enlightened man. Very close, but even closeness is a distance. Unless you become one, the distance remains. But finally I decided that it is better to make Kahlil Gibran and his spokesman, Almustafa, complete and whole.

AND WHAT IS IT TO WORK WITH LOVE?

IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO WEAR THAT CLOTH.

It is a very loving attitude towards work but still it is not work that arises out of love, because the beloved is separate. And the one who is beloved today may not be tomorrow. The love that humanity knows can easily turn into hate. The ordinary love is a double-edged sword. When you are in love with someone... it may be God, but it does not mean that your love cannot turn into hate any moment.

Once a man came to me and he said, "I am a great believer in God."

I said, "I have seen you before. You were always complaining against God, what has happened?"

He said, "I was complaining because I didn't have a child. And I was praying for ten years continuously and God had no response to my prayers. I stopped praying, I stopped going to the temple. I felt cheated, deceived. It became clear to me that there is no God.

"But I was impatient. Just yesterday, a child was born. I wanted first to inform you -- because you know my ten years' misery -- that I am greatly happy. God *is*. Though he may delay his decisions for his own reasons which we know not, the prayer is always heard -- if not today, then tomorrow."

I said, "You are still impatient. The child can die also -- what will happen to your love and your trust and your belief in God? With the death of the child, your God will also die. He is born with the child, and with the child he will be gone, and you will hate him more than ever. Before, he was just not listening to your prayers but now he has taken away your long, long desired child."

He said, "Don't say such a thing!"

I said, "I have to say it to make you aware that your love for God is seasonal. Just like the seasonal flowers -- within weeks, they are there dancing in the wind and within weeks they are gone. Your love has not arisen from the center of your being. It is not an experience, it is just a bribe."

And by the way, I would like you to know that it is very difficult to destroy the ugly existence of bribery from this land because this land has been bribing even God for thousands of years.

People go to the temples and they say, "If our desires are fulfilled, we will offer you sweets, fruits. We will believe in you. The fulfillment of our desires is the only evidence that you exist."

That's why I say Kahlil Gibran is not a mystic yet. First, let us hear what Almustafa is saying:

IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART...

The heart is better than the head, but you are not the heart. You are still deeper: you are the being, eternal being. The moment your head dies, your heart will also stop beating. Your head and your heart both belong to the body and to the world.

Only you, in your total purity of consciousness, belong to the eternal flow of life. Only you belong to God. And if you are basing your belief on some desires which are fulfilled... it is better than to believe because certain arguments have convinced your head but it is not yet the real thing.

You should love, not because of any reason; you should love because you are so overflowing with love. It should not be addressed to the beloved. And you all know -- your love goes on, up and down. The enemy can become your friend, the friend can become your enemy. You are not free, it depends on the object.

Your love is freedom only when it does not depend on any object but simply flows from your being for no cause at all. That's why it cannot be changed. It is going to be eternal. Whether God exists or not makes no difference, whether there is any beloved or not makes no difference. You will still be loving.

It is not a question of loving someone, it is a question of being love yourself. That does not come from the heart, it comes from a very deep source -- the ultimate depth of your being -- and showers over all: the deserving, the undeserving, the worthy, the unworthy. It makes no discriminations.

But that kind of love arises not because you have a beloved; that kind of love arises because you have reached to your very innermost center. It comes out of meditation; that is the missing point. Otherwise, it is a beautiful poetry and what he is saying is significant:

IT IS TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH AFFECTION EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO DWELL IN THAT HOUSE.

This is the poverty of the poet... once in a while, he makes the effort to reach to the stars but he goes on falling back to the earth again and again. His poetry is mixed -- sometimes it reaches to the open sky on the wing and sometimes it creeps on the earth. And unless you are a meditator, you will not be able to make the distinction, because his words are always beautiful. Just see: he is saying, *it is to build a house with affection...* but from where are you going to get affection?

And he says: *Even as if...* Remember those two words: *as if*. It is all imagination: *Even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house. As if?* -- you are trying to create a hallucination around yourself.

When you see a beautiful sunset, you don't say "Look, it seems *as if* the sunset is very beautiful." Your "as if" is your doubt, your "as if" is simply your inference.

Just think: You love a woman or a man and you say, "It seems *as if* I love you." Do you think this is going to convince the woman? If she's really a woman and not a bogus lady, she is going to hit you hard! *As if?*

But the difference is clear: the mystic speaks with an authority. The poet, at the most, can speak always rooted in "ifs" and "buts."

There is a great book by a very famous philosopher; its name is AS IF. The man is sincere. He does not say, "God exists." He says AS IF... "I think God exists."

Beware of these ugly words like as if. Either you love or you don't love, there is no middle ground.

IT IS TO SOW SEEDS WITH TENDERNESS AND REAP THE HARVEST WITH JOY EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO EAT THE FRUIT.

The words are beautiful but the content, the substance, is on shaky ground. That as if means you are making a castle in the sand, believing that no wind is going to destroy it. But the winds don't follow your orders.

The religious man never uses the words "as if." It is the philosopher, the poet, it is the blind person who thinks *as if* there is light. He has not seen it, he has heard about it. Everybody is talking about it, perhaps they are right. But it is not his own direct experience and unless the experience is *direct* and YOURS, it is not liberating. It is going to create a bondage. It will make you a dreamer but dreams need sleep and unconsciousness.

IT IS TO CHARGE ALL THINGS YOU FASHION WITH A BREATH OF YOUR OWN SPIRIT.  
AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.

This seems to have some truth, at least in this city of the dead. But I will not call them "the blessed dead." There is only one blessing and that is life. It is pure mannerism, etiquette, that you call the dead "the blessed." Then what are you doing here? Why don't you get dead and become blessed? Living, you are cursed -- and a cursed man, once dead, becomes "the blessed."

Just the other day I told you that this is a temple of a living god. If you come here, come with your total being and participate with the people in their joy, in their song. But still I have seen on the chairs -- or have you removed the chairs? -- one lady... I will not call her a woman because "woman" is a respectable word; a lady is just bribed by the male chauvinists to function almost like the dead. I have seen one woman not participating in your song and in your joy. I don't see many dead people here; just one poor woman keeping herself apart, afraid to be joyous, afraid to merge and meet you in spirit.

I will have another look when I leave, whether the miracle happens or not. In the past it used to -- Jesus called Lazarus and after four days of living as dead, he immediately came out alive. There are still two hours for the dead lady to become a living woman.

And do you know, the word "lady" is ugly. It means a good lay. And the lady is supposed to lie down while making love, almost dead -- not moving, not showing her joy, not screaming. This is a very cunning strategy of man because he knows: the woman can have multiple orgasms. One man can have only one orgasm; his love is finished within two, three minutes. By that time, the lady has not even become warm enough, what to say about hot dogs?

For thousands of years, the woman has been exploited in such cunning ways. She has been told, "This is being graceful, to lie dead and suffer the whole agony." That's why all women, when you are making love to them, close their eyes. They don't want to see what is happening because they are not participants. Otherwise it is the most beautiful dance of meeting, of merging, of two lovers in oneness.

I cannot support the statement:

AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE  
STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.

But in a Christian conditioning... Kahlil Gibran is a converted Christian; his forefathers changed their religion from Mohammedanism to Christianity. All the religions born outside of India believe that you have only one life, and then sit on trees -- blessed, dead -- or stand, as you wish, and watch for eternity until the last day comes, the day of judgment.

Jesus was asked again and again, "When is the day of judgment coming?" Because his apostles were greedy, they wanted to enter paradise as soon as possible. And Jesus lied to them, or perhaps he himself was living in an illusion.

He said, "Very soon. In your very life you will see the gates of paradise flung open. I will be standing with my father, God, indicating who has followed me -- he will be allowed in. And those who have not followed me will fall into the eternal darkness of hell."

This small statement made Bertrand Russell, who was born a Christian, very irritated and annoyed. He dropped out of Christianity and wrote a book, WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN. Of all the reasons that he has given, this is the most important: that the whole religion is just without any sense of justice.

In one life, how many sins can you commit? If you go on committing sins every moment -- without eating, without drinking, without sleeping, for seventy years non-stop -- even then, you cannot commit enough sins in seventy years to deserve eternal hellfire. Eternal! There should be some justice.

Bertrand Russell himself said, "I have committed many things which can be condemned by Christians as sin and I have dreamed many things which can be also condemned as sin. My actions and my dreams both could be joined together -- the hardest judge could not send me to jail for more than four or five years."

Eternal condemnation to hellfire, with no exit, no way of coming out is sheer stupidity, nonsense, unreasonable. But a man like Kahlil Gibran is still burdened with the idea.  
(A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE, A VISITOR, RISES TO LEAVE THE HALL.)

Look at this man... where are you going? And if you were going to leave this place, why have you come? These are the dead people! Look at his face ... and the woman I indicated -- they should not be allowed in. This is a congregation, this is not a film show!

But all the religions that have been born in India are more rational in this sense. They do not believe in one life, but in reincarnation. You go on being reborn again and again. The whole eternity is given to your life, without any beginning and without any end.

So I have been watching in the morning -- I don't see any dead soul watching from the trees. Just a few dead souls enter out of curiosity, or perhaps they are in plainclothes, just police dogs. But I will not tolerate anybody who is here out of curiosity, who is here as an observer, who is here as a detective, who is here as an informer. And you all have to be aware. Whenever you see somebody not participating, this is the last time he has entered this temple of God.

*Often have I heard you say, as if speaking in sleep....* But that *as if* goes on. He's not certain what he is saying. He is simply assuming -- *as if speaking in sleep*:

"HE WHO WORKS IN MARBLE AND FINDS THE SHAPE OF HIS OWN SOUL IN THE STONE IS  
NOBLER THAN HE WHO PLOUGHS THE SOIL.

Painters, poets, sculptors, dancers, are being awarded with Nobel prizes. Have you heard that a gardener who creates life, beautifies life, has received a Nobel prize? A farmer, who plows the field and brings nourishment to you all -- has he ever been rewarded? No, he lives and dies as if he has never been here.

This is an ugly demarcation. Every creative soul -- it does not matter what he creates -- should be respected and honored, so that creativity is honored. But even politicians get Nobel Prizes -- who are nothing but clever criminals. All the bloodshed that has happened in the world has happened because of these politicians and they are still preparing more and more nuclear weapons to commit a global suicide.

In a real, honest human society, creativity will be honored, respected, because the creative soul is participating in the work of God.

"AND HE WHO SEIZES THE RAINBOW TO LAY IT ON A CLOTH IN THE LIKENESS OF MAN IS MORE THAN HE WHO MAKES THE SANDALS FOR OUR FEET."

Our sense of aesthetics is not very rich.

I am reminded of Abraham Lincoln. He was the son of a shoemaker and he became the president of America. Naturally, all the aristocrats were tremendously disturbed, annoyed, irritated. And it is not a coincidence that soon Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. They could not tolerate the idea that the country had a shoemaker's son as the president.

On the first day, when he was going to give his inaugural address to the Senate, just as he was going to stand up, one ugly aristocrat stood up and he said, "Mr. Lincoln, although by some accident you have become the president of the country, don't forget that you used to come with your father to my house to prepare shoes for our family. And there are many senators who are wearing the shoes made by your father, so never forget your origins."

He was thinking he was going to humiliate him. But you cannot humiliate a man like Abraham Lincoln. Only small people, suffering from inferiority, can be humiliated. The greatest of human beings are beyond humiliation.

Abraham Lincoln said something which should be remembered by everyone. He said, "I am very grateful to you for reminding me of my father just before I give my first address to the Senate. My father was so beautiful, and such a creative artist -- there was no other man who could make such beautiful shoes. I know perfectly well, whatever I do, I will never be such a great president as he was a great creator. I cannot surpass him.

"But by the way, I want to remind all you aristocrats that if the shoes made by my father are pinching you, I have also learned the art with him. I am not a great shoemaker, but at least I can correct your shoes. You just inform me, I will come to your house."

There was great silence in the Senate, and the senators understood that it was impossible to humiliate this man. But he has shown a tremendous respect for creativity.

It does not matter whether you paint, sculpt, or make shoes; whether you are a gardener, a farmer, a fisherman, a carpenter -- it does not matter. What matters is, are you putting your very soul into what you are creating? Then your creative products have something of the quality of divine.

Except creativity, there is nothing divine.

BUT I SAY NOT IN SLEEP, BUT IN THE OVERWAKEFULNESS OF NOONTIDE, THAT THE WIND SPEAKS NOT MORE SWEETLY TO THE GIANT OAKS THAN TO THE LEAST OF ALL THE BLADES OF GRASS.

Existence treats everyone equally. The sun does not rise only for the rich people; neither is the full moon night dedicated to the presidents and prime ministers of the world. When the wind blows and brings fragrance, it does not bother whether you are a famous man or just a nobody.

Existence is pure communism, it treats everybody equally. The saint and the sinner are not demarcated. The water will not say to the sinner, "You cannot quench your thirst because you are a sinner. I am here for the saints." Just learn something from existence, because this is the only holy scripture. I don't know any other scripture which is holy -- but nature is innocent, pure, sacred.

If we had listened to nature, man would have been part of this tremendous equality, respect for all, reverence for life. But man has forgotten the ways of nature, he has become absolutely unnatural. His misery is a by-product of his being unnatural.

AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE WIND INTO A SONG MADE SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.

But you will not find the names of those people in your history books, because they were not murderers on a great scale -- like Alexander the Great, who killed for no reason at all; just an idiotic desire to conquer the whole world. These conquerors cannot be creators. These are the most destructive people in the world.

The whole world's pressure is on Ronald Reagan to stop creating more nuclear weapons. But he seems to be absolutely insane. He is not listening to anybody. And these American politicians have been condemning the Soviet Union continuously. But the Soviet Union, seeing the stubborn attitude of Ronald Reagan, has stopped creating more nuclear weapons ten months ago. This needs courage.

Ronald Reagan and his company are a company of cowards. Now what is the point? -- when the Soviet Union was also creating nuclear weapons, there was some point... "Don't be left behind." The Soviets tried their best to convince them: "We are ready to reduce our nuclear weapons; you start reducing yours in the same proportion." Seeing that there is no possibility from a religious bigot and a political fanatic like Ronald Reagan, they themselves have stopped -- alone. This has raised their prestige all over the world.

Ronald Reagan is already a defeated soul. You have shown your cowardliness, and all your propaganda against the Soviet Union seems to be nothing but lies.

You will be surprised to know that I have been expelled from America for no reason, and the Soviet Union has invited me to their international book fair and said that if I cannot come, I can send anybody with all my literature: "We want the Soviet Union to know all the best literature of the world."

In America, nearabout one million dollars' worth of my books were being sold every year. But suddenly no bookseller, no chain stores -- who were continually saying that "your supply is not enough for our demand" -- are ready to put my books in their showcases. Who is a fascist country today? America has turned into a far more fascist country than the Soviet Union or Germany has ever been.

And Ronald Reagan is a very religious person, he is a fundamentalist Christian. What kind of religiousness is this? He is deceiving the beautiful American people and he is trying to destroy the whole world. The world has never before seen a worse criminal in power. Adolf Hitler is left miles behind.

But these names make history: Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah. They have only destroyed.

I am reminded about Nadir Shah -- he had invaded India, and each night he wanted beautiful women and wine. The whole day he was killing people and at night, it was a celebration.

One night, his soldiers brought a prostitute who was very beautiful. She danced, and Nadir Shah was very happy. In the middle of the night, he said, "I am feeling tired, and tomorrow morning we are going to invade another country. So stop the dancing."

But the frail, young and beautiful woman said, "In the dark night, passing through a forest, I will have to go to my village. At least allow me to stay overnight. In the morning, when there is light, I can go."

He said, "Don't be worried. You are a guest of no ordinary person; you are a guest of Nadir Shah. I will make your path full of light right now! And he ordered his soldiers to put all the villages on fire on the way, all the trees on fire on the way, so the prostitute could go in full light. Twenty villages, with living beings who were asleep, were put on fire and the whole forest was put on fire to create a morning in the middle of the dark night -- just for the prostitute to go, because she was no ordinary person's guest.

These are names which make history. You will never come across in your history books those who are humble, silent, peaceful.

But Kahlil Gibran is right:

AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE  
WIND INTO A SONG MADE SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.

Except a loving heart, there is no greatness anywhere. And you all have the loving heart. You just have to be told that it needs to be opened, made available to existence -- to life, to people, to trees, to oceans, to everything that surrounds you.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE...

Whenever you create, you are making your love for existence visible. But your religious saints are telling you to renounce the world.

In India, there are thousands and thousands of monks -- of Hindus, of Jainas, of Mohammedans -- but they are all uncreative. They don't even paint or write poetry. No, work is condemned, and these people who are the condemnors of life and its creativity are worshipped.

I have been asking people, "Where are you going?" And in India, to go to a saint is called *seva* -- service. They are going to serve the saint. The saint cannot work, cannot create, is the most useless person -- an unnecessary burden on a poor country -- and he needs service.

I used to know a very beautiful man, Magga Baba. He was so tired of these people continuously serving him, because there is a limit to everything. They wouldn't let him sleep! Ten persons are massaging him... he was such a simple, innocent soul that he would not say anything. "Let them do...."

But one night he disappeared. He used to disappear, not on his own accord. He was perhaps the only person who was continuously being stolen. Because one village had served him enough, some other village, finding the chance, would steal him. And he would not say anything. If they said to him, "Sit in the rickshaw," he would sit.

Many times he was found in different villages and brought back. But finally he got so tired....

I was a university student in those days, and once in a while I used to go to him -- just to sit by that silent man, because he never used to speak to anybody. But I was blessed that if there was no one else, he would whisper something into my ear. And the last thing he whispered in my ear was: "Tears are coming into my eyes because I will not be able to see you again."

I said, "What happened? Any indication of being stolen?"

He said, "No, I have got so tired of all these people who are serving me. I cannot sleep, so I am just going to disappear in the mountains. And I will not be coming back because humanity is not the place to live silently."

He was an enlightened being. But no history book will ever mention him. History seems to be obsessed with the murderers, with the powerful, with people who have created all kinds of nuisance in the world and have not been a help or a blessing but a curse.

If the new humanity arises, the first thing is to make bonfires of all the history books. Get rid of Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Ronald Reagan. Don't let your children's minds be poisoned by these people!

History should take note of the creators, of people who are nobodies, but because of their nobodiness they have turned into flutes -- hollow bamboos. The wind blows and the flute turns the wind into a song. These are the people who love existence because they beautify it.

But all the religions are against life. They say, "Renounce life," and life includes work, life includes love, life includes everything. "Renounce life, because your renunciation of life is going to be, after your death, an entry into paradise." But it is always *after* death.

All these religious people and the politicians are angry with me for the simple reason that I am telling people that life is *herenow* -- not after death -- don't wait. And life is in love, life is in being creative, life is in understanding your innermost being. Because only then can you become a constantly overflowing source of beauty, love, and joy.

Who cares about life after death? Life is *before* death, and if you can live totally, there is no death for you. This is the experience of all those who have entered into silence. They have witnessed the greatest miracle: that their innermost core, their consciousness, is eternal. Life can take away the clothes, the bodies, but life cannot destroy you. But only the creator -- and a creator out of love -- transcends death.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE.

AND IF YOU CANNOT WORK WITH LOVE BUT ONLY WITH DISTASTE, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR WORK AND SIT AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE AND TAKE ALMS OF THOSE WHO WORK WITH JOY.

If you cannot be a creator, if you cannot love work, if you cannot love life, then the only possibility for you is just to be a beggar. The lover is an emperor, the creator is an emperor -- without invading the whole world. He has invaded the whole universe out of sheer, loving creativity. But if you cannot do that, then at least just sit before the temple as a beggar.

Why is he particularly suggesting the temple? Because if the temple is a living temple -- and I mean by a living temple one where the master is still alive -- there will be seekers coming, lovers, creators, and you will be constantly seeing that they are as much human beings as you are. Perhaps you may start feeling ashamed of being a beggar. Perhaps one day you may wake up and enter the temple, not as a beggar but as a seeker of truth, as a seeker of

love, as a learner of how to create.

FOR IF YOU BAKE BREAD WITH INDIFFERENCE, YOU BAKE A BITTER BREAD THAT FEEDS  
BUT HALF MAN'S HUNGER.  
AND IF YOU GRUDGE THE CRUSHING OF THE GRAPES, YOUR GRUDGE DISTILS A POISON  
IN THE WINE.  
AND IF YOU SING THOUGH AS ANGELS, AND LOVE NOT THE SINGING, YOU MUFFLE MAN'S  
EARS TO THE VOICES OF THE DAY AND THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The song is continuous. The birds are singing, the flowers are singing. Whether you can hear it or not is a different matter. You think the flowers are not singing? You should think that you are deaf! Because I have heard them singing, dancing. Even in the dark night, the silence is a song. If you cannot do anything, at least allow existence to enter into your being. It will transform you.

I call the science of transformation, meditation.

Just sitting here, listening to the birds, is being filled with the eternal creativity.

I have been in this garden for seven years before I went to America. My people had planted small plants and now it has become really a jungle, so beautiful that you need not do anything -- just sit silently under the shade of a tree and feel what trees are whispering to each other. There is constant communion between the earth and the sky.

And if you have heard that whispering, your heart will start dancing with joy. That whispering will become your song of life. That whispering will make you understand the Song of Solomon.

It is a strange fact that in the Old Testament, which is the holy book of the Jews... they don't allow the New Testament in their holy book; the New Testament concerns Jesus and his teachings. In the Old Testament, there is only one thing which has any spiritual significance and that is the Song of Solomon. But Jews are very much afraid that people should know about that song. It is not discussed in their synagogues because it is a song of life -- not of renunciation but of rejoicing. It is a song of love. That is the only part of the Old Testament which is *really* religious. The Old Testament, without the Song of Solomon, has no worth, no value at all.

But the rabbis and the synagogues and the scholars are all concerned with the Old Testament and somehow feel ashamed that the Song of Solomon is there -- what to do with it? And it is the only beauty in the whole Old Testament, the very essence of spirituality.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #15

### Chapter title: Beyond joy and sorrow

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN A WOMAN SAID,  
SPEAK TO US OF JOY AND SORROW.  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOUR JOY IS YOUR SORROW UNMASKED.  
AND THE SELFSAME WELL FROM WHICH YOUR LAUGHTER RISES WAS OFTENTIMES FILLED  
WITH YOUR TEARS.  
AND HOW ELSE CAN IT BE?  
THE DEEPER THAT SORROW CARVES INTO YOUR BEING, THE MORE JOY YOU CAN  
CONTAIN.  
IS NOT THE CUP THAT HOLDS YOUR WINE THE VERY CUP THAT WAS BURNED IN THE  
POTTER'S OVEN?  
AND IS NOT THE LUTE THAT SOOTHES YOUR SPIRIT THE VERY WOOD THAT WAS  
HOLLOWED WITH KNIVES?  
WHEN YOU ARE JOYOUS, LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR HEART AND YOU SHALL FIND IT IS ONLY  
THAT WHICH HAS GIVEN YOU SORROW THAT IS GIVING YOU JOY.  
WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN  
TRUTH YOU ARE WEEPING FOR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR DELIGHT.  
SOME OF YOU SAY, "JOY IS GREATER THAN SORROW," AND OTHERS SAY, "NAY, SORROW  
IS THE GREATER."  
BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, THEY ARE INSEPARABLE.  
TOGETHER THEY COME, AND WHEN ONE SITS ALONE WITH YOU AT YOUR BOARD,  
REMEMBER THAT THE OTHER IS ASLEEP UPON YOUR BED.  
VERILY YOU ARE SUSPENDED LIKE SCALES BETWEEN YOUR SORROW AND YOUR JOY.  
ONLY WHEN YOU ARE EMPTY BE YOU AT STANDSTILL AND BALANCED.  
WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS MUST  
YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL.

Kahlil Gibran sometimes touches almost the center of your being. But sometimes he misses the target completely. And those who understand only poetry will not be able to make the distinction when he is on the sunlit peaks and when he is just like you in the darkness of the valleys.

Yes, even when he is with you in the darkness of the valleys, he is a great poet. He can manage to make statements which sound very profound. But they are absolutely empty. Today's statements belong to that category -- beautiful poetry but utterly contentless.

My commentaries on Kahlil Gibran are going to be the beginning of a new sort of commentary. There are almost one thousand commentaries on SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, the Hindu holy scripture. They all differ from each other. And so is the case with other scriptures -- like Badarayana's BRAHMASUTRAS. They have been commented upon for centuries.

But there is not a single commentary in the whole world which finds statements which are not right or which are superficial. They are the commentaries of followers, and followers are always blind. They think everything that is written in SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA has to be right.

Therefore I am saying this is the beginning of a new way of commentary. I am not a follower of anybody. When I see the truth, I am ready to die for it. It does not matter from whom it comes -- from Raidas, a shoemaker; or Badarayana, a great seer, perhaps the greatest Hindu who has some truth in him -- if I see that what is being said is superficial, I am not going to hide it from you. And if I see there is something which is false, I am going to expose it to you.

All the old commentaries are false in a way. Everything is right -- the idea seems to be, "How can Badarayana be wrong?" So the commentators have been trying to manipulate words, to give them new meanings, new colors, just to protect the idea that Badarayana is consistently true.

I cannot do that. I may agree with anyone if truth is there. And I will disagree with anyone. However ancient and however respected, I am going to disagree, because to me it is not a question of the man who has written the book. It is a question of being always with truth and never allowing untruth just for the sake of consistency.

Kahlil Gibran cannot be consistent, because he is a great poet -- but only a poet; he is not a mystic. He has not seen the reality in its totality. He has not experienced himself, his own individuality.

But he is a magician as far as words are concerned. Even in these statements, his magic is profound. But the meaning is missing.

THEN A WOMAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF JOY AND SORROW.

AND HE ANSWERED:

YOUR JOY IS YOUR SORROW UNMASKED.

AND THE SELFSAME WELL FROM WHICH YOUR LAUGHTER RISES WAS OFTENTIMES FILLED WITH YOUR TEARS.

There is beauty in the words, poetry in the expression, but there is no profundity of meaning. This statement is true only for those who are fast asleep and unconscious. The statement is not true; it simply shows your sleepiness, your unconsciousness.

As far as the unconscious man is concerned, his joy is nothing but his sorrow unmasked because the unconscious man lives in contradictions. His joy and his sorrow are only two sides of the same coin. His laughter and his tears are not intrinsically different, they come from *the selfsame well*....

In one of the very important statements of Friedrich Nietzsche... and it is well to remember Friedrich Nietzsche at this moment because Kahlil Gibran was impressed by Friedrich Nietzsche more than by anybody else. In fact, he wrote the book, THE PROPHET under the influence of Friedrich Nietzsche's book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Friedrich Nietzsche, in ZARATHUSTRA says: "I laugh because I am afraid if I don't laugh, I may start weeping. My laughter is nothing but a strategy to hide my tears."

Have you observed that people who are very fat seem to be always more smiling, happy, joyous? What could be the reason? Fatness cannot create joy. But the reason is, the fat person goes on becoming more and more ugly and his eyes are full of tears. He knows his ugliness, he knows that he has missed the opportunity to be beautiful. To hide the fact, he smiles more, laughs more, appears always joyful. He may not be aware of the phenomenon because whatever unconscious people are doing, they don't know why they are doing it.

Just to emphasize the fact, I would like to remind you that Jews have the best and the most beautiful jokes in the world. And they are the people who have suffered the most. I have been in search for years to find a single Indian joke but I have not been successful; all the jokes are borrowed from somewhere else. Their origins are not India. Most of them come from the Jews.

It looks very strange: the race that has suffered so much for almost four thousand years, has been tortured in every possible way, has lived without a country, has been butchered, massacred, in millions... and yet they have the most refined jokes. The psychology behind it is that they want to hide their wounds. They want to forget their misery, their torture.

I have heard from one of my sannyasins who was in a concentration camp of Adolf Hitler in Germany. The war ended and just by chance, he survived. He told me... he is not a Jew. But when there are millions of people burned in gas chambers, who cares who you are? He used to live with a Jewish family, and he was also caught. He denied that he was a Jew, but who was there to listen?

He told me, "The strangest phenomenon that I saw in the concentration camp -- where thousands of Jews were reduced, humiliated, in such ugly ways as it has never been done before. First all their belongings would be taken; even a wristwatch was not allowed. Their clothes were taken. They had to stand naked -- men and women and children, in long queues -- to be medically examined, for hours. Still, they were joking and laughing. They were telling jokes to one another."

They knew their time to die had come. Tomorrow had never been more uncertain. Even when they were entering the gas chambers... and they knew that whoever had entered those chambers had never come back. They had seen thousands of people entering the gas chamber and within minutes, the chimneys of the gas chamber were releasing smoke. All those people had been killed through technology so quickly.

Just five minutes before entering the same chamber -- and they knew that it was the last time they would see the beautiful world, the trees, the flowers, the people, their children, their wife, their mother, their old father -- still they were telling jokes.

He was puzzled. He could not understand because he is a Hindu. He had gone to Germany to study. Just by chance, a rich Jewish family became interested in him -- and he was a man of genius -- and they asked him, "Don't stay anywhere else. Be our guest." This is how he was caught.

But even more than the gas chamber and the concentration camp and all kinds of humiliations, the most puzzling thing for him was, "What kind of people are these Jews? Is this a time to laugh?"

India has no jokes of its own for a certain reason. It has never suffered the way Jews have suffered. For another reason, its religion teaches it to accept suffering as a punishment from God, because of your past evil acts. "Be patient, accept it. And you will be well rewarded after death."

But the Jews don't have any after-death. This is the only life they know. This is the only earth they know. These are the only people, the only trees, the only sun and moon they know.

And they have been continuously tortured.

First they were tortured in Egypt as slaves. Moses must be honored as one of the greatest revolutionaries of the world; he provoked them to revolt. It was very difficult, because they had become accustomed to the misery. Have you seen all those great pyramids? They were created, not by Egyptians -- yes, they were created for Egyptian kings and queens, but they were created by Jewish slaves.

Even science is unable to understand how such huge blocks of stone... even today we don't have cranes to put them on top of a highrise pyramid. How did the Egyptians manage four thousand years ago? The credit does not belong to Egyptians. On the contrary, those pyramids are standing as a condemnation of the Egyptian kings and queens. They are their graves, but before a grave for a king or a queen was finished, thousands of Jews had died in making the grave, the pyramid.

Egyptian soldiers were following when the Jews were carrying those huge stones on their shoulders. And the burden was such that many would simply die because of the burden, would be crushed under the stone, under the rock. His dead body would be thrown by the side of the road and another Jew would be put in his place to carry the stone. Even if a thousand lives were needed to put the stone on top of the pyramid, it was perfectly okay. And on both sides, Egyptian soldiers were continuously beating people: "You are lazy! It is not because of the weight of the rock that you are so slow, you are simply lazy!" Many would die because of the beatings. They were treated in a far worse way than even animals have ever been treated.

Since those days, Moses had somehow managed to convince them that "You are God's chosen people, and I have come to liberate you." I know it was a fiction, but it was certainly needed because those Jews had lost completely the dignity of being human beings. Somebody had to convince them: "You are human beings -- not only human beings but the most superior human beings, the very chosen people of God. Just follow me out of Egypt and I will show you that God has prepared a beautiful land for you, Israel."

This was all beautiful fiction. But it worked, the Jews went out of Egypt. There was no Israel anywhere. For forty years, they wandered in the Middle East, the vast desert, without food, without water -- like beggars. And they were asking again and again, "Where is Israel? And how long is it going to take?"

My own insight is that, tired and weary, finally Moses reached the place that he showed to them -- "This is Israel." It was a barren land. In forty years, almost ninety percent of the original people who had left Egypt had died. Forty years is a long time. And when you are in misery, it becomes even longer.

Time is very elastic. When you are blissful it becomes very small: sitting with your friend, hours pass and it seems only minutes have passed. But hungry, thirsty, desert all around as far as human eyes could see -- no Garden of Eden. It was certain that people would die.

When Moses reached the place that he named Israel, he was surrounded by almost all new people, who had been born on the way. And there was such a gap. The generation gap that you talk about today was first felt by Moses and his people. Those new people had no idea who this fellow Moses was. There was no possibility of communication.

Hence, Moses had to leave the land with the new generation, with an excuse: "I am going to find one of our tribes which has lost its way somewhere in the desert." It was true. One tribe of the Jews had lost its way and reached Kashmir -- and Kashmir looks closer to God's garden than Israel, so they settled there, thinking that they had reached and all the others had lost their way in the desert.

Moses found them just at the very end of his life. He died in Kashmir. I have been to his grave... because there are only two graves in India -- one of Moses and another of Jesus -- on which the inscriptions are in Hebrew. And both graves are in one place, in Pahalgam in Kashmir. The word *pahalgam* means, "the village of the shepherd." Because Jesus used to say, "I am the shepherd and you are the sheep. Follow me: I will take you to your real home, your real land."

*Pahalgam*, in Kashmiri, means "the village of the shepherd." It is strange that Moses and Jesus should die in India, where there are no Jews. Both were Jews. Remember, Jesus had never heard the word "Christian." He had never known that he would be known as "Jesus Christ," because in Hebrew, there is no such word as "Christ." He used to call himself "the messiah."

*Christ* is the Greek translation of the word *Messiah*. And of course, the followers became known as Christians. Otherwise, Jesus was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. Two great Jews... strange mysteries of existence... had to come to a land where there were no other Jews. And it was good; otherwise they would have been crucified.

Jews cannot forgive Moses because he deceived them -- although he was the man who made them free of a long, long slavery. But he landed in a rotten place and then escaped. Seeing the situation, that after forty years this is the outcome... and he was so tired, naturally.

And they have not been able to forgive Jesus either because it is in his name that the greatest and the richest business has been founded -- Christianity. How can Jews forgive? Their own son has founded the greatest establishment, and it is in the hands of others.

Since those days, Jews have been in trouble. Israel is surrounded now by Mohammedans. Fourteen centuries before, it was surrounded by robbers whose whole business was to kill and rob... because the earth yields nothing to eat. Caravans passing through the desert were robbed, killed -- that was the only business of the desert people. First they tortured Jews as much as possible, and then came the Mohammedans. Mohammed transformed those same nomads into the religion of Islam.

After Mohammed, Israel has been surrounded. It is a small island in a vast ocean of Mohammedans. They have been torturing -- they tortured them so much, and finally took over their land. They even changed the name of Israel. Before 1947, its name was Palestine, it was a Mohammedan country.

And now, the ugliest politicians of America and Britain, after the second world war have managed -- because they were occupying Palestine -- to give the Jews back their land. And the Jews thought this was Christian generosity -- it was not. The truth is... although nobody says it, the truth is that the American politicians again put them into the same situation, where they will be tortured by Mohammedans continuously. Israel cannot exist.

And now it has become a problem of prestige. They have poured all their money into Israel, they have come from all over the world to live in their own land. And the Mohammedans are forcing them to go back -- "It is not your country."

The American cunningness has never reached higher than that. In such a sweet manner, they persuaded the Jews -- who themselves were asking, "We need a land, our own country." Now they are dependent on America. Israel is not a sovereign country -- can never be. If America stops giving them arms, the next day they will be massacred. So this is good business and good politics. America got rid of its own Jews. It is a fanatic Christian mind, but they found a very clever way of getting rid of Jews without killing them.

Adolf Hitler killed six million Jews but he was at least straightforward. America has put all the Jews, for centuries to come, in the position to be continuously in a gas chamber. And

any day America can decide that "We cannot waste more arms. We have helped enough." And they are not helping for free; the American Jews are paying. They are the greatest customers for all the old, rotten weapons which cannot be used by America. They are being sold to the Jews. And they will remain in constant need, and in constant paranoia.

Still, they laugh the best. They go on finding beautiful jokes. The psychology is simple: their whole being is full of tears and they don't want it to be exposed to the world. Any excuse to laugh is enough for them. That's why I say Kahlil Gibran's statement is superficial.

This contradiction between laughter and tears, between joy and sorrow is just a part of the mind. Mind cannot live without contradictions.

But Kahlil Gibran knows nothing beyond the mind. Once in a while, he has glimpses of the heart which is only a mid-way stopover. It is not your true being. Of course, it is better than the mind but don't be deceived by it, because it is also part of the same body as mind is. Your mind and your heart both will die with the death of the mind.

Find out that which is not going to die -- then you will know there is no contradiction. When a Gautam Buddha smiles, he is not hiding tears. In fact, if a Gautam Buddha weeps, sheds tears, you will find in those tears also the same laughter, the same smile, the same fragrance. They are not out of sorrow. Neither are they hiding sorrow nor are they arising out of sorrow; they are arising out of overflowing joy.

The laughter is joy, and the tears are also joy for a man who has known the beyond, for the man who is enlightened.

*And how else can it be?* Kahlil Gibran is asking, "This is the only way it can be. How else it can be?"

THE DEEPER THAT SORROW CARVES INTO YOUR BEING, THE MORE JOY YOU CAN CONTAIN.

This is absurd, absolutely wrong.

Kahlil Gibran lived his whole life in America. Although he was born in Lebanon, he lived in America. It is one of the calamities of history that only the East knows the secret of meditation; the West has no awareness of it.

If Kahlil Gibran had been in the East, he would have touched the same heights of consciousness as any Lao Tzu, as any Bodhidharma. And he was more articulate than Gautam Buddha or Mahavira. If he had touched all those heights and remained on them, he would have been the greatest man on the earth, because neither Buddha has that poetry nor anybody else. But they know the truth.

He is saying, *and how else can it be?* It has been!

I say unto you: and it can be! And it can be to everyone who is ready to seek and search. It is not a question of being a poet. Poetry is a talent, just like painting is a talent or sculpture is a talent. But to know yourself is your fundamental right -- the only fundamental right which cannot be interfered with by any government, by any atomic energy, by any nuclear weapons. They can destroy you, but they cannot destroy your beyond. Your beyond is part of the whole existence. And there is no contradiction, ever. In the words of Gautam Buddha, he says: "Take the water of the ocean *anywhere* and the taste is the same, always the same."

Because Kahlil Gibran does not know anything about meditation, he thinks that *the deeper that sorrow carves into your being*, the more joy you can contain. If you are unaware of the possibilities of meditation, you will find it difficult to disagree with him. But I disagree at this point, and disagree absolutely. There is no question of any compromise or negotiations

-- he's wrong. He does not know that there is a place in your being which is not reached through deepening your sorrow but which is reached by silencing your mind, by filling your heart with love.

Then only -- in that silence, in that love-filled silence -- blossom the flowers of eternal joy, life, beauty. You reach the realization of your potential. Then you are not afraid of Hiroshima or Nagasaki, and you are not afraid of Adolf Hitler's gas chambers, and you are not afraid of Ronald Reagan's nuclear weapons. Because they can only take away that which is not yours.

They cannot destroy anything which is really yours. Your body, mind, your heart -- all have been given to you by your parents, by other bodies. What is not given by your parents is your being, which has its own history of being in many bodies, having many minds and many hearts, and will have its own history. Even if this planet is destroyed by these idiots who are in power, your being will be on some other planet. There are fifty thousand planets in the world where life exists.

The man of meditation is absolutely fearless.

IS NOT THE CUP THAT HOLDS YOUR WINE THE VERY CUP THAT WAS BURNED IN THE POTTER'S OVEN?

Beautiful words. It hurts to criticize Kahlil Gibran but I am helpless. Do you see the fallacy? He is saying: *is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?* The cup was burned in the potter's oven, not you. So in what way can the sorrow of the cup being burned in the potter's oven create a depth in you which can contain joy?

You will have to be burned in the potter's oven, not a cup. What relation is there? The cup can be broken -- you will not be broken. The cup can be thrown away -- you will not be thrown away. You are not the cup. And strange, that you are trying to attain joy because of the misery and pain of the cup!

But nobody wants to go through fire. And meditation is certainly going through fire, because it has to burn your rubbish, which is filled into your head. It will have to cleanse your heart, with which you are clinging as if it is your treasure. It will have to make you nude, because the clothes that you are wearing are nothing but your misery and pain, anxiety and anguish.

Passing through the fire of meditation, everything that is not your authentic reality, everything that is borrowed, will be burned. Then what remains is the most essential, the immortal. Even death cannot destroy it. But nobody wants to go through the fire.

I am reminded of something which the police commissioner should know. The Hindu reincarnation of God, Rama, was fighting against his enemy Ramana, because Ramana had stolen his beautiful wife, Sita, and kept her imprisoned in a beautiful garden.

He did not misbehave with her. With all respect due, all her needs were fulfilled and she was treated as a queen -- she *was* a queen. The fight was with Rama, not with Sita.

After three years of continuous war, Rama conquered the enemy. Sita was released... and you come across one of the most ugly scenes in the Hindu scriptures. Because the first question Rama asked is a question any male chauvinist will ask: "Are you still pure? And if you are pure, you will have to pass a fire test. You will have to go through fire, and if you come alive out of the fire, I will accept you. If you don't come out alive, the question of acceptance does not arise."

But I say this is one of the ugliest scenes in this most-loved Hindu scripture, RAMAYANA, the story of Rama -- because he is asking about the purity of Sita; he's not giving any proof of *his* purity. And it is a well-known fact: a woman can remain celibate very easily because she has every month, a periodic release of her sexual energy. But man is in difficulty, he does not have the same kind of release. His sexual energy goes on accumulating and goes on becoming more and more burdensome. It has to be released.

If he was really a man of understanding... Hindus think he is the incarnation of God. I am saying only if he was a man of *understanding* he would have followed Sita, hand in hand through the fire, to give her the proof of his purity.

But it is a male chauvinist society and all your religions are male chauvinist -- they are created by men and they are dominated by men. And the innocent Sita does not even ask, "And what about you? Just as I have been three years away from you, you have been three years away from me. We are in the same position. In fact, I was imprisoned and the man who imprisoned me, your enemy, is one of the most-learned men India has known.

"He has not even touched my body. And I have been treated as a queen. He gave me his best garden, his best palace to live in. But you were free -- what about your purity?"

No, Sita did not ask that. That is her humbleness, that is her beauty and grace. Rama has fallen far below Sita. She passed through the fire without any question.

I am saying this so that the police commissioner should know why I criticize other religions -- because they are my past too; the whole past of man is my past. I am entitled to look back and see where man has gone wrong, and no third-rate government servant is going to prevent me.

And even after giving the fire test, when Rama came back with Sita to his capital in Ayodhya, he again behaved brutally. A washerman's wife did not come home in the night. And when in the morning she came home, the washerman said, "Get lost! I am not a Rama to accept a wife who has been three years in the hands of the enemies."

It was reported to Rama, that "A washerman has criticized you." Sita has given the proof before thousands of eyewitnesses, but just a washerman's criticism... and she's pregnant now, but Rama throws her into the forest, into a commune of brahmin students. And this has been told for centuries to this country -- "What a great sacrifice he made!"

I am amazed. Is this sacrifice? or just a greed for the kingdom? Is this sacrifice? or just a greed for respectability? He is a coward! He neither followed her into the fire nor he followed her to the forest. He could have said, "If the people of my capital are suspicious of me, I renounce this kingdom but I cannot renounce a woman who has passed a fire test before thousands of eyewitnesses."

He is greedy for the kingdom, he is greedy for respectability. And who is sacrificed? Sita is sacrificed. And people are being told, "Look at the great sacrifice Rama made."

To sacrifice anybody else is very easy. If he had sacrificed himself, the kingdom, the respectability, I would have loved him as one of the great men, a great soul. But if someone says to me that knowing all the facts, I should accept him as a reincarnation of God, I refuse. He is not even a human being. He's subhuman, just a politician.

And you say to me that I should not criticize? I criticize because I want to purify the path for humanity, for the future. Otherwise, we will go on repeating the same idiotic ideas.

I am not against anybody. I am simply concerned that the new man should not be burdened with the rotten past. My criticism is not basically of the past, my criticism is in favor of the new man -- to prepare the ground for the new humanity. Nobody can prevent me.

AND IS NOT THE LUTE THAT SOOTHES YOUR SPIRIT THE VERY WOOD THAT WAS  
HOLLOWED WITH KNIVES?

Because he has no understanding and is not capable to say, "I do not know the answer to your question..." That would have been far greater, if Almustafa had said to the woman, "Your question -- you will have to seek someone else for its answer, I don't know." But he is trying to hide his ignorance with beautiful poetry.

*And is not the lute that soothes your spirit the very wood that was hollowed with knives?* The lute is hollowed with knives -- not your heart, not your being. So if it soothes... it is not a spiritual growth. It does not soothe your spirit, as he says; it soothes only your head. And not because of the knives, not because of the pain that the lute has to go through. How are you connected with lutes and with cups?

I am simply amazed that even a man like Kahlil Gibran is not aware of what he is saying, and nobody has ever objected to it. Because if Kahlil Gibran is not aware, what to say of the people who are reading Kahlil Gibran all over the world? His beauty, his beautiful poetry -- and they are hypnotized by it.

But nothing can hypnotize me. And I don't make any distinction: if I see something is wrong with Rama, I am going to hammer him. If I see something is wrong with Jesus, I am not going just to remain silent so that Christians are not annoyed with me, so that my communes are not destroyed, so that my sannyasins are not being prevented, so that I am not harassed, tortured in every possible way, punished for no crime at all.

And the doors of all the countries are closed, I cannot enter. I am not coming with an army... but don't force me, because I can manage to come with an army too. And armies don't need visas.

Kahlil Gibran was never a disciple. Hence, he has no understanding of many things which only disciples can have. He was never a master so he is not aware of the total truth. He was never a mystic. He was only a great poet. And I have chosen him for my commentaries so that I can show you -- don't be deceived by beautiful words. Always look inside, whether they contain anything. Don't be bothered by the containers -- the containers can be very beautiful, very aesthetic, and inside? There is nothing but darkness and emptiness.

And Kahlil Gibran is the right person to choose, because sometimes he flies like an eagle across the sun and sometimes he is just sitting in his nest. But you will not be able to make the distinction. And my effort is to make you aware so that even the greatest poet cannot deceive you, even the greatest name cannot make you afraid -- "How to say that Mahavira can be wrong, or Gautam Buddha can have missed the point?"

WHEN YOU ARE JOYOUS, LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL FIND IT IS ONLY  
THAT WHICH HAS GIVEN YOU SORROW THAT IS GIVING YOU JOY.

This is too ordinary. It would have been good if he had not said it, it is below him. Everybody knows it -- that it is the same thing that gives you joy but when you lose it, it gives you sorrow. What great discovery is there?

WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART...

There is no need to look again and again into heart. These are such obvious facts:

AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN TRUTH YOU ARE WEeping FOR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR YOUR DELIGHT.

I say unto you, never look into the heart unnecessarily! Because that may become your habit, so anything stupid and you start looking into the heart. For such superficial things, even just an ordinary mind, a retarded mind is enough. So look into your retardedness -- if you need; otherwise without looking... these things are so superficial, but if you feel that you *have* to look in, then look in your retarded mind. Leave the heart for those moments when your mind is impotent, when even the greatest mind is helpless. Then, and only then, look into your heart.

Here, Kahlil Gibran makes looking into your heart just like whenever you feel nervous, you look into your pocket for a cigarette so that you can start smoking and get engaged in smoking and forget the problem, and the anxiety and the nervousness. People are smoking because of their nervousness.

The heart is a sacred shrine. Knock on the doors of the heart only in moments when your mind feels that it is beyond its capacity.

But not a single time does he mention, "Look into your being." He is not even aware of it, that all profound truths and secrets are not contained in the heart. There will come a moment when even the heart cannot help you. Then Kahlil Gibran has no answer for you. But I have an answer:

Then, go beyond the heart. Look into your own being.

But these should be very rare occasions. They should not be made habitual: that which is giving you sorrow, that which is giving you joy....

WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN TRUTH YOU ARE WEeping FOR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR DELIGHT.  
SOME OF YOU SAY, "JOY IS GREATER THAN SORROW," AND OTHERS SAY, "NAY, SORROW IS THE GREATER."

Yes, there are only two kinds of philosophies in the world. There are pagan philosophers, who have disappeared from the world. They say, "Eat drink and be merry, because joy is greater than sorrow. Let your life be a constant pleasure, women and wine, and there is no other truth. Don't waste your time."

But these pagan philosophers have disappeared, because all the priests of the world are against them. If they are right, then who is going to listen to the priests in the temples, in the mosques, in the churches? Just go into a church and see, and you will be surrounded by sorrow. Poor Jesus Christ hanging on the cross -- certainly you cannot dance in a church. It will be so out of place. You cannot sing a song of love in a church, you cannot have a belly laughter in a church. The church is almost a graveyard. Sit there as if you are dead, sad, sorrowful. This is thought to be religion.

That's why you don't see your saints smiling. You will be surprised if you find your saint, whom you have been worshipping, playing cards. You will say, "My god, and I used to think that this man is a great saint." But I don't see any contradiction. Why can't a great saint play cards? Yes, he will play cards without cheating, that I understand.... But you will not allow your saints to dance.

But I say unto you: unless a saint is able to dance, he knows nothing. He is just a corpse, who died long before. Don't go near such people because they can be infectious. They may be carrying many diseases -- sadness is a disease, sorrowfulness is a disease.

You will never become young if you cannot laugh, if you cannot love, if you cannot dance, if you cannot sing.

I was in a city and a small boy, maybe ten years old, was being initiated as a Jaina monk. Now, Jaina monks are the sickest people in the whole world. I asked the parents of the child, "Are you mad? You are still producing children and you are feeling very glad and very proud that your ten-year-old young boy is going to become a Jaina monk. But do you understand the implications? You have taken away from your boy, his youth. From ten years, he has simply taken a quantum leap; he will be seventy years old. Sixty years you have taken from his life.

"He will never be able to love. He will never be able to see the beauty of existence. He will never be young. You are making him old! You are all murderers and you are feeling very proud. And because of your pride, that innocent boy is ready, without understanding anything of what he is going to do, to become a monk."

But they were angry at me. They told me that I should leave their temple. I said, "This is not a temple. I am going to inform the police that a few people are killing a young boy of ten years and they should be stopped. Let him grow. Let him find his own sky, and if one day he finds something more beautiful, something more youthful, something more nourishing, something that brings a song to his lips and a dance to his feet, *then* he will be a saint."

But people are so blind, so utterly blind -- they cannot see simple facts of life. All these religions say: "*Nay, sorrow is greater,*" because your tears will wash away your crimes. What crimes have you committed?

It was a constant problem with my father -- he would tell me, "Now you are not a child. You should start going to the temple, you should start worshipping. You should start prayers."

But I said, "For what?"

He said, "Just to wash all your crimes away."

I said, "This is strange. I have not committed any crime, still I have to wash?"

I told him: In a small school, before small children, a Christian priest was telling them that if you live without any sin, if you drop and renounce all that is against religion, you will be immensely rewarded in the other world. And then he asked the boys, "What is the way to enter into the kingdom of God?"

A small boy stood up. He said, "First commit sins."

He said, "What? I have been wasting my whole time telling you, 'Renounce sins!'"

"But," the boy said, "I have not committed any sin. How can I renounce something which I don't have? First let me commit all the sins. Please teach us how to sin. When we have sinned enough, we will renounce them and enter into the kingdom of God."

That was the last time. My father said, "I am finished. You don't harass me."

I said, "Strange... YOU harass me! I have never told you to go to any temple. I don't care about what happens after death. My own concern is, what is happening now? And if you have committed a crime, sins, it is your problem. You should go to the temple, you should pray, but let me live my life. And if I feel that this is a wrong life, I will renounce."

Thirty years, forty years must have passed since this dialogue with my father but I have not found yet that life is a crime or a sin. The longer I have lived, the deeper I have lived, I have found that those people are unfortunate who have renounced life. Because the kingdom of God is not in renouncing life but in rejoicing life, uncovering... just like you peel an onion. Go on peeling and you will find, in the end, pure emptiness in your hand because the onion is nothing but layers upon layers, layers upon layers -- so is life. Go on peeling it. Go on living

it deeper and deeper and deeper, and finally you will have the emptiness Buddha calls the ultimate truth in your hands. You have already entered into the kingdom of God.

BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, THEY ARE INSEPARABLE.

Again he comes to the same viewpoint, that joy and sorrow are inseparable. So neither joy is greater nor sorrow is greater; they are inseparable.

And it is true for the blind, for the sleepy, for the unconscious. But those who are alert just a little bit can transcend both. They are inseparable -- so the moment you transcend sorrow, you also transcend joy. In their transcendence is silence, is peace, is blissfulness, is benediction.

Kahlil Gibran has the capacity to transcend this superficial, intellectual understanding -- because there are moments when he rises above it -- but he goes on falling back.

TOGETHER THEY COME, AND WHEN ONE SITS ALONE WITH YOU AT YOUR BOARD,  
REMEMBER THAT THE OTHER IS ASLEEP UPON YOUR BED.

He's right as far as the ordinary, asleep humanity is concerned. But he is not right as far as a Gautam Buddha is concerned or a Mahavira is concerned or I am concerned.

VERILY YOU ARE SUSPENDED LIKE SCALES BETWEEN YOUR SORROW AND YOUR JOY.  
ONLY WHEN YOU ARE EMPTY ARE YOU AT STANDSTILL AND BALANCED.  
WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS MUST  
YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL.

I say to you that mind can be balanced -- if your sorrow and your joy are balanced, you will find yourself at a standstill -- but this is not the dance I am talking about. This is not the ecstasy I am talking about. This standstill is a kind of death. You have not transcended -- it is just that the scales are balanced.

AND WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS  
MUST YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL

-- and I say to you, this is absolute nonsense. It will happen if you are at a standstill, just because of the balance -- fifty percent joy, fifty percent sorrow. Naturally, you are neither joyful nor sorrowful. You will feel a kind of indifference, a dullness.

This dullness is not spiritual. You will find such dull people all around. They look utterly bored. Because even if they are sorrowful at least something is happening; even if their eyes are full of tears, they show a sign of life. Or if they are joyful, smiling, laughing -- although it is all superficial, it is better than being at a standstill.

Whenever you are at a standstill, you have accepted that life is nothing but boredom. That's what Jean Paul Sartre says, "Life is boredom." He must have come to a standstill. It has nothing to do with life, it has something to do with his inner balance between joy and sorrow. If you feel bored, it is time that you should start moving. It means you have stopped; you are no more breathing, your heart is no more beating.

If you want to remain superficial then choose anything -- either joy or sorrow, because whatever you choose, you have chosen the other too. Today you may be joyful, tomorrow you will be sorrowful, because life always keeps balance. But it has nothing to do with

spiritual growth.

Spiritual growth is going beyond joy and beyond sorrow. In other words, spiritual growth means going beyond all contradictions.

Only in that space which is non-contradictory, non-dual, do you experience the truth, the god that is hidden inside you. It is very close. Just a little intelligence....

But you will be surprised: not a single religion has emphasized the fact that intelligence has anything to do with religion. I have been wasting my eyesight, looking into all kinds of rubbish from all over the world but I have not found a single place in any holy scripture which says that intelligence is the most important religious quality. They all say belief, faith, is the most fundamental quality. And both are against intelligence.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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## The Messiah, Vol 1

### Chapter #16

Chapter title: From house to home from home to temple

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN A MASON CAME FORTH AND SAID,  
SPEAK TO US OF HOUSES.  
AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:  
BUILD OF YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS ERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE  
WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.  
FOR EVEN AS YOU HAVE HOMECOMINGS IN YOUR TWILIGHT, SO HAS THE WANDERER IN  
YOU, THE EVER-DISTANT AND ALONE.  
YOUR HOUSE IS YOUR LARGER BODY.  
IT GROWS IN THE SUN AND SLEEPS IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT; AND IT IS NOT  
DREAMLESS. DOES NOT YOUR HOUSE DREAM? AND DREAMING, LEAVE THE CITY FOR  
GROVE OR HILLTOP?  
WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER  
SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.  
WOULD THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS, THAT  
YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH VINEYARDS, AND COME WITH THE  
FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.  
BUT THESE THINGS ARE NOT YET TO BE.  
IN THEIR FEAR YOUR FOREFATHERS GATHERED YOU TOO NEAR TOGETHER. AND THAT  
FEAR SHALL ENDURE A LITTLE LONGER. A LITTLE LONGER SHALL YOUR CITY WALLS  
SEPARATE YOUR HEARTHS FROM YOUR FIELDS.  
THEN A MASON CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF HOUSES.

The first thing I would like to be remembered by you is that a house and a home are two absolutely different things. Because the question is coming from a mason, he knows only of building houses. Houses are dead. Unless they are filled with your love, your silence, your song, unless your house becomes a reflection of your dancing heart, it remains dead.

But the moment there is love and there is gratefulness and there is celebration, a house is no more a house -- it becomes a home. It is alive. It starts breathing. It becomes filled with all the fragrance that you create.

There is one step more -- when the home becomes a temple. But the poor mason cannot ask these questions.

When your meditateness goes to such depths that you start feeling within yourself pregnant with God, the home becomes a temple. But millions of people are so unfortunate,

they go on living in houses. Even to transform a house into a home seems to be difficult for them. And because they cannot transform their home into a temple, that's why they need temples to be created, churches to be created, cathedrals to be created as the dwelling places of God.

But I say unto you: No church, no temple, no synagogue can become a dwelling place of God if you have not first already become a dwelling place of godliness.

If this series of transformations happens -- from house to home, from home to the temple -- the world will need no churches, no temples, no mosques. People go to the temple -- this is absurd. The temple has to come into their heart, and transform the whole place of their dwelling into a sacred, holy, divine place.

It is said that when Moses was forced too much by his followers -- "How long is it going to take to reach the city of God, to the divine land, Israel? Why don't you go and ask God himself? because you have been telling us that you are just a messenger, and the message is not yours but God's. It is time enough, it seems we are on the wrong path."

Moses said, "I will go, but no one should follow me because one can meet God only in absolute aloneness."

So the whole caravan of the Jews waited in the valley when Moses went on the mountaintop of Sinai. There, he came across a strange phenomenon. He did not see God but he saw a miraculous thing: a green bush... surrounded with flames, and yet the bush was green. It should have been burned long before, and yet the bush was full of fragrant flowers.

He could not believe his eyes. To have a better look, he went closer to the bush. As he was coming closer, a voice was heard. He could not see whose voice it was. But the voice said, "Moses! Leave your shoes and yourself outside this sacred place. Only then you can enter."

It may be a parable -- most probably it is -- but it has a profound truth. The fire of God never destroys. It is cool, it is nourishing. And secondly, where this silent, cool, nourishing atmosphere is created, the place becomes sacred -- a temple. And of course, you have to leave your shoes and yourself outside the sacred place. It shows the way that if you leave your shoes outside your house, it has become a home. But if you can leave yourself too, with the shoes, it has become a temple. Then you are walking on holy ground.

I am not concerned with the historicalness of the story. I am concerned with the essential truth that it contains. But it is strange that Almustafa does not make the distinction between a house and a home and a temple. Perhaps he himself is unaware.

AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:

BUILD OF YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS ERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.

Rather than making the mason aware about the science of transformation, he starts talking about making houses in the wilderness. But they will still be houses, and if everybody makes his house in the wilderness there will be no wilderness. Soon there will be restaurants and discoteques and cinema halls and prostitutes and politicians. The whole gang that he is afraid lives in the city, will create a city around you.

In India, for centuries people have traveled on foot to Badri Kedarnath. The Himalaya is so virgin, so pure, so unpolluted by man and his stupidities. And there was a suggestion that because so many people go -- and it is dangerous, the footpath is narrow and many have died and never returned -- it would be better to make a road.

Now the road has been made. People don't go on foot, they travel by bus. At each stop, there is a restaurant, tea shops, vendors of all kinds of things. They have destroyed the beauty. Now Badri Kedarnath is no more the same sacred place it used to be. Because it is not the place that is sacred. It is the heart full of love -- so full of love that it is even ready to die -- that makes the place a sacred place.

Now going in a bus, with all the facilities available by the side of the road... one beautiful phenomenon has been corrupted. And the people who have corrupted it think they are serving God because now more people can go there. Now Badri Kedarnath is always crowded. These are not the right people. Their only qualification is that they can afford a ticket for the bus. But the people who used to go on foot were given a farewell by the whole town, because there was not much possibility of their returning. The path was dangerous, the height was dangerous, but they had heard some call, and they were ready to sacrifice their lives for it. They were brave people.

Then, in the silence and eternal peace of the Himalayan peaks, Badri Kedarnath was a totally different phenomenon. It was a temple. Now it is not even a home. It is just a house surrounded by all kinds of business people, shops. Whatever you want you can get. It has become a bazaar. Now only idiots go there, or tourists, which means the same. It used to be a spiritual pilgrimage because of its risk, because you had to put yourself aside -- all your fears of death, you had to drop.

In a superficial way he is right:

BUILD UP YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS  
HERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.

The cities have become prisons. The nations are bigger prisons. The whole of humanity is living imprisoned without being aware of the fact. Do you think Poona is a place where people live? It is a prison.

Just the other day, one newspaper has published a threat from the same man who is conspiring with the police commissioner and others. He has failed in his first attempt... but what kind of city is this? I have never committed any crime in this city or anywhere else in the world. The police have the record of seven years of my being here. Tired, I reached here, and within hours I was ordered to leave the city in thirty minutes because I am a danger to the peace of the city.

The police commissioner must have been thinking that just as he goes on behaving with other people, who don't have any pride of being.... I refused to move! I wanted to know -- what is the crime that I have committed? I have been here for seven years....

Seeing that now he has got into trouble... and I made it clear to his officers who came that he would have to face me in court, and prove on what grounds he is saying that I am going to disturb the peace of the town. In fact, *he* is disturbing the peace of the town, in conspiracy with Hindu chauvinistic *gundas*, hooligans, criminals. Seeing that he would have to defend his action, he immediately suspended it.

Vilas Tupe, the leader of an ugly bunch, has threatened again -- now he has found a new threat, but the man seems to be utterly unintelligent. He has to be, because no chauvinist, Hindu or Christian or Mohammedan, can be intelligent. It is impossible for intelligence and fanatic attitudes to coexist.

Now the threat is that every sannyasin coming from outside India should first have to go through a medical examination for the disease AIDS. Why is he afraid of AIDS? Is he a

homosexual? Does this city consist of homosexuals?

And before his threat, I already knew that if he failed in his first attempt, the second attempt was going to be a medical examination by the same kind of chauvinist Hindu-minded doctors. If he can find the police commissioner to support him, he can also find doctors to support him, because he is nothing but a nuisance. Seeing the possibility of it, I had already ordered all the centers, informed all our newspapers and magazines around the world to publish it, that whoever is going to Poona should have with him a certificate from the medical authorities that he has no AIDS, that his test is negative.

But in Poona, there are also other institutes where people from all over the world come. The threat is only for my people, not for the people who are studying in the Max Mueller Institute, not for people who are studying yoga with Iyengar. Can you see the stupidity?

And secondly, my people are not interested at all in being in love with these ugly and dead people. The danger is not from my people to the city, the danger is from the city to my people. And I demand that the newspaper, TARUN BHARAT a Marathi daily, should take its statement back, with an apology. Are you sure that in Poona there are no homosexuals? Has there been any kind of medical examination for all the people of Poona? Particularly the Hindu monks, the *shankaracharyas*, the Jaina monks, Acharya Tulsi and others... and their number is not small -- it is almost more than twenty million people in the country.

They believe in celibacy, and celibacy is the mother of homosexuality. Not only of homosexuality... because the other person might spread the news, and the prestige of the great saint would be in danger. So your so-called saints, just to release their sexual energy, have fallen even below homosexuality to sodomy. They are making love to innocent animals. And it is not a new thing.

In the Old Testament, it is mentioned that there used to be two cities, Gomorrah and Sodom. And God became so fed up with those people because Gomorrah was homosexual and in Sodom, people started making love to animals. Hence, the word "sodomy," from the city of Sodom. God destroyed both the cities completely.

Nagasaki and Hiroshima are not new things. They happened in Gomorrah and Sodom thousands of years before.

I demand from the government and the medical authorities that every citizen of Poona, whether he is adult or not... because there are small children found, just born, with the disease, because the mother or the father had the disease. So nobody can be an exception. Everybody in this city should be examined.

But every country, every city, every religion is trying to hide the fact. In Texas, nobody had ever heard that people were homosexuals. It is the most backward part of America, it is a desert. Thinking that in Texas there was not going to be any problem, because there were no homosexuals, the Texas assembly passed a law that homosexuality is a crime and anybody who is caught and is found to be homosexual will have to suffer five to ten years in jail. But it seems idiocy has no limits, because jails are one of the places where homosexuality is the only expression, because you keep the women and the men separate.

But as the law was passed, the whole of Texas was shocked: one million homosexuals protested, saying that "It is our birthright. What we do with our sexuality is nobody else's business, and if you insist..." They have now formed an organization, and they have all gone underground. Underground means... on nobody's face is it written that he is homosexual. This is more dangerous, because these people will not be known any more as homosexuals and they will go on making every kind of contact with others.

America is reluctant to declare exactly how many homosexuals are there. Every country

is reluctant, because it is such an ugly thing.

Just the other day, I heard that the U.N. has made a documentary film on the street people, on beggars. America has thirty million beggars, but the government is not ready to accept the fact. They have opened a small place for a few hundred street people. They have given them houses, food, clothes and some kind of employment. The U.N. has included that experiment in its documentary so that other countries can also see that something has to be done. It was included with all good intentions in the world, they were not including it to criticize America. They were including it to praise America, but the American government forced the U.N. to edit out that part.

Even the U.N. authorities were surprised. They said, "That is the most important part and it brings credit to you that you are doing something for those poor, hungry, shelterless people, without enough clothes, just sleeping on the streets." But the American politicians have a different attitude. They said, "That means your intention is good, but the world will come to know that America also has street people." They have been continually denying that they have any beggars, and it is absolute nonsense.

My conflict with the American government began on the question of street beggars, because I invited three thousand street beggars to be part of our commune. Now, the commune was an international headquarters; there were people from every country, and thousands of people were coming and going. Seeing that three thousand street people had reached the commune... and they were so happy. For the first time they were being treated as human beings -- with the same love, with the same food, with the same clothes, with the same houses, with all the facilities that were available to sannyasins who had donated millions of dollars. Perhaps for the first time they recognized that they are also human beings, not dogs of the street.

That was the beginning of a conflict between Ronald Reagan and me. What harm was I doing to America? If three thousand people can be absorbed by a five-thousand-person commune, can't the whole of America absorb thirty million people?

But the real trouble is that those thirty million people are almost all black, and they were afraid. The news media was continuously coming to the commune. Every day, their planes were landing at the commune's airport. They were surprised, seeing three thousand black people -- people to whom they have never paid any attention. But now they *had* to pay attention.

The American government tried in every way -- and the Christian church -- to persuade those people that, "Just for the shelter, food, clothes and work you are getting, soon you will drop Christianity too, without knowing it." Afraid of losing numbers -- that was the fear of the Christian church.

And they are doing the same thing all over the world. In India, who becomes converted to Christianity? -- the beggars, the orphans. And we were not converting them to another religion. We don't have another religion. My whole approach is for religiousness.

The government was afraid that the world would come to know that America has beggars.

I was the first person in the whole world who talked about AIDS, its dangers and how to prevent it. I was the first to invite every commune member to go through medical tests: "And if you have AIDS, don't feel guilty, don't feel ashamed. We will take care of you." And we found two persons who had AIDS. We made them the most beautiful houses on the best scenic spot in the commune, just by the side of the lake, with forest surrounding them. And nobody disrespected them, nobody condemned them -- because they are victims of the Christian monks, monasteries; they need all our compassion, and particularly because they

are not going to live more than six months.

I told them, "Do whatsoever you always wanted to do but went on postponing. And the commune will provide everything that you want -- the food you want, the clothes you want, or anything that you need. It will be difficult for you to live in isolation, far away from the commune."

I allowed them to come to every discourse, to every meditation and told them, "Just look: the commune is so loving towards you. You should also be careful that you don't contaminate any other human being with your disease."

And they were grateful. They asked, "Sitting the whole day is difficult. We need some work also, and we don't want to be a burden on the commune." So I told them, "There is so much work. You can create beautiful gardens around your houses."

They created gardens, rock gardens around their houses. And I told them, "You are not separate from the commune, it is the disease that can be dangerous to your brothers and your sisters, your beloveds." Sheer understanding is needed.

The whole American press laughed when I was talking about AIDS. The politicians laughed, the neighboring American cities laughed -- "These people are strange. In the whole world, nobody is concerned about AIDS. Why should they be?"

And we had made a big campus where three thousand people could have been accommodated. We wanted to open the first nursing home for people who are suffering from AIDS, but we were prevented. The commune was destroyed.

Now almost every government in the West is doing the same -- and without mentioning the name of who started it! They are following *exactly* the same rules that we made for the commune, that while making love, you should be very careful to use condoms.

But to go to a medical store or to a doctor, one feels ashamed to say, "I am trying to prevent AIDS and I need condoms." We had our own hospital -- but still human mind is human mind, so we put in every toilet, the whole package which can prevent the disease. And when journalists saw that in the toilets there were condoms, that you could just go and take them without having to ask somebody, those journalists were writing negative articles about it!

Now the same is being done by every parliament in Europe, in America, but not with such humanness. You have to go to the doctor, you have to purchase the condom from the druggist, and one feels ashamed.

This is a strange world -- so blind, so ugly. Now the threat is... and it is only for my sannyasins -- what about the Max Mueller Institute, where people from all over the world come to study? What about the University of Poona? What about Iyengar's Yoga Institute? Their names are not mentioned.

I want Vilas Tupe to know perfectly well that before you ask any sannyasin for an examination to decide about AIDS, you, your party members, the police commissioner, all the police officers and the whole of Poona have to receive a negative test result and a certificate, because I am concerned about my people. My people are staying in hotels. AIDS is not infectious only in sexual relationships, it can come through saliva. If the cup is not disinfected, sterilized, if the toilet seat is not sterilized every time it is used, one can suffer unnecessarily without being a homosexual. And there are a few experts who think the AIDS virus can even contaminate you just through breathing, that if you are sitting by the side of a person who has AIDS, his breath carries the virus. And if you breathe it, you are suffering from the greatest disease, for which no medical cure exists. And medical doctors say, "We don't see any possibility of finding a cure."

AIDS is a slow death within six months. Now what is the Indian government doing about it? Just don't say that we don't have any homosexuality. You will have to give proofs for it, because I know professors who are homosexuals, I know students in hostels who are homosexuals. In the army, homosexuality is just the only way to get rid of your sexual burdens.

And the whole country is full of prostitutes. And now, for the richer people... because they cannot go to the prostitutes, their area is condemned as the red light district, you should not enter it. So people who are respectable, the people who are governors, who are ministers -- for them, a new category of prostitutes has arisen, and that is the call girl. You just phone her and she will come to your house. And she's not listed as a prostitute, she is listed as a "call girl," which does not give the idea that she is a prostitute.

Mohammedans are all homosexuals, because if you marry four women then what about the three men who are left without women? Either they have to be homosexuals or sodomists, which is worse.

Your so-called saints should all be examined -- begin with Satya Sai Baba, because he is a confirmed homosexual. And not an ordinary homosexual, because there are books written by people with whom he had homosexual relationships. So it is on record, and he has not refuted it and he has not gone to court. He is a freak of nature. He has both organs, the male genitals and the female. With just a little technology, he could make love to himself.

So I want the editor of this newspaper TARUN BHARAT to take all those words back, with an apology. Otherwise, soon they will find themselves in court.

The cities are certainly sick. And more and more of the population is moving from the villages towards the city, because in the villages, education is not possible. You cannot become very wealthy, you cannot live with all the luxuries that the city people are living with. Villages are becoming deserted and cities are becoming overpopulated.

The suggestion is good: "Make your house *in the wilderness* and not *within the city walls*, because these cities are simply prisons -- part of a greater prison which you call a nation.

And in this country, it is hilarious: Poona is part of a state called Maharashtra -- "the great nation." India is only a nation; within a nation, there are *great* nations. Nobody sees the absurdity of it. So first the city is your prison, and then your state is your prison.

Morarji Desai, when he was the chief minister of Gujarat, wanted to pass a resolution in the assembly that I could not enter Gujarat. On the one hand, the constitution goes on saying that every citizen of this country has freedom of movement, he can go anywhere. He has the freedom to express his thoughts with absolute freedom. But this is not the case. In reality, things are different.

I would also like you to get out of all prisons. But just going into the wilderness is not the right way to get out of prisons, because if nine hundred million people of this country move into the wilderness, then the wilderness will be destroyed. Cities you have destroyed already. Nine hundred million people moving into the mountains and the forests will have to make houses. And cities will start growing because you have needs which can be fulfilled only by others. You cannot do everything; you will need a doctor, you will need a dentist, you will need clothes. You will need a thousand and one things, and a city will start growing around you. You will need roads, and buses and cars will start moving on those roads.

And only the richest people can afford to make a house in the wilderness because it is going to be costly. Soon they will need helipads, airports and the whole nonsense will be there. Whatever is left is not enough, we have destroyed nature so mercilessly. Leave whatever is left. Once in a while, you can go, but you will have to live in the cities.

But there is no need for the city to be a prison. Who is the police commissioner to tell me to leave the city within thirty minutes? Am I a prisoner? Is he a jailer of this city?

The suggestion Kahlil Gibran is giving is not feasible. What I am saying is that the people -- living wherever they are living -- should be more conscious of freedom, should be ready to fight for freedom. Not even a single inch of your being should be allowed to be enslaved.

There is no need of states, there is no need of nations. Unless all these disappear from the earth and the whole earth belongs to human beings... and the freedom to move *anywhere* on the earth should be our birthright. This is the only way to destroy the invisible slavery and the invisible wall of your prison.

FOR EVEN AS YOU HAVE HOMECOMINGS IN YOUR TWILIGHT, SO HAS THE WANDERER IN YOU THE EVER-DISTANT AND ALONE.

Man is basically a wanderer. Those days must have been hard but immensely beautiful... before cultivation started, man was bound to be a wanderer because he was a hunter. Cities came into existence because of cultivation. You have to take care of your fields and your orchards, you have to remain in one place. But in the days of hunting, the animals were escaping from wherever they found people, and you had to follow them.

That wanderer is still in your being. It has been reduced to the tourist. A tourist is an ugly thing -- with their sunglasses, cameras hanging on their shoulder, they are not seeing anything. They are simply taking pictures. At home, they will make a beautiful album and then they will see how the Taj Mahal looks.

But there is, in the spirit of man himself, a longing to explore new spaces. This longing should not be reduced to ugly tourism. This longing can be transformed from going to see the Taj Mahal and the pyramids and the cathedrals of Europe; the same wanderer can turn inwards. And that is the whole secret of meditation.

The moment your wanderer starts a new journey into your interiority.... And remember: it is not a small place, it is as big, as vast, as the universe outside. Because the outer and the inner have to be balanced. Existence is continuously balancing. In your small body, you have a dimension of consciousness which is as vast as the whole universe is. Every man is carrying a universe within himself.

The moment the wanderer turns inwards, your wandering has become a spiritual search. And I am immensely happy that you cannot take your cameras, your sunglasses and the whole paraphernalia of a tourist inside.

You will have to go alone, naked, without your suitcases.

And inside you is your real freedom, because your consciousness cannot be touched by anybody else. You are the only master of your being.

YOUR HOUSE IS YOUR LARGER BODY.

It is an ordinary statement, but with some meaning. Have you ever thought about how you are treating, behaving with your house? Looking at your house, I can say many things about you; I may not know you at all. If you are confused, your house will be in a confusion. If you don't have any aesthetic sense, your house will be ugly. If you don't have a love for cleanliness, your house will show it.

So it is right: *Your house is your larger body.* Don't misbehave with your house.

IT GROWS IN THE SUN AND SLEEPS IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT; AND IT IS NOT DREAMLESS. DOES NOT YOUR HOUSE DREAM? AND DREAMING, LEAVE THE CITY FOR GROVE OR HILLTOP?

It is poetry but symbolic, metaphoric. Your house also wants to be beautiful, just the way your body wants to be beautiful. Your house also wants to be young and fresh. Just as your body longs for youth, your house also wants to remain young, does not want to die. Your house must be a representative of you, of your dreams, of your longings, of your state of being.

Do you think that if you pass by the side of the house of a Gautam Buddha, you will find it just the same house as any other? No, it will have the fragrance of Gautam Buddha.

I was very young, perhaps twelve years old when a very strange human being visited our house. My father brought him because he was learned -- and not only learned, he had some authentic experiences of his own. Perhaps he was not enlightened... at this moment, it is impossible for me to remember exactly. I cannot even remember his face. I just know that he was a Sufi, a Mohammedan mystic, and my father had been listening to him and he thought perhaps he might be able to do something, suggest something, convince me of something, because everybody was worried about me. Although I was living in their house, they all felt I was a stranger. And they were not wrong.

I would be sitting silently and my mother would come and ask me, "Have you seen anybody? because I want few vegetables." And I was there, but she knew that to send me for vegetables had been a very bad experience. Once or twice they had tried and then they dropped it.

And finally, my presence was not as if somebody was present. I laughed at the whole thing, that she needs vegetables and there is nobody in the house.

I said to her, "You have given me my exact description. I am a nobody. You are right, there is nobody in the house. If I come to see anybody, I might inform you."

I was sent one day to purchase bananas. I had never purchased bananas, so I asked the shopkeeper -- and the whole town by and by had become aware that "this boy does not belong to us." It was a good chance to cheat me, because I always trusted. I asked him: "You have many varieties of bananas; which one is the best?"

And he showed me the worst variety, rotten bananas, and asked almost double the price of the best bananas. I gave him the money and took the whole lot. It was disgusting.

I said, "This is strange that the best bananas are so disgusting. I cannot tolerate their smell."

Somehow I ran and gave them to my mother. "I have found the best bananas, and of course I had to pay twice the price."

She looked at the bananas and she hit her head and she told me, "Remove them; otherwise the whole house will be stinking!"

I said, "But they are the best bananas."

She said, "You do one thing more, and then I will never ask you anything again." There used to live an old woman beggar, just under a tree. "Go and give all these to her."

I took all those bananas to the old woman and seeing the rottenness of them, she said, "Throw them! I may be a beggar but that does not mean that you can give me any rotten thing. I am a human being."

I said, "My god, to whom am I to give them?"

She said, "It is not my concern. But go away, because the stink is too much."

So I had to throw them in the river.

My father had brought this Sufi mystic, thinking perhaps he could be helpful. And my father was puzzled, my family was puzzled because what the man did... they had given me a separate room so that I would not be a constant nuisance to them. Because just sitting there, doing nothing, was enough to irritate them -- they are all doing, everybody is working, and I am with closed eyes, meditating.

So they had given me a separate room with a independent entrance to it. The Sufi came with my father and he went around smelling the walls, at this corner, on that corner... my father said, "My god, I brought him to bring you to your senses. He seems to be far gone."

My room was absolutely empty. I have always loved emptiness, because only emptiness can be absolutely clean. Whatever you go on collecting in your room, sooner or later becomes junk. So I had nothing in the room.

My father looked at him, looked at me and he said, "I have invited him, so I should see what he does."

Then he came and started smelling me. Now it was too much. My father said, "I had explained to you that my boy is a little eccentric -- and you are confirming his eccentricities!"

"No," he said, "I can smell the room and I can smell him. It is the smell of silence, the fragrance of silence. You should feel blessed that you have got such a son. I had to smell both to see whether this fragrance belongs to his presence. It belongs to his presence, this room is full of his presence. Don't disturb him." And he asked my forgiveness, saying "Forgive me; I have disturbed, coming into your room."

My father took him out and then he came back and said, "I used to think that only you were mad. There are even madder people -- smelling the room!"

But I told him, "Your house is your extension: in a subtle way, it represents you. And the man you brought is certainly a great human being, a man of insight and understanding."

WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER  
SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.  
WOULD THAT THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS,  
THAT YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH VINEYARDS AND COME WITH THE  
FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.  
BUT THESE THINGS ARE NOT YET TO BE.

He is a great poet and a visionary. This is how the earth should be. But instead it is growing with such a great rate that just the population itself will destroy us, because you will have to cut more and more trees to make space for people. You will have to destroy more and more greenery.

The experts used to think that by the end of this century, India would have one billion people. Now, they have changed their opinion because the growth rate does not follow their calculations. The poorer a country is, the greater is the population explosion. Now they have fixed almost half again the number -- one billion and four hundred million people will be living in this country by the end of this century.

In Buddha's time, there were only twenty million people all over the earth. Perhaps that should be the limit, then his dream can be fulfilled:

WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER  
SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.

But Kahlil Gibran was never in any way trying to actualize his dreams. I have tried -- and burned my fingers. What about the governments? They will not allow you to make this earth more beautiful, more loving, with more flowers, more greenery, more birds, more wild animals without any fear that they will be killed by you. Governments go on lying about everything. They go on committing all kinds of crimes against humanity.

Just this morning, I have been informed that Ronald Reagan was in a secret conspiracy with the Ayatollah Khomeini... because Ayatollah Khomeini was keeping the American embassy people and not allowing them to go back to America, so Ronald Reagan made a secret pact with him: "You release the Americans and we will give you as many weapons as you want."

And this has been going on for almost two years. Khomeini is as mean as Ronald Reagan. He will not release all the hostages. He releases a few people after six months and gets a lot of armaments. Of course, he gives the money, and that money also does not belong to him, it belongs to the late Shah of Iran.

And what Ronald Reagan is doing -- so no American becomes aware of it -- is that with that money he sends more armaments to the terrorists who are trying to destroy a small country, Nicaragua. So neither does the Senate have to be asked... and for these two years he had been able to keep it secret. Millions of dollars worth of armaments were being sent, and given to the terrorists to destroy a poor country who wants to live a life of its own choice. It is none of Ronald Reagan's business.

Just now it has leaked out, and Ronald Reagan is denying that there has been any kind of conspiracy. The head of the CIA, who was the mediator between Ayatollah Khomeini and Ronald Reagan, was called by the Senate to give his testimony -- and just on the way, he fell unconscious. He also knows that if he tells the truth it will be another Watergate -- they have already named it "Irangate." Ronald Reagan will be gone, and with him the head of the CIA will also be gone. It is better to pretend that he is unconscious.

But how long can he remain unconscious? And now that the thing has come out, soon many more proofs will be available because the whole White House has been aware of it for these two years, but silent.

One sometimes thinks that perhaps all the politicians should be behind bars. The governments can be run by simpler people -- poets, painters, mystics, dancers, creative people -- not criminals.

It is beautiful what Almustafa is saying. But he knows: *But these things are not yet to be.* And man has been hoping and hoping for millions of years that one day, all our dreams will be fulfilled. A beautiful dream:

WOULD THAT THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS,  
THAT YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH VINEYARDS, AND COME WITH THE  
FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.

A beautiful dream and a simple dream but the human being seems to be almost impotent. It goes on playing into the hands of criminals.

IN THEIR FEAR, YOUR FOREFATHERS GATHERED YOU TOO NEAR TOGETHER.

This is true, the cities and the crowds are born out of fear. Alone, you start feeling afraid. In the crowd, it is more cozy: there is no fear, there are so many people around you. But you

should remember, they are also in the crowd for the same reason. One coward is not less a coward if there is a crowd of one thousand cowards. Yes, he may feel that one thousand people are with him. But it does not change anything in his inner world.

AND THAT FEAR SHALL ENDURE A LITTLE LONGER. A LITTLE LONGER SHALL YOUR CITY WALLS SEPARATE YOUR HEARTHS FROM YOUR FIELDS.

Just words of a visionary, because we have heard the same kind of promises continuously...*and that fear shall endure a little longer*. How little longer? Is there any limit? It consoles people but it does not transform them. The fear will not disappear on its own.

Don't remain consoled. You will have to rise above fear, it is not going to leave you just by mere hope.

Are not the millions of years that have passed enough to prove what I am saying? Nothing changes in man, for the simple reason that you go on hoping. Hope is nothing but opium, a drug -- and more harmful than any drug because it keeps you suffering, because "tomorrow everything will be okay."

"Soon..." but that tomorrow never comes, and the "soon" goes on stretching into millions of years.

Kahlil Gibran never came in conflict with the vested interests because he never tried to realize any dream. Those who have power are not afraid of your hopes. In fact, they want you to continue hoping.

All the governments of the world and all the religions of the world are against me for the simple reason that I tried to materialize a dream -- that is unforgivable. I have committed a great crime because I have given a taste of reality -- not just a dose of opium so they can again go on dreaming.

Just in the front of my house, there used to be an old barber. He was an opium addict, a very beautiful man. I loved him very much and he loved me very much. Although he was of the age of my grandfather -- and it was my grandfather who introduced me to the barber -- he was always under the influence of opium.

He was a poor man because nobody..or very rarely some stranger, some outsider, might come to his salon. And you couldn't blame people....

I used to sit with him for hours because he used to talk great things. One day he said to me, "I have heard they are going to prohibit opium and all other drugs. If this happens, all the people who are opium addicts have to create a political party and fight in the elections."

I said, "Your idea is good, but opium addicts creating a political party and fighting in the elections will be a little difficult."

He said, "I also think it is going to be a little difficult because even small things are difficult. People come here and they say 'Shave my beard,' and I shave their heads! But by the time they stop me, half of their head is shaved. They become very angry."

I said, "Then what do you do?"

"I say to them, 'There is no problem. You can pay me only half, what is the problem? Or if you are too angry, don't pay me at all.'"

But who can go... at that time there were no punks; otherwise, that poor barber would have been one of the best punk creators.

Once in a while, he would ask me: "What about you? You go on sitting here for hours, wasting my time... and no business. Can I shave your head? Free of charge, just out of friendship."

I said, "I don't come here for business. I come here to listen to you, what opium has done to you."

He said, "It has done much. Last night, I heard somebody milking my cow. I took the lantern -- it was very difficult because in the night I take a good dose -- and I went around the cow, and nobody was there. But still the sound continued.

"Then I found one man who was pissing outside. Just to figure out who he was, I again went with the lantern -- around him. He said, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'I am trying to find out who is milking my cow.'

"He said, 'My god, I am not milking your cow!'

"So," he said, "it has done great things to me."

One day he whispered in my ear, "Would you like a little opium?"

I said, "You are enough! You are doing enough for the whole village."

But the man was immensely loving. He was very poor because very few people turned up for business. My father used to see that I was always there and he said, "Already he is a problem. If he starts taking opium, then we are finished!"

That night, he came to my bed and said, "It is not good to sit with that opium addict idiot and waste your time."

I said, "It is not wasting my time. I have learned much more from him than from anybody else."

He said, "Have you started taking opium also?"

I said, "Not yet."

He said, "What do you mean by not yet?"

I said, "Who knows about the future? But this much I can say -- I cannot promise -- this much I can say: I am already drunk with the divine. I don't need any other opium or any other drugs, so you don't be worried."

He said, "Don't you suggest to that man to stop?"

I said, "He's already so poor, in such suffering. Opium is the only thing that gives him dreams, and he forgets all his problems. It will be too hard if he stops taking opium."

And this is the situation of the whole of humanity. You go on and on hoping and hoping because you cannot cope, you cannot encounter the ugly reality that surrounds you.

If you drop your hopes, there will be a great revolution:

The birth of a new humanity.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #17

### Chapter title: The boundless within you

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND TELL ME, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, WHAT HAVE YOU IN THESE HOUSES? AND WHAT IT  
IS YOU GUARD WITH FASTENED DOORS?  
HAVE YOU PEACE, THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?  
HAVE YOU REMEMBRANCES, THE GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE  
MIND?  
HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND  
STONE TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?  
TELL ME, HAVE YOU THESE IN YOUR HOUSES?  
OR HAVE YOU ONLY COMFORT AND THE LUST FOR COMFORT, THAT STEALTHY THING  
THAT ENTERS THE HOUSE A GUEST, AND THEN BECOMES A HOST, AND THEN A MASTER?  
AY, AND IT BECOMES A TAMER, AND WITH HOOK AND SCOURGE MAKES PUPPETS OF  
YOUR LARGER DESIRES.  
THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.  
IT LULLS YOU TO SLEEP ONLY TO STAND BY YOUR BED AND JEER AT THE DIGNITY OF THE  
FLESH.  
IT MAKES MOCK OF YOUR SOUND SENSES, AND LAYS THEM IN THISTLEDOWN LIKE  
FRAGILE VESSELS.  
VERILY THE LUST FOR COMFORT MURDERS THE PASSION OF THE SOUL, AND THEN  
WALKS GRINNING IN THE FUNERAL.  
BUT YOU, CHILDREN OF SPACE, YOU RESTLESS IN REST, YOU SHALL NOT BE TRAPPED  
NOR TAMED.  
YOUR HOUSE SHALL BE NOT AN ANCHOR BUT A MAST.  
IT SHALL NOT BE A GLISTENING FILM THAT COVERS A WOUND, BUT AN EYELID THAT  
GUARDS THE EYE.  
YOU SHALL NOT FOLD YOUR WINGS THAT YOU MAY PASS THROUGH DOORS, NOR BEND  
YOUR HEADS THAT THEY STRIKE NOT AGAINST A CEILING, NOR FEAR TO BREATHE LEST  
WALLS SHOULD CRACK AND FALL DOWN.  
YOU SHALL NOT DWELL IN TOMBS MADE BY THE DEAD FOR THE LIVING.  
AND THOUGH OF MAGNIFICENCE AND SPLENDOR, YOUR HOUSE SHALL NOT HOLD YOUR  
SECRET NOR SHELTER YOUR LONGING.  
FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY, WHOSE  
DOOR IS THE MORNING MIST, AND WHOSE WINDOWS ARE THE SONGS AND THE SILENCES  
OF NIGHT.

It is one of the most unfortunate examples that a man like Kahlil Gibran could not get rid

of his Christian upbringing. Neither could he be free from the Western unawareness about the real home of man's soul. He goes on talking about houses -- as if he has never heard the word "home." And unless your house is transformed into a home, you cannot reach the doors of the temple of the divine.

The house is the most superficial thing in your life.

The home touches your heart.

But you will never be satisfied and wholly contented unless your home becomes a temple of God.

It is a great tragedy: he is a great thinker, a great philosopher, and one of the greatest poets that have ever walked on the earth; still he is as poor as anyone else, because he does not know the eternal, the ultimate, which abides in you.

Almustafa continues and says:

AND TELL ME, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, WHAT HAVE YOU IN THESE HOUSES?

Nobody can have anything in houses. Your houses, if they remain houses, are going to be your graves and nothing else. Yes, they give you a certain security, safety... but they take away so much in return that they leave you as soulless as they are.

There is an ancient story.

A king had conquered many kingdoms and had naturally created many enemies, and had killed so many people that slowly slowly he started becoming afraid that the same could happen to him; he could be assassinated. To protect himself, he created a beautiful palace, with no windows -- just one door. The palace was beautiful, cut out of the best marble.

He was so suspicious and afraid of death that he was not satisfied with one guard -- he put seven guards on the gate, in a certain order. The first guard had to be guarded by the second guard, and the second guard had to be guarded by the third guard.... He was making it an absolute certainty that no murderer could enter the palace.

One of his friends, also a great king, heard about this beautiful palace, with such impeccable security. He went to see the palace, and the owner of the palace was immensely happy to see his friend. He took him inside and showed him -- everything in the palace was a piece of art. And the system of guarding was his invention -- never before had it been done. One guard, guarding another... it was a sevenfold measure of security.

The guest king was very happy, and he said, "I am going to make the same palace for myself." This he said when they had come out of the palace and they were standing in the beautiful garden surrounding it. A beggar was sitting outside the gate of the garden -- he started laughing.

The owner of the palace was obviously offended, and he asked the beggar, "What is the meaning of your laughter? If you cannot explain it you will lose your head just now."

The beggar said, "There will be no need, because once I was also a great king -- greater than you. My kingdom was vaster than the kingdoms of you both. But just to find security I escaped, renounced those palaces, those guards. As a beggar I am so perfectly secure -- nobody even takes note of me. Who is going to waste a bullet for a poor beggar? We are all three in the same boat: you have your idea of security, I have my idea of security -- and I emphasize the fact that your idea has a loophole."

The two kings could not believe that this beggar had been a great king, greater than themselves. They asked him, "Then please show us what the loophole is."

He said, "You can have your palace guarded by seven hundred guards -- still, the door is

there, and death can enter from that door any moment. If you really want to be absolutely secure, go inside the palace and tell your masons and sculptors to close the door. Then you will be perfectly secure; even death cannot enter."

Both the kings said, "What are you suggesting? There will not be any need for death -- we will be dead without death! These beautiful palaces will become graves. If there is not even a single door, then what is the difference between a grave and a palace?"

The beggar said, "You seem to be intelligent. Now I can tell you why I was laughing, and now you will be able to understand. You have closed all the doors and all the windows -- that much life has disappeared from you. Just a small life has remained because one door is open. And you have agreed with me that if this door is closed, the house will become a grave. But 99.9 percent it has already become a grave; it is just a question of .1 percent. You are not living, you are suffering from a nightmare.

"If you really want security you can join me. When I was the king, my whole life was nothing but paranoia. Since I have been a beggar, my life is absolute freedom. I don't possess anything, I am nobody -- who is going to kill me? for what?"

The story is significant, because Almustafa is asking the people of Orphalese:

AND WHAT IS IT YOU GUARD WITH FASTENED DOORS?

Have you ever thought of what it is that you are afraid of losing? You don't have anything. Everybody inside his clothes is as naked as he was born, as naked as he is going to die. Of what are you afraid? What are you guarding?

HAVE YOU PEACE, THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?  
HAVE YOU REMEMBRANCES, THE GLIMMERING... from the past... ARCHES THAT SPAN THE  
SUMMITS OF THE MIND?

This is why I say Kahlil Gibran could not get rid of his Christian upbringing, because he is talking about *summits of the mind*. Mind knows no summits. It knows only the darkest valleys possible.

The mind is absolutely unaware of beauty, of silence, of peace, of joy. All that it knows is nothing but madness.

One of the great Jewish philosophers, Joshua Learman, has written a book: PEACE OF MIND. And I don't think anybody will object to the title. It has been sold all over the world, in many languages, in many editions. But when it came into my hands I wrote a letter to Joshua Learman, returning the book and telling him: "I cannot start reading the book because your title essentially indicates that the book is written by a man who knows nothing beyond mind."

PEACE OF MIND -- in fact there is peace when there is *no* mind. Therefore, peace of mind is not possible.

Mind is the problem. Mind is your anxiety, mind is your anguish.

Yes, you can have a normal kind of madness. It will not be noted by anybody, because they belong to the same category. Just don't cross the boundary of the normally insane. The moment you cross the boundary you are declared mad.

The difference between the mad and those who are not mad is only of degrees, not of quality. And a difference of degrees is not of much value. You are always on the borderline; a small thing can push you beyond the normal. Your business fails, you go bankrupt, your wife

escapes with somebody else. And the stupidity of the mind is such... for years you have been hoping, "If this woman who is torturing me somehow dies..." But now she has escaped with somebody else and you are miserable!

Do you think this is sanity? You should rejoice! You should celebrate, and you should pray for the poor fellow who is now in the hands of your wife. The sane person is going to do exactly that.

I have heard, one man entered a post office and asked the postmaster, with tears in his eyes, "Please write it down -- I am reporting that my wife has been missing for seven days."

The postmaster said, "I have all sympathy for you, but I am sorry, I cannot help you. This is a post office, not a police station. The police station is just on the opposite side of the street."

The man said, "I cannot go there!"

The postmaster said, "You are strange -- reporting a crime in the post office, and you cannot go just a few yards and report it to the police?"

He said, "The problem is, she has also escaped one time before and foolishly, I reported it to the police immediately, and the next day they found her. This time I have waited seven days. Even if the police find it out on their own, without my report, then too my wife will have gone far away. But my neighbors have been torturing me continuously for seven days, saying, 'What are you doing here sitting joyously, singing on your flute? We have never heard your flute before -- have you gone mad? Behave normally, don't be abnormal! Just go and report it.'

"Tired of those idiots, I have come to report. Just please write it down on any rubbish paper and throw it in the wastepaper basket so that my neighbors stop torturing me. I have never enjoyed my life. These seven days have been a blessing from the beyond -- no anxiety, no problem...."

If you don't have a wife it is very difficult to have anxiety and problems. If you don't have a husband, from where are you going to get all kinds of problems and jealousies?

And these people are "normal" people.

I wrote to Joshua Learman that "You don't understand anything at all. 'Peace' and 'mind' cannot co-exist. Peace is in the transcendence of the mind. You can choose: either the mind or peace, but you cannot have both together."

And the coward has not answered my registered letter!

Almustafa is asking, *Have you peace?*

Peace is not something that you can go into the market and purchase it. Peace is something that you have to deserve, by being a witness of the mind.

The moment the mind stops there is peace -- peace that passeth understanding, because there is nobody to understand it. That old fellow mind is no more there, who has always been trying to understand everything.

... AND THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?

Still the attraction is for power.

Peace is not a power. Peace is simplicity, peace is humbleness.

Are the roses in the garden powerful? They are beautiful, but not powerful -- the thorns are powerful, although they are not beautiful. Just a strong wind and all your roses will be gone; their petals will fall on the ground and disappear into the original source -- the juice that created them -- they have gone back to the same source. Have you seen a more humble,

yet beautiful phenomenon as a roseflower?

Do you want to become a roseflower or a machine gun?

Do you want to become a meditator or a police commissioner?

The police commissioner has power; what power has the meditator?

*Have you remembrances?...* Almustafa is showing his ignorance completely, because all remembrances are part of your mind, of your memory system, which is a mechanism. A computer is far more capable of having all the memories.

... THE GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND? Nobody has ever uttered such nonsense -- GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND.

There are glimmering arches, but you see them only when the mind is no longer blocking the way.

It is the mind that is your enemy, and it is the mind that the society goes on training, teaching, educating, making more and more strong. Your enemy is within you, and the society goes on nursing it. Almost one-third of the life of a person is nothing but an effort to make your enemy as strong as possible.

And nobody ever thinks, is there anything more in you than the mind? And if there is anything more in you than the mind then all your universities and all your colleges and all your schools are poisoning you, because the stronger the mind becomes the more and more difficult it will be to transcend it.

That's why people feel meditation is so difficult. Meditation is not difficult, it is your mind which has become so strong that you cannot go beyond it. It has become a China wall. And people are respected for their minds!

People should be respected for only one thing: that they have come to the space where mind has disappeared, with all its memories and all its garbage which you used to think of as knowledge.

When you have come to the innocent state of a child, then you will be able to see those glimmering peaks all around. Wherever you will look, you will see the invisible... it is not invisible, it is invisible because your mind does not allow you to see it. Once the mind is no more, suddenly everything becomes a mystery unto itself.

And you are surrounded by the miraculous; there is no need for any search. Therefore I say again and again: Wherever the man of meditation sits, the place becomes holy, sacred. It becomes really a Kaaba.

Mind has valleys only, no summits.

Mind knows darkness only, no light.

Mind knows death only, no life.

And those who have remained confined in their minds have missed the great opportunity that existence has given, to explore the beyond. The beyond is not to be explored by rockets, the beyond is to be explored by closing your eyes and learning the alchemy of how to transcend the mind.

I call that transcendence witnessing.

If you can witness your mind patiently, one day the spring comes. The mind is gone and all around you there are flowers and flowers -- flowers of eternity, flowers of love, flowers of beauty.

And he is asking a stupid question to the poor people of Orphalese:

HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND STONE TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?

Even the words stink of christianity.

Beauty is known only by those who can see with absolute clarity, no dust of the past gathered on their eyes. Only innocent eyes can see beauty. And only the innocent lives through the heart.

Almustafa is mentioning the word "heart" but it is just like saying to a woman, "I think I love you." What has love to do with thinking? Thinking can doubt, but cannot trust and cannot love.

HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND STONE, TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?

Where is this holy mountain? For the Hindus, the Himalaya is the holy mountain; for the Jainas, Sikharji and Girnar are the holy mountains. For the Jews, Sinai is the holy mountain. But I say to you: If you can step out of the prison of your mind, you are climbing the holy mountain which is within you.

Everybody carries the holy Himalayas, the highest peaks -- still young and growing, covered with eternal snow which has never melted -- everybody has that Himalaya within his own being. He just has to make the mind change from a stumbling stone into a stepping stone -- and this is the whole art of being religious.

*Tell me, have you these in your houses?* You can have these in your consciousness, but not in your houses.

OR HAVE YOU ONLY COMFORT AND THE LUST FOR COMFORT, THAT STEALTHY THING THAT ENTERS THE HOUSE A GUEST, AND THEN BECOMES A HOST, AND THEN A MASTER?

This is what I say, that conditioning becomes your second nature; it clings to you, you cling to it. Your mind may be filled with beautiful words, great philosophies, but you will remain tethered to the small things of life.

I am not against those small things. I say, what is wrong in being comfortable? It is these religions which have made everything that is pleasant so condemned that such a simple thing as comfort has become a sin. All the religions teach: "Torture yourself, because to torture yourself is virtuous. It is going to lead you to the kingdom of God." And I have always wondered, from my very young age, that if comfort in paradise is perfectly acceptable -- not only acceptable but is given to every saint as a reward -- then how can the same comfort be a sin on the earth? What kind of logic is this?

When Swami Muktananda died, the next day one of his disciples could not bear the separation -- jumped into a well and died. He wanted to be with his master.

And when he entered through the gates of paradise, he was shocked. For a moment he closed his eyes. "What am I seeing? -- Muktananda, my great master who has always been teaching that all pleasures have to be renounced..." was under a beautiful tree, full of flowers and a fragrance that he has never known, was lying on the lawn naked with a naked woman -- and no ordinary woman, but a famous Hollywood star, Marilyn Monroe. Even President Kennedy was after the woman continuously. What President Kennedy missed, Muktananda got!

Naturally the disciple thought, "Certainly virtue, renunciation, torturing your body is far more glorious than being the president of America."

He rushed, touched the feet of the master, looked all around. Perhaps he can also get some actress, an extra... but there was nobody around. He said, "Master, I always knew you would be rewarded and now I am seeing with my own eyes that you *are* rewarded."

But the naked Marilyn Monroe stopped him, and told him, "Shut up, you idiot. I am not his reward, he is my punishment!"

It seems to be a simple thing: that if in heaven, in paradise, in *moksha* you are going to have all that is blissful, all that is pleasant, then on this earth you should enjoy as much as possible just as a training. Otherwise, your dodo saints will find themselves in immense difficulty. Their whole life they trained themselves for discomfort, and suddenly all that is beautiful, comfortable, luxurious, is available to them. They will not know what to do with it.

And it means that the earth is not in tune with the heaven. It seems there is some antagonism. And God created both -- the earth and the heaven. God created everything; there must be an undercurrent running which makes them all harmonious.

I am not against comfort. I am certainly against you being hooked.

... AND SCOURGE MAKES PUPPETS OF YOUR LARGER DESIRES...

You have to be a master here if you don't want to be a slave in the other world. Love everything, but don't be in any bondage. Enjoy everything that life offers, but like an emperor, not like a beggar. But Almustafa is saying:

*Ay, and it becomes a tamer...* Your desires, your comfort, your luxury -- he is saying *it becomes a tamer, and with hook and scourge makes puppets of your larger desires*. If you allow, it becomes your master; otherwise how can things become masters of living beings, of conscious people?

I have lived in all kinds of luxuries. I have been in the greatest palaces of the world. But I have never found that anything becomes my master.

In our commune in America, we had eighty-four thousand acres of land; almost a small country. And my sannyasins brought their offerings of love to me from all over the world. I was telling them, "What am I going to do with so many Rolls Royces?" The greatest record for having Rolls Royces was one billionaire sheik of Arabia -- but it was only thirty-three Rolls Royces, rotten, old, just for show. I had ninety-three Rolls Royces, two Rolls Royce limousines... and five were on order so that the number becomes one hundred. But I had never gone to the garage, which had become the talk of the whole world. I myself have never seen all those Rolls Royces standing in a line.

I used to drive one Rolls Royce -- any one that my people who were taking care of those Rolls Royces would choose for the day. And they were all exactly the same, because I liked only that model. So even for me it was difficult to know whether they were giving me the same Rolls Royce every day. It was a problem for them, too.

One of my chauffeurs, Anandadas is here. It was a difficult problem to clean and keep all those Rolls Royces. They were the latest models, and they broke all the records. I don't think anybody else in the world is going to have that many Rolls Royces again. But I was not the owner of them.

I have never looked back. I have never inquired what happened to those Rolls Royces. What happened to those eighty-four thousand acres of land into which we poured three hundred million dollars? I have never inquired. This is not my way of life, to look backwards.

How can anything make you a slave?

My sannyasins had brought me thousands of watches, unique pieces. But what does it matter to me? Perhaps each discourse time, once or twice I look at the watch. And sometimes I even forget that.

I left all those watches with the commune, because I don't own anything. I can use something, because you have brought it with so much love, but I cannot possess it because I don't have any desire to possess anything.

This way life remains light, unburdened; this way life remains a dance; this way you can go on reaching higher and higher peaks. Because with burdens, possessions, however valuable, you cannot go very high. As the air becomes thinner the burden becomes greater. Just to carry your body becomes a burden.

The U.S. government got hold of all my watches. I had distributed them to the sannyasins. Only forty-six watches were in the commune; otherwise people were using all those watches. Those forty-six watches got confiscated. And they had promised me, that because those watches were used by me, they would be returned to me as I was released from jail.

I used to think that America is a rich country of super-rich people, but I found them as much enslaved by things as anybody. When I was released from jail they did not return the watches. Each watch was worth ten lakh rupees, fifteen lakh rupees, twenty lakh rupees, twenty-five lakh rupees, thirty lakh rupees, and they showed and exposed their greed and their poverty -- and their criminal act, because for no reason at all were they entitled to keep those watches with them.

It took almost six months' continuous fight in the courts -- I was not there -- and finally they agreed in the court to return them. But when our attorneys went to take them, they only gave twelve watches, and they said the remaining watches were going to stay with the government. For what reason? I have never heard that governments use watches.

But they became so hypnotized by those watches... the governor, the attorney general and perhaps the president himself, because they had exhibitions of those watches in Washington, in Portland, in San Francisco. They were all unique pieces -- each watch is one of a kind, it will never be produced again. For what were they having these exhibitions?

My attorneys are asking them what happened to the other watches, and the president is silent, the government attorney general is silent; they have simply swallowed them! But I would like to remind them that my sannyasins are there all over America. They may have managed to get those watches distributed amongst themselves, but they will not be able to use them. Those watches are unique pieces and my sannyasins can recognize them immediately, so they can keep them but they cannot use them.

And they have committed a criminal act against a person whom they ordered to leave America within fifteen minutes, for the simple reason that if I had been there at least for one week I would have forced them to return everything that they had taken from the commune. Their first idea was that if I was not there, who was going to fight? They seized all the money that we had in the banks, so naturally... five thousand sannyasins, how could they live? They had to leave.

We had to arrange from outside for their tickets to go to their own countries. On what grounds was their money in the banks seized? And they are not giving a letter -- it is now almost one year, and they go on postponing, saying that "We are going to give it next week," but that next week never comes -- the letter of permission to sell the commune properties. They know perfectly well that unmaintained, its price is going down every day. If they can

delay it longer, it will lose all its value.

And we cannot maintain it -- where five thousand sannyasins used to be, there are only twelve sannyasins whom we are keeping just as guards, because the American police and the American guards are on the commune land. Their desire is, if all the sannyasins leave, to bulldoze all the properties, houses and everything that five thousand people created in five years, working twelve hours, fourteen hours, sometimes sixteen hours a day.

And just now I have been informed by my sannyasins that it is an unnecessary wastage, because they are not giving the letter of permission to sell the property. And to maintain twelve people there... in the first place they feel very sad. They miss the whole joy, the whole dance that was there. Now it is a desert. They have said, "It is absolutely futile; it is better we should leave."

The desire of the American government is that once these sannyasins leave, then the property is theirs. These are the greedy people.

I have been so disillusioned in America, that the richest country in the world is so poor and so criminal. It is not only in other countries, it is the same all over the world. And the reason is very strange: because for thousands of years man has been told to renounce comfort, to renounce riches, to renounce luxuries, to renounce everything that makes you happy, the repression has become so heavy that now that repression is surfacing everywhere. There is a limit to everything.

Those repressed people are almost insanely possessed with the desire to have all the pleasures. And the problem is, the repression pulls them to have all the pleasures and their religion pulls them back, saying that it is against God. Religions have turned man into a schizophrenic.

I say to you, enjoy your life with totality, without any guilt. Because life is from existence, and the idea of guilt is man-made -- and made by the primitive man, who had no idea what comfort is, what luxury is, what beauty is.

THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.

It is true. If you get caught and become a slave of your desires, you are getting into a trouble you are not aware of.

THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.

But what is the need to get caught in desires? Use them -- they are your servants. Everything that science has produced is to serve you; everything that man's genius has created is to make your life more joyous, more happy, more healthy. But they are all your servants; your mastery remains untouched.

The problem arises only when mind becomes your master. Then you are imprisoned. And if you don't know anything beyond mind, you are not acquainted with yourself and your mastery. I want you to use the mind as a servant, and use your consciousness as a master. As a servant, mind is beautiful. As a master, it is a monster. It is in your hands.

And the religions were trying to renounce the world because they had no insight that there is no need to renounce when you can be the master here, in the world, and use the world and all its beauties and all its treasures.

IT LULLS YOU TO SLEEP ONLY TO STAND BY YOUR BED AND JEER AT THE DIGNITY OF THE FLESH.

All this happens for a single reason. You don't have many problems, your problem is only one, and that is how not to be inside the mind. Being outside, the mind immediately becomes your servant. And this I am saying to you on my own authority, on my own experience. I am not a philosopher and I am not a poet.

I have lived life, I have tasted all its joys and all its sorrows. But I continued to search for something that is beyond the mind, because if I cannot find something beyond the mind then the whole life becomes meaningless. Death will destroy everything, because mind is part of the body -- so is the heart. Before death knocks on your doors you have to find within you something which is deathless. And once you have found it you are the master of your own destiny. Then there is no need to renounce.

That's why I am against renunciation. That is for the cowards and the escapists; it is not for the people who have some dignity, some individuality, some intelligence.  
IT MAKES MOCK OF YOUR SOUND SENSES...

If you are imprisoned in the mind it does two things: one, it mocks your senses. That's why your saints try in every possible way to dull their sensitivity. And a man who is not sensitive -- sensitive to beauty, sensitive to all the mysteries that surround him -- is not alive. Each of your senses is nothing but an extension of your consciousness.

If mind is not allowed to interfere, your eyes will see that which cannot be seen, and your ears will hear that which cannot be heard, and your hands will touch that which is intangible. But mind works both ways: on the one hand it goes on destroying the body....

In India there was a great poet, Surdas. He was a great musician; hence his name, meaning that he was the master of the musical notes. Of course he must have been a very sensitive man -- all creative people are sensitive. But he was also a monk, and one day he saw a very beautiful woman. He had gone to beg and the woman came out of the house and he became so much afraid of his eyes... because the beauty of the woman was almost a hypnotic force.

Next day, he came to the same door. He had pulled out both his eyes and on a plate he offered his eyes to the woman. Blood was still flowing. The woman could not believe, she was so shocked. She said, "What has happened?"

He said, "It is not your fault, it was the fault of my eyes. They should not be so interested in beauty, because the scriptures say if you listen to the senses your life is going to be ruined by sensuality." Up to then he had been just an ordinary beggar, but suddenly because he had destroyed his eyes, he became a great saint. Now he is worshipped.

And this is what your saints have been doing all over the world -- destroy your sensitivity, afraid that if you allow your senses freedom you may become a slave. But I say all their reasoning is absurd. Even if you destroy your eyes you cannot destroy your lust. I am absolutely certain that Surdas must have continued to dream of that beautiful woman, because for dreaming eyes are not needed -- neither are glasses.

The whole past has lived in a paranoia. We have to destroy it completely, mercilessly, because that is the only way to get free of it, and to be reborn and to see the sun and the moon with fresh eyes, and to eat with taste.

Jainism makes it one of its basic principles that you should not eat with taste, and Gandhi has borrowed all the five principles from Jainism. First is *aswad*, tastelessness -- you should eat without any taste. What are you asking of human beings? And to make the food tasteless,

he was mixing in every food the bitter leaves of a tree called *neem*. You should taste it at least once, because those few neurotics -- not more than twenty -- who lived in Gandhi's ashram, had to eat a sauce, a cupful, of neem leaves. Just one leaf makes the mouth so bitter that the bitterness continues for hours -- and this is "religious discipline."

No falling in love was allowed in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram, no tea was allowed in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram. Such innocent things... tea or coffee. But because you enjoy them, that is the problem. Your enjoyment has to be destroyed completely. You should live like a corpse, a ghost who has no senses, no body.

On one hand the mind destroys the senses and on the other hand it does not allow you to reach to the master of the house. And this enemy is being nourished by all religions, by all governments, by all those who are against man and his evolution.

VERILY THE LUST FOR COMFORT MURDERS THE PASSION OF THE SOUL, AND THEN WALKS GRINNING IN THE FUNERAL.

How can comfort murder the passion of the soul? If it can do anything it can intensify it. If the body can enjoy so much, how much will be the blissfulness of the soul? The body is the beginning of your search for blissfulness. From pleasure to blissfulness... there is no contradiction. Live the life of your body with totality and intensity. That's what I have called the *Zorba*. That very joy will make you aware that life cannot be just this much; that very pleasure of the body and the senses will take you on the pilgrimage in the search of something more. And there is no end to the search.

There are caravanserais, overnight stays. But go on searching and you will find that the abundance of existence is so much you cannot exhaust it.

BUT YOU CHILDREN OF SPACE, YOU RESTLESS IN REST, YOU SHALL NOT BE TRAPPED NOR TAMED.

He is saying something right. But it seems it is borrowed, because he is not giving you the key. Just to tell someone, "Laugh!"... but the person will say, "At least give me some clue -- for what? Laughing for nothing, you yourself will condemn me."

He says: *...children of space... you shall not be trapped nor tamed*. Perfectly right, but everybody is tamed and everybody is trapped. Now the question is not that you should not be, the question is how to come out of all these traps. Even Kahlil Gibran is not out of the traps; he remained a Christian his whole life. That is a condemnation of all his poetry. If he had really understood what he was saying he should have renounced Christianity.

A man should not be in chains; even if the chains are made of gold it makes no difference. Whether the chains are made in the name of Jesus Christ or in the name of Gautam Buddha, chains are chains. Prisons are prisons. But he remained chained, and I feel really sorry for him because he was not a man to be so easily lost. In him I can see clearly the possibility of a Gautam Buddha, but remaining a Christian he missed.

And that is the reason why his books are not on the blacklist of the pope. My books are on the blacklist -- no Catholic should read them, it is a sin.

But everybody in the land of Italy is not dead. The Radical Party of Italy has invited me to be their president, and I am going to accept their invitation. Just with one suggestion: why keep the Radical Party confined to Italy? Make it the International Radical Party, so all my rebellious people can become part of it. Because seeing the ugliness of politicians, I have to

make arrangements....

YOUR HOUSE SHALL BE NOT AN ANCHOR BUT A MAST.

But he goes on talking about the *house*. He must have been a mason in his past life, who knows only how to make a house. What he says is right, but before a house can become a mast, it will become -- it will HAVE to become -- a home. It will have to become a temple; only then it can become a mast. He is missing essential steps.

IT SHALL NOT BE A GLISTENING FILM THAT COVERS A WOUND, BUT AN EYELID THAT GUARDS THE EYE.  
YOU SHALL NOT FOLD YOUR WINGS THAT YOU MAY PASS THROUGH DOORS, NOR BEND YOUR HEADS THAT THEY STRIKE NOT AGAINST A CEILING, NOR FEAR TO BREATHE LEST WALLS SHOULD CRACK AND FALL DOWN.

But his whole life he never behaved like what he is saying. If you had met him you would not have been impressed at all. On the contrary, you would have thought, "It would have been a great blessing if I had never seen this man." Just ordinary, Christian; once in a while he flies high but he comes back with a great thump on the earth. He does not have the wings....

YOU SHALL NOT DWELL IN TOMBS MADE BY THE DEAD FOR THE LIVING.

And where was he living?

What is a church? -- a tomb two thousand years old. What is a HOLY BIBLE? -- a book written by the dead. What are other scriptures of other religions? -- a very ugly desire of the dead to go on ruling over those who will be coming to live on the earth.

And they *are* ruling. I have been facing case after case in court because I have spoken against some dead man. Perhaps five thousand years before, he died, and there are still idiots who are following him. And if I want to help them to get rid of the dead... I know you love your mother, you love your father, but that does not mean that when they die you should go on carrying them on your shoulders all your life.

I know you will be sad and you will be in deep sorrow, but still -- the dead body of your mother or father or beloved has to be given to the fire or to the grave. You cannot keep it in the house.

But what about your mind? Your mind is nothing but a graveyard. Thousands of dead people are ruling, dominating, conducting your life.

AND THOUGH OF MAGNIFICENCE AND SPLENDOR, YOUR HOUSE SHALL NOT HOLD YOUR SECRET NOR SHELTER YOUR LONGING.  
FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY...

No.

Three times no!

The boundless does not abide in the skies, it abides within you.

This is what he is condemning by saying "Don't be dominated by the dead." But that's what all the dead of the whole world have believed, that the God abides high above in heaven.

I say unto you: there is no God anywhere else except within you.  
God is the very center of your life and your consciousness.  
Make your body a temple of God.

FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY, WHOSE  
DOOR IS THE MORNING MIST, AND WHOSE WINDOWS ARE THE SONGS AND THE SILENCES  
OF NIGHT.

Beautiful words, but empty of content. Great poetry but without any experience. So whenever you read Kahlil Gibran, or anyone else, remember: don't become a victim of the beauty of expression.

Experience is the only thing that can liberate you, awaken you, and can make you a part of the immortal ocean of existence and life.

I have been saying that this city is the city of the dead, but every day letters are coming -- and certainly dead people don't write letters -- and they show life and understanding. Just yesterday I received another letter from the Mayor of Poona:

"With my deepest love and pleasure I wish to state that OSHO, presently residing at 17 Koregaon Park, Poona, in my home constituency, is undoubtedly an enlightened person. His authoritative views on religion are most needed in these turbulent times. He is one of the well-versed, great mystics and a spiritual master of our time. His conduct and loving behavior cannot and has never created any legal problems, nor has he ever been found guilty in any provisions of criminal law. In fact, his teachings are conducive to creating a very peaceful and tranquil atmosphere in the present circumstances when the country as a whole is passing through a very disturbed state."

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #18

### Chapter title: Shame was his loom...

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND THE WEAVER SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CLOTHES.  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOUR CLOTHES CONCEAL MUCH OF YOUR BEAUTY, YET THEY HIDE NOT THE  
UNBEAUTIFUL.  
AND THOUGH YOU SEEK IN GARMENTS THE FREEDOM OF PRIVACY YOU MAY FIND IN  
THEM A HARNESS AND A CHAIN.  
WOULD THAT YOU COULD MEET THE SUN AND THE WIND WITH MORE OF YOUR SKIN AND  
LESS OF YOUR RAIMENT.  
FOR THE BREATH OF LIFE IS IN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE HAND OF LIFE IS IN THE WIND.  
SOME OF YOU SAY, "IT IS THE NORTH WIND WHO HAS WOVEN THE CLOTHES WE WEAR."  
AND I SAY, AY, IT WAS THE NORTH WIND,  
BUT SHAME WAS HIS LOOM, AND THE SOFTENING OF THE SINEWS WAS HIS THREAD.  
AND WHEN HIS WORK WAS DONE, HE LAUGHED IN THE FOREST.  
FORGET NOT THAT MODESTY IS FOR A SHIELD AGAINST THE EYE OF THE UNCLEAN.  
AND WHEN THE UNCLEAN SHALL BE NO MORE, WHAT WERE MODESTY BUT A FETTER AND  
A FOULING OF THE MIND?  
AND FORGET NOT THAT THE EARTH DELIGHTS TO FEEL YOUR BARE FEET AND THE WINDS  
LONG TO PLAY WITH YOUR HAIR.

Almustafa again has a great flight towards the heights and comes really close to the stars. I emphasize that he comes very close because he goes on missing a few essential things. If he had reached the target, he would not have missed them.

It is one of the most fundamental principles of life that the bridge between you and the whole, even if traveled just a little bit, starts to cleanse your eyes, your perception. But even at the very last step in the journey the whole secret is not revealed to you.

Not that existence is miserly; existence is very just. It reveals only as much as you can absorb. If you are not capable of absorbing the truth yet, existence protects you by not revealing it to you. If you are not totally ready for love and existence opens all the mysteries of love to you, it will not give you joy, it will give you pain. It will not give you insight, it will blind you.

When a blind man has an operation, for a few days he is still kept unaware of the light and the sun. His eyes remained covered with a blindfold. If the blind man who has been

operated and is no longer blind, is suddenly told, "Now you can go home. Now you can see the sun, the trees, the birds, the people you have been living with," he will reach home with burned eyes, again blind. And the second operation is going to be far more difficult.

Nature may be slow, but it is in your favor. It gives you only that which you can digest.

Hence I say, Almustafa has come very close to some beautiful experiences, revelations. But he has not reached the target yet. His statements are true, but only fragmentarily. And I would like you to remember that a half-truth sometimes proves more dangerous than a lie. Because one can be deceived by the half-truth for his whole life -- nobody can be deceived by lies for that long.

So I would like to make the truth complete, and indicate to you why I am saying it is only a half-truth.

AND THE WEAVER SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CLOTHES.

This is the beauty of Kahlil Gibran, that he brings immense insight into very ordinary things. If you ask a philosopher about clothes, he will laugh. He will say, "Go to some weaver, or a tailor. Philosophy has nothing to do with the clothes."

But there is not anything in life which is unimportant. If it appears unimportant, it only means your perceptivity is not clear. The moment your perceptivity is clear, and your eyes are innocent, the smallest pebble on the shore becomes as mysterious as the greatest star in the sky -- because they both belong to the same mystery.

AND HE ANSWERED:

YOUR CLOTHES CONCEAL MUCH OF YOUR BEAUTY, YET THEY HIDE NOT THE UNBEAUTIFUL.

This is a half-truth -- because clothes were discovered by the unbeautiful, to hide it. You don't see any animals, any birds, having clothes. Man is the only living being on the planet who has invented clothes. For what?

Superficially it seems they protect you from the rain, from the winter, from the summer. But if all the animals and all the trees are protected without clothes, man seems to be in a fallacy. Yes, today it is true that they protect you from winter and rain and heat, because you have become weaker. Using clothes for thousands of years, you have lost your strength, which is given intrinsically to every baby when he is born.

But why did man in the very beginning become interested? The first reason was -- and the Biblical story indicates a certain truth -- that when Adam and Eve ate the fruit of knowledge and were no more innocent, they immediately felt ashamed of their nakedness. Man has tried to cover his nakedness -- and the people who are more unbeautiful are more obsessed with clothes. The more beautiful a person is, he would like not to hide his beauty behind the clothes.

In India there are millions of statues. Amongst them, the most beautiful statues are of Mahavira, who remained naked for almost forty years. In Greece we know only one man who has dared to live in nakedness, Diogenes. He was a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Alexander was interested, because he had heard so much about Diogenes -- and he was one of the most interesting persons that humanity has produced.

But the people of Alexander's court always prevented him: "Don't invite him to the court.

He's naked." But there came a chance. When Alexander was coming to India, he passed by a forest and a river where Diogenes used to live. Now there was nobody to prevent him. He told his armies to rest a little, because he wanted to meet a man who lived very close by.

His bodyguards, his prime minister, wanted to accompany him. He said no. He himself was a little hesitant that others should know that he has gone to see a naked man. But when he saw Diogenes, the first thing he said was, "I have never seen such a beautiful body. And looking at you, it is absolutely plain and clear to me that clothes were invented by the unbeautiful."

Almustafa says, *your clothes conceal much of your beauty* -- not "much," but almost ninety-nine percent. Even you are not aware of your body. If your body without the head is brought to you, you will not be able to recognize it as your body. You have never looked at it. We know people only by their faces. But the whole body is an organic unity, and unless the whole body is beautiful... just the face can be very deceptive. It is such a small part.

And the whole East laughs and feels very proud when they hear about Western beauty contests, naked women allowing thousands of people and judges to decide whether their bodies are beautiful or not.

The East thinks it is very much cultured. The reality is that you are not able to see a naked body -- not because the naked body has some obscenity it; you cannot see the naked body because you are full of repressions. In your dreams you have seen naked bodies; in your desires you have longed for naked bodies. And I am not condemning your dreams and your longings; I am condemning your repressions.

The repressed person can easily deceive himself that he is cultured, more civilized.

If man becomes more civilized again... once he was, but it was a natural gift. Every child is born naked, without any shame. In the childhood of humanity, everybody was naked. Hence I said the biblical story has some truth in it. After becoming knowledgeable Adam and Eve both felt ashamed of their nakedness.

What is there to be ashamed of in your nakedness?

And there are such idiots in the world that in the Victorian age -- Bertrand Russell remembers it from his childhood because he lived almost a whole century and saw thousands of changes happening during the century -- even dogs had clothes. And it is to be noted that in London there was a society consisting only of old and ugly and dilapidated women who were forcing everybody and creating much fuss that dogs should not be left naked: it can corrupt their children, their morals. So special garments were made for the dogs.

Particularly in England, people take dogs for a walk but their chains are in their hands because of the simple fear that dogs have not yet eaten the fruit of knowledge. If a dog comes to see a beautiful young lady dog, then he is not going to miss the opportunity.

And all dogs which were not owned by anyone were shot. It looks stupid, but stupidity has no limits: even the legs of the chairs were covered with beautiful clothes because they are called "legs," and they may provoke in someone his repressed sexuality. Is man really mad?

But you will note one thing: there are beauty contests only for women, because it is a male chauvinist society. Why are there not contests for male beauty? And all those thousands of people and the judges who are watching the procession of beautiful women are nothing but voyeurs. The women of the world should demand that "We also want to judge. And there should be contests of naked men, and the audience and the judges will consist of women."

And I am sure if they insist, the beauty competitions for women will disappear. Man is not going to expose his nudeness, because he's not so beautiful in his body as a woman.

Once he was even more beautiful. If you go back before Christianity corrupted Italy and

its innocence you will be surprised. The Roman civilization was at its peak. All the statues of those days are of beautiful young men; you will not find a single Roman statue of a woman.

But clothes have destroyed the beauties of both -- more of the man, less of the woman, because the woman is more body oriented. She takes the care of her body. The reason is biological.

Man's sexuality is local; it is confined to his genitals. And man's mind is egoistic and very competitive. Certainly I have come across many people who have asked me, because they could not ask anybody else -- their genitals are very small, and they are afraid somebody may see it; there are people who have really big genitals. His whole mind is concentrated on the genitals.

But the woman's sexuality is not local, it is all over her body. This is one of the greatest mistakes that the god who created the world has committed. Men and women are going to live together, are going to love each other. The woman is far richer as far as sexual energy is concerned -- far richer because her whole body vibrates, every cell of her body dances. And because man has only a genital sexuality, his whole body as far as sex is concerned, is just dead.

This creates one of the greatest problems. It can be solved, but if I suggest the solution, I'm condemned all over the world for making such suggestions. Nobody has the guts to condemn or criticize my suggestions -- they condemn *me*. They cannot criticize what I'm saying.

Because man's sexuality is only genital, while making love he is finished within two minutes. And he is not interested in foreplay with his beloved's body, nor he is interested in the afterplay. To him the woman is just a wastepaper basket. So whatever burden of sexual energy is torturing him, he uses the woman as a sexual object in a very inhuman way.

If you really understand the thing, first make the woman's whole body vibrate. Put on beautiful music, incense; dance together. Let her be prepared. Her whole body has to be in a certain position, in a certain excitement, afire with desire and longing to meet and merge.

But man is afraid, because the woman is capable of multiple orgasms, and man is finished with one ejaculation. I will not call it orgasm. Orgasm is something spiritual. If he provokes the woman's whole body, then she will demand that she be satisfied. And she is unsatisfied; that is why she is continuously irritated, annoyed, angry, nagging the man. These problems are the by-products, because she is not satisfied.

There are millions of women who have never known what an orgasm is. A woman can know orgasm only when her whole body functions like a musical instrument. When her whole body starts dancing within -- each nerve, each cell -- only then she is capable of having an orgasm.

To make her whole body orgasmic is the function of the foreplay. But man is always in a hurry. What is the point of wasting twenty or thirty minutes when the work can be done efficiently in three minutes? And many women have reported to me that when their beloved or husband is finished, they have not even started. And once he is finished he turns, forgets the woman -- he has used her. His purpose is fulfilled: he falls into sleep.

In fact, for most men, sex is nothing but sleeping pills. Released of the burden, he immediately starts snoring. And many women, intelligent and courageous, have told me that while he is snoring, they are crying. Their tears are flowing -- of pain, insult, humiliation. They have been reduced into things.

This kind of lovemaking is not between two human beings. In fact man simply needs

plastic women which he can keep in his pockets. And whenever he wants, he can pump the air in and the woman is ready. It will be more sensible.

I have heard.... Two men were going to do some work in Alaska, close to the North Pole. They were purchasing necessary things, because they were supposed to be there for at least two years. And the shop owner said, "I have no right to say anything, but I have seen many people going for jobs and they always get into one difficulty: How are you going to live for two years without any women?"

They said, "We never thought about it."

The shop owner said, "I have a solution for the problem." And he brought a small packet in which a plastic woman was kept, folded. And he told them, "You can, just through your own mouth, fill the woman with air or you can take this small pump -- just the way you pump air in your bicycle tires, tubes, footballs -- and fill it. And this is a rare kind of woman: no nagging, no trouble, no expenses, no food. You can carry the packet just in your pocket -- so whenever you feel the need, just pump the air in and the woman comes alive. And you may not have seen such a beautiful body" -- obviously, when it is manufactured by man, it cannot become fat, it cannot become thin, it cannot have diseases, it cannot die. Plastic is the only immortal thing that man has created. So without any problems -- and she never says, "Not today, I am having such a headache -- not today."

And I know all those women who are saying, "I am tired and I have a headache" are simply avoiding the ugly situation of being used as sexual objects. There is no insult greater than that. But this woman never complains, never says, "Not today. I am tired and I have a headache." She is always available.

One man said, "This is all stupid. I don't want to get into this nonsense. If people hear that I am carrying a plastic woman with me, they will laugh at me."

But the other said, "I see the sensibility and the logic of it. I am going to purchase it."

He purchased the woman. They were great friends, but whenever there is a triangle, there is trouble. Even a plastic woman becomes a triangle, because the man who was the owner of the woman made it clear to his friend: "Remember, I will not tolerate any interference in my private life."

"What private life?"

He said, "You are not to be interested in my woman. Because sometimes for days I may be gone deep into the oceans or into the snows, and my woman will remain at home. Treat her just as your mother."

He said, "What nonsense! I cannot treat her as my wife even, and you are telling me that I should treat this plastic toy as my mother! Have you gone mad?"

He said, "No, I am making things clear because I am a very jealous man."

He said, "Jealous about what?"

He said, "If I see ever any attempt from your side to seduce my woman, our friendship is finished and there is going to be bloodshed."

The other man said, "For a plastic toy, you are going to kill me?"

He said, "Not you. I cannot waste a bullet on you. But I can kill my woman."

And one day it happened. He was going out and he was looking very happy, as he has never looked. And he was saying, "I want to extend my job for two years more, because back home my wife is there -- and having two wives does not double the trouble, it multiplies it."

The other man said, "Whatever you want to say, say; and whatever you want to do, do -- because I think you have gone absolutely nuts."

But the man went out -- he was looking healthier than ever before. No anxiety, no

problem, nobody to bother him -- where can you find such an obedient woman? The other man also became slowly slowly interested. His sexuality... and two years in Alaska are very long because there is no social life. So when his friend had gone he thought, "Perhaps it is that plastic woman. I am suffering and he is enjoying."

He was not supposed to come home that night, so he opened the box, filled the woman with air. And he was so hungry for sex, so repressed for months -- and the woman was exactly how a world beauty queen has to be; those exact proportions of the body.

He enjoyed loving her immensely. But then an accident happened -- and the accident was that he was playing with the breasts of the woman and a tremendous desire arose in him to take the nipples in his mouth. And he was so repressed, almost like any saint, that not only he tried to suck -- and there was nothing to suck, just plastic -- he tried to suck in the darkness and forget that it was just a plastic woman. And he cut a hole in the breast.

The air went out and the woman flew out of the window! He said, "My god. I have seen many types of women but a flying woman -- just because I have cut a little on her breast!" And outside it was snowing and dark. So he said, "In the morning I will find her and put her back."

But his friend returned in the middle of the night. He said, "The work finished early." He opened his box and there was no woman. He said, "What happened? Where is my woman?"

He said, "I am very sorry. I could not resist the temptation, and foolishly, I cut her beautiful nipples with my teeth. I never thought that she would fly out of the window. So she must be somewhere outside, and such heavy snow is falling.... She must be under the snow. In the morning we will find her and try to fix her up."

But the other man said, "You have forgotten. I have told you before: never try in any way to be involved into my private life -- and you did that!" And he was so angry that he shot his own friend.

The next day he went back down to the same shop. The owner said, "What happened? Last time you had come with your friend."

He said, "He was not a friend, he was an enemy -- he killed my woman! I have come for another woman. I have killed that man and taught him that you should behave in a moral way. He is so immoral, corrupted, he does not deserve to live on the earth."

But man has been doing the same with the real women.

They are not plastic. And because they don't have any orgasmic experience, their life becomes more and more frustrated, full of anger and rage.

It is a simple question, but the solution is very difficult. If a man really plays with the woman's body, and wakes up the sleeping cells all over the body, he will not be able to satisfy her. The most scientific suggestion will be that he should always invite at least five friends. Then you will see a totally different woman in the world -- joyous, never nagging, never angry.

But man's ego... rather than taking a scientific attitude -- towards a thing for which he is not responsible; it is God's fault, he should have made them equal. If women can have six orgasms, man must be able to have the same number. Or he should have given women only genital sexuality; life would have been peaceful.

But the women have to demand: "Enough of this voyeurism. Now we want beauty contests all over the world with the same conditions."

But man is ugly, has become ugly, and he is hiding all his ugliness in clothes. And he is jealous -- he is forcing the woman also to cover herself completely. Almustafa is right: *your*

*clothes conceal much of your beauty, yet they hide not the unbeautiful.*

But my statements, which are absolutely based on scientific research, will be called obscene by the police commissioner. He should ask his woman how much she has cried and wept each night when he has made love to her. It is not love. It is simply the release of a burden. It is no more significant than a sneeze -- a genital sneeze. Once his sneeze is finished, he goes to sleep.

Even ordinary sneezes give you a good feeling in the head. And the woman is not to tolerate any more. She is not here just to be an instrument for your sneezes. She should understand her sexuality and she should demand. Monogamy is absolutely against nature. And I am not responsible for it, remember. Your God is responsible for all this.

The whole existence seems to be made by an amateurish god, who knows nothing. And how can he know? The Christian trinity has no woman in it; it is a gay group. And if AIDS has come to the world, it must be coming from the Christian trinity because they are the oldest homosexuals. In fact, what else will they do? After creating the world in six days, what are you supposed to do? God cannot smoke....

These are the conditions imposed on us -- and I don't know but I am almost certain that the police commissioner must be smoking. God cannot drink alcohol. But I am again certain... because all police officers, government bureaucrats, are drinking alcohol. And when we phoned again and again, in office time -- "Where is he?" -- it took one hour for their office to give his home number.

I know the reason. When we phoned to his house, somebody answered, "He's in worship." Most probably, he had drunk too much, and the hangover was still there and he was fast asleep. I am not saying it as a fact, but as an experience of coming in contact with all your leaders, your bureaucrats -- they are all drunkards. And they are always coming to the office late. Sometimes they come for half an hour and they are gone. For what? -- "worshipping."

And in fact without wine, how can you worship? Particularly Christians have made wine a part of their holidays, of their worship. Even Jesus Christ was a drunkard -- not only a drunkard, but a criminal in the sense that he was changing water into wine.

I hate the smell of wine. I hate smoke. But one day I am going to drink wine here, and I am going to smoke here, just to show that police commissioner that neither wine is prohibited in India, nor smoking is prohibited in India.

AND THOUGH YOU SEEK IN GARMENTS THE FREEDOM OF PRIVACY, YOU MAY FIND IN THEM A HARNESS AND A CHAIN.

They are not giving you privacy. They are giving you a thin wall surrounding you so you can move, carrying your prison with yourself.

If you have not been naked in the sun and allowed your whole body to be nourished by the vitamins that the sun is showering on you, if you have not been naked in the wind, you are a prisoner. I am not saying to you, go in a public square, or on the streets which are filled with all kinds of idiots, to be naked. Because they are blind and deaf, they are retarded and heartless, and they will not understand it.

But whenever you can find privacy, enjoy freedom from the clothes.

Bertrand Russell had opened a school for small children, and there were many rumors about the school. He was a controversial man -- anyone who can think cannot be otherwise. Finally, the bishop of that locality knocked on the doors. A young girl -- maybe nine years

old, naked -- opened the doors and the bishop closed his eyes and said, "My god!" But the girl said, "God has made everybody naked!" And we have never heard that God uses garments -- *he* must be naked. And what about your holy ghost? Ghosts are not known to purchase clothes, holy or unholy.

And in fact, what the Christians call the holy ghost is the most unholy idea because this holy ghost made pregnant an innocent, virgin girl -- Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. He is a rapist. And still he remains holy, and he is part of God.

This trinity is not separate; this is almost like the *trimurti* of the Hindus, the three faces of God: God the father, God the son, and God the holy ghost. But no place for any woman... either they have found plastic women or they must be homosexuals.

Another possibility exists and that is that this holy ghost may be functioning both ways -- sometimes man, sometimes woman; sometimes for the father, sometimes for the son. Ghosts can take any shape.

And I have been consistently, all over the world, forced not to criticize any religion. What can I do? Those religions deserve criticism. In fact, they deserve to be burned completely. Their holy scriptures are very unholy.

So remember: Whatever I am saying is not just for you. It is for all of my sannyasins around the world, my sympathizers, my lovers, and they must be in millions. And it is not even just for them; I am talking also for the future generations.

But whatever I say -- there are some nuts present here, too -- don't misunderstand me. That enemies misunderstand me, I can understand. But when you misunderstand me, you are wounding my heart and my being.

I have heard that a few people have arrived in the office, saying, "Osho has allowed us, there is nothing obscene. So we are going to do whatsoever we want on the streets."

This will be stupid -- because your stupidities don't harm you. The whole responsibility comes to me. I have suffered for you in many jails; I have suffered for you in the hands of inhuman police people; I have suffered for you in every way at the hands of almost all the governments of the world.

So when I say these things, be intelligent and understanding because you are surrounded by all kinds of bigots, fanatics, and whatever you do, it ultimately condemns me. Nobody will ever bother about you. Nobody will even ask your name.

A few sannyasins have just come from Nepal, and they were not thinking that there would be any problem because on the border -- they came by road -- there are no computers. All the computers of the Indian government in all the embassies all over the world and in all the international airports in India simply say, "This man is a disciple of Osho and should not be allowed in the country." But they were amazed to see that even on the road -- no airport, just passing the boundary -- the police have a thick book of all the names of sannyasins they may have been able to collect.

And in the ministry, the most egoist and the person most interested in power, Arun Nehru, has issued all these documents, names, to the computers. And if computers are not available, then they are put into a thick book. He made the statement in the parliament -- asked by a member of the parliament, "Is it true that OSHO's sannyasins will not be allowed in India?" he said, "It is absolutely wrong. Everybody is welcome."

These politicians can lie without any shame. Almost all the parliaments of Europe, under pressure from America, have passed resolutions or laws or orders that "this man is very dangerous and he should not be allowed in the country." And because they are all taking

billions of dollars of loans every year -- America knows it cannot be returned; from where will they return it? -- they are under economic slavery.

Even the great nations who once ruled the whole world are now in a state of being beggars. They don't have even the guts to ask the American government, "What do you mean by dangerous? Is he carrying a nuclear missile? Is he coming with atom bombs?"

No. Twenty-one countries have decided that I cannot enter because they are afraid I will destroy their religion, I will destroy their morality, I will corrupt the minds of their young people.

And I am amazed -- for two thousand years, what have these idiots been doing? If a morality that has been taught for two thousand years can be destroyed with a three-week tourist visa, then what kind of morality do you have? What kind of religion do you have?

If a single man comes just for three weeks and demolishes all your traditions and all your past, then it deserves to be destroyed! You are befooling people. The simple conclusion is that you have been befooling them and you would not like me to expose that you have been cheating. This is not morality and this is not religion.

And I can do it in three weeks; more than that is not needed. In fact, in their rejection, they have accepted their defeat from a single individual -- who has not even a knife used for cutting vegetables. Impotent religions, impotent moralities -- one just has to indicate, and those who are intelligent will immediately understand it.

So whatever I say, you have to be very clear about it, that if you want to see me alive -- because now there is no other way for all these countries. There is only one way -- to assassinate me. And if you behave in an insane way, you will repent your whole life, and I don't want anybody to repent. You will feel guilty that you have played a part in the assassination.

So don't do anything that goes against the blind and the dead and the deaf. Knowing that they are burdened with past and have not the courage even to understand me, you behave so that they don't have any opportunity.

Let me fight alone, because I am alone enough.

WOULD THAT YOU COULD MEET THE SUN AND THE WIND WITH MORE OF YOUR SKIN AND LESS OF YOUR RAIMENT.

It is a simple physiological fact that your whole skin breathes -- inhales, exhales -- not just your nose. If a thick paint is put on your body so that all possibilities of inhaling and exhaling are stopped, and your nose is left open -- you will still die in three hours. Just the nose is not enough. It is the most important part, but it is not enough. Your whole body consists of almost seven billion living cells. They all need oxygen and they all need to throw out carbon dioxide. Your clothes are preventing it.

Your clothes are not your friends. But because of thousands of years of using clothes, your bodies have become weak, so you will have to use them. But once in a while, when the season allows you and there are no fanatics around, just be as God has sent you -- utterly naked -- and you will feel a new release of life, youthfulness, freshness.

The sun is your friend. The wind is your friend; the rain is your friend. Your clothes are your enemies. But now, because you have become weak -- man is today the weakest animal in existence -- you will have to use clothes. Use clothes... but once in a while, give a chance to the body to have its natural right.

FOR THE BREATH OF LIFE IS IN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE HAND OF LIFE IS IN THE WIND.  
SOME OF YOU SAY, "IT IS THE NORTH WIND WHO HAS WOVEN THE CLOTHES WE WEAR."  
AND I SAY, AY, IT WAS THE NORTH WIND,  
BUT SHAME WAS HIS LOOM, AND THE SOFTENING OF THE SINEWS WAS HIS THREAD.

Because of the continuous hammering of a certain thought -- that your bodies are ugly, that your bodies are your punishment -- you have become very ashamed to be seen naked. Almustafa is right: shame was his loom. All your clothes are woven on the loom of shame.

But what is shameful? Trees are naked, all the animals are naked, all the birds are naked. What is shame? And the clothes have done immense harm to your health, to your beauty, for the simple reason that they have become a barrier between you and life. The whole existence is naked except man. And why should one be ashamed?

It is your body, it is your temple, it is the place God is dwelling in. There is no question of shame.

But this is how religions have been exploiting you, politicians have been exploiting you. Your so-called leaders are not leaders but murderers. They have murdered the whole of humankind in many ways -- enslaved, weakened you.

A truly religious person cannot be ashamed of his body because it is a gift. And feeling ashamed of your body, you are condemning existence.

AND WHEN HIS WORK WAS DONE, HE LAUGHED IN THE FOREST.

He's saying when the work of making the man ashamed was complete, the very energy that has made you ashamed of yourself laughed in the forest.

In fact, all the trees laugh, looking at you; all the birds laugh, looking at you -- "What a strange creature this man is! Why should he hide himself?"

The small rose bush is not ashamed of being small. Neither are the cedars of Lebanon, reaching one hundred fifty, two hundred fifty feet high in the sky, proud. It is the same nature that creates the rose bush; it is the same nature that creates the cedar. Our mother is the same.

We come from the same source. To feel ashamed is a condemnation -- not of you, but of the source that has given you everything without asking anything in return.

FORGET NOT THAT MODESTY IS FOR A SHIELD AGAINST THE EYE OF THE UNCLEAN.

You have been told again and again in the past that modesty is a great quality. This is an utter lie. Modesty is just *a shield against the eye of the unclean*.

And who are the unclean? Understanding the past and the religions that it created... it is a tremendous surprise. On the one hand, they make you repressive of your energies -- particularly of your sex, because that is the only energy you have. Have you ever heard of any impotent person becoming enlightened? Have you ever heard of any impotent person becoming a great poet or a great painter or a great dancer or a great singer? The impotent person does not have the energy. It is not only a question that he cannot produce children; he cannot produce poems, he cannot produce anything at all.

He's a saint, celibate. Only impotent people are celibate. Those who are not impotent, their celibacy is hypocrisy. And I challenge all your *shankaracharyas* who pretend that they are celibate: they should be examined by the medical experts. And you will find none of them is celibate, unless somebody turns out to be impotent.

You should remember: Sex is energy.

And energy is God.

And I have been ordered not to talk about sex. That means I have been ordered not to talk about God, not to talk about life. Then what am I supposed to talk about? But these people have no idea what they are saying.

If God gives you sexual energy, it becomes sacred. Anything from God is sacred and everything is from God. And by "God" I don't mean a certain person, I mean the whole existence.

When the cuckoo starts singing, have you ever thought for what the song is for? It is to attract a sexual partner. But nobody condemns the cuckoo as obscene. When the flowers open and send their fragrance, what do you think they are doing? They are advertising that "I have come to flower; now butterflies, bees are invited and welcome." But for what? -- because the flower has small seeds which will go with the butterflies, with the bees. Because the same division exists in the whole existence: there are plants which are male, and there are plants which are female. The male plant has to send its seeds to the female plant, its beloved.

Nobody condemns flowers. In fact, you take flowers to your temple to offer to your god. You are not aware you are offering sexual energy to your god.

Have you seen the dance of a peacock? Do you think he is dancing for you? And remember one thing: The beautiful tail of rainbow colors and the dancing peacock is male. He is attracting some female. It is only the insane humanity where the female has to attract the male.

All over nature, it is the male who attracts the female. And for that reason, all over nature the male is more beautiful -- because the female need not have any beauty; just being female is enough. But strange -- man has been standing on his head, doing *shirshasana* continuously. It is the male who should be more beautiful so that a female is attracted towards him.

But religions have made a mess. To such an extent that if you see a rich man walking with his wife, he looks like a servant, and the wife looks nothing but an advertisement for his riches. All the diamonds, all the emeralds, all the rubies, all gold -- that is an advertisement for the man. He's just a businessman; having a beautiful wife is a business strategy so you can invite your customers to your house for dinner, and your wife will hypnotize them with her beauty so that you can cut their pockets! But man has become just a servant, a businessman. His riches are known through the wife -- his riches, his beauty, his genius has to be kept hidden.

Whenever you disturb nature and start manufacturing your own rules, remember it is a crime -- unforgivable.

*Forget not that modesty is for a shield...* The modesty of the Eastern woman is praised very highly all over the world, but it is a shield. In the West the woman is not modest. She stands on her own feet, equal to man -- there is no question of modesty. The Indian woman has been corrupted for thousands of years to be modest. Modesty is her great ornament.

And Almustafa has really great insight into the fact when he says it is *against the eye of the unclean*. Who are the unclean? -- the people who have repressed their nature, who have repressed their sexual desires. They may take as many dips as they want into the Ganges -- it only impures the Ganges, but their uncleanliness remains because it is not on the body, it is deep in their minds.

I have heard.... Three old retired men were sitting on a bench in a garden -- that was their usual habit; every day they used to come. The whole day there was nothing to do. This was

their only enjoyment, their only entertainment, to discuss and tell each other about the golden memories of the past.

One day it happened... all the three were sitting. One was seventy-five, another was eighty-five, the third was ninety-five. The youngest, seventy-five, said, "I am very much disturbed, very sad."

Both the old fellows asked him, "Tell us. What happened?"

He said, "A beautiful woman came to my house as a guest. She was taking a bath, and I was peeping through the keyhole and my mother caught me red-handed. Don't you think it would make anybody very sad, humiliated?" Both the older fellows laughed. They said, "Don't be worried. In childhood everybody does it, and once in a while everybody is caught. In fact, the keyhole is made for that purpose!"

The man said, "You don't understand. It is not a question of childhood, it happened this morning!"

But it is possible only if a man has been repressing, repressing, repressing. Then he is never free. His inside is really unclean and dirty. If he had lived totally, he would have transcended all these desires and would have been absolutely clean.

On the one hand, religions have made people unclean, dirty -- dirty in their minds. And on the other hand, they have been teaching women to be modest -- "a shield against the unclean." So when an old man comes to your house, touch his feet, call him Papa, keep your eyes looking at the ground. This is a shield.

A healthy human society will not need any shield because there will not be dirty old men. My sannyasins need not have any shield. They have lived their life joyously, thankfully, and they have transcended -- or they will be transcending. But they will not collect all kinds of dirty, repressed desires.

The second old man said, "This is nothing. You always bring third-rate stories. What happened to me is very humiliating. It is now three days I have not made love to my wife. And each time I try, she says, 'I have a headache.'"

The oldest started laughing. He said, "First you tell that boy what you mean by love, because he does not know your secret."

He said, "There is no secret. My love is that every night before going to sleep I take the hand of my wife and press it three times. But for three days, she has not allowed -- it hurts." And both asked the oldest fellow, "Have you anything to say?"

He said, "I'm really in a mess. This morning when I started making love to my wife, she said, 'You idiot! What are you doing?'"

"I said, 'The same thing that I have been doing for almost the whole century: I'm making love.'"

"She said, 'Love -- my foot. This is the third time tonight that you are making love. Will you allow me to sleep or not?'"

"I said, 'Three times? That means I am losing my memory!'"

These are your unclean people: the elders towards whom you have been taught to be always respectful. Modesty is certainly a shield against these ugly creatures which religion has produced.

The crimes of religion are uncountable.

AND WHEN THE UNCLEAR SHALL BE NO MORE, WHAT WERE MODESTY BUT A FETTER AND A FOULING OF THE MIND?

The moment these repressed people disappear from the earth, what will modesty be? -- just a fetter, unnecessarily. Mohammedans don't allow their women even to show their faces. This is modesty, a protection, a shield against the repressed people all around. But when there is no repressed people, these *Burkhas*, these veils will be just fetters and *fouling of the mind*. They will disappear.

It will be a great day when a woman and a man can meet just as human beings, without any shields, without any barriers, open hearted. That's my whole effort for my people: to make them so totally alive that everything is consumed in it and they come out free, authentic, sincere.

AND FORGET NOT THAT THE EARTH DELIGHTS TO FEEL YOUR BARE FEET, AND THE WINDS LONG TO PLAY WITH YOUR HAIR.

The whole existence delights in your delight.  
The whole existence sings with you, dances with you.

And when someone becomes enlightened, the whole existence celebrates it -- because we are not separate. We are all one cosmic whole.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #19

### Chapter title: The gifts of the earth

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BELOVED OSHO,  
AND A MERCHANT SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BUYING AND SELLING.  
AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:  
TO YOU THE EARTH YIELDS HER FRUIT, AND YOU SHALL NOT WANT IF YOU BUT KNOW  
HOW TO FILL YOUR HANDS.  
IT IS IN EXCHANGING THE GIFTS OF THE EARTH THAT YOU SHALL FIND ABUNDANCE AND  
BE SATISFIED.  
YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE IT WILL BUT LEAD SOME TO  
GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.  
WHEN IN THE MARKETPLACE YOU TOILERS OF THE SEA AND FIELDS AND VINEYARDS  
MEET THE WEAVERS AND THE POTTERS AND THE GATHERERS OF SPICES,  
INVOKE THEN THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH, TO COME INTO YOUR MIDST AND  
SANCTIFY THE SCALES AND THE RECKONING THAT WEIGHS VALUE AGAINST VALUE.  
AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS, WHO  
WOULD SELL THEIR WORDS FOR YOUR LABOR.  
TO SUCH MEN YOU SHOULD SAY:  
"COME WITH US TO THE FIELD, OR GO WITH OUR BROTHERS TO THE SEA AND CAST YOUR  
NET;  
"FOR THE LAND AND THE SEA SHALL BE BOUNTIFUL TO YOU EVEN AS TO US."  
AND IF THERE COME THE SINGERS AND THE DANCERS AND THE FLUTE PLAYERS, BUY OF  
THEIR GIFTS ALSO.  
FOR THEY TOO ARE GATHERERS OF FRUIT AND FRANKINCENSE, AND THAT WHICH THEY  
BRING, THOUGH FASHIONED OF DREAMS, IS RAIMENT AND FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL.  
AND BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE MARKETPLACE, SEE THAT NO ONE HAS GONE HIS WAY WITH  
EMPTY HANDS.  
FOR THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH SHALL NOT SLEEP PEACEFULLY UPON THE WIND  
TILL THE NEEDS OF THE LEAST OF YOU ARE SATISFIED.

Kahlil Gibran knows exactly what is needed, but he is absolutely unaware of how to transform man.

It is easy, very easy to give beautiful words to man's essential needs. But unless you know how man can manage to fulfill his demands, your words may be beautiful but they carry no meaning at all. And it is not only with Kahlil Gibran -- it is the case with many great poets, thinkers, philosophers. They talk as if these things are already available in the marketplace, you just go and purchase them.

They go on telling people, "Love, have compassion. Be kind, enjoy sharing." But these are empty words. It is good to read them but it is nothing but entertainment.

And what is needed is not entertainment; what is needed is transformation. It is not enough to say to someone, "Love." The real question is how he can find love arising in him, what are the methods, the techniques which bring flowers of love. Nobody talks about it.

All these words are immensely beautiful -- but as they are beautiful, so they are empty. It is like saying to a hungry man, "Eat, and eat nourishing food." But the question is, where is that nourishing food? and how is the hungry man going to reach and find it?

This is a fallacy perpetuated for centuries, without anyone questioning it. Mahavira goes on saying to people, "Be nonviolent." But the question is, man has come out of the animals, his whole being is full of violence. How can he get rid of the violence? How can he transform the same energy that is violence now, into nonviolence? Nobody asks the question, everybody gets hypnotized by beautiful words. The words are right, but they are not going to be the dawn of a new humanity.

They have all failed, utterly failed. The greatest human beings of the past have failed on a single point. And why has nobody questioned? -- because nobody wants to change. It is beautiful to listen, it is beautiful to be a follower of Gautam Buddha or Jesus Christ -- it enhances your ego. If you were really interested in transforming your energies, you would have asked, "Whatever you are saying is right, but show us the path, the signs."

It is a strange story, of great people talking about the stars... and naturally, one becomes impressed. But the question is how to get there. This is the problem with Kahlil Gibran too, and on a far greater level, because he himself is not a transformed human being.

He is very articulate, great are his words. But I am going to ask about each of his statements whether it has any content in it, or it is just his longing, his desire, his dream. All the dreamers have given humanity great hope -- and because of that hope they have prevented any kind of revolution in people's consciousness.

People have been waiting.

They have also given a wrong notion to people that they know what the real needs are and how they can be fulfilled... but they don't know at all that these needs are so deep that unless you are born again you will be only playing with words and wasting your time.

I am not here to waste my time and your time.

I mean business.

AND A MERCHANT SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BUYING AND SELLING.

AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:

TO YOU THE EARTH YIELDS HER FRUIT, AND YOU SHALL NOT WANT IF YOU BUT KNOW HOW TO FILL YOUR HANDS.

This was once true, thousands of years before.  
It is not true in the times of Kahlil Gibran or in our time.

The earth is no longer capable of feeding us, because in our stupidity we have overpopulated it. And he has not said a single word against overpopulation, because the Christian church is against birth control. He has not said anything about legalization of abortion, because the Christian church is against it.

Now the fruits of the trees cannot sustain this vast ocean of humanity. It was possible once, when the humanity was just a few million people and each man had thousands of trees available for him. In our ignorance, we have cut down all those trees to print third-class, yellow newspapers. Millions of trees are destroyed just for newspapers.

It seems we are on a suicidal path.

I had been to Nepal before, and this time I was simply surprised: all great trees are gone. Those trees don't grow within days or weeks, they are not seasonal flowers. Those trees take centuries to grow -- and seconds to cut. You cannot replace them. But Nepal is a poor country, so they sold all their big and magnificent forests to the so-called great powers of the world. And with the electric saw, every day hundreds of trees are disappearing.

But Kahlil Gibran is not talking about anything which is sensible and feasible.

I would like all these nonsense newspapers to be stopped. Now we have better media. We have radios, we have television -- then why go on printing thousands and thousands of newspapers and newsmagazines? The television is not going to destroy the trees; neither is the radio going to destroy the trees.

But even a poor country like India has so many newspapers and so many weeklies and fortnightly newspapers, and monthly and bi-monthly, and annual... and nobody raises the question that what you have done to nature is not going to be forgiven. Nature is going to take its revenge with vengeance -- it is taking it already.

And to say in the twentieth century, *to you the earth yields her fruit, and you shall not want if you but know how to fill your hands* -- everybody knows how to fill his hands; it seems he is talking to the idiots. But where are the fruits, and where are the trees? He is making a statement which is simply nonsense.

*It is in exchanging the gifts of the earth that you shall find abundance and be satisfied...* This too is not true. The earth has been giving to you for millions of years and you have not returned anything to nourish it.

Hindus go on burning dead bodies -- it is against nature. The bodies should be returned to nature... because what are your bodies? Nature has given you food, the sun has given you life, the air has been giving you continuous nourishment. When you die, your body should go back to the original sources -- the earth to the earth. You should become manure for your future generations.

We have exploited the earth so much that it has lost its abundant treasures. We are now technologically capable to return all the chemicals back to the earth. But man's mind dwells in the dead past. He goes on doing the same stupid thing without seeing that he is killing himself.

I was visiting a city, and one of the most respected Hindu monks, Karpatri... his only quality is that he eats his food from his hands. That is the meaning of the word *karpatri* -- *kar* means hands and *patri* means a cup, a bowl. Except that, I don't see anything in that man. But just because he goes on begging and eating from the hands he has become one of the most respected saints of the Hindus.

He was delivering a religious discourse. I told my friend to stop the car, I would like to listen to a few words. Sitting in the car, I listened to his discourse, and I was amazed: in an educated city with a university of its own, a medical college, an agriculture college of its own... and nobody was saying anything to that idiot.

The government had just made a very huge reservoir, because the land is barren and the rains have become uncertain. So they had made the reservoir to produce electricity for thousands of villages, for all kinds of scientific technological uses, and water enough to irrigate the whole land that is becoming slowly slowly a desert. It was ready and it was just waiting for the president of India to come and inaugurate it. Because in India, the president and the prime minister have no other business than inaugurating bridges, reservoirs... even movie houses, restaurants!

Unfortunate is this country, to have all kinds of idiots dominating it.

What is the need of inaugurating? The reservoir is ready, the earth is thirsty, but they are waiting because the president has too many other appointments -- and they will be of the same kind. A small road and the president has to inaugurate it -- I don't see the point except that by inaugurating that small road, his photo will be printed in every newspaper and he will have a chance to deliver a lecture to the people.

And Karpatri was telling his thousands of followers, "Don't use the water from the reservoir for irrigation."

I had to come out of the car. I said, "This is something strange! People are dying and people are starving; the earth is thirsty, everything has become barren, all greenery has disappeared." I wanted to understand his argument -- what argument is he giving?

His argument was so hilarious. He was saying, "Don't use the water because its electricity has been taken out, it is impotent. Electricity was the real power, and if you use it for irrigation, your crops will be impotent. And whoever will eat from your crops, he will become impotent."

Naturally, nobody wants to become impotent.

Those thousands of people were agreeing with that man! I said to my friend and host, "I never thought that in your cultured city you would allow such stupid nonsense and call it religious discourse. This man is not only talking nonsense, but seems to be insane! Water does not become impotent. Electricity is not water's potency; water's potency is to quench the thirst of the earth. And the proof that it is potent is that the earth will become green."

And Karpatri was not only a religious saint of the Hindus, he was also the head of a Hindu political party, RAMRAJ PARISHAD. He had members in the parliament. What kind of people are choosing and voting? These people should be behind bars -- their basic need is not to be worshipped and respected, their basic need is a brain operation! They must have tumors in their brain that do not allow them to see a simple fact. And if this is the situation of your "great leaders" -- he is a great leader, religiously and politically both -- then what about the poor, uneducated, ordinary humanity?

We have been exploiting the earth. We have been taking its juices through the fruits, through other crops, and we are not at all concerned to return at least equal the amount of chemicals that we have taken out through the fruits.

It is good poetry, but you cannot live on poetry alone.

He is saying, *it is in exchanging the gifts of the earth that you shall find abundance and be satisfied*. He is talking about the beginnings of humanity when there was a barter system, when people were exchanging things, when there was no money as a means of exchange.

You have a cow and more milk than you need, but you don't have clothes. So you have to go around to find a person who has more clothes and is in need of milk. It was such a wastage of time and energy, and it was not always easy -- you want a horse but you have to find the right person. You have to move from village to village to find the right person who can give you a horse in exchange for something that you have and he needs.

It was possible when there were very few people on the earth. Now the very idea of exchange is absurd. Just think: for any of your needs you may have to go around the whole country to find the right person. Money is one of the greatest inventions of man, to avoid this whole trouble. Whether you need the milk or not, whether you have the horse or not does not matter; anybody who needs milk can pay in money and anybody who wants to sell a horse, you can purchase it. Money is a shortcut.

And just having a single rupee in your pocket... have you ever thought how many things

you have in your pocket? If you want a man to massage you, he is in your pocket. If you want to smoke cigarettes, they are in your pocket. If you want to go to see a film, it is in your pocket. Of course you cannot have *all* the things for one rupee -- but you can choose anything that you want.

Kahlil Gibran would have been supported by a man like Mahatma Gandhi, because he was talking of a world so primitive that except for barter... money would have been impossible. And you will be surprised to know that it is not the West that invented money and currency, it was China. And for three thousand years they have been using currency notes.

When Marco Polo discovered currency notes he could not believe, because although in European countries in the West, money had come into existence, it was in gold coins. If you were carrying ten thousand gold coins, either their weight would kill you or you would be robbed, because anybody can see that you are carrying ten thousand gold coins. And what is the need of carrying such burden from one place to another? -- this can be done with a small piece of paper, just a ten thousand rupee note with the promise of the government that whenever you want gold you can come to the treasury, produce the note and take the gold. The gold remains in the treasury.

Certainly those people three thousand years back must have been very intelligent. In comparison, Marco Polo thought... because he had brought many things from China to Europe. The printing press was invented in China at the same time, because without a printing press how can you have notes? He brought notes to show to the pope, because at that time the pope was the decisive factor for the whole Western world. And the whole court of the pope laughed at Marco Polo. They said, "You call it money? Do you want to deceive us?"

And the pope took out from his pocket a gold coin and threw it on the floor -- certainly it creates sound. And he asked Marco Polo, "Now throw your note. It is just a piece of paper. You have been deceived."

Marco Polo tried in every way... "I am not deceived; the whole of China, which is one fifth of the world, is already using notes."

The barter system disappeared because it was impossible as the population became thicker and thicker. Money came into existence, but solid gold. Then gold disappeared, silver disappeared; notes came into existence. In fact they are also out of date.

In our commune in America we had just currency cards, because a note is a dirty thing. It goes on passing through so many people -- somebody may have AIDS, somebody may have tuberculosis, somebody may be suffering from cancer. You cannot know the history, through how many hands the note has passed. I have not touched any note for thirty years -- it is absolutely unhygienic and against all medical research.

But man seems to be so retarded all over the world... then, when better means are suggested they will not listen. All that is needed is your bank account and just a small card which will remain only in *your* hands, and you can go and purchase anything; the bank has to pay. But your card is absolutely hygienic; it never moves into all kinds of people's hands -- from prostitutes to saints. It is the ugliest thing today.

Kahlil Gibran is saying:

YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE, IT WILL BUT LEAD SOME TO GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.

That's why I say that he is using beautiful words but without any significance. *Yet unless*

*the exchange be in love...* but how can it be in love? Do you have a loving heart? Have you ever loved? You have always *asked* to be loved, you have never offered your love to anyone. Have you encountered any energy in you which you can call love? Even when you say, "I love you," deep down it is not love but only biological lust. So the same woman, the same man that you love today, tomorrow becomes a weight on your chest, starts killing you.

You are caught in your own promises, because you had promised her just to fulfill your lust; otherwise the woman will not be ready to go into all kinds of sexual gymnastics. You have bribed her with beautiful words and promises: "I will love you forever. Others have loved, but only when they are alive. I will love you, my beloved, even when I am dead. I will love you not only in this life but all the lives to come." Now you are caught in a net. Once your lust is fulfilled, your biological energy is spent, the woman looks like an absolute stranger.

Everybody wakes up in the morning, man or woman, and wonders: who is the other fellow? And what is he doing in my bed? Only when you are a little better awake you remember, that this is my husband, this is my wife. And again the story starts: "Darling..."

In the old days, stories used to start, "Once upon a time..." Now they start, "Darling..." Early in the morning! And both are very loving, because both are waiting for the other to get up and prepare the tea.

How do you expect people to exchange *in love* -- they have no experience of love. They have never loved anyone.

Yes, they had experiences of lust. They covered that ugly word "lust" with a very beautiful word, "love." Because if you say to a woman that "I have a great lust for you," she is going to inform the police commissioner immediately -- "Look! A disciple of Osho, on the public street, said to me that 'I have a great lust for you.'"

Just to help you, they have rented a house by the side of our temple, where day and night there are dozens of policemen with loaded guns, waiting for you to do something so they can immediately enter into the campus. And not much -- if you just smoke a cigarette... and they are all smoking cigarettes. If you are just holding somebody's hand, remember: the police are waiting with loaded guns, just by the side -- for special purposes they have rented that house.

That house used to belong to us. Our people used to live in that house, and we had again asked the owner. And he was very happy; he said, "I had no complaint against your people. They can have the house, the house is empty." But there must be some police dogs even here, because I cannot call an informer a human being. He is just a police dog, sniffing here and there.

Those police dogs must have informed the police commissioner that "They are going to rent the house, and the owner is willing." Immediately the police commissioner called the owner and told him, "Don't give that house to Osho's disciples."

Perhaps he must be telling that to all other owners in Koregaon Park -- the houses are empty -- and that owner must have said, "The house is empty and you are preventing me from getting some rent." Just to prevent us, the police have taken it for rent; now the police people are living there, just watching so that if anything shows any sign of love then a crime is being committed.

The society is against love, the government is against love, the education is against love.

I remember... I was sitting with the vice-chancellor of the university where I was teaching philosophy. He used to love me; once in a while passing through the corridor if he would see me he would immediately send somebody to call me -- "If you don't have any classes or anything, if you are not engaged, just come and have a cup of tea with me."

He loved to discuss things of the beyond; he had a certain philosophical bent of mind. One day when I was sitting with him, a post-graduate student girl came in, crying. And she said, "I have been continuously harassed by one young man -- he is also in the same subject, in the same class. He goes on harassing me in different ways."

The vice-chancellor asked, "Just tell me what he actually does."

She said, "Sometimes he takes the air out of my bicycle, sometimes if there is nobody around he throws a pebble at me. And continuously he goes on writing letters -- without signing them. I know that he is the person, I know his writing." And she had brought about three or four dozen letters. The vice-chancellor said, "I know that boy. You are not the first to report against him. He has been in this university for five years -- from the very beginning -- and continuously he has been doing the same things. I am tired of him, he has been punished in every way. Now the only way is to expel him from the university."

I said, "Just wait a minute. We will have to decide whom to expel."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I mean whether I have to be expelled or you have to be expelled or this girl has to be expelled or that boy has to be expelled -- there are four persons involved."

He said, "Have you suddenly gone crazy?"

I said, "You keep quiet. Let me talk with the girl." I said, "Be true and authentic -- don't you really enjoy being harassed?"

There was a moment of silence, but her tears disappeared. I asked her, "If nobody punctured your bicycle, nobody threw a pebble at you, and nobody ever wrote a single letter, would that be preferable?"

She said, "I have never thought about it in this way. No, that will not be preferable."

And I asked her, "Be sincere. Your coming here to report -- is not some joy inside that only you are the most beautiful girl? And you have brought all the proofs for it."

She said, "But how have you come to know?"

I said, "This is not a question of coming to know about it, just a simple psychology: a woman suffers most if nobody looks at her." Although if you look at her for more than three seconds, she is going to be very angry. Three seconds is the limit found by psychologists. Three second means casual, by the way, but looking more than that becomes staring. But if a woman is never stared at by anyone, she will suffer immensely.

I told the girl, "I can see you are feeling proud, even in your tears." She was a beautiful girl. I said, "The boy has done nothing wrong, it is just that he is stupid and does not know how to persuade a girl."

I told the vice-chancellor, "You need not interfere. Send the boy to me -- I will teach him how to make love."

He said, "Is this the university, the seat of wisdom?"

And I asked the girl, "What do you want? You say it, it will be done. If you want that boy to be expelled he will be expelled."

She said, "No, I don't want him to be expelled. In fact, without him this whole university will be empty for me. He is beautiful."

He vice-chancellor said, "Strange... if he is beautiful and you cannot live without him, then why have you come to complain?"

I said, "This is simple advertisement." And then I said to the girl, "So there is no need for me to call the boy?"

She said, "There is no need, because if he takes the air out... he also keeps a pump, to help me. If he throws pebbles at me, he makes sure that they don't hit me or don't hurt me. And if

he writes letters there is nothing wrong in those letters. And perhaps you are right, that I had come here for the purpose you mentioned."

I said to the vice-chancellor, "I will manage -- no interference from your side; otherwise I am going to call a meeting of all the boys and all the girls of the university and tell them that this vice-chancellor has to be expelled because he does not even respect love."

He said to the girl, "Now you can go -- you need not listen to these things. You forget what he has said, it is just between me and him." And then he turned towards me; he said, "You should not say such things before the students."

I said, "Just one question and I will go, because I have my class. And I have got the subject..."

He said, "What subject?"

I said, "*This* subject -- because I don't have any program, I never decide about what I am going to teach. This is such a beautiful subject... but one question before I leave. Remember your days when you were young and a student in the university? And be truthful -- have you not ever looked at a girl with desire, with longing? Have you not written a love letter?"

He said, "It is very difficult to be untruthful to you, because your eyes penetrate so deep that I know you will find out what the truth is. You are right. But now I am a vice-chancellor and I have to manage a university of ten thousand students."

I said, "You don't know how to manage. Expelling because the boy loves the girl? And the girl was certainly beautiful -- what do you think? Don't you feel like writing a love letter?"

He said, "At my age?"

I said, "Love knows no age."

He said, "That's true, but don't tell anybody. If my wife comes to know that I have confessed to you that I like the girl, then there is going to be terrorism in my home!"

Because people are not allowed, given opportunities by their elders.... No father, no mother, no elder brother, no professor, no teacher ever shares with his students, with his children, his own experiences. So naturally everybody remains almost an amateur lover. He never passes from ABC, and one has to go beyond love only when one has passed XYZ.

Love is a sleeping energy in you.

My experience is, if your mind can be emptied out of all the crap that you are filled with, in that emptiness blossoms the flower of love, of joy, of peace, and of all that is beautiful in existence.

And unless you have it, how can you give it to anybody? Your hands are empty, your heart is empty.

Kahlil Gibran goes on talking about beautiful things, but those beautiful things need a clear-cut understanding of where and how you are going to find them.

And once you have them, everything that you will do will have the magical touch of your experience. It is not only a question of exchange -- a man of love even touches the chair with love, although the chair may not feel it. But who knows? The chair may have a different kind of sensitivity, different from ours.

A man who knows love cannot do anything without it -- it is not within his capacity. And when I say it, I say it with absolute authority: I cannot even move my hand without love, although I am moving my hand in the air. Since I have come to know my own inner being, every act, small or big, has become full of love and joy and peace and silence.

And justice is only a by-product of love -- a man of love cannot be unjust. But neither your judges know what love is nor your lawmakers know what love is. That's why there are

ugly laws, "unkindly," inhuman.

Justice is a by-product. It is not a question of going to a law college and learning all about the laws, and it is not a question of being a judge. Because I have been to the courts and seen the judges -- they are so dead, so miserably dead and absolutely unconcerned with what they are doing. They are technicians. They know all the legal jargon.

In the first court where I was brought after my arrest in America, I had some hope, because the magistrate was a woman. But I forgot completely that a woman is more hungry for power, more hungry for prestige, more hungry to rise on the ladder of success, because for centuries she has been denied. I simply thought, she is a woman and she will understand.

But she was bribed by the White House, and this was related to me by the highest law authorities in Carolina. The U.S. Marshal who was taking me back and forth from the court to the jail told me on the way: "It is absolutely unjust what is happening, but you will have to tolerate it. It is only a question of a few days. They cannot manage more than a week to keep you in the jail, because the pressure from all over the world is increasing. And all the news media all over the world are focused only on one question -- why you have been arrested and where you are being kept."

And why was I not brought to Oregon, to Portland where the court was going to decide whether I should be bailed out or not? Why was I moved for twelve days continuously from one jail to another? The root cause was that fat woman, who must have been feeling guilty, because she never looked at me eye to eye. And she must have been feeling afraid, too, because she told the marshal: "Tell Osho he cannot use his cap in the court because in America it is thought to be a contempt of the court."

I told the U.S. Marshal, "I *will* wear my cap, and if she has guts she should ask me in the court. It is a question which has to be decided, whether the cap is a respect for the court or a contempt."

He became very nervous. He went inside, told the woman. She said, "Don't disturb him. I will not raise the question at all, he can wear the cap." Perhaps I am the first man who has used his cap in the American court, because it is a "contempt of the court."

I was prepared to fight -- I was not bothered about the bail or all the law and the crimes that they were finding against me. One hundred and thirty-six crimes -- I was not concerned. I wanted to face the woman directly, and I wanted to see how much guts she had. I wanted to listen to how the cap can be called a contempt of the court. Then why is my robe not a contempt of the court? I will remove both together, just to give respect to the court!

She understood, that it is better not to get entangled with this man. The U.S. Marshal came running and he said, "You can use it, there is no problem. Don't be worried about it." I said, "What happened? Has the law changed in America?"

And the same marshal told me on the way to jail -- because I was refused bail.... It is a strange case, a historical phenomenon, because the U.S. Attorney argued for three days continuously and could not prove that I had committed a single crime. And finally he himself accepted it: "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but still I want the magistrate to know that the government is not in favor of bail being allowed for him."

And all over the world they go on saying that the Department of Justice is not under the government, that the government cannot interfere.

The marshal told me, "The reality behind the scenes is that the woman has been bribed. She has been told that if she does not give you bail she will be made a federal judge." She was only a state magistrate, and that was her great ambition.

I said, "If she had asked me, I would not have even bothered about the bail. I would have

told my attorneys, `Don't argue. If my being in the jail for few days helps a poor woman to become a federal judge, let it be so."

Justice is a by-product of love.

But neither man knows nor woman; they have all forgotten what love is. Only the word remains, just like "God"... utterly empty. You open the word "God" and inside there is nothing. The same is the case with the word "love."

Love arises only in those who know themselves.

Love is the light that fills the meditative heart.

Love is the flame that arises in you when you make space for it. Your thoughts must be thrown out, your prejudices must be thrown out. And then there is no problem about justice -- you cannot be unjust to anybody. Even to your enemies you cannot be unjust.

He is talking beautifully:

YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE, IT WILL LEAD SOME TO GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.

That's what has happened. There is no justice in the world, there is no love in the world -- there is only greed and hunger. The hunger is because of greed, because a few people are so hypnotized by money that they go on collecting without bothering that the more money you collect, the more people will be dying in Ethiopia, in India, in the whole poor East.

All your money is soaked in blood.

Your bank balances show how many people you have murdered.

Greed is a very beautiful word, because it carries its whole meaning with a perceptivity that you cannot imagine. It comes from a Sanskrit root, and in Sanskrit every word has a certain meaning and depth which is not the case with other languages.

In Sanskrit, the vulture is called *giddha*. And the vulture eats the corpses of man, animal, birds; he lives only on the death of others. His life depends on the death of others. The English word *greed* is a transformation in the long journey of the word *giddha*. Anybody who is greedy is absolutely unconscious of the fact that their greed is creating somewhere poverty, hunger, disease, death.

So he is right: if there is greed then the world is going to be divided into two classes -- those who have and those who have not.

This is not a human way of creating a world. It is utterly ugly. If vultures were creating it, it would be relevant. But human beings are creating it; it becomes very irrelevant.

In Afghanistan just the other day, I was informed... it is now a long time that the poor Afghans are being unnecessarily killed. And the Afghani is one of the most beautiful men on the earth -- tall, with a long life, longer than anybody else; beautiful. You cannot find a fat Afghani. They are like beautiful, tall trees -- seven feet is almost normal height. Beautiful faces, beautiful bodies... and a simple people, utterly happy although they have nothing.

But because of the greed of America, they are being crushed between American and Soviet forces. They have become a war field. America is supplying weapons to one part, to one party of politicians. And to counter it, there was no other way but for the remaining Afghans to ask the help of the Soviet Union. Their boundaries meet. America is far away.

But greed has wings, just like the vultures -- big wings.

So now the Soviet Union goes on supplying all kinds of out-of-date weapons; America goes on supplying the out-of-date weapons to the other party, and Afghans are killing each other.

Now the Soviet Union seems to be entering into a new age. With the new prime minister, the Soviet Union is no more the old closed Stalinist society; it is becoming more open. And the release of the academician Sakharov from a life sentence is a historical thing in the Soviet Union. In the sixty years after the revolution, this is for the first time that somebody has come back alive from a life sentence. A life sentence means you will be brought back only when you are dead.

And Sakharov shows the spirit of the new man. Before his release he phoned the prime minister, saying that "I will agree to come back from Siberia only if my individual integrity, my freedom of expression, my freedom of movement -- not only in Russia; even if I want to go out of Russia -- if all these things are granted, only then I want to come back. Otherwise, what is the point? Death will come anywhere, in Siberia or in Moscow. At least in Siberia there is a deep contentment that I am dying for freedom. In Moscow even that contentment will not be there."

And the new prime minister accepted his conditions, saying that "Your freedom of expression will not be interfered with. You will be reinstated as the director of the academy for physics. And your movement will totally depend on you -- wherever you want to go, you can go."

Russia certainly is entering a new age, out of darkness, while America is slipping into darkness.

I am punished because of exercising my freedom of expression. I am punished because I criticized Christianity and its superstitions. On the one hand, I am expelled from America. And my commune has been destroyed in such a fascist and ugly way that even Adolf Hitler would have felt ashamed.

The Soviet Union is opening. Hence the Soviet Union wants to withdraw from Afghanistan -- but America is not willing. Now it is a problem: if the Soviet Union withdraws completely from Afghanistan, America is going to take over the whole of Afghanistan. This will be, in a way, a betrayal to the Afghans who have been dependent on the Soviet Union in their fight with America. They are poor people with no armies, no arms... but they are very proud people.

The British government tried many times. A small fraction of Afghanistan touches the boundary of India. And the best of the Afghans, the Pakhtoons -- they are the most beautiful, most simple. The British government tried many times to take over the Pakhtoons, Pakhtoonistan. Because once Pakhtoonistan is taken over, then comes the boundary of Afghanistan and in the second step, Afghanistan can be taken over.

But British imperialists became afraid for a simple reason -- the Pakhtoons were ready to die but not to be enslaved. They don't have any arms, they don't have any army. They declared, "We will face your arms with our chests. You can destroy every Pakhtoon, from small children to the oldest people, men and women all, but as long as a single Pakhtoon is alive, you cannot say you are victorious. You will be victorious only when the whole of Pakhtoonistan has become a graveyard. So if you want to win a graveyard, we are ready."

Seeing their determination, knowing their pride, the British imperialists dropped the very idea. That's why Afghanistan was never bothered by Britain, because those Pakhtoons were in between.

Now the Soviet Union wants to pull out, because it is unnecessary killing, there is no justice in it. They have not harmed anybody. They are not political people, they don't have any desire to invade. India has been invaded continually for two thousand years by every neighbor except Afghanistan and the Pakhtoons. A really freedom-loving people will not

want anybody to be enslaved -- although they are poor and there was every temptation to invade India. But the simple desire to remain free creates a by-product -- let others also be free.

If you know love, you will know justice.

If you know love and justice you cannot be greedy, because your greed is going to kill someone somewhere.

By killing people, if you can have a bigger bank balance, what is the gain? By killing all those people you have killed your own soul, too.

WHEN IN THE MARKETPLACE YOU TOILERS OF THE SEA AND FIELDS AND VINEYARDS  
MEET THE WEAVERS AND THE POTTERS AND THE GATHERERS OF SPICES,  
INVOKE THEN THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH, TO COME INTO YOUR MIDST AND  
SANCTIFY THE SCALES AND THE RECKONING THAT WEIGHS VALUE AGAINST VALUE.

This is sheer ignorance.

What do you mean by "invoking the spirit of the earth"? Religious people have been doing this for centuries -- in India it is an everyday affair. When rains don't come, they invoke the spirit of the sky. Rains still don't come. When too much rain comes and there are floods and thousands of villages are drowned, they again invoke the spirit of the sky. But what will you do in your invocations? Praying to the empty sky, which does not understand your language....

And it never works.

Still, for centuries, knowing that it does not work they go on doing the same.

Kahlil Gibran is simply repeating a very primitive superstition of the whole humanity. The question is not of invoking the spirit of the sky or of the earth -- the question is of finding your own soul.

Hence I say unto you, invoke your consciousness. Invoke silence in your being. It cannot be done by mantras, chantings, prayers. It can be done only by meditation, there is no other method.

Only your meditative silence, filled with love and fragrance, will sanctify every act that you do.

It will also sanctify your inactivity, if you are not doing anything.

Your very silence will become a charismatic presence, and will create waves of love which will go far away over the oceans to the stars.

Awake yourself. Strange -- people have been trying to wake the spirit of the earth, and they are fast asleep and snoring!

You are the spirit of the earth.

You are the spirit of the sky.

Except you, there is no consciousness anywhere.

Only you can be filled with love, only you can be just.

AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS...

Who are the barren-handed? Perhaps Kahlil Gibran himself has no idea who the barren-handed are. Your saints, your monks, your so-called spiritual guides -- these are the barren-handed. They don't produce anything, they don't create anything. They are a burden on humanity.

There are millions of these people. Every religion has millions of monks who live on your labor. They are the real parasites -- some kind of "Flit" has to be invented to kill these parasites.

AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS, WHO WOULD SELL THEIR WORDS FOR YOUR LABOUR.

The preachers, the priests -- what have they got? Mere words, heard from others, and they will go on selling their empty words in exchange for your labor. You are making, creating, producing. And the unproductive, the uncreative have become your leaders, mediators between you and God. These are the cheaters, the most mean -- because all that they are saying is lies. But they have been selling those lies for centuries.

It is time to stop these bloodsuckers. If we can be free from these priests and preachers, humanity will be unburdened -- unburdened from guilt, unburdened from fear. Unburdened from greed, because heaven is nothing but greed extended to the beyond. Unburdened from hell, because hell is nothing but fear extended beyond death.

These people have become very proficient and articulate, because that has been their business for centuries.

TO SUCH MEN YOU SHOULD SAY:

"COME WITH US TO THE FIELD, OR GO WITH OUR BROTHERS TO THE SEA AND CAST YOUR NET.

FOR THE LAND AND THE SEA SHALL BE BOUNTIFUL TO YOU EVEN AS TO US."

I agree with the spirit of the statement, but I will not say *or go with our brothers to the sea and cast your net* because again you have forgotten that you are going to kill living beings. Where has your love gone? Where is your justice now?

That's why I say Kahlil Gibran dreams beautiful dreams, but it is not *his*, experienced in the full daylight of an awakened soul. A great poet, but all his poetry only once in a while touches the heights, and again and again falls back.

AND IF THERE COME THE SINGERS AND THE DANCERS AND THE FLUTE PLAYERS, BUY OF THEIR GIFTS ALSO.

You can see -- he is just like a wave, rises and falls. Now he has risen again to a great insight: *and if there come the singers and the dancers and the flute players, buy of their gifts also* because they are also creators. But note the fact that he forgets completely to include the mystics.

And the mystics are the greatest creators in the world -- but their creativity is not visible. They are not sculptors so that you can see their statues and they are not poets so that you can see their poetry. They are not potters and they are not dancers and they are not singers. What do they create? They create man, they create higher peaks of consciousness in humanity.

All that is great in man has been created by the mystics, but it is invisible, obviously.

But it is important that Kahlil Gibran forgets the mystics completely. I cannot forget them. I would like to say to you that the mystics will not come to your marketplaces, you will have to go to the mystics. Because in the marketplace they will not be understood. What kind of commodity have they brought? Even the flute player can convince people that he has brought something, he has brought some entertainment -- a beautiful song. But what is the

mystic going to show?

His hands are empty, but his soul is full.

But to see that, you will have to go to the mystics, because only those in whose being the urge, the search for truth has arisen, will be able to understand something.

FOR THEY TOO ARE GATHERERS OF FRUIT AND FRANKINCENSE, AND THAT WHICH THEY BRING, THOUGH FASHIONED OF DREAMS, IS RAIMENT AND FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL.

No, absolutely no. The dreams are not going to be nourishment for the soul. The dreams can only be entertainment for the mind and the heart, at the most. If you are hungry in the body, then music will not help. Then you will need bread. If you are hungry in the soul, then too music will not help. Then you need meditation. Then you need the blessing of one who has arrived and who is so overflowing in his soul that he is ready to share.

AND BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE MARKETPLACE, SEE THAT NO ONE HAS GONE HIS WAY WITH EMPTY HANDS.

FOR THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH SHALL NOT SLEEP PEACEFULLY UPON THE WIND TILL THE NEEDS OF THE LEAST OF YOU ARE SATISFIED.

Again he brings something of nonsense in -- the spirit of the earth. In what he is saying, his intention is good: *And before you leave the marketplace, see that no one has gone his way with empty hands. Not because the spirit of the earth shall not sleep peacefully.* It is sleeping peacefully -- whether you are here or not it does not matter! It never wakes up. But the spirit of those who have gone empty-handed will not sleep peacefully -- how can you sleep peacefully in hunger?

The longer I look at Kahlil Gibran... I feel he is a one-eyed man. He does not have two eyes, so there is an imbalance. For a balanced approach, two eyes are needed, just as two wings are needed.

You cannot fly high with one wing. You may flop, but not fly. The one-eyed person also sees, but his vision is half. And of course as far as the inner world is concerned, a half-vision can sometimes prove very dangerous.

Now, he is not bothered about those who are going with empty hands, that they will not be able to sleep peacefully. He is bothered about the *spirit of the earth... upon the wind, til the needs of the least of you are satisfied.*

It seems sometimes he gets hypnotized by his own words, and words have a tendency: one word leads to another word. And he forgets -- or perhaps he does not know the whole truth at all.

But whatever he is saying is a good beginning. We are going to look into many great poets with this new kind of commentary, because I have my whole vision. So when I see something is wrong it does not matter who has asserted it -- the wrong is wrong and the right is right. It has never been done before, and of course I am going to annoy many people.

There are millions of people who love Kahlil Gibran -- they will be annoyed very much. But should I care about people and their annoyance or should I care about what is true and what is not true?

My decision is unconditionally for the truth.

Even if the whole world is against me, it does not matter at all.

It is enough for me and for my absolute contentment that I have been always on the side of truth; I have never tried to drag the truth to my side.

Okay, Vimal?  
Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #20

### Chapter title: Crime: a crowd psychology

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CRIME  
AND PUNISHMENT.  
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:  
IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND,  
THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE  
UNTO YOURSELF.  
AND FOR THAT WRONG COMMITTED MUST YOU KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE UNHEEDED AT  
THE GATE OF THE BLESSED.  
LIKE THE OCEAN IS YOUR GOD-SELF;  
IT REMAINS FOR EVER UNDEFILED.  
AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED.  
EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF;  
IT KNOWS NOT THE WAYS OF THE MOLE NOR SEEKS IT THE HOLES OF THE SERPENT.  
BUT YOUR GOD-SELF DWELLS NOT ALONE IN YOUR BEING.  
MUCH IN YOU IS STILL MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET MAN,  
BUT A SHAPELESS PYGMY THAT WALKS ASLEEP IN THE MIST SEARCHING FOR ITS OWN  
AWAKENING.  
AND OF THE MAN IN YOU WOULD I NOW SPEAK.  
FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME  
AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

I continuously feel sad and sorry for Kahlil Gibran. He does not really belong to the crowd. He belongs to the highest peaks of human consciousness, but he knows not the way.

It seems basically he is a poet but once in a while, in his dreams, he has seen the sunlit peaks of his consciousness, too. He has tried his best to convey whatever his dreams have revealed to him -- but dreams don't reveal the truth.

At the most, the best dream is nothing but a full moon night, shadowed, reflected in a lake. If the lake is silent -- no ripples, no wind blowing and disturbing it -- it becomes a mirror and one can see the moon in that mirror. But it is not the real moon, it is only the reflection. A small pebble thrown in the lake, and all the silver of the moon will be spread in ripples all over, and the moon disappears.

So is the case, unfortunately, with Kahlil Gibran.

When he describes the moon he is really describing the reflection of the moon. The

reflection is almost exactly like the moon -- and sometimes even more beautiful. The lake also enhances the beauty; the silence surrounding the lake also makes the dream richer. But howsoever rich a dream may be, it is still a dream.

Again I can make the distinction between the poet and the mystic: the poet at the most sees the reflection; the mystic sees the moon. So they are very close, and sometimes the poet comes to describe the moon so realistically that almost anyone can be deceived. Moreover, the poet has an articulateness which is not necessary for a mystic. So you can be deceived. The mystic may look ordinary in his expressions, and the poet is able to decorate his dreams according to his own articulateness.

I feel sad and sorry for Kahlil Gibran that he remained satisfied with the reflection in the lake. He never thought about what the reflection was *of*. He was a great dreamer, and his dreams brought magic to his words. Again and again you will see him coming very close to the truth; but he goes on missing the point.

THEN ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:

IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE UNTO YOURSELF.

This can never be said by a man who is awakened, who has seen the real moon. In fact, he will say just the contrary.

Let me repeat Kahlil Gibran and show you how he goes on being a Gautam Buddha -- missing again and again. I don't feel sad and sorry for everybody, but Kahlil Gibran has the potential, and is unaware of it. He says:

IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE UNTO YOURSELF. The truth is, it is WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE -- absolutely alone -- for the first time know what virtue is.

Man has never committed crimes unto others and unto himself in his absolute aloneness. He commits crimes in the crowd, with the crowd -- because in the crowd and with the crowd he does not feel responsible for what he is doing. He is simply a cog in the machine. He can easily say, "I was doing something which was being done by everybody else."

In India, almost every day somewhere or other there are riots amongst Hindus and Mohammedans, Jainas and Mohammedans.... I used to live in a city which is famous only for its riots. A small excuse, and the whole city is on fire... because that city was almost balanced in population between Mohammedans and Hindus. And small and stupid things, which are thought to be religious, spiritual....

For example, if you -- with your music, your drums, your songs, your flutes -- pass a Mohammedan mosque and don't stop your music, it is enough to kill hundreds of people, to burn dozens of houses.

And the first victim of all these riots is the woman. She is raped, taken away. And Hindus cannot accept a woman who has been raped by a Mohammedan. Even if he has not raped her, but the woman has stayed in the house of a Mohammedan just for one night, that's enough for the primitive Hindu mind to condemn her. She has lost her soul, her spirituality. She cannot be accepted.

I was watching these riots for almost twenty years continuously, and I was wondering -- nice, beautiful, very loving people -- how do they suddenly change? Just a rumor is enough, and killing and murder and violence start.

In the university, one of the professors -- a very nice, loving human being -- when I saw him putting fire to a Hindu temple I could not resist the temptation to ask him. After the riots were over and the curfew was withdrawn, I said, "I could have believed anybody to be so ugly and violent, but not you. I want to ask a few questions: one is, could you alone burn the Hindu temple, which has not harmed you or anybody?"

He said, "Why are you asking this?"

I said, "I want to understand the psychology of crime."

Tears came to his eyes, and he said, "Alone it is inconceivable, but in the crowd one becomes just a part of the crowd. And when there are so many people putting fire to the temple, some unconscious urge for violence, destruction, animality, surfaces."

One forgets completely his own individuality; he becomes just a cog in the machine. Whatever he does is not his doing, it is the doing of the unconscious crowd. And he is pulled in by the crowd.

Kahlil Gibran seems to be absolutely unaware that *wandering upon the wind* in your total aloneness, one becomes enlightened, not a criminal. Crime as such is part of the mob psychology. It seems consciousness is something like water. Water always keeps the same level -- and when you are part of a crowd, your consciousness also comes to have the same level, same blindness, as the mob.

People in their aloneness have become Everests, the highest peaks of consciousness. But the crowd has never risen to consciousness; you have never heard about a crowd which is enlightened. It is always the individual who has the capacity to rise on the winds, just like an eagle flying alone across the sun, to greater and greater freedom.

The mob is always of the slaves, of the people who are afraid, people whose beings are full of fear. Lions don't move in a crowd. In their dignity and pride, in their glory and magnificence, they stand alone. It is only the sheep, cowards -- full of fear, always concerned about their death -- they remain in a crowd.

You will not see a sheep alone. Alone, she starts feeling lost. She does not know what to do, where to go. It was always the crowd psychology which has dominated her.

Crime is not born out of the aloneness of man. It is born out of the cowards, who are not capable of being alone.

With the crowd there is a certain security, a certain coziness -- just watch a crowd of sheep, how they move. They don't even leave spaces. Touching each others' bodies, they move as if they have one consciousness. And they are happy in their non-individuality.

Crime comes not out of individuals, it comes out of those who cannot experience aloneness and the heights of the winds, who cannot open their wings, out of fear that they may be lost. Kahlil Gibran's idea is absolutely misleading -- categorically wrong.

But the last part of his statement, taken separately from the whole, has a reflection of the moon -- when he says that when you commit a crime against others, you are also committing a crime against yourself. I say it is a reflection because in a reflection, a change happens. When you are standing before a mirror, your right eye in the reflection becomes your left eye; your left eye in the reflection becomes your right eye. The same has happened even with this statement which has some reflection -- it is a reflection, and cannot be truly representative of truth.

He says, when you commit a crime against other people you are also committing a crime

against yourself. The reality is, *before* committing a crime against others you have already committed a crime against yourself. Unless you have committed a crime against yourself it is impossible to commit a crime against others.

This proves my hypothesis that he is looking at the reflection. How can you be full of hate towards others if you are not full of hate towards yourself? And how can you be loving to others if you are not loving to yourself? You come first -- and you do to other people the same that you are doing to yourself. So the reality is almost vice-versa.

In aloneness is born your freedom, your independence. In aloneness your consciousness has nothing else to be busy with -- left alone, it starts turning upon itself; there is nowhere else to go. And when consciousness becomes a circle, coming back to the source from where it started, your life is no more the old, unconscious life. Because the returning consciousness goes on dispelling all darkness from every nook and corner of your being.

And when you are full of light you have tasted godliness for the first time.

In aloneness, nobody commits a crime -- cannot commit a crime.

AND FOR THAT WRONG COMMITTED MUST YOU KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE UNHEEDED AT THE GATE OF THE BLESSED.

There is no need to wait at the gate of the blessed, because in your aloneness you have *become* the blessed. That is the meaning of the Sanskrit word Bhagwan -- the blessed one.

But even people like Jesus are unaware of what they are saying and what they are doing. His whole life he was telling people, "You are sheep and I am your shepherd." This is humiliation! To call a human being a sheep means you have taken all his dignity, you have destroyed his freedom, you have made him part of a mob.

And all the religions have done it, whether they say it or not, for a simple reason: because unless people are sheep, how are they going to be shepherds? The priests, the theologians, the politicians, all need you to remain sheep -- just a crowd. Every effort is being made to destroy your individuality and to destroy your aloneness, because if you are alone you will be a lion. And lions don't need any shepherds.

Yes, once in a while, for a breakfast....

My effort with you is to bring you out of this constant conditioning that you are part of a crowd -- no, you are just yourself. And you are not sheep, you are lions.

And that's where you can see the difference between Jesus and Gautam Buddha. Gautam Buddha used to say that whenever a person becomes initiated into meditation, enters his own soul -- where nobody else can enter, where he is going to be absolutely alone -- there arises in him the lion's roar. Buddha is giving dignity to you, he is transforming you from the world of sheep into the glory of being a lion.

I want my people to be lions.

You can be together -- not as a crowd, but as a gathering of lions; each one separate and individual, allowing space for everybody else.

It is because of people like Jesus -- who are beautiful, in many ways -- that the world is suffering all kinds of oppression, exploitation. Because what can a sheep do? No one has ever heard of any revolution happening in a crowd of sheep. They are very obedient to the crowd. They are very obedient to the shepherd.

The shepherd is not going to save them; he has already destroyed them. And to call himself a shepherd and all other human beings just sheep, shows a deep-rooted ego -- not enlightenment, where ego disappears, when one is but there is no "I", no ego, no longing to

be superior and holier than others.

The misunderstandings in Kahlil Gibran are deeply connected with the misunderstandings of Jesus Christ. He loved Jesus, his language reflects Jesus, his statements reflect Jesus, although he is far more poetic. Far more beautiful is his way of expression -- but never be deceived by the expressions, howsoever beautiful they are. Dissect all those beautiful expressions and you will not find anything within them. Or, what you will find will be only darkness, misunderstanding, ignorance.

The people who have been in search of truth have always gone in aloneness. And the people who want to find the meaning of life have always gone into themselves, where nobody else can enter.

Aloneness outside... aloneness inside... and you have come to a point where you can roar like a lion. Of course, millions of sheep are going to be annoyed with you, because they cannot roar like a lion and they cannot soar like an eagle. They have been told just to believe in the crowd in which they have accidentally been born.

A person who remains part of a crowd never attains his true individuality. He remains fake.

You have heard the expression, which exists in almost all languages: A sheep hiding itself in a lion's skin. These kinds of sayings are not out of the wisdom of centuries, they are out of the ignorance of centuries. I would like to put the proverb right: The truth is that you are a lion forced to live in the skin of a sheep.

And there is no need, and there is no place where you have to knock to find the blessed one. Yes, there is a space where the blessed one is already waiting for you -- and it is within you. Neither Jesus nor anybody else can lead you there -- only you. If you revolt from being a sheep and gather courage to roar like a lion and to move like a lion, *you* will be the blessed one.

LIKE THE OCEAN IS YOUR GOD-SELF; IT REMAINS FOREVER UNDEFILED.

This is the beauty of Kahlil Gibran, that although he falls again and again, he gets up....

He lived almost his whole life in America, where the motto of every American is: Try and try and try again! And the poor fellow is doing the best he can, but he falls -- and you have to remember this, and you have to be very mindful, very alert, when you are reading Kahlil Gibran or anybody else.

A great calamity has happened to humanity. A idea has become settled in the minds of people that if someone is right, he is *always* right, and if someone is wrong he is always wrong. If somebody is a saint he is always a saint -- day out, day in; and if somebody is a sinner he is always a sinner -- day out, day in.

This is not the reality. Even sinners have moments when they are saints, and even saints go for a holiday.

This calamity goes back to Aristotle, the father of Western logic, because he accepts only two categories: either you are right or you are wrong. He forgets that there is a possibility of many positions between right and wrong. He has also forgotten the simple fact that you may be right in one thing and wrong in another thing.

But it needs tremendous awareness -- and particularly with people like Kahlil Gibran, whose words are hypnotizing. They are almost like a lullaby; they are very soothing, even if they are wrong. You become so impressed by them, you lose all your interest in being alert, aware, watchful.

*Like the ocean is your god-self...* This is true. Your being is not confined to your bones. Your being is not confined to the bag of skin in which you are living -- you call it your body. Your being is as vast as the ocean.

All the rivers of the world go on bringing every kind of rubbish, crap, dirt, dust, because they have been passing through thousands of miles. And for millions of years they have been falling into the ocean, but the ocean remains *undefiled*. This is a truth to be remembered. It should be written in letters of gold.

You have done all kinds of actions, good and bad. You have been right and wrong, you have seen all the days and all the nights of your life, you have been to the temples and you have been to the prostitutes -- but your being remains undefiled, just as the ocean. You are so vast... these small things don't matter at all in the last reckoning.

Hence I say to you, never judge anybody by any small action that he has done. Somebody has stolen, somebody has murdered, somebody has lied -- these are small actions. Don't judge the man and his whole life on the basis of a small action.

And remember the ultimate truth -- that whatever you do, your innermost core remains *undefiled*. There is no way to pollute your being, to corrupt your soul. Within a second... if you become aware of your inner being, you will be surprised: "I was condemned by everybody, I was condemning myself, but my real being has remained untouched. It is always virgin, always pure."

I would like to tell you a beautiful story.

There was a man, thousands of years before. His name was Valmik; his profession was robbery. And if needed, he had no hesitation in killing people. If they resisted giving him their money, their valuable things, he had no hesitation for a single moment to kill them. He was a strong man.

At that time he was not known as Valmik, he was known as Valya Bhil -- the *bhils* are aboriginal, primitive tribes. And who would call Valya Bhil "Valmik"? -- because Valmik means the same, but becomes respectable. He was a robber and a murderer, and everybody knew it.

It was very rare that people would pass through the forest where he lived. The road had almost become unusable, because whoever passed that way was going to be robbed or killed.

A musician, a poet, and a very beautiful man, Narada, who always, even while moving, continued to play on a very simple musical instrument -- and remember, the more simple the instrument the more difficult it is to create great music out of it. He used to carry a simple instrument, an *ektara* -- a one-stringed sitar. It is easy when there are many strings to create music, because you can create different notes on different strings. The *ektara* has only one string -- that is the meaning of *ektara*. *Ek* means one; *tara* means string. It has become almost the symbol of Narada. You will not find a statue or a painting of him without his *ektara*.

He was a master musician, and a great poet -- and perhaps the only man in India who knew the hilariousness of existence, who used to laugh....

When he was leaving, people told him: "Don't go -- otherwise you will lose your *ektara*. That Valya does not care who you are, and if you try to save your *ektara* you will lose your head. Better is to follow another route, although that route is a little longer."

Narada said, "If I had not known I might have gone by the other route, but now it is a challenge, between Valya and Narada. I would love to see this man, who has made you all cowards, so afraid. Just a single man, and the whole traffic on the road has disappeared. Must be a lion, living in the forest... and thousands of people used to pass on this road. Now nobody goes there; the road is closed -- not for repair!"

Narada went, because he trusted in music more than in the murderousness of a man. What kind of music it is that cannot transform the murderous animal instinct in a man?

Valya heard the music -- it was enchanting, it had a magic. And when he saw Narada alone -- with no weapons, with no possessions, just one ektara ... the man was even more beautiful than his music. It has to be so, because the creator of anything is always greater than his creation; the creation cannot be greater than the creator. For the first time Valya felt hesitant, indecisive whether to let this beautiful man pass. But to make an exception would not be right -- this was his fame, that nobody could pass on that road without being robbed or killed.

So he warned the great musician and seer: "I pray to you, go back. If you don't go back I will have to take your possessions, whatever they are. If you resist you may lose your life. And I don't want to do anything with you -- neither do I want to take your instrument nor do I want to deprive you of life. And don't say later on that I did not warn you."

But Narada went on playing on his ektara. And rather than going on the road he came and sat by the side of Valya, who was sharpening his sword. Narada said, "You are a beautiful man; but why do you do such a thing?"

He said, "What else can I do? I don't have any education; I am an untouchable, the lowest and most condemned class of the Hindus. I cannot go to a temple, I cannot go in the city -- but I have to look after my wife, my old mother, my father, my children."

Narada said, "If that is the case, I would like to go to your home and ask everybody -- you are committing things which are inhuman. Who is going to be punished for them? You are committing all those things for your old mother and father -- ask them, 'Will you share my punishment too?' Ask your wife, ask your children: 'Whatever I am doing I am doing for you -- are you going to share my punishment?'"

Valya laughed, and he said, "You seem to be very clever and cunning! I will go home and you will disappear. Nobody can cheat Valya."

Narada said, "There is no question of cheating. You can tie me with a rope to a tree -- and you know nobody comes here; I will wait. And whatever you want to do after, you can do. But first bring me the answer."

He had never thought about it. He went home. He asked his father, mother, his wife, his children -- nobody was ready to share the punishment. They said, "That is not our business. It is your responsibility to take care of your family; we are not concerned with how you are taking care. What you are doing is totally *your* responsibility."

It was a great shock. He could not believe that the parents he loved so much, the wife he loved so much... his own children, for whom he was committing all kinds of crimes... flatly refused: "It is your duty to take care of us. The question of sharing in your punishment does not arise."

He came back with tears in his eyes, untied Narada, touched his feet, and said, "Just by a single question you have transformed me. I don't have a family. If they cannot share my punishment they don't love me -- I was living in an illusion. They loved all the money that I was bringing to them, but when the question of punishment was raised not a single one answered that 'I will share with you.' Now I don't have any family."

And he threw his sword away in the forest and asked Narada, "Initiate me so that one day I can also feel the same music and the same poetry and the same joy that I see on your face."

Narada said, "Much is not needed -- just the name of God. You have to start chanting the name of God, RAM."

Remember -- this is very confusing in a way -- this is not the same name as I discussed

before, the king, Rama, who behaved with his wife in a very primitive, crude, ugly way. *Ram* is older than the Rama I discussed with you -- in fact he was named Rama because the name *ram* existed before him. It is the Hindu equivalent of God.

Narada said, "This will do: sit silently and repeat, *ram, ram, ram*, so that all that goes on in your mind slowly slowly is replaced by Ram. And this is the beauty of it -- that once it has replaced everything, it also disappears. In the same way you light a candle... the flame is not possible without the candle but slowly slowly, first the flame will burn the candle, and once the candle is finished the flame will disappear automatically."

This is something very significant. So he said, "You do simple things. Don't get involved in any complex thing because you are a simple man, a courageous man. And after a few months I will be coming back to see what is happening. If some other help is needed I will always be available to you."

But he was uneducated, aboriginal, a primitive man -- uncivilized, uncultured. He started with trust -- because this kind of simple person is always trusting. He started repeating, RAM... RAM... RAM... RAM... And Narada had told him, "Go on repeating faster and faster -- don't leave any gap between two RAM'S."

The poor fellow got into trouble. If you repeat, "*ram, ram, ram...*" and he was uneducated, he had never heard the name. So he got mixed up; he started repeating "Mara, Mara, Mara..." *ram* means God, but if you repeat it, two Ram's join -- and the change is possible for an uneducated man. *Mara* means "dying, dying, dying..."

But in a way it is significant, the story. If you really want to achieve the state of godliness, the death of your ego is absolutely necessary. So although it was just a mistake, when after three months Narada came back, Valya was a transformed being. He was radiating light, pulsating the whole atmosphere with a new energy.

Even Narada felt defeated. His whole life he had been repeating, chanting, singing the name of God, playing on his musical instrument, but his gain had not been as much as Valya's. He was almost a light unto himself. Around him an aura of light... Narada could not call him *valya* again, because that would be disrespectful. He changed *valya* into Valmik, and told him, "You have done a miracle, because the same name I have been repeating for my whole life and just in three months you have left me far behind. It will take lives for me to catch hold of you."

He said, "I have not done anything except whatever you have told me. I have been repeating, `*mara, mara, mara...*`"

Narada said, "My god! I never told you that -- I told you *ram*."

He said, "I am an uneducated man, absolutely unaware of any religion or anything. My whole life has been just of robbery and murder. I forgot -- instead of *ram* the order changed; the M of *ram* came ahead of R. Forgive me."

Narada said, "There is no need to forgive you. You are so innocent: without any greed, without any desire to be rewarded in heaven, even repeating *mara, mara*, you are a new man. Don't be worried. You continue -- whatever you have been doing is right."

"But," he said, "how can it be? What about my acts of murder? Because I cannot count so I cannot say how many people I have murdered. What about my robberies?"

Narada said to him, "Forget it all. You have reached the ocean of your being. It is radiating all over; even a blind man may be able to see it or, at least feel it -- the joy, the fragrance. And don't think at all about what you have been doing. Those are small acts. Small rivers, muddy, dirty, have fallen into the ocean, and the ocean is never made dirty by these rivers. It remains *undefiled*."

AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED.  
EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF.  
AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED...

All that you need is wings, courage to be alone in the vast sky, with no guide, with no map, with no roads, with no signposts, with no milestones. It needs only courage and wings, and the whole sky is yours.

EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF. Your innermost being, from a different angle is like the sun. IT KNOWS NOT THE WAYS OF THE MOLE NOR SEEKS IT THE HOLES OF THE SERPENT.

It rises for everyone to share, for everyone to receive fresh life every day. But it does not know the ways of the mole, nor seeks it the holes of the serpent. It is available -- the serpent can come out of his hole, the mole can come out of his hole.

Your self is also like the sun -- it is available, but you are living in a hole, different kinds of holes.

The sun will not knock on your doors. It is really inside you. You have to open all the doors and all the windows so life's fragrance starts showering on you, so the light that you have always contained starts radiating.

All these lines that have preceded, I support with my total being. But again he says:

BUT YOUR GOD-SELF DWELLS NOT ALONE IN YOUR BEING.

That too is true -- whatever dwells in your being dwells in every being. And the totality of all the beings is the ocean of consciousness. You can call it God -- I prefer the word godliness, because it is more a quality than a thing. It is more a presence than a person.

MUCH IN YOU IS STILL MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET MAN... Much in you is asleep -- your manhood, your humanity. AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET EVEN MAN... your origins from the animals are also there.

In India, the Hindus have a very beautiful conception of one of their incarnations of God, which is half man and half animal. The whole world has laughed about it -- "what kind of stupidity is this?" But it is simply a symbol of your inner psychology.

Half in you is man and half is still animal. And the trouble is, the animal is fully awake and the man is fully asleep.

... BUT A SHAPELESS PYGMY THAT WALKS ASLEEP IN THE MIST, SEARCHING FOR ITS OWN AWAKENING.

The man in you tries to wake up. You know sometimes in a nightmare, you want to wake up but you cannot. You cannot open your eyes, you cannot move your hands -- as if everything has become paralyzed. The impact of the nightmare is so much that for a few moments you are almost dead. You will laugh about it when you wake up, but while you are asleep you are trembling with fear -- and even when you wake up you will find the

after-effects, the hangover. Your perspiration will be there -- the night may be cool but the nightmare was so dangerous that your body accepted it as a reality. The body is blind. It started perspiring out of fear. You will find your heart is beating louder; although you are awake, still the nightmare's effects can be seen. Although the elephant has passed through the door, his tail is still inside the room.

AND OF THE MAN IN YOU WOULD I NOW SPEAK:  
FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME  
AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

Here he becomes hypothetical. He does not know; he himself is groping. What he says... something is right in it and something is wrong in it.

FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME  
AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME...

He's dividing you in three parts: first the pygmy, the animal; second, the man who is asleep and groping, and trying to wake up; and third, the god-self. This division is wrong.

There is no god-self, only the awakened man. God-self is another name for the awakened man. That's why a man like Gautam Buddha said there is no God. And you can ignore the atheists, who have never explored their inner being, but you cannot ignore Gautam Buddha or Mahavira. Both say there is no God.

To say it in other words: When God is asleep, we call him man, and when man is awake, we call him God. The awakening of man is his godliness; there is no other god. So division is not threefold.

You are divided into the animal and man -- the animal has to go to sleep and the man has to come to awakening. And both things happen simultaneously. The awakened man you can call the god.

H.G. Wells was writing about the world's history. When he came to write about Buddha -- he studied much about Buddha and was very much puzzled: What to say about this man? What he said is so significant that perhaps it is difficult to find another statement made in this century which is more significant. He said about Buddha: "Gautam the Buddha is the most godless man and yet the most godly."

There is no need of any God if you are awake.

Your awakening, your enlightenment makes you laugh, that "I was looking for God in the sky and he was hiding within me."

A small story.... It is just a story, but full of meaning and juice.

When God created the world, he used to live *in* the world. But he became tired, because from the morning on, everybody would start coming with complaints: somebody has no child, somebody's child is sick, somebody's child has died; somebody has fallen in love but the parents are not allowing him to marry the woman... and millions are the problems. And just one poor God! And those who could not get him in the day would torture him in the night -- he was unable even to sleep.

Finally, he asked his advisor, "What should I do? These people will kill me! They don't allow me rest, and they bring a thousand and one problems. *They* should solve those problems. I have given them every capacity, intelligence, to solve all their problems but they want to throw all responsibility on me, thinking that `Why should we bother? Why did you

create us in the first place? If you created us then take care of our problems."

The advisor whispered in his ear, "There is a place where these people will never go."  
He said, "Just show it to me."

And he said, "You just hide inside these people themselves. They will go searching for you all over the world but they will never go inside. You can rest, relax." And he is resting and relaxing there.

If you want to know whether the story is true or not, go in!

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #21

### Chapter title: Leaves of a single tree

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BELOVED OSHO,  
OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE  
WERE NOT ONE OF YOU BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR  
WORLD.  
BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE  
HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,  
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN  
YOU ALSO.  
AND AS A SINGLE LEAF TURNS NOT YELLOW BUT WITH THE SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
WHOLE TREE,  
SO THE WRONGDOER CANNOT DO WRONG WITHOUT THE HIDDEN WILL OF YOU ALL.  
LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.  
YOU ARE THE WAY AND THE WAYFARERS.  
AND WHEN ONE OF YOU FALLS DOWN HE FALLS FOR THOSE BEHIND HIM, A CAUTION  
AGAINST THE STUMBLING STONE.  
AY, AND HE FALLS FOR THOSE AHEAD OF HIM WHO, THOUGH FASTER AND SURER OF  
FOOT, YET REMOVED NOT THE STUMBLING STONE.  
AND THIS ALSO, THOUGH THE WORD LIE HEAVY UPON YOUR HEARTS:  
THE MURDERED IS NOT UNACCOUNTABLE FOR HIS OWN MURDER,  
AND THE ROBBED IS NOT BLAMELESS IN BEING ROBBED.  
THE RIGHTEOUS IS NOT INNOCENT OF THE DEEDS OF THE WICKED,  
AND THE WHITE-HANDED IS NOT CLEAN IN THE DOINGS OF THE FELON.  
YEA, THE GUILTY IS OFTENTIMES THE VICTIM OF THE INJURED.  
AND STILL MORE OFTEN THE CONDEMNED IS THE BURDEN BEARER FOR THE GUILTLESS  
AND UNBLAMED.  
YOU CANNOT SEPARATE THE JUST FROM THE UNJUST AND THE GOOD FROM THE  
WICKED;  
FOR THEY STAND TOGETHER BEFORE THE FACE OF THE SUN EVEN AS THE BLACK  
THREAD AND THE WHITE ARE WOVEN TOGETHER.  
AND WHEN THE BLACK THREAD BREAKS, THE WEAVER SHALL LOOK INTO THE WHOLE  
CLOTH, AND HE SHALL EXAMINE THE LOOM, ALSO.

The very idea of judging others is absolutely irreligious. But all the religions have committed the crime of judging others. All the religions have given you ideas about what is good, what is bad, what is right and what is wrong, what is virtue and what is sin. They have corrupted you because of these ideas -- because the same act may be good in one context and

may be bad in another. By a single act, you cannot judge the whole life of a man.

And who are you to judge? Who has given you the authority to judge anybody as a saint or as a sinner?

You don't have the eyes to look into the beings of people, in their inner turmoil, in their unconscious longings. All that you can see is their act. But you cannot see their consciousness, and without knowing their consciousness your judgment is not only superficial but inhuman. Your very effort to judge is nothing but a desire to condemn or a desire to praise.

You condemn that which you yourself want to do, but you are afraid of the consequences; you are a coward. And you praise that which you want to become -- it is your desire, your longing, your lust for power, for prestige, for respectability. If you look at yourself, your judgments show much more about you than about the judged.

A man of true understanding is without judgment, because he has neither repressed any desire nor has he any lust for power and prestige and respectability. He is clean and pure. How can he judge?

Kahlil Gibran is saying a few very significant things here:

OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT ONE OF YOU,  
BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR WORLD.

Do you have any idea what is wrong? Because what is wrong in one culture is right in another; what is wrong in one century becomes right in another century. What is right today may not be right tomorrow and what is right this moment may not remain right the next moment. Life is such a flux -- a continuous flow, changing directions, finding a path of which it has no knowledge and moving towards the ocean without any map, any guide.

So is, just like a river, the river of your life.

It happened: The emperor of China made Lao Tzu his supreme court chief justice. Lao Tzu tried to persuade him, but in vain: "You will repent if you make me the chief judge of your supreme court, because my ways of understanding and seeing are totally different from yours."

But the emperor was very insistent, because he had heard so much about the wisdom of this man. He said, "I have decided. And you cannot refuse it."

The first case on the first day when Lao Tzu was in the seat of the chief justice, was about a man who was found red-handed, stealing from the house of the richest man in the capital. In fact there was no case -- he was caught red-handed. There were eyewitnesses, and he himself confessed that "Whatever they are saying is true."

Lao Tzu gave his famous judgment -- so unique and so full of understanding that it has never been given by anyone before or after. The judgment was that the thief had to go to jail for six months -- and with him, the rich man also had to go to jail for six months! The whole court, the whole bench of judges could not believe what he was saying. They were thinking his judgment would show his wisdom; it shows that he is mad! What wrong has the rich man done?

The rich man said, "I cannot believe my ears. My money is being stolen and I am being punished? The same punishment as you are giving to the thief?"

Lao Tzu said, "You are the *first* criminal -- the thief comes number two. It is just my compassion that I am giving you only six months; you should be given a longer time in jail

than the thief. You have gathered all the money of the capital, you have made thousands of people hungry, starving, dying -- and they are the people who produce. You are the greatest exploiter. The money belongs to *them*; he was not stealing, he was simply taking the money to where it belongs. *You* have been the thief, the greatest thief in the capital. So feel grateful that I am not sending you for six years."

His reasoning was so absolutely correct: If people go on gathering money on one side, then who is creating the thieves? And if somebody out of hunger, starvation, disease, old age, finds no other way to survive, and if he becomes a thief, who is responsible for it?

The whole court was silent. The rich man said, "Perhaps you are right, but before you send me to jail I want to see the emperor." And to the emperor he said, "You have put as a chief judge of your supreme court, a madman. And remember: if I am a thief you are a greater thief; and if today I am going to jail, just wait for your moment. We shall meet in the jail. You have exploited the whole country, and if you want to save your skin, remove this man immediately and cancel his judgment."

The emperor said, "It is my fault. That man was trying hard to persuade me. He told me, 'Don't put me in the seat of the chief justice because my ways of seeing and understanding are totally different from your ways of seeing and understanding. You live in utter darkness and blindness; you don't see simple facts, that the thief is not the criminal but a victim. He needs all the sympathy possible; but on the contrary, he gets punishment. And the rich man needs nobody's sympathy, but nobody will ever think that he has to be punished. Your whole gang makes all the laws, which are favorable to you and unfavorable to the poor whose blood you all have been sucking.'"

Lao Tzu was relieved from his duties, and the emperor said, "You were right. Please forgive me. Our ways of thinking are totally different." Lao Tzu said, "Have you ever thought about it? You are saying our ways of thinking are totally different... if you had ever thought about it they would not have been different. They are different because I try to see the root cause -- why there is so much evil, why there is so much wrong. And you are only interested in collecting more and more power, more and more riches. Greed is unthinking, ambition is blind. And it is good that you have come to some understanding on the first day because in my eyes, you are a criminal and sooner or later I was going to send you to jail. It is better that you have relieved me of the trouble of sending you to jail. But remember that you are the cause of all the crimes and you are never punished for it, and the poor victims are punished." What is wrong? Who is going to define it?

To the Jainas, violence is wrong. Any act which destroys life is crime, it is a sin. But to the Hindus, to the Mohammedans, to the Christians, violence is a way of life.

How many lives have you destroyed just for your food? And without ever thinking twice, "What am I doing?" And even the greatest amongst you are so blind and so tethered with the past that I sometimes wonder whether humanity will ever come out of this darkness or not.

Even a man like Ramakrishna kills fish to eat. Even a man like Jesus is a meat eater. And on the one hand they go on talking about love, about God, and about great things... they don't have even the right to talk about love, because they don't have any reverence for life.

Christians don't see anything wrong in drinking alcohol. Even Jesus himself was drinking alcohol. Hindus... for centuries all their so-called saints have been using drugs -- marijuana, hashish -- and they were worshipped, and nobody ever thought that a man who is a drug addict cannot be a saint. Yes, you can use drugs as medicine -- that is a totally different matter. But not as addiction.

And this is the case about everything. What is wrong? And what is right? And who is

going to decide?

So the first thing, of immense concern to me, is how to decide for yourself. Don't be bothered about others -- their problem is their problem. Don't judge them; it is none of your business. But for yourself, what is the criterion?

No religion has given you the criterion and yet I am asked again and again not to criticize any religion. They have given you ideas to judge others, fixed ideas, and life is never fixed. But they have never told you how they have come upon the conclusion that something is wrong and something is right. Just their forefathers have given them the ideas.

All traditions are blind. And any traditional person is sick, because he has not yet been able to find his own understanding.

But I give you the criterion -- I don't say what is right and what is wrong, I give you the criterion so whatever the situation, whatever the context, you will be always able to judge in that particular context and situation what is right and what is wrong.

And such a simple thing has been missed for thousands of years. Perhaps it is very simple and obvious; that's why it has been missed. All these so-called great thinkers and philosophers and theologians are stargazers. They don't see that which is close; their eyes are fixed far away on an imaginary God, a paradise beyond death.

I don't care at all about your gods, and I don't care at all what happens to you after your death. My concern is what happens to you right now, to your consciousness. Because that will always be with you, beyond death, wherever you are. Your consciousness will carry that light which divides the wrong from the right.

Anything that makes you more alert, more conscious, more peaceful, more silent, more celebrating, more festive, is good.

Anything that makes you unconscious, miserable, jealous, angry, destructive, is wrong.

I am not giving you a list of objects which are right and which are wrong. I am simply giving you a clarity to judge in each moment of life, without any consultation of ten commandments, of SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, without asking the dead.

Why not ask the living source of being in you?

You are the only holy scripture in the world.

And unless you are clear about this simple and obvious thing... you try. Each moment brings the opportunity. And you will see that your criterion is always helpful, and without any dictation from the dead. It is your own understanding that simply goes on shifting.

Don't listen to anybody except your own consciousness.

When you are angry, you lose consciousness, you become unconscious. Anger covers you like a black cloud. You can commit murder, you can destroy life. But when you are loving, bells of joy start ringing in your heart. You start feeling your consciousness rising. And if in love also you lose consciousness, become unconscious, then remember: you are calling lust, love. And this kind of love is not the right thing, because it is not going to help you to grow, to expand, to attain the fulfillment of your potential.

Anything that helps you to attain the fulfillment of your potential is good. It is not only a blessing to you, it is a blessing to the whole existence. No man is an island. We are all a vast, infinite continent, joined together in the roots. Maybe our branches are separate, but our roots are one.

Realizing one's potential is the only morality there is.

Losing one's potential and falling into darkness and retardedness is the only sin, the only evil.

Kahlil Gibran is right when he says:

OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT ONE OF YOU,  
BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR WORLD.  
BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,  
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN YOU ALSO.

In this existence, nobody is a stranger.

The sinner and the saint are not two separate worlds.

The real saint is one who has chosen to become so conscious that a third -- a witness, a watcher -- arises in him which can watch the sinner, which can watch the saint, and which knows that the saint and the sinner are two sides of the same coin. A few people have chosen one side, a few people have chosen another side -- but remember, the other side is always present. Any sinner can become a saint within moments, and any saint can fall and become a sinner also within moments. There is no qualitative difference between them; both of them are repressing half of their being. The saint is repressing the sinner....

I have been always very much surprised that all religious scriptures written by so-called saints go on condemning the sinner. Why are they so much concerned with the sinner? They should sing the song of their fulfillment, they should make the world aware of the beauty that they have attained, they should radiate the light and the fragrance.

But no, their whole concern is to go on condemning the sinner -- in such detail that one wonders what they have repressed in themselves. They are at least trying to enjoy it by speaking about it.

I have heard about a woman who had come for confession to a Catholic priest. And she said, "Father, forgive me -- I have again been raped. And pray to God for me."

The priest said, "But it looks very strange -- this is third time! Every Sunday you come to confess that you have been raped. It is a strange coincidence."

She said, "The reality is, I have been raped only once."

"But then," the priest said, "for that you have been forgiven and I have prayed to God. Why bother me again and again?"

She said, "Just to talk about it gives me such pleasure, just the very memory of it and the joy... although I was resisting superficially, deep down I was enjoying the act so much. And for three weeks nobody has raped me, so what am I supposed to do? And you are preventing me from even the enjoyment of talking about it."

My feeling, my understanding is that the so-called saints are condemning in such detail all the sins man is capable of, that it seems they are enjoying talking about it, writing about it, preaching about it.

On the other hand, the sinner is always hoping one day he will become a saint, one day he will drop this ugly life of being a sinner. He is always dreaming of becoming a saint, because that is the part he has repressed. And your saints are always dreaming of all kinds of sins that they have missed, that they have repressed.

The sin and the virtue are not different things. So don't judge a man as a saint just because whatever your scripture says is a sin, he has dropped. Nothing is dropped, everything goes on collecting in the unconscious and sooner or later explodes, with vengeance.

I teach you not to bother about sinners and not to bother about saints; they belong to the same category. I want you to become a watcher.

And if you can watch your sinner side, your saint side, your darkness, your light -- without any judgment -- the miracle happens. And this is the only miracle that transforms a man into a religious being. The saint and sinner both disappear. Choose one, and the other remains -- because they are together, they are not separate. They are inseparable. So don't choose.

I say unto you: Become a choiceless awareness. Then you have gone beyond both, beyond the duality of good and bad, of God and evil. And this transcendence brings you all the flowers that you have not even dreamt about, the music that no instrument can create, and the poetry that cannot be contained in words.

BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,  
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN YOU ALSO.  
AND AS A SINGLE LEAF TURNS NOT YELLOW BUT WITH THE SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE WHOLE TREE,  
SO THE WRONGDOER CANNOT DO WRONG WITHOUT THE HIDDEN WILL OF YOU ALL.

This is a very profound insight, that *a single leaf* cannot become yellow without the knowledge *of the whole tree*. You cannot condemn the single leaf -- the whole tree knows it, allows it. If a single man becomes wicked, it is not without the innermost being of you all participating in his wickedness.

We are all leaves of a single tree. Don't condemn because you are green and one leaf has turned yellow. Perhaps that single leaf is simply dropping from the tree to allow space for a new guest to arrive, a new leaf, fresh and young. Perhaps you are a clinger and you will take a little more time to turn yellow. But before you turn yellow you will condemn that leaf that she betrayed the tree. But the whole tree is involved in every action of the smallest leaf.

This is a great insight, that if there is a murderer we are all responsible for it, and unless the whole humanity takes the responsibility of murderers and thieves and rapists, we are not going to change anything. We have condemned them for centuries, and what we have done to them is so ridiculous....

If a person is caught trying to commit suicide, then for centuries his punishment was death. Strange... great wisdom! What he was doing himself, you are doing to him as a punishment.

If a murderer is given a death sentence, your whole society is murderous, your law is murderous. What is the difference? That man destroyed a life and you are destroying another life -- do you think by destroying this murderer you are going to bring life back to the murdered one? No, instead of one man murdered now there are two men murdered -- great justice, great love.

If a man has murdered someone, somewhere deep in us is hidden the same desire -- and that has become the law in the court. We have made the law; our law is as murderous as any murderer. This is not justice, this is simply revenge. You are taking revenge in the name of justice. Because that man did not obey, he should not be left alive. But are you certain that if this murderer is not killed by the law, he may not turn into a great poet, or a musician or a painter? Or even a mystic?

You are taking away the opportunity for his growth, and without ever thinking why he murdered in the first place. Nobody bothers about the causes, everybody looks only at the symptoms. Perhaps that man has suffered so much at the hands of the society that you have

reduced him into an animal. And once he is an animal he is going to behave like an animal. But remember -- he is a victim and you are the cause.

That's why laws go on growing, new laws are being made, new courts, new judges, more police, more armies -- and you have not been able to reduce the number of crimes. They are growing simultaneously; there must be some deep relationship between the two. The growth of your legal systems and the growth of the criminals is equal. It is a strange coincidence.

If you were right, then so many police, so many great armies, so many courts, so many parliaments, so many legal experts... and you have not been able to prevent anything. It is a blame on your very being, it is a condemnation of your intelligence. Something is very profoundly wrong with the whole system.

A murderer, a thief should be treated with dignity. He is a human being. And if he has committed a murder he is psychologically sick. You don't punish the sick people, you send them to a psychiatric hospital where they can be taken care of.

There is no need for any jail. All jails should be converted into beautiful psychiatric nursing homes, where people who have lost their humanity because of the ugly behavior of the society -- exploitation and oppression and all kinds of repression -- should be given back their dignity and honor, should be treated mentally and physically, should be trained and educated, should be made productive and creative, should be given the opportunity that they have missed before. Then only I will say there exists a system of justice, there exists a system of law.

But what exists is just the opposite. And I am saying it from my own experience.

Just this morning I was informed that in all the newspapers it is reported that one sannyasin, with his girlfriend, has been found with drugs. Now the police commissioner has to justify his action against me -- so bogus sannyasins will be created, and they will be carrying drugs into the campus. Just two, three instances, propaganda in the newspapers, and then they become capable of saying that the police commissioner's notice for me to leave Poona in thirty minutes was right.

And the police commissioner seems to be perfectly a coward. He could not convince my attorneys of his strange and absurd order that I should leave Poona in thirty minutes.... This is *my* country and he is *my* servant just as he is the servant of all. It is strange that servants are behaving like masters and issuing ridiculous orders, meaningless. Still, he was not ready to withdraw it because it was going against his ego, although he had no evidence to issue it. If he had any justice in mind he should have apologized and withdrawn it.

He would not cancel it. It took the whole day for my attorneys, and the outcome was that he has only suspended the order -- that means he can open the case at any moment. Now he will create situations which can support that his original order was right. He will send people here into the ashram with drugs which are prohibited, and then they will be caught. And if you prevent them at the gate they will start fighting you, attacking you.

And he has rented a house just by the side of the ashram, so within a minute, guns from his people can be brought into the ashram. That is his whole desire.

But I want to warn you -- and to say to him and to the government that such kind of meanness is not justice and we are not going to tolerate it.

Today again a notice has been received by one of the trustees of the ashram. Two things were very striking in the notice: one, he has not given me the notice -- cowards are, after all cowards. He must have understood that he has committed a mistake. To come in conflict with me is to come in conflict with fire -- you will be burned and consumed... because this is not an ordinary place, this is a temple of God. Here are the people who are seekers, who have not

come to fight with anyone. So neither has he issued the notice on my name... because he knows that I will start hitting him as hard as I can.

Now he is hiding behind his subordinate. The order is from a police inspector. Has he forgotten his authority? Just a few days before, he had issued the order against *me*. Now the order comes neither in my name nor from him, but from his subordinate, an ordinary police inspector.

And again he is asking ridiculous things: That we have to inform every day how many foreigners are here, that we have to inform how many foreigners can be accommodated in the ashram. If it is being asked in every temple of the country, in every mosque of the country, in every *gurudwara* of the country, in every ashram of the country, then it seems to be reasonable. But just to ask me or my people -- it is ridiculous. This discrimination cannot be tolerated.

I have told the trustees to tell him that our attorneys are coming and we will discuss with him all the ridiculous demands that he is making. And if we cannot come to a settlement then we are going to sue him in the high court, in the supreme court. And if he is just a puppet in the hands of New Delhi then there is a court above the supreme court -- the people of this country. I will go to every village of this country -- not only to throw him out, but to throw out the whole bureaucracy and the utterly blind and deaf government.

Now, this is how your society provokes people. I have never been in any way interested in politics; neither am I interested now. But don't provoke a lion while he is meditating! I can throw all these dummies, from Poona to Delhi, out of their power -- alone; I don't need anybody else's support. And I don't want the power for myself. I will simply expose -- this whole system is nonsense created by the British imperialists, which still goes on existing and crushing people's dignity. What kind of nonsense is this, that every day the ashram has to report the names of one thousand foreigners who are allowed in the ashram? Is this an ashram, or does he think it is a government prison?

I would be very happy -- if he has guts he should come here and discuss with me, before my people. I don't know the law, but I know something higher. Laws are just man-made, but they go on changing. I know something which is eternal and not man-made.

And as I understand, he worships during office time. I have to discuss with him about worship also, and I have to see what kind of religiousness he has -- this is not religiousness that he is showing. This is ugly and brutal, primitive, uncultured. This man needs to be immediately demoted, suspended and sent to Nagaland, where he will at least look educated.

I again warn them -- just don't disturb me or my people. Because if you disturb my people in any way I am going to disturb your whole government. Has Mahatma Gandhi ever been asked how many foreigners are staying with him in his ashram? Not even by the British government. What kind of freedom have we got? It seems Mahatma Gandhi lived under the British government in a more free way than we are living under our own government.

The people we have chosen, we can throw them at any moment. And I have fire enough to burn all these dummies and dodos, because I don't see a single man in this government who has any calibre, any character.

What is the purpose of keeping the police people with guns loaded, by the side of the ashram? What urgency has arisen? We have lived here for seven years without any fight, without any firearms -- and we are still without any firearms. But we don't need firearms, we have the fire of our souls.

I have never cursed anybody -- I am keeping it, accumulating its power. The day I decide to curse, then it is not going to be an ordinary curse, it will be nuclear!

LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.

Don't judge who is right, who is wrong. Walk in a procession together towards your innermost temple of God.

YOU ARE THE WAY AND THE WAYFARERS.

A little addition and his sentence will become more profound: *You are the way... you are the wayfarers and you are the goal and you are the source.* In fact you are the whole world, a miniature world. If asleep, then suffering unnecessarily in nightmares; if awake, then filled with immense blessings and ecstasies that only very few people in the world have known.

But I have a tremendous trust in you, that each of you can touch the highest peak of consciousness -- in spite of all these police commissioners and their gang. I consider them criminals.

In America I remained silent in the court for the simple reason that I was only a tourist there. A tourist has no rights. Any moment the country can say, "You have to leave." He cannot even ask the reason. It should not be so, but it is so.

But in this country I don't even need legal experts and attorneys and all that nonsense -- I am going to face them myself, from the police commissioner to the prime minister, in the supreme court. They should be very careful of what kind of steps they are trying. None of them has the guts or the intelligence. I have been, for twenty years continuously, moving in this country. I know the leaders on this country -- just holy cow dung. You cannot do even a brain operation of these people, because you will find nothing but cow dung.

You will be surprised to know that one of Mahatma Gandhi's very intimate followers and ashramite... and a cultured man, educated; he was a professor in a university. He dropped his service to remain close to Mahatma Gandhi and he was worshipped like a god. And his only quality was that for six months continuously he remained eating cow dung and drinking the urine of the cows. That was his food for six months, and that made him so purified.... He defeated Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, Shanker Rao Dev, all the great followers of Mahatma Gandhi. Within six months he was at the top, because nobody could dare to do what he had done.

Now, if you operate on this man's brain, what are you going to find?

I have known intimately many presidents of the ruling party, and I don't think any one of them had any high qualities of intelligence. And now even an ordinary police commissioner thinks himself powerful enough to serve a notice on me that I should leave his district in thirty minutes. It is good that Buddha and Mahavira and Bodhidharma, Tilopa and all the great people, have stopped before these retarded people became powerful in this country. Can you find a more controversial person than Gautam Buddha? This police commissioner would have served him an immediate notice to leave Poona because he was controversial.

Any man who has any insight and clarity is bound to be controversial. And any culture and any society that tries to destroy the controversial man is trying to destroy its own flowers.

LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.

*You are the way and the wayfarers, you are the goal and you are the source, because after all the pilgrimage you will come to yourself -- of course with new eyes, new insights, new*

consciousness. You will start the journey in darkness and you will come home at the time of early morning when the sun is rising and the birds have started singing, welcoming you.

AND WHEN ONE OF YOU FALLS DOWN HE FALLS FOR THOSE BEHIND HIM, A CAUTION AGAINST THE STUMBLING STONE.

Don't condemn, don't judge.

AY, AND HE FALLS FOR THOSE AHEAD OF HIM, WHO THOUGH FASTER AND SURER OF FOOT, YET REMOVED NOT THE STUMBLING STONE.

We are a connected whole -- the past, the present, the future. We are one organic unity, and those who have been trying to divide man against man, either for religion or for politics or for any other cause, are the criminals. They should be treated lovingly, carefully -- they are psychologically sick.

AND THIS ALSO, THOUGH THE WORD LIE HEAVY UPON YOUR HEARTS:  
THE MURDERED IS NOT UNACCOUNTABLE FOR HIS OWN MURDER,  
AND THE ROBBED IS NOT BLAMELESS IN BEING ROBBED.

Who are you blaming? because the same you are doing in your own way -- perhaps some unfortunate fellow has been caught and you have not been caught. But there is not much difference. You are carrying a murderer within you and you are carrying the whole humanity, with all its weaknesses and also with all its possibilities of rising higher towards the stars.

So help, don't judge. If somebody falls, give him a hand, because in his fall you have also fallen.

And when somebody rises, celebrate, because in his rising high you have also risen high.

THE RIGHTEOUS IS NOT INNOCENT OF THE DEEDS OF THE WICKED,  
AND THE WHITE-HANDED IS NOT CLEAN IN THE DOINGS OF THE FELON.  
YEA, THE GUILTY IS OFTENTIMES THE VICTIM OF THE INJURED.  
AND STILL MORE OFTEN THE CONDEMNED IS THE BURDEN BEARER FOR THE GUILTLESS  
AND UNBLAMED.

I have been into many jails in India, as an outsider, to talk to the prisoners, to make them understand simple methods of meditation. And I was surprised, that they are more innocent than your politicians. They are more innocent than the officers of the jail. They are simple people. Perhaps because of their simplicity they committed something, unaware of the consequences. Or perhaps they never committed anything, they are innocent, but they were poor and could not get a better defense against the government who was charging them with invented crimes.

Because now it is my personal experience -- I had seen the jail from the outside; I am happy that now I have seen the jail from the inside. In the six jails in America I did not come across any inmate of the jail -- and each jail had six hundred, seven hundred, one thousand people -- who looked criminal. And all the other people -- the staff of the jail, the police, the judges -- their faces were not faces you can call innocent. They were cunning.

You will be surprised to know that they knew that I am a vegetarian and as I entered any jail I informed them that I am a vegetarian, but they would not say anything. At the mealtime

they would come and inform me that "We don't have any vegetarian food."

I suggested to them, "You can give me fruits." And the same reply, that "We don't have any fruits." And that was such a lie that the other inmates of the jail who heard this... because all the cells were together. When the jailer went, they said, "He is lying absolutely. We have vegetables, we have milk, we have fruits, nuts, which can be used." And the inmates started bringing fruits for me, which were given to them but not to me. They started bringing milk which was given to them, but not to me.

And I said, "But this is yours, and you need it. I can manage. Ten, twelve days is not something that one is going to die from. It takes ninety days to kill a person without food, so don't be worried."

But tears in their eyes, of great love... "No, you will have to accept, because we can eat anything. The non-vegetarian meals are available to us."

And whenever I passed through the corridor to enter in a jail or to come out of a jail, they were all standing behind the bars shouting, "Osho! Victory is going to be yours! We don't know you much but we have seen you on the television -- your eyes are enough to convince us." They were showing the victory sign of two fingers from every cell. And they were saying again and again, that "We are so happy. We will remember for our whole life that we have spent at least one night with you."

They were writing letters to me which were coming from one cell to another cell and reaching to me: "Osho, we love you. When you go back -- and they cannot keep you inside more than a week -- don't forget us." And they had cuttings from newspapers of my photos and they were sending those photos -- "Please sign it as a proof and evidence that we have been with you at least one night, or one day, or a few hours." Thousands of photos I have signed, to the names of people I don't know.

They were so loving, so helpful, so human. I have not seen that humanity in the judges' eyes, in the government attorneys.

It is a strange world, where the innocent can suffer because the cunning can always manage to get out, where the poor has to suffer because he cannot afford to find the right defense for himself. It is not a question of whether you have committed the crime or not. The question is whose attorney is more efficient, more clever, more cunning to use the law. Law cannot decide the truth.

But that's what is happening. We are living in a barbarous world, with all kinds of discriminations.

Is this a temple of God, or a police station? that we should inquire who is a foreigner. To us, nobody is a foreigner.

The whole humanity is ours, and the whole earth is ours.

The day is not far away when there will be no boundaries of nations or religions. And if I have to sacrifice myself and my people for the birth of a new earth and a new humanity, I will be perfectly happy to do so. Because a life that is not capable of sacrificing itself for truth, for beauty, is not life at all; the man is already dead.

YOU CANNOT SEPARATE THE JUST FROM THE UNJUST, AND THE GOOD FROM THE WICKED,  
FOR THEY STAND TOGETHER BEFORE THE FACE OF THE SUN, EVEN AS THE BLACK THREAD AND THE WHITE ARE WOVEN TOGETHER.

Don't judge, don't discriminate.

Existence knows what is needed, just as the weaver knows that black threads are needed

with white threads to create beautiful patterns.

AND WHEN THE BLACK THREAD BREAKS, THE WEAVER SHALL LOOK INTO THE WHOLE CLOTH, AND HE SHALL EXAMINE THE LOOM ALSO.

That's what I am trying to do. If there is a single man who is unconscious, and behaving in his unconsciousness, I don't have any condemnation for him. Perhaps he is the weakest part of our society, perhaps the disease is spread all over the society. Because he is the weakest link, the disease has expressed itself from him, but he is not the disease.

I cannot conceive of why people should be thieves if there were no exploitation, why people should be rapists if there were no marriage forced by law or by society, why there should be prostitutes, if people were allowed to live together only for the time while they are in love.

But the prostitutes are tortured by the police, by the government, harassed in every possible way -- and they are just poor victims of a society where the husband does not love the wife, where the wife does not love the husband but still, because of the law, they have to remain together. And love is a necessary nourishment.

You have heard only of women prostitutes in this country, but in England or America just within twenty years' time, male prostitutes have become available. We are really evolving to great heights! Perhaps soon we will again be on the trees, just like our forefathers were.

This is not evolution.

Our whole structure is corrupted.

People go on telling to me that "If you simply concentrate with your disciples on meditation, and don't say anything against or about the society, the religion, the past, the tradition, the law... then there will be no enemy to you."

Of course there will be no enemy to me, because I will not be touching anybody's vested interest and I will not be bringing the revolution that is burning in my being.

I want you all to be aflame.

Before I go and leave the body, I want millions of bodies aflame with the same fire, all around the world.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #22

Chapter title: Sinners and saints: the drama of sleeping people

**19 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
IF ANY OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE,  
LET HIM ALSO WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES, AND MEASURE HIS SOUL  
WITH MEASUREMENTS.  
AND LET HIM WHO WOULD LASH THE OFFENDER LOOK UNTO THE SPIRIT OF THE  
OFFENDED.  
AND IF ANY OF YOU WOULD PUNISH IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LAY THE AXE  
UNTO THE EVIL TREE, LET HIM SEE TO ITS ROOTS;  
AND VERILY HE WILL FIND THE ROOTS OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE FRUITFUL AND  
THE FRUITLESS, ALL ENTWINED TOGETHER IN THE SILENT HEART OF THE EARTH.  
AND YOU JUDGES WHO WOULD BE JUST.  
WHAT JUDGMENT PRONOUNCE YOU UPON HIM WHO THOUGH HONEST IN THE FLESH IS  
YET A THIEF IN SPIRIT?  
WHAT PENALTY LAY YOU UPON HIM WHO SLAYS IN THE FLESH YET IS HIMSELF SLAIN IN  
THE SPIRIT?  
AND HOW PROSECUTE YOU HIM WHO IN ACTION IS A DECEIVER AND AN OPPRESSOR,  
YET WHO ALSO IS AGGRIEVED AND OUTRAGED?  
AND HOW SHALL YOU PUNISH THOSE WHOSE REMORSE IS ALREADY GREATER THAN  
THEIR MISDEEDS?  
IS NOT REMORSE THE JUSTICE WHICH IS ADMINISTERED BY THE VERY LAW WHICH YOU  
WOULD FAIN SERVE?  
YET YOU CANNOT LAY THE REMORSE UPON THE INNOCENT NOR LIFT IT FROM THE HEART  
OF THE GUILTY.  
UNBIDDEN SHALL IT CALL IN THE NIGHT, THAT MEN MAY WAKE AND GAZE UPON  
THEMSELVES.  
AND YOU WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND JUSTICE, HOW SHALL YOU UNLESS YOU LOOK UPON  
ALL DEEDS IN THE FULLNESS OF LIGHT?  
ONLY THEN SHALL YOU KNOW THAT THE ERECT AND THE FALLEN ARE BUT ONE MAN  
STANDING IN TWILIGHT BETWEEN THE NIGHT OF HIS PYGMY-SELF AND THE DAY OF HIS  
GOD-SELF.  
AND THAT THE CORNER STONE OF THE TEMPLE IS NOT HIGHER THAN THE LOWEST  
STONE IN ITS FOUNDATION.

Kahlil Gibran says beautiful things, and once in a while he comes very close to truth. But most of the time he misses the target. He is a good poet but not a great archer.

He is just like a physician, who may help you but who knows only the symptoms of your

disease, and cures the symptoms. But the symptoms are not the causes. If you cure the symptoms the disease will erupt somewhere else. His thinking is more concerned about actions, but not about the source of actions. And no man has ever known any transformation unless he has come face to face with the causes.

He is saying:

IF ANY OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE,  
LET HIM ALSO WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES, AND MEASURE HIS SOUL  
WITH MEASUREMENTS.

It is good, there is some compassion in it -- but no real insight into the very source of the problem. The problem is, who are you to demand faith from anybody else? It may be your wife or your husband -- demanding faith is demanding slavery. Behind a beautiful word "faith" you are hiding an ugly disease, the very cancer of soul that has killed people's joy.

What right you have got to demand faith from your wife or from your husband? The real problem is not touched. The real problem is marriage.

Marriage has given a wrong conception to people, that love is something permanent. Only stones are permanent, only dead people are permanent. Only idiots never change. The more intelligent you are, your life is going to be a life of continuous change.

Don't condemn the wife or the husband for faithlessness. In the first place, to ask faith is wrong. There was a season -- the spring, the faith, the love arose in you. You were not the makers of it. You are not the doers of it, it is a happening. Just like a breeze it comes and just like a breeze it goes.

When it comes, rejoice.

And when it goes, say goodbye.

Show your gratefulness for all those beautiful days while the breeze was dancing around you and made you dance, while the breeze was passing through you and made you sing.

Yes, it is sad, but it is not sin.

Kahlil Gibran is still repeating the old, rotten idea of faithfulness. But faithfulness simply means slavery, and a slavery against yourself. Millions of couples in the world know that now there is no more love, but still -- for respectability, for reputation, for society and for other causes -- they go on pretending that they love each other.

This pretension is the real sin, the real crime.

If you have loved someone, when the love has gone you have to be honest and sincere enough to open your heart -- in sadness, in sorrow, but still grateful. Even if it lasted for a few days, few months, those months should be remembered; those sweet moments should fill your heart. And rejoice in one thing -- that your wife is honest, truthful. And you be honest also, and truthful.

The question of faithlessness has tortured man so immensely -- perhaps there is no other problem which has tortured humanity so much. It creates all kinds of ugly things in you.

First, you are constantly watching -- you become a detective -- whether your wife is faithful to you or not, whether your husband is faithful to you or not. But why should anybody be faithful to anybody else? Love is faithful, but when love disappears, faith also disappears.

Kahlil Gibran is pointing to an important thing:

IF ANY ONE OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE, LET HIM ALSO  
WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES,

Because love or lovelessness happens almost simultaneously. When it has disappeared in the heart of the woman, it has also disappeared in the heart of the man.

Perhaps lust has remained -- lust is more permanent than love, because lust is not part of your being. It is part of your chemistry, part of your hormones; it is biological, nothing spiritual in it. But a great misunderstanding continues: you go on calling your lust, love. Not to deceive others, although they are deceived -- but to deceive yourselves, perhaps unconsciously.

You cannot live without the wife. It has become a habit. Love is not a habit and love knows no boundaries. If a woman can love you, why can't she love somebody else? She can find someone who is more loving than you -- and the society has expected you to go on clinging to each other whether you love or not. Then there is suspicion, then there is continuous anxiety, and sooner or later whether you say it or not, you cannot hide it. Neither can you hide your love nor can you hide your lovelessness.

You cannot hide a flame, you cannot hide its absence.

When the flame was there, young and dancing, there was light all around. When the flame is gone, the same space is filled with darkness.

I differ with Kahlil Gibran on this point. I would like you to be loving -- and love can be your whole, lifelong affair. But it need not be tethered and imprisoned.

In an authentic human society, marriage will be a crime.

Two persons love, they feel good to be together -- what is the need of marriage? And one day they find that the unknown visitor, the guest from the beyond, has left. They have again become strangers to each other. Truth demands that they should, with sadness and sorrow, expose their hearts to each other, that they are no more beating in harmony and it is time for them to depart. Depart as friends; there is no need of any divorce.

Divorce is the by-product of marriage. If there is no need of marriage, there is no need of divorce. Both are ugly, imposed.

It is man's basic right that when love knocks on his doors he should open the doors -- it does not matter who has come as a lover, whether he is your old partner or a new guest. Love should be sovereign in human life, not bogus marriages.

You create one unnecessary thing, make people suffer, and then finally after suffering for years they want to be separated. And have you watched the fact that if you want to get married you can just go to the marriage registrar's office and be married, but if you want to be separated, the society, the law, the government, everybody tries to create problems for you.

Marriage is their invention, and divorce is the response of the rebellious spirit in man. And the man who has no rebellious spirit has no spirit at all. Corpses can go on permanently in love, for the simple reason that they cannot go back to the registrar's office for a divorce.

This is good, that Kahlil Gibran says that if a husband brings his wife to judgment, that she is unfaithful wife, it will be not right to listen only to one party. Why is she unfaithful? Because the love is no more -- and the husband has all the freedom to move in society, have new contacts with women, or even go to the prostitutes. But the woman is confined in the house, which once was a home. When love was a guest, it was a home; now it is again just a dead house.

And it is natural that when love disappears there are quarrels, constant naggings, constant problems. You had chosen the wife or the husband to live a peaceful, joyful life together. But you are living certainly together, but without any joy, without any peace, without any love. Prostitution is a by-product of marriage.

All the religions preach marriage and all the religions condemn prostitution, and nobody sees the connection. Why are there prostitutes? Love cannot be purchased, only lust can be purchased -- but something is better than nothing.

Marriage is not a natural phenomenon. It is artificial, arbitrary. And when it disappears you cannot do anything to bring it back. You can pretend, but that pretension makes you a hypocrite. And your pretension cannot deceive the woman, because she has known your love and the pretension cannot become the substitute. The only way is to separate -- in friendship, because you have given each other so much.

But rather separating in friendship, people separate as enemies, fighting the case in the court, proving the fact that they don't love each other anymore. Love is something invisible, but the court wants something objective, evidence. The woman has to prove that the man is going to other women, or that the man is impotent.

The woman is hurting the man, the same man she has loved. We are forcing her to hurt the man. And the man is hurting the woman -- saying that she is unfaithful, she has been with other people, or she is barren. But these are only excuses.

And look at the ridiculousness, that when they come to marry they don't have to provide any reasons for why they want to get married. It would be far better if marriage were made difficult. Two years' time should be given to them to live together and see, after two years, whether they want to continue to live together. And I know those two years will be enough! There will be no need of any marriage and no need of any divorce.

One thing people go on missing seeing -- perhaps they don't want to see -- is that life knows nothing but change. Life *is* change. Only death is permanent.

I met one old friend at the London airport. I asked him, "How are you?"

He said, "All right..." That was his old habit, for everything -- "All right." How is your wife? -- "All right." How are your children? -- "All right." And I said, "How is your old father?"

He said "He has been all right for five years now."

I could not understand, at first, what he meant. "He has been all right for five years now..." I said, "Just a little explanation?"

He said, "He is dead. Now he has no problems, and neither do we have any problems with him. He is all right in his grave."

Only dead people are all right.

Living people are all wrong!

It is good that Kahlil Gibran is raising the question that if one of the partners brings the other partner to be judged, and condemned or punished, he should also be taken into account. Because love was a river between two shores -- if love has disappeared it cannot only disappear from one shore. No river can manage to continue with one shore alone. Love was a movement of energy between two persons. If one person is no more there, the other person may desire -- but his desire is nothing but lust. It is not love.

Lust can be permanent -- that's why in animals there is no marriage, no divorce. When the season comes to produce children, they choose the partner -- every season a new partner. It is only man who is obsessed with permanency. But nobody can love permanency always.

Mulla Nasruddin was appointed as the advisor of a king. And the advisor had to remain with the king, because any moment, any problem could arise and his advice may be needed. So he was with the king almost twenty-four hours... he was sleeping in the king's palace and he was moving with the king the whole day.

The first day they were eating, sitting at the dining table. And the cook had made

beautiful stuffed bindhis. The king liked them, and he asked Nasruddin, "Mulla, what is your opinion?"

He said, "My lord, bindhis are the best vegetable for health, for long life, for better intelligence... a protection against all kinds of diseases. In the old scriptures they have been described as the best preventive medicine, and your cook is great."

The cook heard it, so he started making bindhis every day. The second day, the king tolerated. Third day, it was getting too much. Fourth day, he started getting irritated. Fifth day he threw the whole plate on the floor and called the cook: "Are you mad? Every day bindhi, bindhi, bindhi -- am I a man or a buffalo?"

The cook said, "I am an ignorant man. I heard your great advisor say that bindhi is nectar, preventive of disease, preventive of old age, giving length to life, intelligence... and I thought if bindhi has so many qualities my lord should be given bindhis as much as possible."

The king said, "Mulla, what do you say?"

Mulla said, "Bindhis? -- they are poison! Never touch them."

The king said, "You seem to be a very strange person. Just five days before, you were praising them."

He said, "Listen, my lord, I am your servant, not the servant of the bindhis. Whatever you like I will praise -- even if it is poison I will call it nectar. And if you don't like something, even if it is nectar I will call it poison. I am your servant."

You want to taste different foods, you want to wear different clothes. You want to visit new places, you want to make new friends. What is wrong if you find a new lover? Who says it is unfaithful? The very idea of unfaithfulness is fascist, because it is demanding, "Go on eating bindhis, bindhis, bindhis.... Because bindhis cannot speak... otherwise they would all have screamed from the floor, "You are being unfaithful to us! For five days we remained married and you are throwing us on the floor -- is this your gratefulness?"

As far as I am concerned, you should be faithful only to love, not to the lover. Both should be faithful to love, as long as it lasts. If it lasts your whole life, good. If it does not last your whole life that is even better! There is no crime in it.

But the possessiveness, the greed... why did man start marrying? Marriage has not always been on the earth. Man started marrying the woman so that he could be certain that any time he wants a woman, she is ready. He can demand love, faithfulness... and man has gone to the absurd limit that the faithful wife should die when the husband dies. Alive, she should jump into the funeral pyre of the dead husband.

In this country, millions of living beings had to destroy themselves simply to prove to the society that they are faithful to their husbands. But nobody ever questioned that in ten thousand years not a single man has jumped into the funeral pyre of his wife. Are all husbands unfaithful?

It is a man's world, and he has made laws and moralities and ethics in order to enslave the woman. Even dead, he is worried that if his wife remains alive... time heals wounds. She may again fall in love with someone, and he will not be able to do anything because he will be dead, just tossing and turning in his grave. It is better to take the wife also with him.

And the wife was forced by the society. If she was unwilling -- and who can be willing? not that she is not sorry and sad about the death, but that does not mean that you should commit suicide -- if she refused, she was condemned by the whole society and boycotted, that she is an unfaithful woman. She lost all honor, prestige -- which she could have had if she had jumped into the fire!

But what is the point of honor and respect when you are dead?

I agree with Kahlil Gibran that if one partner -- and that partner is almost always the man, who brings the wife to the court saying that she is unfaithful. He is making a right point, that his heart should also be searched -- perhaps he began the whole thing; first he became unfaithful and the wife simply followed. But I cannot agree with his superficial analysis. The very idea of faithfulness is ugly, inhuman, anti-life.

Divorce should be made so easy that a single partner just has to inform the registrar that "We have separated." There is no need for any evidence. There is no need for both partners to agree to the separation. If one wants to separate, that's enough.

Of course one person cannot be accepted if he wants to marry someone -- then the agreement of both is needed. But this whole society is standing upside down. Marriage is easy, no evidence is needed. And divorce is made as difficult as possible, as ugly as possible.

Just to get the divorce the couple has to lie: either the woman has to say that the man is impotent or the man has to prove that the woman has fallen in love with somebody else. This may not be so -- it may simply be that the love has disappeared. But the court does not believe in invisible things. You have to produce solid, logical and legal proofs; otherwise the court will force you to live together.

And all the cultures and all the civilizations are forcing people to live together. That's why you rarely see a smiling face, you rarely see people happy -- particularly when they are with their wives and with their husbands. It is almost impossible for them even to smile. If the wife smiles at someone that's enough for the husband to freak out. If the husband looks at some woman... and when some beautiful woman passes by, not to look at her is inhuman. But he cannot look, because the wife is watching from the corner of her eye. Just to look at another woman is enough to disturb their whole life.

What kind of sick society have we created?

And governments exist to protect this society, because the more people are miserable the more obedient they are.

One of my friends applied for a job, and went to give an interview. The first question was -- which was not concerned with the job at all -- "Are you married?"

Being with me for years, he said, "What kind of nonsense question are you asking? What has my marriage to do with the work? These are my certificates, my qualifications, and you are asking `Are you married?'"

And the man who was interviewing him said, "Cool down. We don't accept unmarried people because they are not obedient. The married man knows how to obey, he is a slave. We want slaves here, we don't want masters and rebellions. We want to run our business, our industries, our whole empire for earning money -- we want people here who are always obedient. Husbands have proved the best people because they are trained, tamed, they are not wild. Their wives have done a great service to all the vested interests."

He told me, "I had this encounter... I am puzzled."

I said, "This society is not for the rebellious spirit. This society exists to exploit. From the very childhood, obedience is taught. Throughout the educational career, obedience is taught. Obedience is another way of saying that you are not allowed to think and decide; you have just to follow the orders."

If marriage disappears from the world, divorce disappears from the world, and people are free to choose to be with someone for as long as they feel.... There is no need to quarrel. The moment quarrel starts, it is time. Quarrel has given a definitive indication that now your paths will be separate.

AND IF ANY OF YOU WOULD PUNISH IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LAY THE AXE UNTO THE EVIL TREE, LET HIM SEE TO ITS ROOTS;  
AND VERILY HE WILL FIND THE ROOTS OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE FRUITFUL AND THE FRUITLESS, ALL ENTWINED TOGETHER IN THE SILENT HEART OF THE EARTH.

I have said to you that Kahlil Gibran never could get free of his Christian upbringing. He was a man of great intellectuality, but he could not see that even Jesus was not able to see this, to see what he is saying. And he was a worshipper of Jesus.

He is saying that the good man and the bad man are not separate. Somewhere hidden deep in the darkness of the earth, their roots are entwined. So don't condemn the fruitless tree -- perhaps the fruitless tree is not getting enough nourishment, is not getting enough water. Fruits don't come from the sky, they need nourishment.

Perhaps the fruitless tree is under the shadow of a big tree, and cannot get breathing space, cannot get the life-giving light rays of the sun. Don't be too quick to judge.

But he never criticized Jesus Christ, and that's where I think some insincerity... because it is impossible for Kahlil Gibran not to remember Jesus Christ, writing these sentences. If I, who have nothing to do with Jesus Christ, cannot forget... his whole upbringing was Christian. All these upbringings bring blindness to you. You cannot see anything wrong with your upbringing; you can see everybody else's wrong.

Jesus has fallen in my eyes because of very small instances. For example, he was traveling with his apostles, and in three villages they passed, people did not allow them to enter their villages. They did not offer them food or water; they had to search for a new place. On the way, when the sun was setting, they came to a fig tree -- which had no fruits, because it was not the season for figs. And Jesus cursed the fig tree -- "We are hungry and you have not welcomed the only begotten son of God. You should have been ready with juicy fruits -- I curse you and condemn you forever, that you will never be a beautiful tree."

What kind of intelligence has this man? What can the poor fig tree do? It is not the season for fruits.

Kahlil Gibran has completely ignored the fact that Jesus was a fanatic in many ways, a little insane. He needed a great training somewhere in the East to become more meditative. He could not see the simple fact that the poor tree has nothing to do with it. She needs time, the right season, nourishment -- only then fruits can be there.

When you condemn anybody, be patient and think: perhaps in his place you would have been the same type of person as he is.

A man with a sense of justice always puts himself in the same position he is trying to judge.

Every law college should make it a fundamental teaching for all those people -- because they are going to be judges, advocates, attorneys, solicitors -- that before you judge somebody, put yourself in his position. And you will find it almost impossible to condemn the man.

You can condemn the man, you can punish the man for the simple reason that your upbringings have been different. A hungry man steals food -- just put yourself in his place.

It happened that one woman came to a Sufi mystic, Farid, with her young child and asked the mystic, "Baba, except you nobody can change my child. He eats too many sweets, is getting fat, and white sugar is almost poison. But he does not listen to me."

Farid said, "Bring him back after two weeks."

The woman said, "Can't you say something to him right now?"

Farid said, "No, it will take two weeks for me to figure out the whole situation." The

woman was puzzled. She had heard Farid speak on great subjects of life... and he needs two weeks of preparation for a small child, to tell him not to eat too many sweets?

But since he was not willing, she came back after two weeks. And Farid said to the child, "My child, for two weeks I had to put myself in your position, because I myself like eating sweets. With what face could I have given any advice to you? For two weeks I stopped eating sweets. I have lost weight, I am feeling healthier, younger, better than ever. You are young, you have a long life to go. Please, stop eating too many sweets. I am not saying stop completely -- once in a while you can eat them."

The boy touched the feet of Farid -- his mother was surprised, because he was not that type. He had never touched anybody's feet.

She said, "I am puzzled -- I am puzzled with you. You took two weeks to decide a simple thing that you could have told him on that very day. Neither I nor he knew that you loved sweets..."

Farid said, "It is not a question of your knowing or his knowing. My words would have been lies, and lies cannot transform anyone. First I had to put myself in his position. These two weeks have been hard, but I have gained great insight because of your child. I am grateful to him."

And she asked her child, "Why have you touched the feet of Farid? You never touch anybody's feet, and particularly... we are Hindus and he is a Mohammedan."

The boy said, "I cannot give you any arguments, but a man who remained for two weeks without sweets just to answer me, needs to be respected. He is not like your other parrots. You have been taking me to this monk, to that monk, and they are immediately ready -- just parrotlike, the same thing. This man is different. He is respectful of me, although I am a child, and he has suffered for me. I am going to follow his advice."

Kahlil Gibran is saying something right, but he has never criticized Jesus -- although he has written books on Jesus -- for the same reason: that it was insane, not only a mistake, to curse a fig tree. Only an insane person can do that.

Don't judge anybody in the first place. But if you have to judge, if you cannot resist the temptation of judging... remember, I am calling it a temptation, because when you judge somebody you put yourself higher than him. You become a judge, as if he is standing in your court. You forget your own humanity.

He is also not mentioning that you should look into your own soul, too. Perhaps your murderer is asleep, and it can be provoked any moment. Because nobody who has murdered, just a moment before, would have been able to see that he was going to murder.

I have known one man in my childhood -- he had a gymnasium just near my house. He was a good wrestler, a very loving person. I had no interest in wrestling with the body, I had my own way of wrestling! But with the body you can wrestle only with one person -- I am wrestling with the whole past and I am wrestling with all the so-called contemporaries and I am wrestling also with those who have not yet been born.

Once in a while I used to go just to sit there and to watch. His disciples would be wrestling, practicing, and once in a while he would come to me and say, "It is strange, why do you come if you don't want to participate?"

I said, "I don't want to participate, but I use every opportunity of watching because finally that is my longing, just to be a watcher. It does not matter what it is."

He said, "You are strange." But he started being very loving to me.

I had never thought that this man could be a murderer one day.

And he murdered in front of my eyes -- it was not late at night, it was just nearabout ten

o'clock. I was reading something and suddenly I saw in the street that he came and was hiding behind a tree. I was puzzled: what is he doing? And then the man who was to be murdered, passed by. And this man shot him, not knowing that there was a watcher.

To me the problem was that just a moment before I could not have thought, conceived, dreamed that this beautiful person could be a murderer. He was caught. I managed permission to see him... because he was going to be sentenced to death. I asked him only one thing: "This murderer must have been in you always, asleep -- were you aware of it?"

He said, "I was never aware of it. I became aware only when it was too late. Out of anger I killed that man" -- because that man had opened another gymnasium and was preparing people to fight against his wrestlers. And that man was very rich, he was providing food, milk, other nourishment to his wrestlers which this poor man could not do, and he was afraid that when the annual contest happened, his wrestlers were not going to win. He was so enraged that he simply shot him dead.

He said, "But where were you?"

I said, "In the same position -- watching. That is my whole approach towards life. I can learn much just by watching others, myself, their actions, my actions. I cannot see their minds but I can see my mind and I can watch it."

Before any desire, any temptation comes to your mind to judge somebody, look into yourself. And you will find the same person asleep within you. Then the real question is not to condemn him by your judgment but to transform yourself, because you all are in the same boat.

WHAT JUDGMENT PRONOUNCE YOU UPON HIM WHO THOUGH HONEST IN THE FLESH YET IS A THIEF IN SPIRIT?

He is asking everybody, because everybody is a judge. It has become some unconscious habit in you. You go on judging.

Yesterday, the notice from the police inspector of Poona -- which must have been prompted by the police commissioner -- had such a ridiculous statement in it that I cannot believe any man who has even a little intelligence can ask us to do something like that.

He demands -- in the first place, who is he to demand? We are not prisoners, we are free citizens of a country. He can request, but he cannot demand. He demands of us that we should put a noticeboard in front of our gate saying that no follower of Osho is allowed illegal activities inside the ashram or outside the ashram.

I became aware for the first time that only we are not allowed; everybody else is allowed to do illegal activities in their houses and outside their houses. So I have told my people, "Reply to him, and invite him for a discussion next week. And tell him that rather than demanding such a ridiculous board, it will be better... he should put boards all over Poona stating that except the followers of Osho, everybody is allowed to do illegal activities -- and it is not a request, it is a demand."

I have seen idiots, and I used to think I had seen all kinds. But in Poona I am discovering new categories of idiots. The very formulation of the sentence is illegal, and I have told my people that we will take him to court. What does it mean? Its implication is clear, that only our people are not allowed illegal activities. What about others?

And we are a small minority. But perhaps he has not been conscious of what he is demanding. He will become a laughingstock in the court. And in the court, we are going to demand that all these police people be given salaries from public money to teach people

illegal activities. They should open a college in Poona: whoever wants to learn illegal activities... of course, my followers are prohibited.

I am sometimes simply surprised at these fools.

He is demanding that only one thousand foreigners be allowed to listen to my discourses. Is there anything in the Indian constitution which decides the number? Is there any law which decides the number, how many people should listen to me or not? And what are the grounds to choose the number one thousand? Why not a thousand and one, which will be more Indian, because it is an Indian tradition -- when somebody gives you a present, he will not give ten rupees, he has to give eleven. He will not give you one hundred rupees, he has to give one hundred and one.

One thousand and one will be more Indian, although without any reasoning, without any argument for it.

Why one thousand, why not ten thousand? And who are you to decide the number? Have you decided the same for Rajiv Gandhi, how many people should listen to him? Have you decided for any religious institution -- a mosque, a temple, a church? Or do you have to create a totally new constitution for me and my followers?

Why is this special attention being given to us? We don't care a bit about you, why are *you* worried?

I am going to take these people to the court. These are blind people.

He demands that every day we should inform how many people are in the ashram. Have you asked the same question to other ashrams all over the country? Are we discriminated from everybody else? Then you will need a special law in your parliament.

The whole world will laugh that a third-class police inspector is deciding and demanding. And your police commissioner is a perfect coward, because he was in the picture from the very beginning. Seeing that he has no grounds... and I have been hammering him continuously. This letter has come from a police *Inspector*. And their foolishness is such that the letter has come in the name of a person who holds no position in the ashram. He is not the in-charge of the ashram, he is not a trustee in the ashram.

Now the cowards are completely afraid, but I am going to expose that police inspector and force him to reveal the fact that the letter has been dictated by the police commissioner. If he wants to save his skin, he should say truthfully that the letter has been dictated by the police commissioner -- that's why these fallacies have entered into it. It is not addressed to the in-charge of the ashram, it is not addressed to any trustees.

It is addressed to a sannyasin who has nothing to do with it. He could have simply refused. But I want a clear confrontation. He had asked me -- "Should I refuse? because I have nothing to do with it. It is not my business." I said, "Don't be worried, you accept it. And tell them, `Our legal experts will be available next week. First you have to give a support for each demand, either from the constitution or from your legal courts. And if we cannot come to a conclusion then you and my legal experts have to be present in a court, so a judge can decide what kind of nonsense is being done to us.'"

And to you I would like to say, be very alert.

Because these people are in search of something so they can justify their order for me to leave Poona in thirty minutes. They don't have any justification yet. So remember this on the streets -- don't give them any opportunity. They are dying to find some opportunity so that they can have some evidence.

Just the other day, two persons in police uniform came to the ashram gate. They wanted to have a look all over the ashram. And when asked for their identity card -- because how can

we decide whether you are real policemen or just actors in Hindi films, where anybody becomes a police inspector, police commissioner? -- they said they had forgotten their identity cards in their rickshaw. They will be bringing it back, the rickshaw is standing outside. And they ran away, they never came back.

Now these kinds of people can enter here with any kind of drug, can plant the drug anywhere in the ashram to prove that there is drug trafficking going on.

So every sannyasin has to be aware -- I am totally on the warpath, and any fault on your side will harm me. So don't do anything against the blind and the deaf and their stupid ideas. Be alert that you are not caught in their net.

They have shifted the whole thing from me to the followers. The first notice was against me. Seeing that it is impossible to prove anything which supports their order against me, now they have shifted. The second order... these demands, ridiculous, hilarious, are all for the disciples. Now they are trying to harm me through you.

So you have to be very alert and aware.

And this is a good training, because we will be facing the same problem all over the world. And now they have provoked us, they will have to repent.

Even if somebody starts fighting with you on the street, just go and inform the nearest police station that you are a follower of Osho and a few nuisance people, fanatics and bigots, have attacked you. Don't fight against them. I want you to be fully aware because I have seen with my own eyes Hindu and Mohammedan riots -- Hindu police will be standing simply watching the scene, the show. Hindus are killing the Mohammedans and they will not prevent it. If Mohammedans start killing Hindus they will prevent it -- Mohammedans will be caught, and they will say that these are the people who are creating a nuisance in the town, violence in the town. And the same is the case in cities where Mohammedan police will simply watch Hindus being burned alive, their temples destroyed. But if any Hindu reacts to it he will be immediately caught -- "he is creating trouble."

I know all the strategies of this stupid bureaucracy. Don't be caught in their net.

I have seen politicians... just a dead cow, they will put in front of a Hindu temple. Naturally the Hindus will think it must have been done by Mohammedans, and immediately there is a riot. And then these same politicians start speeches for peace, for brotherhood. We are living in a really mad world.

I know the politicians -- who have been creating the riots and when hundreds of people have been burned and killed, and mosques and temples have been destroyed, then they will call a public meeting of all the religions and will talk about peace, humanity, progress. And they are the people who are hindering all progress.

One day I told you that if all controversial people are removed from humanity there will be only buffaloes and donkeys left. I would like to add that politicians and policemen will also be left -- politicians to create riots between buffaloes and donkeys... which are very peace-loving and non-violent people. Nobody has ever heard of a donkey attacking a buffalo or a buffalo attacking a donkey. For millions of years they have never created any riot.

To create riots, the politicians will be needed. And then to impose curfews and take the donkeys and buffaloes into jails, the police will be needed.

Their power, the politicians' power, is in your unawareness.

And this is not just the police officials here -- behind them is the whole politics of Hindu chauvinists.

I am going to be opposed everywhere for the simple reason that I am not a Christian, not a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan nor a Jaina nor a Buddhist nor a Sikh.... All these religious

people who have been fighting amongst themselves will join together. They have found a common enemy. And the politicians are always with the crowd, because they exploit the crowd, their votes.

We are a minority, but every minority has its right to exist in the world. In the beginning I was alone, a minority of one. Then people who love, people who are in search of truth, started coming. How did they get the news? How did they start moving towards me? And the caravan started becoming bigger and bigger and bigger, and now it surrounds the whole earth.

Just to protect you, I have withdrawn your malas. You will feel sad for it but it is necessary that you should not be recognized as my people. Otherwise, everywhere you will be harassed. It is not only in India. In Australia sannyasins have been beaten, in England sannyasins have been beaten. In Germany sannyasins have been thrown out of their jobs. It is a global phenomenon.

In America, they have destroyed our commune. And now they are admitting -- their very United States attorney is admitting that they had nothing against me. Then why was I fined four hundred thousand dollars? Why have I been prevented from entering America for five years? And the attorney has admitted in a press conference that "Our priority was to destroy the commune." But why?

Even if somebody has done wrong, that person should be taken to the court. Five thousand innocent people -- why should you destroy them? Do you think because Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated by a Hindu, all the Hindus should be destroyed? Because in Poona there are many criminals who are sent to jail, do you think it should be the priority of the government to destroy the whole city?

I am going to put a case in the supreme court of America, because the same man -- the attorney general of America, Mr. Meese -- is behind the whole case of Irangate. Ronald Reagan and Mr. Meese, and the CIA chief -- these three persons are in the same situation in which, a few years before, Richard Nixon was. Of course their crime is far bigger.

Soon, I predict they will be going down the drain. I just want them to remember: while you are going down the drain, remember Rajneeshpuram and the criminal act you have committed against five thousand innocent people.

The whole White House needs to be painted black, because this is the ugliest place on the earth, the most unholy. All kinds of crimes arise from the White House. Perhaps that's why from the very beginning they started calling it the White House -- to hide all that is dark and evil, inside the name "White House." But remember, there are white lies too, which are far worse....

So you have to be aware -- not only here but when you go back home -- anywhere you are, I suggest that you not use malas, not use orange clothes if they create any trouble. With a heavy heart I am saying that, but I love you and I don't want you to be in any trouble. I am ready for any trouble for myself, but not for you.

And this way you will be able to bring many more people to me who are seekers, but were afraid of becoming sannyasins.

You can have my photos in your house, but now the sannyas movement has to go underground absolutely. I will be in your heart, there is no need to be worried about the mala or clothes. My whole religion consists only of one thing: don't forget meditation. Everything else is non-essential.

Kahlil Gibran is asking:

WHAT PENALTY LAY YOU UPON HIM WHO SLAYS IN THE FLESH YET IS HIMSELF SLAIN IN THE SPIRIT?

Your whole system of law is superficial.

If somebody is *slain in the spirit* your law has no way even to find it out. And almost everybody has been murdered in his spirit. Unless somebody kills your body, only then the law can see it. Law is still of the lowest kind. Your judges are not capable of looking into your eyes to see what has been done to your being.

AND HOW PROSECUTE YOU HIM WHO IN ACTION IS A DECEIVER AND AN OPPRESSOR, YET WHO ALSO IS AGGRIEVED AND OUTRAGED?

Anybody who is a deceiver or an oppressor must have been produced by certain circumstances. What remedy has your law that those circumstances should not exist which create murderers, thieves, exploiters, all kinds of criminals? We don't really have an authentic system of law -- because a judge, a magistrate can only be a magistrate if he knows what meditation is, if he knows what love is, if he is capable to look in the deepest core of your being, if he can put himself in your place and conceive of all the circumstances.

But no law college is concerned with all this. That's why crime goes on increasing, innocence goes on decreasing -- and we are all responsible for it.

I would like my sannyasins first to go through an inner transformation -- and then rebel against anything that is wrong, anywhere in the society. We have to create a new world... because there is no greater creation.

AND HOW SHALL YOU PUNISH THOSE WHOSE REMORSE IS ALREADY GREATER THAN THEIR MISDEEDS?

In the first place the very idea of punishment is wrong, because thousands of years of experience prove that punishment has not changed anyone. Sending somebody to jail is sending him to a university for criminals. Perhaps it may be his first crime -- he is immature; otherwise you would not have been able to catch hold of him. But inside the jail there are mature criminals. I have heard, a young man was sentenced for three years because he had stolen medicine for his dying mother. I don't see it as a crime, I see that it can happen only in a criminal society -- his mother is dying and nobody is bothering about it. He has not even enough money for medicine or to call a doctor. What do you want him to do?

He was sentenced to three years in jail, and when he entered the jail cell there was one person resting on his bed, and two other criminals were giving him a massage. The man asked, "For how many years are you going to be here?"

He said, "Three years."

He said, "That's perfectly okay. You can have the bed near the door, because we are going to remain here -- somebody for twenty years, somebody for thirty years -- you are just a young kid. Just stay there -- anyway within three years you will be going out, so remain close to the door. Don't come in."

Have you ever heard that any criminal who has been punished comes out into the society changed? Yes, in a way changed -- he comes back with a great learning, that to commit a crime is not wrong but to be caught is wrong, so you have to be more articulate -- you are very amateurish. After living with old criminals, he has come out now -- graduated from the

university.

And outside, the society is not going to give him the dignity that belongs to every man whether he is good or bad. The society will look at him as evil, bad, criminal -- who is going to give him a job? Who is going to give him shelter? Soon he will be forced by the circumstances to commit again a bigger crime, because now he knows the whole art of it.

In my village there was a very beautiful man, a Mohammedan. I had a deep friendship with him. My whole family, my whole village, my teachers, everybody was against having any kind of friendship with that man -- his name was Bartak Ali -- because he was three months in jail, one month out, six months in jail, two months out, three years in jail...

The last time I saw him he had come out after five years in jail. And he had been sent to jail by one of my neighbors who was a very rich man. He had been caught red-handed, stealing.

But Bartak Ali was a man who could not be humiliated by anything. He had no money. As he was released from jail he hired a *tonga*, a horse-driven vehicle. The driver asked, "Where do you want to go? because you don't have a home...."

He said, "I have a home, and I am coming out of there. Three-fourths of the time I rest in my home, one-fourth of the time I come out in the world to see what is happening -- just for a change. You take me to Mr. Mody's shop" -- that was the place where he was caught stealing, and Mody was the person who had managed to send him for five years into jail.

The driver said, "You are really a unique person...."

He said, "Where else can I go? He has destroyed my home, he sent me to jail. I don't even have money to pay you; *he* will have to pay you. He will have to pay money to you and he will have to find a shelter for me. And if he does not do it, then I am going to do something more harmful, so that I can remain in my home forever."

That was the time I met him, when he stepped out of the vehicle. That rich man had almost a nervous breakdown when he saw him. He was a very strong man, very influential in a way -- you could not have forgotten him if you had seen him once.

He said, "Good morning," and Mr. Mody was trembling. He entered the shop, sat on a chair and told him, "Pay the driver, because I don't have any money. And now find me a place to stay and give me a job -- or a salary without a job, I don't mind."

I was present. I said, "Bartak, there are limits. That man is in such a situation, he may have a heart attack! You could have come to my house, you could have come to any other house. You have so many friends...."

He said, "Why should I go anywhere else? This man is responsible for forcing the judge -- and only for five years! I wanted to live in peace forever in my home. Now it is his duty."

And stuttering, Mr. Mody said, "Don't be worried." He paid the driver and he ordered food from a hotel for him, and he said, "I have a small house near the river where I rarely go. You can stay there."

He said, "What about my expenses?"

He said, "I will take care, but don't harass me too much... my heart is jumping as it has never jumped before. You just go. This is the key, food will be coming every day twice a day, tea in the morning, everything."

He said, "Remember, if any day anything is missed, your safe will disappear. Because now I know much more about how to make things disappear. Last time I was playing in a new dimension -- basically I am a pickpocket but in pockets you find such rubbish, after so much effort, that I thought something better had to be done. And now I have come absolutely graduated -- a five-year graduate from the university of crime."

Your jails are universities: they create criminals, they train criminals. This is not punishment, this is simple stupidity. Nobody needs to be punished. Every person who is doing something wrong needs the compassion of the whole society, he is part of us.

It happened in a court. A man had murdered someone and the judge sentenced him to death. He said, "It is very unjust because I have not murdered him -- my hand is responsible."

The judge was also in a light mood -- he said, "That's true. Your hand has killed the man so we will send your hand to jail."

He said, "That's perfectly okay. Every criminal should be punished," and then he pulled his robe up, took off the hand -- it was a false hand. He gave it to the judge and said, "Your honor, can I go now?"

Whoever is doing wrong is just a part, and not artificial -- natural, existential.

And he is saying that if this man's remorse is *greater than his misdeeds*, what more punishment do you want to give him? If he is repenting, if he understands that something wrong has happened through him, if he feels heavy in his conscience, ashamed of his act, what more punishment can you give?

This is again Christian influence. It is not an original idea. Christianity has been telling you: just go to the church and confess, and God will forgive you. Your confession is your remorse.

But that is too simple. You are again free to commit the crime. Next Sunday, you can confess in privacy -- the priest is not allowed to talk about anybody's confession -- and you are forgiven. >No, just remorse won't do. And remorse may kill that person because of guilt much more quickly than any punishment. I am against repentance, against remorse.

My whole approach is that of understanding. He should understand that his unconscious is animal, and whatever he has done was done because he has never bothered to rise above unconsciousness, above ordinary consciousness, to super-consciousness and higher levels of being. Just as out of unconsciousness, crimes are born -- out of super-consciousness, all that is valuable and beautiful is born.

Anybody who has committed anything wrong should seek a mystery school, a master who can teach him how to become more conscious.

And there are peaks of consciousness -- at the highest peak, crime or sin or anything wrong becomes impossible. By remorse, it is not going to happen. Although he is not writing a Christian book, because he is basically brought up as a Christian he goes on, perhaps unconsciously, repeating what he has heard.

Jesus continually goes on saying in THE BIBLE, "Repent! Repent and ye shall be forgiven." A simple formula -- so simple that it cannot transform people.

YET YOU CANNOT LAY REMORSE UPON THE INNOCENT NOR LIFT IT FROM THE HEART OF THE GUILTY.

Certainly your judges are incapable of doing that. The longer they are in the service of being a judge, the harder become their hearts.

AND YOU WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND JUSTICE.  
HOW SHALL YOU UNLESS YOU LOOK UPON ALL DEEDS IN THE FULLNESS OF LIGHT?

Don't judge a fragment of an action. You cannot judge a novel by tearing one page from the middle and reading it; you cannot judge whether the novel is a great piece of art,

creativity, or just rubbish. How can you judge anybody by a small act?

But you yourself are not capable of seeing YOUR wholeness. How can you be capable of seeing the whole life of another person? First start from yourself, and the more you understand yourself the more compassionate you will be.

The day you have understood your whole being, you will know there are no sinners and no saints -- this is all a drama of sleeping people.

ONLY THEN SHALL YOU KNOW THAT THE ERECT AND THE FALLEN ARE BUT ONE MAN  
STANDING IN TWILIGHT BETWEEN THE NIGHT OF HIS PYGMY-SELF AND THE DAY OF HIS  
GOD-SELF.  
AND THAT THE CORNERSTONE OF THE TEMPLE IS NOT HIGHER THAN THE LOWEST STONE  
IN ITS FOUNDATION.

Nobody is lower, nobody is higher.  
Nobody is a sinner, nobody is a saint.  
We are all one, single whole.  
If somebody commits a sin, we have committed it.

And if somebody becomes a Gautam Buddha, we have also tasted something of the beyond.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

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# The Messiah, Vol 1

## Chapter #23

Chapter title: Except Love, There Should be No Law

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THEN A LAWYER SAID,  
BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS, MASTER?  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS,  
YET YOU DELIGHT MORE IN BREAKING THEM.  
LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING BY THE OCEAN WHO BUILD SAND-TOWERS WITH CONSTANCY  
AND THEN DESTROY THEM WITH LAUGHTER.  
BUT WHILE YOU BUILD YOUR SAND-TOWERS THE OCEAN BRINGS MORE SAND TO THE  
SHORE. AND WHEN YOU DESTROY THEM THE OCEAN LAUGHS WITH YOU.  
VERILY THE OCEAN LAUGHS ALWAYS WITH THE INNOCENT.  
BUT WHAT OF THOSE TO WHOM LIFE IS NOT AN OCEAN, AND MAN-MADE LAWS ARE NOT  
SAND-TOWERS,  
BUT TO WHOM LIFE IS A ROCK, AND THE LAW A CHISEL WITH WHICH THEY WOULD CARVE  
IT IN THEIR OWN LIKENESS?  
WHAT OF THE CRIPPLE WHO HATES DANCERS?  
WHAT OF THE OX WHO LOVES HIS YOKE AND DEEMS THE ELK AND THE DEER OF THE  
FOREST STRAY AND VAGRANT THINGS?  
WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN, AND CALLS ALL OTHERS  
NAKED AND SHAMELESS?  
AND OF HIM WHO COMES EARLY TO THE WEDDING FEAST, AND WHEN OVER-FED AND  
TIRED, GOES HIS WAY SAYING THAT ALL FEASTS ARE VIOLATION AND ALL FEASTERS  
LAW-BREAKERS?  
WHAT SHALL I SAY OF THESE SAVE THAT THEY TOO STAND IN THE SUNLIGHT, BUT WITH  
THEIR BACKS TO THE SUN?  
THEY SEE ONLY THEIR SHADOWS, AND THEIR SHADOWS ARE THEIR LAWS.  
AND WHAT IS THE SUN TO THEM BUT A CASTER OF SHADOWS?  
AND WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR  
SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?  
BUT YOU WHO WALK FACING THE SUN, WHAT IMAGES DRAWN ON THE EARTH CAN HOLD  
YOU?  
YOU WHO TRAVEL WITH THE WIND, WHAT WEATHERVANE SHALL DIRECT YOUR COURSE?  
WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S  
PRISON DOOR?  
WHAT LAW SHALL YOU FEAR IF YOU DANCE BUT STUMBLE AGAINST NO MAN'S IRON  
CHAINS?  
AND WHO IS HE THAT SHALL BRING YOU TO JUDGMENT IF YOU TEAR OFF YOUR GARMENT

YET LEAVE IT IN NO MAN'S PATH?  
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, YOU CAN MUFFLE THE DRUM, AND YOU CAN LOOSEN THE  
STRINGS OF THE LYRE, BUT WHO SHALL COMMAND THE SKYLARK NOT TO SING?  
THEN A LAWYER SAID, BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS, MASTER?  
AND HE ANSWERED:  
YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS,  
YET YOU DELIGHT MORE IN BREAKING THEM, LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING BY THE OCEAN  
WHO BUILD SAND-TOWERS WITH CONSTANCY AND THEN DESTROY THEM WITH  
LAUGHTER.

It is an important statement. It has to be understood, with all its implications.  
First, who are the people who *delight in laying down laws*?

Kahlil Gibran has completely forgotten about the quality of people who lay down the laws -- they are the weakest in humanity. Because they are weak they join together in a crowd, and all the laws they make are just to prevent the strong people and their mob. The weaker majority of humanity lays down the laws through its representatives to hide its weakness, and to be strong in its majority.

Your laws are not out of love, out of sincerity, out of silence. Your laws are out of fear. And anything based in fear is ugly.

Even though there are laws to protect the weak, the stronger are far more clever, far more cunning. The laws are made by their representatives to protect the weak -- but in fact they are used to protect the cunning and the clever, the rich and the powerful, *against* the poor, *against* the weak.

It is a very complicated question. You make the laws and you are going to be the victim of your own laws, because you cannot prevent the strong people from taking over your laws and using them against you.

While Adolf Hitler was in Germany, he was a chosen, elected through democratic means as the chancellor of the country. But once he was the chancellor of the country he himself *became* the law. And the same laws were turned against the people who had elected him.

There exists no lawfulness in the world because the basic stone of the foundation is missing. Love does not exist -- how can law exist?

Napoleon Bonaparte is reported to have said, "I am the law. My word is the law." Might has always been right in the whole past of humanity, and we are not yet out of the dark ages. Might is still right.

Might should not be right; right is far superior to might. Might is animal, right is human.

But why do all these armies exist? Why are people asked not carry arms? And the police and the government and the army -- they can carry disastrous arms, murderous arms, to protect you. And remember: whoever has power, in the name of protection becomes your master. His power destroys your dignity, your humanity, your pride.

The world needs disarmament -- not only the Soviet Union or America; the whole world needs disarmament. If people have been disarmed, for whom are you carrying all these arms? For what purpose? -- just to make you more and more powerful, and to make the people more and more weakened. They cannot fight, they cannot even think of fighting -- they don't have any means. Rather than making people more loving, more understanding, more human towards each other, your so-called governments are simply using the rule of the jungle: whoever is powerful is right.

In the parables of Aesop there is a beautiful story -- all parables of Aesop are beautiful,

but this parable is very relevant to the subject we are going to discuss.

A small lamb is drinking water in a stream, and a lion comes and feels a good chance for a breakfast. He tells the lamb, "You have some nerve -- I am here to drink water and you are polluting it, disturbing the dust."

But the lamb must have been immensely intelligent. He said, "Uncle, the current of the stream is going downward. You are standing upstream -- how can I corrupt the water for you? because the water will not flow upwards. It is simple logic."

Seeing that the lamb was intelligent, the lion said, "Your father has insulted me."

The lamb said, "When?"

And the lion said, "Just the other day."

The lamb said, "It must have been someone else, because my father has been dead for six months. How could you meet him the other day?"

Seeing that all his efforts to make a good breakfast of the lamb with an intellectual conviction that he had committed a crime against him... and the lamb said, "Anyway, even if my father has insulted you, I am innocent. You should not be angry at me."

The lion was puzzled -- what to do with this intelligent lamb? Finally he said, "You don't know how to talk with your elders. You are disrespectful to me. You go on speaking and answering everything that I say, and contradicting me. I cannot tolerate it."

The lamb said, "Why bother with all this? You want to kill me, kill me."

Might needs no argumentation -- although in the beginning, the weaker part of humanity felt that there was only one way to protect themselves, and that was to create law. Anybody who goes against law is to be punished, and everybody is equal in the eyes of the law. But they were absolutely unaware that if the strong, the cunning, the politically clever want power, they will manage it.

What is your so-called democracy, defined as the government of the people, for the people, by the people? Sometimes lies can also be expressed in beautiful words. No government in the world is by the people or for the people or of the people. This is the deception -- so that you can choose the stronger and the clever and the cunning, and once they are elected they have all the powers in their hands. And they use all those powers for their own benefit, not for the benefit of the people.

Who are the lawmakers? And why in the first place are laws needed; are governments, armies and the police needed; for what? -- to keep you enslaved forever, giving you good promises but never delivering the goods.

It is time that man should move his attention from laws -- they have not been helpful, they have been harmful and poisonous -- towards love.

Except love, there should be no law.

And if people's hearts are full of love there is no need of law at all.

THEN A LAWYER SAID: BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS?

AND HE ANSWERED: YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS...

You delight because those laws make you powerful, yet you delight more in breaking them. A truth that cannot be denied is that most of the politicians come from the profession of law. And the greatest criminals in the world come from the profession of law. Knowing the

law, they know all the loopholes. The innocent has no way to understand the legal jargon.

Mulla Nasruddin had gone to a lawyer and said, "I want your help. These are the charges the opposite party is putting against me. What do you say?"

The lawyer said, "You need not worry. I promise you that nobody can save whoever committed these crimes you related to me, except a great legal expert -- and you have come to the right person."

Then Mulla started to leave the room. The legal expert said, "But what about my fee? because I always take half of the fee in advance and half when you are victorious."

Mulla Nasruddin said, "These are not the crimes committed by me, these are the crimes committed by the other party. I don't need your help." You go to any lawyer and he is ready to fight for you. Certainly both of the contesting parties cannot be right; they can both be wrong but they cannot both be right. As far as right is concerned, only one can be right.

But no lawyer says to his clients that "Your case is weak and you cannot win." He will lose his whole profession. Even to the murderer he says, "Don't be worried. If I am to defend you, you have not committed murder. Forget all about it, you must have dreamt it."

A strange profession: two lawyers have to be paid, the judge has to be paid -- out of the pockets of people who have no business in it.

If crime disappears from the world, lawyers will disappear, judges will disappear, courts will disappear. They show our ugliness and they show our unintelligence.

So on the one hand the same people create laws and the same people protect criminals. The same people break the laws they have made. It is almost a game, Kahlil Gibran says, *like children playing by the ocean who build sand-towers with constancy and then destroy them with laughter*. They have created a beautiful profession. For their profession, crime is needed -- more crime and more money, more crime and more courts, more crime and more jails. Do you think these people would like the world to be crimeless? They will lose all their power, their profession, all their clients. They will be beggars. Right now they have become the masters.

And it is strange that the judgments always go in favor of the rich, in favor of the exploiters -- never in favor of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the exploited. What you call law is in fact organized crime, hidden with sophisticated jargon.

If man is really interested to get rid of crime, every court should become a meditation center. Every jail should become helpful psychologically and physically to the people who have been forced there -- to give them dignity, to give them some craft, some art. And they all have talents dormant in them. Those talents should be brought out, so when they come out in the world they are not dependent on crime anymore. They have every capacity to earn, to deserve -- and moreover they have learned how to be silent, how to be peaceful, how to be meditative.

My own suggestion is that all the politicians at least should be sent into such places which you have been calling jails, imprisonment. I would not like to use those dirty words. They should be sent for their spiritual growth into meditative centers, into meditative communes. If we can transform the politicians -- who are powerful criminals -- then crime can disappear from the world without much effort.

Because it is not the weaker who commits the crime, it is the stronger who commits the

crime. The weaker simply protects himself, makes laws. But he is unaware that he may be in the majority, but once you have chosen a member of the parliament for five years, he is your master. And you will go on like a Rotary Club, changing your masters every five years. What does it matter who is the master? Whoever is the master is going to be destructive of humanity in a thousand and one ways.

BUT WHILE YOU BUILD YOUR SAND-TOWERS, THE OCEAN BRINGS MORE SAND TO THE SHORE. AND WHEN YOU DESTROY THEM THE OCEAN LAUGHS WITH YOU.

He is speaking in a metaphorical, symbolic language -- saying that the whole existence laughs at the stupidity humanity continuously goes on living in: making sand castles and hoping that "This castle is not going to be destroyed."

How many laws have been created down the centuries? And every law has been broken. Then to protect the law, more laws are created. Now it has become so ridiculous that you have all kinds of laws... they were created in the beginning by the weak to protect themselves, and now they are in the hands of the strongest people, and they are being used against the weak, against the poor.

It is a very strange story that these lawgivers have reduced the whole humanity into a subhuman state. Because they have the guns, and they don't allow you even a paper knife. And power goes on shifting into other powerful hands and the vast majority of humanity goes on hoping and hoping that one day there will be no crime, no rape, no murder.

But crimes have increased, murders have increased, suicides have increased, rapes have increased -- and the law is so superficial it does not go to the roots of the problem.

Kahlil Gibran is saying the ocean, the earth, the moons, the stars, laugh -- what kind of man has arisen on the earth? You have become the laughingstock of the whole universe.

VERILY THE OCEAN LAUGHS ALWAYS WITH THE INNOCENT.

There, Kahlil Gibran seems to be slipping down again. First he says they laugh with the lawmakers and the lawbreakers, and now he says: *Verily the ocean laughs always with the innocent.*

I say unto you, the ocean cries, weeps with the innocent, for the innocent. The laughter against the lawmakers and lawbreakers is a laughter of condemnation. But how can the earth, the ocean, the mountains laugh with the innocent? who is being continuously tortured, harassed, and there is no appeal for him.

At the most he can appeal to the empty sky. He had to create a God just to have a little consolation that he can appeal; that there are courts, but the ultimate court is far above, above the clouds in heaven.

And all the religions have been consoling people. Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God. Blessed is the man who stands last in the queue because he will be received first in the kingdom of God." Mere consolations, to somehow tolerate and suffer in the hope that one day he will be the first and the first will be the last. One day the innocent will be declared pure and clean, and the so-called victorious will be defeated for eternity.

I have always wondered, continuously, how a man of Kahlil Gibran's calibre managed to remain in a third-class religion of the world, Christianity. And he never raised a question

against Christianity.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE TO WHOM LIFE IS NOT AN OCEAN, AND MAN-MADE LAWS ARE NOT SAND-TOWERS,  
BUT TO WHOM LIFE IS A ROCK AND THE LAW A CHISEL WITH WHICH THEY WOULD CARVE IT IN THEIR OWN LIKENESS?

Sometimes he seems to have lost his eyesight. He has forgotten that God created man in his own image. Every father has been doing the same since then, making an effort to create in his children his own image. He will be gone, but his image will remain.

But the moment you start trying to create your own image you are being violent, not loving. You are not allowing the other person to have his own original face; you are giving him a mask which looks like you.

I was staying in a family, sitting early in the morning in the garden. The only child of the family, nearabout eight or nine years old, had become very friendly with me. He was also sitting with me. I asked him, "What do you want to become in life?"

He said, "Most probably I will be in a madhouse."

I said, "You want to be in a madhouse?"

He said, "I don't want to be in a madhouse -- but my father wants me to become a doctor, my mother wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a professor, the elders of my family... everybody has an image and they all want to impose their image on me. Nobody even asks me what I want to become. They are not concerned with me, they are concerned with their own ambitions. They want to create me exactly as a carbon copy of themselves -- everybody. Naturally, I am going to be in a madhouse -- a little bit of doctor, a little bit of engineer, a little bit of this and a little bit of that."

I said, "You are very intelligent -- nobody can put you in a madhouse. Tonight I am going to talk to your parents and your elders."

He said, "This has been going on from the very beginning. As soon as I became able to speak, anybody coming to the house -- a guest, a friend -- and they would say to my father: 'His eyes look exactly like you.' And they would say, 'His nose looks exactly like his mother,' and so on, so forth. And I started wondering whether I am a concoction of all these people -- nothing looks like me! My eyes look like my father, my nose looks like my mother, my color looks like my uncle -- have I got anything that is mine, or am I just a jigsaw puzzle? Somebody's nose, somebody's eyes, somebody's skin color, somebody's hair... they have been driving me mad since then."

This whole criminal act starts with God.

It is not a coincidence that you all call God, "father." All fathers are trying to do the same as he did. And because nobody is allowed to be himself, there is resistance, there is anger, there is violence, there is deep frustration in the heart. And all these combined create the criminal. If people are allowed and helped and loved *as they are*, if no demands are made on them, but only freedom is given to them to be themselves, crime can disappear from the earth. And with the crime, all the criminals -- the politicians, the judges, the lawyers -- are going to disappear. Naturally, such a vast investment is involved that they will not allow a man like me even to speak.

Because I can wake up the rebel in you. They have pushed it deep down into your unconscious -- I can bring it to your consciousness and help you to raise it to super-conscious

levels. But then you won't look like your father. You will look just like yourself. And you will not have any frustration, any anger, any rage, any violence, because no violence has been done to you.

Remember a fundamental law of existence: whatever is being done to you, you return it back to the society. If you are criminal, the society has done something which is criminal.

We have lived for five years, five thousand sannyasins together. And we never needed any judge, any court. Nobody was fighting, because everybody was grateful to everybody else for giving him his own space, his own being. How can he be violent?

Violence, illegality, criminality, are all only symptoms of a very deep cause, and the cause is that nobody has been allowed to fulfill his own destiny. How can you be happy, how can you be blissful, how can you be loving? It is impossible -- it is against all sensibility.  
AND OF THE CRIPPLE WHO HATES DANCERS...

How can law help a cripple who hates dancers? This is a very pregnant statement. The whole American government became angry with us because they were crippled and we were dancing. They could not forgive us. They were blind and we were enjoying all the colors of the rainbow and the light of the sun and the moon -- how can they forgive you?

Medical science has made it an established fact, which is being hidden by every government from the people... they are against drugs, they are against marijuana, but marijuana is harmless. It simply makes you more relaxed, more joyful -- and it has no hangover. But marijuana is illegal and alcohol is legal. And who are these lawgivers? Alcohol destroys you, may bring you an early death -- it is not so with marijuana. But to have marijuana is to commit a crime, and you can drink as much alcohol as you want.

It seems that because marijuana gives people a relaxedness, a joyousness, the crippled who cannot dance will not allow anybody else to dance either. The miserable who cannot be happy will not allow anybody to be happy.

Alcohol does not make you happy -- it simply makes you forget your miseries. But tomorrow the miseries will be there not less than before, but more than before -- and with a headache and a hangover. This is legal, the law favors it. But marijuana is illegal.

Only one man of understanding in this century, Aldous Huxley, had the courage to say that marijuana should be legalized all over the world, and alcohol should be prohibited. He was the man who said that marijuana is certainly somehow connected with the ancient Vedic days, when they used something they called *somras*. It was a drug; it was found only in the Himalayas. The effects that they describe are very close to marijuana.

Aldous Huxley was a courageous man, to declare that we have all the scientific technology to take out anything from any drug that is harmful, and make drugs not only harmless but nourishing to your health, to your mental stability, and perhaps may give you a glimpse of the beyond. He named these ultimate findings of science after the *somras*.

The oldest book in the world, RIG VEDA, mentions that before praying, seers would take *somras*, and then it was easy for them to dance, to sing, to be joyous. Aldous Huxley said that one day, when humanity comes to its senses, we will create a synthetic drug which has no bad effects at all, which passes through the body within twenty-four hours and does not remain in the body. He called it *soma* in the memory of those first pioneers who were calling it *somras*, the juice of the *som*. The word *som* means the moon. The moment they had drunk the *somras*, the earth became as beautiful for them as the fullmoon night -- hence the name

*somras.*

But nobody listened to him. Humanity lags behind in listening, and by the time it starts listening it is too late.

I started saying in 1950 that birth control should be propagated, and anybody who opposes it should be thought a criminal. I was stoned, because I was speaking against religion, because children come from God. At that time, India had a population of four hundred million people. If they had listened to me, they would not have been in such a mess. Now their population is more than double -- almost nine hundred million people.

But the politician is concerned only with his power. He is not concerned that by the end of this century, fifty million people will die of starvation in this country. Every street, every house will be surrounded by rotting corpses. In fact it will be better to die rather than to live amongst fifty million dead people -- nobody will be able to take them to the graveyard or to the funeral pyre.

And when fifty million people die around you, can you smile? can you dance? can you celebrate?

*What of the cripple who hates dancers*, of the retarded people who hate the genius, who have crucified Jesus Christ, who have killed Al Hillaj Mansoor, who were the people in Athens who poisoned Socrates -- all that is contained in this simple sentence, that the crippled cannot tolerate somebody else dancing.

Athens was at its peak of civilization and culture -- still, far below the genius of Socrates. They could not tolerate him; they could not fly that high. It was offensive. The only way they found was, "destroy this man, because he reminds us again and again that we are crippled."

What law is there, Almustafa is asking, that the dancers can be protected from the crippled ones?

What was the anger of Adolf Hitler to destroy one million Jews in Germany? -- because they were rich, intelligent, and he was in difficulty even to find any kind of employment. And finally, because there was a shortage of soldiers for the first war, he entered, he was taken into the army.

This man of no qualifications, of no superior human values, was gathering a great hatred for all those who had money, who had education, who had culture. Forty percent of Nobel prizes go to the Jews, and Jews are a small minority in the world. It was difficult for the crippled Adolf Hitler to tolerate these people. Once he managed to reach power, his first thing was that "Germany has been falling down, losing wars because of the Jews." Such an irrelevant, meaningless, absurd statement -- but he went on repeating it and people started believing it.

It is almost as if he had said "Germany's fall is because of bicycles -- destroy all bicycles and you will be the ruler of the whole world." But in the name of Nordic German Aryan superiority... of which he does not look like a representative; he looks just like a carbon copy of Charlie Chaplin -- a little more stupid.

But just buttress the ego of the ignorant, and the German Nordic people became convinced, that "This man is right. In the world only one race can be the chosen race, and Jews have been telling us for centuries that they are the chosen people of God. If Nordic Aryans want to be the chosen people in the world, and the rulers of the whole world, the enemy is nobody else but the Jews. They have to be completely erased. No trace should exist

in the world that there has ever been a certain race, of Jews."

And he convinced people, and six million Jews were killed. Of course their money was not burned, their houses were not burned. Their factories were not burned; they were all taken over by the Germans, and Germans became very happy: "This is a good and a great benefit. Adolf Hitler has made many Germans rich."

You can go on killing the Jews and robbing all their monies, but you cannot rob anybody's genius and you cannot rob anybody of his spirit. Adolf Hitler remained a retarded, pygmy human being -- an ugly pig.

How should the crippled be prevented from destroying the dancers?

How should the dumb be prevented from destroying the singers?

There is only one way: Even if a man is crippled, he has hidden in him some talent; help him to bring his talent and express it. A crippled person can paint, a crippled person can meditate, a crippled person can write poetries, a crippled person can be the best singer in the world. Rather than focusing on destroying the dancers, give the cripple education, facilities, so he does not feel in any way inferior to anybody.

WHAT OF THE OX WHO LOVES HIS YOKE AND DEEMS THE ELK AND DEER OF THE FOREST  
STRAY AND VAGRANT THINGS?

*What of the ox who loves his yoke...* because the yoke, the slavery... although at a very great cost, because no ox is born as a ox. Just see the ox and the bull, and you will know the difference. The bull is a glory, a magnificent phenomenon of strength and power. But he is being castrated. This is something not to forget... because many bulls are not needed.

One bull is enough to make thousands of cows pregnant, he has so much power. You cannot yoke a bull to your vehicle. He is so powerful that with you and your vehicle he may jump into a ditch. If he sees a beautiful lady cow coming on the way he may forget all about the business, throw away the yoke -- first things first!

No bull is of any pragmatic use -- except that he can produce more bulls. But before they become bulls or become aware of their strength, they have to be castrated. They have to be made impotent. Then the same glorious bull is just a poor ox, and goes on and on carrying a bullock cart. Of course he has more security: always enough food, a shelter in rain, in heat. Naturally he thinks that the elk and the deer, the wild animals who have a beauty....

The ox is a crime against poor animals who cannot speak, cannot go to a lawyer and ask, "On what authority are we being made impotent?" But to console himself, he thinks that the deer and the elk and all other wild animals are unnecessarily running here and there, vagabonds: "I am a useful being because I am pulling a cart." And the yoke, the slavery has become his safety.

Bullock carts should disappear from the world. When you have buses and railway trains and cars, what is the need to destroy millions of beautiful bulls? Don't be worried where they will get their food, how they will live. All the wild animals live, get their food, and are immensely happy. The bulls will also be in the forests, in the mountains, amongst their sisters and brothers.

A bullock cart is ugly. It shows man's violence against a silent animal who cannot protest. But somehow he manages to console himself. And this is the same with all people who are consoling themselves in some way or other. In this metaphoric language, Kahlil Gibran is

saying to people that you start loving your slavery because it gives you security, safety -- although you lose all your dignity, freedom, glory.

WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN?

Serpents every year shed their old skin, and they simply slip out of it with a fresh, young skin. Just like the trees -- they drop their dead leaves and soon they are again green with foliage and flowers. But the old serpent becomes so weak in his old age, he cannot get out of his rotten skin. But even he finds consolation:

WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN, AND CALLS ALL OTHERS NAKED AND SHAMELESS?

This concerns my people. In your dance, in your song, in your love, all the crippled people are enraged, because they cannot dance. But they have power to stop you from dancing. And I say unto you: It is better to die than to stop your dancing just out of the fear that you may be killed. Because what is a life which knows no song, no dance, no love? These are the people who are calling nakedness obscenity. Just put one thousand people naked and you will be surprised how ugly they look. In their clothes they are hiding their ugliness.

But when they see somebody naked *and* beautiful it is impossible for them to tolerate the person, because he reminds them of their own ugliness. Howsoever hidden in the clothes, it does not matter -- they know. Others may be deceived, but how can you deceive yourself? Nakedness becomes obscenity -- and all the animals are naked and all the birds are naked.

But I am not telling you to go in the streets naked. That time has not come yet. Just wait a little... let me have my people all around the world. Then our protests will be naked. They are asking us to drop firearms -- we are going to drop even the clothes! And if they feel ashamed they are not feeling ashamed of your nakedness; they are feeling ashamed of themselves and their bodies, what they have done with themselves. Hiding behind the clothes they have not taken any care of their bodies.

Right now -- because you are amongst those crippled people -- don't dance in the streets, because those crippled people are too many and we are very few. It is only because of those ugly people that I am telling you not to be naked in the street -- because you provoke their anger, their jealousy, their poverty. They don't have such a beautiful body.

But I promise you that the day is not far away when we will have enough people. Then we can fill all the streets of all the cities of the world with naked dancers, with thousands of singers and show them: "What you have missed, we have found. Don't be angry -- join us! And we will put your body right, and your mind right."

But it is a little too early. So right now, just behave the way the blind and the deaf and the crippled want you to behave. It is not our "norm" -- it is just a temporary adjustment with an insane world. Once we have enough people, we will show these insane people that "Unless you come naked on the streets, you are obscene. What are you afraid of? In your house you can use clothes, but not outside!"

AND OF HIM WHO COMES EARLY TO THE WEDDING FEAST AND WHEN OVER-FED AND TIRED, GOES HIS WAY SAYING THAT ALL FEASTS ARE VIOLATIONS, ALL FEASTERS ARE

## LAWBREAKERS.

This, on the superficial level, seems to be not of any importance, but it has a depth that you will have to discover. I know that all the political leaders, all the bureaucrats, are drinkers, smokers. Even when there was prohibition, in the very cabinet of Morarji Desai there were people who were drinking alcohol. And I don't think there was anything wrong in it. If Morarji Desai is free to drink his own urine... alcohol is purely vegetarian. In fact he is abnormal. He thinks every disease can be cured just by drinking your urine -- no medical colleges are needed, no doctors, no medicines.

I had a discussion with him, and I said, "Just tell me how you can cure a man who is suffering from cancer by having him drink his own urine? Or a man who is suffering from tuberculosis... the urine takes all the poisons of the body out and you are taking them back in! If you want to prohibit, prohibit everybody from drinking his own urine. You can say, 'I am an exception, I am the prime minister of India -- only prime ministers are allowed.' And I know about your cabinet members, personally. They are all drinking alcohol. What is the point of imposing your ideas on people?"

Mahatma Gandhi is the father of four children, and after giving birth to four children he started teaching celibacy. At least give the same opportunity to everybody. And what happened to his celibacy in the end? -- because it was nothing but repression. At the late age of seventy he started sleeping with a naked girl. And his disciples wanted the fact not to be known to the public, because he would lose all his saintliness, mahatmahood -- at the age of seventy he is sleeping naked with a girl!

But they could not hide it for a simple reason: because a few years before, Gandhi's own private secretary, Pyarelal, had fallen in love with a woman. He was a young man, intelligent man, and a very beautiful writer. Gandhi prevented him, and gave him an ultimatum: "Either remain celibate or leave the ashram. Or if you want to get married, I have no objection -- get married, but remain celibate."

Strange kind of logic: fast, but keep all kinds of beautiful dishes around you. In that way, to fast becomes even more difficult because you cannot think of anything else but the beautiful dishes around you, and the aroma arising to you continuously reminds you that you are hungry.

It was Pyarelal -- and as far as I understand, out of sheer revenge -- who made the secret open to the whole world. He wrote a biography of Mahatma Gandhi and devoted almost one hundred pages to his unnatural idea of celibacy. And ultimately, before his death, Mahatma Gandhi started sleeping with a girl!

Even now, Gandhians don't talk about it. Films are made on Gandhi but that part is not there. And people like Vinoba Bhave, Kaka Kalelkar, his very close disciples, were writing letters to Pyarelal which he has published: "Do whatever you want but keep it a secret." These are the people who are in search of truth.

WHAT SHALL I SAY OF THESE SAVE THAT THEY TOO STAND IN THE SUNLIGHT, BUT WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE SUN?

All these people who are condemning others, judging others, just to feel superior, are doing nothing but one thing: standing not facing the sun, but keeping *their backs to the sun*.

They don't want to see. They are perfectly content with their blindness. Their blindness is very long, old, it has become their philosophy, their religion, their lifestyle. They cannot change it -- and the change is very simple: just a one hundred and eighty-degree turn and there will be no darkness but only light.

But even if you force these people, they will keep their eyes closed. They are facing only their shadows; they see only their shadows and their shadows are their laws. This was the question -- "Tell us about the laws."

Almustafa is saying very correctly:

THEY SEE ONLY THEIR SHADOWS, AND THEIR SHADOWS ARE THEIR LAWS.

Their laws are made in their blindness, in their darkness, in their unconsciousness.

AND WHAT IS THE SUN TO THEM BUT A CASTER OF SHADOWS?

The sun is not a light to them, but only *a caster of shadows*. If you keep your back to the sun, naturally this will be your conclusion too.

AND WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?

They don't have any light, just their own shadow. So what remains?  
WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?

And those tracings upon the earth of their own shadows, they want to impose on everyone else.

BUT YOU WHO WALK FACING THE SUN, WHAT IMAGES DRAWN ON THE EARTH CAN HOLD YOU?

A beautiful statement: *But you who walk facing the sun, what images drawn drawn on the earth can hold you?* The sun is your law, that's what I am saying: Love is your only law. Don't act against love. Follow wherever your love leads you, and you will remain always innocent.

YOU WHO TRAVEL WITH THE WIND, WHAT WEATHERVANE SHALL DIRECT YOUR COURSE?

You simply have to live a life of let-go. The winds will take you lovingly wherever your destiny lies.

WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S PRISON DOOR?

It is just in your hands to remain a slave or to become a free man. Free you were born -- slavery is the gift of all those who pretend to love you. Perhaps they are not even aware that they are making you slaves.

Break all chains, throw all yokes, and follow your own nature.  
Wherever it leads is paradise.

It is not a question of asking where paradise is. I am saying, if you simply follow your nature, wherever you reach you will find paradise.

WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S PRISON DOOR?  
WHAT LAW SHALL YOU FEAR IF YOU DANCE BUT STUMBLE AGAINST NO MAN'S IRON CHAINS?

This is especially for you:

Dance, but don't stumble on somebody else's chains. If he has decided to remain in chains, that is his problem.

AND WHO IS THAT SHALL BRING YOU TO JUDGMENT IF YOU TEAR OFF YOUR GARMENT YET LEAVE IT IN NO MAN'S PATH?

Who has the authority to prevent you from throwing your clothes, your conditionings, and becoming an individual in your own right? But don't throw your clothes and garments in anybody's path.

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, YOU CAN MUFFLE THE DRUM AND YOU CAN LOOSEN THE STRINGS OF THE LYRE, BUT WHO SHALL COMMAND THE SKYLARK NOT TO SING?

The police commissioner of Poona!

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho!