



*the*  
**open  
secret**

*a Darshan Diary*

*Bhagwan Shree  
Rajneesh*



Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh is a new Invisible Man. In more than one sense he has disappeared. Even neighbours (not to mention the rest of India) do not, cannot, see him. From time to time rumours seep out about what is happening in his ashram and journalists arrive to generate more false speculation. What is happening in this mystery school is secret, though there are no walls to stop visitors entering or concealment to prevent them learning about ... the experiment.

This Enlightened Master is showing us how to let God happen in us, how to disappear as egos, how to let Tao flow through us. No less. It seems outrageous, too far-fetched — and that is why the 'experiment' remains an open secret. And the message is deceptively simple. This is the pitfall. For the way requires no effort, no striving. Allowing, accepting, being ordinary are the refrains, the litany of this path. No goals. Being here and now on the way is the way, is all.

Every night Bhagwan receives disciples who come to darshan to be initiated, to seek advice, to commune with him in various ways. And to each according to his capacity to imbibe, the Master pours forth his secret, his love, his being. This is how it happens....

*Swami Prem Pramod*

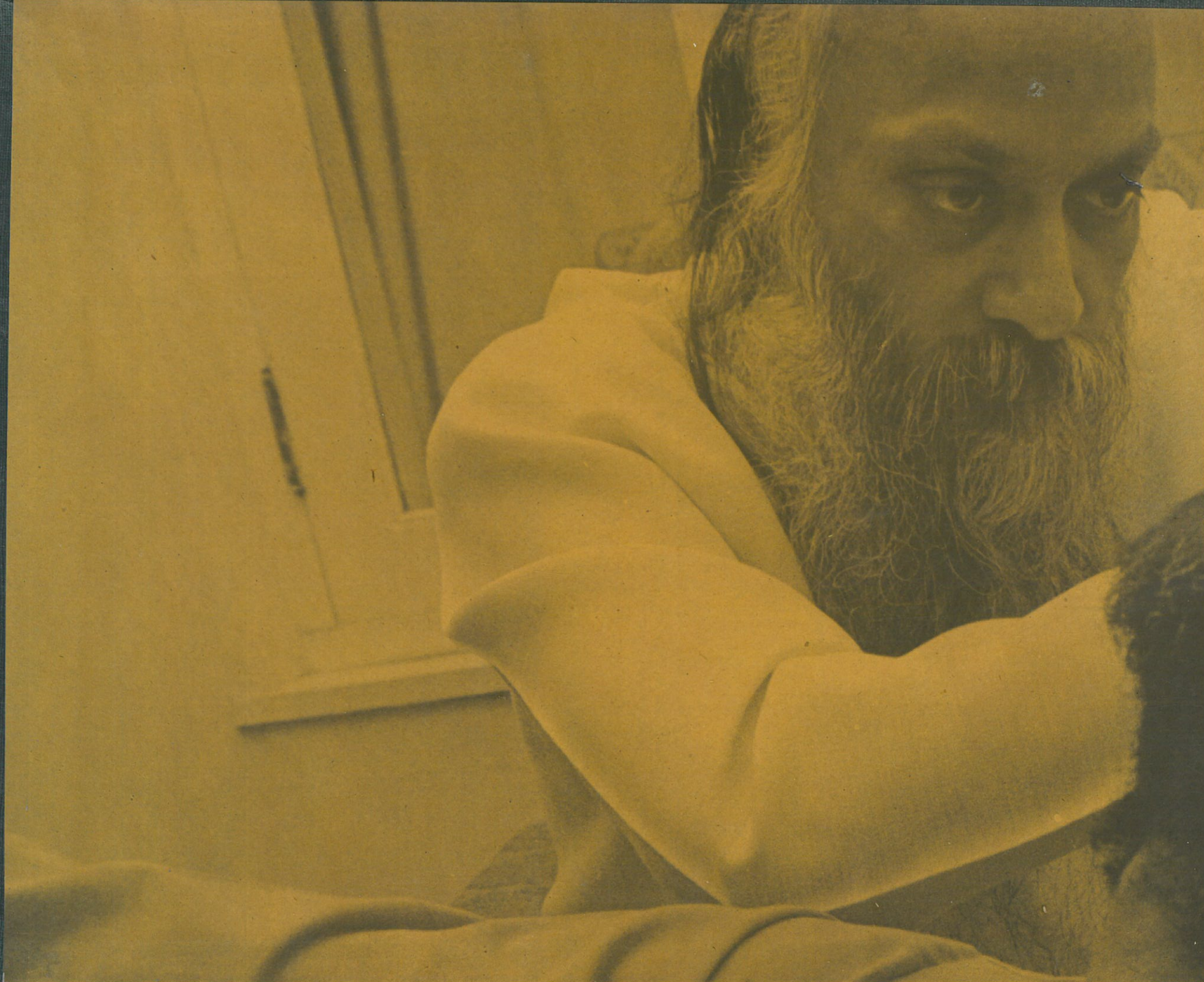
"He is an emptiness, a state of being, not a person. The disciple often clings to the finger. The master is continually throwing the disciple back upon himself."

*De Nieuwe Linie*  
*January 1980*  
*(Holland)*



# THE OPEN SECRET











Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh  
is now known simply  
as Osho.

Osho has explained that  
His name is derived  
from William James' word  
'oceanic' which means  
dissolving into the ocean.

Oceanic describes the  
experience, He says,  
but what about

the experiencer? For that  
we use the word 'Osho'.

Later He came to find out  
that 'Osho' has also been used  
historically in the Far East  
meaning

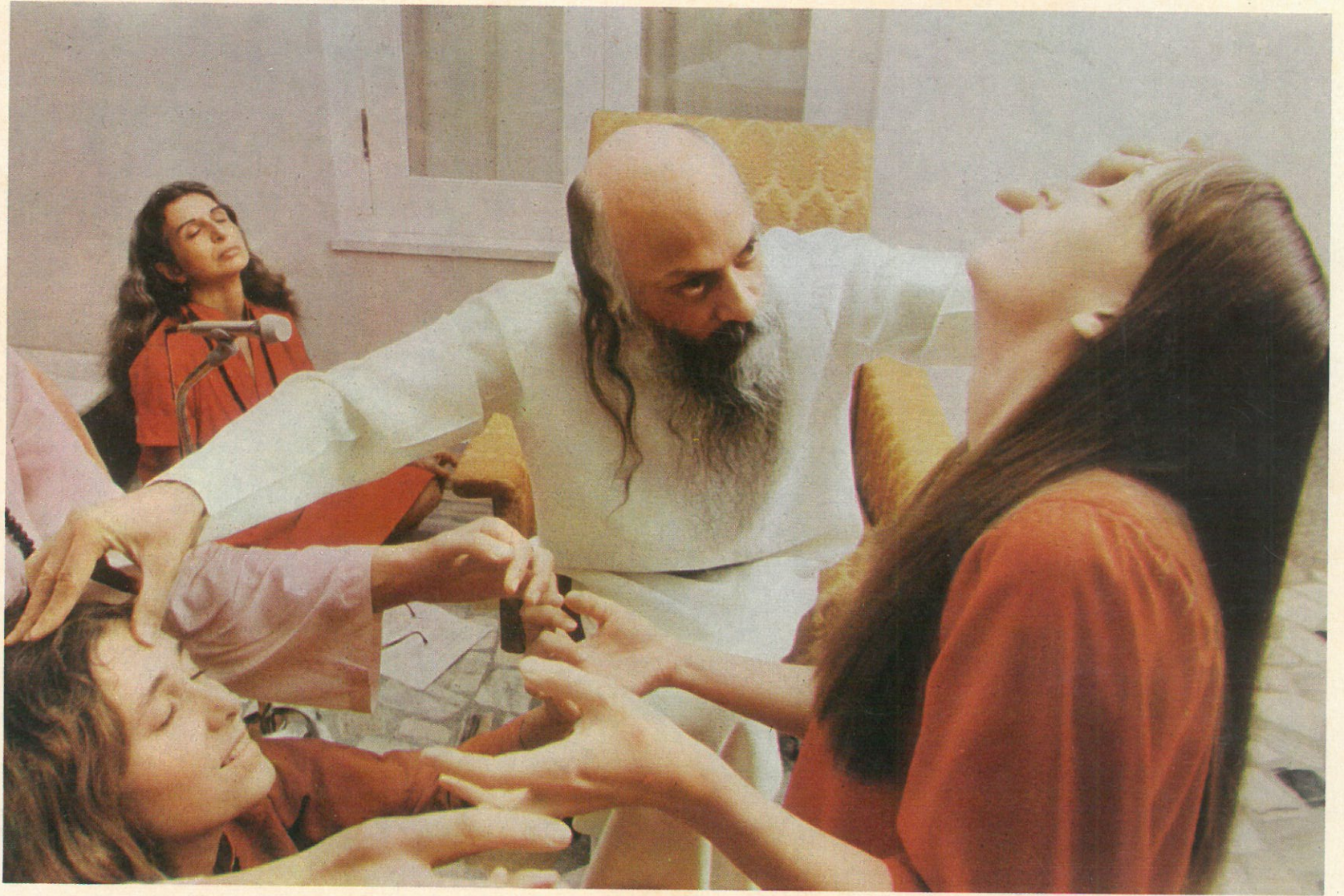
"The Blessed One, on Whom  
the Sky Showers Flowers."



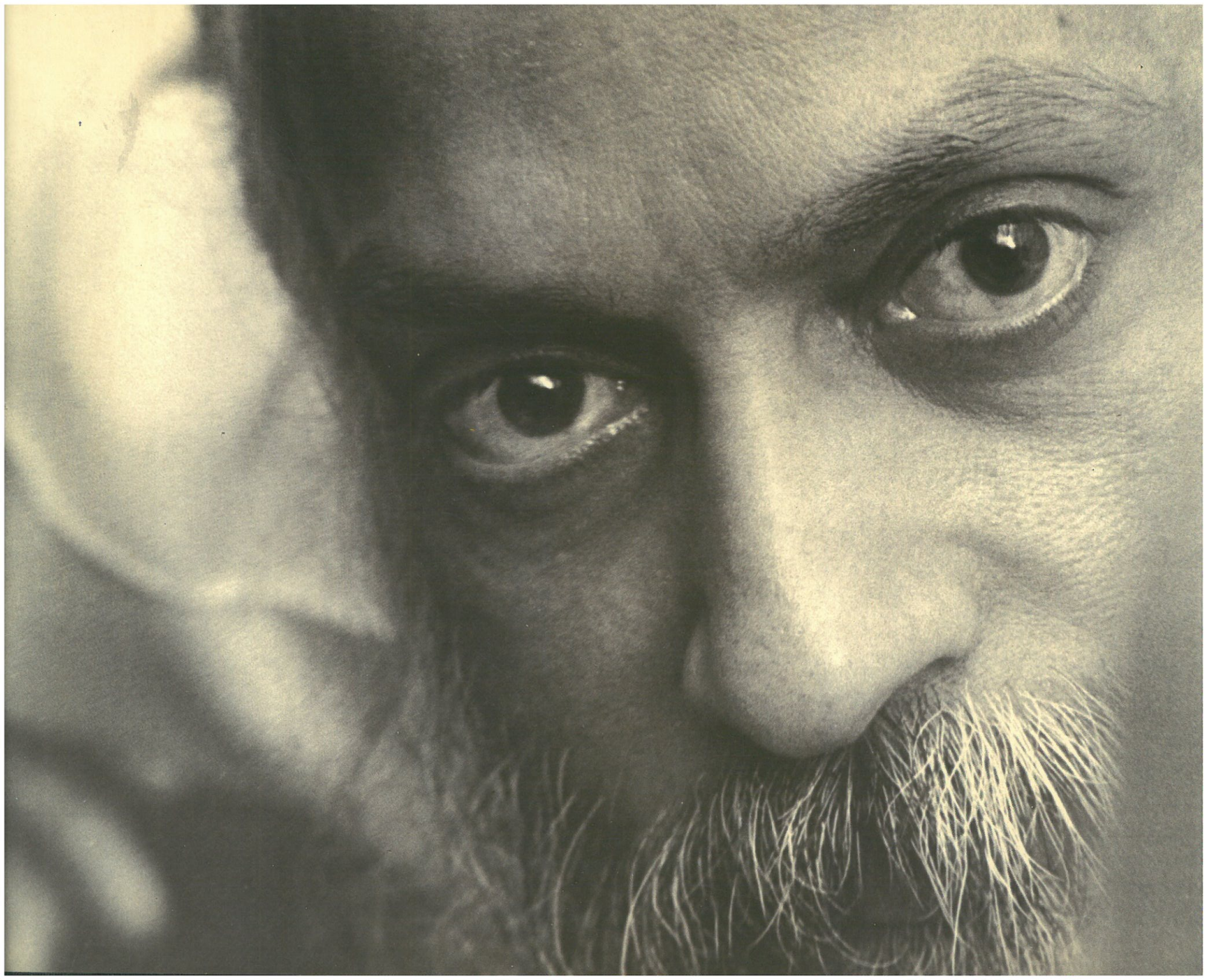
# The Open Secret

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh











Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh  
*The Open Secret*

*A darshan diary*

*Editing and commentary*

*Ma Prem Maneesha*



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## Introduction

*Who is he, this man in white who sits before us? Every morning he's there for us and every evening too. He must be a man, he looks like a man, but so much more as well. I've never seen a man walk like that, a kind of float, as though his moving feet stop inches above the ground. I've never heard a man talk like that, an unhalting flow that when I allow reaches straight to my heart, a music beyond meaning. And never has a man had hands like his, hands that have a poetry of their own, that move through the air like birds gliding, sometimes darting in the sky, an autumn leaf falling gently to the ground.*

*Sometimes I just sit and look and wonder. Who is he? What is he? We call him Bhagwan we call him God, but do I really know it? Do I believe that I can sit at the feet of a living god, that such a thing can really exist? They tell us there was a Jesus, a Buddha, a Mohammed and a Mahavir, we accept because it doesn't matter. Who bothers to question the validity of the past? But today, now, when we know so much more, when superstitious religions are excused as ignorance can there really be such a being?*







*My mind questions and yet I know.  
How can I doubt when I feel that presence  
and look into those eyes: those eyes that see  
everything I am, everything I've ever been,  
and everything I'm going to be? How can I  
not trust?*

*For hours together I sit before him and the  
world outside stands still, there's only now  
and here. I stare at him and sometimes I  
think I see that he isn't there. I see his hands  
moving without his doing and feel the words  
coming from somewhere beyond him.  
I fancy he too watches and maybe wonders  
what is happening through him.*

*Sometimes I don't look. I close my eyes and  
withdraw to the world inside. I hear his voice  
as one with the birds, the moving trees  
and the occasional traffic noise beyond the  
ashram confine. But the real world is  
somewhere else, somewhere within me and  
within the powerful energy that radiates  
from that presence I feel before me. I open  
myself, try not to be there and allow that  
energy to enter and overwhelm me.*

*Sometimes I listen to him, the words and  
their meaning. What he says is always so  
beautiful, always calms and satisfies my  
mind, answers the unspoken problems my  
mind produces. But less and less it seems  
important. How pale and boring the mind,  
compared with that beyond it.*

*And sometimes I sit and love him. I think  
it's love; I no longer know. I know now only  
that I have never known. I glimpse a whole  
other world that lies beyond the one I live  
in; a world where all is in harmony, all is  
a flow; where people look and words are  
just a game. I think this is the love he talks  
about, so vast a thing the mind can't  
comprehend; and when the mind is there  
it all becomes a dream. Can such a paradise  
exist? I know it does, but what to do? how  
to live there? There is nothing to do, he  
tells us, nowhere to go, nothing to achieve.  
You are there already, you are it already,  
unavoidably, inextricably part of the greater  
flow that is life. Only you, the thing you  
think is you, is the barrier, divides and  
separates you from what really is.*

*I fancied once I saw myself and others  
enclosed in clear plastic balloons, hundreds  
of them floating around the ashram, each  
imagining his balloon was the world, his  
game was reality. And sometimes someone  
would dissolve his balloon — a wink, a look,  
an understanding, and my artificial prison  
too would dissolve. We'd laugh because  
we know it's all a game, and I would  
become part of him, and part of everything  
outside that really is.*

*Life is so simple then, when I'm not there.  
Nothing to think about, nothing to change;  
just being and the bliss that flows so*

*naturally from it. Nothing to struggle for,  
nothing more to desire; just being and  
everything is right, everything just is and  
problems are a game of my mind.*

*'You are your undoing, you are the barrier,'  
he says. 'When the mind ceases with all its  
activity, seeing it is futile, then the unknown  
penetrates you, overwhelms you. The mind  
must cease for God to be. You must  
disappear, you must give way, you must  
become empty — only then can you  
become full.'*

*I guess that's what we're doing here, living  
and working around the master — trying  
not to be, or trying to be not; waiting for  
the ceaseless mind to cease. I used to think  
I really knew why I was here. Suddenly the  
point, the reason for existence; a lift from  
the pit of black depression that had  
insinuated its way into every sector of my  
life. But now, two years later, the clarity is  
not so clear, the point not so pointed. In its  
place is something much more vast and  
diverse, so much greater it goes way beyond  
the bounds of mere definition.*

*I only know I'm here because there's  
nowhere else to be; I'm here because  
around this man life has dimensions beyond  
the known, infinite possibilities I shall  
probably never understand but maybe one  
day will live. Uncertainty is there, even more*



than before, but who wants certainty.  
I want to live, not to be entombed within  
the dead confines of a security that dictates  
my every thought, my every move.

This man, this god, has given me a life  
I always dreamed about; a life I knew  
somewhere was mine, but could never find.  
It's not that something precise has happened,  
but every day it happens, goes on happening.  
We eat and sleep, we work and play — a life  
quite normal and mundane; and all the time  
he's there, it's there, that amazing something  
that makes each day a gift, a play, a never-  
ending trip to nowhere. A new depth, a new  
meaning comes into perspective; I could  
never settle for the old. I went back once,  
I looked, I tried; and then I laughed and felt  
sad; laughed that I could ever think of  
leaving what I'd found, and cried for all  
the people I loved who didn't know, who  
couldn't see.

Life is simpler now through all its  
complications.

'Life is vast,' he says.  
'It is both summer and winter.  
It is both good and bad.  
It is just like two wings of a bird —  
you cannot be, without both.

Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm sad,  
sometimes I feel loving and sometimes I

don't. The space he creates gives me room  
to be everywhere. The extremes of living  
continue but it's easier now to accept both  
as part of the same thing, to find a point  
somewhere in between, beyond, where both  
are unimportant.

And all the time the silence grows; that  
space, that soundless sound within me  
deepens, permeates more and more of my  
imaginary solid substance. A bit more of me  
is not.

And then? I don't know what it's all about,  
but somewhere I do. I look at him, this man  
in white who sits before us, and I hear him  
say, 'If it could happen to me it can happen  
to you.' Something inside me understands,  
sees this man as a living reminder that  
divinity is within the reach of us all. I don't  
have to understand, because I'm the one  
who's in the way. I don't have to do  
anything because everything I do is a  
hindrance. 'If you are not, God is,' he says.  
The open secret. So obvious, so simple,  
I wonder why we miss?

Ma Prem Mangala







This book, the twentythird in the  
Rajneesh Foundation's darshan  
diary series, is compiled from  
darshans from the period  
November 1<sup>st</sup> to November 31<sup>st</sup>, 1977.



## Tuesday 1

A middle-aged, balding man sits in front of Bhagwan tonight. Big brown eyes, a soft and wearied face, he looks tentatively up at Bhagwan then lowers his eyes again. His name is Ali, and he is about to become our third Iranian sannyasin! The second one, Premmati, is sitting beside Ali now, to act as interpreter. Mm! murmurs Bhagwan, his gaze resting softly on Ali's bent head. Close your eyes and just go in . . . Listen to all the sounds here.

With Ali I close my eyes and sink into the silence of the night. There are various sounds — the creaking of the trees in the slight breeze that has sprung up, a sudden gunshot far away in the background, the chirring of crickets and the rustle of leaves. Then the sound of plastic crackling, as Vivek, on Bhagwan's left hand, takes a mala from the pile lying beside her. Yet the sounds are not distractions, detractions from the feel of harmony, of rightness, that I always become aware of in the atmosphere around Bhagwan, the atmosphere that is Bhagwan.

I resurface to see Bhagwan placing the mala around Ali's neck then touching his third eye for several moments.

Good! he says, smiling warmly. This will be your new name: Swami Anand Avid . . .

BHAGWAN: Anand means bliss, and avid means one who knows — one who knows blissfully, one who knows through bliss, a knowing blissfulness.

And God can only be known that way; God cannot be known through suffering. Everybody tends to remember God when they suffer. But the real lovers are those who remember him when they are happy, because it is only in happiness that we are open to him.

Happiness really means that we are very close to him, because happiness is possible only when we are close to him. So remember when you are happy . . . make it a point, whenever there is happiness, to turn it into prayer. Whenever you are joyous bow down, and that will bring you closer and closer to God every day. And God is not far away: he is just around the corner!

I listen, fascinated by the unfamiliar and melodious sound of the Iranian language, as Premmati quietly translates all that Bhagwan says. Avid says through Premmati that he can only stay one or two more days. Then come back for a longer period! Bhagwan says. Would you like to say something to me? . . .

*AVID: Thank you for giving me peace.*

I have much more to give to you! Come back again!



Avid puts his hand on his heart, bows his head, looks at Bhagwan, then gestures with his hands that he cannot speak English. Again his head is bent, his hand to his heart in totally unaffected simplicity.

Nothing to worry about! says Bhagwan – you have said it!



Nisargam, a therapist from Holland, has only been a sannyasin for a little over two weeks. But he wants to come back for more, he tells Bhagwan at this his leaving darshan. He feels to work in the ashram – wherever it may be at the time! Today the official announcement was made that we are not moving to Gujarat, site of the new ashram, on December 4th as had been planned. For the past few weeks there has been much feverish activity among sannyasins, both abroad and here, in preparation for the move. From the West sannyasins have been flocking in, having finished all their affairs there and ready to be with Bhagwan for as long as it takes. Among sannyasins in Poona there has been much speculation and planning, much acquiring of new wardrobes (including of course swim suits) and clearing out of things not needed for 'the move'. Yet with the announcement there was little disappointment or negativity felt because most of us are getting the hang now of just living life here moment by moment.

But back to Nisargam. He is telling Bhagwan that another problem is in inability to relax.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm . . . and you don't have any problems in coming here?

*NISARGAM: Well, I can choose to come here.*

There are not many problems there? No responsibility or anything?

*NISARGAM: A little bit.*

A little bit? So nothing to be worried about. It will be good if you can come because much more will be possible while you are here close to me. There are different types of people. There are a few people who can grow even far away from me. You will not be able to; you will need the physical presence. You are a very earth-bound person, and that may be one of the reasons why you can't relax. You are a very practical person, empirical, experimental.

Dreamers can relax very easily. In fact it is very difficult for them to be active; laziness comes very easy to them. Whenever there is an opportunity they can fall asleep; activity is difficult. To you activity is not difficult and if you are not physically active then you are mentally active. That's why listening to me or listening to the tape helps you to relax because it goes on boggling your mind. You cannot think: it absorbs you totally. Nothing is left to think about. It magnetises your whole attention. It takes your whole mind so nothing is left behind; there is emptiness. Then you can relax.



Just being close to me you will be able to relax utterly. And it is not that I turn people into inactive people – no, not at all; I put them to activity. But I take the actor away from them. The doer is taken away but not the doing. That's what you need: you need action without any tension. And that is a difficult thing.

It is easy to be non-tense when you are not active. It is easy to be active but then you are tense, you are not relaxed. Relaxation alone is easy, action with tension is easy, and the whole point is to be active and yet relaxed. That is the synthesis that is needed.

So this will be the right opportunity for you. Manage things so you can come back. A few difficulties are always there; finish them. Just by being here you will start relaxing because there is nothing to worry about. And all those great ideas that go on wandering in your mind I can put to use! They need to be implemented. And they will bring you joy because they can become creative.

Remember this: whenever there are great ideas in the mind if you don't put them to use they will torture you, they will become your worries. If you put them to use, if you become creative, if you start transforming those ideas into reality then they will not be worries. They will bring great joy to you.

It is said that if you want some work to be done give it to the person who is very busy. If you give the work to somebody who is not busy there is not much possibility that it will be done. A busy person has more time than the non-busy person. That is strange but that's how it is. A busy person can always have holidays, can relax, can go into hobbies. A non-busy person has no holiday possible because

all his activity goes on in the mind. A busy person can come home and relax in the swimming pool but a non-busy person never goes anywhere. Sitting by the swimming pool he is busy; his mind is continuously working there.

You need activity. You have energy for it and your mind can become very creative. So I will not suggest anything that can tranquillize your mind; that will not be good. That will give you a kind of relaxation but a very uncreative relaxation. That is getting something at a very high cost. Relaxation in itself is not valuable. Relaxation is valuable only if it is creative. Creativity in itself is not valuable; it is valuable only if it brings relaxation.

So you come! Relaxation will happen; nothing to be worried about. When can you manage to come back?

*NISARGAM: In the beginning of  
• December.*

Very good! Come back! Keep this ( a small wooden box) with you and whenever you need me just put it on your heart.

*NISARGAM: Thank you!*





Satyadhama has just arrived from the Phillipines with his partner, Melinda. She met Bhagwan last year and Satyadhama reminds him now that he'd promised to change her into an orange lady. Mm! she is ready? asks Bhagwan, and calls Melinda up . . . .

BHAGWAN: Melinda, come here! How are you?

*MELINDA: I'm fine . . . better than ever.*

That's very good. Go on becoming better and better and better. One can go on rising higher and higher. If you don't go higher then you start falling back, because life is a movement. You cannot stay anywhere; you have to go on. If you don't go on, you go back. Either grow or fall back but life does not allow anybody any rest because rest is stagnancy. Life is movement, river-like.

So this has to be understood, that one should go on moving higher and higher. Never try to stay anywhere: go on. One who starts staying begins receding and then there is misery. Because nobody wants to fall back to those lower places which one has passed. They were beautiful when one was passing through. Now they are no more beautiful because they are lower than you are. Something higher is needed, so go on trying to reach the higher. In that very reaching you grow.

And never feel satisfied. With worldly things it is perfectly good to be satisfied, but with the inner being, with joy, with bliss, with God, never feel satisfied! And people do the opposite: with God they are perfectly satisfied.

With the house they are not satisfied. With their money they are not satisfied. So naturally the money goes on growing, because whatsoever you are not satisfied with grows. The house goes on becoming bigger but you go on becoming smaller because with yourself you are completely satisfied.

Melinda's smile is slowly replaced by tear-filled eyes and a chin wobbly with emotion.

This is my whole message of sannyas — that one should be satisfied with the ordinary things. It doesn't matter whether you have big diamonds or not. It doesn't really matter, but *you* should be a big diamond; that matters. The inner treasure should go on growing. It's good . . . . Now become a sannyasin! Close your eyes!

We all laugh with Melinda as she almost trips over herself to comply. Bhagwan writes down her new name then calls her to him.

And what is the meaning of your name, Melinda? You have any idea?

*SATYADHARMA: It's an old Spanish name.*

Lalita, (our Italian interpreter) any idea? Sudha? (our Mexican interpreter)



*SUDHA: I know Linda means beautiful.*

That's right!

Linda means beautiful? But Melinda?



*SUDHA: Maybe it's my beautiful or more beautiful.*

Chetan says he doesn't know whether to go back to Australia or to keep on working in the ashram bakery.. Occasionally he feels to go off, at other times to stay where he is.

Mm mm. But I like the sound of it so I will keep it. (laughter) What it means is not the point; the sound is musical and beautiful. So I will give you this name, Ma Prem Melinda: loving beauty. (laughter) Prem means love, mm? — loving Melinda. Good!

Bhagwan tells him to close his eyes and whatsoever form his energy takes, to go with it. Chetan closes his eyes and almost immediately begins to tremble and to sob quietly. Bhagwan motions Sarjana forward to massage Chetan's third eye. As she does so, Chetan becomes more and more moved by energy and his head falls backwards. Bhagwan calls out to Sarjana to stop; Chetan's head falls forward so that it is resting near Bhagwan's feet, his sobs shaking his body.

How long will you be staying?

*SATYADHARMA: Another ten days.*

Good. Come back! says Bhagwan chuckling.

That's very good. Something to say, Satya?

Satyadhama beams back by way of reply. Bhagwan calls him closer and touches his head in blessing.

**BHAGWAN:** Very good. No need to go anywhere, mm? — The bakery is the place for you. (chuckling) And I will tell Deeksha to rub on your third eye!

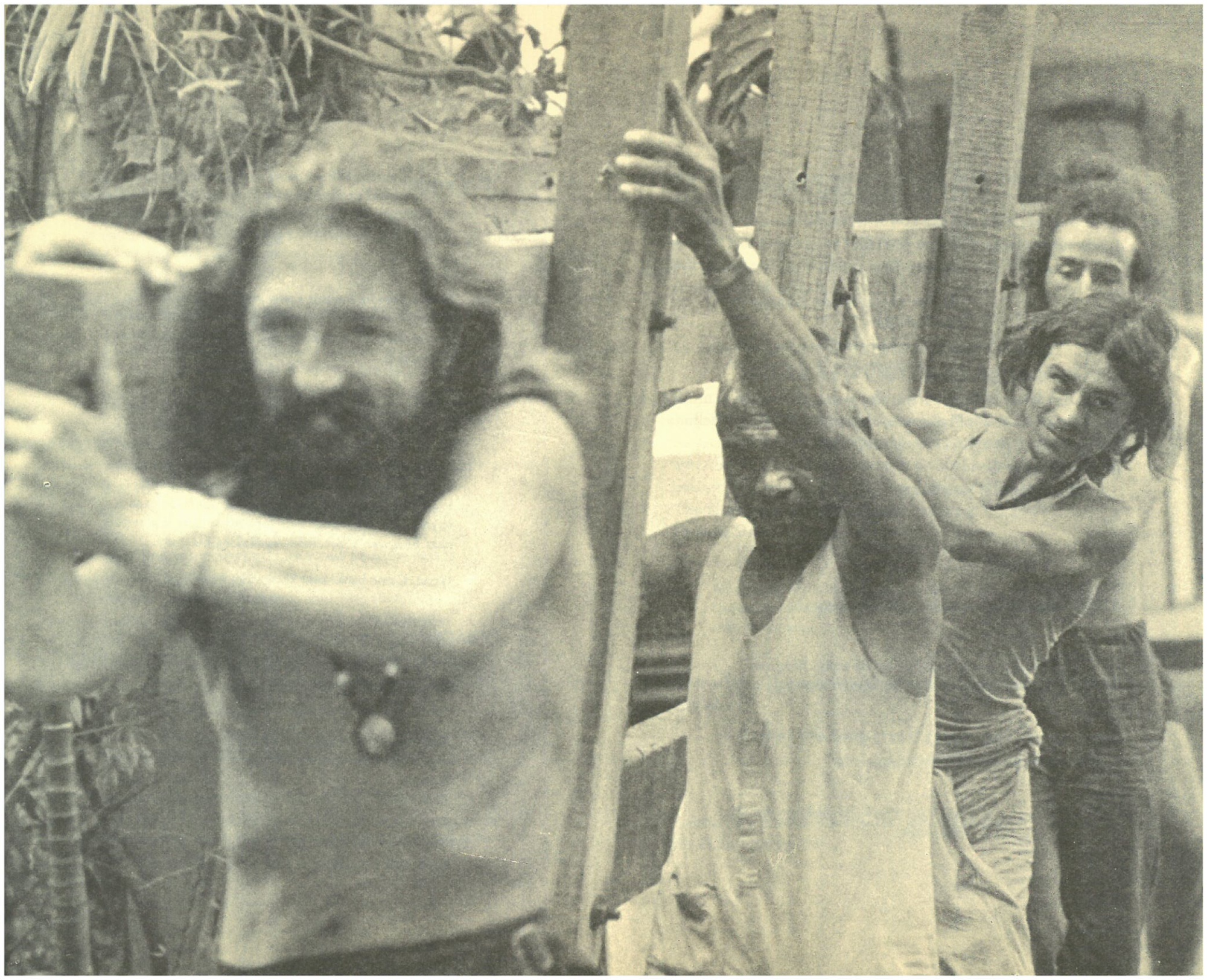
Good, Satya. Your energy is very good this time. It is very good . . . I am happy.

Deeksha is the energetic Italian sannyasin who supervises the preparation of food for ashramites and visitors.

*SATYA: You came with me! (to the Phillipines)*

It is perfectly good; no need to go anywhere. Right now







going will not be good, mm? things are happening. Become more meditative in your work. Love the work and get absorbed completely.

I recall at Chetan's first darshan when he took sannyas in April, Bhagwan told him that much work had to be done but that he would become more conscious. The energy is there, he said, it is unusually there. In that way you are fortunate; you can hope for much and the hope will be fulfilled.

Tonight he goes on to say . . . .

Something is going to happen soon. And when something is going to happen the mind starts thinking to go to Goa or go to somewhere else. That is the way of the mind to avoid something that is just very very close. The mind starts becoming suspicious of it. It starts feeling, it has a kind of hunch, that if you don't escape then something is going to happen. And that something is unknown; it frightens. It thinks to go somewhere where there will be less possibility of it happening. Right now, no.

When I see that things are perfectly good and there is no problem I can tell you to go to Goa. For a few weeks you can enjoy it there, or if I feel it is right for you to go back to Australia you can go, but right now, no.

Right now put yourself completely into work. And let the work be worship. Don't do it just as a kind of job; no, it is not a job. You are preparing for sannyasins, you are preparing for my people. You are preparing for me! So do it with immense love. We are going to create a great family

so this is just the beginning. Each has to learn to sacrifice oneself with love, with gratitude, with thankfulness that one is accepted, that one's work is valued.

You *are* needed! Everybody who is here is needed. Many more are coming who will be needed. And they all have to put all that they have into it. Only then can this family grow and become a great miracle. It can become one of the greatest experiments that has ever happened to humanity. It can become a herald for the future. So this is not the time to escape!



Meera's partner, Govind, came to darshan only a few nights ago, to talk about the feelings of jealousy that came up for him while Meera was doing the Tantra group. Bhagwan told Govind that he thought he would get as much or more from the group than Meera!

The Tantra group are having their darshan tonight, and Meera is called forward first. She is Japanese, very slim, and tonight is dressed demurely in an Indian sari.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Meera! What about you?

*MEERA: I was really surprised that I could enjoy so much of the group.*

(chuckling) Very good!



*MEERA: We had a kind of war but  
I had the feeling it was a waterfall  
from you to wash me out.*

Mm mm! The fight has stopped or is it still continuing?

*MEERA: The relationship is going  
in a very beautiful way.*

Mm mm . . . now there is no problem? I wanted you to go into it and I wanted Govind also to go into it. This was good.

And one is always surprised. You never know yourself. We have been suppressing ourselves so much that we have become almost unacquainted with major parts of our being. We are acquainted only with that part which we allow. But we have a great being, many aspects are completely denied . . . and these groups bring up those aspects of your being. They make them alive; again vitality moves through them . . . and you are surprised. The group has been very good.

Now you will feel more alive in your relationship with Govind; more love will be flowing because now you will be less repressive. When you repress, love is automatically repressed. Repress anything and a part of love will be repressed immediately. If you have repressed many things then the major part of your love-life will be repressed. Allow everything, become free again and you will see that your love is going so high; it has never been before. It will become more orgasmic.

Tantra is a must for every couple. If you really want to love you have to free love from all restrictions. That creates trouble in the beginning: jealousy and fear and insecurity about what is going to happen. And the great fear comes from oneself, from seeing that one can enjoy this and can go into it. So what about the old identity, the old image of yourself that you had been carrying? It falls down and shatters! But that's my whole work here: to shatter all your images.

Once all your images are gone you become a free human being for the first time. Then there is no should, no ought. And it is not only that you become free; you start being compassionate towards the other. For example, if some day you find Govind enjoying Tantra you will not be hurt, because you know you enjoyed it. You will not feel hurt at all, because you know that you enjoyed Tantra yourself and it was not against him, it was not a betrayal of him. In fact by going into Tantra you came closer to him and so if he enjoys Tantra you will be completely with him. Maybe the old mind feels a little hurt and jealous, but you will know that this is absolutely absurd. This old mind is not worth cooperating with. You will feel great compassion for Govind and you will feel happy that he is also enjoying, that he was also repressed and now he will no more be repressed; a few aspects of his life have become available to him. Now he will be more alive, now he will be bigger than he was before. And naturally when you move with a person who is free, unrestricted, unrepressed, uninhibited, there is great joy: the joy of meeting, of merging into each other.



It has been very good. I was a little worried about how things would go because I was creating an unnecessary trouble! But it has been good. The trip has been good and you arrived safely! Good, Meera!



Kanta, also in the group, is going back to Germany soon so this is her goodbye darshan. Bhagwan asks her if she wants to ask or say something . . .

*KANTA: Yes. I had a very strong fight with my friend and we came to a very intense place where I felt that I wanted to be killed by him. He started to . . .*

Kanta puts her hands to her throat by way of demonstration.

BHAGWAN: Mm! He tried to? . . .

*KANTA: . . . Yes, to strangle me, and I had the feeling to die and do nothing more. Afterwards I didn't feel so good because it was very aggressive. Now I feel very confused; I don't know what it is.*

*I don't know what to do because I love my friend very much.*

Mm mm . . . . Raise your hands and close your eyes and if something starts happening in your body – any trembling, shaking, swaying – go into it.

Kanta begins to tremble, and her thighs particularly shake strongly. Bhagwan shines his torch onto her left knee and stares fixedly at one point while I try to fathom out how a desire to be killed and energy in one's knees can be connected!

Good! You misinterpreted it. It was not that you wanted to be killed – it was a deep surrender; it was a surrender in love. And okay! If death comes through love it is perfectly okay. You didn't resist and that was good; that's how it should be. When you love a person you are ready: if he wants to kill you, that's perfectly okay.

It has been immensely beautiful. It was a kind of surrender or acceptance, a total acceptance that 'Okay. If death happens then it is okay.' This is the best moment – to be killed by your own lover, the person you love. Where else can you find a better death? So you accepted and you relaxed.

Later on your fears started coming up and your mind started working around what had happened. The mind said it is death, it is a kind of suicidal instinct, and why do you want to be killed.

*KANTA: I felt it very deep*



It is deep but the interpretation is very superficial. The interpretation is of the mind. The mind always comes back. In that moment the mind was not there so you relaxed; you said, 'okay'. You were ready to accept it.

In that moment the mind was not there. The mind cannot be in those intense moments. It comes only when that intensity is no more there. Then it takes hold of the past and starts playing with it . . . starts interpreting, analysing. Then it brings in its own philosophy.

That moment was *really* deep and if death had happened in that moment you would have died the best kind of death, a death more valuable than life itself, because it would have been a love surrender, a sacrifice. It would have been sacred. That is the meaning of the word sacrifice; it comes from the same root as sacred.

But later on the mind came in. And it is bound to come, to take account of the whole situation and of what happened. It surveyed the whole thing and it interpreted it as a kind of suicidal instinct in you, mm? – what Freud calls 'thanatos', that one is drawn towards death. Then one becomes afraid; this is pathological! To *want* to be killed seems like an illness, a kind of madness. But it was not that at all.

And maybe because you were so totally surrendered the other person was also possessed to see how long you could go. Not that he wanted to kill you, otherwise he would have. But you were giving a great challenge to him – the challenge that you were ready to die, that you were ready to go so far. Now the only way to judge whether you were really going so far was to try it. So he tried!

But he could not kill you because he was not there

to kill you; it was just that your acceptance created the challenge. So in his deep unconscious it came to him to see how long and how far you went on saying yes. He could see that you could go on saying yes. Then at the last moment he stopped because there would be no point in going on. He was not there to kill you, was not wanting to kill you but wanting to see how far you could go. And that too was unconscious.

Sometimes these things happen. Your unconscious was ready to go to the very end, his unconscious was also trying to take you at least if not to the very end then just a little bit before it, to the last 'but'. He took you just to the boundary and then it was certain that you were ready to go even into death. Now your love can grow very very deep.

But his mind will also come back just like your mind and he will start thinking he is aggressive, violent, and he wanted to kill the woman who loves him: 'This is dangerous; is he a murderer or something?' Just as your mind will interpret, his mind will interpret; he may start feeling guilty. Make it clear that he need not feel guilty, you need not feel pathological. Suddenly you will see that your love has taken a new jump and friendship will grow now on a different level. Don't miss that opportunity. Make it clear to him and help him also to become clear about it.

Otherwise you can drift away, mm? – he is thinking that this is dangerous and sometime if he is possessed to kill again and he does, that will not be right. It is better he leave, go away; this is dangerous. You may start thinking that if it happens again and you allow him and he really kills you, then what? Better separate before it happens. Your minds can create such a situation, an







interpretation, that you start drifting away, you can separate. But there is no need.

So first have a good communion with your friend. Make your whole heart clear to him and let him also pour his heart out to you too.

I don't see that there is any problem. He is not a murderer and you are not suicidal. But in love sometimes this moment comes. Sometimes *only* because there is great love does this moment come. It is very difficult to find a lover who has not sometimes thought to kill the woman he loves. That is a kind of absorption. If one loves a woman one wants to be so together with her that her separate existence is a constant reminder that she is separate. So is the case with the woman too: deep inside the woman also wants to absorb the man completely, to eat up the man.

Have you ever heard that it has happened sometimes? — lovers eat parts of each other's bodies. That looks mad! But it is because of very intense love that it happens. They become so absorbed in it that they forget all reason. Lovers can become consumers of each other; they can be cannibals. Love is a kind of cannibalism. So you just make it clear to him, mm?

Bhagwan asks exactly when Kanta is leaving. She is going in three days' time to Hamburg. Help the centre! says Bhagwan . . . and if you want to be killed, be killed by me!



Lalita, resident Italian and French translator, comes forward with Vijesha, another survivor of the Tantra group!

BHAGWAN: Mm! What about you?

*LALITA: He had very good and total experiences in the group.*

Very good!

*LALITA: But now he feels a lot of tension and fear.*

Bhagwan asks what the fear is but Vijesha is unable to pinpoint it. Bhagwan suggests that he do three more groups and then remind him how he is feeling after the final one.

It will go; nothing to be worried about. Sometimes it happens that if a group has gone very very well as this Tantra group has, after the group you start feeling tense. It is as if one has been rich and suddenly becomes poor. One was enjoying a different kind of world and then falls back into the ordinary world . . . .



That's my feeling about why you feel so much fear and so much tension. You have been in a very nice dream (chuckling) and now you are awake to the ordinary reality. It is just like that: in the morning you have been going into a beautiful dream, living in a golden palace, enjoying all kinds of things, and then suddenly the milkman, the horrible alarm, and your wife shouting in the kitchen! (laughter) That's why you are feeling a little tense. Nothing to worry about.



Last comes Ketan. Shy, hesitating, he looks up at Bhagwan from under his eyebrows and says, I feel tense. I always feel afraid when I come here. Bhagwan chuckles understandingly. Nothing to worry about, he says. There *is* something to be afraid of!



## wednesday 2

A warm, sticky atmosphere tonight at darshan as rain-laden clouds loiter overhead trying to hold out to the last minute. It's the sort of night when I feel very much aware that we are actually here in India and not just in some random spot anywhere on the map. The drone of an aeroplane and insect noises, the squalling of a baby somewhere and then its sudden cessation, seem distinctly typical of many such evenings spent in Poona with Bhagwan.

An Indian woman is taking — or rather receiving — sannyas. Some people take it: she is a receiver. She is sitting, eyes cast down, in a brilliant orange chiffon sari, black greased hair tied neatly in a knot at the back. Bhagwan says a brief but warm word to her as he hands her her sannyas name. She barely looks at him, is busied with wiping away her tears with the edge of her sari. She bends to touch his feet — slim brown fingers, orange plastic bracelets hanging on a slender wrist. Her hands briefly touch her eyes now, in the traditional fashion.

Nothing to say? Bhagwan seems to be saying in Hindi, and she is shaking her head, gathering together her sari, her sheet of paper, and walking backwards a few steps.

Then she is gone from my vision and is replaced by Sushila who has just arrived from England. She must have received her sannyas name by mail for she asks Bhagwan now if he would explain the meaning.

BHAGWAN: Prem Sushila? It means love virtue . . . and love is the only virtue. Other virtues are needed only when love is missing. They are substitutes and very poor substitutes at that. Love is the only commandment. If love is missing then the ten commandments are needed, and even those ten cannot fulfill the need because all will be formal, imposed. Only love arises from within. Law is always imposed from the outside, and that which is imposed from the outside cripples, paralyses; it makes you a slave.

That which brings bondage cannot be virtue. Virtue has to bring freedom, virtue has to *be* freedom. Love brings freedom because it knows no imposition. And it is not that love is against law. It is only against it when law is against love, otherwise not.

And whenever law is against love it is not lawful, it is not just. Law is lawful only when it is in harmony with love. Love is the criterion, even the criterion of law. It is the decisive factor and to me it has the highest value. There is no higher religion than love. And all religions and all paths are nothing but approaches to love in different ways.

So that's why I have given you the name. Let love be your only virtue. Forget everything else! Meditate on love, live through love, live as love and miracles happen.







The greatest miracle is that love gives you intensity in life, makes your life aflame and yet deep at the very core you remain cool.

When passion and coolness meet they become compassion. When there is only the heat of passion and there is no coolness within, then it is lust, it is not love. Then it is tiring, exhausting. Yes, it does give a certain occupation to the mind and the body, and a certain release too, but it is a vicious circle. One goes on moving in the same rut again and again; it is repetitive. Lust is repetitive, love is non-repetitive. Love is non-mechanical: it is always new. You don't go on moving in the same rut; it is always surprising.

My teaching is: live as passionately as possible. Live a little hot, and yet deep down in the innermost core remain cool. These are paradoxical but then you have the full expanse of your being: coolness and heat. Then negative and positive meet, yin and yang meet. And whenever there is a meeting of yin and yang, the positive and the negative, the hot and the cool, the dark and the light, the summer and winter, there is great joy. There is rejoicing, celebration.

Celebration comes only out of the meeting of the paradox, the opposites. When the paradox is bridged there is joy. When the paradox is not bridged there is division and misery. So let love be your virtue. Let that be your passion and your meditation, your heat and your coolness. Live intensely and yet silently . . . .

Having first asked if she has done any groups in England Bhagwan suggests some groups for Sushila. If you have done groups before he invariably says they are good preparation but try some here; here they are totally different. If you haven't done any groups, he is equally pleased and says that's good because you have come with a clean slate.

You can't go wrong around here . . . however much you might try!



Jane has caught word of Bhagwan from Wales, where she is a potter. She has long thin red hair, a pale elfin face. Bhagwan welcomes her, chats a little, then says, what about your sannyas?

I like the way he says 'your' sannyas . . . as though everyone has the desire inside; he's just asking if they want to do something about it!

Jane pauses, then smiles warmly and says, as if she is responding to a proposal of marriage (and she is!), I'd like to take sannyas! Good. Close your eyes! says Bhagwan.

She has sat still, silent, while Bhagwan writes down her new name. Now mala-ed, Jane is leaning forward to read it.



BHAGWAN: This will be your name: Ma Deva Sadhya. It means: God is reachable. Deva means God and sadhya means reachable. God is not impossible, God is possible. It is not far away, it is within our reach. We are capable of getting to that state where God becomes possible . . . not only possible but becomes our very being, the very ground of being. I am giving you this name to create a great desire, an expectancy, an urgency and a hope.

Modern man suffers very much from hopelessness because all that is valuable seems to be impossible: God, truth, goodness, beauty. All that has been within the grasp of man in past ages. But slowly, slowly, man has become so arrogant, so egoistic, so closed, hard like a stone, so anything that is beyond looks impossible. It seems man is condemned to remain man . . . and that is not worth anything. It is a meaningless rut, repetition, routine. One goes on doing the same thing every day; nothing ever seems to happen.

Young people hope a little but sooner or later their hopes start dwindling. By the time somebody is thirty hopes are finished. Hope seems to be the illusion of youth, particularly now it seems to be so. The mature person is one who lives without hope, but then he lives meaninglessly. There is no significance in his life, no fragrance, no light, nothing to wait for except death. That's utterly wrong. Man has never been so utterly wrong as he is now.

For the first time all that is high has disappeared. Only the baser instincts are left. It seems that there is no way to go uphill. One can go only downhill and one day fall into one's grave . . . and that seems to be the ultimate end. This attitude towards life is sheer stupidity. It has no logos, no meaning.

I am giving you this name to bring a logos to your life, a meaning, a significance. Everything is possible . . . even God is possible! And God is the ultimate beyond which there is nothing. Even that which is so far away, so beyond, is possible. It is beyond but it is at the same time within you; it is the beyond within. If we are asleep then it is very far away. If we become awake it starts coming closer. The moment our life is a perfect awareness suddenly God is there, hidden in our being. And that is the goal!

One has to be really passionate to create that awareness. One cannot allow one's life to be just lukewarm; it has to be really hot – only then can something happen. And people are not even lukewarm; they are cold, frozen.

So this is the message for you on your birthday – this is your birthday – to stop being cold. Wherever you find anything frozen in you, melt it. Become more liquid, flowing, loving, and be full of hope. God is possible, in fact only God is possible. Everything else only looks possible but never happens. Money, power, prestige look as though they are possible, but even when you have arrived and you have much money and much power nothing has really happened. You are in a kind of illusion, you are deluded.

The rich person knows how poor he is. Once a rich man came to me and he wanted to give me many thousands of rupees. He had brought them in a bag and he poured them at my feet. I told him 'If I need them sometime I will ask you but right now I don't have any need. Where will I put these?' . . . I was a wanderer and there was no need for money. He started crying and he said 'You have to accept it because when you are in need I can't be certain I will have it. I am a gambler. And you have to accept it otherwise you will break my heart!'



I said 'Why?'

He said 'I am so poor that I have nothing else except money. I want to give something to you but I don't have anything more valuable. I have only these notes. If you reject them, you reject me. Just accept them. You can throw them away or you can give them to anybody; that is none of my business. But accept them; don't say no!'

And I could see that that man had learned one thing of great importance – that money is valueless. And he was one of the richest men of this country.

When one has riches one comes to know how poor one is. When one has power one comes to know how helpless one is. So if you fail in the world, you fail; if you succeed, then too you fail. In the world nobody succeeds. Failure is failure and so is success. In fact success is more of a failure than failure itself because in failure some hope can live – that maybe tomorrow you will succeed. A little more effort is needed. It has not happened up to now but it may happen in the future. There is a little ray of light.

But when it has happened and you have all the money that you desire, suddenly you see the hollowness, emptiness within; then it is utter failure. The world is the place where nothing else is possible other than failure. And God is the state which is the only possible thing that can happen.

So if one is not moving towards God one is always moving towards failure. The day you start moving towards God – and that's what sannyas is all about – you start succeeding. In one way you start disappearing because your ego will melt and disappear, and in another sense you start succeeding because God starts succeeding in you. It is always God who succeeds in you.

So by being initiated into sannyas you are changing your whole vision of life. Now it will be a life offered to God, a life in search of God, a life with an enquiry, with a great quest and search, a life passionate for truth!

An inspiring beginning! I have the image of Bhagwan being like a mother at the door of her cottage, sending her child off on the journey of life with a loaf of bread, some cheese, a staff and a map.

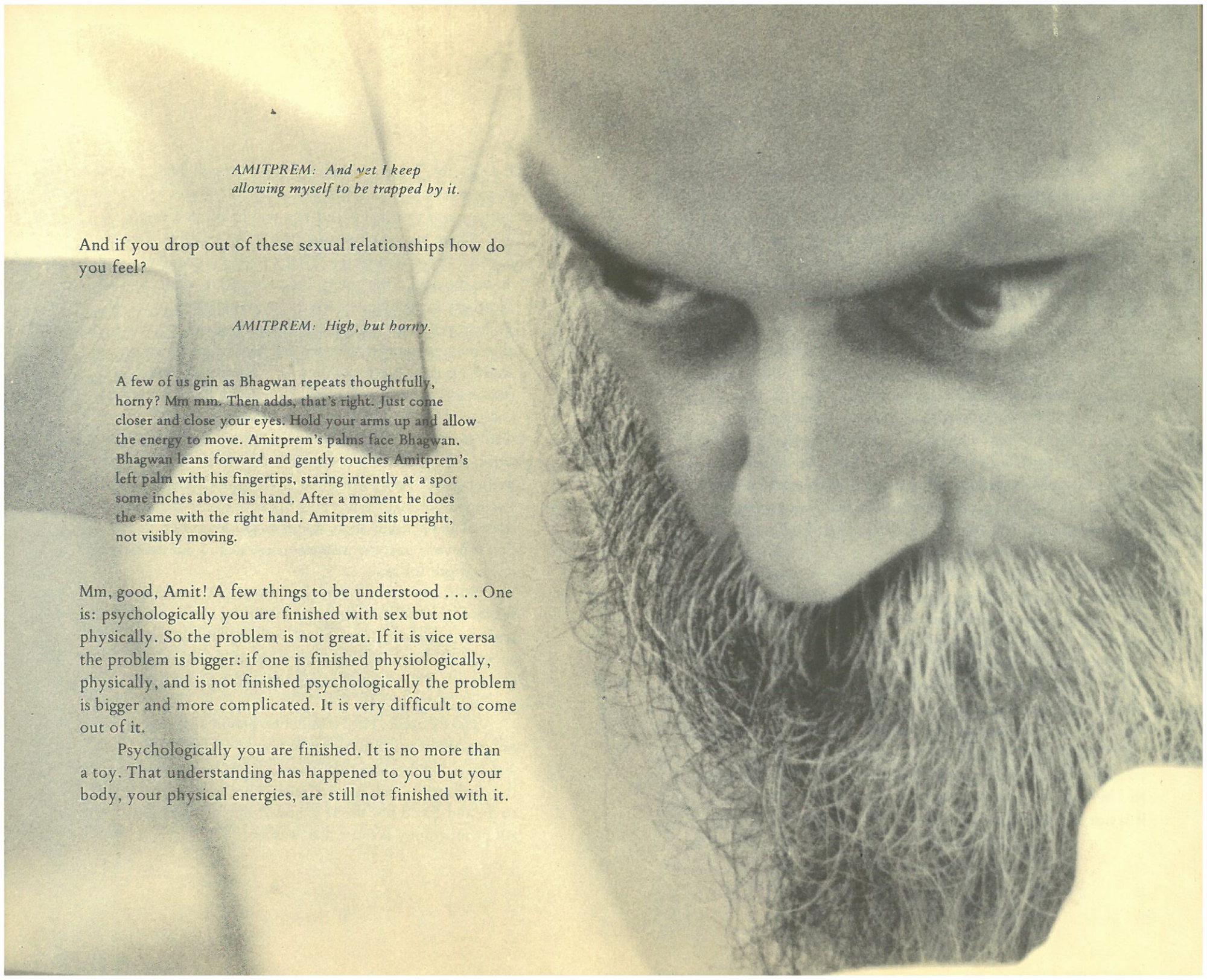


Amitprem, formerly writer Bernard Gunther ('Blow Your Mind'; 'What to Do til the Messiah Comes'), reminds Bhagwan that he wrote him a letter recently about a problem. Yes, I have received it, says Bhagwan, but tell me exactly what the problem is.

*AMITPREM: Essentially, if I utilise sexual energy I find that it escapes from my being. It somehow seems to be a toy to me that I won't let go of. It's a kind of addiction or a kind of compulsion, and it really takes away from being more with you, being more with the meditations, being with my creativity.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.





*AMITPREM: And yet I keep  
allowing myself to be trapped by it.*

And if you drop out of these sexual relationships how do you feel?

*AMITPREM: High, but horny.*

A few of us grin as Bhagwan repeats thoughtfully, horny? Mm mm. Then adds, that's right. Just come closer and close your eyes. Hold your arms up and allow the energy to move. Amitprem's palms face Bhagwan. Bhagwan leans forward and gently touches Amitprem's left palm with his fingertips, staring intently at a spot some inches above his hand. After a moment he does the same with the right hand. Amitprem sits upright, not visibly moving.

Mm, good, Amit! A few things to be understood . . . . One is: psychologically you are finished with sex but not physically. So the problem is not great. If it is vice versa the problem is bigger: if one is finished physiologically, physically, and is not finished psychologically the problem is bigger and more complicated. It is very difficult to come out of it.

Psychologically you are finished. It is no more than a toy. That understanding has happened to you but your body, your physical energies, are still not finished with it.



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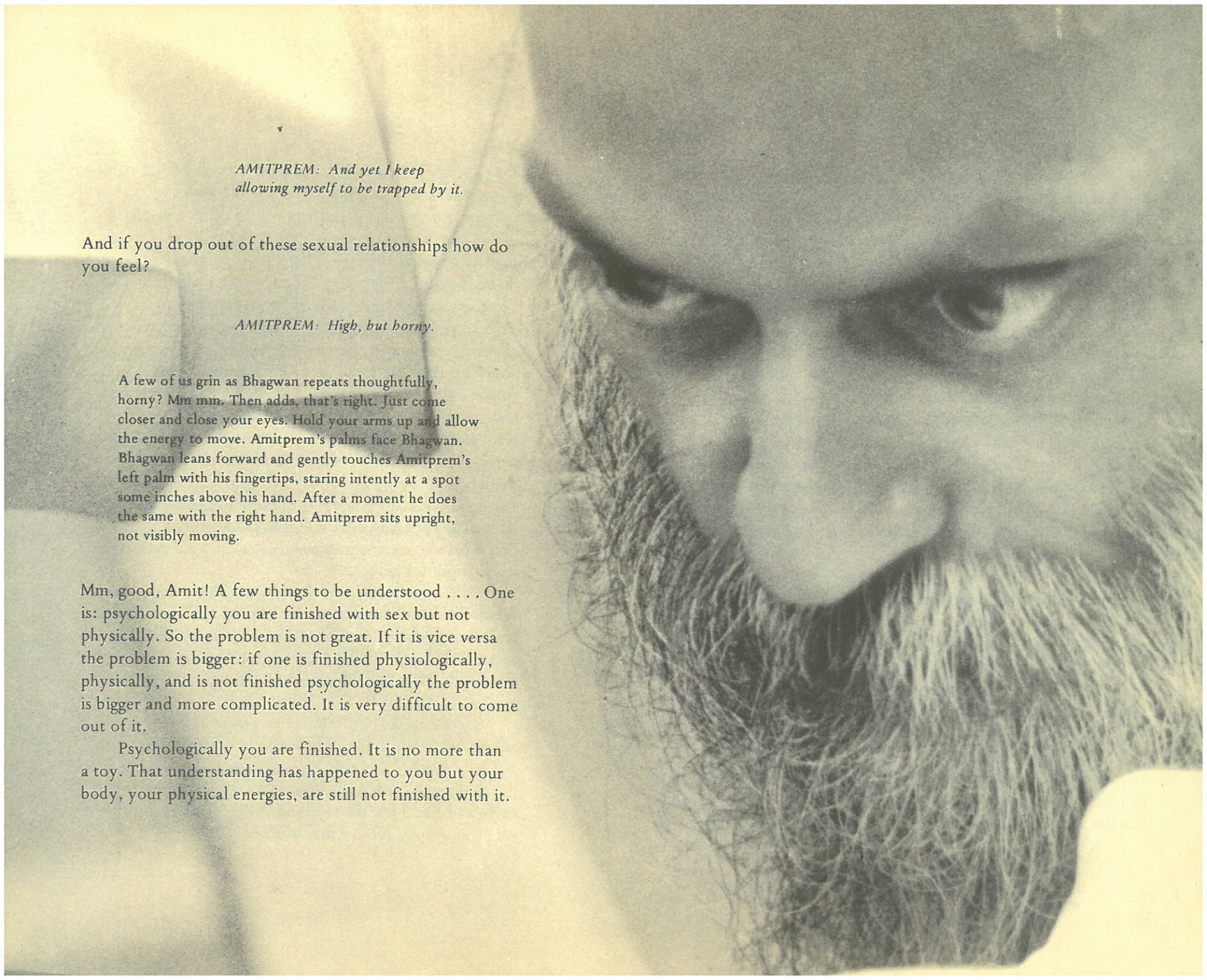


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Psychologically you are finished. It is no more than a toy. That understanding has happened to you but your body, your physical energies, are still not finished with it.



So no need to force any fasting on the body, otherwise you will feel horny. You will feel high because psychologically there will be less complication. So you will feel high. Your psychological being will be able to soar and fly high but your body will feel tense. It will bring you down and it will pull you down again and again. It goes on nagging. That nagging is the horny feeling that happens; the body goes on nagging.

It is as if you are hungry and the body nags you to eat. The body is full of energy and it knows only one thing – to transform every energy into sexual energy. Nothing wrong in it; that's all the body can do. The body can transform energies only into sex. The body grows slowly; the mind can have jumps of insight but not the body. The body has a very slow-growing process, it goes at its own pace. So don't force any fast on yourself. You have to continue to remain a sexual being a little longer. And there is nothing wrong in that.

But psychologically you are becoming free, so now let it be a conscious thing; that's what I would like to tell you. Let it be a conscious thing. Go into a relationship as a plaything; then it is not heavy. You know it is a toy thing and the body needs it; and the bodily need has to be fulfilled. So don't create any guilt and don't create any problem for yourself as to why this continues when you know that it is just a kind of occupation.

It takes you away from me, from meditation, from your own being because you are still taking it very seriously. Not because it is sex, no; the problem is somewhere else. It is not sex that takes you away from me; it is your taking

it seriously. Take it just like play and it will bring you closer to me because your body will be satisfied, you will feel more harmonious through it and you will be more creative.

There are two kinds of creativities possible. One is through repression of sex. That's what people have done down the ages. That's why Freud says that all art and all creativity is nothing but sexuality perverted, repressed. To him all the great geniuses, painters, poets, novelists, are all repressed people; they are not healthy in his vision. And he is right; up to a point he is absolutely right. So that is one kind of creativity. You go on damning sexual energy. It becomes too much; it creates a kind of restlessness. You have to put that restlessness into some work. You *have* to; it becomes a substitute for sex. You write poetry, you write a book, you paint, you become a sculptor. You do something because something has to be done. The energy is there and it won't leave you unless you relieve it in some way or other. Then your art becomes a substitute for sex.

So it is not accidental that poets go on talking about sex and love and painters go on painting nude women and sculptors go on sculpting nude statues. That is not accidental. It is heavy on their head; it is really their substitute. They have repressed something and that has become fantasy.

For example, Henry Miller or people like that go on talking about sex and masturbation and intercourse and love-making, and they go into such details. It simply shows that this man has suffered. What he always wanted to do and could not do he is now doing in his fantasy. All pornography is born that way.



One can use this repressed energy in religious ways also – there is no need to use it sexually – but then too it will erupt in some way or other. You may make a temple but the temple will become a Khajuraho temple. It is a temple and the man who made it was thinking that he was going to make a temple. It turns out to be the greatest sexual sculpture ever. You may be sculpting Ram and Sita but your Sita will look like a film actress . . . with big boobs and everything (laughter). It has entered from the back door.

Bhagwan has talked about his use of certain words to shock us, to shatter our conditioning or just to make us sit up and listen! Right now I have the feeling that the use of the word 'boobs' is especially for Amitprem. By using our colloquialisms he makes contact more easily. Anyway, Amitprem is grinning broadly and suddenly seems a lot more receptive.

You may be making a temple for Shiva but it may be just a phallic statue, and nothing else, and the religious symbolism will be lost. Now, nobody in India thinks that the Shivalinga is phallic. It is placed in the yoni, in the vagina; both male and female are there. And people worship it. It is one of the greatest sexual symbols ever. Nobody has worshipped sex symbols in such a way!

The phallus is inside the vagina; it represents a state of orgasm. So it can be religious but it will still become sexual. That is one kind of creativity that has been known down the ages. That is a little pathological, nightmarish.

There is another kind of creativity that has not been known much, only rarely. There have been people who have been creative without repressing their sexuality. They have been creative out of a harmony, out of an understanding, out of satisfying their sexual needs, their body and everything. There is not that other type of creativity; that hectic, mad, rushing kind of activity is not there. It is very silent, very slow, but it has a depth. People may not be able to understand it, because to understand it they will have to go a little higher; only then can they understand it.

My feeling is that creativity is good but not through repression; that is pathological. And all the so-called creators have suffered much. If you look into their lives you will be surprised. A Dostoevsky . . . his whole life is nightmarish! He cannot sleep, he cannot live, he cannot enjoy anything. But he creates great pieces – 'The Brothers Karamazov' or 'The Idiot'. He creates great masterpieces but if you look deep into 'The Brothers Karamazov', you will find all his nightmares spread out in it. It has been created out of much suffering, great suffering. He has never lived himself; he has poured his whole life into his dream and naturally those dreams are very dangerous. It is not an accident that many creative people go mad, commit suicide, and are always psychologically imbalanced . . . a little eccentric, bizarre. These are natural consequences of repression. I will not recommend that.

To me Buddha is also creative. He is *really* creative but his creativity is coming out of a deep harmony of being.



It is coming out of silence. Those words that he has uttered have come through wordless consciousness. Each word is precious. It does not have that quality of Dostoevsky, that ill and pathological and abnormal state in it. It is out of such immense harmony that it carries that harmony even today.

So my suggestion is that you don't be repressive about your sex; just become less anxious about it. Let it be there. And it is beautiful . . . but it is a play! There is no need to force it on yourself either, because that is another extreme. I am not saying that when the body is not willing and the mind is not willing, go into it, because that again is repression. Listen to the body. The body is your vehicle; help it to remain healthy. If it needs food, food; if it needs sex, sex: whatsoever its need is, give it. You will find slowly, slowly that the body is no more nagging you. It is completely satisfied so nagging disappears. When nagging disappears your energies will be released and those will be healthy energies; they will be holier.

So don't create this conflict. Just be total in accepting the body and its needs. It is your instrument; you have to take care of it. So never go into fasting and never go into indulgence. Just keep a balance, and whenever the body needs something, give it. By and by you will find that the body is no more asking for anything; it is contented. In that contentment comes a totally different kind of creativity. You may not be able to produce much, but how much is not the point. The quantity will not be the thing but the quality. Dostoevsky can create much but it is out of such suffering and hell.

Just accept it and go with it. And it is sometimes good even to play with a toy; nothing wrong in it. Mm? that makes you more childlike. It is good: just the sheer joy of somebody's body. Just playing with each other's body is good; nothing is wrong in it. Let it be meditative and worshipful.

Otherwise things are going well. Things *are* changing!



## Thursday 3

Maneeshi, an English sannyasin, is sitting somewhere in the back of the group with his girlfriend, a non-sannyasin who has just arrived from England. Up front now are Maneeshi's mother, Gramya, her daughter, Vimarsha, and another son, Nicholas. Both Gramya and Vimarsha's heads are bound up with scarves as there was slight perfume coming from their hair.

As Bhagwan begins to address Gramya, I inhale with horror, a great wave of very strong perfume from Vimarsha, who is sitting close to me.

Vivek, sitting at Bhagwan's side, looks at me and twitches her nose like a rabbit. Bhagwan has had a slight cold lately and seems particularly sensitive to smells, so I quickly whisper to Vimarsha that it would be good if she left darshan. Thankfully she does so unhesitatingly, and I try to settle back to listen to Gramya's question to Bhagwan.





*GRAMYA: I would like to ask about prayer, because I was taught as a child to pray and the prayer was of thanksgiving. Now I don't know who I'm praying to any more. Am I praying to Bhagwan? I've heard you say that God is just a name for one's innermost core. Am I praying then to myself? Anyway I'm still praying but I don't know where it's going to.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Prayer need not be addressed, it need not have any address. In fact the addressed prayer is not very deep. It should just be a song of the heart, unaddressed, to the whole of existence: to the trees, to the mountains, to the stars, to all that is. And that is the meaning of the word 'God'. God does not mean a person. If we make God a person we are simply imagining God as being in our own image. That is very anthropomorphic.

Then we think that he has a nose like us, eyes like us and hands and . . . . A little better, a little bigger, more beautiful, stronger, but the difference is of quantity not of quality. So we are just magnifying ourselves; through a magnifying glass we are looking at our own self and creating God. So God is our imagination in that way.

But the real meaning of God is the totality, all that is, all that has been, all that will be. The totality of the whole time and space . . . . And prayer is nothing but gratitude



to the whole. Because we belong to the whole. We come from it, we live in it, we live as it, and one day we dissolve back into it and disappear into it. It is our home, it is our source and our goal. So in prayer we are simply remembering our source, remembering our goal. In prayer we are reminding ourselves that we are not separate. One tends to forget that. In the mundane life one has to use the word 'I, I . . .' again and again. It is a must: without it it would be very difficult to live. You have to relate to people and of course you have to relate as an individual, as an ego, as a self. You have to struggle and fight and protect and naturally all these things make you a separate entity.

Prayer is just relaxing again into non-separation with existence, for a moment forgetting that one is, for a moment dissolving, for a moment melting . . . for a moment remembering the real. The real thing is that we are one with the whole.

*GRAMYA: So it is a meditation?*

Prayer is meditation . . . with love. That's the difference. Meditation is purely scientific, mathematical. Prayer has a little poetry in it. It is the same but the formulation is poetic. Meditation is also the same but the formulation is mathematical. The difference is of formulation; the reality is one.

It is just as when a scientist looks at a rose and a poet looks at the same rose. Their descriptions will be different;

the rose is the same. They both looked at the rose at the same time, they may have been standing holding each others' hand. But the scientist looks through science; his description is going to be completely different.

Meditation is God seen through the scientific vision the mathematical vision. Prayer is poetry. It is the same reality but seen with loving eyes, seen with a loving heart. Prayer is richer than meditation because it has something more than meditation.

So prayer can move you. Meditation can only make you silent. It will give utter silence but it cannot give you ecstasy. Prayer can give you ecstasy because prayer can give you great passion. It can move you, it can make your energy dance, sing. So if prayer is possible then don't settle for meditation; go into prayer. If prayer is not possible then I say go into meditation.

*GRAMYA: Thank you! You've been very helpful to me.*

Good, Gramya . . . good!

Bhagwan turns to address Nicholas, Gramya having returned to her place. Anything to say? says Bhagwan, smiling warmly. Nicholas says that he has three sannyasins in his family and has heard much of Bhagwan from them and a lot is being spoken of Bhagwan in England. It's a very nice feeling, just being in your presence, he adds.



THE OPEN SECRET

Mm, good! says Bhagwan, and goes on to suggest that if Nicholas takes part in a group while he is here he will have a more intimate glimpse of what is happening.

Just looking at you I have a good idea, says Nicholas.

Mm, good! chuckles Bhagwan.

I think your gown is very nice, adds Nicholas with genuine feeling. I think if I had one I would have one like that!

We laugh.

I will give you one! Bhagwan chuckles, and is still chuckling as the next person comes forward.



It is Prabhu Virag, a middle-aged bespectacled Dutch sannyasin. He tells Bhagwan he hopes to stay six months, and then turns to Arup, his translator . . . .

*ARUP: He is feeling more  
resistance to being here now.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.





*ARUP: The last few weeks before coming here he noticed that he wasn't wearing orange and his mala. Tonight when he came here he noticed that he had forgotten his mala; he had to go back. It took him three times before he could make it to the darshan!*

Very good! (chuckling) This is great! Things like that happen because it is very difficult to remain constant in anything. Even in your trust, even in your love, you go on falling back again and again. Only after a very long time does it become possible to remain in the same state. It is natural, so nothing to be worried about. And when you love me many times you will fight with me too; that is part of it. Many times you will be angry, many times you will resist. Many times you will go against me; that is part of it! So never think that it is something wrong. It is perfectly understandable and is accepted. This is how you will grow beyond it by and by. If you can persevere then these things will become less and less. They will happen in small gaps and then they will disappear. One day you will suddenly find they have disappeared forever. When they disappear forever there will be great joy and great tranquility because then one starts moving smoothly.

When you are fighting with me you are really fighting with your own being. When you are fighting with me you are fighting with your own bliss, your own silence, your own peace. By fighting with me you are not harming me.



How can you harm me by fighting with me? By fighting with me you are harming yourself. You are creating a process which is self-defeating. You want to grow and you are fighting growth. With one hand you go on making the building and with another hand you go on pulling the bricks down so the house will never be ready. But this is what everybody does in the beginning

So it is nothing unnatural, nothing unexpected – just understanding is needed. Do a few groups; they will be helpful. What groups have you done before?

*PRABHU VIRAG: Well, you gave me three new groups.*

So do them first and then I will give you a few more.

You cannot escape! You can try, but mala or no mala, orange or no orange, you cannot escape. You are trapped. And when one is trapped one tries to escape; that too is right! But don't be worried. Good, Virag . . . good!



Norman is English, perhaps in his mid-to-late thirties. He has a shy, unassuming, unassured manner, and keeps his eyes trained on the ground most of the time as Bhagwan talks to him. He can only stay three weeks, he ventures. You are going so early! says Bhagwan, is it difficult to stay a little longer?

*NORMAN: It would interfere with my job.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. So next time. You will have to come again, because much is possible here, many things are available. If you go through them you will encounter new facets of your being. You will come to know yourself in new ways, and that knowing transforms one's very life.

Many people try to transform their life but they never succeed. The only reason they can't succeed is that they don't know themselves enough. They know just one aspect and they try to change. If you know many aspects of yourself then you know that many alternatives are possible. Then you can simply change your gears from one aspect to another aspect and you are a different person. By and by, as more aspects become available to you, the richer you become. You have a variety. And you need not be contaminated by one aspect continuously. That one aspect creates boredom, creates monotony.

It is as if you are just standing at one window forever and looking at the same sky and the same tree while the house has many windows, many doors, opening in different dimensions, in different directions. At one window there is sun, at another window there is sea, at one window there is desert, at another window there is a garden; and there are many windows. Once we start knowing our house perfectly well things become very easy. One need not remain fixed and obsessed with one thing.



Norman is sitting with his legs crossed and drawn up to him. He is listening but can't bring himself to look into Bhagwan's eyes for more than a few seconds at a time.

*NORMAN: It's so difficult for me to find peace of mind.*

Mm mm, I can see it . . . I can see it. Great turmoil is there. And it can be changed!

*NORMAN: I came here! . . .*

Mm mm, what kind of work are you doing there?

*NORMAN: Mechanical engineering.*

Do you love your job or not?

*NORMAN: I wouldn't want to lose it.*

That is another thing! But do you love it or not? – that's the point. You may like it because of security and things like that but do you *love* it? That is a different thing.

Because if you love your job that will be very helpful in bringing peace. My feeling is that many people go on doing things that they don't love and that creates a constant tension in them. I'm not saying that it is not financially good; that is not the point. Financially it may be good and still you may not like it. It may be a well-paid job, respectable, but that is not the point. Whether it fits with your being is the point. If it fits that will be very helpful.

There are a few things which create this state of unpeace. One is the work that you do, because it takes at least one-third of your time. Another is the people you live with – the wife, the mother, the father, the brother. If you are living with people you don't like, you don't love, then life becomes very nightmarish. And the third thing: the person that you are and who you think you are. These are the three things: you live with your job, you live with your family and you live with yourself . . . and without loving yourself you cannot be at peace. That is the most fundamental thing – to love oneself. Then the second fundamental thing is to love people you are living with so harmony arises. And then the work that you do, love it! If these three things are fulfilled I don't see that there is any cause to be tense, in anxiety.

But the time you have chosen is really too short. Still, we will try. For at least two, three weeks, meditate, do the Centering group, listen to me, feel me, and next time you come, come at least for two, three months. Those three months will cleanse your mind completely. Just time is needed; nothing much is the problem.



And what about your sannyas? Do you have to think about it or can you take the jump?

In the matter-of-fact manner of one who is pretty certain about at least one aspect of himself . . . .

*NORMAN: I can't jump.*

When would you like to jump? – tomorrow? (laughter)  
It will be a jump whenever you . . . . It will be a jump. And one should be capable sometimes of doing something almost irrational. It has no reason. Why you should be a sannyasin has no reason; that's why the jump.

One should be able to take a few things without any reasoning and should be able to go into a few things through feeling. One should live at least a few moments intuitively . . . and that will help much. Now if you start thinking about it it will create more unrest in your mind.

*NORMAN: Yes.*

You have already too many problems. That's why I say to jump! Why create another problem?

*NORMAN (smiling at the gentle seduction): Alright! (much laughter)*

Mm! Good! (chuckling) Close your eyes, because this jump can be taken only with closed eyes!

He sits still, closed-eyed, while a name is selected for him.

Come close to me! Just look at me . . . . There are not great problems in your head – small problems . . . just small people, crowded together. They can be dispersed very easily. But you have become too involved with this crowd, mm? One is pulling you to one side, another is pulling you to another. They are Lilliputians, nothing big. If you shout loudly they will escape!

In these twenty days that you are here dance as totally as possible, sing, meditate. In the night they have a music group. Go there and just blow your head!

They are not big problems, mm? I have more difficult people here! They are just very small problems but you may have gone on accumulating them so they have become too many . . . small but too many. Just a good shout . . . .

This will be your new name: Swami Anand Parthi. Anand means bliss, and parthi means one who is praying for – one who is praying for bliss, one who is asking for bliss, one who is knocking at the door of God. Jesus says, 'Seek and you shall find. Ask and it shall be given unto you. Knock and the door shall be opened . . . .' That is parthi: one who asks, one who seeks, one who knocks.



And bliss is the goal. Forget the word peace; become more concentrated on bliss. Peace is a negative goal. It is always good to work for something positive; it comes easier. It is as if you are sitting in darkness and you start fighting with darkness. That is negative and you will not win; one cannot defeat darkness. It is better to search for a candle rather than fighting with the darkness. If the candle is there the darkness will go on its own. You just have to bring in a lamp, a candle – light. Search for light.

Peace is a negative thing: it simply wants tension not to be there. Bliss is a positive goal: not that tension should not be there but joy should be there. And remember, when joy comes peace comes automatically as a shadow. Peace is the shadow of joy and you cannot seek the shadow directly. You can invite me to your home. My shadow will come but you cannot invite my shadow. You can go on inviting; my shadow cannot come.

So remember, never make peace your goal; that is a wrong goal. You are not asking for something positive. Ask for something positive, bliss, joy, and peace comes on its own! Good, Prarthi!

It looks as though it is just beginning to dawn on Prarthi what he has done or allowed to be done to him! But he manages a gracious thank-you and smiles wanly as Bhagwan chucklingly reassures him that he will change him!



Shakti comes up next. As she talks, her voice is shaky with emotion . . . .

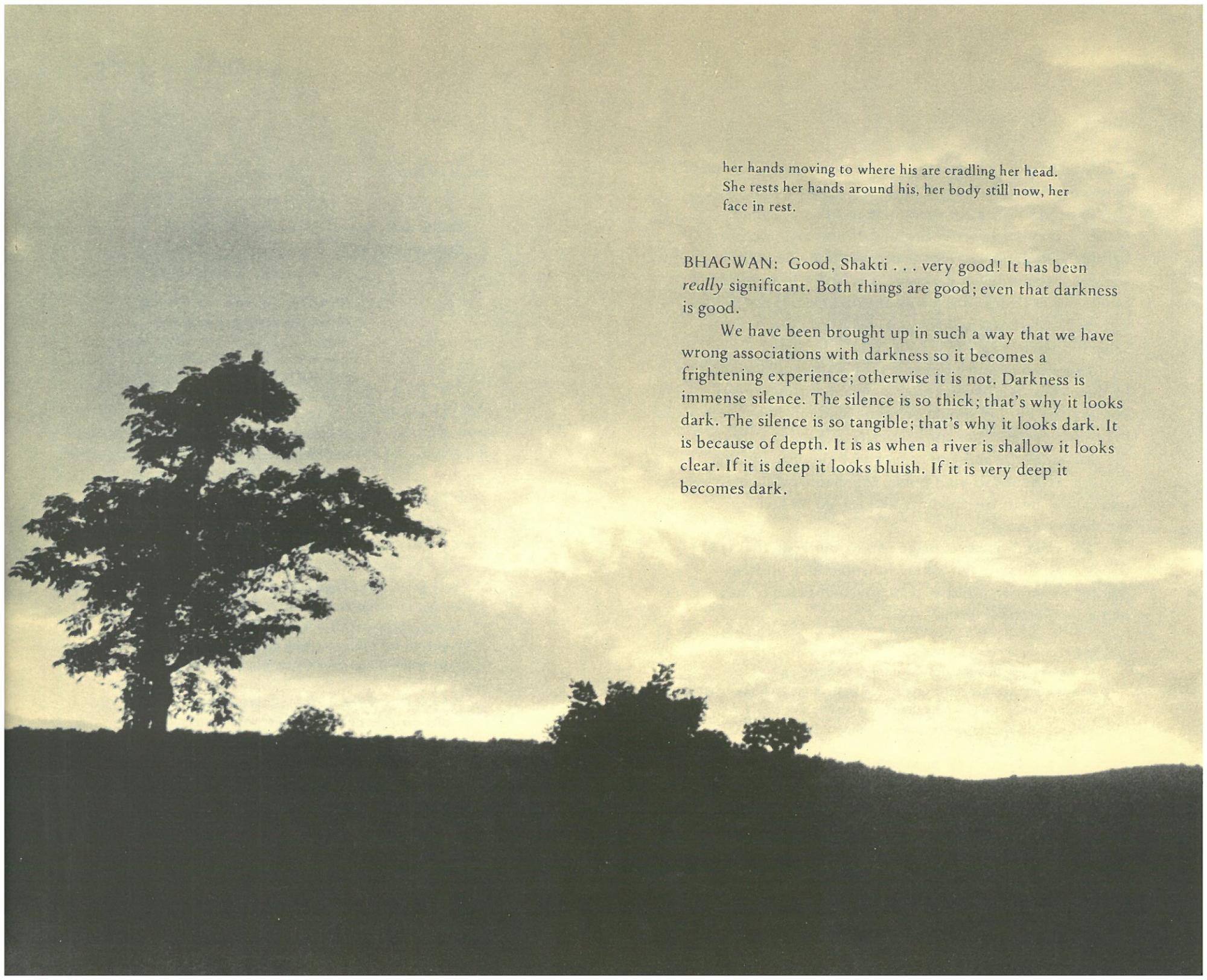
*SHAKTI: I wanted to tell you two things that happened with my energy . . . . One is, sometimes when I go to a strange space I just feel very lost and then darkness comes all over me.*

*And the other thing is that when I did the Hypnotherapy Group it was very beautiful for me. At the end of it I felt my energy was released. My heart was beating very quickly and there was much ecstasy.*

Very good, says Bhagwan, and asks Shakti to hold up her hands, palms facing him, and to be possessed by her energy. He places his fingertips in her palms and she begins to fall back very very slowly, her face with an expression of one on the very edge of an orgasm.

Krishna Bharti, the darshan photographer, has moved rather daringly right behind her with his tripod and camera. As Shakti is obviously going to fall, he quickly puts his equipment aside and holds out his arms to catch her. She sinks gracefully onto the floor,



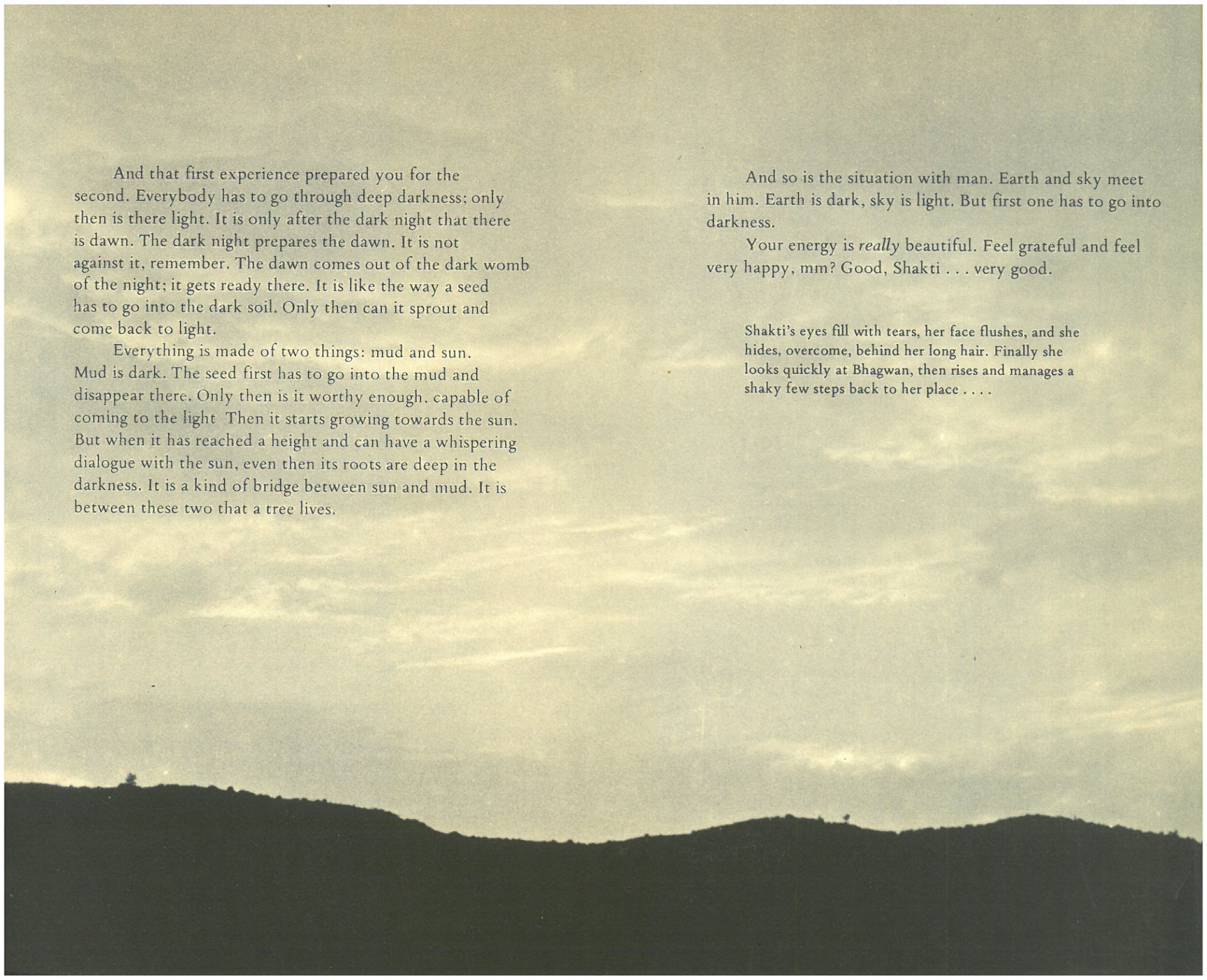
A landscape photograph showing a large, dark silhouette of a tree on the left side. The background is a bright, hazy sky with soft, diffused light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The foreground is dark, showing the silhouettes of a hillside and other smaller trees in the distance.

her hands moving to where his are cradling her head.  
She rests her hands around his, her body still now, her  
face in rest.

BHAGWAN: Good, Shakti . . . very good! It has been  
*really* significant. Both things are good; even that darkness  
is good.

We have been brought up in such a way that we have  
wrong associations with darkness so it becomes a  
frightening experience; otherwise it is not. Darkness is  
immense silence. The silence is so thick; that's why it looks  
dark. The silence is so tangible; that's why it looks dark. It  
is because of depth. It is as when a river is shallow it looks  
clear. If it is deep it looks bluish. If it is very deep it  
becomes dark.





And that first experience prepared you for the second. Everybody has to go through deep darkness; only then is there light. It is only after the dark night that there is dawn. The dark night prepares the dawn. It is not against it, remember. The dawn comes out of the dark womb of the night; it gets ready there. It is like the way a seed has to go into the dark soil. Only then can it sprout and come back to light.

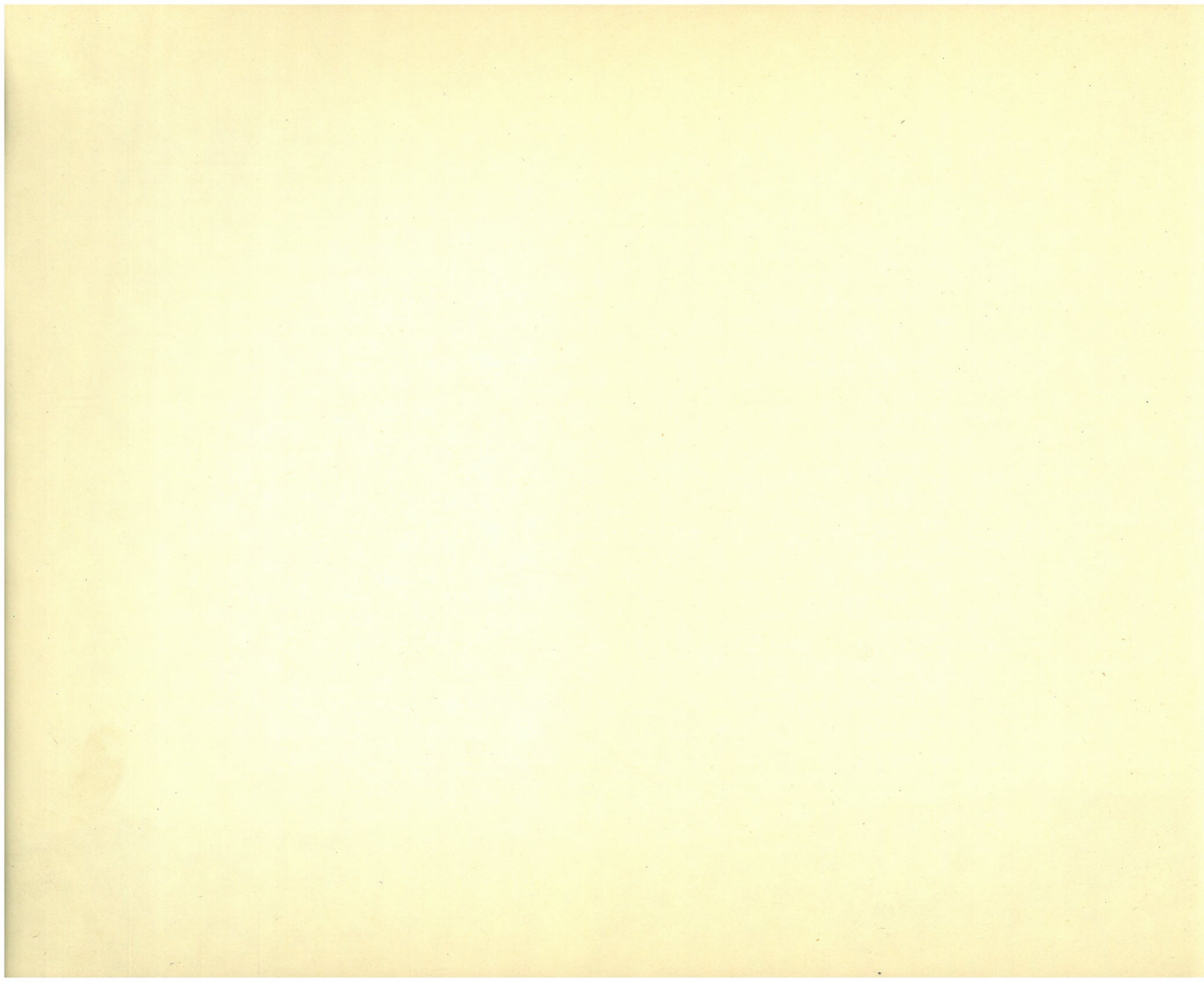
Everything is made of two things: mud and sun. Mud is dark. The seed first has to go into the mud and disappear there. Only then is it worthy enough, capable of coming to the light. Then it starts growing towards the sun. But when it has reached a height and can have a whispering dialogue with the sun, even then its roots are deep in the darkness. It is a kind of bridge between sun and mud. It is between these two that a tree lives.

And so is the situation with man. Earth and sky meet in him. Earth is dark, sky is light. But first one has to go into darkness.

Your energy is *really* beautiful. Feel grateful and feel very happy, mm? Good, Shakti . . . very good.

Shakti's eyes fill with tears, her face flushes, and she hides, overcome, behind her long hair. Finally she looks quickly at Bhagwan, then rises and manages a shaky few steps back to her place . . . .







## Friday 4

Ian is called forward. A tall, fair-headed man, he has an orthopedic shoe on one foot, and manages to seat himself with slight difficulty on the floor before Bhagwan. I recall that he wrote to Bhagwan a few days ago, saying he had come straight to Poona having just spent the last five months in a hospital in Bombay.

He said in his letter:

*These past nine years have been spent in the service of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and Swami Muktananda, the latter for whom I was personal secretary in Australia. Of course the yoga/sex conflict was there, and in meditation I came to feel like the 'wound-up spring against the wall' you've spoken about. Now these relationships have been resolved and freed and my subtle spiritual guide, Shirdi Sai Baba, has directed me to you. I am deeply grateful to him and to you, indeed to all my teachers for having brought me this far.*

*Having been in a state of declining health for several years with the last two being critical, I find myself in a peculiar state, not being able to commit myself to anything concrete, never knowing what the next day might bring in the way of pain and limitation.*

*The most severe conditions from which I have been suffering have been spinal pain and misplacements, arising from a congenitally deformed leg and chronic digestive and blood disorders.*

*There's been a concentration on survival and little opportunity for expression in my recent life. It seems time to find out what this life is really about – to go deep in Being to eradicate this dis-ease. Positively, I feel the need to serve you closely and to take sannyas.*

*Though the route's been tough, I'm delighted to be here now . . .*



Now Bhagwan is telling Ian to close his eyes. He touches Ian's third eye for several moments, then leaning forward, explains the meaning of his name – Deva Narendra . . .

BHAGWAN: Deva means divine, narendra means a king – divine king.

And stop thinking about yourself as if you are missing anything; you are not. It is just a wrong notion that has settled in you. You have made it such a constant thinking that your thinking is keeping it going like a wound. Nothing is wrong with your energy. An idea has just settled in you.

So the first basic thing is to drop that idea. And don't think too much of the body; start thinking of the inner king. Emphasis should be on consciousness, not on the body. And there is a complexity: if you think too much of the body, the body becomes ill, and when the body becomes ill,



naturally you think about it more. Then it becomes a vicious circle.

Even if a healthy person, a perfectly healthy person, starts thinking about his stomach – how he is going to digest this and that and what is going to happen – within twenty-four hours his stomach will be disturbed. And once it is disturbed, he will think more.

So nothing is basically wrong with the body. It is just that an idea has become settled. Medicine can't help because medicine can't cure the idea. So you can go from one doctor to another, from one 'pathy' to another 'pathy' and they will not be of much help. They may even disturb you because their medicines will do something but they cannot cure the idea. And there is no other disease except the idea. So their medicines will have after-effects; they are all poisons.

And the more you fail with the doctor, the more you become concerned with the body. Then a body-consciousness arises. One becomes very very touchy about the body. Just a slight change, just a slight difficulty, just a slight discomfort, and one gets into a panic. Then panic helps the body to become more and more disturbed.

So the first thing in my suggestion is: you drop the idea. Start living.

It happened once . . . . A man was told by a doctor that he would not live more than six months. That man had been ill for twenty years with a thousand and one kinds of illnesses. All that can happen to a human being was happening to him. The doctors were tired; and he was very rich. He was a hypochondriac, and just out of sheer tiredness the doctors said, 'You cannot survive so forget about it. Six months more and you will die; that is

certain. Now nobody can save you. So if you want to live, you can live for six months.'

The man thought 'If I am going to live only for six months then why bother about the body? It is going to die.' So for the first time he shifted his consciousness. He ordered the best clothes, he purchased the best cars, and he planned a world tour. He went to every place that he always wanted to go to but had not gone because of the body. He travelled around the world, ate everything that he always wanted to eat, made love to women; purchased everything that he wanted . . . *really* lived! Death was coming so there was no point in holding back. After six months when he went back, he was healthier than he had ever been before. He lived thirty years more and the problem never came up again!

You have to drop that consciousness. Naturopathy is good because it is not a pathy; it is just a rest. (He'd asked if he should go to a Naturopathic Clinic some distance from here.) But don't become a faddist, otherwise that is an illness. Naturopathy in itself is not a pathy; it is just giving rest to the body, giving the body a situation where it can become attuned to nature. It is an attuning with the instinctive nature; it is non-medicinal. But the problem with Naturopathy is that it can become a fad. Then the fad is more dangerous than the disease. And it is very rare . . . Naturopathy helps many people, but it is very rare that a person who has been helped by Naturopathy does not become ill with Naturopathy itself. It is very rare; then it becomes a fad. He is constantly thinking what to eat, what not to eat, where to go, where not to go, and about ecology and all that.



Then life becomes difficult again. You cannot breathe because there is so much pollution in the air. You cannot eat in a hotel because things are not prepared in a natural way. You cannot eat this and you cannot eat that, because you would like only natural foods. You cannot live in a city. And then things become difficult.

Always remember, Naturopathy is just a rest. Good – once in a while even for no reason one should go to a Naturopathy clinic and rest for two, three weeks, one month, two months, for as much as one can afford every year and for no particular reason, just to enjoy nature and natural foods and bath and sauna, and massage. Not for any particular reason but just for simple joy, the sheer joy of it.

So my suggestion is that you go to the Naturopathy clinic, enjoy it, but drop the idea that you are ill.

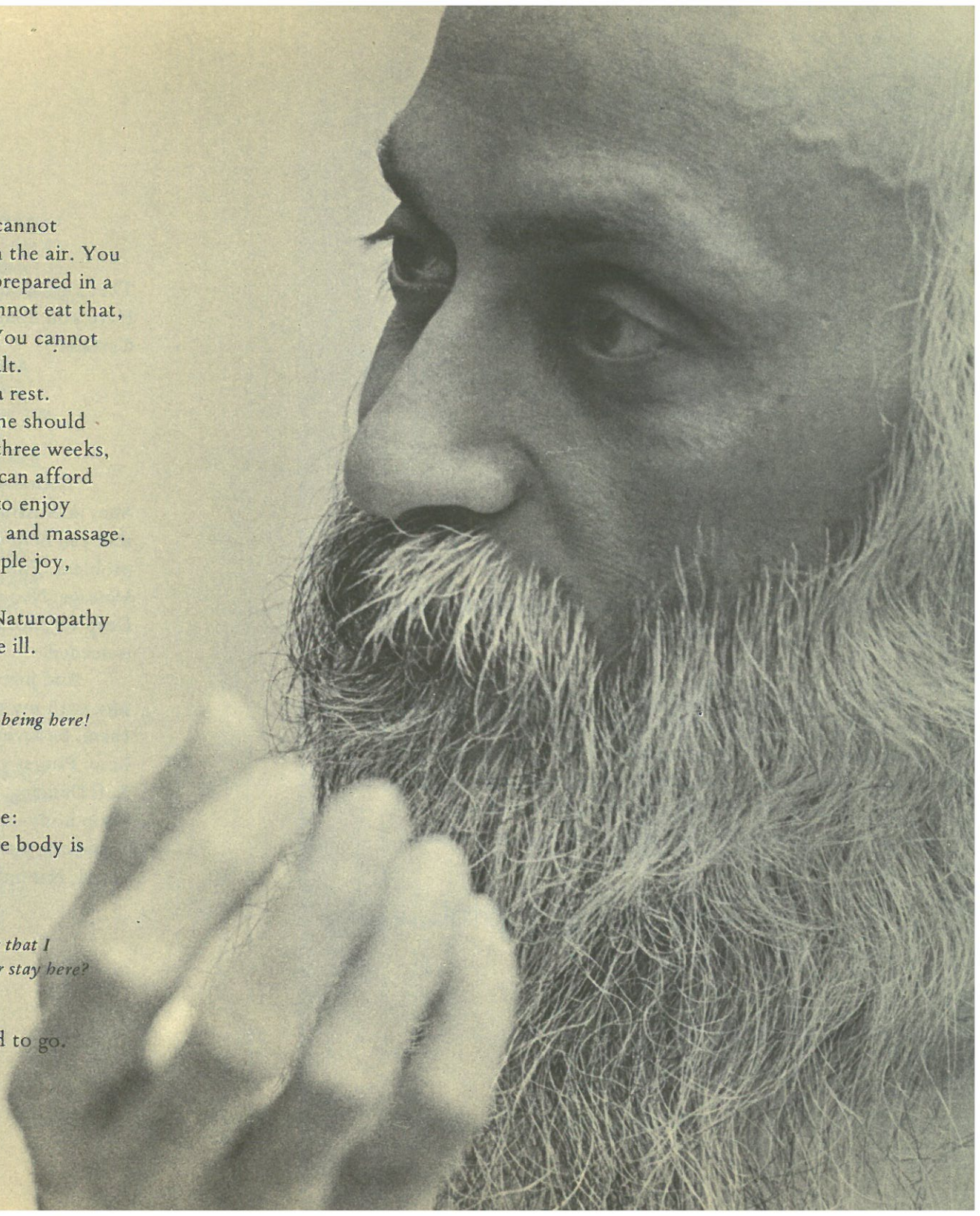
*NARENDRA: I'm enjoying being here!*

That's very good! Mm, you look . . . .

And that's why I am giving you the name: Deva Narendra. So think of the inner king; the body is just a palace.

*NARENDRA: So is it better that I go to the nature cure place or stay here?*

If you are enjoying here, then there is no need to go.





*NARENDRA: Yes, I'm enjoying here . . .*

Mm, then there is no need to go anywhere.

*NARENDRA: . . . just some mechanical difficulties.*

What are those?

*NARENDRA: From my leg, it's spinal troubles: imbalance and pain in the neck, especially in the lower back.*

Then take massage here. We have many kinds of massages available; the Alexander Technique is available. That will be very good, mm? — the most helpful thing. Massage is available and if you feel like it then Rolfing, Neo-rolfing, Postural Integration. Take these things. And if you are enjoying it here, then there is no need to go anywhere.

*NARENDRA: Anything else that I should do here in the way of therapy?*

How long can you be here?

*NARENDRA: I can stay for a while.*

That's good . . . that's good. Then I will suggest a few things. Have you done any groups before? Anything like Encounter, Gestalt?

*NARENDRA: Yes, I've done some Encounter and Bioenergetics.*

Mm, in Australia? They didn't help much? No, nothing like that can help you. But you will come out now; nothing is the problem. First do these things: Alexander Technique and Massage, Neo-rolfing, these three. Then Hypnotherapy and Deep Hypnotherapy. Then I will see if something else is needed.

And just enjoy being here; that will help immensely. Mix with my people; they are beautiful people. Befriend them, be loving, and forget yourself in the whirlwind that is here. Forget yourself. Sing, go to the Music Group and Sufi Dancing. Whatsoever you can do easily, go into it. Drop body-consciousness and attain to more inner consciousness. And within a month things will have gone. Good, Narendra . . . good!





Anudeya has just come from Goa. He says to Bhagwan that he has trouble with the idea of surrender. I can't understand it, he continues. I don't know whether I am already surrendered. I'd do anything . . . but I see that as love; I don't see it as surrender.

Mm! but they are the same thing, Bhagwan replies. Love and surrender are synonymous; they are two names for the same thing. Love *is* surrender. And you are surrendered; that's why it is hard for you to comprehend what it is. Because you are already that and there; you are in that space. It is easy to understand when you are outside. You can watch, you can be more objective; you can move around. But when you are in that space, when you *are* that space, then it becomes very difficult because then there is nobody to see it. The knower and the known are no more separate . . . .



Shantidas, an English sannyasin, is back after being away for several months. How are you? says Bhagwan in greeting.

*SHANTIDAS: I'm good, feeling very good . . . but not enough!*

**BHAGWAN:** It is never enough!

*SHANTIDAS: I meditate and I feel calm and quiet, sometimes I cathart and I feel clean, but I'm not alive enough.*

Mm mm.

*SHANTIDAS: Somewhere I'm still very sad and serious. I carry some kind of wet blanket in here (indicating his chest), a blanket full of tears. Much insecurity . . . especially with Vasudha.*

Mm mm, where is Vasudha? Come here!

Vasudha, an Italian sannyasin and Shantidas's companion, comes shyly forward and sits beside Shantidas.

*SHANTIDAS: Because I'm so afraid I find it difficult to be in my emotions — I go into my mind.*

(to Vasudha) Do you have something to say about this?

*VASUDHA: I think it's true; I feel the same about it. He has been very sad for some time, too stuck and not much energy outside. I feel he's often in his mind.*



Mm mm. (a pause) (to Shantidas) It is not a question of seriousness or sadness . . . if you label it as seriousness and sadness you will never be able to solve it, because the labelling is wrong. It is just a depth that is arising in you and you are putting negative labels on it. It happens many times that we can misinterpret something. We call it a name and that name can destroy the whole vision. For example, depth also feels like sadness because sadness has a depth. And we know sadness, we don't know depth, so when for the first time depth happens it looks like sadness.

Now, you are really going well. Your meditation is good, you are flowing, but because of this meditation and flow, depth is arising. That depth will look to you as if it is sad. You have to enjoy this depth, you have to love this depth. And then the interpretation disappears, a new door will open and you will see it is not sadness. But they overlap, that is true, and they look alike.

A very silent person can look sad. Buddha sitting silently, not doing anything . . . He does not even smile but he is not sad. He looks sad, and many have thought that Buddha is sad, but even a smile is meaningless in that depth. He is so deep down in his being that even if he laughs from there it will not come to the lips, or by the time it reaches the lips it will be almost nil; it will lose all energy. But he is not sad. He is immensely ecstatic, he is blissful. How can he be sad?

Something of the depth is arising, so be loving towards it, be respectful towards it. If you call it sadness, you have showed your disrespect towards it. Then you can stop it and you can start pulling yourself out of it. There is no need; relax into it.

And of course when you start falling into depth, insecurity arises; that is a natural consequence of depth. Because depth means death. Depth means you start disappearing from the periphery. The you that you have always known yourself to be is disappearing. Insecurity will arise, and when insecurity arises you will start to project insecurity somewhere. You will project it on the woman you love because she is the closest. You need some curtain on which to project it, and Vasudha becomes the curtain.

One has to rationalise, otherwise the mind feels very uneasy. One has to find some reason as to why one is insecure. The mind says you are insecure because of Vasudha. She may leave you some day or she may go to somebody else or something may happen, and this love affair may not be always. These are the explanations the superficial mind is giving to you, but they help you to rationalise. Uneasiness goes; now you know what is the problem.

Maybe you cannot solve the problem by the explanation. No explanation ever solves anything but it gives you a kind of consolation – that you know what the problem is. At least you know the problem even if you don't know the solution. Maybe if you think over the problem the solution will be coming. But it is not coming from Vasudha; it has nothing to do with her.

*SHANTIDAS: Yes, I know!*

It is your own depth that is creating the fear of death. I can see inside you that a great trembling is there. That trembling has nothing to do with anything outside: money, power,



love, nothing. It is coming from your core; the fear is arising from there. You need some explanation outside but those explanations are not helpful; they will be hindrances.

Go into it! This fear is good, this trembling is good. This is spiritual trembling. Every seeker has to go through it because every seeker has to die, and before death there will be trembling, great trembling. One cannot die easily! The mind will find all kinds of ways and means to avoid it. The mind will fight and resist. It will give great trouble to you before it relaxes, before it accepts it, before it starts tumbling into the depth. It will tremble on the shore. It will cling to anything.

So just look at the depth, start falling into it . . . allow it to happen. Something incredibly beautiful is very close by. No explanation is needed, no rationalisation is needed. Stop asking the mind what is happening. Simply go into the happening. This is not the time to ask; this is the time to go into it.

And you have come in the right moment. You need me and it will be good if you are close by. The jump will be easier. So nothing to be worried about, Shantidas!



Madhuri, one of Bhagwan's librarians, had recently moved into Bhagwan's residence, Lao Tzu House, to live with the seventeen other sannyasins there. For the past year or so she has been moving freely with many people, and the one stipulation that was given her when she was invited to live in Lao Tzu House was that she be in each night by 11 pm.

Some days later she received a further directive – that she settle with one partner for six months.

In a state of considerable consternation at the curbing of her nightlife, Madhuri now comes forward.

What about you? asks Bhagwan, with much warmth in his voice. I watch Madhuri with affectionate amusement as she begins to try and explain herself to Bhagwan. She is a poet and has almost a compulsion to say exactly what she feels, thinks, fantasises, without leaving anything to the imagination, without any censoring. Her hands move this way and that. She pauses and sighs, then tries again, her face screwed up in concentration . . . .

*MADHURI: There's been just so much energy always going on. I've been puzzling so much since I moved in . . . wondering if I love life or was afraid of emptiness. I'm always running after men and I'm always doing all kinds of things, and sometimes I feel . . . . When I feel that nothing's happening I become absolutely desperate and terrified.*

*I'm having this incredibly crazy relationship with Veda which is just complete chaos. I feel like pushing him away part of the time or being with him part of the time.*





*Just sitting there I was feeling my questions vanish and vanish and vanish, and yet I want something from you. I feel constantly at a turning point.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm! Come close! Just raise your hands this way. Go into it.

Madhuri has her arms up now, palms facing Bhagwan. Immediately the right hand goes into a kind of claw-like spasm, the left hand quite floppy. Her mouth drops open, her head is lolling back and then is suddenly jerked forward. Then she has bent forwards, her head at Bhagwan's feet.

Shiva makes to motion her back lest Bhagwan is disturbed by her proximity, but Bhagwan indicates that she should be left as she is. He is shining his small torch on her back now, on the knobbls of her spine. After a few moments he calls Madhuri back to earth . . . .

Mm! good Madhuri! You *are* at a turning point. And this moment can be used very very creatively. I have been watching you: you have been running after men desperately. It has nothing to do with men, it has nothing to do with sex; it has nothing to do with all that. It is just that you are avoiding yourself through occupation, and sex is very occupying because it brings all kinds of misery. Sex is just the engine and the train is of so many things, mm?



All types of compartments are there: jealousy and misery and pain and fight and anger and hatred. The whole train is loaded and sex is just the engine. It is not much; it just keeps the train running.

*MADHURI: I feel like I've done  
all those things . . . many times!*

People go on doing but it is a vicious circle. Again you feel empty and then what to do? And it is always better, the mind says, to be occupied than not to be occupied. The mind says that it is better to have something, whatsoever it is, than have nothing. Even if it is misery it is okay; at least one is occupied.

But the time has come now: you stop! There is no need to run after anybody. If the relationship is going on with Veda make it more and more loving and silent, make it more and more of a friendship. There is no need to reject him half the time and then hanker for him the other half. That's what sexuality continues to do. It hankers and when the man starts coming towards you, you start running; that is the whole game. When the man starts going somewhere else, you start running after him. So either the man is going away and the woman is following, or the woman is going away and the man is following; they are never together.

It becomes an ego trip. You enjoy somebody desiring you, you enjoy somebody following you. You enjoy it that somebody is desperately in need of you; so how to feel that? Attract him and then reject him! When you reject him he is in need and he is like a fish thrown out of water.

You enjoy it. You know that you are very very significant to this man. Look how much he is suffering without you! And you can only know this if you reject.

When he is suffering too much you go and console him and you shower your love on him and you say 'Look how loving I am. Without me where will you be?' Then he starts taking you for granted; again you have to reject him to create the same situation.

These are the games . . . but you have played them enough! I have not told you before because I felt that it was necessary for you to go into it. But during this one year you have done enough. Mm? what people do in two, three lives, you have done in one year! It is finished! Now, with Veda, stop playing games. Be friendly, be loving.

*MADHURI: And not chase after  
other people!*

No!

*MADHURI: Good. Thank God!*

No need to chase; drop chasing. And if Veda chases somebody, that too is not your business. Just be friendly. When he comes to you, be friendly and be loving. If he wants to chase somebody . . . maybe he needs to still, mm?

Just as you did for one year, he may too, so no need to create any . . .



MADHURI: *I understand it.*

Good, Madhuri! Anything else?

MADHURI: *I think I try too much in sex. It causes trouble for me but I can't stop trying. I feel afraid when I feel things are vanishing; I feel like nothing is there.*

*I'm afraid about my body. I feel I need to keep it beautiful and young and I worry about it a lot. Although I accept that worry I feel very identified with it, very very.*

Mm mm, that will stop automatically once you stop chasing people. That is part of the chasing. If you want to chase people you have to remain young and beautiful and this and that. And in fact, just the opposite happens: the more you chase people, the older you will be, and sooner.

Have you heard the story? — that a king had many wives. Outside the town he had made a special place for them. He had one man who had to go to fetch one wife every night for him. The king lived up to seventy and by that time at least seven persons who had to go and bring the wife had died. (chuckling) So it is not women that kill — it is the chasing! (laughter)

MADHURI: *I was thinking that that was what was keeping me awake and alive. But when I moved in you told me to come in at eleven every night. I was really threatened. I started feeling my energy was going to move. No matter what you told me, what boundaries you gave me, the energy moves any way.*

Mm mm, let it move! In your room let it move! Nothing to be worried about. Stop chasing and then you won't be worried about the body. And you will remain younger and beautiful longer. In fact if a person drops all kinds of chasing and desiring, even in the old days he remains beautiful. In fact the older you become, the more beautiful, because age has a grace which youth cannot have.

Youth is a little foolish . . . bound to be so, it is natural. Youth is shallow. It can't have depth because depth needs experience of life, many experiences — sweet and bitter and all. When one has passed through many experiences and one has seen all that life makes available, then a grace, a silence, a dignity arises. One becomes luminous from within.

And that is the criterion for whether the life has really been lived or not. If in your old age you become more and more beautiful every day, that means you have lived rightly. You *lived*; it has not been a sheer wastage. The last day has to be the most beautiful day in your whole life. And the last moment, when one is dying, has to be the most graceful.



And it happens! One just has to stop hankering, chasing, desiring, lusting, because those things create turmoil; they are destructive. So stop chasing. Be friendly with Veda.

*MADHURI: I often want to ask you about sex because I feel so puzzled about it; I keep feeling that there's something in it that I'm not finding. I'm afraid about not having orgasms or not what I think are orgasms. I feel inferior about it, and all that junk keeps continuing – that I feel inferior and left out and things.*

You have the western attitude about sex; that is creating trouble. The western attitude is always about *making* things happen, doing something! And there are a few things which cannot be done. There the west becomes very very crazy!

For example, sleep, sex. These are things you cannot do, so the West suffers very much from lack of sleep also, insomnia, and also from sex. Everybody is worried that he is not experiencing it as it should be. The orgasm is not coming or it is very local or it is very lukewarm or it is not total. And sleep is not good: there are too many dreams. Many times one wakes or one has to wait hours for it to come. People are trying all kinds of things to bring sleep: the tranquilizers, the tricks, the mantras and TM.

And about sex also people are very very worried. That very worry and that very effort to do something is the problem. Sex *happens*; it is not a thing that you have to do.

So you have to learn the eastern attitude toward sex, the Tantra attitude. The Tantra attitude is that you be loving to a person. There is no need to plan, there is no need to rehearse in the mind. There is no need to do anything in particular: just be loving and available. Go on playing with each other's energy. And when you start making love, there is no need to make it great. Otherwise you will be pretending and so will the other person. He will pretend that he is a great lover and you will pretend that you are a great lover . . . and both are unsatisfied! There is no need to pose anything.

It is a very silent prayer. Making love is meditation. It is sacred, it is the holiest of holies. So while you are making love to a man go very slowly . . . with taste, taking in every flavour of it. And very slowly: there is no hurry, no need to hurry; enough time is there.

And while making love, forget about orgasm. Rather, be in a relaxed state with the man, relax into each other. The western mind is continuously thinking about when it is coming and how to make it fast and great and this and that. That thinking does not allow the body energies to function. It does not allow the body to have its own way; the mind goes on interfering . . .

Relax with the man. If nothing happens there is no need for anything to happen. If nothing happens then that is what is happening . . . and that too is beautiful! Orgasm is not such a thing that it has to happen every day. Sex should be just being together, just dissolving into each other. Then one can keep making love for half an hour, for one hour, just relaxing into the other. Then you will find a new quality coming to your love. That will be the quality of relaxation, of utter innocence, of utter silence,



of utter mindlessness, because there is no need for the mind. Love is the only thing where the mind is not needed; and that's where the West is wrong: it brings in the mind even there!

So just relax into each other and forget about the mind. Enjoy the very presence of the other, the meeting, and get lost in it. Don't try to make anything out of it; there is nothing to make. Then one day there will be a valley orgasm; there will be no peak. There will be only relaxation, but that has its own peak because it has depth. Some day the body will trigger itself into a peak orgasm but that will also be coming; you will just be there.

Sometimes there will be a valley, sometimes there will be a peak . . . and that is a rhythm. You cannot have a peak every day. If you have only peaks then the peak will not be very big. You have to earn the peak by going into the valley. So it is half and half. Sometimes it will be a valley orgasm. Then get lost in the darkness of the valley, the coolness and the peace. That is how you earn a peak. One day the energies are ready: they themselves are going towards the peak. Not that you are taking them. How can you? Who are you and how can you manage to? By being in the valley the energy accumulates; the peak is born out of the valley. Then there is great orgasm; your whole being is suffused with a joy.

In the peak it will be joy, in the valley it will be peace. Both are beautiful. And finally, peace is more valuable than joy, because joy will be momentary: you cannot be on the peak for more than a moment. A peak means it is very small; it is like a pyramid. You cannot stand there for long, you can be there only for a moment. But you can be in the valley for a long time. So when a peak comes, good;

when a valley comes, good. Both have to be enjoyed; both have something to deliver. Both are meaningful and both help you to grow.

Finally Tantra says, the valley orgasm is far more superior than the peak. The peak orgasm is immature, the valley orgasm has a great maturity in it. The peak orgasm has excitement: it is feverish, it is passion. It has a thrill but that thrill is tiring. The valley orgasm has no thrill but it has silence, and that silence is far more valuable, far more transforming. That will remain with you for twenty-four hours. Once you have been in a valley that valley will follow you. The peak will be lost and you will be exhausted and will fall in sleep. The valley will continue; for days it can have a kind of effect on you. You will feel relaxed, together.

Both are good, but nothing can be done. One has simply to allow. So love is a kind of relaxation in which things have to be allowed. Drop the western mind . . . .

*MADHURI: Once in a while I've got very deeply turned on and then also feel very frustrated afterwards. Sometimes the energy was really deep and it would rise when I came in the house. Other times it would just stay in my genitals, and I could tell that I was feeding it there and I would feel very frustrated.*

That frustration comes from your attitude, mm? It will go.



*MADHURI: I know I have a fear of cessation and death and things going away, and I also have a fear of having too much energy. I've been using my energy in a really outward way, and if it happens that I come home and I feel I haven't used my energy up, I just feel somehow very threatened by that. I can't stand to have all that energy in me.*

Just do these things that I have told and then . . .

*MADHURI: Okay . . . okay!*

Good, Madhuri!



Virag is already weeping as she makes her way forward. Is something happening? says Bhagwan. Close your eyes and go into it first. She sobs for a few more minutes, then ventures to look up at Bhagwan . . . .

BHAGWAN: Good, Virag! Now you can tell me.

*VIRAG: Since I've been alone, without Yogi (her former partner), I've just been going down inside*

*finding myself, really deeply. I get really frightened sometimes. I keep hearing this little voice saying 'Get away from here! Escape!'*

Mm!

*VIRAG: Then one time I was home alone and I said aloud 'I hate you (Bhagwan).' I really did totally, and I was very shocked. I looked around to see who had said it!*

Mm mm. Nothing to be worried about; these moments come. These moments come – when the disciple turns against the master, hates the master. These moments come when the disciple wants to go away . . . and these are the precious moments. Don't listen to that voice! It is your ego that is making the final effort to somehow take you away so that it can survive! *You* are not going to die; your ego is going to die. So the ego is trying in every way. It will find all kinds of reasons to get away from here.

Just the other day one very good man was going to take sannyas; then he escaped at the last moment. He has been in business, very successful. Then he dropped out of business because he knew that there was nothing to it any more. He became a Christian monk and for seven years he remained a monk. He saw that nothing was happening there; he had been wasting his time. It was all rubbish, scholarship and all that, but there was nothing, no real thing.



He came here. For three days he listened. He had come to become a sannyasin and yesterday he was to come to darshan but he escaped. He told Laxmi, 'This is too much. If I don't escape now, I will never be able to!' So this is the last chance. He thought that if he can escape, he should escape. I know he will come back . . . . That fear is natural . . . that fear is natural. It is a dangerous place to be. But that is the whole point of being here: because it is dangerous! So don't listen to that voice; that voice is of the devil! Mm? the old name for it was the devil. I call it the mind, the ego, but it is the same thing. There is no other devil.

If you can stay in this moment, if you can still go on trusting and loving, then something very urgent that is waiting to happen there is going to happen.



Divyananda has been rearing, with much love, a small vegetable garden just behind Buddha Auditorium. His fair hair falls over his bright blue eyes as he tells Bhagwan what is happening to him . . . .

*DIVYANANDA: Of late I've felt almost like a zombie when I've been gardening. Part of me wants very much to go back to doing design work.*

*The other day I was up in Padma's room. (Padma is a dress designer)*









*All the cloth and everything was  
around and I felt really attracted  
to it, wanting to go back to working  
with cloth. I really don't want to do . . .*

BHAGWAN: Be a zombie but be in the garden . . . and enjoy being a zombie! If you enjoy, you are no more. Enjoy being a zombie; that very enjoyment will become the transcendence. What is wrong in being a zombie? Just enjoy it!

It is far better to be with the trees and the rocks than to be with clothes. Your vegetable garden is doing perfectly well. I am very happy! I was thinking to give you a bigger garden in the new place. So get in tune with your zombie; no need to worry. I have already planned a very big garden for you so there is no way of going to Padma, mm? Good!

Bhagwan mentioned Divyananda's problem the following morning in the discourse when talking about the way a master works. He mentioned seven points, the first being catalytic, 'contact high' or satsang, and the second he termed catalepsy. He said catalepsy is the suspension of the disciple's old being . . .

'When you are in contact with a Christ or a Buddha your old being is suspended, out of the very shock. You cannot function as you used to before. The very presence is such a shock; everything is suspended. For a moment all thoughts stop, all feelings disappear. For the moment you may miss a heartbeat. That's why it happens that around great masters

you will see many people who look like zombies. They are in a kind of suspension.

'Just the other day Divyananda came to me; he works in my garden. He said, "What is happening to me? I have become almost like a zombie! I am afraid. Should I go and do something else?"

'I told him, "Be a zombie! Be a perfect zombie, that's all. Continue your work."

'Now, something immensely valuable is happening but he cannot understand it yet. This is what is happening — catalepsy. He is open to me, and working in my garden he has become even more open to me. He is in a shock. He is forgetting who he is, he is losing his old identity. He is paralysed. Why paralysed? Because the old cannot function and the new has yet to be born, so he is in the interval. This is going to happen to many. Don't be afraid when it happens. It will go, it is not going to remain. But it is on the way, it happens on the way.

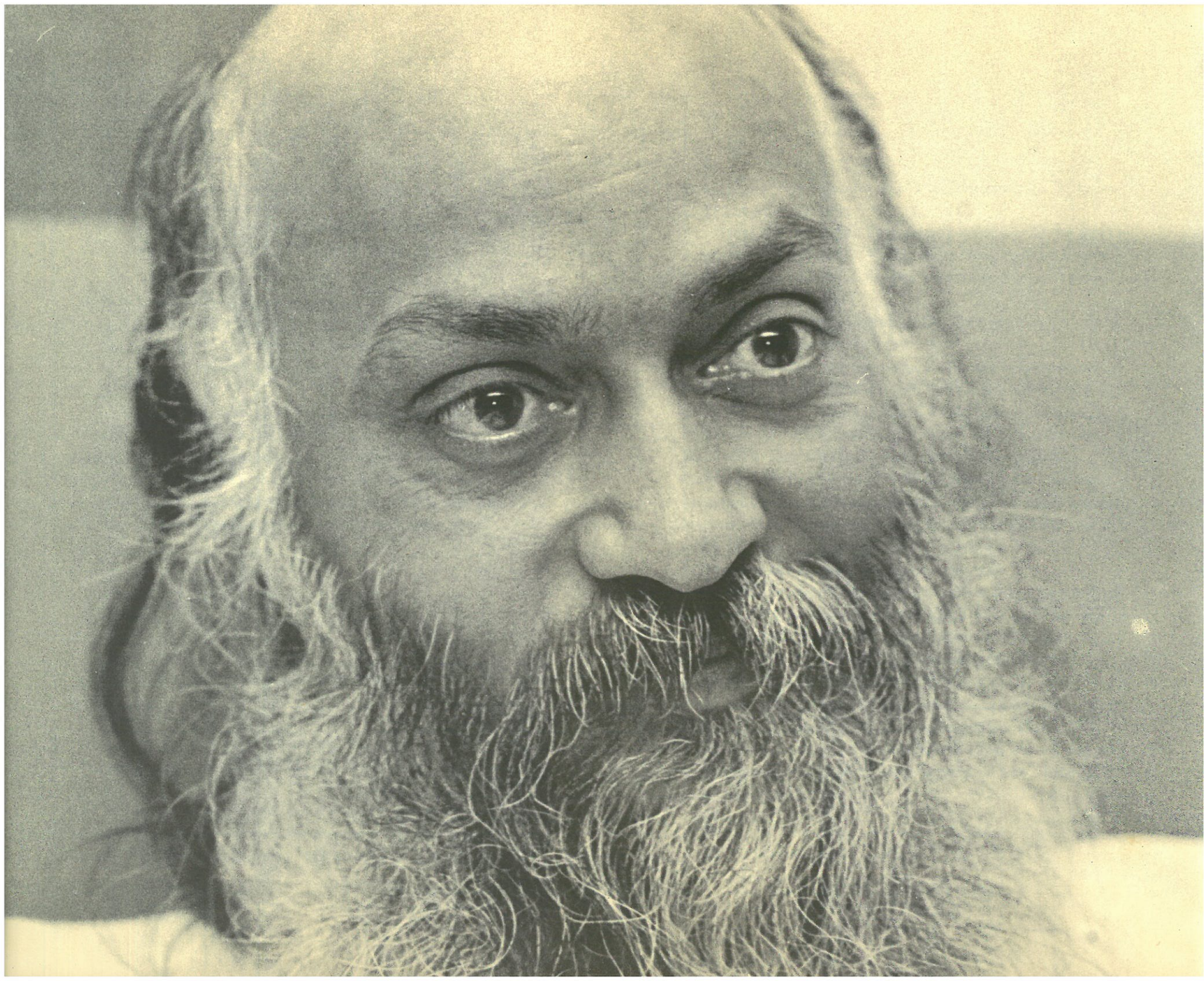
'This is a state of not-knowing. You don't know what is what. All your knowledge is lost, all your cleverness is gone. You become idiotic . . . you look like an idiot. People will say that you have become hypnotised or something, that you are no more your old self. That is true.

'It is a kind of shock, and good, because it will destroy the past. It will make you discontinuous with the past and it will bring the fresh, the new. It will allow something original to happen, but before the original can happen the past has to go.'











## Saturday 5

A feeling of Christmas in the air tonight as Bhagwan had had a 'happy sorting-out day' today, giving away gifts (mainly hats of all shapes and sizes!) to ashramites. I sit glowing, in my usual place, feeling bubbly tonight with love and a special gratitude . . . grateful for being able to express my gratitude through my work.

Bernard has been here a few weeks, and now, on the day before leaving, wants to take sannyas. Bhagwan gives him the name Prem Swaram explaining that it means love harmony. He then asks Swaram if he has a centre in Corsica where he lives. No, but I have a restaurant, says Swaram. So make a little corner in it for me! says Bhagwan. Swaram says the restaurant is called, Le Voyageur; The Traveller. So I will give you a new name for it, says Bhagwan. It will be helpful for you to talk about me. Soon you will find that I have started working through you. He writes down a name for the centre — Pathik. It means The Traveller, says Bhagwan.

Just one small question, says Swaram. I would like to know why there is so much onion and garlic in the meals here. Onion and garlic don't work with meditation.

Bhagwan says, Mm! Then come back and manage things here!

We laugh and Swaram good-naturedly accepts the reply. I wonder if he was around the next morning to hear Bhagwan refer to him in the discourse. Bhagwan was saying that we judge God and meditation by our own definitions when we know nothing at all about them . . . .



Just the other night a sannyasin was saying to me that in Vrindavan (the ashram restaurant) garlic and onion and things like that are used in the food. These are harmful to meditation, he said . . . as if he knows what meditation is! He has heard it. He runs a restaurant and he knows about food; that is true. But he does not know anything about meditation.

Who has told you that onion and garlic are against meditation? Have you meditated without onion and garlic and then with onion and garlic? (laughter) Have you experimented? Just foolish ideas, fads, go on being given from one to another. One generation gives its foolishness to another generation. And the longer it has been transferred, the more powerful it becomes because it has a history.



Onion is so innocent! If you want to avoid something, avoid apples, not onions, because it is the apple that created the whole trouble! But that story (of Adam and Eve and the infamous apple) also seems to be mistaken because I eat three apples every day just to see when God is going to expel me. He has not expelled me yet!

When I was young my doctor told me to eat one apple a day to keep the doctor away. I started eating three, so it keeps everybody away! (laughter) But God has not expelled me yet . . . and he seems to be very overjoyed with me . . . .



Bhagwato, ashramite in charge of the cleaning of the group rooms, received a telegram from his father today saying that his mother was in a coma and that his return was imperative. Accompanying the telegram was an air ticket. Looking as though he still hasn't grasped the fact that he is suddenly leaving, Bhagwato comes forward to take leave of Bhagwan. He seems composed, or maybe too spaced to be upset . . . .

BHAGWAN: What happened exactly?

*BHAGWATO: It's not known yet.*

How long has she been in coma?

*BHAGWATO: I don't know exactly but about five days to a week.*

And how old is she?

*BHAGWATO: Not very old . . . about forty-eight.*

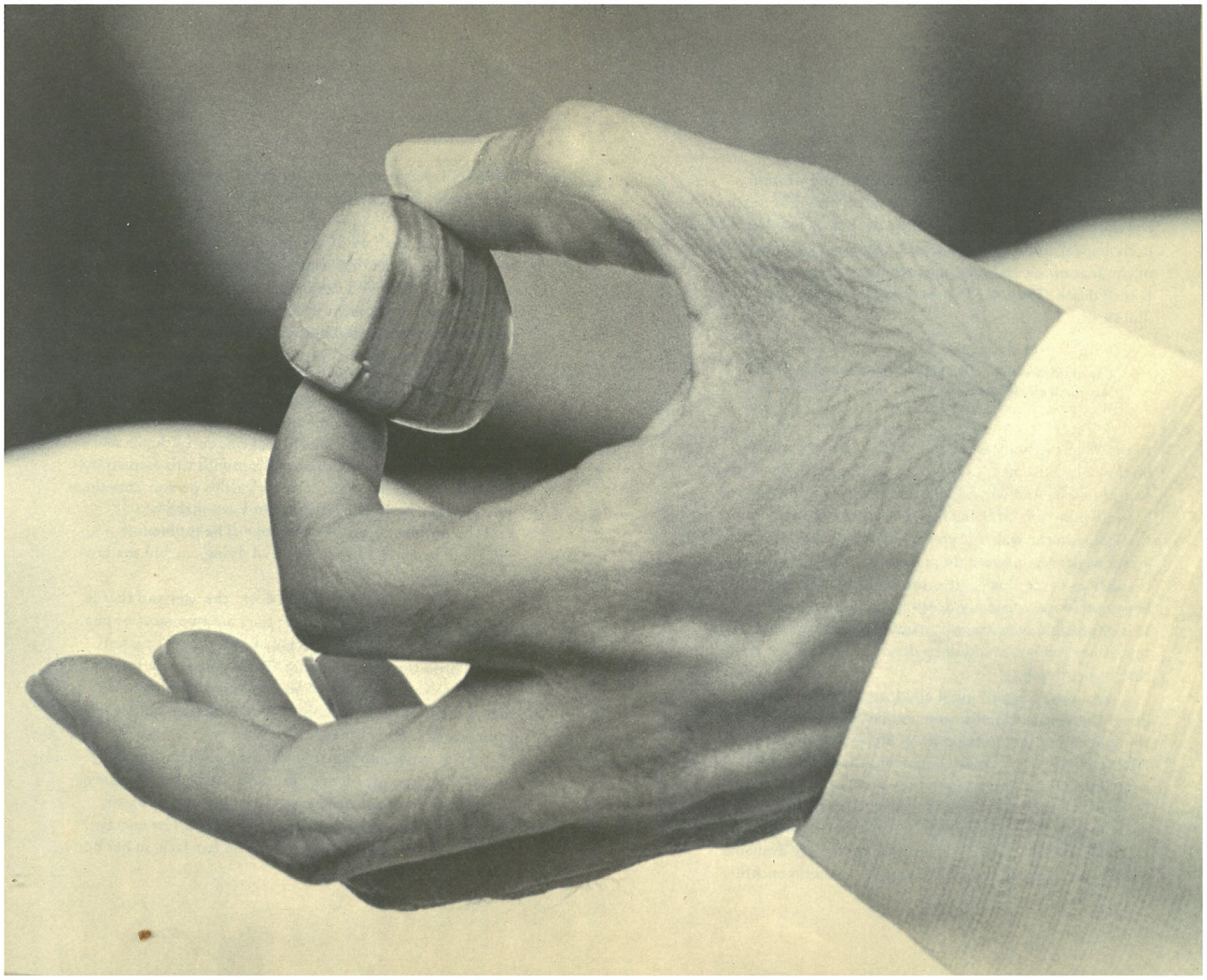
What do the doctors say? — you don't know?

*BHAGWATO: My father just sent the ticket and said that it was imperative that I should come soon.*

You go! And do one thing . . . . Sit by the side of your mother and put this (a box) on her third eye; just keep it there. And become very very silent and open to me. Feel as if you are being possessed by me, as if I am coming through you, and pour your energies into her through the box. That will be of great help. If she survives it will be of help. If she goes then too she will be going in the right direction, in a more beautiful space.

The real thing is not whether she survives or not; that is never the real thing. The real thing is if her consciousness changes. If she survives, good; if she goes, that too is good, but she should go in a kind of attunement with the whole. That should be the effort — that she should not go in a kind of struggle; she should go perfectly relaxed. She should go as if she is going home.







And that is one of the problems that the western consciousness has to face. It is very much afraid of death . . . too much fear of death. There have been only two kinds of pathological cultures in the world. One pathology arises out of the fear of sex and another pathology arises out of the fear of death. These are two pathologies of humanity, two illnesses.

Bhagwan goes on to talk about how the East fears sex, the West, death.

In the West the body is the only life. The body seems to be the only existence, so if it is gone all is gone; hence the fear of death. And when you become afraid of death, you become incapable of living life. These are the problems that come in the wake: if you are afraid of death how can you love life? You can only pretend, because it is life that brings death finally. It is through life that death comes. How can I love you if my death is coming through you? It is impossible; you are my enemy. Whatsoever I say, that is not the point, but deep down I know that it is life that brings death.

So in the western mind all efforts have been made down the ages to stop life at a certain stage. Women start thinking about how to stop it . . . and they do stop it! After a certain age, sixteen, eighteen, they don't grow annually. In two, three years, they grow only one year. By the time they are thirty they start clinging very very deeply: they don't want to go beyond that. Cosmetics and medicine and all kinds of technical supports are available to help you to keep yourself young, to remain youthful.

Because of that fear you cannot grow. You cannot love life because you are afraid of life, and the fear is coming from death.

The East is afraid of life; it cannot die rightly. The West is afraid of death; it cannot live rightly. And when you are afraid of death you cannot go into sex either because the last orgasmic moment in sex is similar to death. So people have become non-orgasmic. They make love, they want to go into orgasm, deep orgasm, they want to relax and disappear, but the fear of death is there. It does not allow them: they go only so far and then they shrink back.

And because each time they go so far and shrink back, unsatisfied, sex haunts their life continuously. Again and again they think, 'I could not make it with this woman – I will make it with another. If not with this person then there must be somebody else with whom I can make it . . . .' And the problem is not with women. The problem is with you, because you are afraid of dying . . . and sex is a kind of death.

One thing has been missed down the ages and that is that life and death are together; they are two faces of one reality. So the real person accepts both; the real person lives in both the poles together. Through polarisation he achieves self-actualisation. Those poles are opposite, and that is the beauty of a real man – that he goes on floating from one pole to another.

So go, and help her to relax. Just put this (the box) on her third eye, sit silently, become completely mindless. Just remember me, feel I have taken possession of you, I am flowing through you into her. You will feel energy moving and you will feel symptoms on her face, in her body.



Both are the possibilities: she may come back – then she will be a different kind of woman – or she may go. But then too she will be going a different person from who she was. In both ways you will be helpful.

So don't have any desire in the mind that she should survive. If you have that desire then you are also afraid of death; you cannot be of any help. You follow me? If you have the desire that she should survive anyhow then you will not be of much help. You have not to have any desire. Simply be there, choiceless. Thy will be done . . . whatsoever it is. If she survives, good; if she goes, perfectly good. No choice on your part, only then can you become a vehicle for me. It will be a great experience to you too. What happens to her is secondary; something will happen to you.

So use this opportunity for a great meditation . . . and help her. Good, Bhagwato!



Nona is sitting in front of Bhagwan. She says she doesn't have anything to say; she just came to darshan because her friend, Abhiyana, suggested she come and say hello. She seems bright, quick to answer Bhagwan's queries about how long she can stay and so on, but I sense a brittleness about her and a feeling that she is protecting herself by not allowing any hesitation. Would you like to do a few groups here? Bhagwan asks her. They will be of immense help.

I'm very busy here, Nona immediately replies. I'm assisting Abhiyana who does Acupuncture. I'm taking notes for him.

Mm! Help him, chuckles Bhagwan. Whenever you feel like it, enquire. I will suggest a few groups for you. Okay, agrees Nona. I hope to make some space for it.

She is replaced by a Japanese sannyasin, Anudasa, and his partner, Shruti. They've just met recently and Anudasa says it is beautiful. Interesting that they are at least the third Japanese-German liaison! Bhagwan turns to Shruti. . . .

*SHRUTI: I would like to give more love.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm! Give! Don't go on thinking – give. Hold hands and close your eyes and pour your love into each other. If something starts happening in the body, allow it – any moving, shaking, trembling – but don't leave the hands.

The two loosely clasp hands and sit for several moments with eyes closed but I can't see anything happening to them or between them. Maybe Bhagwan can . . . .

Good . . . come back, mm? (to Anudasa) Just one thing: you both seem to be disciplined too much, controlled too much. That is a barrier in love. Discipline is good in war,



not in love. And to be controlled is good in the world when you are dealing with people with whom you are not really related. But when you are in love you should be completely in a kind of let-go, entirely available, uncontrolled, undisciplined. Only then can the hearts meet and merge and can boundaries become blurred. You both have very special boundaries; you are not overlapping each other. Your energy is separate, her energy is separate. This control will not be good.

Love has to be wild . . . love has to be animalistic! Only when it is wild is it great. Controlled, it is a very tiny thing, mediocre; it doesn't satisfy. And that's why Shruti asks how to love more. It is not a question of how to love more – love is there; just go into a little more uncontrol.

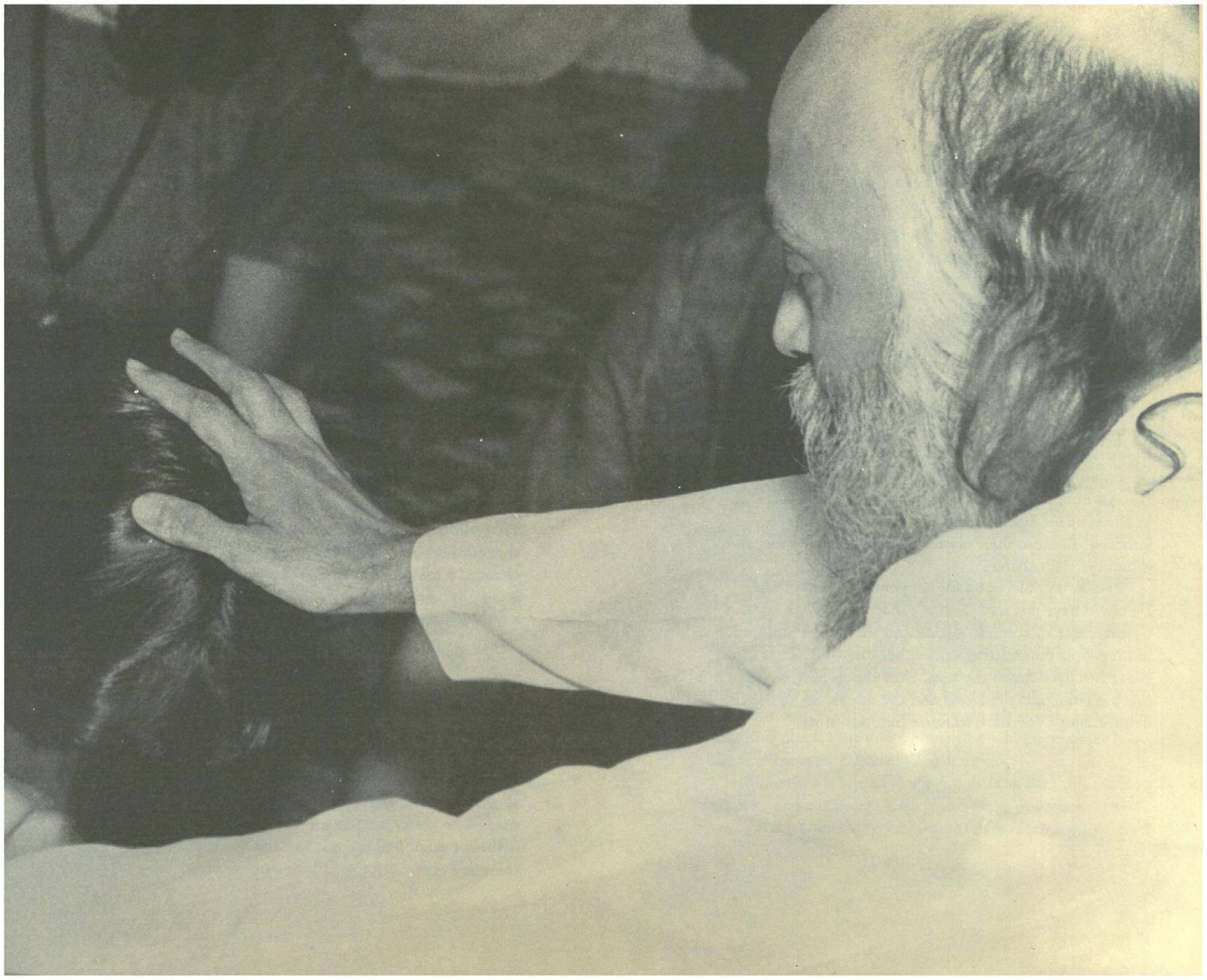
(to Shruti) And your question about how to love more is again a question of control. You want to control love too: you want to dial it so you can make it more or less. You cannot control love. Love is bigger than you. You can only allow it, and when it comes you have to be flooded by it, completely washed away, taken away, possessed by it. Love is maddening, and for a few moments you have to be mad.

(to Anudasa) That is a cultural problem for the Japanese: control. So you have to be a little less Japanese. Go madly into it, headlong, and you will not be a loser. Great will be your gain, but only those who lose themselves gain. So let this be remembered: next time you are together just go wildly together. Pulsate, dance, sing, for no reason at all . . . just for the sheer joy of it.

Much is possible, mm? Help him, Shruti! You will have to take more care, because after all he is a Japanese, mm? It will be very very difficult for him to come out of it.









He will try, but if you help he can come out more easily. It is a cultural characteristic and for centuries Japan has been trained to be mannerly, to follow the etiquette to the minutest detail. A slight thing that goes against the morals, against the manners, against the national etiquette, is enough for the Japanese to commit suicide. It is a very suicidal country! Sometimes very small things . . .

It happened once that a general just did something, a very minor thing. When the king was speaking to him he spoke back in an unmannerly way. He had said nothing wrong but it was not as appropriate as it should have been. He talked as if he were talking to just another man. Immediately he was reminded that he had forgotten how he should talk to the king he committed suicide – just to save his honour. Because he committed suicide three hundred of his disciples committed suicide – three hundred! Because their master had committed a mistake it became their shame.

Now, it could not have happened anywhere else. He could have just said 'Sorry!'; that was enough for the mistake. But to commit suicide and then three hundred more people committing suicide because of it! That's how Japan has lived down the ages. Now things have changed but this has gone into the blood and the bones. So be a little helpful, mm? You have to nurse him out of it!



Abhiyana, the sannyasin whom Nona mentioned, is talking to Bhagwan. He seems upset and says that things have been difficult since Nona arrived. Since the Tantra group he has felt in touch with much energy but doesn't feel free to be as passionate as he would like to be.

I've been through so much these two weeks, he says to Bhagwan, his voice quavering. I don't know where to go. I just had to come to you.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And were you waiting for her?

*ABHIYANA: A long time!*

That's how people wait for trouble! And when they come then you become . . . Now the problem is that you have changed a lot and she seems to be reluctant to change. She is very defensive, she is very afraid. She is not open to anything here.

*ABHIYANA: That really hurts.*

Mm, she is not open to me, so it will be a little difficult. If she were open then things would have been easier, but she will create all kinds of trouble. You have changed a lot so there is a disparity. You used to love her but then you used to be different. She used to love you but you were different then. She is the same and you have changed so there is a gap.



If you want to bridge that gap then you will have to stay patient for a few weeks. It will be troublesome but if you want to close that gap, bridge that gap, then that much sacrifice has to be made.

*ABHIYANA: Do you feel it will happen?*

It *can* happen . . . I cannot say it *will* happen.

Because this is a problem. She may not be interested at all in the meditations, in the work that is going on here; she does not seem to be. If she is not interested then it is very difficult. If she is interested just time is needed. She can go into a few groups, she can do a few meditations. But she is not willing to; she just wants to cling to you and take notes when you are doing acupuncture. Then it is okay like that. She is not ready to leave you.

Help her to go into groups! You will be alone, she will be alone, and that will be very good.

*ABHIYANA: I think I push her too much. That's part of the problem.*

Mm mm . . . then just drop pushing; just accept. At least for four weeks see. Suffer, mm? What can be done? You never ask me, otherwise I would not have said to invite her here. Why call her? Why create trouble for her?

We don't understand how things work. When one partner changes it becomes really difficult for the other partner to cope. She is also in difficulty. She has not done anything wrong, but you have fallen apart. Love is there;

she loves you — that's why she has come. You love her but now the gap is big; you are shouting from far away and she is also far away. You cannot talk; you are too distant from one another. You cannot understand each other. You say something; she understands something else. She says something; you understand something different. Communication will become difficult.

*ABHIYANA: It's very difficult.*

Wait for two, three weeks, and if it happens, good; otherwise say good-bye. Because there is no need to suffer over it and to make her suffer also. It is not only that you are in trouble, she is also in trouble, maybe in more trouble than you! Because she is alone here; you have a big orange family. She could be in much more trouble because she will have to defend herself continuously, twenty-four hours a day. You have all kinds of support; she has no support. But she seems to be of the strong kind.

But if she chooses, make the choice clear. If she wants you, if she loves you, she has to become open to this climate. If she does not want you, if she does not love you, then say good-bye. It will be in sadness, but what can be done? Don't make her suffer and don't make yourself suffer. Just make one thing clear: that you cannot go back. Whatsoever has happened to you cannot unhappen now.

Mm? that is one of the difficulties in life: if something happens you cannot go back; there is no way back. If you have known something you cannot make it unknown again.



If you have done something you cannot undo it. It has happened; it will be there forever now. You can go on adding, changing things, but it will be there. It has become part of your very substance.

So you cannot go back. The only possibility is that she comes forward and enters the world into which you have entered. If she loves you, she will. But make it clear. If she is not that much in love she will be ready to sacrifice you rather than change herself . . . . But a change would not be bad for her; a change would be her life's blessing . . . . But that is for her to decide – whether she wants to choose that blessing or not.

Just make it clear and then wait two, three weeks. Suffer patiently, lovingly, and if things don't change just say good-bye. Send her back. There is no need to be worried, mm?

*ABHIYANA: I feel reluctant to work with her. After taking sannyas my whole energy is so different.*

Yes, it is different; I understand your difficulty. But you should have asked me. Unless I see the picture and I feel the girl, I would not have said to you to call her. That is an unnecessary trouble . . . not worthwhile.

You don't need her notes? (he shakes his head) Then she could do some groups. But she does not want to; that note-taking seems to be a safety device.

Just see for a few days and then if it is not happening, just send her back. It will be sad but what can be done?

Sometimes one has to accept something. Or maybe she will start thinking about it again and change herself! Just three, four groups and she will be different.

Wait, let us see, mm? I will do my best! (laughter)



Govinddas, the leader of the ashram's music group, wrote to Bhagwan about his relationship with Mandala. They've been together for some years and at their last darshan months ago Mandala was suffering the pangs of jealousy of Govinddas' expressions of affection to sundry ladies.

While Govinddas was on holiday in Germany recently Mandala began to move with other people. He returned to find her liberated and enjoying it. Then it was his turn to feel hurt.

BHAGWAN: What about you?

*GOVINDDAS: Right now, everything's fine!*

Then let it be fine (laughter); don't disturb it! There is no need. Start taking life with ease. Don't be too serious about small things; they don't matter.

*GOVINDDAS: I can see that when my awareness is there but sometimes I go to sleep.*



So it is a good situation to become more and more aware in, mm? Your woman is giving you a great opportunity. If she goes with somebody, become aware. The more she goes, the better (laughter): you will be more and more aware! These are all devices. If you use them, you will be happy that they happened. Because jealousy is poison. There is no need, no point in it . . . just a misunderstanding of thousands of years.

When your woman goes to somebody else you start feeling hurt. You feel as if you have been rejected. You start feeling as if you are not adequate, not enough; she needs somebody else. You are not the right person or you are not fulfilling her. One starts feeling as if something is missing in one. That is not the point at all; that is a complete misunderstanding.

It is like eating the same thing every day. One day you feel like eating something else. Not that you hate the food. It may be nutritious, it may be the best food for your health. It may be fitting perfectly, you may be feeling absolutely okay, but still you are fed up with it. You would like to go to some hotel and eat some rubbish (laughter) which is not nourishing, which is not healthy! You may have a stomach ache and a headache afterwards but still sometimes it is needed.

You have not said anything about the food that you have been eating but your mind needs a little variety. When the mind goes, only then does the desire for variety go. Then one can live with a single note of music for one's whole life!

I have heard about a musician who used to play just one note on his sitar, continuously, for hours together.

The wife was becoming mad, the neighbours were becoming mad. Finally they all gathered together and they said 'What are you doing? You will drive us all mad! Evening, morning, night, you continue playing one note. Can't you play something else!'

He said 'But why should I play something else?' And they said 'Everybody plays several different notes!'

He said 'They are still searching for their note — I have found mine! (much laughter) This is the thing I was searching for my whole life . . . and I have found it so now there is no need . . . .'

But that can happen only when the mind has disappeared. Then you find your note. Then love with a woman has a totally different quality: it has the quality of eternity. Otherwise all love affairs are tentative, temporal, because the mind is there. The deciding factor is the mind. The mind is tentative and temporal. How can it give you something permanent? It is not possible.

And have compassion for the woman also: she gets tired, you also get tired! Just look at things: don't you get tired? Every day the same woman and then you see another woman walking on the road and you become alive. You were walking with your woman and feeling dull. You were almost dead walking along and carrying on somehow. Then a new woman passes by. She may not be more beautiful than your woman; that is not the point. Just the newness of it: the different body, different shape, different proportions, different eyes, different hair. Just the difference, and suddenly you become alive and again you start pulsating.

Just watch your own mind and then you will understand everybody's mind. Then great compassion comes.







Just try to understand things . . . and they are all good.

In this commune these things are going to happen. It is not a small family; there are so many people, and my approach is to make you free. It is not a restrictive, repressive community. It is not some old orthodox, inhibited . . . a tabooed commune. My whole approach is to make you free and loving. When I make you free and loving these things are going to happen every day.

Just watch and become aware. Each situation has to be used, and each situation will be a foundation for your growth. Nothing to get worried about, mm? If some affair is going absolutely well, I will create some trouble!

*GOVINDDAS: There were moments when I was happy that night. I was just sitting on the balcony and I knew what was happening and suddenly I was just feeling everything was beautiful.*

Very good!

*GOVINDDAS: And I could hold it when I was awake and the energy was there to keep me awake also. When I went to bed and just closed my eyes, my awareness went and then imagination and dreams . . . .*

Mm mm, just wait – all these things will go. I will manage it so that she goes off a few more times! (laughter)

Then this too can go, Govinddas, mm? Next time it will be easier and then next, even more, and it will become smooth.

*GOVINDDAS: We have talked about it. I have said we both have to do it, otherwise it just becomes boring and stale.*

Mm mm, that's very good. Good!



Suneeta is returning to Holland, hopefully, briefly, just to make it possible for her to be a part of the ashram permanently.

*SUNEETA: I want to ask, how can I know when I'm acting consciously? I feel I'm never conscious. I've acted many times without being conscious. How can I achieve consciousness?*

*When I go back to Holland I have to arrange many things and I'm afraid I'm going to act just like always . . . .*

She gesticulates with her hands to indicate a state of higgledy-piggle.



BHAGWAN: How many days will you take to arrange things? Are you coming permanently?

*SUNEETA: Yes, I'm intending that.*

How many days will it take?

*SUNEETA: I think months.*

How many months?

*SUNEETA: I thought of six months but maybe it can be arranged in four months.*

Then my suggestion is that you don't try awareness this time; otherwise it will take longer. You would have to pay attention to awareness as well. This time you do as you have been doing your whole life: just act unconsciously (much laughter) and finish things! Otherwise it will take years! It will be a non-ending thing. It is a long process. After four months, when you return, just practise awareness. There is no problem.

There, finish with acting and then let there be a change. It may make you very very tense if you want to remain aware there and you have to act, and you are in a hurry and you want to wind things up soon. I will take the sin on myself, mm? (laughter) For four months you are free to act unconsciously!

Keep this (a small wooden box) with you, and whenever you become conscious just put it on your heart and forget about consciousness, mm? (much laughter) This is to remind you that you have to act!



Dinesh has just completed the Kyo group. He's a large, sincere-feeling person, and he tells Bhagwan that he's worried because he doesn't feel his heart . . .

*DINESH: I was looking forward to finding my heart or the dimension of my heart here. It's not turning out the way I thought it might.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm, I understand.

Bhagwan asks Dinesh to move a little closer towards him and to look into his eyes. Dinesh does so, his breathing deepening. Bhagwan gazes at him for a moment then produces his magic torch which he shines first on Dinesh's chin, then down his neck, bringing its beam to rest on his chest.

Mm mm, good! Forget about it. It will happen on its own; you cannot manage it because all that you can do will be from the head. The head won't allow you to go into it; the head has to forget about it.



Just don't make a problem out of it; it is not a problem. It will happen on its own. It is going to happen. Any day suddenly you will find it has happened, but it will be sudden and you will be caught unawares. If you are waiting for it, it won't happen. If you are looking for it, you will be the barrier, because all looking, all waiting, all desiring is from the head. And the head is the problem! The energy has to drop into the heart. Now, it remains hooked up there if you are searching for it.

So you cannot make it happen; there is no way. Just enjoy, dance, sing, and forget about it; that's not a problem for you. Let that be my problem. Mm?

What groups have you done up to now?

*DINESH: Kyo and Tantra.*

And what have you booked for?

*DINESH: I have booked for Leela.*

Leela? That's very good. In Leela completely forget this nonsense. It has nothing to do with you; it will happen on its own.

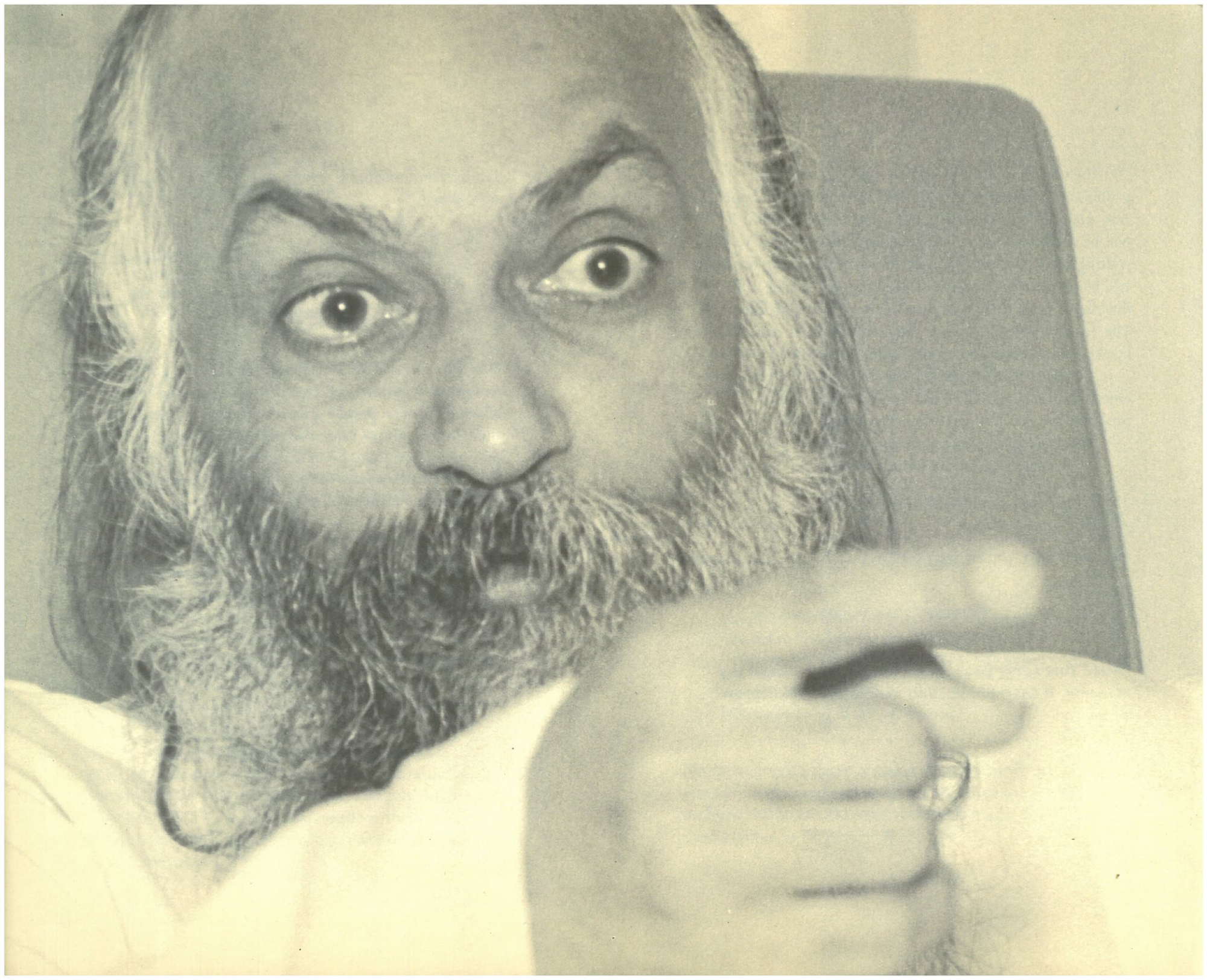
*DINESH: I tend to forget it and just feel good, and then people keep telling me there must be something wrong with my heart centre.*

No, no, no, nothing is wrong. Just tell them that nothing is wrong.

*DINESH: Then they say 'Bhagwan gave you the name of Dinesh and that has something to do with the heart chakra and . . . .'*

Don't be worried about people, mm? I have great astrologers and great occultists and parapsychologists and healers – all kinds of mad people are around me – so don't get into their things, mm? Otherwise everybody will put his trip on you and you will be in difficulty. Just say that you have been certified as everything being okay, mm? (laughter)  
Do Leela and then I will see!







## Sunday 6

Sitting in the quiet and pale-dark auditorium with Veena, an ashramite who has been summoned to darshan. She is manifestly agitated, wondering what is going to be said to her. It seems that the longer you're around Bhagwan, the more potent his presence is.

We sit untalking, she with eyes closed, me gazing unfocused into the jungle-garden that surrounds the auditorium. I enjoy the knowledge of Bhagwan's nearness.

A train whistle blows and I can hear the sound of Indian music somewhere, while closer home, Priya, in his kitchen, bangs pots and pans about with gay abandon. The moment feels intimate and inexplicably precious.





Fifteen minutes later we are forty or so orange people seated before Bhagwan who is giving a new name to Trent, seven years old, from Australia. His brother of nine, Jody, was to have come tonight too. I asked Trent before darshan where his brother was. He chickened out! he declared.



Sabine's turn now. She is a German woman, softly attractive, sitting gracefully, eyes closed, awaiting her baptism . . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name:

Ma Deva Vihan.

Deva means divine, and vihan means morning. And let this be your divine morning. Forget the night that you have been in and forget all those nightmares. Once we are able to forget them they disappear. By remembering them again and again we go on watching; that is a kind of nourishment for them.

So one should be capable of forgetting things. That is far more important than the capacity to remember things. Remembrance is very ordinary; forgetfulness is unique. And many people suffer from remembrance. Remembrance is like going on playing with your wounds so you never allow them to heal. The healing comes through forgetfulness. Forgetfulness is healing – and if you can forget the past you are forgiving the past . . .

Bhagwan assigns Vihan some groups. She can't stay too long this time; she has three children at home. They send their love to you, she says. Mm! next time bring them! responds Bhagwan. Vihan says she feels to study Naturopathy in Berlin. That's very good, Bhagwan says. Anything concerned with nature is always good.

Bhagwan goes on to reiterate what he said to Narendra two nights ago – not to make a fad out of being natural, to be natural but in a relaxed way. If one takes it to its extreme, one finds it difficult to remain part of society. Then back to the jungle!

Naturopaths go on praising the jungle, and it was not a good place to live! Wild animals were there and poisonous snakes were there, and life was impossible in the jungle. It was not as good as they go on saying. And if not wild animals, not snakes, then mosquitoes! (laughter)

Life should be taken in a very relaxed and easy way. I am all for nature but always against faddism because that is an ugly phenomenon. That is man not in his senses.

So learn Naturopathy but never become a naturopath. It is good as a life-style but that too has to be taken in small doses. And to keep balance it is always good to go against nature sometimes, beyond nature. That brings variety to life. To be ill is not always bad because sometimes illness brings things which health can never bring.

So once in a while it is good to enjoy illness too. It makes people more meditative, more prayerful, helps them to see that the body is going to die, helps them to see the reality of the body, gives them a gap, an interval in which to slow down, and time to think about things for which there is ordinarily no time.



I am not saying *remain* ill; I am saying that once in a while it is good to fall ill.

When can you come back again?

*VIHAN: I don't know!*

Whenever you feel like it, come. And if you want to come forever, come forever, mm? Good!



Charles took part in the Primal group and is taking sannyas now. A tall, thin, long-haired Australian, he listens attentively as Bhagwan explains the meaning of his new name, Deva Anil . . . .

BHAGWAN: Deva means divine, anil means the element of air, the air element. It is a metaphor to indicate that God is like the wind: invisible and yet surrounding you from everywhere, invisible, but you cannot live without it. You are continuously breathing him in and out . . . . It is he who goes on rejuvenating you each moment, awake or asleep. If for just a single moment your bridge with the air is broken, you are gone.

In a similar way, on a deeper plane, God is pouring his energy into your spirit too. Just as the wind, the air, keeps your body alive and functioning, that invisible god-element keeps your soul alive. Hence, so much emphasis on breathing in all the schools of Yoga, because once you have understood the mechanism of breathing

you will be able to understand the *deeper* mechanism of breathing – that is that God is continuously breathed in and breathed out. It is the same process – running on exactly the same lines, parallel. If we can understand breathing perfectly we have understood all. That's why in India breathing is called 'prana'; prana means life.

The wind is invisible, so is God. The wind is invisible but goes on touching you; it is not untouchable. It is so with God too! Just a little more sensitivity is needed and you will start feeling his embrace from everywhere. So don't look for God through the eyes, because he is invisible. To be hidden is his nature. It is his intrinsic quality to be hidden just as it is the intrinsic quality of air to remain invisible; it is not accidental.

God is not hiding, God is hiddenness. So there is no way for God to appear before you. And if sometimes you feel that God is standing before you, remember: this is just an hallucination, your imagination playing games with you. You are in a dream, you have fallen asleep. It is a projection of your mind.

If you see Christ or Buddha or anybody standing in front of you, this cannot be the real Christ and cannot be the real Buddha. Even when you are facing the real Buddha you cannot see him; you only see the body, which is not the Buddha. You hear the words, which are not the Buddha. Buddha is silence, utter silence and utter hiddenness.

So there is no way to see the Buddha but there is a way to touch the Buddha. That's why in the East touching the feet of the master became very symbolic. You cannot see but you can touch! Christ used to put his hand on people. The laying on of hands became very very symbolic; that is giving a touch.



And remember, eyes are very small, ears are very small, so is the nose, and in fact they are all parts of the skin, specialized parts of the skin. The nose is nothing but skin; it has become an expert in smelling. And as all experts become narrow, so the nose has become narrow; it can only smell. The ears can only hear; they had to lose much to become specialized.

Mm? It is as a man becomes more and more specialized in a particular branch of science. First he specializes in medicine; then he cannot go into philosophy and poetry and mathematics and physics and chemistry. Those doors are closed. Then he starts specializing in eyes. He has to drop the whole body, he has to become forgetful about the whole body; he will think only about the eyes. And I have heard a futuristic story about a woman who enters a doctor's office and says 'Look at my eyes, there is something wrong with them.' The doctor says 'Which one, right or left?' And the woman says 'Right.' He says 'Sorry, I am only an expert on the left eye. For the right eye just go ahead a few buildings and you will find the right doctor.' Yes, specialization can go; it is going that way.

The specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less. And a specialist is one who becomes more and more knowledgeable about tiny things, and naturally in the same proportion he becomes ignorant of many more things. An expert is ignorant about a thousand and one things and knowledgeable about one thing. That's what has happened to the eyes, to the nose, to the ears.

'Only touch is the unspecialized sense in your body. And this is the biggest sense; it covers the whole body. It is the primordial sense. In the mother's womb the first sense that comes to the child is touch; other things evolve later on.

But the first thing that the child starts feeling is touch; that's why there is a great hankering for touch. If your loved one does not touch you, you will feel unsatisfied. There is a need to hug, a *great* need because that is our primordial sense, the fundamental sense. All others are specializations.

God cannot be seen but can be touched. The master cannot be seen but can be touched. Remember these two things about your name: the invisibility and the touchability. So the process is to become more and more holy and total. The eyes are very small, they are partial – we cannot see God; but we can jump into him. We cannot hear him, but we can penetrate him and he can penetrate us.



Dheeren, bespectacled and earnest-looking, is returning to England. He wonders what Bhagwan feels he ought to do. He has changed in his time here. After completing an Encounter group recently he wrote Bhagwan a letter that was literally spilling over with effervescent well-being.

*Dear Bhagwan,*

*The Encounter group was just incredible. I feel I want to move more and more into this ocean of bliss. The more I taste, the more I want to surrender. Incredible spaces of feeling such a oneness, wholeness, with all of existence, love pouring out for everything – trees, stones, people . . . everything alive and trembling, the whole existence laughing, perceptions high . . . feeling so deliciously sensitive,*







*brimming over and just wondering at everything as if it's fresh and new, everything so beautiful. Just wanting to plunge deeper into the ocean. The beauty of the word 'yes'. Yet I'm also feeling quite lost in a way. Experiencing myself as I know I am – loving, just bursting with it, delighting.*

*What to do next? My heart wants to drown in you, drown in this alive, pulsating love energy, be swept away by it, lose myself in it, melt into the vastness. I feel I've found my family, I feel surrounded by my brothers and sisters. I've found something fantastic – just being myself, being spontaneous and loving.*

*I feel the process of transformation has begun. Now what do I do next? . . .*

*DHEEREN: I just have a longing to move out with my energy. I feel I've been very blocked before because I haven't moved out.*

BHAGWAN: And what groups have you done here?

*DHEEREN: Encounter, Tao, Bioenergetics.*

Mm, mm, it can be good, but you will have to learn a little more. Poonam (who runs Kalptaru Meditation Centre) can be helpful there in London. They run many groups, so you start . . . . Do a few groups first then start helping. And by helping you learn. Within a few months you will be ready; there is no problem, mm? And it will be good; it is one of the best things to learn and do!



A sannyasin has just returned from Germany. He did an intensive meditation camp there, wearing a blindfold and keeping silence for its duration. After that he became ill for ten days, then took some medication. Since then something is not functioning in me, he tells Bhagwan. . . .

BHAGWAN: And how have you been feeling lately?

*SANNYASIN: Well, the first time after it I was sleeping a lot and had no energy. It was as if I went out of the body.*

Before you took the medication?

*SANNYASIN: After. After the camp things were very intense. For nine days I felt very good and centred. Then somehow something started happening . . . I don't know what it was.*

Just come a little closer. Raise your hands, close your eyes and if something starts happening, allow it.

He is sitting with his legs folded under him. He trembles a little, his body gently rocking backwards and forwards.



Good! Things are perfectly good. And much more is going to happen. Things are changing, but for the better. No problem.

*SANNYASIN: But I feel that something has stopped functioning.*

No, no, nothing. When something starts changing then many things stop because the energy will be needed for the new. The old cannot function, and between the old and the new there is a time gap – what I was talking about this morning, ‘catalepsy’ – because the energy takes time to move from the old structure to the new structure. And when it starts moving, the old no more functions, cannot function. It goes out of function and the new will take time. The energy has to be absorbed, the new structure has to start growing. It will take a little time, but things are moving for the better. Just enjoy!



Veena has been sitting in the front row, head bowed for most of darshan. At last she is called forward. Bhagwan asks her what has been happening to her lately. (She'd written to him that she was feeling 'spastic' in her work.)

*VEENA: Quite a lot . . . I'm having trouble concentrating on my work (as editor).*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Have you just felt it only this time or has this feeling been there before?

*VEENA: It's been coming slowly but after that break I had when I worked for Laxmi I felt what I can only describe as mentally spastic.*

The work Veena did for Laxmi involved assessing ashram finances.

Bhagwan says a thoughtful, Mm mm, and then asks Veena to raise her hands and close her eyes. If anything starts happening, go into it, he says. He touches her hands and she begins to half-cry or half-laugh – I can't tell which. She looks as though she might fall back and I get ready to catch her, but she stays upright.

Good, Veena. Nothing to be worried about. You are simply getting rid of unnecessary memories, that's all. Mm? it is not harmful. It is just a kind of cleansing of old dust.

Calculation and money is not your dimension, so you can get disturbed there. You are getting out of the past and out of memories more and more, and falling more in tune with the present; that's what is happening. It is perfectly good, it is what is needed. So don't make a problem out of it, it is not a problem. Be happy about it!





Siddhartha, five years old (Bhagwan once said he was a monk in his last life) comes forward and sits before Bhagwan. His legs are folded under him, his small hands on his thighs. Mm! how are you, Siddharth? Bhagwan says softly. Fine, replies Siddhartha very seriously.

He has a piece of paper screwed up in his fist. Bhagwan has seen it and leaning forward takes it from Siddhartha, saying with infinite respect, Have you brought something you have made? Siddhartha nods again very seriously, and watches as Bhagwan unrolls the paper and admires the crayoned figures on it.

Good, Siddharth! Have you become a painter? We laugh gently, enjoying these two sages in conversation. Are you enjoying the school? Bhagwan asks. Siddhartha graces him with another nod. You have become very silent . . . that's very good!

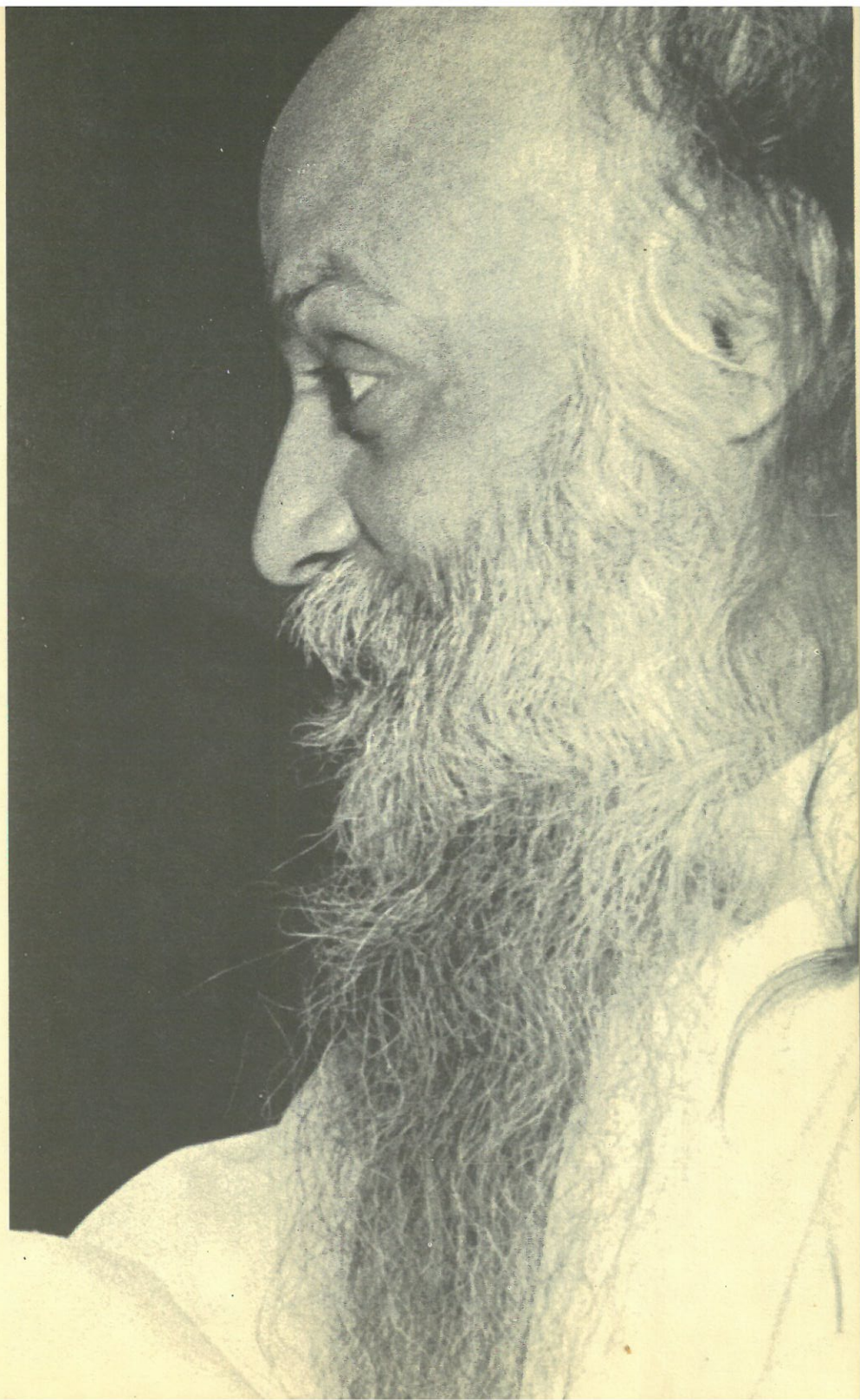
Bhagwan tells Siddhartha to look at him, and bending closer, holds his thumb against Siddhartha's third eye. Siddhartha sits unmoving. Then Bhagwan chuckles and says, You are becoming a perfect sannyasin! Have you something to say to me?



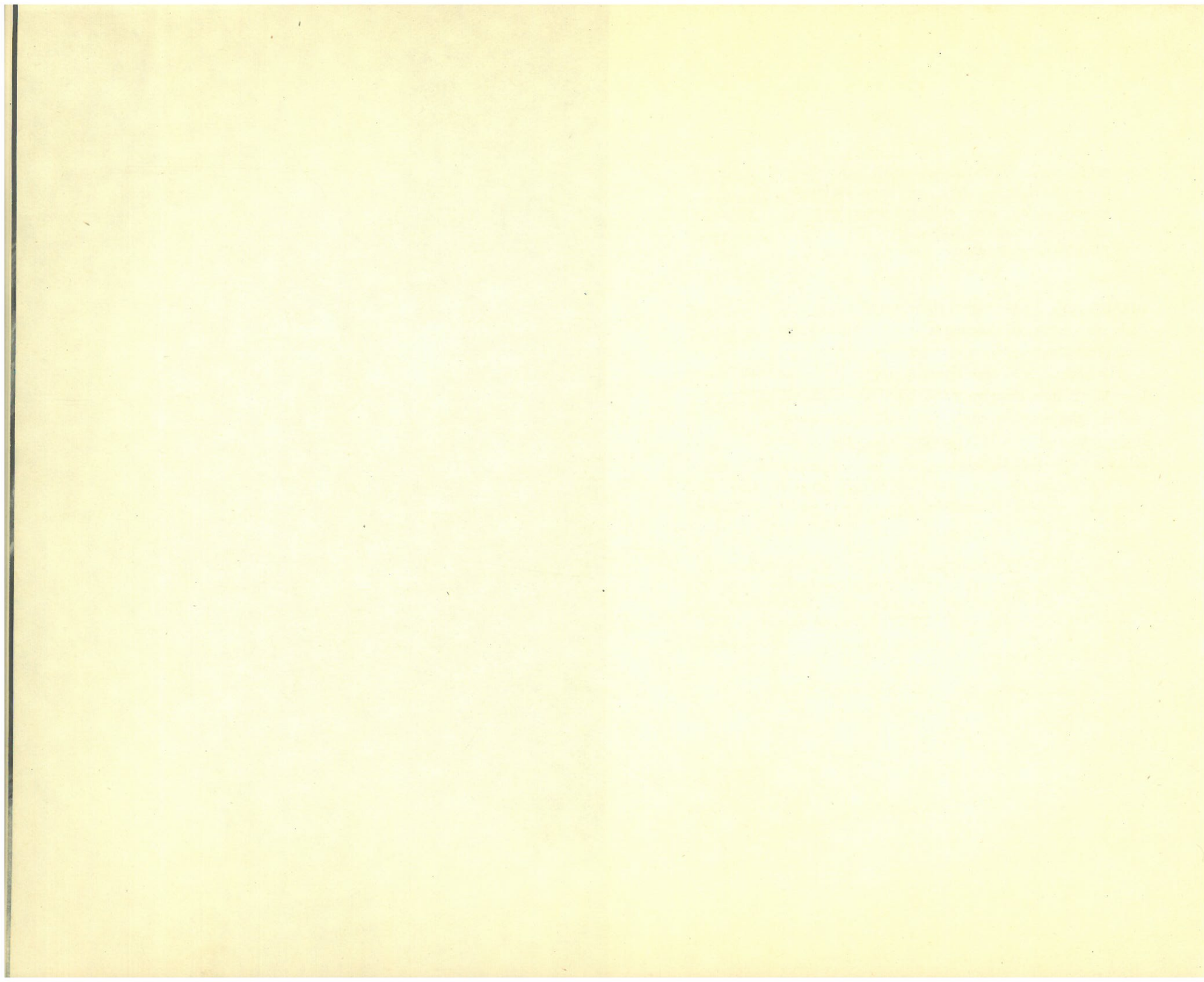
Siddhartha stands up and walks the one step that brings him right up to Bhagwan's knees. He leans forward while Bhagwan obligingly lowers his head to receive a whispered declaration of love:  
I love you, says Siddhartha . . . .

BHAGWAN: That's right! (laughter) That's right. Nobody has heard; nothing to worry about! I also love you! Mm?

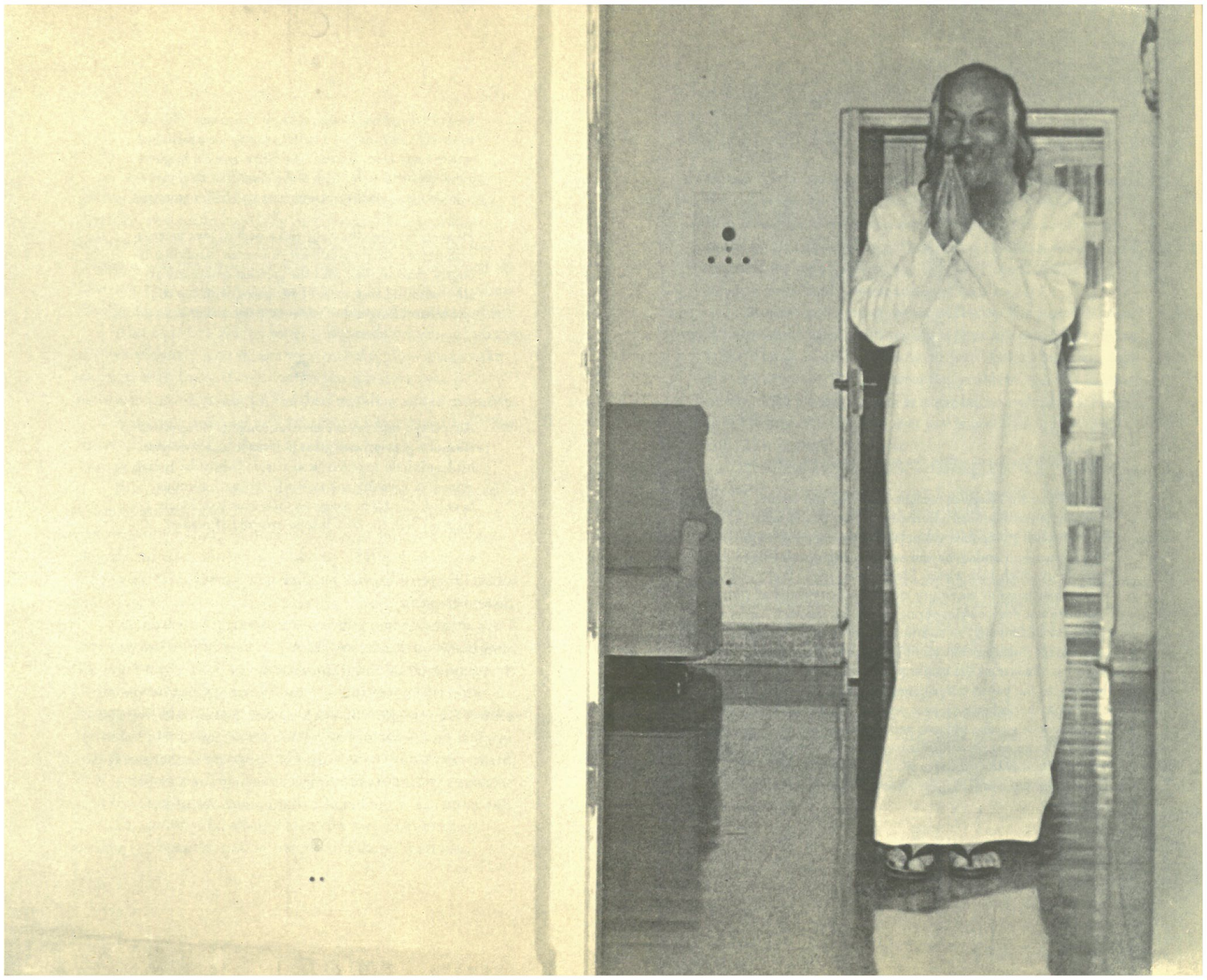
Whenever you feel like coming, just come and sit here in darshan. Do you want to come sometimes? (Siddhartha nods solemnly) So special permission is given to you. You can just go to Laxmi and she will allow you! Right? Good!













## Monday 7

Swami Krishna Prem writes the commentary tonight . . . .

The waiting for Bhagwan tonight is so cool and serene. The whole day has been a hurried build-up to this peak and now everything falls away, leaving me atop my own Himalaya, silent and alone and awed by this continuing miracle of which I am a part. I look about me — the snowy whiteness of his empty chair, the fiery island of incandescent orange shimmering on the icy mosaic silverness of Chuang Tzu auditorium, the straight-backed ashok trees ringing us like an honour guard of plumed and crested sentries, the sparse pines ceremoniously bending in the balmy winter breeze. It's the first night of Diwali, the Indian new year, and the Poona sky is asparkle with streaks and arcs and cascading wheels of sudden and ephemeral brilliance. Each bursting flash of sound makes the silence around the empty chair deeper, more profound, more alive with the expectation of him.

Mukta's daughter, Neeta, is in the front row. She looks so lovely this evening, a radiant young sannyasin just weeks away from sixteen. Suddenly an even brighter glow illuminates her face — she's the first to glimpse his coming — and her palms meet and lift in greeting.

He steps through the door and a rush of love meets a rush of love. The waves meet the ocean. And then the empty chair is filled with the greatest emptiness of all — with the emptiness of Bhagwan, with the cool and bottomless pool of silent emptiness that is a Buddha.



Alan is the first to take sannyas tonight. He approaches Bhagwan gently, with great deference and reverence, his hands held together in namaste. This is the Indian gesture of greeting and farewell, but as this young, bearded, Canadian nears the man who is to be his master I feel, for him, it is an attitude of prayer.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name:

Swami Deva Arjava.

Deva means divine, arjava means straightforwardness, simplicity, authenticity, sincerity . . . all those things. The fundamental thing is authenticity. One should not allow any kind of imposition . . . not by others, not by oneself either. One should not wear masks. One should live one's original face whatsoever the cost. One has to pay much for it; that's why people decide not to be authentic. It is sacrifice, it is martyrdom, it is carrying one's cross. But immense is the benefit that comes out of it.



The sacrifice is great, so is the achievement . . . far greater than sacrifice. But in the beginning you need the sacrifice, the suffering. Only in the end when you have suffered totally – when suffering has done its work, has cleansed you, burned your ego, purified you, destroyed all that was false, when only that which was true is left, when the fire has passed – do you start feeling the ecstasy of life.

And that fire can be long; it depends on you. If you go very very slowly into it, are very miserly, then it can take years or even lives. If one can go passionately into it, intensely into it, it can be finished within a single moment. Of course that moment will be almost like eternal hell. The intensity of it will be there; it will not be spread over a long period.

But once you understand that suffering, if accepted – through authenticity, sincerity, truth – brings joy, if you can remember that, then sooner or later you will become acquainted with the whole alchemy of life. I am not a supporter of suffering, remember. I am not saying to create suffering for yourself; that is moving to the other extreme.

There are people who go on living a comfortable, convenient bourgeois life. They think they are very happy, that this is joy. And for this so-called happiness they go on compromising. They become more and more false. The conveniences are there but they become untrue. To purchase those conveniences, those comforts, they go on compromising. They go on selling their soul and increasing their possessions. This is one type of person, one extreme, who becomes pseudo.

The other is he who, seeing the way convenience, comfort, pleasures, makes people impotent, soul-less,

moves to the other extreme. He starts searching for misery, for suffering. He starts creating torture for himself. He thinks to live in inconvenience, to live in discomfort, to move in thorns is going to help bring up his authentic face, to give him reality. That too is false. His authentic face never comes from inconvenience; how can it?

So I am not saying create suffering for yourself; that is pathology. What I am saying is that life wants joy. That is life's basic instinct. Follow it! But life can have joy only if it is authentic. Then comes the problem and the dilemma of life. Life needs joy, life is meaningful only when there is joy; life searches for joy, but joy is possible only if life is true, if it is based on truth.

Truth will bring much suffering, but it is not that you create it. It comes out of your facing reality. Because everybody is false and you start being true, you start getting out of tune with people; hence the suffering. It is not really coming out of truth; it is coming because everybody is false. You become a stranger, you become an outsider; you don't fit any more. Wherever you go, you don't fit. That continuous not-fitting hurts but one has to go through it knowing perfectly well that it is part of cleansing. The gold has to go through the fire to become pure. And great is the blessing . . .

Once you have come to your originality with no imposition, with no false face, with no covering, with no curtain, when you have come to your nudity, to your nakedness of being, that's what meditation is all about . . .





Some people have great difficulty meeting Bhagwan's gaze, and the next young man to take sannyas is like this. His name, at least for the next few moments, is Jurg. He's tall, bespectacled, German. He kneels before Bhagwan, immobile, eyes downcast. Haridas translates.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name:

Swami Deva Ashar.

Deva means God, ashar means refuge, shelter. God is the only shelter. If you are searching anywhere else, you are searching in vain. Man goes on searching in every dimension except the dimension of God. But I hope now your sannyas will become the search in the right direction.

We can be happy only with God and in God. Life can have meaning only when it is for God. And by God I mean the totality of existence, this whole celebration of stars and rivers and mountains . . . .



As Paul comes forward I feel an immediate warmth for him. He's small and compact with black curly hair and there's a sense of abundant energy about him. He doesn't look at all Australian. I find myself thinking of the French mime, of 'les enfants du paradis'; he looks like a Pierrot, as if he should be wearing the black and white costume of the harlequin. But of course he's in orange. He's just completed the Tao group, which is present tonight, and there's a nice bouncy spring in his step as he advances towards Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: Come here! Just raise your hands and close your eyes and feel as if you are being pulled up, against gravitation. Let the whole body feel the pull upwards, and if you start feeling like rising on your knees you can, or if you feel like standing up, you can. Just go with the pull.

Paul raises his hands. Sitting on his heels, he begins to move softly from side to side. Then, as if he is responding to the pull of some cosmic puppeteer, he lifts onto his knees. In a moment he is on his feet and finally he is standing before Bhagwan, arms extended, swaying back and forth.

Good. Come back . . . good!

This will be your new name: Swami Deva Avega.

Deva means divine, avega means excitement — divine excitement. And you have to be more and more ecstatic, not silent. Silence will come as a by-product; you are not to seek it. You are to seek ecstasy, excitement. You are to seek a state where you are possessed by God — in a dance, in a song. God will happen to you that way, not by sitting like Buddha under a tree. That way God will not happen to you; that way you will feel suffocated. That way you will feel stifled, regimented; that will not come natural to you.

There are two types of people in the world and the type is decided by the way God happens to them. To a few people he happens in utter inactivity, as it happened to Lao Tzu or Buddha — utter inactivity, almost as if they were dead, no excitement, no wave, no ripple even. Their being is absolute nothingness; then God happens.



And to the other type God happens when they are nothing but vibration, nothing but pulsation. When their energies are streaming forth in every direction, when there is a great dance and ecstasy inside their being it happens.

To you it will happen the second way, so don't miss any opportunity to take part in all the groups that are available here, all the meditations in which you can become possessed. And the whole point is to be possessed by God. Let God dance in you and sing in you, move in you, run in you. Let God become your excitement!

Bhagwan talks to Avega about groups and when he hears he's returning to Australia early next month, tells him to stay for a longer period next time he comes.

*AVEGA: Yes, I'd like to.*

Because this is too short. But it will be good . . . even these few days will become of immense value to you. So enjoy all that is available here. Become a part and participate in everything. Don't miss a single opportunity and a single moment. It takes a little time to get into a new kind of life and a new kind of climate . . . and this is a totally different kind of climate. This climate has disappeared from the world.

Churches are no more alive, temples are only graves. At one time, thousands of years ago, there may have been life, but the flame has gone. Those houses are empty; the master no more lives there. So people have become almost entirely unacquainted with religion . . . *alive* religion!

They are acquainted with these corpses – Hinduism, Islam, Christianity – so whenever a new religion comes, when God descends in a new way, when God starts searching for man again, when he spreads his hand and finds some new people to get involved with him, it is such a new climate, such a strange thing that it looks very difficult to enter into, to become part of. But if one can become part of it, only then can one know what life is and what God is and what the significance of being here on this planet is; otherwise we go on missing.

So in these few weeks that you will be here become part of things. And something *is* going to happen!



BHAGWAN: Hello, Peter! Come here! Just raise your hands, close your eyes, and feel like a tree.

When Mukta called Peter I joined him in front of Bhagwan. He's from Switzerland, and at the gate before darshan he's asked for someone who spoke French to be on hand in case he needed assistance. As it turned out, he didn't need me at all.

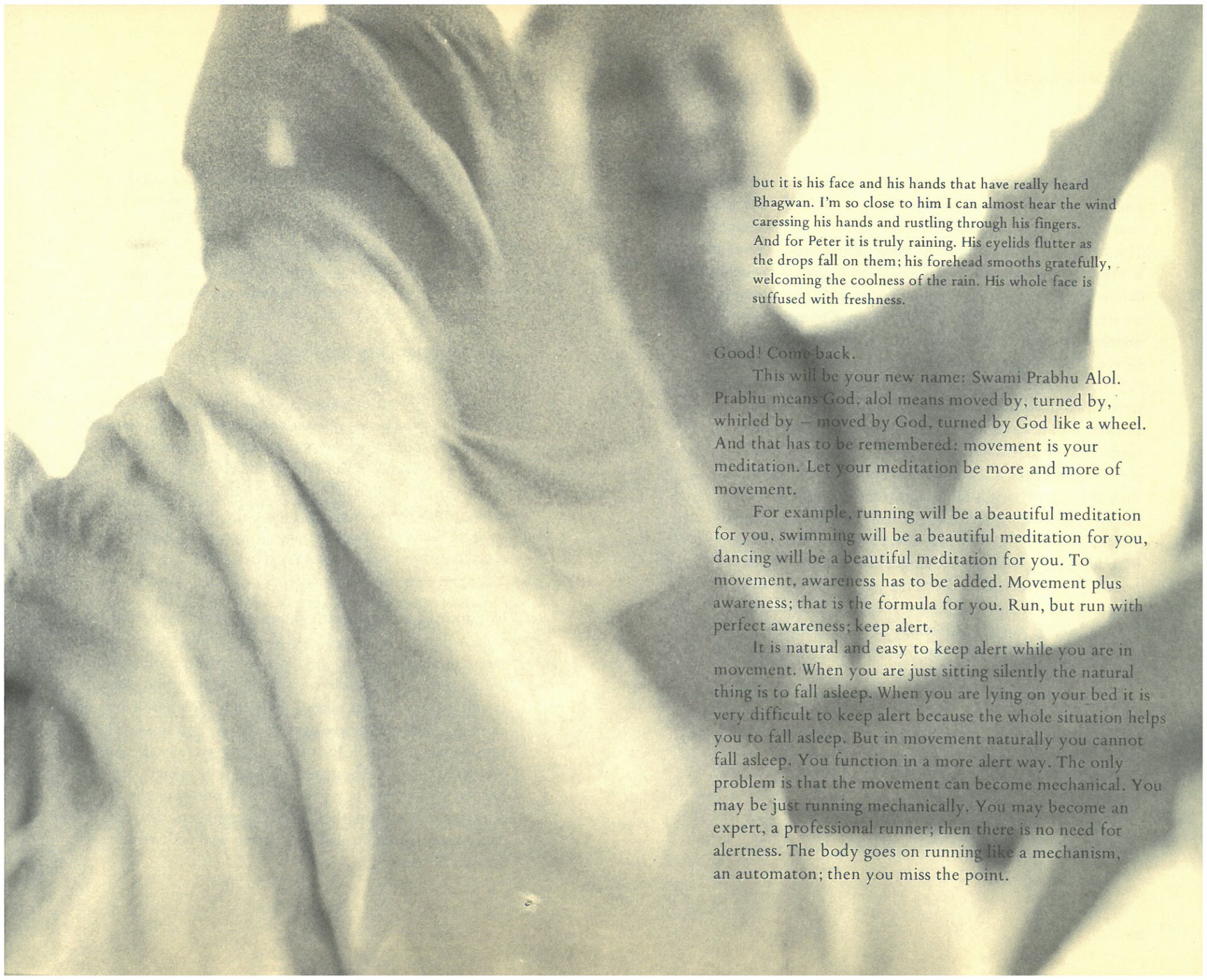
Feel like a tree in the wind . . . and the wind starts swaying the tree; you go with the wind. It is raining, the water is splashing on the wind and the tree is overjoyed.

Peter really gets into it. His body begins to move gently









but it is his face and his hands that have really heard Bhagwan. I'm so close to him I can almost hear the wind caressing his hands and rustling through his fingers. And for Peter it is truly raining. His eyelids flutter as the drops fall on them; his forehead smooths gratefully, welcoming the coolness of the rain. His whole face is suffused with freshness.

Good! Come back.

This will be your new name: Swami Prabhu Alol. Prabhu means God, alol means moved by, turned by, whirled by – moved by God, turned by God like a wheel. And that has to be remembered: movement is your meditation. Let your meditation be more and more of movement.

For example, running will be a beautiful meditation for you, swimming will be a beautiful meditation for you, dancing will be a beautiful meditation for you. To movement, awareness has to be added. Movement plus awareness; that is the formula for you. Run, but run with perfect awareness; keep alert.

It is natural and easy to keep alert while you are in movement. When you are just sitting silently the natural thing is to fall asleep. When you are lying on your bed it is very difficult to keep alert because the whole situation helps you to fall asleep. But in movement naturally you cannot fall asleep. You function in a more alert way. The only problem is that the movement can become mechanical. You may be just running mechanically. You may become an expert, a professional runner; then there is no need for alertness. The body goes on running like a mechanism, an automaton; then you miss the point.



Never become an expert in running. Remain an amateur so that alertness can remain. If you feel sometime that running has become automatic, drop it. Try swimming. If it becomes automatic, then dance. The point to remember is that the movement is just a situation to create awareness. While it creates awareness it is good; if it stops creating awareness then it is of no use any more. Change to another movement where you will have to be alert again. Never allow any activity to become automatic.

If we can de-automatise our activities the whole of life becomes a meditation. Then any small thing – taking a shower, eating your food, talking to your friend – becomes meditation. Meditation is a quality; it can be brought to *anything*; it is not a specific act. People think that way: they think meditation is a specific act in which you sit facing East, you repeat certain mantras, you burn some incense, you do this and that at a particular time, in a particular way, with particular gesture. Meditation has nothing to do with all those things. They are all ways to automatise it and meditation is against automatism.

So if you can keep alert any activity is meditation. And movement will help you immensely. That's why I am giving you the name.

Alol is beginning the Enlightenment Intensive group tonight and after he says he'll be here three months Bhagwan suggests he do the Samarpan, Kyo and Leela groups.

Anything you would like to say to me?

*PRABHU ALOL: Yes. I wanted to say that I think I'm thinking too much. I'm too much in my head, too rational and intellectual. I think I would need your strength to drop all this. It's kind of a problem to me. I have such a strong mind that . . .*

It will be gone. Yes, it is there.

*PRABHU ALOL: . . . I need to shake it off. Everything I experience here my mind takes in another way like a trick. I interpret everything one way or another – even if it's against my thoughts. It's like a tennis play going from one side to another. I'm just looking at this and sometimes I'm confused.*

No, nothing to be worried about. Just one month and your bolts will become loose! Two months and then nobody can screw them back! (laughter) It will happen; nothing to worry about. The whole work here is about that, mm? It will happen; it just takes a little time. Just old habits of thinking, and everybody has been trained to think. The society pays so much for thinkers, so naturally it is an economical asset. About non-thinkers the society does not bother. It does not pay poets or the painters or the musicians. It pays mathematicians, engineers, doctors, professors. It pays heads. It is almost against lovers; it punishes them.



It is against emotions, against feeling; it does not allow them. It is okay on a holiday but not ordinarily. Once in a while you can relax, can take a little alcohol and relax, but otherwise you have to remain in the head. The world is run by the head, and because the heart brings chaos the society does not allow it. School, college, university, everything has been made in such a way that the heart is crushed.

People who belong to the heart suffer much because they behave in a way which cannot go with society, with the majority. They are always falling away from the crowd, from the mob. They never walk on the super-highway; they seek their own small footpaths in the jungle of life. The society does not want individuals. The head is a collective phenomenon. This has to be understood.

For example, two plus two are four. Whether you make it or I make it or anybody else makes it, it is universal, it is collective. Whether you do it in Tibet or in Iran or in Japan it doesn't matter. Even if you go to Mars or to the moon it will be the same; it is a collective phenomenon. But my love is my love and your love is your love and there is no way to make it universal. You love a woman and you say she is beautiful. Nobody may agree with you but that doesn't bother you. Nobody need agree; that is your personal thing. You like a rose flower; somebody may hate it. You like the peacock and its beautiful feathers; somebody may feel nauseous.

It remains individual. The heart is individual, the core of the individual. So society does not pay respect to the heart. It trains generation after generation for the head,

for the collective. It is dependable, predictable. But then life becomes monotonous; the individual is killed, is just a computer.

Remember that computers are available now which can do all the work a human mind can do. In the future there is every possibility, it can almost certainly be predicted that computers will be available that are better than the human mind. But no computer is able to fall in love. No computer will ever compose poetry like Shakespeare. One day it will be possible for computers to do mathematical calculations as well as Albert Einstein or even better. But there is no way that computers will ever paint like Vincent van Gogh or will compose music like Beethoven. There is no possibility. The computer has no heart.

One day man will have to assert his heart to protect himself from the computer. Otherwise the computer will compete with man very dangerously; the computer will defeat man. Now the struggle of the future is going to be between man and machine. It is no more a question of the poor and the rich, the slave and the master, the serf and the feudal lord. Those days are gone. It is not even going to be a question of conflict between man and woman but conflict between man and machine . . . and man himself has created the machine.

Man can survive only if he moves towards the heart. Then he can show the machine that there are a few things only he can do, that machine cannot do: poetry, painting, love, meditation. That will be the superiority of man. That day is coming, it is close by, when there will be no other way to keep one's dignity except through the heart.

It is going to happen. Just watch and get into things.



*PRABHU ALOL: Thank you!*

I murmur an inner 'thank you' too. Except for my own sannyas, which will have happened four years ago in four days, I've never been that close to anyone else's initiation. A privilege.



Ma Prem Sapan is leaving for America. She has come to say good-bye to Bhagwan and to ask him to speak to her about the meaning of her name.

**BHAGWAN:** Prem means love, sapan means dream — a dream of love. Love is the greatest dream and love is the greatest hope. It is love that keeps people alive and flowing. With love all is poetry; with love all is music. So keep that dream alive. Sacrifice everything for that dream. Put your all at stake. Let that dream be fulfilled.

Once that dream is fulfilled you can go beyond dreams, never before it. Yes, there is something beyond the dream, too, called truth, called God, but the dream is the school through which we prepare for truth; it is the training. If your dream remains unfulfilled you will never be able to know what truth is, because the unfulfilled dream will go on haunting you, will go on pulling you backwards. It will go on enchanting you, creating new desires and it won't allow you to rise to that height from where truth becomes available.

The dream has to be fulfilled, and there is only one dream in the human heart and that is of love. All dreams are just fragments of that big dream. And my understanding is that once that dream is fulfilled you simply transcend life. You start floating like a cloud, a white cloud. You are no more attached anywhere. You are free . . . you are freedom! But first that dream has to be lived.

So my approach sometimes seems very contradictory. Because truth is beyond dreaming, God is beyond dreaming. All dreams have to disappear. When your eyes are completely empty of dreams, only then will you be able to see that which is. But still I preach and teach and help people to dream, because unless the dreaming is completely fulfilled — not even a small iota of dreaming has remained unfulfilled in you, all seeds have been burned by fulfillment — only then will your eyes be empty of dreaming; otherwise they will remain dreaming. And if some seeds are still there they will go on sprouting into new dreams. They will go on bringing you back into life again and again. Then no death will be a real death; every death will become a new birth in a new womb. And again the same story starts, with new actors, but the story remains the same, basically the same.

Fulfill the dream of love so that one day you can go beyond it!





The next person to bid farewell to Bhagwan is Nartan, darshan's Japanese interpreter. She's travelling to Tokyo to arrange for the publication of one of Bhagwan's books she's just translated.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Nartan! When are you leaving?

*NARTAN: Tomorrow.*

Tomorrow? Something to say to me?

*NARTAN: I've been doing latihan for several hours every day. Just towards the end of the third month my mind became very noisy . . . especially when I was in latihan.*

*It has become difficult to continue it every day.*

Latihan is a meditation technique developed by the Indonesian teacher, Bapak Subud. It is also the basis of one of the stages in the Gourishankar meditation Bhagwan uses here at the ashram. (See 'Get Out of Your Own Way' and 'Only Losers Can Win in this Game' for more of what Bhagwan has to say about Subud.)

Just come close . . . . Just close your eyes and if something starts happening, you allow it.

Nartan edges closer to Bhagwan. There is great delicacy in her every movement, even in one this simple. She closes her eyes and raises her hands above her shoulders, her long, slim fingers pointing upwards. Her back is straight, erect, expectant. Bhagwan leans forward and places the tip of one finger on each temple. Nartan's head slowly bends backwards as if under a great pressure. Suddenly a tremendous spasm shakes her entire body; it has obviously come from her depths. She cries aloud — a short, sharp stab of sound. Three or four more tremours shake her and then she doubles over, her arms held straight out before her in what appears to be a gesture of agony, distress and supplication. She begins to weep and collapses at Bhagwan's feet in tears.

Mm mm, good, Nartan.

Now the work of latihan is finished, mm? It has done its work — now you need not do it. For a few days you may miss it but nothing to be worried about. Just stop it completely; its work is complete.

When some medicine has worked and you go on taking it sometimes it can create illness because now there is nothing for it to fight with. Mm? there were the germs of the disease and the medicine was fighting with the germs. It helped you; the germs are killed. Now the medicine will start killing you.

All methods are medicinal. Hence, so much need for a master, because it will be very difficult to decide when the medicine is no more needed. Now it is no more needed so it will create noise; it will create many problems. The noise is just the beginning; it will create many problems.



That is happening to many people who are in Subud because there is nobody to see when the work is complete.

Subud himself is not a master. He is a God-realised person but not a master, and these are two different things. Nobody can be a master without becoming a God-realised person, but everybody who becomes God-realised does not necessarily become a master. He is a realised man, he has attained, but the attainment has been completely accidental, and the reason for his attainment and its being accidental is that he is a Mohammedan. Mohammedans and Christians don't believe in past lives. The very idea that there are no past lives functions like a barrier.

It will not harm those very rare people, those who are near about ninety-nine degrees. Just one degree and they will have jumped. But it is very rare to find people who are ready ninety-nine degrees. One who is not ninety-nine degrees ready . . . For example, someone may be only ten degrees ready, so after eleven degrees problems will arise because Subud knows about only one degree. Twelve degrees, thirteen degrees, Subud will be of no help: it will say go on doing it.

Your work with latihan is over, mm? Simply forget about it. It has been good; say good-bye to it. Now you can simply sit silently, just sit silently doing nothing. Even that nothing has not to be imposed. Just sit relaxedly . . . no effort even for this nothingness, otherwise you become tense. Just sit.

In the beginning, even in sitting silently, latihan may happen a few times because it has become an old habit. Get out of it immediately: stand up, start moving. Don't go into it; it has to be stopped now. It has become almost automatic. For a few days you have to consciously stop it.

Otherwise things are going perfectly well! Good . . . good, Nartan!

Nartan bows to Bhagwan as only a Japanese lady can and returns to her seat.



Next, Bhagwan asks Amitabh, leader of the Tao group, how things went.

*AMITABH: It was most beautiful, very different. One was very different from the other; one was very much a group and the other was very much individual.*

BHAGWAN: Good!

*AMITABH: It was very nice.*

And something about yourself? Come here!

From his spot in the front row Amitabh moves forward. He looks a tender, understanding man. Tonight his face is anxious; he seems concerned. The shadow of another man has been clouding his relationship with Anupama, the young lady he lives with in the ashram.



I received your letter . . . . Love is always a problem, and it is alive only while it remains a problem. Once everything is solved it disappears. So to remain alive love has to remain a problem. You cannot have love without problems, mm? Then it is not there. You go beyond it; it has no relevance. So, that problems are there is intrinsic to love; in one way or other the problems continue. Love is ecstasy and agony both. The agony is the price we have to pay for the ecstasy. If there is no agony in it there will be no ecstasy either; they are always in the same proportion.

You love Anupama, hence suffering will be there; that comes as part of it. She loves you, hence she also suffers. I have never come across a love affair where suffering does not exist. So that maturity has to be gained. That's why many people have decided to go without love: then there is no suffering. Of course, there is no ecstasy either. And if one has to decide then I will always say to decide in favour of love. It is better to have loved and suffered than not to have ever loved. Because the kind of peace that comes without love is a very dull and dead peace – the peace of the cemetery. There is a higher quality of peace that comes after these storms have passed. One matures only through these storms.

They say that the cypress tree goes the highest and suffers the most – through wind, sun and clouds. But that is the way it becomes seasoned. The cypress wood lasts longest. Even when the tree has been cut and the wood has been used for something its life is almost endless . . . even the dead wood lasts forever. From where does this seasoning come? Those winds, the sun,

those clouds; those storms and that continuous fight have given it stamina.

So accept this suffering. And another thing: accept that that also is part of the game. Love is really an intricate game. One remains a chaser and the other the chased. If you are the chaser, your woman is the chased. She tries to escape from you – only then can the game continue. Otherwise why should you chase her? If she is simply available, only for you, then the chasing stops. You can chase her only if she is running away in some way or other. If you stop chasing her there is every possibility she may start chasing you . . . but then *you* will have to run!

This game has to be looked into. Anupama loves you, she cannot leave you, she cannot be happy without you, but she is the chased and you are the chaser. And this is just a game to continue the chasing, so she starts thinking of somebody else. She cannot actually go to somebody else; she would not be happy. If she were forced only then would she go, otherwise she would not. But this continuous 'going' in her mind keeps her running away from you and keeps you running after her.

I have seen so many couples and sometimes the miracle happens . . . . For example, you can get bored with this whole thing. You can say 'Okay, now do whatsoever you want', and you start becoming interested in some other woman. Suddenly the whole game changes; she will start chasing you. She will forget about the man she is thinking of. Now she will think about the woman you have started thinking of. Now the whole thing changes but the problem remains the same! The problem *is* there, and if both of you stop chasing and being chased then suddenly you are stuck.



You are not going anywhere and she is not going anywhere; then what to do? You are stuck with each other and then boredom arises. That is far worse! Her mind going to somebody else keeps the whole thing alive. She does not allow you to take her for granted. And I am not saying she is doing all this deliberately. These are just unconscious games and they continue unless you become completely conscious.

Now, what is happening is that because you feel she cannot be totally in love with you, unconditionally in love with you, if she gives some love you don't accept that; you resist. You want either all or nothing. That too is part of the unconscious mind. Because you want all or none she will start thinking more of the other person . . . because you are not accepting her love. By not accepting you are helping her to think of the other person. The more she thinks of the other person, the less accepting you will be, the less you will be together. Less and less you will be open to her, and more and more you would like to be left alone. And you will not do anything in your aloneness; you will think of her. But whenever she is there you will at least pretend that you don't care; you will become hard. One has to protect oneself, one has to protect one's pride.

When she is in an affair you will be thinking of her and you will be worried. When she is there you will show that you don't care where she goes and what she does; you want to be left alone. When you are not there she will think of you and will not think of the other man. When you are there she will think of the other man.

Because you are more mature than her your responsibility is greater. She is still childish, hence this desire.

That is part of the childish mind. She wants both together, she wants all. She is simple, innocent, and childish. Your responsibility is bigger than hers so you have to be more alert.

For example, my suggestions are these: when she gives you a little bit of love accept it with great, deep gratefulness; accept it with immense gratefulness. Don't ask for everything; even a fragment is good. Accept it as if it is total . . . and feel joyous! Don't try to escape from her; that will be throwing her away.

Then you will change the whole trend. If you can accept her little love with joy, she will be ready to give more. Accept that too and she will be able to give more. Because when somebody's love is accepted gratefully it is so satisfying. To give love is more satisfying than to get. So don't hurt her, otherwise you yourself are pushing her away. She is not as mature as you. Your maturities are different, there is a gap, so naturally your responsibility is bigger. If something goes wrong you will be more responsible than her.

So just see the game and play this chess game a little more consciously. Think at least two, three moves ahead. The great chess players think of five moves ahead. Think at least two, three moves ahead – that if you do this then how will she react? If you do that, how will she react? . . . And let it be a game! Don't be too worried; there is nothing to worry about. She is not going anywhere; she cannot go. And finally I am here so you need not worry.

Amitabh laughs and nods. As Bhagwan has been talking to him the worry has left his face. Now he looks reassured, eased. The strength he's been given is mirrored in his eyes.







Love her and let her think whatsoever she wants to. Love her more and accept whatsoever love she can give, and accept with gratefulness – not as if you take it for granted. And within a few days that idea of hers will disappear. But if you go on doing these things that you are doing, you are helping her to go. Because what will she think then? You don't accept her love so her infatuation for the other person grows more. *You* are making her infatuated with the other. She starts dreaming and thinking that maybe the other man will accept more gratefully. He will love her more, he will not escape from her. He will not reject her.

Let her think about the other. And just be in this game a little more consciously, seeing the future moves, and within a month her mind will be changed; there is no problem in it. It is just that she is indecisive as every childish consciousness is.

It is just like a child. You take him for a walk and he wants an ice cream and he wants that toy and he wants to purchase this car and that elephant too. He wants everything! Just out of her simplicity, out of her innocence, she sees somebody and she feels infatuated. But she loves you, and that is the basic thing.

These are just infatuations. They come and go, they come to everybody. And we should be compassionate about them; they are natural. Man is really helpless. But don't become part of the unconscious game; play it consciously. Try. For one month let this game be a conscious game, from your side, and then I will see Anupama. Good, Amitabh!

With a big smile lighting up his face, Amitabh moves back . . .

. . . giving way to Mukul. She has come to see Bhagwan before leaving for Canada.



BHAGWAN: Hello, Mukul! When are you going?

*MUKUL: In a few days.*

Something to say to me?

*MUKUL: I feel I've got in touch with some kind of softness and vulnerability . . .*

Very good.

*MUKUL: . . . and I want to keep a hold of that somehow.*

It will remain. Don't try to keep it. In that very trying it will start slipping out of your hands. Don't try to keep it; it will be there. Just remain relaxed, enjoy it. Rather than trying to keep it, enjoy it, use it more. Whenever you are in a situation remain vulnerable. In different states try it and taste how it works. Rather than trying to keep it, have as many experiences of it as possible.



It is not a question of hoarding it; it is not property. It is a very subtle experience. It grows if you experience it more and more.

For example, you are talking to a friend. Relax and become very open, very receptive. You are holding somebody's hand. Don't remain hard, become very soft. Don't remain frozen, protective, defensive. Allow his energy to flow in, allow your energy to flow in. Just use it in as many ways as possible. Expose yourself to more and more situations and it will grow through that experience.

You cannot possess it but you can help it to grow . . . and the difference is great. You can possess money, you cannot possess a plant. The only way to possess a plant is to help it grow. It is not a dead thing. All that is alive remains only while it is growing. The moment growth stops it dies. So let it remain breathing. Don't miss any opportunity.

Listening to me you should become vulnerable; sway with it. Seeing the morning sun, become vulnerable; dance with it. Swimming in the pool become one with the pool, lose boundaries. I'm just giving you instances; they are there every moment. Then you will see it is growing, growing, and it can grow to no end! It can go on growing; it is an endless process. It begins, it never ends.

When will you be coming back?

*MUKUL: I don't know.*

Keep this (a box) with you, and help my people there. And you have some (orange) people in Canada?

*MUKUL: Yes, I have one sannyasin friend.*

So start a small centre there or something. You have a centre there? No? Should I give you a name for a centre?

Mukul's eyes widen. It's obvious this was the last thing she expected — but then, she is sitting in front of the master of the unexpected, in front of the great surprise package himself!

*MUKUL: I feel pretty green to be starting a centre.*

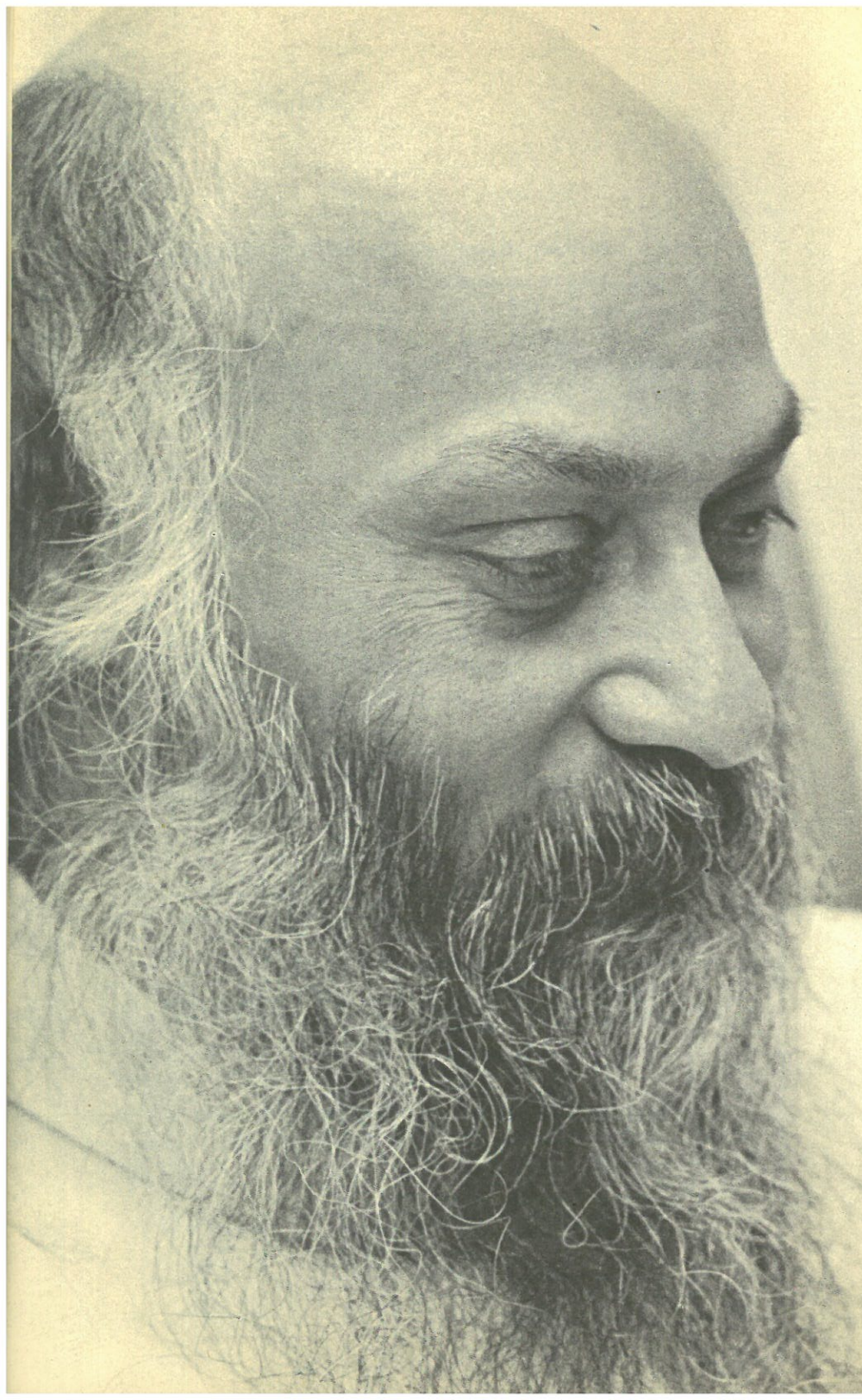
No, only green people can start! (laughter)  
Once the greenness is gone then it is difficult; don't be worried about it.

As Bhagwan is writing the name of the new centre, Mukul asks:

*MUKUL: What does it mean to start a centre?*

Bhagwan nods, indicating he's heard her, but continues to write. When he finishes he looks up and says:





It just means to help people towards me. Let your friends be acquainted with me, with what is going on here. Sometimes just invite a few friends and by and by it starts growing. Sometimes, once a week, meditate with a few friends, listen to the tapes. Keep the books, sometimes read them to friends. Then it will go on by itself. It has no formal structure.

He leans forward, handing Mukul the paper with the name of the centre written on it.

This will be the name: Avit.

It means to know well – to know well, to know deeply. Vita means to know. The Indian scripture 'veda' comes from the same root. It means to know so deeply that the knower and the known become one, to know through love so that the distinction between the knower and the known is lost; you are not separate from the known.

To know God deeply means to become God; that's the only way. If God and you are separate then it is not really knowing, mm? – you are going round and round. To know God really is to go directly into his heart and disappear there; that is the meaning of avita.

Just invite a few people and it will start working. That's how all my centres work, mm? Come back!





As Mukul moves back, Bhagwan's twinkling eye falls on Asha in the front row. While Amitabh was in America recently, Asha led the Tao group and now that he's back she's assisting him once again. However, she has been unwell recently.

BHAGWAN: Asha, how are you? Were you in the group or not at all? For a few days?

ASHA: Yes.

There's a brief silence. Then Asha's eyebrows ask a question. It's apparent she wants to come forward to talk with him. Bhagwan nods and she's at his feet in a second. He says nothing. He doesn't have to. Asha's a straightforward bundle of delightful and expressive energy. She has her own wonderful way about her. She's as dry as English gin and I've never heard a tale of Asha's woe that hasn't broken me up. I never feel she takes the comings and goings of her sannyasin growing pains too seriously. And Bhagwan seems to enjoy her as much as I do.

ASHA: *I wrote you a letter because I got a fever. At the beginning it was all right and then it began to get not all right. I started to feel very dull and depressed in a way I haven't been in a long time. I wasn't going to lecture because I was sneezing. Then one morning I found out that you were talking about becoming conscious*

*of what you're sick about; you're not sick for no reason. I didn't know what to do with this depression except be there. I started looking at what was happening for me, and it seems as if there were two things happening.*

*One was that I was involved with somebody, was very independent, which you know I'm not. Then I started doing things with the fact that I was no longer the great group-leader, that I was the assistant. Somehow I was making myself not all right. There was no way that I could look at Amitabh and say, 'Well, I'm better than you are', so . . . I got sick!*

*Then I thought, 'Well, I don't feel right about that'. I felt as if you should know. As soon as that came to me I began to feel really good. It's as if something started coming up inside.*

Very good!

ASHA: *So I went to see Amitabh and I said what I'd been doing and that I was sorry. He said, 'Well, whenever I get confused, I do the simple thing, and the simple thing is to follow Bhagwan. Now Bhagwan gave you an instruction, so follow it.'*



*I began to cry and I said, 'Oh, God!'  
You know – the painful surrender  
thing. And it didn't happen! These  
two tears came down and they . . .*

Very good!

*ASHA: . . . they wouldn't roll  
down my face! It was as if . . .  
(laughter)*

Mm mm, good!

*ASHA: And it was my first experience  
of just, 'Okay. It is not a problem.'*

*Then the next day your answer came  
to drop the groups. I was shocked,  
that's for sure, and I felt sad because  
I couldn't be with Amitabh. But all  
during the group I wasn't doing my  
number about it!*

You want to participate in the group again?

*ASHA: I know I love to work with  
Amitabh in the group.*

It will be very very good for you; you can learn many things from Amitabh. It will make you more rich. It is always good to be around people who have a kind of understanding and maturity; it makes you mature. And to assist is far more enriching than to lead because you have no responsibility and you can absorb things more quietly, observe things more quietly.

Sooner or later you are going to be a group-leader but I wanted you to sometimes assist too. I have the idea that I am going to make you a group-leader but many times you will be a group-leader and many times I will send you to work with somebody. You will become more enriched.

Don't think in terms of your being second; there is nobody who is first. If you can enjoy, then it is good; assist Amitabh. If you feel it creates trouble, start editing; forget about the group, mm? You decide!

*ASHA: I've decided already!*

Mm? Good . . . good!

And then he's gone. But he's not gone. I can still see him glowing in every pair of eyes, shining in every face, beating in every heart. I can feel him all through me, all over me, all around me.

Is there an oasis of love like this anywhere else in the world?





Krishna Prem, who wrote tonight's commentary, talked with Savita about his four years as a sannyasin with Bhagwan.

For him, the awareness that there was something else to life was triggered off by a car accident in which he was almost killed . . .

KRISHNA PREM: There was this instant realisation that there was nothing I could do about it (his possible death). So if there was nothing I could do about it I might as well accept it, so I accepted it. And all of a sudden this golden bubble descended on me. It was just amazing! I sat there in bliss while the car went through its number! Somehow after it was over I realised that I'd been in a space that was in me. It wasn't something that had come from the outside; I knew it was part of me. I think that's the first glimpse I had that there was more to my being than I knew about. It was so profound that I had to go and look. I looked and looked but I couldn't find anything.

*Had you been involved in eastern things, spiritual things or therapy?*

No, none. I worked in advertising, which is as far away from therapy as you can get! It's a total world of fantasy. Looking back now I see that my whole thing was trying to escape. It was really a whole study in self-oblivion.

Then there was a friend who'd just come back from India having become a sannyasin. I'd known this guy a long time; he was really a mess. I sat and talked to him one afternoon and the impression I had was just of layers of garbage having been tossed off. They were really gone; that was the amazing part of it. So I said, 'Who is this man?' (whom the friend was talking of) He left me a couple of books. I read half a page of 'I Am the Gate' and that was it. After the car accident I'd started reading but they were all things that British civil servants had written here in India during the days of the raj — these pedantic treatises on Hinduism and Buddhism. I didn't know what they were on about . . . intellectually, yes, but none of it made any difference. But that half page of 'I Am the Gate' . . . I felt 'This man's telling the truth'. I mean, there was no choice, so I came here . . . and here I am!

So four years ago on November 11th, he arrived in Bombay and was given an appointment to see Bhagwan.

My first reaction was that I didn't want to see him yet, I was not ready. The next thing I knew, I found myself sitting in his room and everything just exploded inside. You know, you read and you read and you read; you read about Buddha and Jesus, about Mahavir and Patanjali, but nothing prepares you for that first face-to-face contact with a superman. I knew I was sitting in front of a being unlike anyone I'd ever come across before. Everything just exploded inside; it was wonderful. I cried most of the day.



Krishna Prem, at Bhagwan's suggestion, underwent a period of silence, took part in a camp at Mount Abu, then spent a brief period at Kailash, the (in) famous Gurdjieffian-like farm where several sannyasins lived and worked for some time.

Having returned to Bombay, he then took flight to Goa. . . .

That was when he really hooked me. Until then I'd been sort of on and off with him. It was as if I could go so far and then I'd get frightened and turn and run a bit.

*What was the fear?*

I remember Bhagwan starting meditation camps with lines like, 'Get ready to die'. It's a lovely phrase and it sounded really nice, except one day I realised that he wasn't kidding, that he really meant it. I guess I just wasn't ready to die, but in those days I didn't quite understand what it was that had to die. Now it's as if that false thing we call an ego is starting to stand out, so I can see what it is that is going to die. I can also see what it is that is going to remain now, so I'm not scared anymore. But in those days it was all jumbled together. I knew that he meant my destruction, but I couldn't understand it and I just turned and ran. What it was, thinking about it, was intellectualizing about it. Now it makes no difference; now my trust in him is complete – I think. I know there's always layers and layers but as far as where I am right now, it's complete, so he can do what he wants.

I don't know if he's like this with everyone, but I found that he gave me experiences, glimpses, very quickly. I never had the feeling that Bhagwan ever laid anything on me. It was always, 'Don't even believe what I say; believe your own experience.' He was able to push me into the experiences or I allowed him to push me or it was a combination of the two. So very quickly I realised that everything I'd ever read about, about Yoga or Buddha or what have you, all of a sudden these things were happening to me.

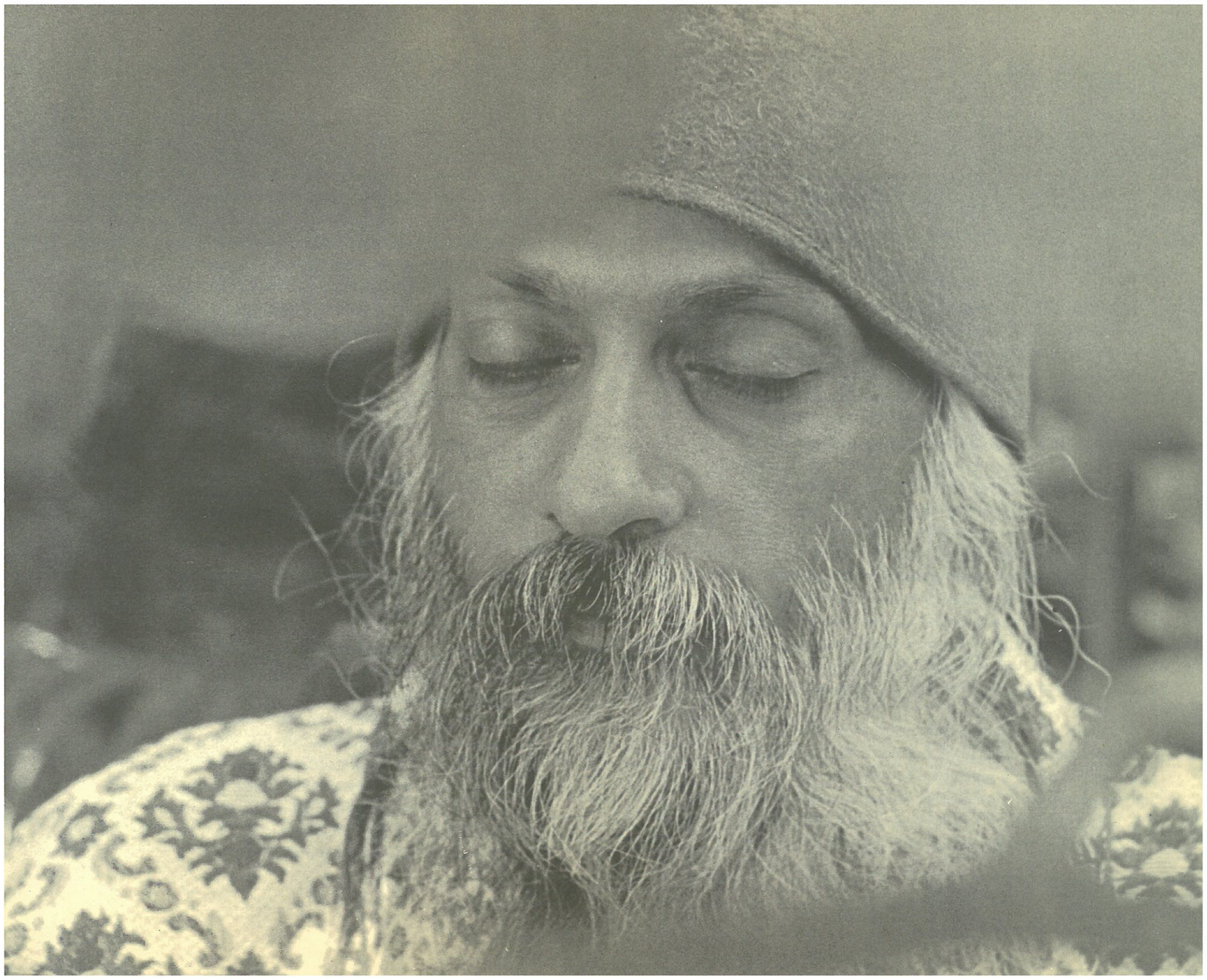
Krishna Prem was to return to the West again before he finally came back to be with Bhagwan for good.

It took two years for me to reach the point where I was still with Bhagwan but not hung up on him, he wasn't a crutch anymore. People said 'You must have seen a lot of misery in India.' In India I see poverty but I don't see misery. Even the beggars on the street are laughing; maybe because they accept. In the West people don't accept; everything gears them towards having more and more. I found that really sad. But one thing kept me going – it was as if I had a secret – and that was the Dynamic meditation. That kept me floating.

I think in the West I saw very clearly that where Bhagwan is and where I *really* am, are the same place, so when I came back he was much less of a crutch.

He was assigned various books to re-edit, 'From Sex to Superconsciousness', 'The Path to Self-realisation',







and began to feel that Bhagwan was working on him through the books. When he began to work on his third assignment 'Earthen Lamps' and 'The Seeds of Revolution', he came in touch with a sense of emptiness.

For the first time I realised that we are empty inside and that form comes out of emptiness. At first it frightened me because the mind thinks of itself as an entity, or the ego thinks of itself as an entity, but there isn't any entity. What started happening was that I would sit down at the typewriter, put my fingers on the keys and 'I' would step aside and this thing would start coming through me. I'd write it and afterwards I'd read it . . . and I didn't write it. I didn't write it. This is no miracle. This is nothing more than stepping out of the way and letting it come through. I mean, form *does* come out of emptiness. That's what I saw during the third book and it was beautiful.

I find that whenever my mind gets dizzy – as it does from time to time because it doesn't want to go, it fights like crazy – all I have to do is go to the typewriter and start working for him. Sometimes it takes hours, days, where I just have to keep myself focused on the work until the mind gets tired and then it stops and it leaves me alone for a while.

There came a point around that time when I realised that there was no other place for me to be. For a while I'd been very aware of a separation between me and Bhagwan, like: master, space, disciple. All of a sudden that disappeared and then I just wanted to get closer and closer and merge. Then Bhagwan said I could come and work in the library

in his house. That's just miracle land in there. His whole vibration is there. Then after that came the invitation to come and live in the ashram. So it's as if when I got ready to move closer, he said, 'Okay, come.'

Living here and working here is totally different to being outside. There's really a beautiful feeling of community and family here that you don't see when you come to work here every day and you're living outside. I find an acceptance and a welcome from people; it's very subtle. All of a sudden there is a deeper connection with people living here. There's definitely a closeness that people who don't live here miss out on.

Having seen that he's managed to create a problem out of labelling himself homosexual, suddenly Krishna Prem saw that it was so with all problems – that they were his creation.

Having seen that, it was as if the rest of my problems were standing in a queue. I just looked at them and I thought, 'Well, I've made all of *you* up as well'; then they all went away. So I don't have problems anymore. Things happen and I find myself in situations – but I don't have any *problems* anymore.

I'd been through this so many times with Bhagwan before and he's tried to show me that you do make up your problems, but unless it comes to you in a realisation, in a flash, that you have done it, unless you really see it . . . . It's a question of what he calls 'direct vision' – of just looking at it and seeing that you have actually created your problem. Then it goes away.



Another thing that Bhagwan has given me is freedom. It's a freedom where nothing really touches me anymore. I don't mean that I'm not moved by things or I don't feel things; it's just that nothing can reach up and hold my leg anymore. If I'm trying to fly nothing can grab me and ground me. I never quite understood what he meant by freedom but I think for me, that's what it is. Because now I am free from all those prisons . . . and the biggest prison for me was problems.

I have the sensation lately that my mind is beginning to disintegrate. I can't remember things and I've also noticed that my punctuation is gone completely. I've just gone through a period where there have been no feelings at all. Bhagwan talked about it in a lecture not long ago — about a state of catalepsy that you go through. Now I am starting to feel things again which is nice.

*You mean you experienced no feelings?*

There weren't any feelings, I felt nothing. It wasn't as if it were dead inside; it was just like a state of limbo. I've been around Bhagwan long enough to know that often things happen that are difficult to understand, but they're just a transitional stage, so I don't get freaked and I don't get frightened because I know that he's there and I'm wearing him around my neck, so it's okay.

I'm in so far now that there's no way out even if I wanted one. So it's okay. It's another of those things where you just sit and wait till it passes.

*One last general question: Do you think that Bhagwan is for everybody?*

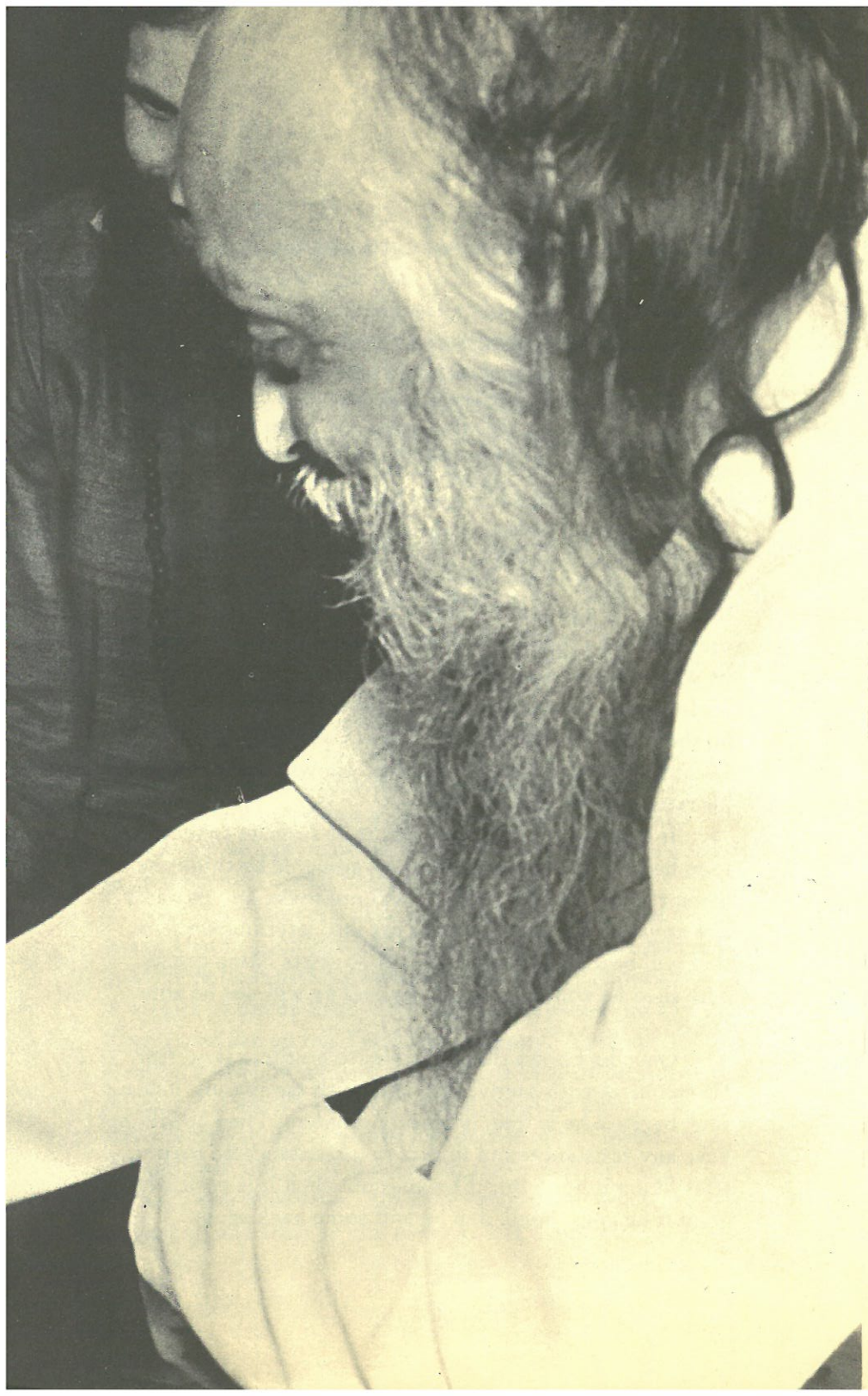
Yes, I think he's for everybody but I don't think everybody's for him. I have a lot of friends in the West who are armchair spiritualists. They read Gurdjieff, they read Buddha, and then they convince themselves that the thing is happening. But I'm with somebody with whom things really do happen. They don't just happen intellectually; they happen in your whole being. I look at these people and see that perhaps there is a little more awareness about what's going on within themselves but nothing is really happening, no transformation is happening.

And Bhagwan has an amazing ability to express the most complex concepts in the simplest language. I don't think there's ever been anybody else that could say things quite so simply and so beautifully. But yet the work has to come from the disciple. I mean, Bhagwan doesn't get up and do the Dynamic meditation; we do. The master is an availability. He's there, but you go as deep with him as you allow. It's up to you.









## Tuesday 8

When Manoj left for Belgium about two months ago, she planned to return to Poona to stay. She told Bhagwan she had two children; the elder, her son, was very against her involvement in things outside the family. She would like him to be interested in sannyas, she said, but he was very stubborn and self-willed.

Bhagwan suggested then that Manoj not try and coerce her son into sannyas but just be loving and happy and let him feel what has happened to her through becoming a sannyasin.

Now she is sitting in front of Bhagwan, flanked by her children: Corinne and twelve-year-old Joachim, the stubborn son. Manoj tells Bhagwan through her tears that she is troubled because though she didn't try to influence her son into coming, her husband pushed him into it. Having arrived in Poona, Joachim now wanted to leave.

I will decide! says Bhagwan, don't be worried.



Corinne wants to take sannyas, and Bhagwan turns to address her now. She is about eight years old, has fair hair tied up in a pony tail and huge brown eyes. She giggles self-consciously, and closes her eyes as bidden. Bhagwan gives her the name Prem Prabha — light of love.



Joachim has been sitting quietly by his weeping mum. Bhagwan asks him when he wants to go . . . .

*JOACHIM: I don't know.*

BHAGWAN: Soon?

*JOACHIM: I don't know!*

Or would you like to stay a little while. Then finally you can go?

Joachim makes a gesture with his fingers to indicate a very short time.

*JOACHIM: No, not a little like that — a little, a little!*

Mm mm . . . mm mm. (to Manoj) And what do you want? You have some idea?

*MANOJ: It's always changing. On one hand I think it would be good for him if he would stay a while but on the other hand I don't want to force him any more. I have forced too much already.*

Mm mm. So, let him go, and whenever he wants to go . . . (to Joachim) You are free to go, mm? because happiness is the thing. If you are not happy here and can be more happy there, then be there. (to Manoj) Just make him free and then he will be more at ease here. If he decides to stay that is his business. If he wants to go allow him. From your side he should be free. Then if he decides on his own . . . . Because that may happen: once he knows that he can go his mind may change.

It makes a lot of difference. If he feels he cannot go then he will continuously think of going. If he thinks he cannot go he will fight and he will not make any move to like anything here. He will not get into anything because that will be a great fear to him: if he starts liking things here then he will be in your trap and he will not be able to go.

Once he knows that he is free to go there is no fear. He can meet with sannyasins, play with sannyasins, dance, sing, because he is free; it is not a problem. Then he will not have any resistance, and in that non-resistance he may start liking it here. But if he does not then it is perfectly good if he goes. Some day he will come back again.



And whenever he comes on his own, then only can it be of help – for him, for you. Otherwise he will be a problem to you and a problem to himself and you will feel miserable that he is unhappy. Nothing is more valuable than freedom. So if he decides to go that's perfectly good; let him decide.

Make his mind completely at ease so that he is free, whether he decides to go or stay. Then there is no force from our side this way or that, for or against. And he will feel good because he is respected. And every child has to be respected, utterly respected. We are nobody to enforce anything on anybody, even on our own children, because even though they come from us they don't belong to us. They belong to themselves and they will live their own life. They will find their own truth, they will find their own way. They have to search and seek for themselves.

So we can make available to them whatsoever is, but it is for them to participate or not. It is good that you brought him; now he knows this place. If freedom is given to him he will be able to know it more deeply and then back home he can compare. If some day he feels like coming he is welcome . . . but only when he feels.

Even if you feel a little sad about his going, that's okay. That is your problem not his, so don't make him feel guilty that he is making his mother unhappy. Those are strategies to manipulate. You can cry and weep and can say 'Okay, you can go but I will feel unhappy.' You will be creating a division in his mind; this is a kind of pressure. He does not want to make you unhappy but he is, so he starts feeling guilty. Then he can decide out of guilt: 'Okay, I will not go. It is better to feel miserable than to make you miserable.' But if he is miserable you will be miserable, and then he will make *you* feel guilty.

These are the games we go on playing with each other. He will continuously remind you it is because of you that he is staying and you will start feeling guilty that you have been destructive to his freedom. Never create any guilt in a relationship because guilt is poison to love.

(to Joachim) So you are completely free, mm? Decide about staying or going and whenever you want to go, immediately arrangements will be made and you can go. And if you want to be here a little-little, you can be. Anything about you Manoj?

*MANOJ: I'm wondering whether I should go too, or? . . .*

Mm?

*MANOJ: I had the impression that I was going to escape from what I call duties and now if he goes back . . . I feel I should go with him, but it's nonsense!*

No. It is absolute nonsense; you need not go. If he decides to go he will be with his father; nothing to worry about. You need not go.

*MANOJ: He wouldn't be with his father. He would be with an uncle or . . .*







So that is his decision and he can decide. If he feels it is not good there he can always come here; he is welcome. But you need not go, otherwise there you will create the guilt. You will make him more guilty – that because of him you have had to come from India where you wanted to be.

These things have to be understood and dropped.

And the idea that without you he cannot survive or without you he cannot grow, is utter nonsense. It may be that he wants to escape from you . . . because children want to escape from parents. They want to have their own freedom. When they are at the parents' side they are always thought to be children. Grown up as they are, they will remain children to you.

My mother comes to me and when she sees me eating this and that she starts telling me 'Don't eat that, eat this. You have not eaten this!' She knows what she is doing and she says 'I am mad! I should not say these things to you.' But when she comes again she again starts telling me . . . .

And I can understand, so I understand you. But you need not go. Just be here and give him full freedom so he can enjoy the few days he is here. And whenever he wants, send him back, mm? Good, Manoj!



Shantida has just arrived from the States where, he tells Bhagwan, he taught philosophy and logic. Good! chuckles Bhagwan, and we laugh at his amusement. I brought myself to be asked to resign, Shantida continues. After taking sannyas I did not want to teach the curriculum; I only wanted to teach what I felt like. I told the officials this and they asked me to leave. They paid me till January and gave me the money, so I came to you.

We warm to this rebel and there is more laughter. I sense Shantida relaxing into our acceptance and light-heartedness and suddenly he joins in too. There are some of those very special few seconds when we are all lost together in laughter with Bhagwan – no boundaries, no individuals, no master and no disciple . . . .



It seems to be the parent season, many many parents coming to visit their various offspring. It is a reunion that calls up mixed reactions, a meeting that is sometimes joyful, deep, and always traumatic!

Megan is the mother of Veetmoha, a resident sannyasin.

Bhagwan greets her warmly and asks how she is feeling here.

*MEGAN: Well, I love to see all these young people floating around in orange robes . . .*



BHAGWAN: Good!

*MEGAN: . . . the tolerance and  
sanity here compared to the mad,  
mad world.  
I'm afraid I'm still part of the mad,  
mad world. I can't become your  
marvellous precepts. I sit on the fence  
too much and I don't think I can get  
off it on the right side, your side.*

Mm mm. You will! Because from the fence it is the same distance. Whether you get off to the right or to the left, it is the same distance.

*MEGAN: Yes, but you clamber rather  
than jump. It's difficult when you're  
seventy.*

It is always a jump. Seven or seventy it is always a jump. And the older you are, the faster you have to take the jump, because you don't have time to lose, you cannot afford much time to lose. A young person can wait – life is long – but for an old person waiting is not good. If something touches the heart, then do it! Go into it! What is there to lose?

*MEGAN: My head! (laughter)*

That's perfectly good to lose, mm? That is perfectly good to lose . . . because it is not worth saving.  
How long will be you be staying?

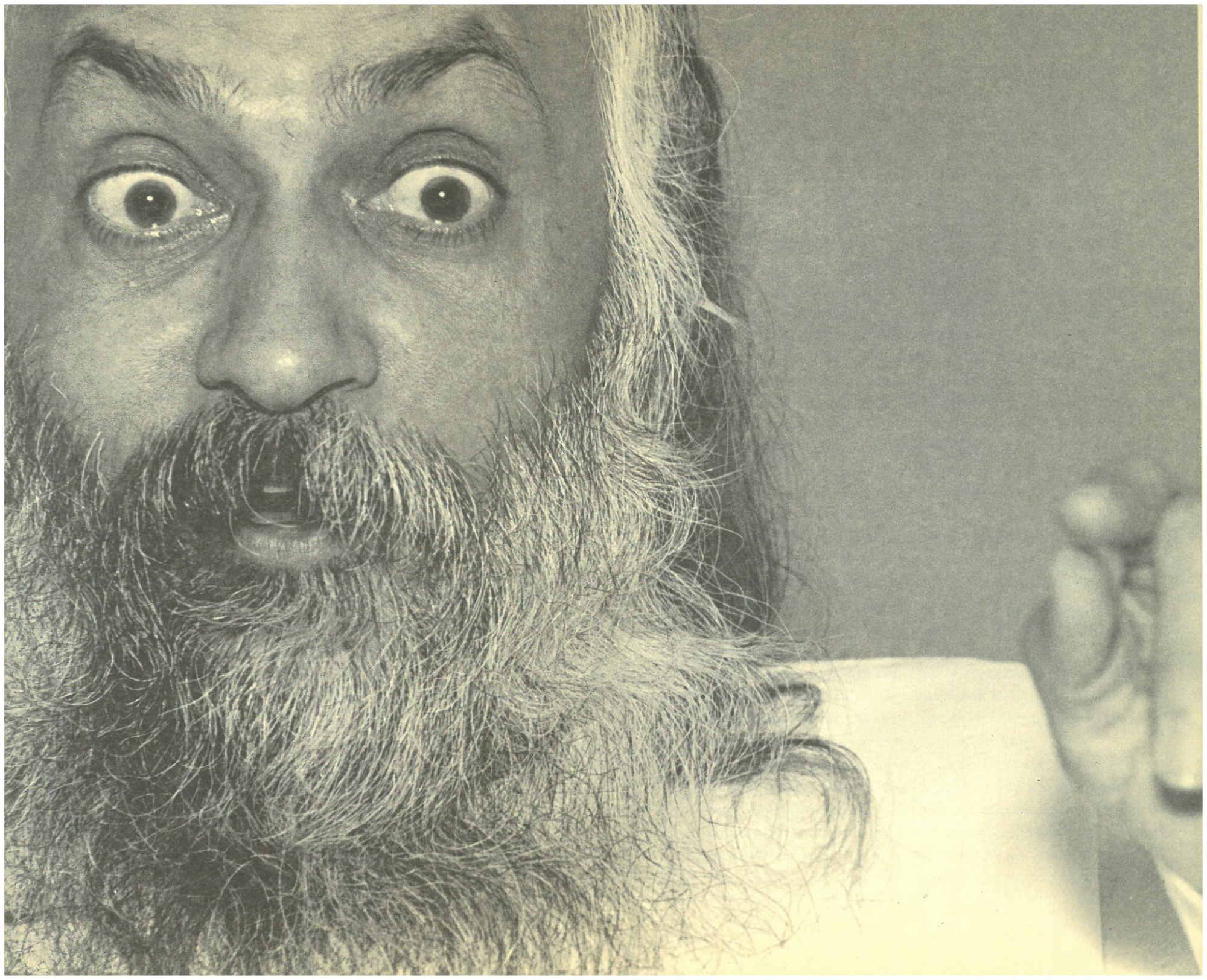
*MEGAN: I'm going on Monday.*

Then come back again for a longer period. Come when we have moved to the new place. It is going to happen some day. You will remember me more back home.

*MEGAN: It was lovely to be here.*

Good!











## Wednesday 9

John is a psychologist from America. Right now he is sitting with his eyes closed, hands raised, in front of Bhagwan . . . .

BHAGWAN: Start feeling that a sound is arising upwards from your throat – a moaning, groaning or a humming sound; feel ripples of sound arising. If you start feeling like humming or moaning, go into it; don't be shy and don't hold it.

And if it starts swaying your body then go into swaying. Let sound possess you.

Bhagwan has finished writing down John's new name and now gazes at him for some time before calling him to open his eyes and receive the mala . . . .

Good! Come here.

There is great sound just like a reservoir in your being and it wants to explode. Unless it explodes you will not feel light. You have to help it. It wants to be born and you have to be possessed by it; that is the only way one can help it.

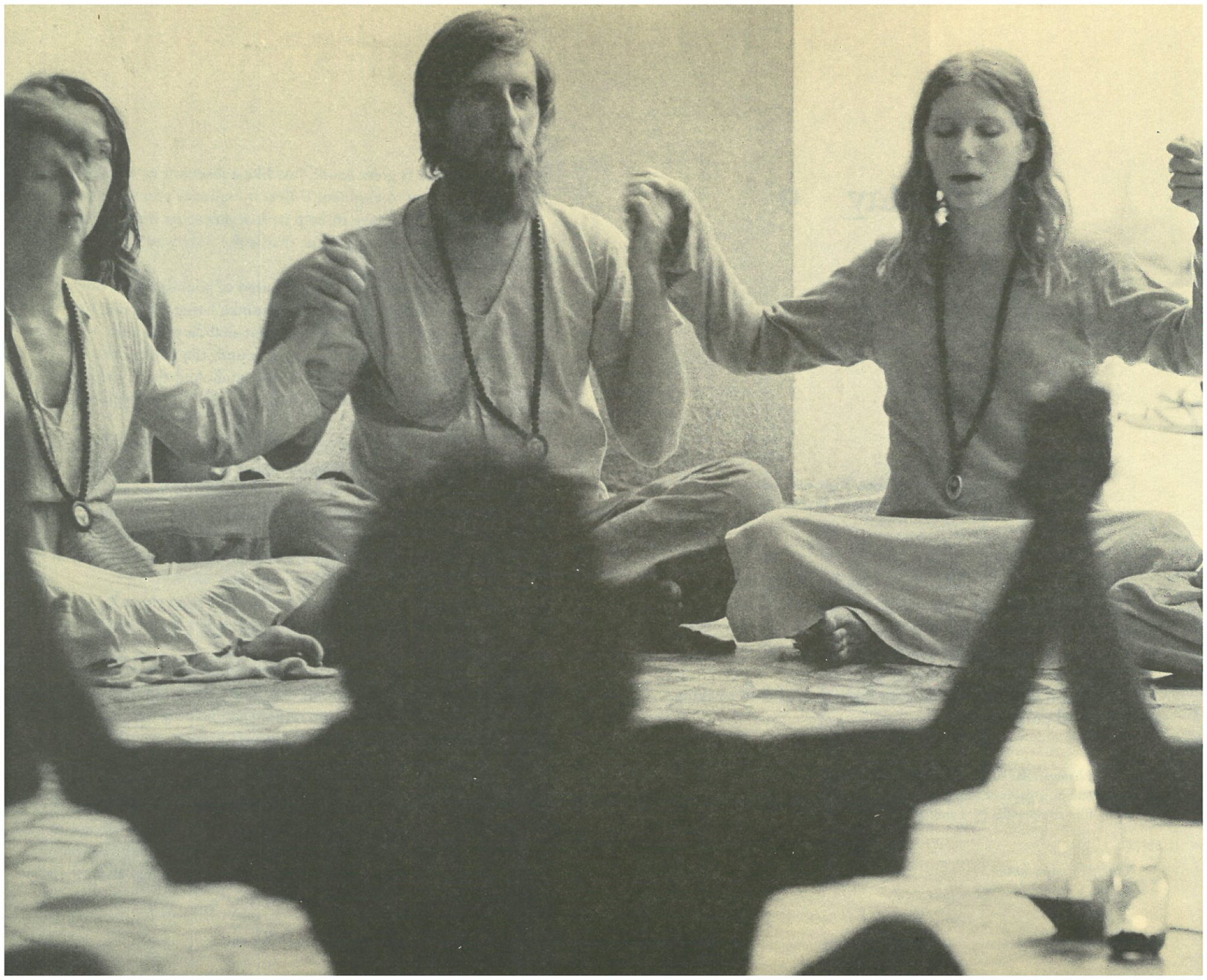
Our basic being is constituted of sound; that is one of the most ancient insights into human being. In India we have a special science called 'surat-shabda yoga'; the remembrance of the innermost sound, the path of the remembrance of the innermost sound. And that's exactly the meaning in the Bible when it is said, 'In the beginning was the word.'

Pythagoreans in Greece worked a lot on those lines – of how to create a harmony. Music seems to be the stuff existence is made of and we have forgotten it completely. Man is almost unaware now that he consists of sound. The primitives dance and sing and every night is a festival of music and sound. Drums are beaten, instruments are played. Children, old people and young, men, women, all participate. It is an orgy of sound. It relaxes them. It keeps them fresh, young, innocent. It is a kind of bath, a sound bath.

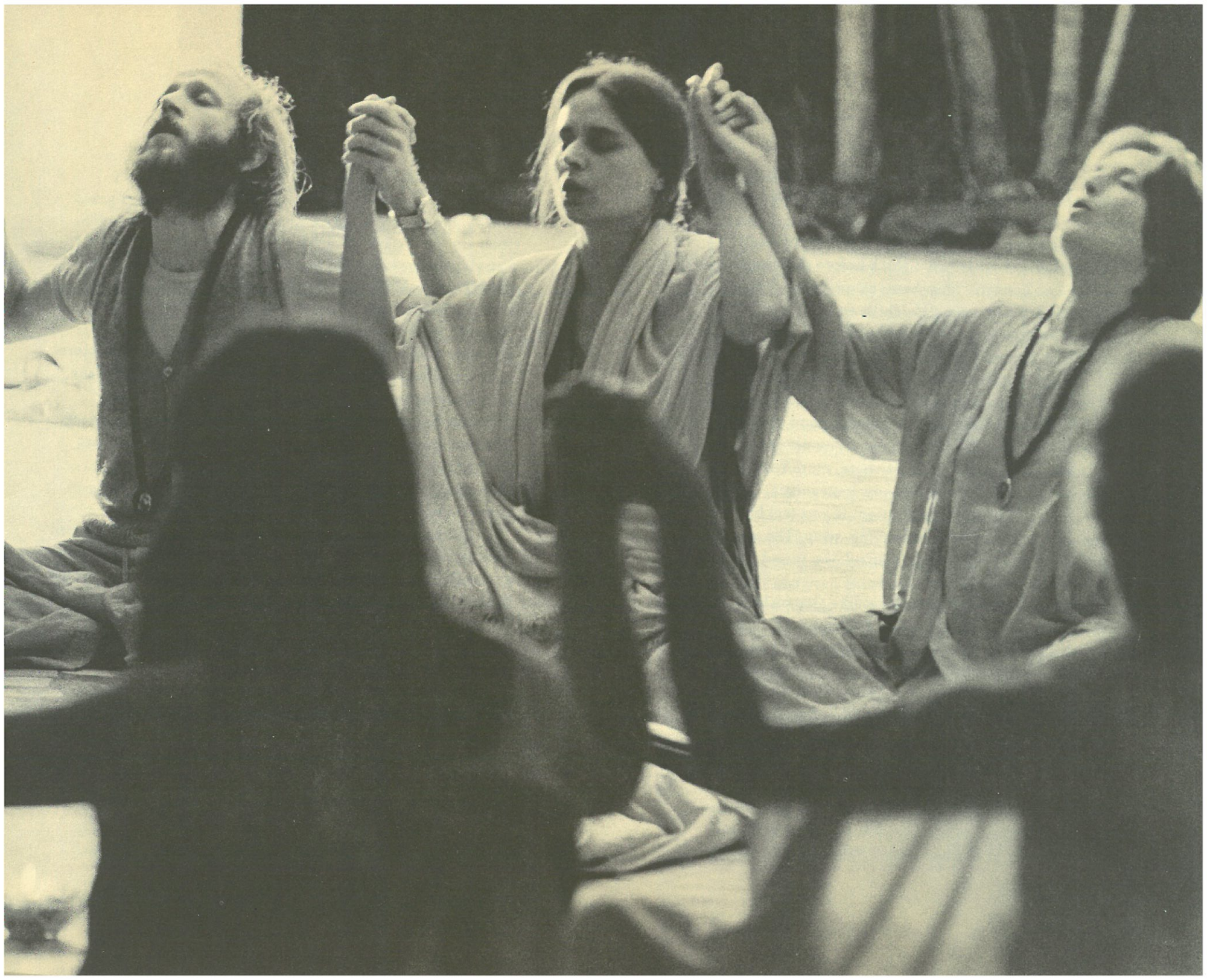
Modern man has completely forgotten about it. Even if he goes to listen to music, that music has no spirituality in it. Rather than helping him, rather than helping him fall into a peace and silence, it creates turmoil in him.

Modern music is more or less completely against the human inner sound. It creates at the most a kind of sound pornography. It excites but gives no silence. Man is already exhausted; that excitement exhausts him more. It creates a kind of violence, it makes you more tense. And the people who listen to the music on tv or on the radio just sit in their











chairs, absolutely non-participants. Unless you participate your own sound cannot start working. It cannot work just by listening. It has to become active, moving, alive.

So start humming, chanting. Every morning, early in the morning, get up at five o'clock before the sunrise and for half an hour just sing, hum, moan, groan. Those sounds need not be meaningful. Those sounds have to be existential, not meaningful. You should enjoy them, that's all, that is the meaning. You should sway. Let it be a praise for the rising sun and stop only when the sun has risen.

That will keep a certain rhythm in you the whole day. You will be attuned from the very morning and you will see that the day has a different quality. You are more loving, more caring, more compassionate, more friendly, less violent, less angry, less ambitious, less egoistic.

So this is your special meditation. If you feel like dancing, dance; if you feel like swaying, sway. The whole point is that you are no more in control; the sound controls you.

Christians have a few techniques like glossolalia – talking in tongues. That's beautiful. Possessed, one does not know what is coming out. Whatsoever comes up you just bring out. Meaningful, meaningless, relevant, irrelevant . . . .

So I will give you this name: Swami Deva Shabda.  
Deva means divine, shabda means sound – divine sound . . . .



Satya has just come back from France. She hopes to stay for some time, she says, and in answer to Bhagwan's query as to whether she has anything to ask, she says that she dreams a lot at night . . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. We will use that capacity. Nothing is wrong in dreaming. Even dreaming can be used for the right purposes. Everything has to be used for the right purpose. Rather than fighting with it, it is better to transform it. If somebody dreams of money, somebody dreams of sex, somebody dreams of power, the best way is not to stop dreaming because that will be very difficult in the beginning. The best way is to start dreaming about meditation, about God, above love. Change the object of dreaming first. Dreaming continues but the content changes. And it is easier to stop dreaming when the content is very high.

If God is the content of dreaming then it can be dropped very easily because the more you dream about God, the more you will see the point – that dreaming is becoming a barrier to God. By and by God will become more important than dreaming. This insight will dawn sooner or later – that if you really want to know God you have to drop all dreaming. When this insight comes, dreaming can be dropped.

But it is not so with sex. Sex is nothing but dreaming. In fact in a person whose dream has disappeared, sex will disappear because sex can exist only through dreaming. God can exist only *without* dreaming. So this is one of the inner strategies – to put your dream in such a direction where it cannot go for long; it has to stop.



Do one thing: at night when you go to sleep start being creative about your dreams. Start dreaming dreams deliberately; don't be an unconscious victim. People don't know that – that that can be done. In Yoga there are many techniques for creating your own dreams. Psychoanalysts only analyse dreams; Yoga can change the content. There is no need to go on dreaming like a victim. You don't want to dream and you go on dreaming a certain thing. You can start dreaming deliberately. You can be very very choosy about dreaming; you can plan your dream.

So from tonight start one experiment: just for ten minutes plan a dream. Visualize how you would like the dream to come into your night and visualize that dream every night. Within two, three weeks you will be surprised: fragments of that visualization have started entering your dream. Within three months you will be surprised to see that the whole dream has been created by you. And then there arises great joy because you are no more a victim. You can have your dream according to yourself. If this happens then the second step is very easy: you can stop dreaming. If you can create, you can stop. If you cannot create, you cannot stop either.

First start in the night, then the day-dreaming can be stopped, otherwise not. People dream twenty-four hours a day. Even when they are walking along the road they are dreaming. Reading a book they are dreaming about something else. Talking to a friend, they are dreaming. But start at night because at night you are closer to your unconscious. Things are settling deep down and soon you will fall into deep sleep. If the message reaches to that level of unconsciousness, from there everything can be transformed.

So create a dream. Let me also be a part of your dream so I will go on watching what you are doing. But make an elaborate dream. Note it down, plan it perfectly. Not very big, just a small dream about what you would like. Continue the same dream. Every night you have to think of it before you fall asleep: you have to go on thinking, thinking, thinking. Fall asleep thinking it, visualizing it fall asleep, because there comes a moment when the gears change.

Waking is one gear, sleep is another. When the gears change and you pass from one gear to another, just in the middle of the two there comes a moment when you are neutral, in a neutral gear. It is neither sleep nor wakefulness. That is the most potential point – the interval between the two. If you can go on visualizing in that interval it will enter your sleep immediately.

Once you have understood this technique you can do many miracles through it. If you are ill you can simply go on thinking in that moment that you are not ill. And if that moment and your thinking coincide illness will disappear. If you are feeling sad go on thinking that you are not sad. Let that moment and your idea meet and the sadness will disappear. That is the moment the psychoanalyst in a very round about way tries to find. The hypnotist goes directly to it.

Hypnosis is going to be the future psychoanalysis. The hypnotist does nothing else but create that interval between sleep and waking. If he gives any suggestion in that moment it goes to the deepest root of your being. If he says that you will die tomorrow at twelve o'clock, you will die tomorrow at twelve o'clock. It is so potent: he can give you an idea and it is going to become a reality.



You can find that moment yourself and then you can start changing your life. From tonight start this: plan a small dream of five minutes but everything has to be the same each night. You can write the story and the drama and everything!



Bhagwan recommends several groups for Satya then turns to welcome Harold, a writer from America living in Europe. He is middle-aged, grey-haired and balding, with a tanned complexion and soft brown eyes. His manner feels open, yet he sits with his legs drawn up to his chest and his arms across his legs in a rather protective posture. It seems there is a bit of a battle waging inside him!

BHAGWAN: Come here! What about you, Harold?

*HAROLD: I don't know. I'm very confused since I've been here.*

Confused? What is the confusion? Tell me.

*HAROLD: In my heart I want to take sannyas. In my head I can't do it.*

Mm mm . . . mm mm.

*HAROLD: I feel I have to go back to the West and it would be difficult for me to wear a mala and do what I do.*

Sometimes it is good to choose a few difficulties in life.

*HAROLD: I don't feel that I've done enough in the world.*

I'm not saying that. You may have done many things, but sometimes it is good to choose difficulties, and this will be a great difficulty. It will be immensely helpful: it will make you an individual for the first time. It will look mad to other people and you may also feel embarrassed, awkward. That's what the head is going to say to you — that this will look awkward and it will create difficulties. That is true, the head is right, but that is the whole purpose of it. It will give you integrity, it will give you the courage to be yourself. Even if the whole world calls you mad, if you can still stick to it, it will create great integration — what Gurdjieff used to call 'crystallization'.

The head is always a coward, the heart is always brave. So all that is beautiful happens through the heart and all that is business-like happens through the head.

Sannyas is through the heart. It has nothing to do with the head; one has to by-pass it. To the head sannyas is a kind of foolishness. In the categories of the head it is foolishness. Why orange and why a mala? For what? Everything is going perfectly well and conveniently — why create trouble? Why become the laughing stock?



But this is the same head that will not allow you to go into love either, because that too is mad. It will not allow you to do anything that goes against the so-called society, that goes against the so-called formalities. It will never allow you to do anything which is individual. The heart is still your own. That is the only hope for man – that society has not yet been able to corrupt the heart. The heart is still pure and innocent. The heart is still mad! The heart can still go into things into which the head will never go.

I think that you should have a little courage and take a jump. And see what happens! Everybody has to face this problem; this is not new. Everybody more or less has to face it. But once you have entered you will see something arising in you: distance from society and a quality of individuality, freedom. And that is the whole point of sannyas. These are just devices, simple devices to help you to stick to your own, to be capable of feeling that even if the whole world laughs, it is okay. You are going on your own. You are ready to risk all respectability and all else that comes by it and through it.

Once that standpoint has settled many more things will start flowering in your being. More poetry will be coming, more love will be coming, more compassion will be coming, more rebellion will be coming. Sannyas is just a beginning; it is not the end. It is just initiation into a creative world where many things go on happening.

You have a great capacity to be creative but your head has not been allowing you to go out. It has become a confinement, a prison.

Bhagwan seems to suddenly change his tack.

His tone loses its intensity and becomes casually conversational . . . but I don't think Harold is off the hook yet!

How long will you be staying here?

*HAROLD: I don't know. I said I'd be going back for Christmas to London. I have a commitment to go back but I feel so good here. I came down here feeling very bad. I've been here ten days and I haven't felt like this . . . I feel like a child again. That's my heart!*

That's your heart!

*HAROLD: And my head says, 'It's crazy!'*

That's true . . . that is true. Now you will have to choose between these two. If you choose the head you will be a loser. If you choose the heart there is a possibility of your being victorious yet.

And what are you going to do there? Christmas is *here!*  
(laughter)

*HAROLD: Well, I have a little daughter and she'll be in London for Christmas.*



Rather than going there, you call her here! She will enjoy it more than you! Otherwise, next time. If you have to go, go. But if you can do a few groups your joy will increase very much and your insights also.

*HAROLD: What groups would you suggest?*

Bhagwan recommends that Harold participate in the Intensive Enlightenment group, Centering, Tao and Tantra. They will give you great insight, he says, then adds almost as an after-thought . . . .

And sannyas is going to happen. Whenever you . . .

*HAROLD: I think so . . . I feel so!*

(chuckling) So should I give you a push right now?

*HAROLD: Pardon?*

Should I push you right now or? . . .

*HAROLD: You could push me very easily. I feel like a lover who could be easily pushed (laughter).*

Yes, I know. I can also see it — it is there. So become a sannyasin! Come close, close your eyes. Just listen to your heartbeat. Be there near the heart; descend from the head. Let the energy come down from the head and let it stand there behind the heart, the heartbeat. For a moment just be the heart. Let me contact you there.

Harold has been sitting motionless. Bhagwan brings his right hand close to Harold's left temple then places his middle finger against his head. After a moment he places his thumb on his third eye, gazing all the while into his eyes . . . .

Good!

You have suffered long from the head. It is time to get rid of it, and the moment for that has come. One has to wait for the time. Nothing can be done before its time and nothing should be done before its time, otherwise things remain incomplete, and incomplete things hang around. But you have suffered enough from the head . . . . Now there is no need for it; its work is finished. You can move towards the heart. And this will become the beginning of that movement.

This will be your new name: Swami Prem Pramada. Prem means love, pramada means joy. Let these two things be remembered continuously: love and joy.

Good, Pramada!





Marie Jo is described on the darshan list as being a doctor and a Rebirther from France. She is pretty and vivacious, and for one of her years and experience, curiously child-like. Bhagwan's face breaks into a broad beam and she walks forward smiling at him as if she is meeting an old friend . . . .

BHAGWAN: Come here! When did you arrive?

*MARIE JO: A week ago.*

Good. Something to say to me?

*MARIE JO: Yes, I want to . . .*

Tears interrupt her words.

You want to become a sannyasin?

*MARIE JO: Yes, and I would like you to choose part of my name . . . if you want to . . . .*

What is your name?

*MARIE JO: Bourencia.*

What does it mean? Does it mean buoyancy?

*MARIE JO: Yes!*

I will give you a far better name; don't be worried, mm? (laughter) Close your eyes and whatsoever happens, allow it. If laughter happens, crying happens, allow it. If the body starts moving, go into it . . . any trembling, shaking, allow it.

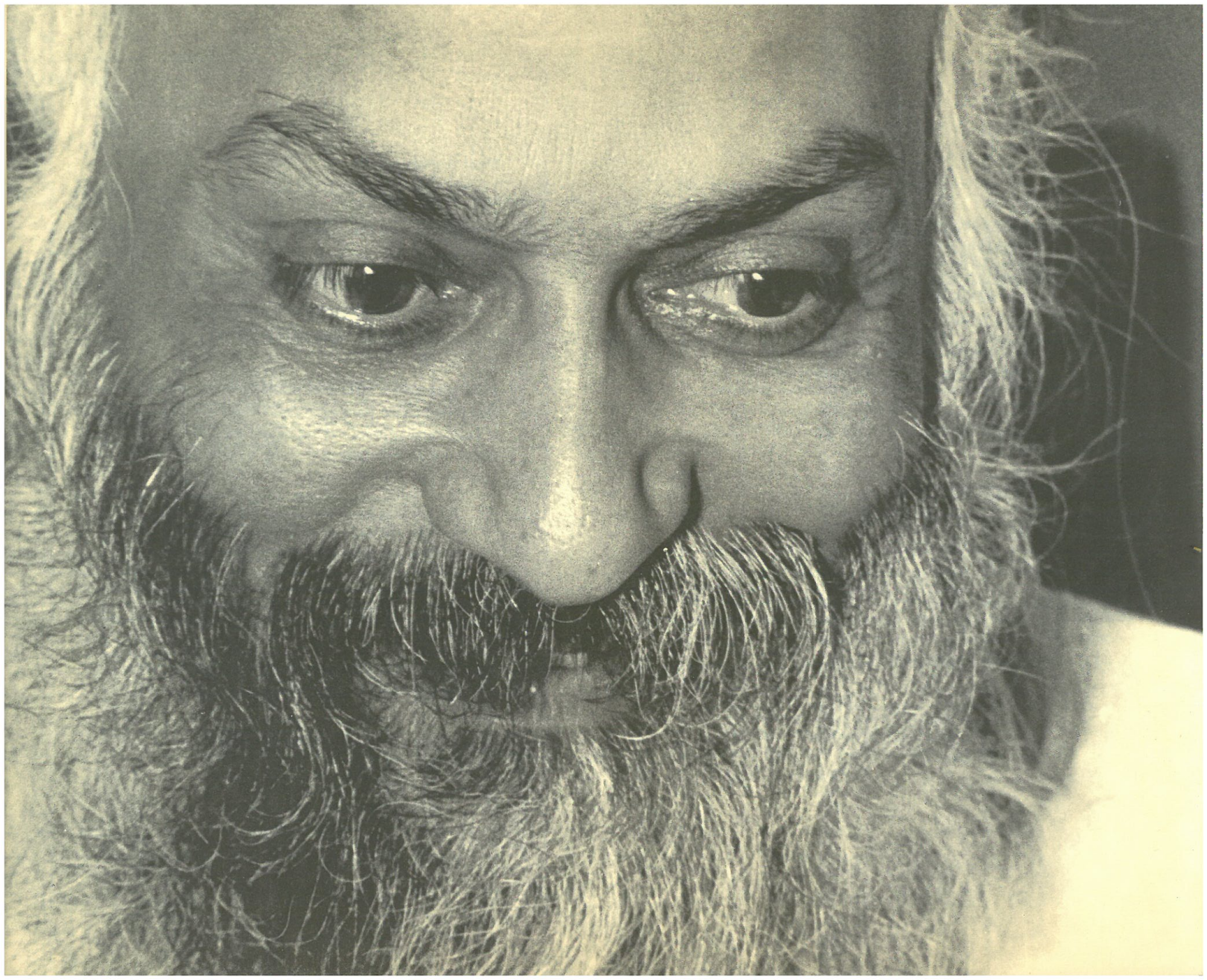
She is crying freely now. Her arms sway about and her hands begin to twirl. Then the crying becomes laughter and she is trembling with energy . . . .

Good. Come here!

Marie Jo opens her eyes and slowly inches her way forward on her knees. We all laugh.

That's how people come! Right! (chuckling)







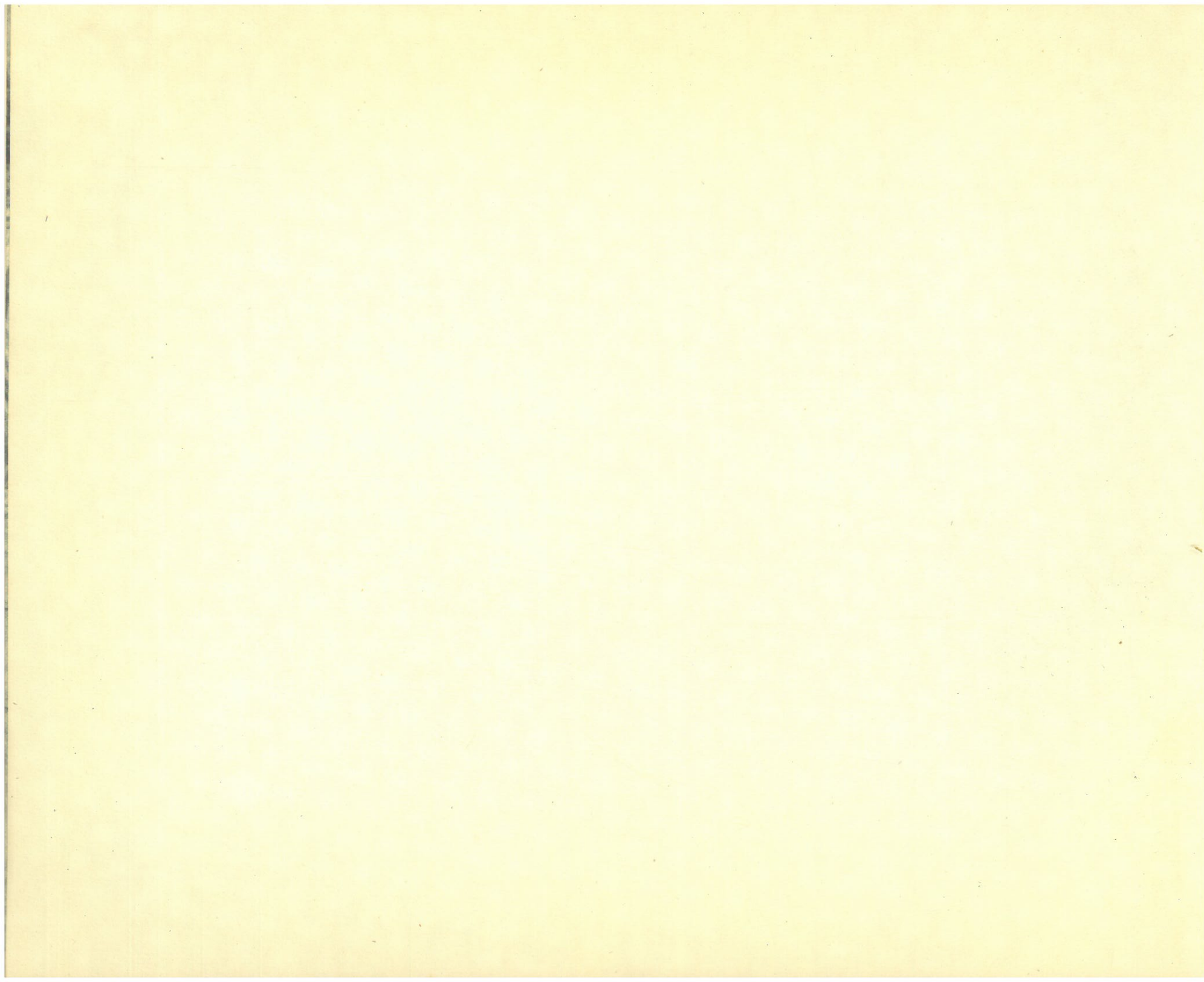
This will be your name: Ma Prem Svaha.  
Prem means love, svaha means hallelujah . . . the celebration  
of love, love celebration – the ultimate celebration of love.  
And you can become that; you have the quality. You can  
laugh your way to God!

A beautiful name! Bhagwan suggests Svaha take part  
in some groups as a participant; after that he'll give her  
some groups to run. Anything to say? he asks finally.

*SVAHA: I love you!*

Good, Svaha . . . good!







## Thursday 10



Yoganidra says she has something to ask of Bhagwan . . . .

*YOGANIDRA: I'm tired of violence all around me. Please advise me on how to get rid of it. Another thing I want to say is that I wondered if what you said to me at my sannyas-taking meant I was going to die. I don't want to die right now.*

*Also I wanted to ask if I should stick around here or go back to the West. I missed the Tao group that you suggested. Should I book for it again?*

Until a few days ago, Yoganidra, an American sannyasin, had her arm in a sling, as she had been knocked down in the street. There appears to be increasing friction coming up with a number of the locals, manifesting itself as outbursts of hostility provoked by our Western habits and unfamiliar modes of dress. Poona is a small town and the orange people are more and more in evidence. While we provide custom for tailors, restaurateurs and rickshaw wallas, Bhagwan's form of neo-sannyas is experienced by some Indians as a corruption of the traditional sannyas. It arouses mixed feelings amongst those who can't relate our ways of behaviour to their idea of 'spiritual life'. Since few Poona-ites have actually come to visit the ashram or listen to Bhagwan (maybe he's too close to be seen!) their imaginations run riot.

Sannyasins have been encouraged to be alert about local feeling. It would seem, as Laxmi so quaintly put it, that the Poona game is drawing to a close and it is time for the Gujarat game to begin!

Bhagwan suggests she do Tao, followed by Vipassana . . .

**BHAGWAN:** And violence *is* there. It is not around you; it is around everybody. Man has lived very violently; he has not lost his inner animality. Man is still wild inside; only on the surface does he look civilized. So violence is everywhere, the whole of life is full of violence. And where you don't see violence that is just a facade. If you go deep into it you will find violence there too. Even behind the name of love there is violence, so what to say about other things? But this is how life is!

And you have to learn to live without violence in such a violent world. It is difficult to live sanely in an insane world but that is the only life there is and one has to find



one's way to live through it. All that we can do is to never become violent against violence, because that is not going to help. Have deep compassion. If one has to suffer, one should suffer through compassion. And people who are violent are completely unaware; they don't know what they are doing. That's what Jesus has to say to the people; it is his last message to the world. He asks God to forgive these people because they don't know what they are doing.

So one can pray, one can love and one can have compassion, but the violence is there. And you cannot change it because the world is so big; how can you change it? One has to accept it. With tears, but one has to accept it. And one can go on doing whatsoever one can do on one's own – a little bit, whatsoever one can spread. Spread your love. The world is like a desert but even if you can sow a single seed and only two flowers come to it, even that is something. In this vast desert land if two flowers or even a single flower comes up, that too is good.

So don't be too concerned about it. Just be concerned about one thing: how you can love people who are violent and how to live in a world which is not sane at all. Find ways. And this is the whole effort here – through meditation, prayer, groups. These are ways to seek and search for some secrets so that you can go unscratched, uncontaminated by people's violence. But it is possible. The world will remain violent, you can become non-violent . . . and that is all that can be done. So don't be worried about it.

After Vipassana remind me again, mm? And be here a little more; it will be too early to go. I will tell you when to go. Good, Nidra!

As it's Diwali, the celebration of the Hindu new year, there are fire-crackers being continuously let off all during darshan. Every time a cracker meets the ground and explodes, my whole body involuntarily jerks and I feel shocked and disturbed. Bhagwan remains absolutely still and I wish I had just a fragment of his equanimity.

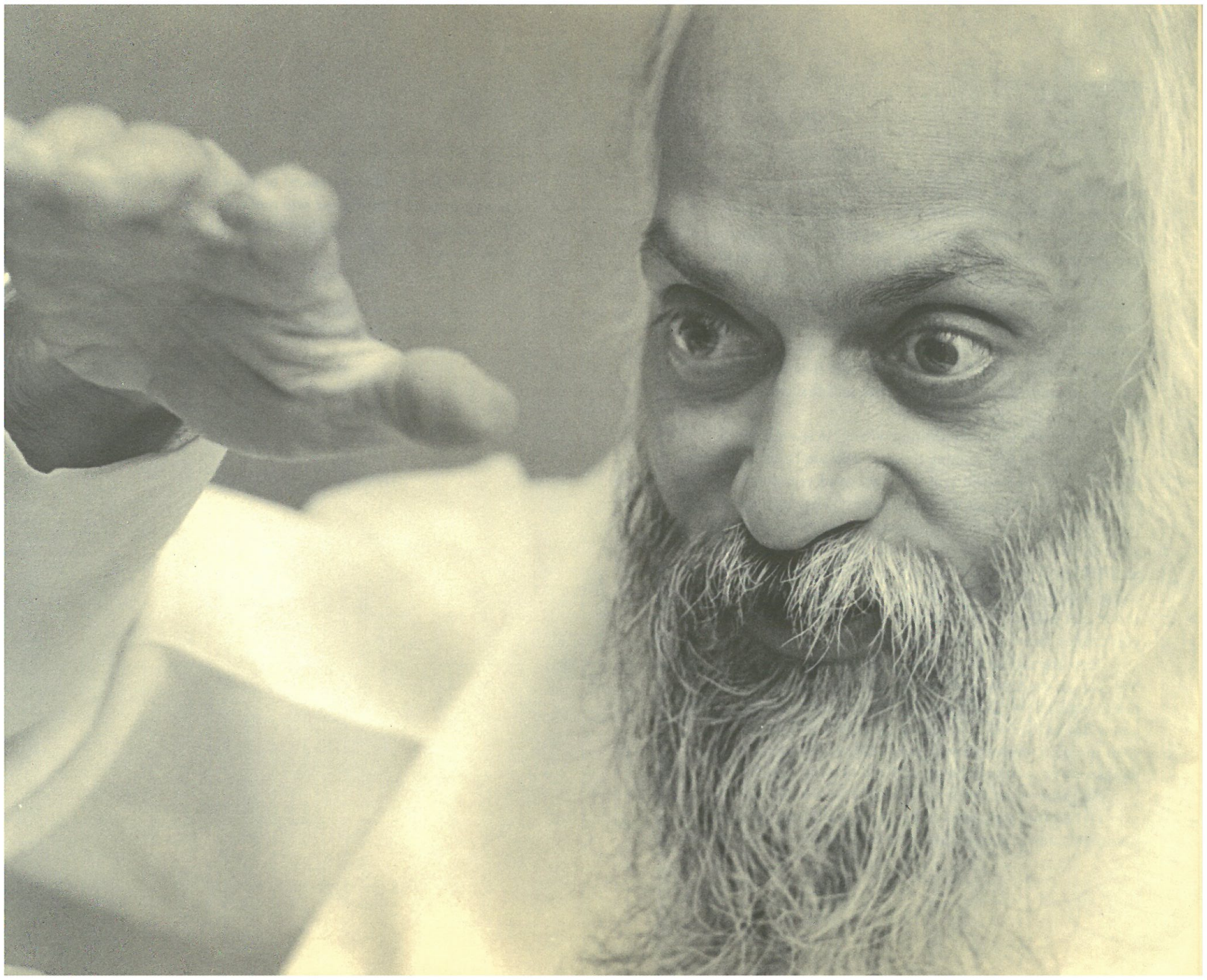


Kamalesh took part in the Centering group that is here tonight. He had planned to leave for Italy but is feeling less centred than before! Bhagwan asks him to raise his arms and allow the energy its movement. He places a box against Kamalesh's third eye and Kamalesh immediately begins to sob, his body shaking with emotion . . .

BHAGWAN: You can go – no problem is there – and then come back, mm? And the feeling that has come to you of being uncentred is just a new awareness that is arising in you. Everybody is uncentred but people don't know. And when you don't know you think you are centred. When you start knowing what centering is, when you start feeling what centering should be, then the problem arises. You look around and you see that you are completely uncentred. This is a good indication – that some criterion is born in you, that you have started feeling vaguely what centering is; hence you can see your uncentred space. This is perfectly good.

It is almost as if a madman starts feeling that he is mad. If some madman comes and tells you that he is feeling mad,







what will you say to him? You will say that this seems to be the beginning of sanity, because mad people never see that they are mad. They fight! If you call them mad they are ready to argue; they will prove that *you* are mad. No madman accepts that he is mad. The moment the madman accepts that he is mad, he is coming out of it already. Something in him has become sane, and that part is accepting the fact of madness. It is as if a dead man starts feeling that he is dead. That simply means that he is coming alive, he is resurrected, otherwise who will feel death? Only life can see, only life can feel.

So to me it is not something wrong. It is something very beautiful that is coming to you. You are becoming more aware of how uncentred you are, how dead you are, how mad you are. No need to get worried about it. Help this awareness and soon things will start settling on a new plane. You will never be the same again, that's true. You will have to settle on a different altitude. The old is gone, or if not gone it is going; that house is falling. Don't be concerned too much about that house. Start creating the new house, because you cannot move into the old again; it is finished.

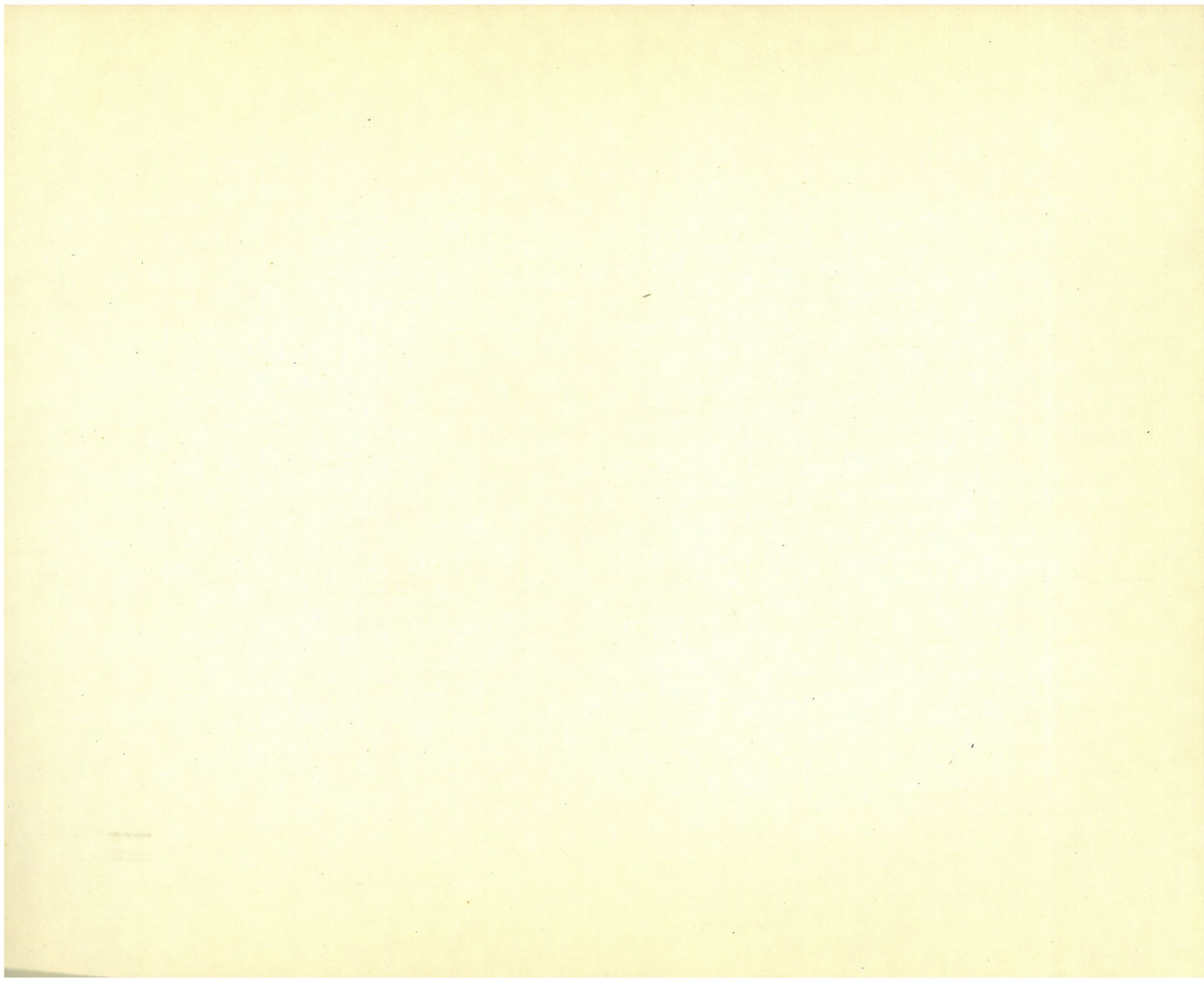
You are still looking at the ruins. Change your focus. You can go on crying and weeping for the ruins but that is not going to help. Don't waste time and energy; start making a new house. Even if it is a small cottage it will do rather than the old rotten palace that has fallen. And it is dangerous to go into it because it can destroy you too.

So rather than thinking about the uncentred state that you feel around you, start being more and more concerned about this new ray of light that is making you feel uncentred,

that is making you more aware of your situation. Pour energy into it! Just choose one meditation and continue. You can choose any, and then come back after a few months, mm? Good!

A short darshan tonight, and I'm not sorry. I feel as if I've been in the middle of a battlefield for the past hour!

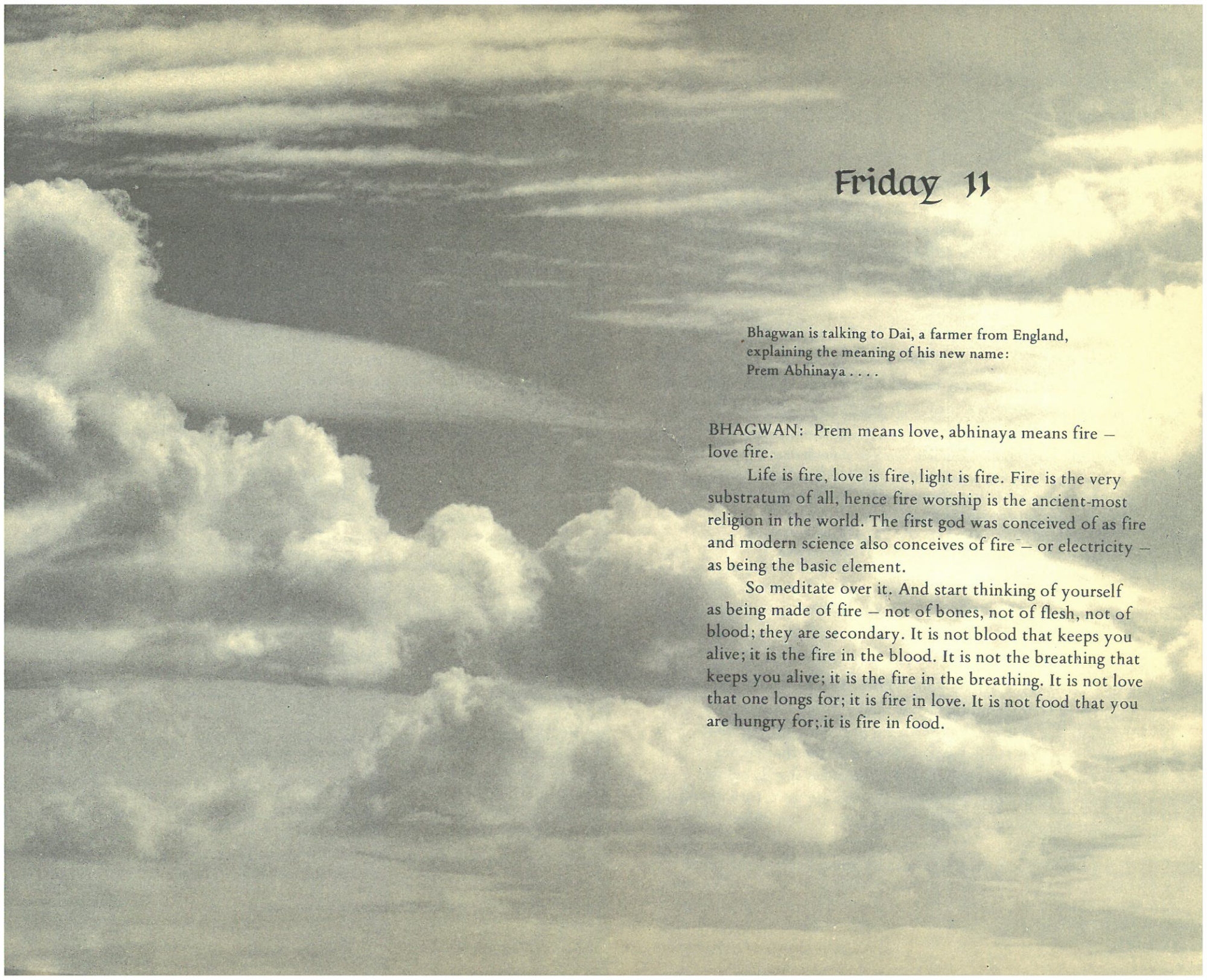












## Friday 11

Bhagwan is talking to Dai, a farmer from England, explaining the meaning of his new name:  
Prem Abhinaya . . . .

**BHAGWAN:** Prem means love, abhinaya means fire – love fire.

Life is fire, love is fire, light is fire. Fire is the very substratum of all, hence fire worship is the ancient-most religion in the world. The first god was conceived of as fire and modern science also conceives of fire – or electricity – as being the basic element.

So meditate over it. And start thinking of yourself as being made of fire – not of bones, not of flesh, not of blood; they are secondary. It is not blood that keeps you alive; it is the fire in the blood. It is not the breathing that keeps you alive; it is the fire in the breathing. It is not love that one longs for; it is fire in love. It is not food that you are hungry for; it is fire in food.



The trees go on absorbing the sun fire, the vegetables go on absorbing the sun fire. When you eat a fruit you are eating that absorbed fire, hence love has the connotation of warmth. Hatred is cold; it is fireless. Love is warm.

Become a fire worshipper . . . and you will be immensely benefitted!



Wayne, a tall, bearded Australian, and his nine-year-old son, Scott, are sitting in front of Bhagwan, both wanting to take sannyas. Bhagwan tells them to close their eyes. Having written down their names, he places a mala over Wayne's head then leans forward with a small mala for Scott. He pauses with the mala in mid-air to ask Scott if he would rather have a big one. A small one's okay, says Scott, bending his curly-haired head to receive Bhagwan's lasso.

Turning to address Wayne, Bhagwan hands him the sheet bearing his new name . . .

**BHAGWAN:** This will be your name: Swami Anand Bavara. Anand means bliss, bavara means mad – blissfully mad. And there are two kinds of madness in the world: one that comes when you fall below the mind and one that comes when you go beyond the mind. The madness that is below the mind is unhealthy, pathological. You are split, torn apart, in fragments, falling; you have lost unity. It is an illness, it needs treatment.

And the madness that comes by going beyond the mind

is abundance of health; it is not ill. It is more healthy than the average health; it is overflowing health. And beyond the mind is the real unity. With the mind the unity is just so-so . . . very tentative. A small thing can disturb it, anything can disturb it. Mm? Everything is going well and within a second everything can go wrong. One is just sitting on top of a volcano. The ordinary sanity is very fragile; it is not much of a sanity. One is always on the verge; anything can push you into madness, below the mind. Your business fails, your wife dies, your husband drinks – anything just a small breeze and your house can fall because the house is made of playing cards. It is not really a house, just a pretension.

Our whole game is very like the games of small children who say 'Let's pretend: I will be the king and you will be this and you will be that. I will be the policeman and you will be the thief. Let's pretend.' Nobody is actually a thief nor is anybody a policeman.

Grown-ups also go on playing the games; so ordinary health is just a pretension, very fragile, skin-deep. Scratch a little bit and you will find the madness boiling within.

The second madness, the madness that comes by going beyond the mind, is real health; it is overflowing health. One has really come to one's self and being. It is not a unity put together, no. A unity put together can always fall apart. It is natural unity, not put together. One has recognized and seen that one is one. Not that one believes that one is one, not that one is pretending that one is one. One has looked into one's being and found it. Now it cannot be destroyed or anything. There is no way to go back. Nobody can fall from the second kind of madness. He cannot fall



into the first kind of madness, impossible. He cannot even fall into so-called health.

That is blissful madness, so in the East we have called saints mad people . . . mad in God, mad with God, mad for God.

Scott moves closer to peer at his name . . . .

This will be your name: Swami Anand Geetam.

Anand means bliss, geetam means a song – a small song of bliss, mm? And that you have to become. If you start from this moment, it is possible. One becomes more and more entangled in difficulties as one grows . . .

This is the right time to become a sannyasin because right now you don't have any poisons in your system. Right now is the appropriate moment for the song to be born. You are fresh, innocent, still uncontaminated by the society. Soon you will be corrupted by society, soon people will teach you their ways. School, college, university will come in and they will draw your energy towards the head. Right now it is in the heart. You are fortunate!

So here, dance, sing and enjoy as much as you can . . . to the full. For these two, three months, be completely in paradise. There is no worry for you. You can sing, you can dance, you can play around, you can meditate . . . .





Radha has just returned from a visit to her parents in Italy. She says she feels confused because she only feels to be friends with her former lover. Just be friends! says Bhagwan. Friendship is perfectly good. If love becomes friendship it is a great achievement. Ordinarily it becomes hatred; ordinarily familiarity breeds contempt.

I feel confused about living with him, continues Radha.

You may have to for only two more months, says Bhagwan. In the new place I am going to give everybody separate rooms so there will be no problem!



Niranjan, an English sannyasin, tells Bhagwan that he has finally got around to booking for the infamous Encounter group, having been told to do it a year ago! The problem is that he has a kidney stone which bothers him when he does the Kundalini meditation. He wonders if it would be safe to take part in the Encounter group while the stone is there.

Bhagwan says that the Kundalini meditation could either help the problem by encouraging the stone to be expelled or could give more pain. Don't cancel the group, he suggests. Do one thing: for a week be a German and drink as much beer as you can. If it is a small stone it may come out. If it has gone, do the Encounter group, otherwise not; wait. Beer is the best thing.

Is there any alternative? asks Niranjan. No, replies Bhagwan chuckling . . . nothing like it! For a few days

take Haridas' advice! (Haridas, German and beer-drinking, grins from his place by the recording equipment)



The Anatta group is here tonight. Ravi, a German sannyasin, tells Bhagwan that his body is producing no sperm and very little hormones. He was born with one testicle that had not descended and although he's been operated on, the problem is still there.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And what trouble is it giving you? — just mental or something else. Physically is there any problem?

*RAVI: I'm not sure if I'm creating the chemical thing or the chemical thing is creating . . .*

Just first tell me what physical trouble it is giving you?

*RAVI: I'm not interested in sex and . . .*

You're not interested?

*RAVI: In the head I am.*



But in real sex you are not interested? Radha, come here. Just raise your hands, stand behind him and shake him to the very foundations! If something starts happening in your body, allow, but don't leave his hands.

Radha's energy seems to build up slowly, her breathing becoming faster, her mouth dropping open. She seems to be experiencing something like an orgasm; but Ravi is still just trembling slightly with the impact of her volatile energy.

The situation is there, you are not creating it, but you are using it very negatively. It can be used very positively: this deep physical phenomenon can become a base to go easily beyond sex. Even in your head, sex is not very vital; it is just lukewarm. It can become a great opportunity to go beyond sex. And my approach is that rather than struggling with situations, use them. Now this can become a blessing.

To attain to this state a man will have to fight with sex for at least thirty years; then only can he come to this point. Now you can take it as a blessing: those thirty years are not needed for you. You are saved much trouble. Sex certainly brings a few ecstasies . . . but much more agony. And when you take the whole into account, those ecstasies are not worthwhile because the agonies are too much. But one has to pass through it.

My observation about your energy is that in your past life you must have been doing much Hatha Yoga. That has created the change in this life, the physical change. It happens in Hatha Yoga that the very sexuality is burned up, the seed is burned up. Once the seed in the body is

burned it is very easy to go beyond sex. Many Hatha Yoga exercises and postures are meant only for this purpose.

*RAVI: I was doing Hatha Yoga last year.*

That's very good. But you must have done it in your past lives too. So that very process has given you this opportunity in this life – that your body is not producing a sexual chemistry. It can become a good jump; you can go beyond it. Now you are creating the problem. You are thinking that something is wrong because you are not interested in sex and you should be. There is no should!

This is as foolish as a monk whose body is creating sex chemistry and he says, 'I should not be interested in sex.' This is just the same foolishness in the reverse order. Your body is not creating sexuality. Your body is the body of a monk, as the monk's body should be – or as he hopes it to be. You are a born monk! Now you are trying to create a problem for yourself – that you should be interested in sex. You can't be. Your interest will remain very very superficial, and because it will be superficial it can create all the agonies and it will never give you any ecstasy.

Rather than going into sex, use this natural gift: your body is not creating sexual hormones. Much turmoil is avoided. You can go into meditation very very calmly and easily because there will be no distraction. The only distraction is sex; when one wants to go into meditation, sex distracts. It will not be a distraction for you.

What Hatha Yogis do in many years is given to you. You must have done Hatha Yoga in a past life and that's why you may have become interested in it again in this life.



Ordinarily people don't become interested in Hatha Yoga – it is out of date – but it does have great powers to do things. It can change the body; it is body technique, it is body work. It has no spirituality in it. It starts from the gross. Rather than changing the mind or the soul, it changes the body. And you have succeeded in doing that.

Ravi's face has been going through a series of different expressions: he looks puzzled, interested, relieved and now shyly pleased.

So my feeling is: accept it in great gratitude, in joy. Forget about sex, be loving. That is a non-sexual phenomenon. And if sex sometimes happens on its own, it's okay; I'm not saying be against it. I am saying be natural: if it sometimes happens, good; if it doesn't happen for you, no need to think about it. But be loving, be friendly.

When sex hormones are not created in the body you can go into love and friendship because love has nothing to do with sex hormones. Sex is created in the body; it is physical. Love is created in the mind; it is psychological. And prayer is created in the soul; it is spiritual. Start with love. You have only one step to go into prayer; others have two steps to go into prayer. Think of it as a blessing. It is just a different vision and different attitude. Within a few days you will start feeling very very happy. Don't think that something is missing; nothing is missing.

It is just like a rose bush without thorns. The rose bush can become very very sad because something is missing: 'Other rose bushes have thorns and I don't have thorns, so something is missing.' Nothing is missing. You don't have

thorns. Flowers are there, but if you think too much about the thorns you will go on missing out on your flowers. For one month try my approach, for one month be loving, be friendly and for one month drop this whole idea and let us see what happens. What groups have you done?

*RAVI: Intensive Enlightenment, Centering and Anatta.*

Have you booked for any more?

*RAVI: I was wondering if I should do Tantra.*

Mm mm. (a pause) Tantra I will give you later. First settle with this approach, mm? – otherwise in Tantra your mind will think of sex. After one month I will give it to you. When you have forgotten about sex Tantra will become an experience of love and in love. Right now do these groups: First do Zazen, Kyo and then Hypnotherapy. After these three remind me again. If I feel that now you are ready for Tantra I will send you to it. For you a totally different group is needed. We don't have it yet but if many more people like you come, Hatha Yogis, then I will have to make one (laughter), mm? because Tantra is meant for monks – to destroy their monkhood. But your monkhood is very natural. It cannot be destroyed and it should not be destroyed. First these three and then I will see. Good, Ravi!







## Saturday 12

As Bhagwan begins to explain the meaning of his new name to John, a social worker from the States, the sound of Indian singing played over the radio so loud that it is painfully distorted, blares its way into the auditorium. Bhagwan raises his voice to counteract the sound which is now interspersed with fire-crackers and the vain efforts of our next-door neighbour to start his motorbike. The contrast between the atmosphere of darshan and the noise around us is ludicrous. It *was* Bhagwan himself who said that the monastery should be in the marketplace!

Veet means beyond, manu means mind, Bhagwan is saying. And all that is true, good, beautiful, is beyond the mind. He valiantly continues . . . .

**BHAGWAN:** The mind is only utilitarian. It is useful in the world but its reach is very limited. And all that can become a contentment is beyond its reach.

The mind is the faculty of thinking, the process of thought. But when you are full of thought, too occupied with thought, you don't have the space, the receptivity, that is needed to absorb God or beauty or benediction.

When you are empty, only then does something become possible. With the world the mind is perfectly adequate; beyond the world the mind is the hindrance.

So use it in the world, I am not against its use, but don't be obsessed by it. One should be capable of putting the mind aside. That is what meditation is all about. It is not against the mind; it is simply the capacity to put the mind aside whenever it is not needed.

If you are talking to someone the mind is needed, otherwise language will not be possible. But when you are sitting alone it is not needed; it is mad to use it then. It is as if a man is sitting and continuously moving his legs. This is madness. Because when you are walking the movement of the legs is absolutely needed but when you are sitting this movement of the legs simply shows that you are insane. But that is happening in the mind continuously: when you are not talking you are talking inside. When thought is not needed you are continuously thinking. Even while asleep one goes on dreaming.

The English word 'mind' comes from the Sanskrit root 'manu'; and the English word 'man' also comes from the same root, 'manu'. Man has become completely identified with the mind, hence man and mind both come from the same root. That is not true and that is not right either. Man is far more than the mind; the mind is only one of the faculties of man. Man is an immensity. The mind is only a window into the sky; it is not the sky itself. The sky is far greater, but one has to come away from the window to see the sky. So come away from the window and see the sky!

*MANU: I will do it, Bhagwan!*



It is going to happen! How long will you be here?

*MANU: As long as you want me!*

Good!

Bhagwan suggests groups for Manu then asks if he has anything to say or ask.

*MANU: There's nothing to say except,  
just lay it on me and I'll do it.*

It is going to happen. Good, Manu!



The English lectures having drawn to a close, some Westerners are leaving Poona. Vimarsho, an actress from London here on a twelve-day visit, is sitting in front of Bhagwan who asks if she has anything to say to him.

I wish I had a question, says Vimarsho wistfully, then I could sit here longer . . . but I haven't!

Bhagwan chuckles, then tells Vimarsho to move towards him. He puts his hand on her lowered head and the two sit, eyes closed, for what seems ages.

Come back! Bhagwan says finally.

Oh, I will after *that*! says Vimarsho.



Sammoda is returning to Germany. He doesn't know when he'll be back. I'm going to gaol, he casually informs Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN (chuckling): That's very good! When are you going to gaol?

*SAMMODA: I don't know.*

The time is not fixed?

*SAMMODA: No.*

But you have some tentative idea of how long?

*SAMMODA: Probably for a half year.*

Use the half year; that will be very good.

*SAMMODA: If I work I can get out earlier.*



Mm mm. Use the opportunity. Because now the whole world is so crowded that the best place to meditate is gaol. (laughter) You cannot find a better place!

*SAMMODA: I've been to gaol before.*

Mm, that's very good; so you are experienced too! Use that opportunity for meditation. Don't be in a hurry to get out soon. Rather than working, meditate. And sometimes curses can become blessings; it all depends on how we take a thing, how we interpret it. Rather than thinking that you are being gaoled, think that you are gaoling the whole world outside. Nobody will be disturbing you and there will be no worry: no question of employment, no question of work, no question of money.

So I would like to tell you three things: One, be utterly obedient; then your meditation will not be disturbed at all. Follow the rules to the letter. Make it a point as if it is a discipline for you. So for six months let it be a discipline. And not as if it is forced on you: once you make it a discipline it is you who are willing it. So it is not somebody else imposing it on you, because when you think somebody is imposing it on you there is natural rebellion. But when you think that you are accepting it for your own sake then there is a totally different quality to it.

And for six months be utterly in tune with the world that you will be part of in there. Become part of it, as if this is your life – with no resistance, with no reluctance, with no complaints, with no grudge; on the contrary, with

gratitude that God has given you an opportunity to meditate for these six months.

Meditate, pray and use all the time in becoming more and more silent. These six months will prove the best time in your life and you will never be the same again.

So go happily; nothing to worry about. Keep the box with you. And I will be there. Whenever you need me just put it on your heart and remember me. As soon as you are free, come back, mm? This is some work that I am giving you: these six months have to become absolutely meditative, so don't do anything that becomes a distraction; don't do anything that creates any tension in you.

Just relax . . . and things will go really as they should. You will come out luminous!



Michael, a psychologist from the States, is leaving after being here several weeks. Having initially expressed scepticism about the possibility of anyone ever being able to drop their ego, by and by Michael found that his constantly analysing and critical mind-attitudes towards what was happening here were dropping. He submitted a question for the morning discourse last month, asking why it was that he inexplicably found himself weeping while meditating here or attending discourses.

Don't suppress your tears, Bhagwan had said: they are from the beyond. They are a preparation for being with me. Have courage and don't miss this opportunity!

Some days after this, Michael wrote to Bhagwan saying



that he's postponed his departure by two weeks,  
adding . . . .

'The fact is: I am falling in love with you. The mind is still filled with questions, objections and an unexpressed burden. However, my deepening love absorbs it all and leaves me grateful. Thank you for being who you are and for making yourself available. A new love,  
Michael Gottlieb.'



Hello Michael! says Bhagwan. When are you going?

*MICHAEL: Right after my darshan.*

BHAGWAN: Mm! And when will you be back?

*MICHAEL: I will be back.  
I don't know when . . .  
as soon as I can.*

'Because I will be waiting for your sannyas. This time it is difficult? Because your heart is ready, just your head . . . .

*MICHAEL: I want to resolve one  
or two things.*

What are those? I can help you resolve them!

Bhagwan chuckles at himself.

*MICHAEL: I can't do it in public.*

Michael had mentioned several times while he has been here that he would like to be able to speak with Bhagwan privately. By now I feel positively intrigued to know what it is he is at such pains to disclose only to Bhagwan.

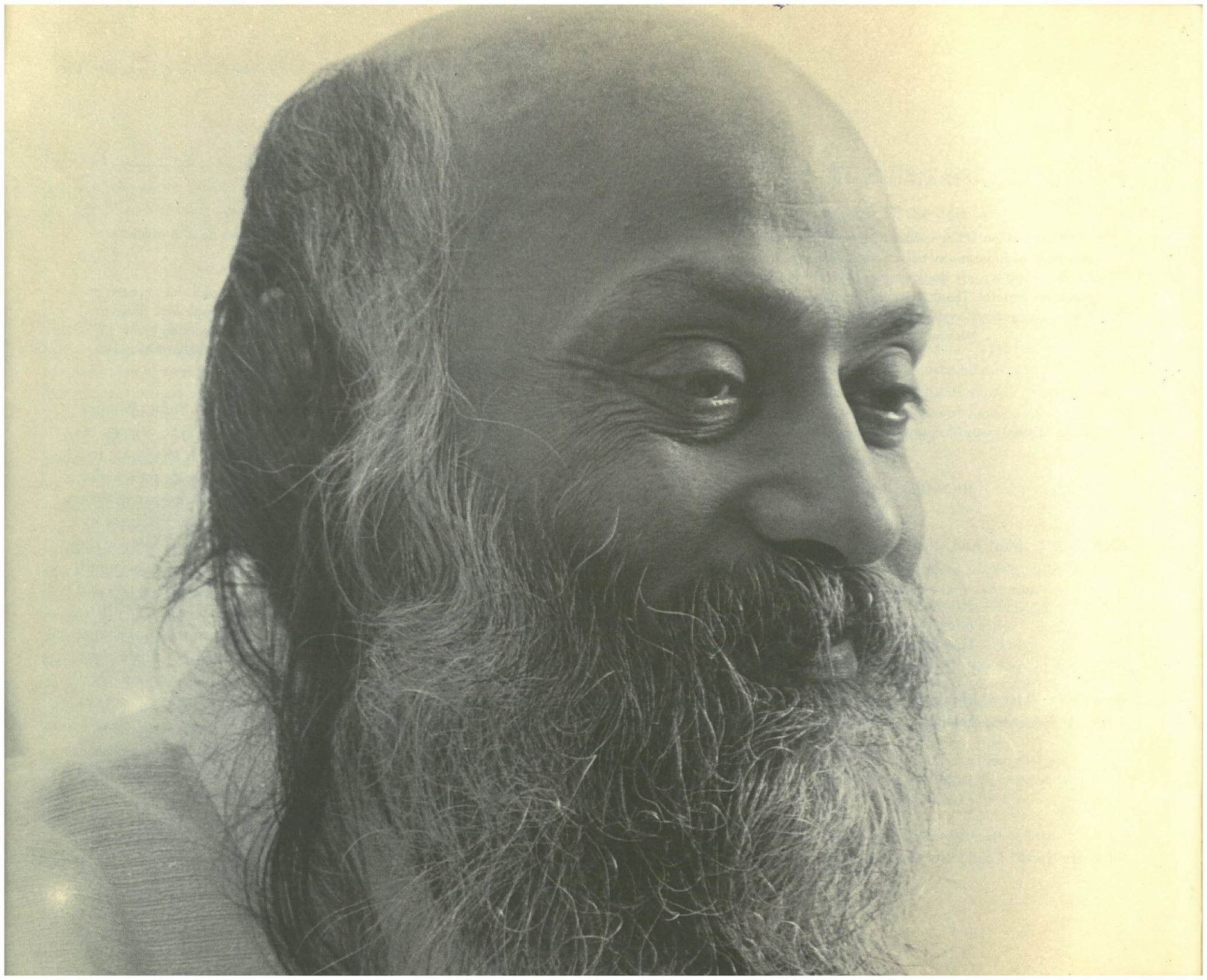
There is no public . . . there is no public. In fact bringing things out will make the resolving easier. The privacy may be one of the things that may not allow it to resolve itself. Many things go on continuing because we go on keeping them secret. They have to be exposed. Exposure is always good and healthy; and many things simply disappear by exposure – just the fresh air and the light. And once they are exposed you stop clinging to them; there is no point.

This is one of the insights of psychoanalysis, that if a person goes on keeping things in himself it is very difficult to get rid of them. If he exposes them to the psychoanalyst it becomes easier. But the psychoanalyst is a single person. Group therapy goes one step ahead: one has to expose oneself in a group. Then things are resolved far more easily, far deeper and far sooner.

That's going to help. Just bring it out.

There is a pregnant pause while Michael seems to take a deep in-breath, pinch his nostrils together . . . and jump.







*MICHAEL: I was born a Hassidic  
rabbi . . .*

Very good!

*MICHAEL: . . . and I have a strong  
sense of betrayal.*

Not at all . . . because I am a Hassid!

Michael smiles tolerantly.

*MICHAEL: There are several matters  
that would mean twisting everything  
upside-down.*

No, nothing. If you miss me you will miss Hassidism for your whole life. You will not find any Hassid if you cannot understand me.

*MICHAEL: I know; that's the  
problem. I think that, I feel that,  
but there's one area that stands like the  
Rock of Gibraltar, and my intent is  
to resolve it.*

*I will listen to your tapes again,  
listen to your talks on Jewishness  
and Jesus, and will go over it.  
I will work on it . . . .*

No, that won't help . . . that won't help.

*MICHAEL: I can't become a traitor.  
I really feel I'll become a traitor.*

That feeling is just a defence mechanism. In fact, if you are really a Hassid there is no way to betray it. One *cannot* betray it. Let this become one of the most precious understandings in you: if you know something, if you love something, there is no way to betray it. If you love me you can go against me and you will not be betraying; your love will protect you. Even going against me will not be a betrayal. And if going against becomes a betrayal then even if you are with me the betrayal is there.

The fear simply shows that you have not understood the point.

*MICHAEL (with great emphasis):  
I don't agree that Jesus was the  
greatest Jew.*

There is no need to agree . . . there is no need to agree. This is not the point at all. You need not agree with what I say; you can only agree with me directly. There is no need to come through what I say. I say a thousand and one things and I contradict myself every day. If you start agreeing with me you will go mad! (laughter) You *can't* agree; nobody can agree with what I say. You can only agree with a few points but those will not be all that I say. Contradiction is my method. I go on shattering. I go on shocking, I go on



offending people; that's my method. You need not agree with what I say and still you can agree with me . . . and that is a totally different thing.

Sannyas is not agreeing with my statements. Sannyas is agreeing with my being, with my love . . . with me! It is direct – as if you have never heard what I have said and you have never read what I have said, and you look at me and you agree with me. It is an agreement between two beings!

It is not a philosophical agreement; it is existential.

*MICHAEL (moistly): I have never felt the kind of love I feel for you!*

I know it! And that's why I am insisting that if you miss me you will be betraying – betraying Hassidism!

*MICHAEL (determinedly): I'm not going to miss you!*

Mm! So that something has to be resolved. And the closer you come, the more you will understand what Hassidism is. Because these things are not dogmatic. Hassidism has nothing to do with Judaism, Hassidism has nothing to do with any theology. These are the purest approaches towards being.

Hassidism is the very heart of *all* the religions. You can call it Sufism, it is the same; you can call it Zen, it is the same. These are just different languages saying the same thing . . . .

Bhagwan literally pauses in mid-air, his hand suddenly frozen in action. He has been riding on his words and seems to take a while to come back to earth. He stops speaking and for a split second looks vacantly at Michael as he interjects almost abruptly.

*MICHAEL: Give me your blessings and I'll come back.*

Bhagwan suddenly chuckles and asks Michael when he will be back.

*MICHAEL: I don't have a date but I know I'll come back.*

Mm mm. No, my blessings are with you . . . but you will be in a great turmoil if you go without taking sannyas. You will be in much misery. If you want to choose that it is perfectly okay; but you will be in a misery and you will carry a problem inside.

It is not good to carry a problem because all problems dissipate energy. And you are carrying a problem for the wrong reasons. If it were for right reasons I would never say to become a sannyasin. If I had felt, even for a single moment, that this would be a kind of betrayal for you then I would be the last man . . . . Because I would not help anybody betray anything.

This man is sure getting a generous portion of energy and love!



*MICHAEL: I feel I'm a sannyasin  
but I'm just not ready for the uniform.*

These are just defences, because when one is ready for sannyas then one is ready for everything – whatsoever comes with it: the whole madness! These are our logical ways of protecting, and you have protected yourself long enough. The time is ripe!

I can wait, I am not in a hurry but you will be in a constant turmoil. If you choose it, that's okay.

*MICHAEL: If I have your blessings,  
I will come back.*

Come here! This (a handkerchief of Bhagwan's) is for you. Keep this with you . . . and come back! Good, Michael.



Anidana took part in the Vipassana group that is here tonight. He said it was a beautiful experience and he is feeling very serene. Before doing the group he was working in the kitchen and enjoyed it. Now he wonders if working there will disturb this new-found peace. Bhagwan says it will be helpful to both continue an hour's Vipassana meditation each day and work in the kitchen. The two will provide a balance. And through the kitchen many have become enlightened! he concludes.

Narendra also did the group. He is director of an organisation called HELP Unlimited, and tells Bhagwan now that when he returns to the States he would like to arrange a radio show on which Bhagwan's tapes would be played.

I think there's a block in my hara from the fear that I'm holding onto, he adds.

BHAGWAN: You have always felt it?

*NARENDRA: Yes, there's always been  
a knot there.*

Come close. Pradeepa, come here. Just stand behind him, put your hands on his head, close your eyes. If something starts happening, Narendra, allow it.

Bhagwan's hands hover inches away from Narendra's which are outstretched before him. I can't see any movement happening . . . .

There is a block. How long have you been aware of it?

*NARENDRA: Well, I do a lot of  
fasts for health purposes . . .*

Then you become? . . .



*NARENDRA: . . . and when I get thin I can feel the knot. I've massaged it and played with it and I've asked considerable people about it; nobody knows, so I thought . . .*

There is a block and there is a story behind the block. And once you understand the whole thing of what is behind it it will start melting and disappear. It happens only to people who have committed hara-kiri, who have committed suicide through the hara in some past life. Otherwise this type of block ordinarily never happens.

This happens only if the knife has gone into the hara centre. Then only does this kind of complex arise; this is just a protection. This time you cannot commit hara-kiri: this is just a natural protection. In the past life somewhere you committed hara-kiri.

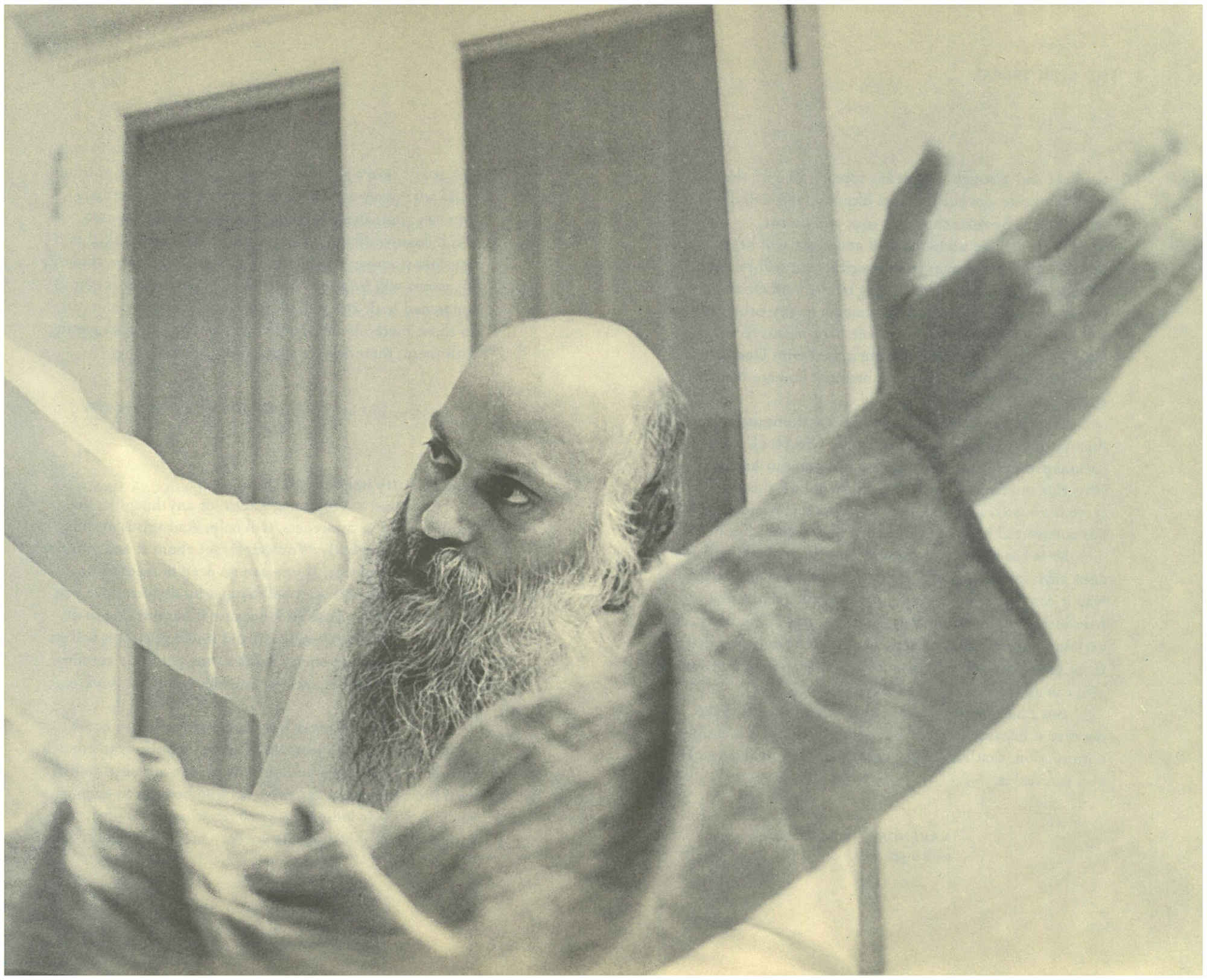
*NARENDRA: That's why I've always been afraid of knives.*

Mm mm. Hara-kiri is a special kind of suicide; it is not an ordinary suicide. People can only do it in Japan, nowhere else, because it needs a certain training to do it. First you have to be perfectly aware of where the hara is. In fact, except for the Japanese, people are not aware of it because no other people have worked to find it.

It is out of the hara that life arises. The child is joined with the mother at the navel and the hara is just below the navel, two inches below. Through the navel the child is nourished by the mother. All the nursing energy goes into









the hara and through the hara it spreads all over the body. So if the knife can cut the hara directly, you will die immediately because the main root will be cut.

There will be no bloodshed and there will be no pain. Before your head comes to know of it you will be dead. There will be no pain: the cutting of the hara creates a painless suicide. If you commit suicide in any other way you will have to suffer pain. To cut the hara means to cut the main root through which you are joined with God or with universal energy. Suddenly it is broken: you are thrown apart.

Once it happens, once a person has committed hara-kiri, then in the next life this block arises. This block is just a natural protection so that you cannot commit hara-kiri. Now this time you cannot commit hara-kiri; this time there is no way. In Japan they use it to feel whether a man has committed hara-kiri some time in the past.

So it has nothing to do with this life, one thing; but it does have something to do with your past life and in that way it can be used in a very positive way. To commit hara-kiri needs a certain training of the mind, the body, a certain understanding of Zen. That understanding is there from your past. You can use it and you can help it grow; you can go into Zen very easily.

But don't be worried about it. There is no need to dissolve it because it is not blocking anything; it is simply a protection, that's all. But you can feel it — when you fast you can feel it.

*NARENDRA: It doesn't interfere with digestion?*

Not at all! Don't be worried about it at all. It has nothing to do with your digestion, with your body or anything. You can completely forget about it but it can be used. It is indicative that in your past life you have worked in a certain training, the Zen training. So study more about Zen. Vipassana will be good, Zazen will be good. Any methods concerned with Zen will be very good, because once you do those methods suddenly your past life will start joining with them; there will be a great explosion.

*NARENDRA: I had a good time with Vipassana.*

It will be very helpful.

Continue — Vipassana, Zazen, or anything like that. Anything silent, awareness, will help. And this is nothing to do with your body. You can forget about it and you need not try to dissolve it. If you can go deep in meditation, particularly Vipassana, it will by and by dissolve. But you need not work to dissolve it because it has nothing to do with you. Meditation will help and it will go; but it will go only when your life energy has become perfectly certain that now you cannot commit suicide; otherwise it will not go.

And that understanding, that assurance, can come only through deep Vipassana. Then who bothers to commit suicide? In Vipassana you become so non-attached to life, even life becomes so far away, so who bothers to commit suicide? Suicide indicates a great attachment to life. People who commit suicide are very much attached to life.



Hara-kiri is committed because of honour, too much attachment to life and honour. For example, you are defeated in a duel or in some fight and it is against your honour, against your ego: you commit hara-kiri. But this is deep attachment to life. When your attachment to life disappears this block will automatically dissolve. And because it is not hindering anything you need not worry about it. But it *is* there. . . .

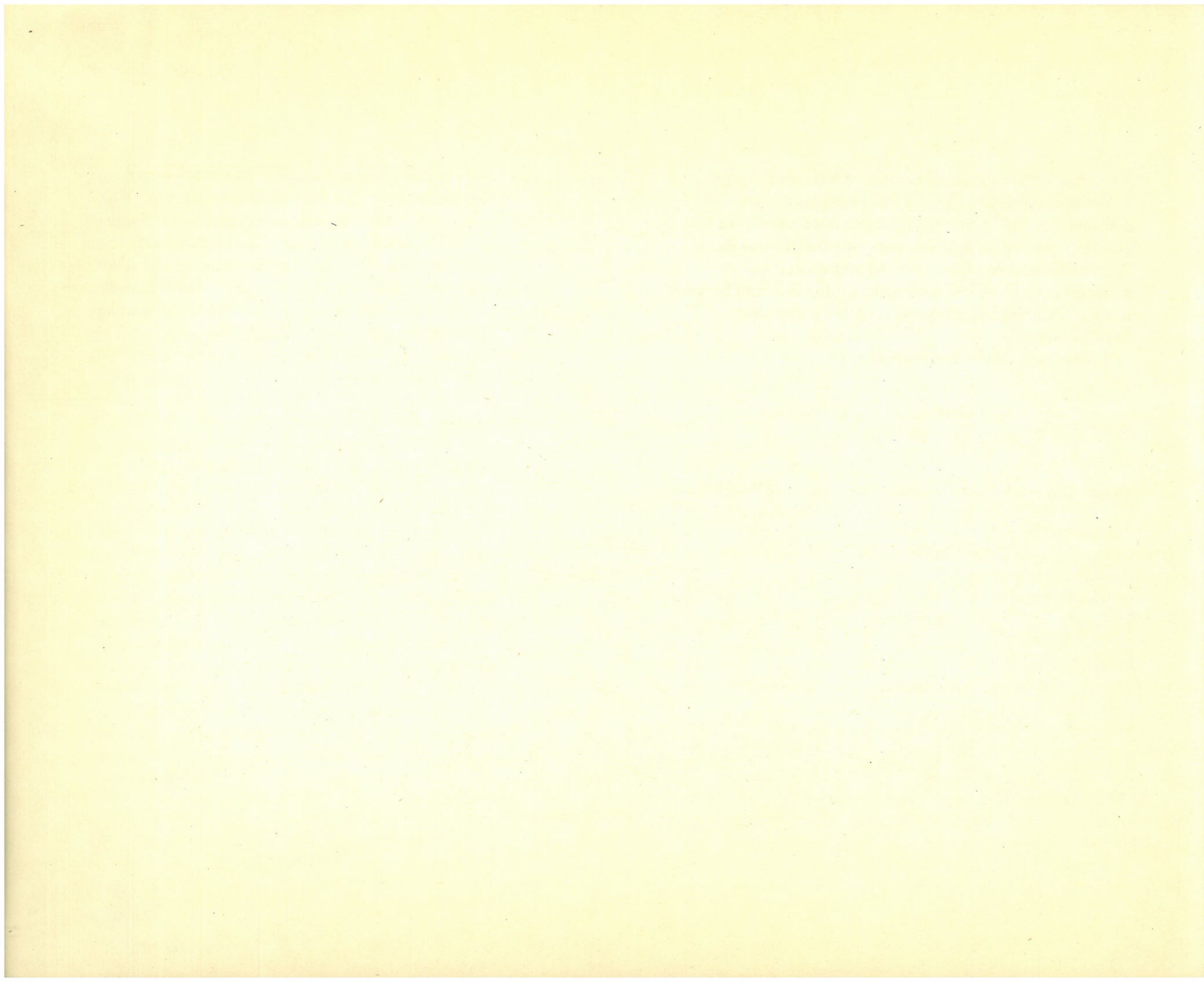
When will you be coming back?

*NARENDRA: You told me I had  
a year.*

Good! And much has to be done for me there, so do it!

*NARENDRA: I will!*







## Sunday 13

BHAGWAN: Come here! Close your eyes and just imagine a flower in your head. Let the head disappear and become a lotus flower. If something starts happening in the body, allow it – if any movement comes to the body, if the hands start moving . . . .

Bhagwan is talking to Ivan, a former teacher from Denmark. Even as he talks, Ivan has closed his eyes and is falling into his energy. His body is trembling now, his head thrown back. He begins to rock very, very slowly from side to side, then as he falls backwards, Somendra who has moved in behind him, catches and cradles him.

Good . . . very good! says Bhagwan . . . .

This will be your new name: Swami Deva Amarga. Deva means divine, amarga means pathlessness – divine pathlessness. There is no path to God; all paths are false. In the very nature of things there can be no path to God because God is all and everywhere. A path leads somewhere. God is not somewhere: God is everywhere. A path is needed when you are going from here to there. But God is here, and there is no need for any path to be here. So all paths misguide, all paths mislead, all paths take you away from reality, not to reality.

The path exists because of the desiring mind. The desiring mind is always dreaming of somewhere else. It is never in the moment so it creates the path. All paths are mind creations, and to come back to reality one has to renounce all paths. All paths are fabrications, lies, so are all philosophies, all religions.

Jesus has not given a path, neither has Buddha; the path is invented by the priest. Jesus simply says 'I am the way'. He simply indicates your innermost core; he says that the kingdom of God is within you. How can there be a path to the kingdom of God when it is within you, when it is already the case, when it has always been the case, when it has never been otherwise?

Buddha or Zarathustra or Lao Tzu simply remind you of your reality; they don't give you any path. All philosophies are tricks of the mind so that you can escape from reality – not to reality, but from reality. All religions are lies, lies to cover up your misery, lies so that you can go on pretending, lies so that you can go on hoping that though it has not happened today it is going to happen tomorrow or in the next life or after the day of judgement.

I am giving you one of the most significant names







possible. It can become an absolute turn, a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn, if you understand it . . . and it is only a question of understanding, a matter of understanding. God is herenow – in you, in me, in the people, in the trees and in the rocks. There is no need to go anywhere. One has to relax in the here, in the now. And you *can* relax. I see the potential there; that's why the name.

You need not become a pilgrim. You can simply declare that you have arrived, because there has never been any departure in the first place! Great courage is needed to declare that one has arrived but with that courage things change, transformations happen. So don't seek any path.

I am not giving you any path – I give you the reality itself. I don't give you any means by which to attain it; I simply indicate that it is already the case. You are in it, you are it. So never listen to the mind. The mind is always hankering for paths, methods, techniques to get there. The mind goes on inventing *that* against *this*. The mind goes on inventing a separate reality against this reality. If *that* exists it exists only in this. That does not exist opposite to this, against this. That exists in the very innermost core of this. Perhaps this is the body of that and that is the soul of this, but that is not somewhere else. Not a single inch exists between you and that. To realise this is to come home.

One can go on searching and seeking . . . One never finds by searching and seeking because the very search and the very seeking go on creating hindrances. The seeker cannot find it. Seek and you will go on missing it. Don't seek, just be, and suddenly it is there. Suddenly it impinges on you, pounces upon you from everywhere. Don't seek,

and then there is no need for any path and no need for any method. Then one starts enjoying, one starts rejoicing in small things of life.

Will it be easy to pronounce? – 'Deva Amarga'.

Amarga doesn't hear the 'to pronounce' and says in reply, no! No, will it be easy to *pronounce*?  
Bhagwan repeats . . .

It will be difficult to *be* that but that difficulty also exists because we have never looked at reality in that way, because the mind has always been desiring and through desire goes on missing that which is. But that is the whole purpose of sannyas: to teach you a new language, to teach you a new style, to teach you a new way of being.

Bhagwan recommends some groups for Amarga . . .

Would you like to say something to me?

AMARGA: *I trust you!*

That's true! That I know.





Mary, the sister of a Canadian sannyasin, Prakash, is awaiting her sannyas. Bhagwan asks her to remove her glasses, to close her eyes and feel like a cloud floating in the sky . . . .

BHAGWAN: Whatsoever happens to the body, allow; even if it falls allow it. Just feel like a white cloud in the infinite blue sky, just floating, floating to nowhere with no purpose, delighted in floating.

Somendra is kept busy! Anticipating Mary falling, he moves and sits behind her, easing her landing on the marble floor.

Good . . . come here.

This will be your new name: Ma Deva Lokita. Deva means God, lokita means observed by — observed by God. The English word 'look' comes from the same word, lokita. And this has to become your meditation — that God is observing you. It is one of the most ancient methods. It changes life altogether. Once this idea gets very deep-rooted — that God is watching you — subtle changes start happening. Suddenly there are a few things you cannot do. They look so absurd if God is watching, they look so foolish if God is watching. And a few things you have never done become easier because God is watching.

It is just a technique to create a new situation in your being. After just seven days you will start realising that subtle changes have started happening: you are walking differently, there is more elegance, more grace in it because God is watching. You are not alone; the presence

of God is always following you. Just think: you are in your bathroom and you suddenly become aware that your child is looking through the keyhole. You immediately change: you are no more the same person. You are on the street and there is nobody else; it is early morning and you are alone. You are walking a certain way; then suddenly a person appears at the corner and there is an immediate change.

When somebody is observing, you become more alert, more aware. When somebody is watching you cannot remain lethargic, unconscious. And if this feeling that God is watching becomes part of your being you will find a great awareness arising in you. So you have to be alert about it. Just sitting silently, close your eyes and feel God is watching from everywhere. Just see a new kind of awareness arising in you and becoming a pillar of light.

Eating, talking, remember and you will see that you are not talking nonsense. You will see that your talk has become more meaningful, more significant, more poetic, that there is a kind of music in it which has never been there. You are loving a friend and you will find your love has the quality of prayer in it because God is watching. Then everything has to become an offering; it was to be worthy of God. Seeing a certain possibility in you, I am giving you this name . . . .

Something you would like to say to me?

*LOKITA (close to tears):  
I feel so much.*



I know! You will be feeling more and more every day. This feeling is going to drown you completely. So don't be a miser, mm? feel as much as it comes. Don't hold it, don't close your doors on it, because sometimes fear arises. When the feeling comes too much one starts feeling 'I will not be able to control it so I'd better close the doors.' Then one shuts oneself off. That is very dangerous. That's how people have become almost dead, afraid of anything that can possess them . . . and feelings do possess.

Thoughts you can control, feelings you cannot control. That's why man has chosen in favour of thoughts and has gone against feeling. Feelings come like a flood and simply take one away; one never knows to where, to what end. Thoughts are very tiny things: you can hold them in your hand, you can move them here and there, you can manage, manipulate, control them. They are dead things; they don't have energy. They don't have God's backing. They are very plastic and manageable. They are not wild: very civilized people, these thoughts.

So man has chosen to remain with thoughts and has become completely closed to feeling. But once you are closed to feelings you are closed to life and love and light and all that is significant. God comes through feeling not through thoughts – that is not his entrance. So this is God knocking! Allow these feelings and be utterly possessed. Even if they kill you it is worth it. Even if you die through your feelings you will be reborn into a new life. Dying through feeling is the art of resurrection. One can die many times and one will be born again and again.

So don't be afraid of those feelings, be possessed by them. And if after two weeks you feel like staying a little more, stay . . . but only if the feeling comes; otherwise you

may feel as if you are hanging in the middle. So don't force yourself to go; there is no hurry. The family can wait one, two weeks more . . . if you feel like it. If you feel that everything is okay, then you can go. Good, Lokita . . . good!



Farida is leaving for England. Bhagwan asks her if she has anything to say or ask.

*FARIDA: I've always wanted to have children and been unable to. I realise that I've wanted them for the wrong reasons, but I wondered if Bhagwan, you would say something to me.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. People always want things for wrong reasons! And that's why they go on multiplying their misery. In fact all wanting is for wrong reasons. *Wanting* is wrong. Whatsoever happens one should accept joyfully. There should not be wanting. If God wills that you have children, enjoy it; if God wills that you don't have children, enjoy *that*. Both have their beauties. Don't make any imposition on existence. Don't demand anything from existence and then you will always be happy. Demand brings frustration. The demanding mind is a wrong mind. When you demand you are not at ease with the cosmos. There is some conflict, there is some complaint that things are not going according to you, the way you would like them to go.



There is tension and anxiety and a feeling of being defeated by existence.

All wanting is wrong, so live without wanting and you will always be happy and the happiness will go on increasing. If one day it happens that a child comes to you, receive the child as a gift of God. If it doesn't happen, then receive this state of not being a mother, this childless state as a gift of God.

For whatsoever comes, remain grateful. Then there is peace, there is harmony, and in that harmony nothing ever goes wrong, cannot go wrong. And my feeling is that all is possible if one is in harmony with existence. Sometimes it happens that the very wanting may create the problem. When somebody is wanting too much, that very wanting creates a kind of tension in your being, in your body, in your mind, in your soul. That tension may be a barrier: it may not allow you to become a mother because you are not relaxed.

And even if you become a mother when you are not relaxed, you will receive a wrong kind of soul which will give you much trouble. Because in a tense womb only a tense soul is possible. In a tense womb you cannot receive a Buddha or a Jesus; no, that is not possible. You will invite some Adolf Hitler and then you will suffer, the whole world will suffer.

Be relaxed . . . and if motherhood happens then, good. If it doesn't happen there is no need for it; nothing is missing. People want children just to be occupied. Because they are miserable they think, maybe, when children are there, there will be less misery.

That's not the right way to live. The right way to live

is to live relaxedly in the hands of God. Let him take care! If he feels that you need to become a mother, it is going to happen, but let the whole decide; don't decide from the part. Anything decided from the part is going to be wrong because the part cannot comprehend the whole. The whole can comprehend the part; the whole can look into the part, its necessities, its needs. But the part cannot look at the whole; the part can at the most look at itself while the whole must remain incomprehensible; so one can never know what one is asking.

In the end, when you think about your life you will be surprised that if all that you had wanted was fulfilled you would have been in hell. But it is only retrospectively that one becomes wise. All is not fulfilled because all is not good for you. Only that which is needed for your being, for your growth, for your evolution, is fulfilled . . . whether you ask for it or not. If it is not needed it is never fulfilled. And don't force your way. Always remember that his will has to remain ultimate; our wills have to be sacrificed.

Motherhood is possible . . . but relax. And I am not saying relax to become a mother — that I am not saying, because then you cannot relax: the idea is there. Simply relax.

What has the problem been exactly? Why can't you become a mother?

*FARIDA: There doesn't seem to be anything physically wrong with me. I think it's just tension.*

It is tension; that's what my feeling is too. Come close . . .



Farida closes her eyes. Bhagwan leans forward and presses a small wooden box against her third eye. Her head falls backwards and Bhagwan quietly tells her to raise her hands and receive. She does so, her hands making soft beckoning movements. Bhagwan glances up at Somendra and motions him forward. He stands behind Farida waiting for instructions from Bhagwan as to what to do. After a few moments, Bhagwan tells him to touch Farida's spine. Somendra places one hand at the base of her spine, the other at the top, and begins to bring the energy up in quickening movements. Farida's breathing becomes faster, her face is suffused with colour as she sits sandwiched between Bhagwan in front of her and Somendra behind.

Good, very good! Just relax; everything is possible!  
When will you be coming back?

*FARIDA: I don't know.*

Whenever you feel like coming, come. And help my people there!

*FARIDA: Thank you, Bhagwan.*



Shivanetra has just arrived from England. She says someone told her her name was very spiritual. I'm not very spiritual, she says, and I was taken aback!

BHAGWAN: You have a wrong notion about spirituality . . . I have a totally new meaning of spirituality. It is not against matter, it is not against the body, it is not against life. It is the deepest way of living life, *this* life. To me spiritualism is a higher kind of hedonism, that's all. And you are perfectly that; there is no problem with it. You are my kind of spiritual person!

I am not anti-life; I am all for life. God has to be searched for in life . . . in the mundane life, in the ordinary life. Chopping wood and drawing water from the well; God has to be searched for there. Cooking food and cleaning the floor – there.

Down the ages people have created a rift between life and God. My whole effort here is to bridge that rift. Life is God. You can even drop the word God; nothing is lost. You can forget about spirit and spiritualism: nothing is lost. Just live totally and you will be spiritual.

And that is the meaning of Shivanetra. It means the third eye. These two eyes represent duality. The third eye represents a unity where these two eyes disappear into one. When all dualism disappears, the third eye arises; it is one, unitary vision. Matter and spirit are one, body and soul are one, the ordinary and the extraordinary are one, this world and that world are one. Then you have attained to the third eye. It knows no division: all opposites meet and mingle and disappear into each other. It is indivisible unity. That's my meaning.

And that third eye has to be opened. Don't be worried about what people say, mm? Listen to me what I say. Good, Shivanetra!





Members of Somendra's group, the Leela group, come forward now. It was an action-packed one by the sound of things.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Tulika. What about you?

*TULIKA: I felt a lot of sadness in the group and since the group I've been feeling very cut off from people, a lot of sadness and feeling very alone.*

*And then sometimes I feel like I'm falling apart. I don't know what's going on.*

Yes, it is happening . . . so fall apart! You are trying to hold those parts together; that is creating the trouble. Then you start working against yourself.

All these groups are to shatter you. They shatter you but you go on holding. So now two opposing forces start working in you. The group gives you an insight to help you fall apart. That which is going to fall apart is not really you; it is just the structure around you. It is your mind, your ego, your personality. The group hammers on the personality so that you can be released from it; the personality is the prison. The group tries to hammer from everywhere, to find loop-holes through which it can enter you and destroy the personality. But you go on holding it.

One piece starts falling; you hold it, you clutch it, you cling to it; then you are in a difficulty. That's why

you are feeling sad, that's why you are feeling frightened and that's why you are feeling cut off. Because your whole energy is involved in holding those parts, how can you relate to people? You don't have any more energy to relate with. You can relate only when you are at ease inside yourself. When somebody's house is on fire, how can he relate?

Stop holding it. Let it fall! Once it falls it will be a great liberation. Once you can see it down on the floor, once it is detached from you and you can see yourself aloof, distant from it, that will be a great liberation. And this is very close by. Those parts are ready to fall but you are using your energy as a glue to keep them together, and they are not worth anything!

What groups have you done up to now?

*TULIKA: Centering, Bioenergetics, Encounter twice and then Tantra and Leela.*

Very good! You have done good groups and they have done their work; you cannot hold it long. It is better to stop holding it; let it disappear. You will not be a loser, you will gain, because once this so-called personality is gone you will have a fresh being. You will be reborn, you will be new. And out of that newness one really lives.

With this old rotten personality — and everybody is keeping this rotten personality: dusty, dull, dead, stale — one cannot live. It is hampering one from everywhere. The old cannot allow you to be alive. The old has to go for life to happen, the old has to cease for the new to happen.







Be courageous! These are the moments when courage is needed! Have you booked for any other groups?

*TULIKA: No, I was going to ask you.*

I think you should do one or two groups, and in these groups really let go. Forget that the personality is falling. Let it fall, help it to fall and immediately you will be out of it. You will be surprised how beautiful it is to get rid of the personality.

Do Primal . . .

Tulika looks faintly crestfallen.

. . . and after Primal I will give you silent, meditative techniques. But in the Primal, please, let this structure go! I can give you Vipassana right now but this will not be right. Just a little bit more of these groups and then you can do Vipassana and Zazen. They will give you immense joy, but first drop this personality.

You are coming close . . . just a little while more!



BHAGWAN: Hello, Abhiyana! What about you?

*ABHIYANA: Things have happened for me in the group.*

Mm mm, good!

*ABHIYANA: One is coming into contact with something like a witness, something that feels as if it's here.*

Abhiyana waves his hand towards the back of his head, slightly to the right.

*ABHIYANA: At the same time I feel as if I'm falling apart.*

That's natural; it has to come at the same time. Both are parts of one phenomenon: if the witness arises then the ego falls. The ego cannot allow the witness and the witness cannot exist with the ego. Either the ego or the witness can remain, so when the witness comes the ego has to go. It will create a little trouble. It will fight, it will not surrender easily; and then you've to be alert, watchful. And give your whole cooperation to the witness. Always give your cooperation to the new, to the unknown, to the strange. Never give your cooperation to the old. You have lived it, you have known it; there is no need.

The ordinary attitude is that people give support to the old because they are familiar with it, acquainted with it. It may not give great blessings to them, it may even give miseries but at least it is acquainted, known, familiar. They don't give their support to the unknown, to the unfamiliar, to the strange . . . and that's how God comes, life comes, love comes.



So let it become an absolute understanding that one has always to support the new. It is better to go wrong with the new than to go right with the old because it is better to commit errors and be alive than not to commit any errors and be dead. Always choose the unknown and go with it. That's what I mean when I say to live dangerously, live in adventure.

To be in adventure is to be in meditation, continuous meditation. Just support the new!

Abhiyana asks if he should continue his work as an Acupuncturist outside the ashram or in. Bhagwan tells him to see Laxmi, adding that soon he will become part of the ashram. Abhiyana looks down and smiles into his lap . . . .



BHAGWAN: Hello, Preetam. What about you?

*PREETAM (an Italian sannyasin):  
After the Leela I felt that all my  
tensions were gone.*

Very good!

*PREETAM: The blocks in the body  
have also disappeared.*

Very good!

*PREETAM: What I feel now is that  
I want to find a new way, a new  
language to communicate with.*

It will happen; you cannot create it. If you create it it will be old because you will create with the help of the old, you will create out of the memory. It will not be new; it will be modified but old. Wait, it will come. When new insights come, new languages follow. If your body is relaxed and the blocks have disappeared and you are feeling non-tense, you will find a new language of relating arising on its own accord.

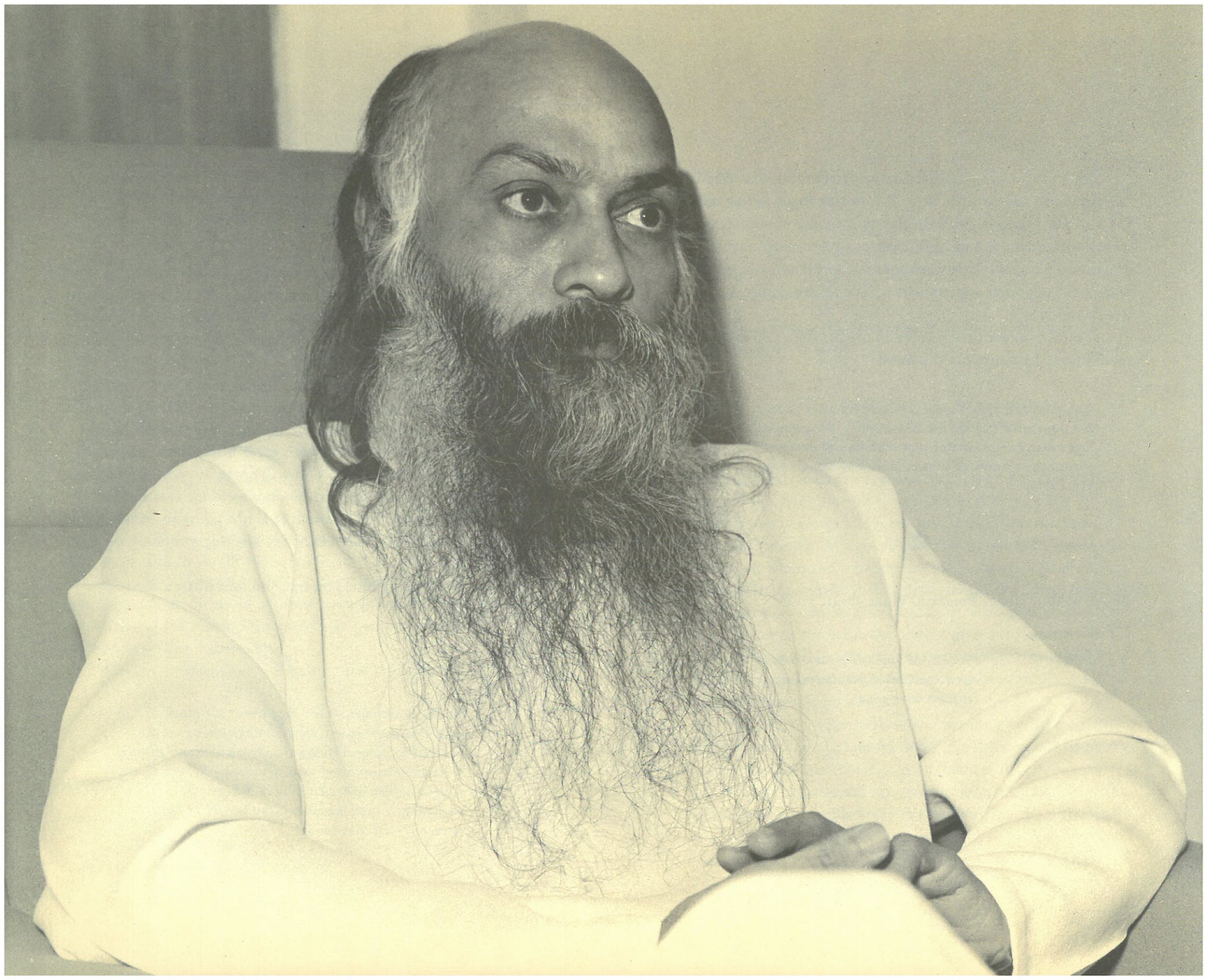
All that you can do will be old. So you need not do anything; just wait. Wait with great hope, wait expectant, like an expectant mother. It will come . . . and it will come when it comes. It is not predictable either. If it can be predicted then it will be old. It is not going to come through you. It will come like a light ray striking you from the unknown.

It will enlighten you but you will not be the source of it . . . .



Finally Haribhajan's turn. He doesn't say much — simply comes forward, touches Bhagwan's feet, then sits back looking at Bhagwan, all atremble and glowing. So much is happening! he says beaming. It is good, says Bhagwan. Just go on allowing it. It is just the beginning . . . and it is always the beginning because so much is always coming!







## Monday 14

A German television crew has been filming various activities around the ashram for the past week or so. Tonight our pre-darshan ritual of checking people for perfume at the gate of Lao Tzu House is the focus of their cameras. The atmosphere is rather more chaotic than usual with members of the crew shouting technical instructions to each other, tripping over sundry ropes and leads and trying to resurrect one of the spotlights that has been knocked over.

Three of those large lights are focused on Renuka and me. Their light is brilliant and hot, and I try not to be ungracious when someone disconcertingly shoves a microphone by my mouth.

Thomas! I call to a German visitor on the darshan list, and he comes to a halt between us. Then ensues a conversation between Renuka and me that I suppose is all going down on record, as to whether the strength of perfume in Thomas's hair is permissible or not and whether a scarf would do the trick.

Finally the last person is through, and with beads of sweat on my forehead I gratefully make my exit and retire to the peace and coolness of the auditorium until darshan commences.

Bhagwan is explaining the meaning of Agata's new name to her . . .

BHAGWAN: Deva means God, agata means arrival — arrival of God. And God is just knocking on your door. God is always close by. The idea that God is far away in the heavens is just stupidity. He is in your very breath . . . he is your breath! We just have to understand who we are, and in that very understanding we come to know what God is. And except for that there is no other way to know God.

Understanding oneself becomes the knowledge of God. So the only religious question is 'Who am I?' Never ask what God is; just ask 'Who am I?' Search for the answer, and never believe in the answers that are given by others. No borrowed answer can be of any help; each person has to come to his own answer. Each person is carrying the answer within him; one just has to dig. And this sannyas will become your digging . . .



Ross is a carpenter from England and a friend of Rajen, leader of the Samarpan group here tonight. Bhagwan assigns him some groups then asks him about his sannyas. Do you have to think about it? asks Bhagwan, generously offering him a way out (or at least a temporary reprieve).



*ROSS: The mind is still . . .*

Ross makes a movement with his hands to indicate a state of turmoil and indecisiveness in his head.

BHAGWAN: The mind is not going to leave so soon, so let the mind be there and become a sannyasin! (laughter) Mm? Close your eyes then! (he does so)

Good! Come here. Now I will take care of the mind; it will go! Look at me . . . good.

This will be your new name – it will blow your mind (laughter): Swami Ananda Prahas. Ananda means blissful, prahas means loud laughter: blissful, loud laughter. And let laughter be your meditation. So whenever you have time and energy, laugh, for no reason at all. That destroys the mind very easily. There is nothing like laughter; it is poison for the mind. That's why only mad people can really laugh beautifully. Whenever somebody laughs, in that moment the mind disappears.

When the laughter is there the mind cannot be there; they cannot exist together. So let laughter grow. The mind goes perfectly well with logic, and laughter is so illogical, so absurd, so mad, that the mind cannot cope with it.

In a few Zen monasteries the monk has to start his morning with loud laughter . . . for no reason at all, just like prayer. You also follow that, and soon you will start enjoying it. Then you will not seek any reason; there is no reason. Why try to find any reason? When one can laugh without reason, who cares? Good . . . good, Prahas!



Nirgun is leaving for a brief visit to Canada. She says she is still very much in her head; her heart has only just begun to open a little bit. It's no problem here, she says, but in the West . . .

Just go on acting as if the whole world is the ashram! says Bhagwan.

At the most people will think you are mad; that is their problem!

And Bodhendharma has just arrived from Japan. Meera is by his side to translate, but in reply to Bhagwan's queries he says he has no problems, no questions. Say something, says Bhagwan, otherwise Meera will feel frustrated! We laugh and Bodhendharma politely searches for something to say to oblige Meera. No? You will keep her frustrated? asks Bhagwan, chuckling. Meera has been shyly gazing into her lap all this time, but now begins to explain to Bodhendharma what the joke is about. Bodhendharma smiles politely and is let off the hook with a few groups!

Madhuri came to darshan a week or so ago to talk about her relationship with Vedamurti. Bhagwan told her to move into valley orgasm rather than always being after peak experiences.

Tonight Vedamurti has a question.

*VEDAMURTI: You told Madhuri to move into the valley in sex with me. I just wondered what plan you had*



*for me. I mean, it feels a bit like having a Rolls Royce and keeping it in the garage. It seems a bit absurd. Nothing happens . . . we almost bore each other. We play with that too, but I just wondered whether you felt that I was ready for that as well.*

BHAGWAN (chuckling): But that's what people do with their Rolls Royces: they keep them in the garage!

*VEDAMURTI: Yes; but is that what you want me to do?*

It is continuously boring?

*VEDAMURTI: No, not continuously.*

Sometimes it is not?

*VEDAMURTI: It feels fine and solid and good, but it reminds me of most of my life – a kind of a deathness, a sort of lifelessness and nothingness that goes on . . . which has always been an unawareness in my life. I don't know . . .*

Mm mm.

*VEDAMURTI: It's mildly disturbing and I'm not quite sure whether I'm missing something or whether I should be doing more.*

Mm, says Bhagwan; just raise your hands. Vedamurti closes his eyes. No sooner has he done so than he topples onto the ground. Bhagwan beckons forward a Danish sannyasin, Deepti, telling her to put her hands on him. She crouches by his chest, gently stroking him. Chetana, co-leader of the Samarpan group, is motioned forward to be at Veda's feet, and to pour her love energy into him.

Good! Come back.

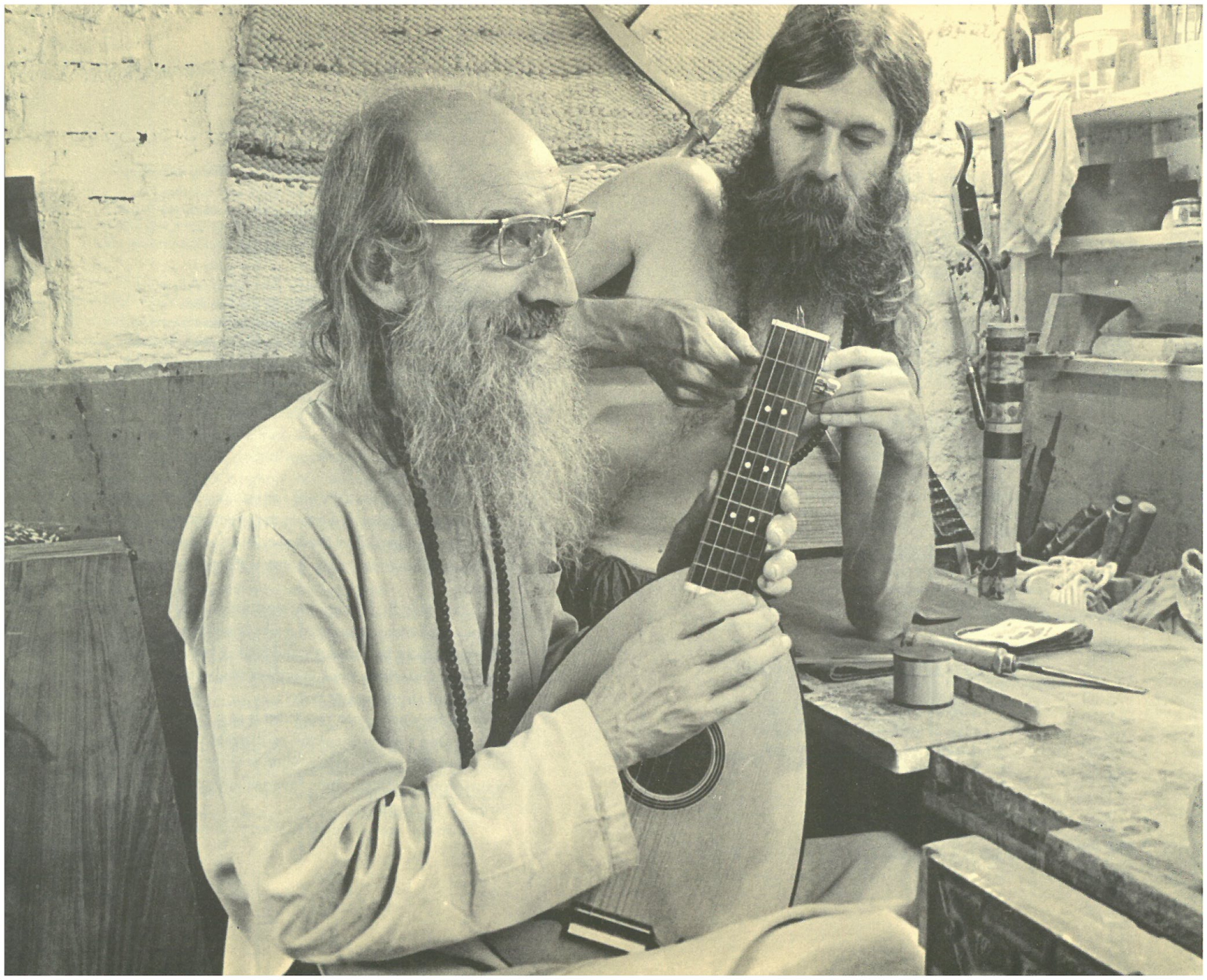
Leave things as they are for one month – no change, mm? After one month both come together, so if something has to be changed then I will see. But for one month just continue. Things are really going well; your energy is settling.

You may be feeling that nothing sensational is happening because the mind seeks sensation, but your energy is really harmonious and that is far more valuable than any sensation. Your energy is really in accord; it has a beautiful rhythm right now.

So for one month just keep it as it is and enjoy it as it is. Don't allow the mind to distract you, because the mind will go on saying 'What is there?' The mind always wants you to go into some feverish activity . . . and that is tiring, it is disrupting.

For one month enjoy this very silently, very coolly,







and after one month come together. Things are good.  
Keep the Rolls Royce in the garage!  
Good, Vedamurti!



Mahant, an Australian sannyasin, works in the  
mala shop.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Mahanta. What about you?

*MAHANT: I wrote to you the other day  
about getting the feeling of some  
sort of blockage in my energy in the  
workshop. I feel resistant to quite  
a lot of work. I keep wanting to do  
things that suit me and not what I'm  
told to. I get into a few arguments  
with Asheesh about this and that.*

*I feel it's happening to me outside  
the workshop as well – some  
frustration with relationships.  
I think I'm becoming obsessed with  
this negative attitude to things,  
because a lot of very beautiful  
things are happening but I seem to be  
getting concerned with this block.*

Just raise one hand up; this will do. Chetana, come here.  
Close your eyes. Sit at his side and touch his hand.

If something starts happening to both of you, allow it,  
but Chetana, don't leave his hand.

Chetana falls in a little towards Mahant, otherwise  
both remain still.

Just do a single thing: surrender to Asheesh, absolutely,  
with no conditions: whatsoever he says, do. Just drop the  
ego. Things are going well but the ego can disrupt  
everything. It is the only enemy that one has to be very very  
aware of. It comes in such subtle ways and with such logic  
that it is very difficult to resist. And it brings great  
rationalizations.

Just surrender to Asheesh and whatsoever he says,  
you do it – even if he asks something absurd. He may ask  
something absurd because that's why I make these people  
leaders; they are absurd! Deeksha, Asheesh . . . they have  
something in them; that's why they are there! (chuckling)  
You may be doing something and just in the middle he may  
say 'Now do this!' You will feel 'This is not right' . . .  
and you *are* right; still you have to surrender.

Surrender is only when even if you are right, you can  
give in. When you are wrong then surrender has no meaning.  
Surrender has to be absolute . . . . And Asheesh is a good  
master – just surrender to him, mm? – just listen and  
whatsoever he says treat it as if he is right, always right!  
And that will change your energy.

Nothing is wrong. It is just that the ego is trying to  
take hold of you, trying to raise its head. The ego is feeling  
that things are going too far: if you go a little more then  
it will be too late. That's why you must be feeling other



negativities too. But first settle with Asheesh, and then you will see that ninety-nine percent of negativity has disappeared. After one month see me again, and then tell me if something is left.

Nothing to be worried about; things are really going well. When things are going well, then only does trouble arise. Then the ego becomes afraid; it starts giving trouble. So immediately after darshan, find Asheesh, touch his feet and say, 'Master, I am surrendered!'

*MAHANT: Thank you, Bbagwan!*

(chuckling) Good!



Rinzai is leaving for France. He's just completed the Samarpan group and has a question.

*RINZAI: In my sexual life things are sometimes happening, sometimes not, but now I feel orgasm without any sort of relation.*

BHAGWAN: That's beautiful! Nothing to be worried about. Don't make a problem out of sex, never make a problem out of sex. If you make a problem out of sex you start doing something to it. That's what it means to make a problem: you start doing something. Once you start doing

something you destroy the beauty, the spontaneity, the naturalness of it. When it is there, it is there; when it is not there it is not there. Accept it; its presence, its absence, both have to be accepted.

And this happens. When you really become orgasmic, this happens: even without any genital sexuality you may feel orgasm happening. That's what happens to small children. They are orgasmic, their whole body is orgasmic. Their sexuality is not centred at the genitals; their whole body functions in a sexual way.

Freud has a particular name for it: 'polymorphous perversity'. He has a condemnation for it without even knowing what it is. The child functions as a whole. He has no genital sex yet; that sexuality is not developed. But his whole being is sexual. Sucking his thumb he attains to orgasm.

And that happens when you start becoming again orgasmic. Just swaying in the wind you can have orgasm, just dancing and you can have orgasm, just listening to music and you can go into orgasm. But that is beautiful! You are freed from genital sexuality. When it comes, good; when it doesn't come, no need to worry.

And don't be afraid of this orgasmic-ness. That's what ecstasy is: to be orgasmic without any sex. By and by orgasm will become non-sexual. Then anything gives you an orgasm and you can have as much orgasm as possible. The ultimate state of orgasm is to live in it continuously; then each moment is orgasmic. Eating, there is orgasm, taking a shower, there is orgasm. Moving, looking at the trees, you are orgasmic. That is the goal of Tantra: to make you so orgasmic that each act becomes ecstatic and becomes free of sex.



Something immensely valuable is by the corner.  
Receive it!

Rinzai says he'll be back after the rains. Then stay a long time; it will be needed, Bhagwan says. Because next time something really great is going to happen!



Arnold was in the group too. He is middle-aged and has a serenity and kind of humility about him. He reminds Bhagwan of a letter he wrote in which he described an episode of what seemed to be madness last year in Holland. Since then he has had trouble in concentrating and in relating with others. On the whole how are you feeling? asks Bhagwan. I'm feeling peaceful, Arnold replies.

BHAGWAN: That's very good! Mm mm . . . it can happen, sometimes it can happen: a madness can become a breakthrough, a breakdown can become a breakthrough. And it seems that that breakdown became a breakthrough. It has not been a loss: you are benefitted by it. You look very very at peace deep inside. So that madness was not really madness. To call it madness is to misname it.

It was something like a mini-satori. But in the West there is no understanding of mini-satoris or satoris. So anything that goes beyond the normal is abnormal; it is thought that something is wrong. The normal has become the norm in the West, and the normal is a very ordinary phenomenon. The normal man is not healthy, is not whole,

is not even sane. But he is the norm, so if you are different in any way something is wrong with you. But Buddha was also different and Christ was also different and so was Saint Francis. In this age they would have been thought to be neurotic had they been in the West. In fact that is what psychoanalysts go on writing — that Francis was neurotic, that Jesus was neurotic.

Something beautiful has happened, and after such great happenings the mind takes a long time to settle back because it will be settling on a higher plane. So that is possible: your memory may suffer a little loss but it will disappear. Nothing to be worried about.

How long can you be here?

*ARNOLD: Four months.*

That's very good! Do a few more groups; they will be helpful.

*ARNOLD: I have one more question. I wrote to you about people being cured when I touched them . . . things like that.*

Yes, it is possible; you can have that quality and you should use it.

*ARNOLD: I don't know how to.*



## THE OPEN SECRET

No, there is no how to it. Just be silent and touch the person. If a headache is there touch the head; if a stomach ache then touch the stomach. If it is something which cannot be localized, then just tell the person to lie down and put your hands on his heart. Become completely quiet and just feel you are a vehicle, a passage, and God's energy is passing through you.

You can become a good healer. That madness was really good. And think of sannyas . . . because that will be a higher madness!

*ARNOLD: I think you have  
trapped me already.*

I have trapped you! You can wait a few days . . . otherwise right now.

*ARNOLD: I don't know what it is  
but I give it a try.*

Just come here! (much laughter) Close your eyes . . . .

Bhagwan places the mala around his neck.

Now you are a certified healer! (laughter)  
And this will be your name: Swami Ananda Baul.  
Anand means blissful, baul means mad (laughter).  
Mm? Good, Baul . . . good!





Rajen, the leader of both the Samarpan and Gestalt groups which are here tonight, talked in an interview with Savita about his background and his path to Bhagwan.

Having taken A levels and worked in an insurance company, he went on to study English and drama at college. He began to teach, became head of the English department, and in his spare time took a psychology degree. His greatest aspiration was to have a doctorate, so he went to Oxford University with this in mind but soon parted with his dreams and began to enjoy himself. Coming across a book on Encounter groups by Carl Rogers, and being present at a lecture where the director of Quaesitor (a growth centre in London) – now a sannyasin, Teertha – he became interested in humanistic psychology.

Rajen (who was then Alan Lowen) participated in a three-week training course in Gestalt therapy at Carl Roger's centre in La Jolla. It was three years later as a director of Community (a sister growth centre in London) that he met and was impressed with one of its other directors – Somendra (leader of the Leela and Awareness groups here) . . . .

RAJEN: I'd met quite a few sannyasins and I still hadn't done much about it. It was only when I began an Intensive with Somendra that I really began to face the issue of Bhagwan and what it meant to me. At this time I was experiencing the pain of not knowing what on earth I was about. I was feeling that whoever I became and however much I achieved for myself wasn't working from the kind of

depth that I wanted to be, or life wasn't the way it should be. There was a dream that one day I would give everything up. Reading newspapers was just a fragment of knowing that all this crazy life here is essentially empty and all I was doing was protecting myself from the emptiness by moving fast, doing lots of things. In Somendra's group I had to face it. The fighting against Bhagwan went on week after week in various ways.

The joke was that during all those days in my room I was secretly listening to Bhagwan tapes – through all this period of defiance – just absorbing and hearing this guy's voice. It wasn't only what he said; suddenly there was just no doubt in me.

Finally Rajen capitulated and took sannyas, but remained divided in his commitment . . . .

The defiance, the resistance, was still going on. Then I got this idea to come to Poona because I felt I couldn't go on like this – having taken sannyas and not having taken sannyas. I felt my resistance drop almost on the plane over. I went to discourses immediately but I wasn't experiencing anything but a kind of shock. It wasn't until darshan that I felt I was somehow there with Bhagwan.

*What was your first impression of him?*

This is a strange thing to say, but I already knew who he was. I felt as though somehow years ago I could have said



who he was. It sounds crazy to say that but the first moment when I sat in front of him was 'Of course!' I only had to get out of the way and let myself experience him and I'd recognise him.

*What were your initial reactions  
to the ashram?*

I guess my first impression of sannyasins was of feeling an energy of people who were intense, intensely alive, who were buzzing, who were vibrating; it didn't matter whether they were laughing, crying, being angry or whatever. I had this sense that for all their crazy trips these people have somehow found something that matters in themselves and they're going with it. So where back in England it's the bullshit that's protected, the image, the social games, here I immediately experienced that not only was none of that protected – it simply wasn't paid any attention, it was neglected. What was protected was contact, awareness, consciousness, truth, integrity, feelings – all those things that matter to me in groups.

Another way of saying what coming to Poona meant for me, what coming to the ashram meant for me, is that over the four years I'd been leading groups, I'd been struggling between being who I am in the group and then having to compromise outside in my ordinary life. I saw quite early on that the problem was that I didn't dare to be who I am outside, although I did dare to be who I am in the group. I began to slowly dare a bit more as the years went by, somehow feeling that the society I lived in was incredibly hostile towards truth and individuality and all

the things we're about here. So to come to Poona was simply to say, 'Yes, this is how people should be living.'

*Can you talk about your own changes  
and the difference in groups here  
as compared with the West?*

When people come to groups here and have taken sannyas, because they've committed themselves, anything can happen. There's no going out of the group and climbing back into your role. The group goes on. You spend seven days down here (in the Encounter group room) and then you go up (into the ashram) but it's still the group. It's as though people are really working with their fear here so much more profoundly than in the West. I feel people's fear here when they come into a group. In the West, yes, I feel their fear and their anxiety but somehow it's ordinary and here it's extraordinary. The fear is about having nothing to hang on to, and we're here because of the abyss. The abyss is facing us so we don't have much to hang on to, whereas in the West we have everything to hang on to, and everybody is busily concreting over the abyss all the time.

Soon after his return here, Rajen and his partner, Hari Chetana, were invited to live in the ashram. At first amazed, 'blissed out', Rajen began to recognise that there was finally no way to escape from himself . . . .

Somehow, seeing this in the last few days has been an



incredible relief – to see that what I'd done was to shut all the doors. It was as if when I came in through the ashram gates I fell into this dark hole that was my own prison from which I'd always managed to escape so I had never experienced the prison-ness of it.

*Do you feel that you've emerged from that now?*

Yes. I feel that it was just so important for me to finally face that. There are moments in the Hindi discourse when I just feel with Bhagwan, am carried on his moment, in his presence. That's a blissful state to be in. Then I begin struggling, thinking, and reach a point sometimes of feeling, 'What am I doing here?' I'm struggling with the impossible – to be in this state of here-and-nowness. Then of course I dump it. I look at Bhagwan and I see the love pouring out of him, I feel my own love for him and that's enough. I can sit and just feel, 'Of course I'm hopeless, of course, I'm helpless, of course I'm despairing at times. Where else in my life was I able to actually sit with that despair? I made my life so that I could get out of it any number of ways. Here I can't and I don't even want to.'

*Do you feel a sense of community around you?*

I haven't met, made relationships with most people in the ashram yet, yet I feel the relationship is there. I feel a

sense of wanting relationship and also wanting my aloneness, and I see in the ashram the potential for both. If you walk straight past someone with whom half an hour ago you were happily chatting, they're not going to say. 'Hey!' and throw a whole load of expectations at you. I have experienced that already – the freedom is just to be how I'm feeling. Other people are there if I want them and the aloneness is there if I want it. And I feel the love. I feel that very much and it's beautiful.

*What about your relationship with Bhagwan during this time?*

I just feel love and trust. Even though I haven't been to many darshans, I've been in enough to have seen people coming with all their different crazy trips and he's there and he's there and he's there.

I feel as though he could tell me to do some terrible things and I'd do them because of some crazy kind of trust. I mean, how can it be otherwise? I sit there and I see this beautiful being who just . . . . There's no ego in the way, there's no person there. There's love and there's God. What can you feel in the face of that unless you're totally wrapped up in your own ego?

*Has there been any one particular key or insight for you that's happened in the time you've been here?*

When I was taking sannyas and Bhagwan was explaining







my name to me he said something like, 'You are a king and you've forgotten your kingdom. It's time to go inside and reclaim it!' And he said, 'Moment to moment you're distracted.' And that line, 'Moment to moment you're distracted,' has become an incredible key for me. Over these months I've come to feel what he means. It's so subtle and the distraction is so subtle, and it is moment to moment. I feel that all I do is find my way home, find my way home, get distracted, find my way home. In finding my way home there are the precious moments when I'm with him.

I'm experiencing really profoundly that I can't do anything about how I am, about how much I get in the way, of how unhollow a bamboo I am, in the sense that however much I try and *do* something about it, it just adds to the stuffed-up-ness. I feel that what matters – and this is true for everybody – is to be deeply involved in what is actually going on in my life, to feel the intensity of it, to take the risks of jumping into the unknown, of going with my crazy impulses, of daring. That's the real issue, rather than having an inner dialogue with myself in which I'm working it all out. There's no decision; it's not a matter of making decisions. The opportunities for my growth, for my transformation – and for everybody's transformation – are already here. Looking for them is one of our ways of copping out, of avoiding the fact that we're in it whether we like it or not.

What stands out for me, and I feel this over and over again, every day several times probably. . . . I feel amazed that this is all happening in my lifetime, that I'm experiencing this. . . . I don't know how to say it. I used to ponder sometimes about where I would be in five years time.

When I was teaching, miserable, in a marriage that was an incredible disaster, the last place I could have imagined being in five years time was Oxford University doing research. Somehow, even for all that unpredictability, the idea of a master being here, the idea of Bhagwan would have been just so outrageous. In the kind of world that we've been living in, it's so utterly incongruous with the whole mad, unreal trip that we've been buying as reality. That just comes back to me again and again and blows my mind.

It reeks of eternity! (laughter) It just has the feel of eternity about it. I feel this sense of having known all my life that something other than all this shit that I was stuck in with everybody else was . . . the lotus was *there* in the mud. And I'm just amazed by the lotus over and over again!



Tuesday 15

Bob from California, described as a guitar-builder, has just become Veet Vidhan. It means beyond discipline, Bhagwan explains, and truth is beyond discipline because it cannot be manufactured by man. It is not a doing; man cannot do it. Man can only be it. So there is no method, no discipline, no system, that can help you to attain to truth.

To see this point is to be free of all systems. To see the point: that how can you attain to the truth? . . . The I is the barrier, the idea of attainment is the barrier .

BHAGWAN: All methods can help you to come to this recognition – that no method is needed. Yes, that they can do; in fact that is their work. All the methods that we use here are not goals, all the growth groups that we use here are not the goal in themselves. They slowly slowly bring you to a point where disillusionment happens. Suddenly one day doing many things, you recognise



the truth, it dawns in your consciousness – that no truth is possible through method; there is no technique for it.

In that seeing something suddenly disappears from your being – the doing.

Bhagwan suggests that Vidhan do some groups but with this idea – that no group is going to deliver the truth to him. They can make you more aware of the lie, Bhagwan continues. They can bring you closer and closer to a vision of the lie as the lie. To see the false as the false becomes the door to truth. . . .

So all groups and all meditations and all masters have a negative function: they simply take away things from you which are not needed. They take away lies from you.

Nobody can give you truth but lies can be taken away, and once the lie is taken away, truth is.



Shreya is leaving. He says he hopes to be back in two or three months . . .

*SHREYA: I feel as if I have everything to say to you but there's nothing as well.*

BHAGWAN: I understand.

*SHREYA: I can't put it in words.*

That I know. Just come close . . . come close.

Bhagwan places a little box against Shreya's third eye. Very very slowly Shreya begins to fall to the ground. He finally flops on the floor, nearly landing on top of the diminutive Laxmi who is sitting at the left of Bhagwan's chair.

Bhagwan calls Shreya back and tells him that the energy is really beautiful. He advises him not to do anything that can disturb it, and goes on to talk in a similar vein to what he has said to others before. Tonight it seems particularly significant . . . .

It is difficult to attain to a beautiful energy; it is very easy to lose it. It is always so with higher things: very difficult to reach them but very easy to fall. Things are really good. You should be happy: now you have something that can be lost. Very few people are that fortunate; they don't have anything to lose. So now you have to be more careful, more watchful. Each step has to be taken very carefully, whatsoever you do has to be done in very very great awareness. And these three months will prove of great importance if you remain watchful. Then coming back to me there will be a great upsurge. In these three months the energy will become ready, will become accumulated, and then there can be a higher explosion.

So in these three months that you will be away remain more alert. While you are here you can afford a little bit









of unawareness, mm? – because the whole atmosphere is charged with awareness. So many people meditating, so many people loving. . . It is a tide, noontide; you can ride on it easily. There (in the West) you will be alone; you will miss this noontide. You will have to create the whole thing on your own. There will be no support; in fact, there will be every negative opportunity to destroy it.

So be alert; that will be helpful. If you can be alert you will learn much and you will learn how to be on your own; that has to be learned. One cannot depend on the commune for long. One has to create one's own energy. And that is there, you just have to keep helping it. Don't do anything that will destroy your peacefulness, don't do anything that will become a distraction. Even if you have started something which you suddenly feel is becoming a distraction, stop! – because this is the most precious thing; nothing else is more precious. This is more precious than life itself.

This is the thing for which life exists in the first place: to create this energy. Life is an opportunity. Life in itself is not the goal but just a situation in which this energy has to be created. If one creates this energy then life has meaning; if one does not create this energy then life remains meaningless. Then it has no logos.

Whenever you feel you need me, just remember me. Put the box on your third eye and remember me . . . and come back!





Santosh, the leader of the Hypnotherapy group, wrote to Bhagwan about the recent group, as he'd felt uneasy about the energy of one of the participants, Narendra. (You might recall that Narendra, formerly Ian, took sannyas on November 4th.)

*SANTOSH: It's the first time I've stopped anyone's energy experiences. I felt maybe I frustrated him on the one hand . . . I wasn't sure.*

BHAGWAN: Come here, Narendra. Just close your eyes.

Narendra does as bidden, and Lalita is motioned forward and asked to rub his third eye. Narendra immediately begins to breathe chaotically, his hands twisting and moving about in various patterns, his body turning from side to side. His energy doesn't feel evil to me (as Santosh had said he'd experienced it) but there is a lot of it!

Good, Lalita! You did it well. Good, Narendra.

(to Santosh) No, there is nothing negative, there is nothing evil. It is just that he has too much concentrated energy and he himself does not know what to do with it. So he must be throwing too much energy. But it is too concentrated; it can hit one and it can be felt as something negative or evil, something dangerous. It is as if you concentrate sunrays: they can become very fiery. If they are not concentrated they are simply light, warm; you can enjoy a sun bath. But if they are concentrated they can

burn you. And that's how he is: his energy is very concentrated.

In his past life he must have done some concentration method. In hypnosis this can be dangerous because hypnosis is a totally different methodology. It is not really concentration, it is relaxation. He has a different kind of energy to what hypnosis needs, so you must have felt. . . But there's nothing evil; he is a perfectly good man, a saint! (laughter) Nothing to be worried about.

But if sometimes you feel like that again with somebody. . . It can happen again because many people will be coming here who have worked in their past lives on certain methods. When a fresh man comes he will not create any problem, but when somebody comes who has a past of spiritual growth then he may not fit with some methods. He has a certain methodology of his own; if he goes into that kind of thing, he will fit. But if he goes into some other method then he will not fit there.

So if you feel next time that something like this is happening you should do a small experiment. Rather than taking him out you should put him on the floor and tell him to be as energetic as possible. The whole group should surround him and touch his body from everywhere. Tell the whole group to take as much energy as possible from him; he has much! He will be relieved and everybody will be benefitted. He will be benefitted because he will feel very relaxed once the energy has been taken. In fact he wanted to give energy and nobody was ready to take it, so it was hitting people and naturally it was hitting you more because you will be more aware of what is happening.

So it can happen again. First: never think of evil and negativity. That is so rare that I don't think you will come



across it. It is only one person in a million who has really negative energy, because to take the negative form a long history of murder, suicide, robbery, that kind of thing, is needed. And if that kind of thing has happened in a person's life he is not going to come here, no. Adolf Hitler won't come here. If he does he will have evil energy, but a person who comes to me. . . The very fact that he comes to me, that he has become interested in me, that he has become a sannyasin, is enough proof that he has no negative energy.

So you will not come across a negative person here; that is not possible. And if a negative person comes, before I send him to you I will put him right. Only then will I send him; otherwise he can be very destructive to people, particularly in a hypnosis group. If I sent a murderer like Genghis Khan or Tamerlane or Adolf Hitler to the Hypnotherapy group where everybody is relaxed and moving into silence and harmony, he could take possession of all! He could give everybody ideas of murdering, committing suicide. He would throw your influence away; you would not be able to do anything because he would have more power, the power of many lives. He could create murderers there immediately. In fact that's how Hitler was able to do what he did.

Some day or other people will study Hitler through hypnosis, just as in the modern times people have started thinking through psychoanalysis. Gandhi has been psychoanalysed by Erikson, Luther has been psychoanalysed by Erikson. Freud worked on Moses, Leonardo da Vinci. In that way some day hypnosis has to be brought in to study people. If you bring in hypnosis to study people

you can go far deeper than with psychoanalysis.

If Hitler were studied through hypnosis, then only would you be able to find out what his power was. He had immensely hypnotic eyes. Just to look at him for a few moments was enough to hypnotize people. He had all the right arrangements and knowingly, unknowingly, he functioned as a hypnotist. He would stand on a high dais with the whole hall completely in dark and searchlights focused on him. Nobody would be able to see anybody else; everybody would be seeing him. He had a very very monotonous voice, sleepy, one which would help people to go into sleep. And his eyes were really hypnotic, very magnetic. He would speak for hours, sometimes four hours. He would go on hammering the same thing again and again, in the same monotonous voice. After a few hours, people would start falling into hypnosis . . . and that's how he converted the whole country into murderers. Just his presence was enough to convert another person into a murderer. In the Nuremberg trials all the people who worked with him confessed that they didn't know how they could do it. They were under the influence of an immense power; that man had a grip over them.

So if a murderer or an evil person comes to a hypnosis group and if you start hypnotizing people and he is sitting there, just his sitting there is enough. He is constantly broadcasting evil thoughts; they will fall upon everybody. That will be the best moment for those arrows to penetrate the heart because everybody will be vulnerable.

So remember, I will never send a person who is evil — not at least to the Hypnotherapy group. I can send him



to the Encounter (chuckling) but not to the Hypnotherapy group.

If something like this happens always keep in mind that it is some concentrated energy. Concentrated energy will go against hypnosis. He has beautiful energy but too much of it and it is focused. It needs to be defocused, it needs to be unconcentrated.

*SANTOSH: He's going to be doing the Deep Hypnotherapy group too.*

Yes, let him do it. And this time if you again feel the same phenomenon, just use him as a reservoir. He has beautiful energy. Tell everybody to drink as much energy out of him as possible, mm? So from everywhere, drink out of him.

*SANTOSH: Very good after a lunch break! (laughter)*

*NARENDRA: Can you direct me with my meditation?*

Just wait. What groups have you done?

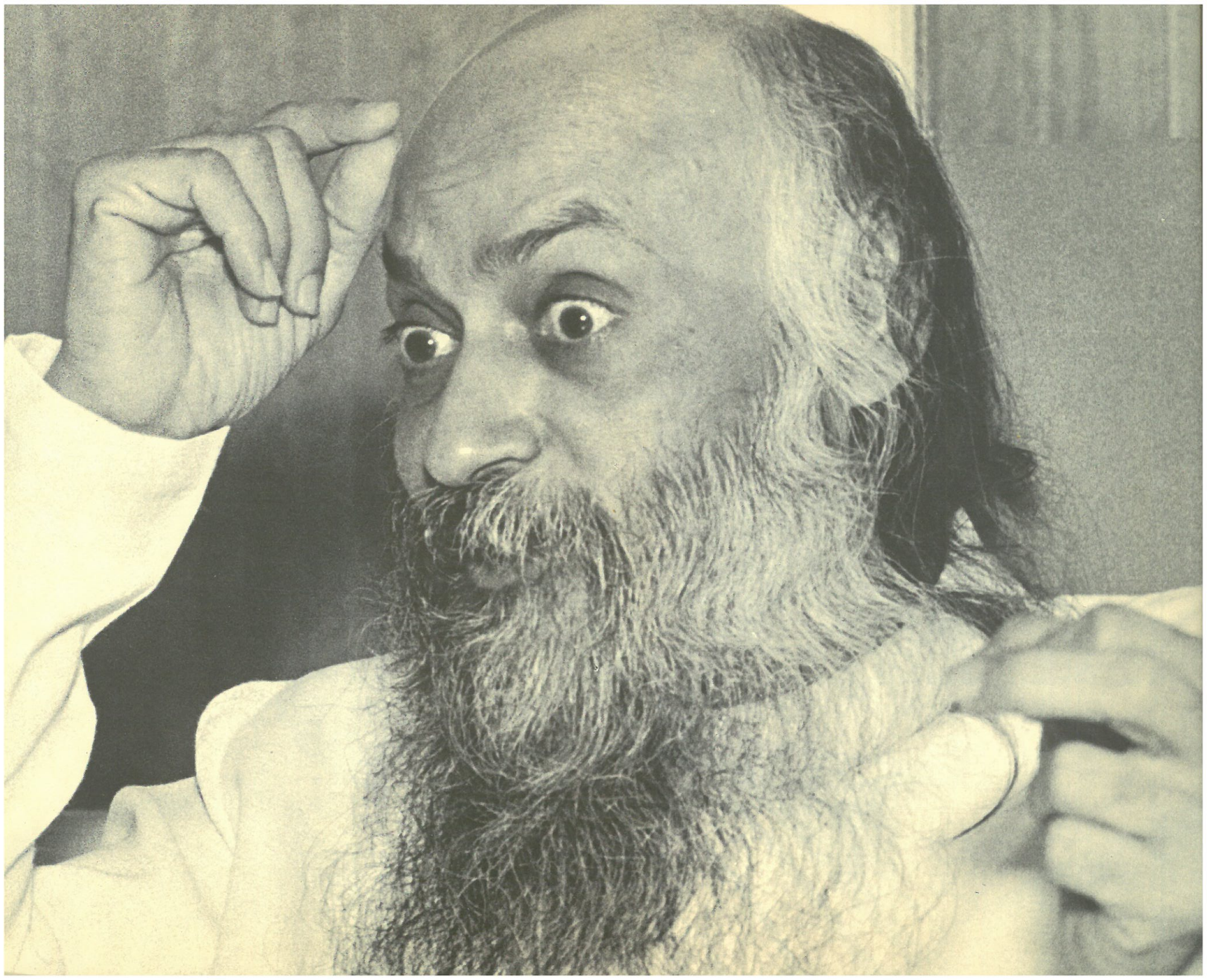
Narendra has only done this one group and has lined up Neo-rolfing, Massage, Alexander Technique, and Deep Hypnotherapy. Bhagwan suggests that he do Intensive Enlightenment and Vipassana, followed by the Leela group.

And then I will see what else. And after Leela remind me about your meditation. By that time things will be flowing perfectly. You have really great energy. Once it is released you will simply move into another world. So be happy!

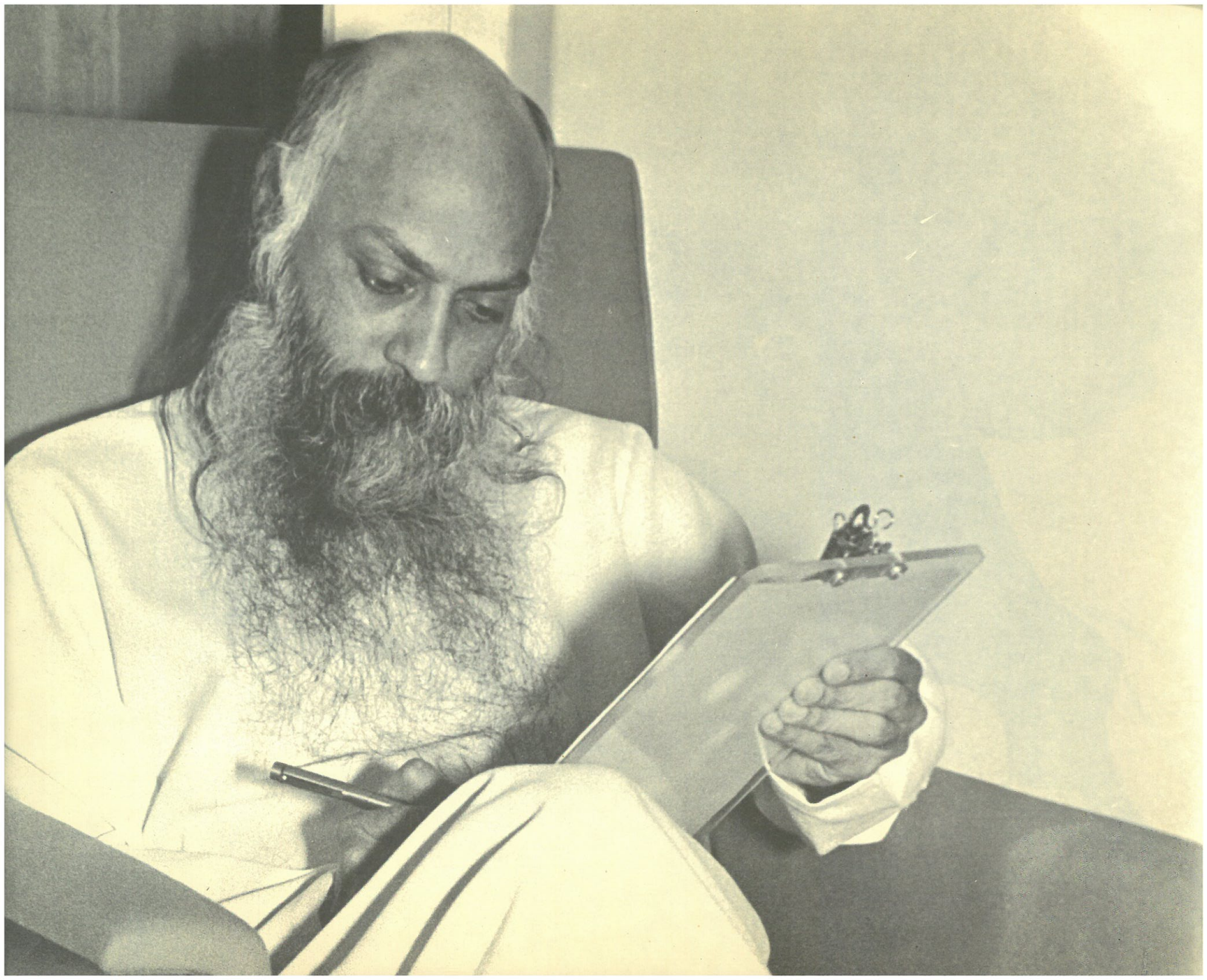


Hasya is leaving. A sann yasin only weeks old, she is planning to return to the States to finish things and return to be part of the ashram. Bhagwan tells her to be back for the move to Gujarat in February. You should not miss it, he says. It is the exodus from Egypt!











## Wednesday 16

Savita writes the commentary tonight . . . .

It has been raining all day quite unexpectedly. Since the corrugated roofing (put up at the gate for the monsoon season) has long been taken down, the name-calling and hair-sniffing for darshan tonight takes place in Radha Hall. It's quite different there under the glare of the strip-lighting. You can actually see people's faces: all the anticipation, waiting and being sniffed for perfumes – will I get in? won't I? People stand out in their aloneness especially at this moment.

Once sorted, we are led by Shiva to wait under the giant tree at Lao Tzu Gate, and it is dark and silent again. Just the waiting and the sucking sound raindrops make falling onto gravel. Standing there I feel light, not so much nervous as expectant. Noticing the way the guards' torchbeams reflect on the wet concrete, the warm drizzle reminds me of an English summer.

Just as the Nataraj starts up for evening meditation and the group-leaders standing beside me start swaying – you can't hear the Nataraj and *not* sway! – the buzzer sounds for us all to move into Chuang Tzu Auditorium.

We are sitting on the cold marble waiting for Bhagwan. I've not had this view before, facing the white wall, the spotlight in sight surprisingly free of mosquitoes. And the thick green foliage enclosing the auditorium, enclosing even more than usual because the soft rain has a way of holding us in. So peaceful here. Soundless; and the darshan gathering sitting still with eyes closed.

Then comes Bhagwan, in greeting-mudra, like a bright white lamp.



Mukta calls Gilles. He is a dark-haired Frenchman with the sensual face of a dancer. He's not a dancer though, but a therapist from Paris.

BHAGWAN: Come here! Close your eyes and just visualize the rose flower . . .

Gilles sits down before Bhagwan, a peaceful smile on his face throughout . . .

. . . just visualize it between the two eyebrows at the



third eye centre. If something starts happening in your body, allow it.

Good. Come here!

This will be your new name: Swami Deva Parivartan. Deva means divine, parivartan means change – a divine change. I am giving you this name for a specific purpose: from this moment start accepting change. And the more you accept change, the less will be your misery, the less will be the pain. Once you have understood the secret of it and the acceptance has become total, pain simply disappears as if it had never existed.

We create our misery and our hell. Life will change into death; one has to accept it. To accept it is courage, to welcome it is bravery. To live as life changes, with it, not against, in a let-go, is the whole art of life.

So never think for a single moment that anything is going to be permanent. Nothing is going to be permanent. And it is good that nothing can be permanent; hence things are fresh, young. Through death life rejuvenates itself; through change life goes on renewing itself. It is renewable.

Parivartan's cheeks are streaming with tears.

Buddha emphasises this flux-like quality of life very much. He says that even your soul is not permanent. Heraclitus says that you cannot step into the same river twice because the river is changing. Buddha says that you cannot step twice into the river because *you* are changing! His penetration goes deeper than Heraclitus'; Heraclitus looks at the outward change. Buddha says, 'What are you talking about? – because the next time you step in the river

you will not be the same, you cannot be the same; you are changing each moment. Something is disappearing, something new is being added to you.'

The metaphor that Buddha liked very much is of a flame: it looks the same but it is constantly changing. You kindle a lamp in the evening and when you blow it out in the morning you will think it is the same flame. Then you are wrong. It is not the same flame that the lamp started with. That disappeared long ago. Every moment the flame is disappearing into the smoke and a new flame is taking its place. But the change when one flame goes out and another comes in is so fast that you cannot see the gap; the change is so fast. By the morning when you blow out the lamp it is not the same flame. Millions of flames were born and have disappeared. Yes, it is the same continuity but not the same flame.

So even your innermost being is not a permanent thing. Once this vision becomes clear you don't have any expectations of life. You don't hold onto things, you don't cling; you don't become possessive, because nothing can be possessed. Where everything is a flux how can you possess anything? By the moment you possess it, it will be gone. By the moment you close your fist it will not be there, it will not be the same.

I would like you to go deep into this insight.



Arthur comes next to kneel before Bhagwan for his sannyas. We have been told he is an industrialist from France



but when Bhagwan asks him if he needs a translator he says no, in clear, elegant English.

BHAGWAN: Raise your hands and close your eyes, and feel that you are a bird flying into the sky. Get into the feel of it. These are your wings and you are going higher and higher. If the body starts moving upwards and you start feeling like standing on your knees or on your feet, allow it. Just feel that you are a bird: you can fly! If your hands start moving like wings, allow them, cooperate with them.

Arthur sits erect, his arms spread. As Bhagwan writes his name his fingers begin twitching gently.

Good . . . come here. Just look at me.

This will be your new name: Swami Agnideva. Agni means fire, deva means god – god of fire. And many things have to be understood about it, mm? The first thing: fire is the very substance of life, life exists through fire. It may be in the form of sun energy, it may be in the form of love energy but life exists through fire.

When you eat food you are simply eating condensed fire. The trees and the fruits you eat go on absorbing the sun. It is fire made ready for you to absorb. And when you hanker for the warmth of a woman's body, you are hankering for fire. Life cannot exist without fire because basically life is fire. But fire can have two forms: it can become destructive, it can become creative. The fire can burn your home and can warm it too. So one has to be

very very alert conscious, aware about using fire in the right direction, in the right way; one has to be very mindful.

Ordinarily people are destroyed by their own fire. Sex is fire. If it doesn't change into love it can become destructive. It can keep you at the lowest point, at the lowest rung of your being; then you remain tethered to the earth. You cannot become a bird and you cannot go into the sky. You cannot be free. Sex can become a bondage. You can go on overeating, that too is fire, but then you are obsessed with food and it is destructive.

Buddha has said that there are three forms of fire which are destructive: desire, anger and greed. Desire always hankers for something more and it drives you crazy with ambition, with plans for the future; it never allows you to be herenow. Fire has gone wrong: it has moved into dream. If your desires are not fulfilled then anger arises. Or if your desires are hindered, obstructed, then anger arises. Obstructed desire becomes anger. If somebody comes in your way, you are full of rage, violence; aggression arises. Then fire has become even more dangerous. If you are successful in your desire and you had not been obstructed then your fire becomes greed. Whatsoever you attain you hoard; you become a hoarder, you go on hoarding.

These three wrong uses of fire create the ego. The more desires you have, the more you can possess, the more anger you have, the more egoistic you are.

Buddha says this is how people are always destroyed by their own energy. He is reported to have said that everybody's house is on fire. He has said that for his whole life he has been shouting to people that their house is on fire. They should escape from it, get out of it, otherwise they will be burned. He is talking about these three fires.



These three fires can become creative too. If desire becomes desirelessness, if the dreaming mind stops and you don't move into the future, you start enjoying life in the present and you don't think of the morrow – you become the lilies in the field, as Jesus says – then the fire is no more going outwards.

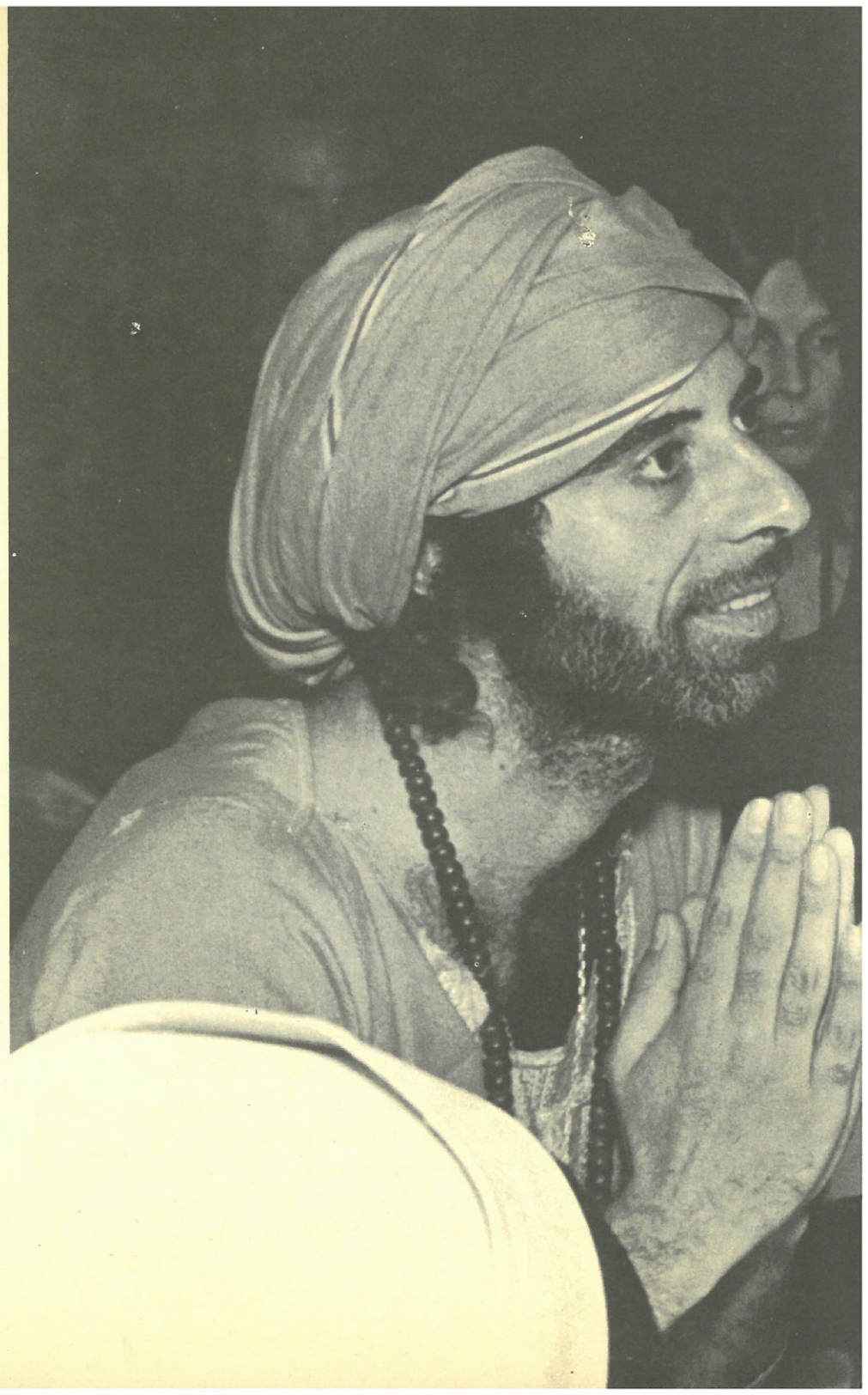
So when there is no desire there is no possibility of anger or greed. Your whole fire turns inwards and it burns the ego, it consumes the ego. That is the creative use of fire – that it should consume your ego. When the ego is consumed and fire has been absorbed inside it becomes love and at the highest point it becomes prayer.

So meditate on fire. Think of its creative ways and avoid the destructive way. It is the same energy that creates hell or heaven. The energy is not different; it is the same energy that makes an Adolf Hitler or a Gautam Buddha. Adolf Hitler is as much capable of becoming a Gautam Buddha as Gautam Buddha is capable of becoming an Adolf Hitler. The sinner and the saint are not really two phenomena; it is the one energy rightly used or wrongly used. And we have been given the same amount of energy. Life is very impartial; the only difference that happens later on is our choice.

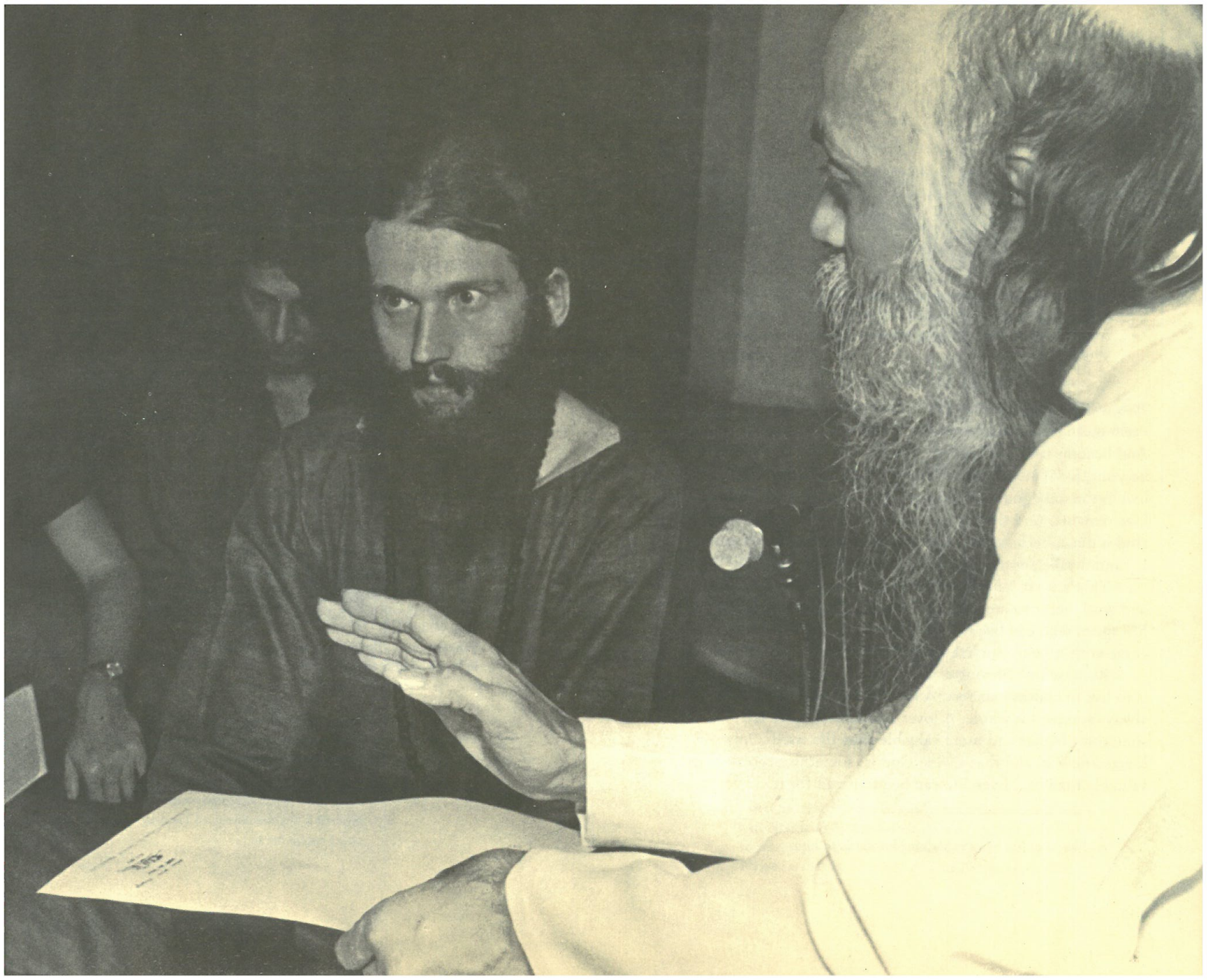
And this orange is the colour of fire. . . .



Alberto, a Uruguayan jeweller, comes to Bhagwan with his eyes flaring and a large, hungry smile. His face is lit up like the fire Bhagwan's just been speaking of.









BHAGWAN: Come here! Raise your hands, keep your eyes open, and feel like a tree in the wind. It is raining and the tree is in great joy; let the tree sway. Go with the wind and the rain, go utterly into it.

Alberto stretches his arms straight up into the air before Bhagwan, staring into his face while Bhagwan writes his name. His breathing increases and his mouth drops open . . . .

This will be your new name: Swami Prem Vihanga. Prem means love, vihanga means a bird — a love bird. And become one. Let love be your whole climate, let love be your sky. There is no other god, there has never been: love is the only god. All other gods are born and die, only love remains. And that's why in this century they say that God is dead, because love has not taken another incarnation. It cannot take another incarnation unless we invite it.

That's what I am doing here, that is my whole purpose and work here: to create people who can invite love into life again, who can live in love and take all the risks that come with it, who can live dangerously . . . .

Because to be loving is to live in danger, to be loving is to live in continuous risk. A lover is a gambler and is always staking his whole. A lover knows that there is something higher and more valuable than life itself. Only lovers know it, and that's what God is: something more valuable than life. Even life can be sacrificed for it.

As Bhagwan has been explaining his name to him

Vihanga has been gazing so adoringly into his eyes that it's hard not to believe he won't eat him up. Now Bhagwan asks him how long he'll be here. I'm yours! Vihanga replies. That's good, says Bhagwan, that I know! And Vihanga returns with his name sheet to his place.



BHAGWAN: Hello, Vineeto! When are you leaving?

*VINEETO: Tomorrow morning.*

Tomorrow morning? Where is your violin?

Vineeto is leaving for Switzerland and she has brought her violin to play tonight. Right now or at the end will do? Bhagwan asks, then, seeing she has something to say, suggests she play later (when everyone has had their audience).

Vineeto leaves the violin behind and sits down in front of him to tell her story.

*VINEETO: My mind is very tricky. Your answer to my letter got my mind really going. I asked if I could have a baby and you said I could. Then I began to think that Bhagwan is putting a responsibility on me and was I ready for it.*



Mm mm. But then why did you ask?

*VINEETO: The feeling was  
to have a baby.*

Mm mm. If you can avoid it that is very good. When people ask, they create trouble for me. If I say no then it feels as if I am hurting your motherhood. If I say yes then certainly there are going to be troubles and responsibilities and you may get into a mess. The best thing is to remain alone a little longer. First finish your work upon yourself. When you have come to a certain state where you know now nothing can disturb you, then it is perfectly good to have children. Then you will be able to help them also: you will be really mothering them.

Right now you yourself need mothering and you will be simply giving them all the diseases that you're carrying. One psychoanalyst has called the disease that parents give to children 'NDD' – neurosis, disease, depression. That's what people are going to give. You don't have anything else to give! Wait.

If you can wait it will be far better.

*VINEETO: You see, there was  
another reason I asked. Doctors say I  
shouldn't have a baby because of  
my epilepsy. They say it is not good  
to have a child because the child  
may carry the epilepsy.*

Mm mm, that is just a possibility; that is not much . . . epilepsy is not hereditary, no. That is not the big problem; but neurosis and all the confusion of your mind, that is the problem. You will be bringing up the child and you will pour all that you have into the child. First, become a little more blissful. And you *are* on the right track; things are happening. You are moving into it slowly, step by step. You will become very very cheerful; just a little patience is needed.

Epilepsy is not that much of a problem. If you can really love the child without possessiveness, if you can give the child total freedom without neglecting him, if you can understand that the child comes through you but does not belong to you – that it is God's gift – if you can be respectful to the child, then it is perfectly good . . . no problem.

But if you can wait a little it is good. If I say no then people feel hurt; if I say yes they start feeling that I am putting some responsibility on them. They don't leave any alternative for me.

If you leave an alternative for me then I will say no, wait two, three years more; there is no hurry. Either the desire will disappear, that is the best thing, or if the desire persists, by that time you will be ready, mm?



Lotar arrived two weeks ago from Germany; he is tall, bespectacled and fair-haired, dressed in orange but not up to take sannyas – at least as far as he knows. He tells Bhagwan that he would like to do groups here. What



groups have you done? Bhagwan asks, and Lotar gives a fair list . . . .

BHAGWAN: Very good! Then why are you waiting for sannyas?

*LOTAR: There is much fight in me.*

What is the problem?

*LOTAR: I think all that you say is very beautiful but when I think about to take sannyas . . .*

It is very easy to think that things are beautiful . . .

*LOTAR: I'm afraid I will have a new belief system.*

It is not a belief system at all, because I go on contradicting myself every day, every moment. You cannot create any belief system around me; it is impossible. A belief system can be created only if I am consistent. That's why I am not consistent, because I am against all belief systems. But I go on contradicting: one day I say one thing; another day I say just the opposite. How can you create a belief system? By and by you will understand the whole point of my talking. Talking is not really the main thing; something else

is important. Talking is just to keep your mind occupied so that I can work and your mind does not disturb you.

While I am talking to you that is just the outside of my work; I am continuously working on your heart. And when your mind is engaged in listening, your heart is available. If your mind is not engaged it does not allow anybody to approach your heart. It protects, it defends, it guards. I am not a philosopher; I am not trying to create a philosophy. And I am not a theologian either. So I don't have any belief system. You can believe in God; it is perfectly good. If you don't believe in God it is perfectly good. If you believe in the soul, okay; if you don't believe in the soul, okay. All types of people are here and everybody is acceptable to me. I make no conditions because I know the real work has nothing to do with belief.

In fact all beliefs are poisonous. And all beliefs kill your consciousness and destroy your awareness.

A belief system is a consolation. It is a lie but very sweet, consoling, comfortable, convenient, gives you security. Belief is not truth, never truth. Truth arises only when all beliefs are shattered.

So don't be afraid, for that reason don't be afraid. If some other reason is there, find it; otherwise for that reason there is no question of being afraid. And becoming a sannyasin will help your groups and your work here because then you will be intimate, close; otherwise you will remain an outsider. Things will happen but it will take a longer time.

But think about it. If you want to think about it, think about it. In fact there is no need to think about it because thinking can only lead you to a belief system. It is only non-thinking that can lead you beyond belief



systems. What will you think? You will think about what I am saying . . . and if it appeals to you it becomes a belief. And that's what you are saying – that what I say is beautiful. That is dangerous. Don't listen to what I say! Just listen to me . . . the unsaid me, that which cannot be said. And sannyas is an opening for that which cannot be said.

Those who are not sannyasins will only listen to my words and those who are sannyasins will listen to my being. Because it is a love affair and only in a love affair can being be transferred. If you are not a sannyasin you will remain a student here. Mm? you will learn many things, you will become more knowledgeable but you will miss the real thing. You will simply be collecting crumbs which have fallen from the table but you will not be a guest. A disciple becomes a guest. He is not worried about words; his whole concern is with the being. And what I say, *that* I am not. What I say is just a device.

When people have become ready I will stop saying anything. When it is possible to have sannyasins who can listen to my silence then I will be just sitting with them in silence. I am using words just to prepare ground for that silence. So don't be worried about my words – whether they are beautiful, logical or illogical. Don't be worried about them; they are non-essential.

So what should I do? Should I make you a sannyasin right now? Mm? Close your eyes!

Much laughter comes from the group. Lotar blinks, pauses with an uneasy frown, and leaps into the abyss.

Good. Come here!

Ah, what relief in his smile!

This will be your new name: Swami Prem Asmitam. Prem means love, asmitam means being – love being. And everything else is secondary, superficial, because nothing else can touch your innermost core. Nothing else except love can stir your being; only love penetrates. Love is like an x-ray. Everything else remains outside you. So love has to become your very style. Sit in love, walk in love, talk in love, listen in love, look in love; in short, be in love.

Asmitam means exactly what 'am-ness' means. When you say 'I am', you are using two words. 'I' is the ego, and 'am' is your real being. Ordinarily the 'I' has become more important and the 'am' has become the shadow. The I has to be dropped so that the am becomes your totality.

The English word 'am' comes from asmi: that is the Sanskrit root. Love leads to being, love is the door to being. . . And this is the beginning of a great love. After this moment you will immediately find a different attitude – in yourself, in others. You will become an insider, and things will flow easily, move easily, bloom easily.

Bhagwan gives Asmitam some groups. Much is going to happen! he says.





Wolfgang, a white-haired psychoanalyst and professor from Germany, is an old friend of Neerjo, the co-leader in Individual Primal therapy here. He comes in a neat pale-blue suit, greets Bhagwan from one side and then lands on his knees in front of him. His head is perched forward as if he may be hard of hearing, and there's an eager-to-please smile on his face as Bhagwan asks him whether he has something to say.

*WOLFGANG: I don't know if you can tell me that I am on my way. Maybe you can agree; I don't know.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm . . . There is no way! The very idea of being on a way is false. There is no way because we are not going anywhere: we are just here. The very concept of the way means that truth is distant and we have to go there so the way has to connect with us. You are already there, everybody is there; just a recognition is needed, not a journey. One has simply to see it – that one *is* God, not that one has to become God. All becoming is misery, because when you are trying to become you are always struggling. Whenever you are trying to become something that means that you are trying to become something that you are not, so there is tension, conflict. It creates neurosis, it creates schizophrenia; man becomes split.

*WOLFGANG: I see.*

So people who are on the way are all split and schizophrenic. Please don't be on any way. Just be! That is more than

enough. Just enjoy and be. God is available herenow.

So the first thing is: there is no way to be on. And the second thing – which is far more important: there is nobody to be on the way. That is just egoistic, the very idea of 'I'. So let the way disappear and the wayfarer too and then all is available. When you are not, God is.

You cannot come to that point of disappearing by effort, by travelling, by trying; trying itself is the problem. If we can leave trying and just be, paradise is herenow.

And it is time now! Leave all ways and everything and just delight moment to moment. Everything is so eternally beautiful. Where are you going and for what? Going always creates the future, so you live in tomorrow. Today goes on slipping by and tomorrow never comes.

So next time you come here . . . come so that we can take all away from you, the way and the wayfarer both. And when everything has disappeared, there is immense delight. Come again and be here for a few more days. When can you come again?

*WOLFGANG: Next year.*

So enjoy dances, meditations, and my orange people. These are the most beautiful people on the earth. Enjoy them!

*WOLFGANG: Alright!*

But they are not on the way. I distract people from their ways! (laughter)







WOLFGANG: *Very good! (laughter)*

Good . . . good!

There's much enjoyment as Wolfgang returns to his place and it's Prem Prageet's time to sit in front of Bhagwan.



BHAGWAN: Hello, Prageet! What about you?

*PRAGEET: I did the groups you asked me to do — Centering and the Anatta. It was very good but there was one thing that happened to me in Anatta.*

What happened?

*PRAGEET: We were doing an exercise to feel the chakras. The leader asked us to say 'yes' with the whole body and suddenly I felt a sensation here (Prageet indicates the sex centre). It was like a fountain, a great energy flowing.*

Mm mm, very good! Just raise your hands and go into that space, into that energy. Create that energy and if anything

happens you allow it. Krishna, come here! Just sit behind him on your knees and put your hands on his head. Feel that you are pulling his energy up. Close your eyes and pull his energy up with yours. If something starts happening in your body, allow it. Both go into it.

Krishna, sitting near the front, comes forward and follows Bhagwan's instructions. Gradually, as Prageet sits with arms raised, her hands on his head begin to quiver. Her head falls back, her mouth opens and her breathing increases as if she were in an ecstasy. Prageet's breath has also become more rapid and he looks a bit startled when Bhagwan finally calls them both back to earth . . .

Good! Good, Krishna. Mm mm.

It is there, and something beautiful is ready to explode, so when it comes next time go completely into it. Only something like madness will be helpful. If you think about it, you rationalize it, you will repress it. All rationalization is a kind of repression; reason is repression. Be thrilled by it, be shaken by it, let the whole body be possessed by it. Drop control and allow it to become your control: it controls you.

But something really good has started. Don't become afraid, don't be frightened because if you become frightened it will be stopped.

When Bhagwan asks if he is booked for more groups Prageet says that he has now started working in the stockroom.



Then you work, mm? Good. But if it comes sometimes, just allow it.

*PRAGEET: Yes. I am doing Kundalini.*

Very good. Kundalini will be helpful for it.

*PRAGEET: I felt my whole body had electricity running through it after this experience.*

Yes, it is there.

*PRAGEET: And the body starts to contract.*

Mm mm, it is exactly electricity. Go into it, mm? It will cleanse you, purify you. It is fire, but fire purifies and one becomes real, pure gold. Go into it. Good, Prageet!



The Enlightenment Intensive group is having its darshan tonight. Amida, in the front row, makes an almost imperceptible shake of her head when Bhagwan asks if she has anything to say about it. Nothing to say, of course, is always a good sign. So following the group-leader come the group members . . .

BHAGWAN: Hello, Christine! What about you?

*CHRISTINE: Oh, I don't know at all.*

What groups have you done?

*CHRISTINE: Just one, the Enlightenment Intensive.*

English Christine had come up with a little carefree bounce, bobbing her head as she sat down and shrugging her shoulders to Bhagwan's questions. When he asks her about her sannyas, her impish manner seems to express the muddle she feels . . .

*CHRISTINE: About sannyas . . . I have no idea. I'm completely confused about it — inside and out!*

Mm mm. I have never seen a person who is *completely* confused . . .

*CHRISTINE: That's how it feels.*

. . . because nothing is ever complete!

*CHRISTINE: Well, confused.*



Mm, just confused. That will disappear . . . and sannyas will help to make it disappear.

*CHRISTINE: I feel a lot of blackness about me . . . a lot of blackness and negativity.*

Nothing to be worried about; they are natural. They are there and sannyas is the method to bring you out of them. So don't wait and think that when confusion and blackness and negativity are gone, then you will take sannyas; then there will be no need.

It is as if a person goes to the doctor and says, 'Right now I am ill so I will not take the medicine.'

*CHRISTINE: How does it help?*

When one takes the medicine one knows!  
Mm, take it! Close your eyes!

There's lots of laughter, enjoying Christine's neat seduction!

Good . . . come here.

She abruptly flicks back a strand of her long hair to make way for the mala.

This is a really big dose!

This will be your name: Ma Prem Puja.

Prem means love, puja means worship – love is worship. . . .

If you love you are worshipping God, and to whomsoever you give love, it always goes to God. Love reaches him: pour it anywhere and it reaches him. There is no need to go to the temple or to the church or to the mosque. Wherever your heart is full of love and you are pouring it out, it reaches to God; it cannot go anywhere else.

Just as rivers go on floating, moving towards the ocean, love goes on moving towards God because God is the source of love and everything moves back to its source. So it is love that joins you, bridges you with God.

*PREM PUJA: Thank you, Bhagwan.*

Good! And it will happen . . . tomorrow morning you will see! (laughter)



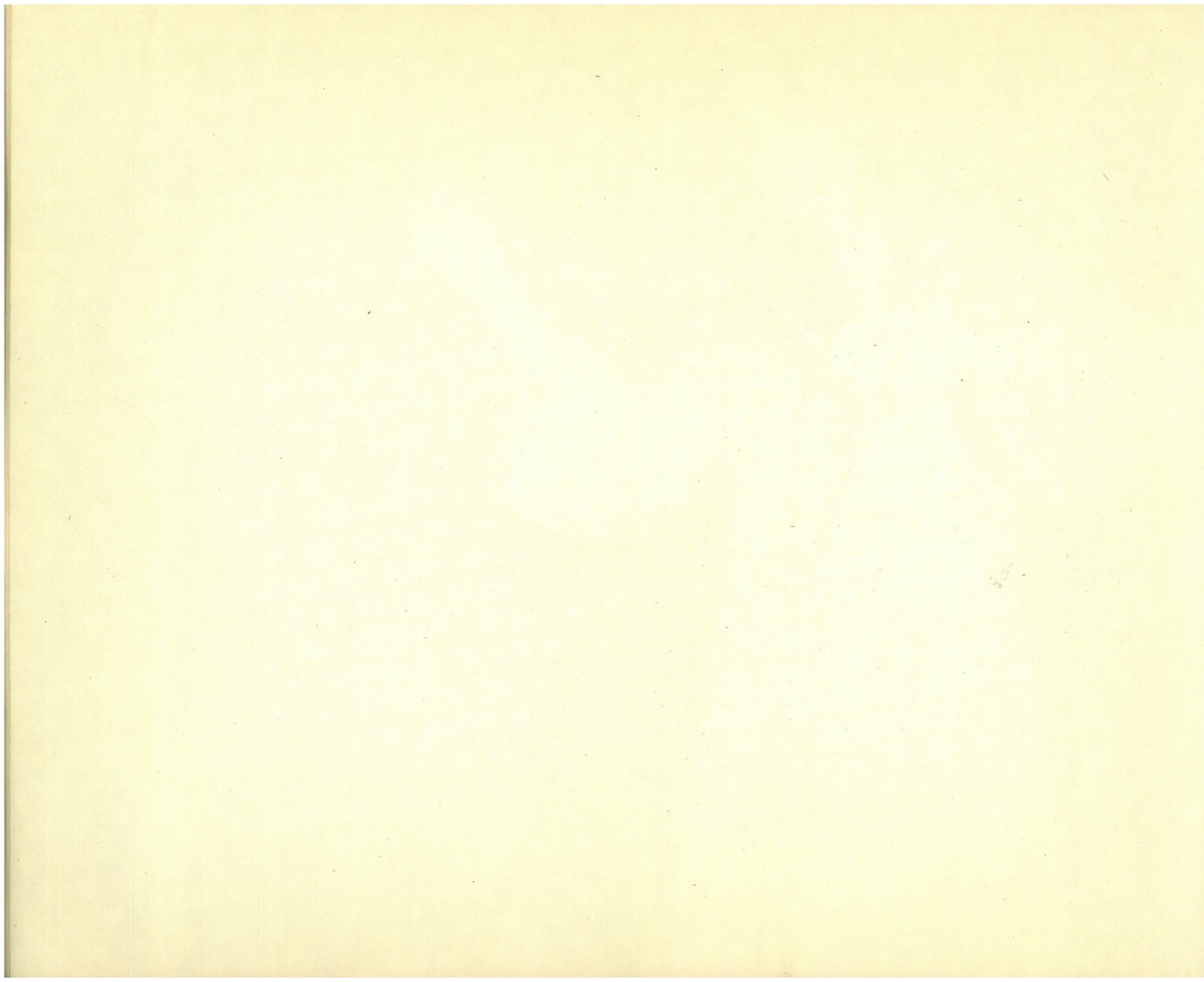
The meetings with Bhagwan are over but for Vineeto's violin. She stands to one side and plays sweet music that immediately takes me into the highlands of my inner world. Unexpectedly brief though, and all at once Bhagwan is gesturing us farewell and is gone.





The auditorium empties slowly; I am still captivated by the last drifts of music and whiffs of Bhagwan; and – shifting on my haunches to get up – the way the lamplight is tucked secretly amongst the ferns beyond the pillars. Darshan is over and the rain has stopped.







## Thursday 17

There aren't any Westerners taking sannyas tonight, so darshan commences with a stream of eleven Indians coming forward one after another in fairly quick succession, to be sannyyased.

The first man flings himself forward rather violently and rocks his head back and forth on Bhagwan's feet. I involuntarily wince and Shiva and Laxmi gently haul him back into a sitting position. He closes his eyes at Bhagwan's gentle bidding, and sits, hands folded in a prayer position while his name is written out. As Bhagwan hands him his name, he stares at him wildly and I hope he isn't going to lunge forward again. Bhagwan seems so fragile, so totally at the mercy of our unrefined energies!



Maneeshi follows after the last of the Indians. He is going back to England and feels some concern about it. When he arrived at the ashram in September, he told Bhagwan he's been experiencing some scary spaces

since doing daily vipassana in the West. He found it so disconcerting that he'd finally stopped meditating. Bhagwan said that things were going well but that he'd missed a beautiful opportunity. He went on to say that here Maneeshi should recommence meditating and allow that space to happen. . . .

*MANEESHI: The one worry I have about going back is that I'll fall into the spaces I was in last time, when I thought I was going crazy.*

BHAGWAN: Last time back home, something happened?

*MANEESHI: Yes.*

Exactly what was happening?

*MANEESHI: It was just a sensation that was building up in the top of my head. I would feel as if I were dissolving and I felt very spaced out.*

*It didn't bother me in the beginning, and then one time when I wasn't meditating it happened spontaneously.*

*It just seemed to open me. I felt a very new sensation: it was as if I were dissolving.*

*As I told you when I got back,*



*I stopped meditating to try and get myself together.*

*I really thought I was going crazy at the time, and you told me to go on meditating.*

Mm mm. And you have been meditating here?

*MANEESHI: Yes.*

And how are things?

*MANEESHI: I've felt very similar sensations have come but they haven't been as intense.*

Just come a little closer. Keep your hands this way, closer to me, close your eyes, and if something starts happening in the body, allow it.

Maneeshi's hands are held palms facing Bhagwan. A sannyasin in the front row has been motioned forward, Bhagwan telling her to pour her love energy into Maneeshi from where she is standing behind him. Now Bhagwan leans forward and touches Maneeshi's left hand with his finger, slowly slowly pushing Maneeshi's hand backwards. Bhagwan is very close to me, his white-gowned arm only a foot away. I gaze at his slender wrist, the little hairs on it,

take a peek up the opening of his sleeve, then at his shiny bald pate, the mass of grey-white beard, the exquisitely slender finger making contact with Maneeshi. My eyes greedily absorb every thing and I have a recognition that I am constantly doing this — taking in the minutest detail about Bhagwan as if to imprint him in not only my mind but in my blood, my bones, my skin. I find myself involuntarily falling into the habit I've adopted in darshan, of imagining with my incoming breath that I am breathing in Bhagwan, and breathing myself out on expiration.

Resurfacing, I discover that Bhagwan is now touching Maneeshi's right hand and slowly pushing it away. Then he touches his third eye and gazes intently at Maneeshi's closed eyes. Maneeshi has sat perfectly still all the while.

Good, mm? Come back.

It is not anything like craziness but it will appear like craziness. Something is opening up, something is dropping, something is changing, and the energy is moving in the right direction. There is nothing to be afraid of, but in the West there can be some trouble because you will be alone and you need a very supportive atmosphere at this moment.

*MANEESHI: Yes. As far as this is concerned I'm alone wherever I am, you know. I really feel that way.*

But continue meditating; it will settle. Meditate some time in the night and then go to sleep so by the morning you



will not feel anything. But stopping meditation won't be good; you will miss some great opportunity, and such opportunities come only once in a while. If you miss it this time it may take years for you to come back to it. It is not good to miss it.

You can meditate in the night and then go to sleep. After meditation take a good shower and then go to sleep. By the morning you will not feel anything, you will be absolutely normal. And it is not anything that is bad, no. It is *really* beautiful but it is dangerous in a way, mm? because you will be changing so fast that you will not be able to cope with it; the change will be too much. Sometimes it can be in such jumps and leaps that you cannot cope with it.

That is the whole purpose here: to create a commune, to create a supportive atmosphere, to create thousands of sannyasins, to create an alternative world where these things will be accepted as not being crazy. But if you are somewhere where people are not alert about what is happening to you, if something happens and a psychiatrist is called, he will say you are insane or you are going insane and that you need immediate hospitalization.

So if some problem arises come back immediately rather than finding any solution there. You will not find any solution. The Western psychiatry is still unaware of meditative spaces. It has not yet grown up that much; it is very very immature. It knows only the normal man and the below normal. In fact it does not know even the absolutely normal man; it knows more the below normal — the insane, the crazy, the split, the schizophrenic. It knows the pathological possibilities.

The normal man it can understand but beyond the normal is incomprehensible. For the beyond they have no word. They call the madman and the saint abnormal; they are put into the same category. Jesus is as abnormal as mad people, because mad people hear voices and Jesus also hears voices, so both are in the same category.

If you feel that something is becoming too much and you cannot cope with it, come back. But continue to meditate; it is not right to stop.

*MANEESHI: Certainly, the way it was before, in the moments when it came too much I couldn't have done anything. It was all I could do to sit in a chair.*

Yes, you can sit in a chair or lie down. And you will always find it good if you lie down in a tub bath, mm? — that will be very helpful. Just lie down in lukewarm water. It will be relaxing, and it will be good. But nothing to be afraid of, mm? Good, Maneeshi!



Veeten, formerly British actor Terence Stamp, has been to the ashram for a brief visit. He looks more approachable, softer, and is sporting a trim moustache. This is both his arriving and leaving darshan. . . .

BHAGWAN: Hello, Veeten! How are you?



*VEETEN: Fine!*

Something to say to me?

*VEETEN: No, just...*

When are you leaving?

*VEETEN: Sunday.*

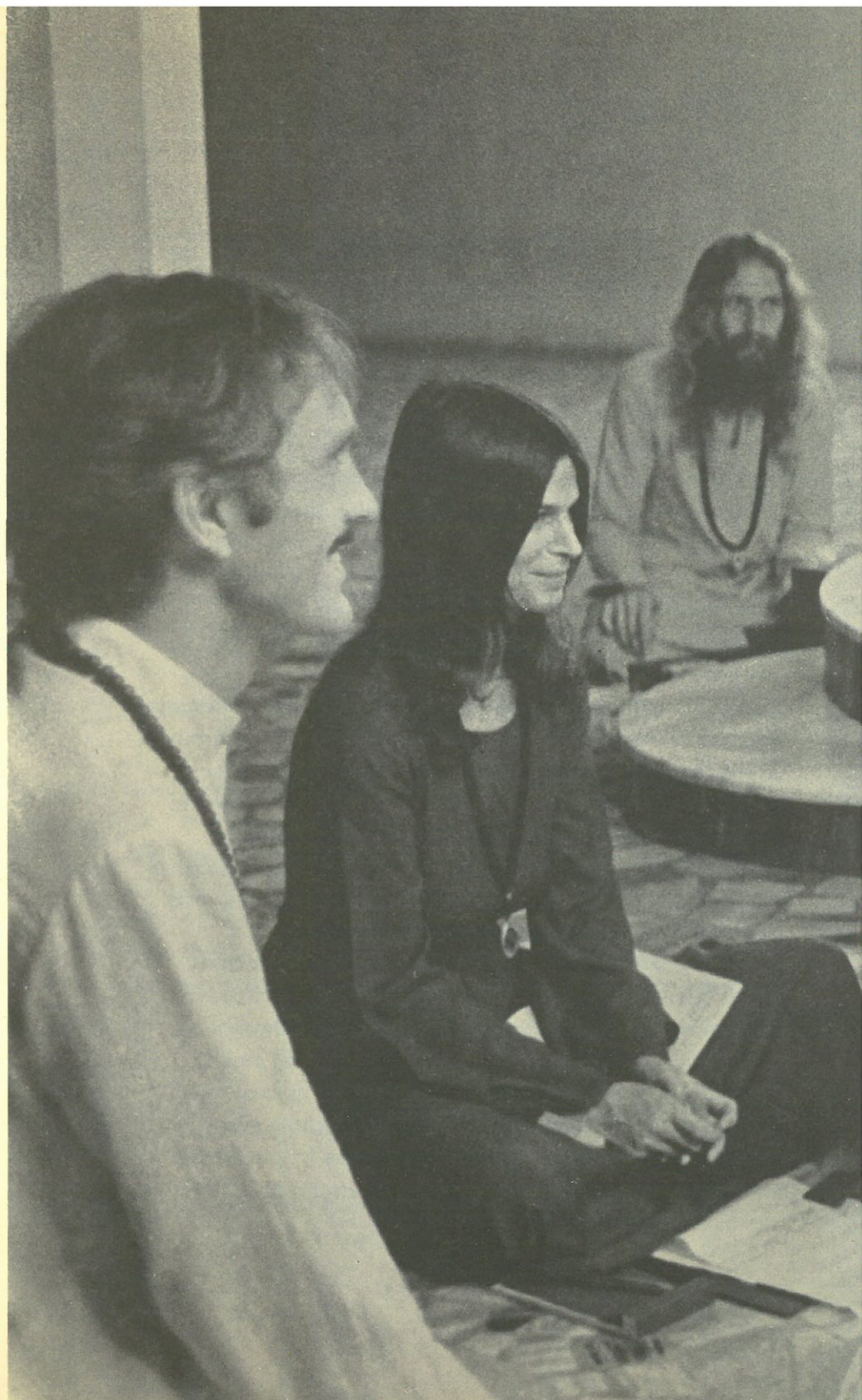
And when will you be back?

*VEETEN: I don't know — I'm just going to see...*

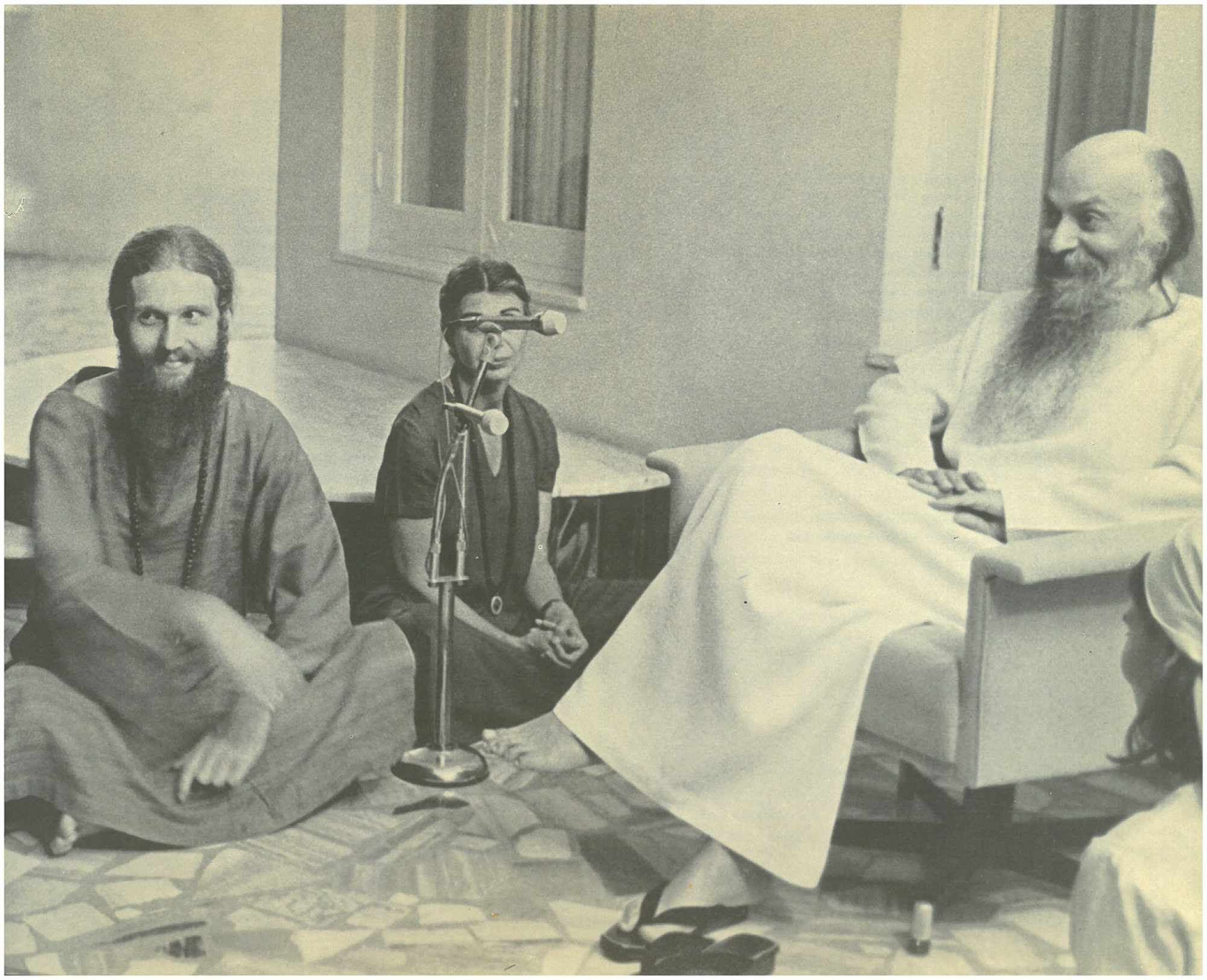
Whenever you feel like it, mm? Things are going well so just float with things. Nothing to say?

To understand the import of the following statement, it is necessary to be acquainted with the joke Bhagwan told at the discourse last week. It was perhaps the boldest one yet and had people rolling about with laughter even as Bhagwan, grinning broadly, left the auditorium and was driven the half circuit of the auditorium on his way back to Lao Tzu House.

One can't hope to capture the way the joke was told by the master joker himself, but it went something like this:









A flea rang up an accommodation bureau seeking somewhere to live. The vacancy available was the armpit of a Pole. The flea tried it but after a day or so rang the bureau and said it was too hot and noisy. We have another place available, was the reply – Onar Shanif's moustache. The flea was accordingly ensconced in the famous moustache but after a week found the oysters and champagne too much.

This time the bureau came up with something very special – Raquel Welk's pubes. The flea, giddy with anticipation, moved to his new abode. After two weeks he was on the phone again. 'What is wrong?' the bureau asked, 'Don't you like your new home?' 'Yes, it was fine for the first week . . . but now I'm back on Onar Shanif's moustache!'

Veeten pauses so as not to spoil his punch line, then solemnly pronounces in his finely-articulated actor's voice. . . .

*VEETEN: Raquel Welk doesn't have any pubic hair.*

(chuckling) That's very good! Mm, so you are the Onar?!

*VEETEN: Onar and I!*

And you have grown the moustache!

*VEETEN: Sure!*

As people in the group 'get it' there are pockets of giggling that spasmodically break forth throughout the rest of the interchange. Bhagwan grins hugely.

Very good! That's good, Veeten! (laughter)  
Come back whenever you can come!



Amit Prabhu, from California, is on her first visit to Bhagwan. She describes her work as a therapist as being that of mind cleansing and emotional release, and I study her curiously as she sits down near me, trying to 'feel' her.

Bhagwan suggests she take part in some groups here and then lead some. First do Body Awareness he says, then Centering and Massage followed by Tantra – these four.

Amit Prabhu blanches at the mention of the last.

*AMIT PRABHU: Tantra?*

She is visibly disturbed.

**BHAGWAN:** Tantra.



*AMIT PRABHU: I'm with Setu and  
I don't want to do it without . . .  
I don't want to be in Tantra because  
I'm with Setu. What do you think?*

Bhagwan looks down at his list for a long time,  
then says very casually . . . .

It would be very very helpful and liberating but if you feel  
that some conflict or some problem will arise, mm? . . .

*AMIT PRABHU: Yes, I feel a lot of  
conflict about that, because my  
relationship with him is very very  
important to me.*

Mm mm, then don't do it. The third group you can do is  
Intensive Enlightenment. But some time think of doing it;  
it will be of great help. Because so much fear about the  
relationship is not good.

*AMIT PRABHU: Yes, I agree.*

Because that means the relationship is not really deep,  
otherwise why fear? Fear arises only because the relationship  
is so-so; there is always danger that small things may  
disturb it.

*AMIT PRABHU: I don't think it's a  
small thing!*

It is small. All things are small.

Amit Prabhu's face flushes now with incredulity.

*AMIT PRABHU: To have sex with  
other people is small?*

That is not the question . . . that is not the question. Just  
the mind attitude, the possessive attitude. We go on limiting  
ourselves to persons and that creates thousands of difficulties.  
One should be more and more relaxed. One should be in love  
always but should not be attached too much to persons;  
otherwise love will create misery rather than blissfulness.

Bhagwan goes on to say that a monogamous  
relationship without a few casual encounters  
here and there is boring.

*AMIT PRABHU: Well, I'm not bored!*

Everybody says that! If you ask anybody, nobody will say  
that he is bored, because to say that you are bored will  
start creating the difficulty; the husband will take revenge:  
you are saying you are bored? And he is also not saying



that he is bored. I am not saying that you are . . . .  
This is how it goes on.

No marriage remains a fantastic experience beyond a few days. It becomes dull, becomes settled. The honeymoon is finished sooner or later; then it is just a security, a comfort, a convenience. It is a thousand things but not the far-out experience.

And I am not saying to drop out of the relationship; what I am saying is that the way you are taking it, it cannot continue for long. In fact I can help it to continue for a long time but my approach is that one should be flowing and at ease and one should not be so obsessed. One should not say 'I will breathe only when I am with you.' You have to breathe even when you are not with your lover and you have to be loving even when you are not with your lover.

If you feel things are going well, just continue, mm? but before you leave if you can gather courage, both of you, it will be of great experience. But right now no need to do it.

*AMIT PRABHU: We're not married.*

I'm not talking about laws and courts. You *look* married!

*AMIT PRABHU: I've been married  
twice before and divorced twice;  
I know what you're talking about.*

(smiling) Anything else?

*AMIT PRABHU: No, except I feel  
a lot of gratitude for being here with  
you.*

I know. Good, Prabhu . . . good!

*AMIT PRABHU: Thank you very much.*

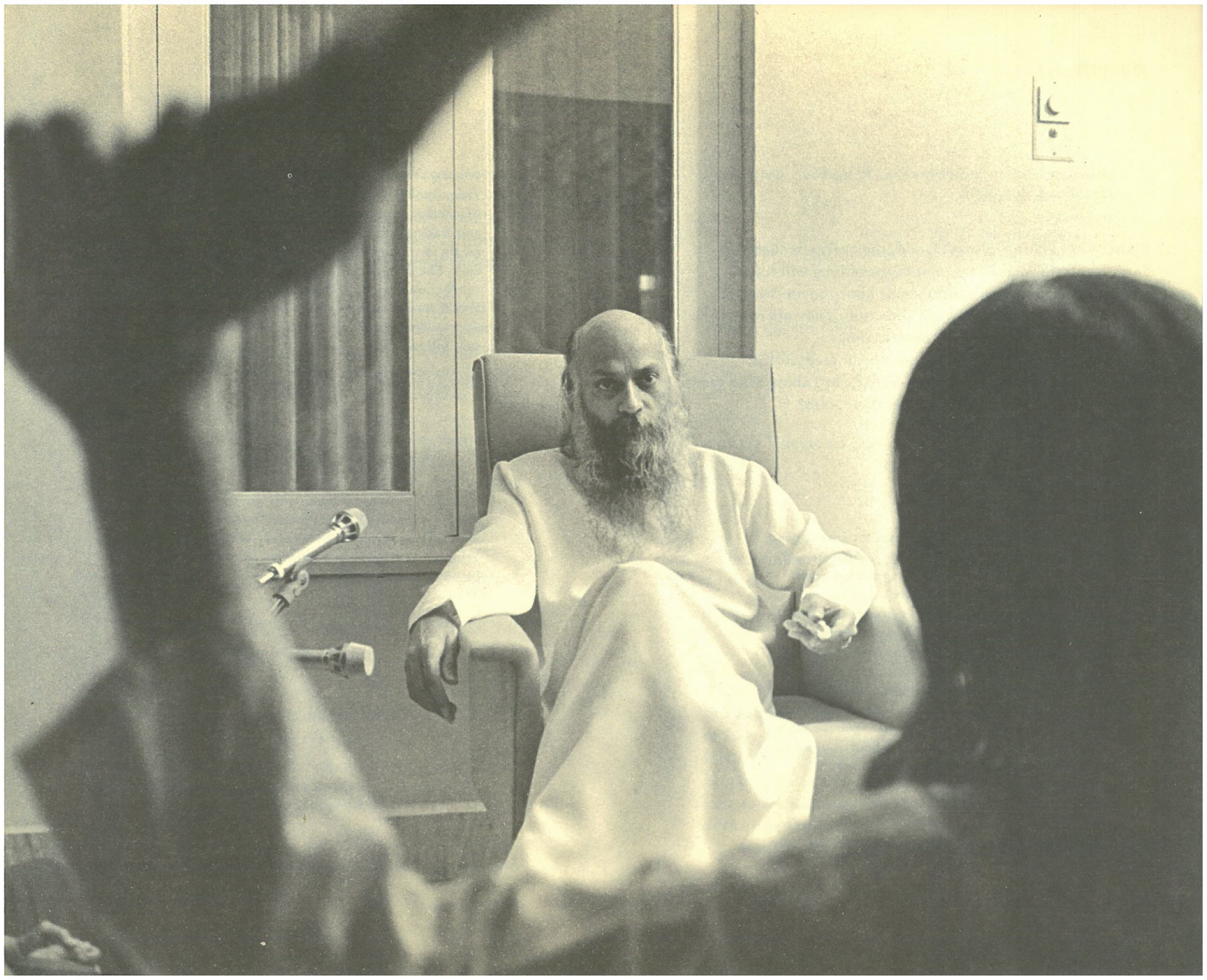
Setu is called up now. So, here comes the husband! says Bhagwan in greeting, and we all laugh. Setu is a handsome-looking man, described on the darshan list as being an ice-cream vendor! He asks Bhagwan for groups. Bhagwan suggests some (omitting any mention of Tantra) and tells Setu to meditate here, to mix with people. Forget the world for these three months, Bhagwan says. Let me be your whole world so much can be done.



Sopan has just come back from Japan. Meera has spent a good deal of time in the West but still retains her Japanese shyness, and keeps her eyes to the floor as she tells Bhagwan what Sopan is saying. Since he started to meditate, Meera says, the inner eye has changed. He finds that it judges him a lot, and he asks what is happening in him.

Bhagwan beckons Sopan closer and shines the torch straight into his right, then his left eye. Sopan begins to jerk backwards and I move in behind to catch him.







He almost falls but then checks himself, regains control and sits upright.

BHAGWAN: Good, Sopan! Good, the energy is changing; don't be afraid. Within one month everything will settle. Remind me again after Tantra about how you are feeling. Your eyes are going in the right direction. They are moving upwards and that's how they need to move.

Your mini-satori is very close, so get ready for it! (laughter) And Sudha (the group-leader), in Tantra, take care of him. His mini-satori may happen there, mm? Good, Sopan! Good, Meera!



Mobuko has been around the ashram for a week or so, and tonight is her first darshan. She is Japanese and I think, a little crazy. It seems Bhagwan has heard tales of her through Laxmi, for he greets her with affectionate familiarity. Mobuko sits down, trying to behave demurely, but her body almost involuntarily keeps moving about. How are you? asks Bhagwan, beaming. Mobuko, eyes to the floor, says politely, Fine, thank you. She seems to be unconsciously parodying the typical subservient Japanese woman and we all find ourselves enjoying her. You are more than fine! declares Bhagwan. What about your sannyas? Yes! she whispers, her body wriggling about.

Mm! That is what happens when one is more than fine! returns Bhagwan. Close your eyes! She does so, her hands making exotic patterns in the air, her body

twisting this way and that, but very gently, non-violently. She touches Bhagwan's feet. He says, Come here, come here, and she responds literally – rising and making as if to hug Bhagwan. He chuckles and gently moves her away from him. Shiva assists Mobuko back. She sits, looking quite vacant, spaced out, and is totally non-resistant. Bhagwan gives her the name Parijat, and she echoes the word in the voice of a sleepwalker. As she moves away Bhagwan's smiling eyes follow her.

He has a tender spot for Bauls!



Ronny, American, perhaps in his late twenties and already dressed in orange, comes up. He has short hair, is clean shaven and I mentally label him as being an Arican. He tells Bhagwan he can be here for some time.

*RONNY: I don't understand why I have so much trouble in my life.*

BHAGWAN: What trouble?

*RONNY: Everything seems so difficult sometimes – relationships, my health, my path in life.*

Mm mm. Become a sannyasin and things will change! By



becoming a sannyasin you will die to your old past. There is no need to carry it; you can start afresh. Why not start your life anew, from abc? This loaded life is not good. Erase it completely, make it discontinuous with the past. Let this be your birthday and start again. It is always good to start afresh.

What you have been doing up to now is just trying to renovate the old ruin. It is better to demolish it and start a new building. Renovation never helps much: it is just patching up here and there, making one support on this side and another support on another side. The whole time one is engaged in supporting an old building.

I don't think that you have anything wrong that is unique to you; everybody passes through trouble.

*RONNY: How do I start?*

Become a sannyasin! Is there any difficulty in becoming a sannyasin?

*RONNY: Yes.*

Now *that* you are creating! You must be creating your difficulties. What is the difficulty?

*RONNY: I'm very afraid to say this to you.*

What is the difficulty?

*RONNY: Yes. I read your articles on homosexuality . . . I feel separate from you because of that . . .*

What is the trouble?

*RONNY: . . . and I don't want to.*

You are a homosexual?

*RONNY: Oh, yes.*

So be a homosexual. Nothing is a problem! But . . .

*RONNY: I felt the article condemned me.*

No, no, not at all . . . not at all. I never condemn anybody. But homosexuality creates a few troubles; those you have to face. That's all I say. Condemnation is not the question. If somebody wants to run on only one leg I am perfectly happy: walk on one leg! But it will be difficult, you will have to suffer some difficulties. Then don't say why are difficulties there.

Homosexuality will have its own kinds of difficulties.



I am not saying that there are no difficulties in heterosexuality. It has its own kind of difficulties but they are far better; it has far better difficulties.

Ronny immediately looks down and I sense his disagreement.

But I am not saying to become a heterosexual or anything. I am not at all interested in your sex. That is your private thing: you can be whatsoever you want to be. But then remember that with every packet a few difficulties come. Homosexuality brings a few difficulties.

It is not natural . . . or do you think it is natural?

Bhagwan observes Ronny's obvious difference of opinion.

Mm? you think it is natural? Then your difficulties are natural. Why do you want to get out of difficulties – they are natural!

Homosexuality is *not* natural. It is unproductive, uncreative, and it is a meeting of the same kind of energies.

Ronny looks down at the floor again, drawing his breath in sharply as if that remark really hurt. What he doesn't know is that only a few months ago when Divyananda, another homosexual (who, incidentally is living in the ashram now with his male companion), expressed guilt about his continued relationship with a man,

Bhagwan reassured him, saying that nothing was wrong with homosexuality. It is natural, he said. If it happens then it is natural!

When the same kind of energies meet, the meeting cannot go very deep. These are the problems. I am not condemning it at all but if somebody wants to know about it then the problems are there.

I simply show what the problems are. If you want to go through the wall, I am not against it. I say, 'I bless you, go.' But if you are hit it is your responsibility. If you break your head don't ask why I blessed you.

Just to make you alert I say what the problems are. There are many homosexuals amongst my sannyasins. They have decided to be homosexual; then it is okay. If they choose that difficulty it is perfectly good. It is not *my* problem; why should I condemn it? Who am I to condemn and for what? It is your problem.

If somebody wants to stand on his head it is his problem! But you will have a few difficulties if you stand on your head. Sooner or later the delicate tissues in the brain will be destroyed; you will become stupid. You will not find any yogi very intelligent. A man who stands on his head is sooner or later going to become stupid because too much blood will be passing through the brain; the brain cannot tolerate that much of a flood. That's why you need a pillow in the night. Without a pillow you cannot sleep because too much blood is passing through the head; it will not allow you to rest and relax. A pillow is needed so that not too much blood goes to the head. If you want to sleep without a pillow I am not condemning you, but you will have some



difficulties in your sleep; you will have nightmares.

I simply make you aware. It is for you to choose to be homosexual or not. But then who is going to suffer the difficulties that will come?

And you ask me why you have suffered so many difficulties. Why have you asked why your relationships are not good? Now you are the cause of it. And not only that: you are very stubborn it seems. You think that you already know everything: you know what is right and what is wrong; then you will suffer! You are too knowledgeable. You are not even humble enough to learn anything. Then it is your choice; you will be miserable, you will create hell in your life . . . . And I can bless you even for that! Create hell, create it skilfully so you have a bigger hell than anybody else. But that is *your* choice.

Always remember that I am not condemning anything. I simply say that this is the situation: if you choose it this will be the consequence. If you are ready for the consequence then it is perfectly good: you can remain homosexual.

Or if you are even more adventurous you can have sex with animals; that too is natural!

I half-laugh and register some surprise at the strength of Bhagwan's words. He's giving this man the kind of energy usually reserved for sannyasins!

But then you will have problems. A man who has sex with buffaloes will have problems: he will become a buffalo sooner or later. But if somebody wants to be a buffalo, I am not against buffaloes; they are good people.

Do a few groups first. I will not give you sannyas. Even if you are ready to take it I will not give it to you right now because stubborn people I don't like very much.

*RONNY: I come to you humbly,  
I really do.*

I look at Ronny, and believe it.

Mm! then something is possible. Then these ideas . . .

*RONNY: I have been stubborn  
but I really do come to you humbly.*

Then become a sannyasin right now!

*RONNY: I don't feel . . .*

Then what is the humbleness and where is the humbleness? You are just using a word; you don't know the meaning of it. Do a few groups, mm? — they will make you . . .

*RONNY: I want to.*

Have you done any groups before?



*RONNY: In the United States?  
I've done Primal.*

How was it?

*RONNY: Fantastic . . .*

Very good!

*RONNY: . . . and maybe I need more.*

Mm mm. You have not done anything else?

*RONNY: Living Love.*

That's good.

*RONNY: And Arica.*

Do a few groups here and start meditating. And don't be in a hurry. Things will settle.

*RONNY: I really do want to trust  
you . . .*

It will happen! Just wait a little, mm? — it will happen.

Bhagwan's voice has become very soft, very tender.

It is going to happen, that's why I am so hard on you. When I love a person, I am hard. I would like to help you in every way. Just wait; do a few groups, mm? Good!

At the 'when I love a person' Ronny swallows. He walks back to his place close to tears and I fancy next time he's in front of Bhagwan it will be to surrender.



The Tantra group is here tonight. Remember how a few nights ago Santosh, leader of the Hypnotherapy group, said he felt there had been some evil in his group? Sudha had a similar experience in her group!

BHAGWAN: Mm, Sudha, anything about the group?

*SUDHA: I wrote you a letter about it. I don't know if it was a collective thing or if it was individuals, but there was an energy in the group that kept pulling down. So no matter how much positive energy, love energy, was there, it kept disappearing into a black hole. It kept happening over and over again. I was very sceptical about it, but by the third day I had to acknowledge it.*



*I thought it was individual negativity  
but it didn't seem that way. It seemed  
to be bigger. I got scared at one point,  
it got spooky at one point.*

Mm! And whom did you suspect individually?

*SUDHA: Well, there were two people.  
One of them is not here; he didn't  
get in. The other was Shruti . . .*

Where is Shruti? Come here, Shruti!

Shruti comes forward from her place in the second row.  
She doesn't look like a witch but then I've never seen  
a witch!

Just raise your hands, close your eyes, and if anything  
happens in your body you allow it, so that I can feel where  
the energy is.

Shruti's energy ripples innocuously through her body  
and Bhagwan pronounces her not guilty.

Good, Shruti! (to Sudha) No, no, nothing is the problem  
with her; she has nothing to do with it, mm? It can be  
collective; there is more possibility of its being collective.

Sometimes it can happen – not that anybody is doing  
anything . . . .

For example, it can happen only if all the people have  
the same kind of energy; then it can happen. A polarity is  
needed, two types of people are needed to keep the group  
going high, mm? because it is a very dialectical process.  
The group was of a homosexual energy, that's why it  
happened. People were not very polar opposite; they were  
all alike. So you tried to make the energy but it dispersed  
because it needed the opposite to support it.

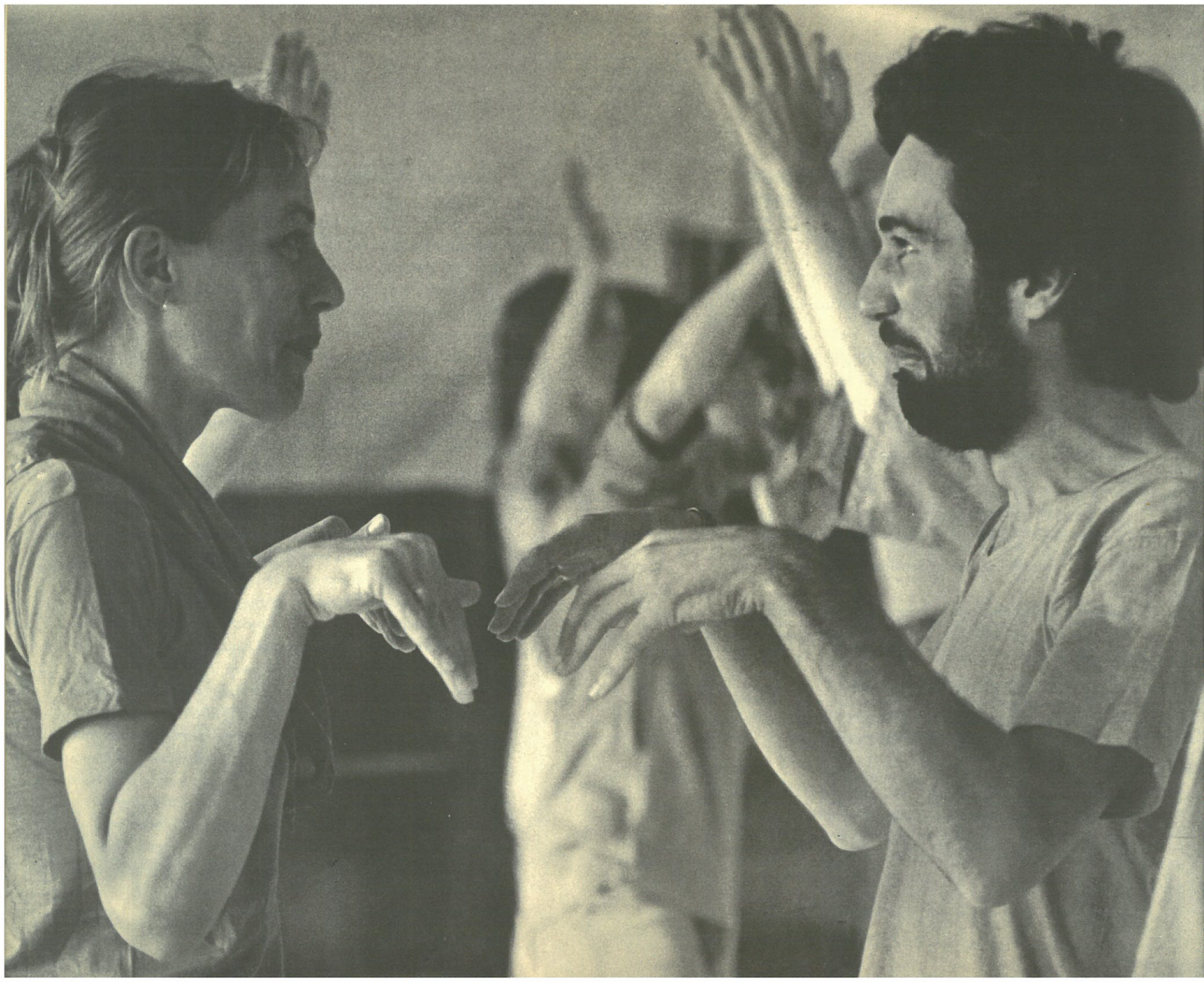
There was no black hole and there was no evil force,  
nothing spooky. It was just one kind of energy. It is just as  
you make an arch on the doorway: you put half the bricks  
against the other half. Then they support each other, they  
become very strong. If all the bricks are put in one way,  
in one direction, the building will fall.

So you had a group – accidentally, because sometimes  
it will happen. . . It is very difficult to arrange it, but  
sometimes it will happen, once in a while, that people  
will be of the same kind of energy. So you can force,  
you can create something, but by the time it is created  
it will simply flop, it will simply disappear.

The opposite is needed to keep it alive and to keep it  
going. That's why the whole of life depends on opposites.  
Electricity depends on negative and positive, human energy  
on men and women. Even a country, to remain alive, needs  
two political parties opposed to each other; then it remains  
alive. If there is only one political party the country becomes  
dull and monotonous; it loses all joy, it becomes grey.

So nothing was wrong. And always remember: it will  
never happen that somebody is there who is evil; there is  
nothing like a black hole or anything, so forget about these







things. I will never send anybody who is evil, mm? — that is not possible. But this can happen sometimes — that people are of one kind of energy. Then you need to do one thing . . . . What did you try? What did you do to bring it up?

*SUDHA: Well, some of the usual structures and it seemed to be moving, but what would happen would be something like this.*

Sudha's hand moves in a line then goes up and makes another long line to suggest a plateau.

Mm mm.

*SUDHA: It was very difficult, extremely difficult. It seemed like there was a ceiling or something and nobody could get past it.*

If it happens next time and you feel it is going that way, before you start the group put all the women on one side and all the men on the other side and let them have a good fight. That's what couples do every day: before they make love they have a good fight. They nag each other and fight and then they make love. Then love comes up because the fight takes them away, puts them as far away as possible. The wife starts thinking to leave this man and the husband starts thinking about how to kill this woman. They are as far away as possible, antagonistic. They become positive

and negative again; then love is beautiful, a higher peak of love is possible.

Otherwise husbands and wives tend to become similar; you will have observed it: if a person has lived with a woman for thirty years you will find they have become alike. They become more like brother and sister rather than wife and husband. You can even see that their gestures have become similar, their voices have become similar, their expressions have become similar. Whenever you see a wife and a husband looking like sister and brother you can be certain they are bored to death . . . because who can love one's own sister? When they are too much alike all joy disappears because the polarity has gone dead; they need some conflict. If some conflict arises they become alive again.

If the husband starts looking at some woman they become alive. Again the woman is back . . . no more dull, no more sleepy. So next time allow half an hour's good fight. Then you will see that the energy comes up very easily. Try it! Good, Sudha!



Dheerasha bounces up, a huge grin sprawled over her face.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Dheerasha! How are you?

*DHEERESHA: Hello, Bhagwan!*



*I have a few things which I've been carrying with me.*

Mm mm.

*DHEERESHA: The first thing is, in meditation lately something has come up which feels very strange. You know Ma Anand Rani? I've been very close to her . . . and I completely disappeared and I was her! Dheeresha was there but with a completely different face. Then again in the Tantra group I experienced a let-go like I'd never let go before . . . as if we were children.*

Very good!

*DHEERESHA: And all I kept saying very softly but for a long long time was, 'Rani, Rani . . .'*

Good, Dheeresha!

*DHEERESHA: Then one day walking out of the lecture, I looked down and it was you! It was how you cruise out after the lecture, and you're so cute.*

Bhagwan chuckles modestly.

*DHEERESHA: I was walking and I was gone! It was you and my mind came in and it said 'No, this can't be! Stop, stop, stop!'*

Bhagwan chuckles again. He enjoys this ball of exuberance.

No, it can be!

*DHEERESHA: And then today, again, I was doing the 'boo's' in the meditation. I went up with my hand 'boo', and I came down and it was how I saw Jesus. This is how I pictured him. He came down; I didn't come down. What's going on?*

That's very good . . . beautiful experiences. Many more things will be coming, mm? Enjoy them and don't think about them; thinking can stop them. Don't think about them, enjoy them. Thinking, analysing what they are, why they are coming, for what, what is the meaning, purpose, will destroy the whole beauty. Let them come. They will come and they will disappear. And when they have come and they have all disappeared you will become conscious for the first time.

This is your unconscious throwing itself out, this is your unconscious unburdening itself. These are beautiful



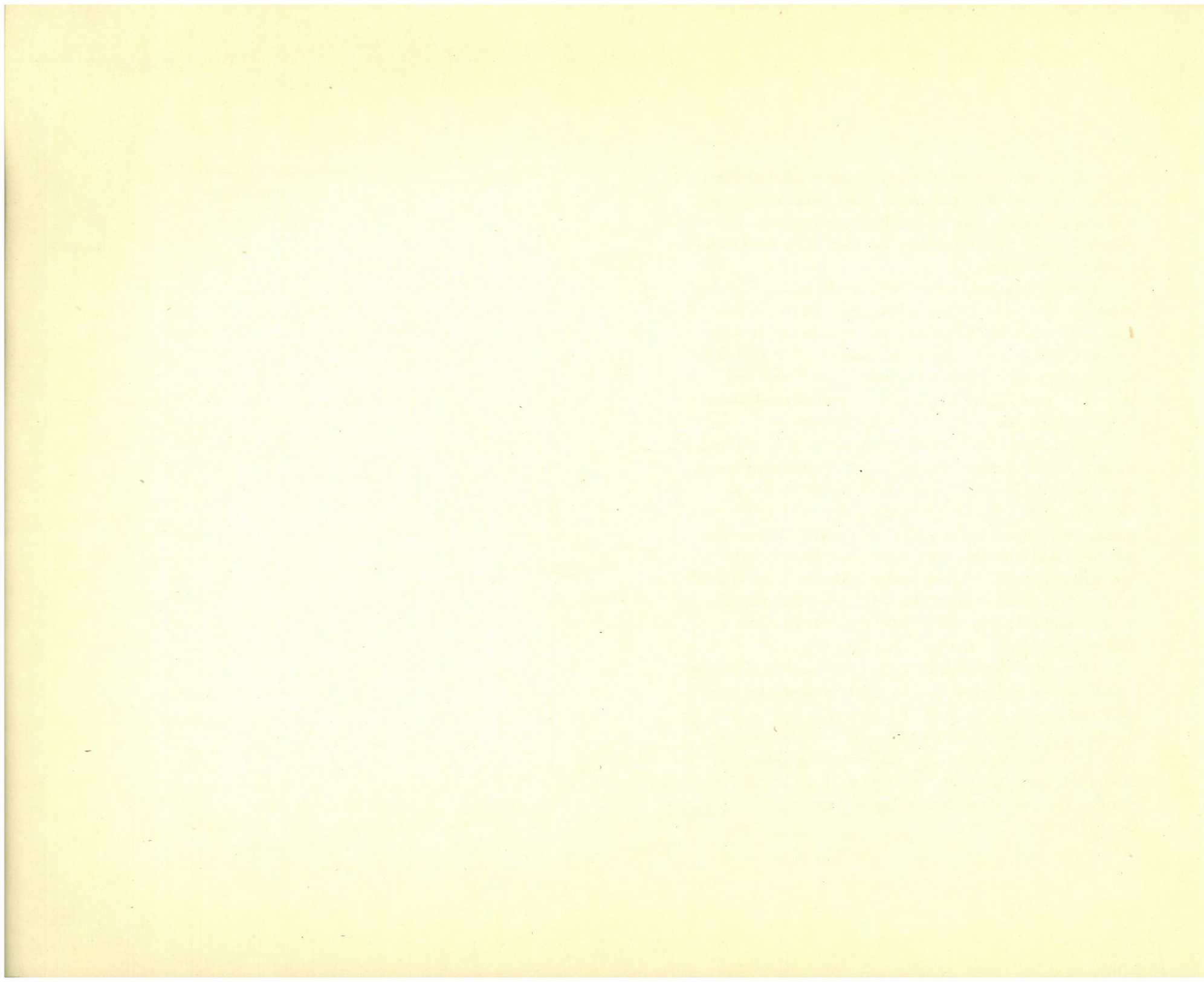
experiences coming from the deep unconscious. But don't analyse them and don't talk about them, otherwise people will give explanations and if you have explanations you will stop them. Accept them as they are; there is no need to find any reason for them.

Somebody asked Picasso, 'What is the meaning of this painting?' And he said, 'But nobody asks the rose flower what is its meaning, and nobody asks the river what is its meaning, so why am *I* supposed to answer?' And I think he is right. If a rosebush is free to create a rose flower and there is no need to give any answer to anybody, a Picasso should be free. His painting is his rose flower.

These are your roses that are coming to you. Just enjoy them, dance with them, sing them, but don't analyse them, don't bring the head in, because these are heart things. Once the head comes in, it is very destructive. Logic is murderous. Something beautiful is happening. These things will come and will come with more force. Mm? sometimes you will be completely gone, you will not be there: you will become that which is there. But this is beautiful, this is what is called empathy. If you love a person you can become that person in a deep moment, in a deep space.

Help, cooperate with these experiences. By and by they will disappear, and when they have gone you will find a very great clarity, a crystal clarity. You can see into your own depth, you can see to the very bottom, because once all these things are released there will be nothing like a hindrance, an obstruction. This is good: it is a process of purification. Just allow these things to happen.  
Good, Dheerasha!







## Friday 18

Jan, a graphic designer from Austria, has just been transformed into Veet Ateet – beyond the past. Bhagwan suggests he take part in some groups then asks if he has anything to say. . . .

*VEET ATEET: I don't know exactly why I came here, but I have an idea.*

BHAGWAN: Tell me.

*VEET ATEET: I started working in a group in April of this year and I came to find that I was too afraid to take the next step where I was living in Vienna because everybody was there – my family, my friends. So one day the idea came that I should go somewhere else to take this step.*

Right.

*VEET ATEET: And I have the feeling that perhaps I can do it here.*

Yes, it is going to happen. You cannot *do* it; it can only happen. Just as you have left your family behind, leave yourself behind too . . . because you are your family. You have been put together by your family: the mother, the father, the brother, the sister, the teacher – the whole milieu. It is very easy to leave the milieu but you are put together by the milieu itself, so in a subtle way you go on carrying it. You cannot do that step; that step happens. When you are not then it happens. This is the greatest secret to understand. I call it the open secret. It is there, very obvious, yet people don't see it, so I call it open and secret.

Whatever you do will be done by the past. You are your past and whatever is done by the past will be a continuity of the past. It can never be new, it will be always old. It will never be original. It will always remain dusty, dull, dead, it will come out of the dead; it cannot be alive. And the new happens only when you have understood this – that you cannot do anything because you are your past.

So all that you can do is only negative. By negative I mean don't hinder it when it happens. That much you can do, that's all that a man can do: not hinder when it happens. When it is coming don't close your doors. When it is coming let it come, when it is happening let it happen.

And you have done right in coming here. It will be easier to accept here, it will be easier to allow. And after sannyas things start changing because then you are not alone;







I am also involved with you. That is the meaning of sannyas: I become involved with your life energy; your hand is in my hand. Sometimes when you want to escape you cannot, sometimes when you would like to go to the past you cannot; I am holding your hand. Sometimes when the fear of the future arises, because the new always creates fear, I can give you a little push. Or maybe because you are with me you can bear a little more.

That's why a master is needed – to go on protecting you . . . against yourself! You have to be protected against yourself. Your future has to be protected against your past, your life has to be protected against all that has gone dead in you. That step is somewhere close by; just get involved in things here.

And forget about that step. Don't ponder over it, don't brood, don't think about it. Now that is my business! Start flowing with things here. Be like a child. That's why I have said 'Be like an Adam – with no morality, with no creed, no religion, no dogma . . . just as if you have never heard anything of these. You are the first person on the earth: you don't know what morality is, what virtue is, what is good and what is bad; you don't know anything.' Act out of that not-knowing and things start happening.

There is a very famous Zen story about a samurai. Find the story and read it. . . .  
 'There was once a swordsman called Shoken who was very much annoyed by a furious rat in his house. The rat was bold enough to come out of its hiding place even in the daytime, doing all kinds of mischief. Shoken made his pet cat go after it but she was not its equal and being bitten by it, she ran away screaming. The swordsman now hired some of the neighbouring cats noted for their skill and courage in

catching rats. They were let loose against the rat. Crouching in a corner, it watched the cats approach it and furiously attacked them one after another. The cats were terrified and all beat a retreat.

'The master became desperate and tried to kill the rat himself. Taking up his wooden sword he approached it, but every effort of the experienced swordsman proved ineffectual for the rat dodged his sword so skilfully that it seemed to be flying through the air like a bird or even lightning. Before Shoken could follow its movement it had already made a successful leap at his head. He was perspiring heavily and finally decided to give up the chase. As a last resort he sent for the neighbouring cat widely known for her mysterious virtue as the most able rat-catcher. The cat did not look in any way especially different from other cats that had been invited to fight the rat. In fact, she was one of the most ordinary. The swordsman did not think very much of her but let her go into the room where the rat was located. The cat went in quietly and slowly as if she were not cognizant of any unusual scene in the room. The rat, however, was extremely terrified at the sight of the approaching object and stayed motionless, almost stupefied, in the corner. The cat almost nonchalantly went for the rat and came out carrying it by the neck.

'In the evening, all the cats who had participated in the rat-catching had a grand session at Shoken's house and respectfully asked the great cat to take the seat of honour. They made profound bows before her and said: "We are all noted for valour and cunning but never realized that there was such an extraordinary rat in the world. None of us was able to do anything with it until you came; and how easily you carried the day! We all wish you to divulge your secrets



for our benefit but before that let us see how much we all know about the art of fighting rats."

"The black cat came forward and said: "I was born in a family reputed for its skill in the art. Since my kitten days I have trained myself with a view to becoming a great rat-catcher. I am able to leap over a screen as high as seven feet; I know how to squeeze myself through a tiny hole which allows a rat only. I am proficient in performing all kinds of acrobatics. I am also clever at making the rats think that I am sound asleep, but I know how to strike at them as soon as they come within my reach. Even those running over the beam cannot escape me. It is really a shame that I had to retreat before that old rat today."

"The great veteran cat said: "What you have learned is the technique of the art. Your mind is ever conscious of planning how to combat the opponent. The reason why the ancient masters devised the technique is to acquaint us with the proper method of accomplishing the work, and the method is naturally simple and effective, simplifying all the essential points of the art. Those who follow the master fail to grasp his principle and are too busily occupied with improving their technical cleverness and manipulatory skill. The end is achieved and cleverness attains its highest efficiency, but what does it all amount to? Cleverness is an activity of the mind, no doubt, but it must be in accordance with the way. When the latter is neglected and mere cleverness is aimed at, it diverges and is apt to be abused. This is to be remembered well in the art of fighting."

"The tiger cat stepped forward and expressed his view thus: "To my mind, what is important in the art of fighting is the spirit (ki; ch'i in Chinese); I have long trained myself in its cultivation and development. I am now in possession

of the strongest spirit which fills up heaven and earth. When I face an opponent my overawing spirit is already on him and victory is on my side even prior to actual combat. I have no conscious scheme as to the use of technical skill but it comes out spontaneously according to change of situation. If a rat should be running over a beam, I would just gaze at him intensely with all my spiritual strength and he is sure to fall by himself from the height and be my prisoner. But that old mysterious rat moved along without leaving any shadow. The reason is beyond me."

"The grand old cat's reply was this: "You know how to make the most of your psychic powers but the very fact of your being conscious of it works against you; your strong psyche stands opposed to the opponent's, and you can never be sure of yours being stronger than his, for there is always a possibility of its being surpassed. You may feel as if your active vigorous psyche were filling the universe, but it is not the spirit itself, it is no more than its shadowy image. It may resemble Mencius' Kozen no ki (hao-jan chi ch'i), but in reality it is not. Mencius' ch'i (spirit), as we know, is bright and illuminating, and for this reason full of vigour, whereas yours gains vigour owing to conditions. Because of this difference in origin, there is a difference in its operation. The one great river incessantly flowing, and the other is a temporary flood after a heavy rainfall, soon exhausted when it encounters a mightier onrush. A desperate rat often proves stronger than an attacking cat. It has been cornered, the fight is for life and death, and the desperate victim harbours no desire to escape unhurt. Its mental attitude defies every possible danger which may come upon it. Its whole being incarnates



the fighting *ch'i* (spirit or psyche) and no cats can withstand its steel-like resistance."

"The grey cat now advanced quietly and said: "As you tell us, a psyche however strong is always accompanied by its shadow, and the enemy is sure to take advantage of this shadow, though it may be the faintest one. I have for a long time disciplined myself in this way: not to overawe the enemy, not to force a fight, but to assume a yielding and conciliatory attitude. When the enemy proves strong, I just look yielding and simply follow up his movements. I act like a curtain surrendering itself to the pressure of a stone thrown at it. Even a strong rat finds no means to fight me. But the one we had to deal with today had no parallel, it refused to submit to my psychical overpowering, and was not tempted by my manifestation of a yielding psyche. It was a most mysterious creature – the like of which I have never seen in my life."

"The grand old cat answered: "What you call a yielding psyche is not in harmony with nature: it is man made, it is a contrivance worked out in your conscious mind. When you try by means of this to crush the opponent's positive impassioned attacking psyche, he is quick enough to detect any sign of psychic wavering which may go on in your mind, which is sure to interfere with acuteness of perception and agility of action, for then nature feels impeded in pursuing its original and spontaneous course of movement. To make nature display its mysterious way of achieving things is to do away with all your own thinking, contriving, and acting. Let nature have her own way, let her act as it feels in you, and there will be no shadows, no signs, no traces whereby you can be caught; you have then no foes who can successfully resist you. I am not, however, going to say

that all the discipline you have each so far gone through has been to no purpose. After all, the way expresses itself through its vessels. Technical contrivances hold the reason (ri, li) in them, the spiritual power is operative in the body, and when it is in harmony with nature it acts in perfect accord with environmental changes. When the yielding psyche is thus upheld it gives a stop to fighting on the physical plane of force and is able to stand even against rocks. But there is one most essential consideration which when neglected is sure to upset everything. This is: not to cherish even a speck of self-conscious thought. When this is present in your mind all your acts become self-willed, human-designed tricks, and are not in conformity with the way. It is then that people refuse to yield to your approach and come to set up a psyche of antagonism on their part. When you are in the state of mind known as 'mindlessness' (*mushin*), you act in unison with nature without resorting at all to artificial contrivances. The way, however, is above all limitations, and all this talk of mine is far from being exhaustive as far as the way is concerned.

"Some time ago there was in my neighbourhood a cat who passed all her time in sleeping, showing no sign of spiritual-animal power, and looking like a wooden image. People never saw her catch a single rat, but wherever she roamed about no rats ever dared to appear in her presence. I once visited her and asked for the reason. She gave no answer. I repeated my query four times but she remained silent. It was not that she was unwilling to answer but in truth she did not know how to answer. So we note that one who knows, speaks not a word, while one who speaks, knows not. That old cat was forgetful not only of herself but all things about her; she was in the highest spiritual



state of purposelessness. She was the one who realised divine warriorship and killed not. I am not to be compared to her. But even though she did not say a single word to me I understood her open secret. I could feel in her presence the simple phenomenon that she was extraordinarily ordinary. Nothing else was needed. If one lives one's ordinary reality one lives tao and everything is possible. Since then I have lived very ordinarily. I have forgotten all that I had learnt. In fact, I am disappearing as an entity and nature has started to function without any interference. This is what is called wei-wu-wei – action through inaction and this is my secret.” ’

This Zen people call the open secret. It is your nature to become God, it is everybody's nature to become God. If we are missing we are missing because we are preparing for it. It is a natural, spontaneous phenomenon. And my whole approach is to help you understand that it is not something to be done: it is something to be just open to. And you will be able to catch the rat!



Amitprem, formerly writer and group-leader, Bernard Gunther, has been leading groups here for the past few months. But he seems to have unfinished karma in the West so is returning to live it out.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Amit! Come here. How are things?

*AMITPREM: Lots of fighting going on still, lots of internal fighting going on – what to do, what not to do, to do groups, to not do groups, to run . . . lots of conflict.*

Mm mm . . . mm mm. The problem arises because we think things are very very significant or important; they are not. Whether you do or you don't do, it simply matters not. But we think that it is very important, and the more important you think it is, the more you will be in conflict and in trouble. It is all the same! One day we will not be here and the world will continue perfectly well . . . it will not miss us!

So why bother? How does it matter? Whether Amitprem has done a few groups or not doesn't matter really. Whether Amitprem has been or not does not matter. Once you see the insignificance of things then all conflict disappears. Then it is good if you feel like doing something. If you don't feel like doing then it is perfectly good not to do it.

You have to loosen a little bit, you have to drop your seriousness about things. But that seriousness is very very deep-rooted in everybody. It seems as if without us, without us doing great things, the world will simply stop. Just see the insignificance of all that we can do and then suddenly there is freedom; playfulness arises. You have to enter into a kind of playfulness, otherwise you will remain burdened. Take things non-seriously.

And both are good. You have a deep-rooted habit of thinking in either/or. Start thinking in terms of both-and. Either/or is always anxiety-creating. And there is no way to decide. Logically, argumentatively there is no way to decide.



Both are equally valid or equally invalid. So the problem cannot be solved on those grounds.

If one chooses whether to believe in God or not to believe in God, both the sides have equivalent proofs, equal arguments and there is no way to decide. That is how it is about everything. If you want to decide, you will be in trouble. Start living in indecisiveness. And if this happens, perfectly good; if that happens perfectly good. Then you don't have much choice, and when there is no choice all is good.

You have to imbibe that spirit of non-seriousness, playfulness. Have this attitude in every situation. Because you have the attitude you have in everything you do: your mind immediately gives either/or. This is the habit, the Aristotelian habit. Everything has to be either black or white. In fact life is grey.

We are a bubbly group at darshan tonight, and there is some laughter at this.

And with grey everything goes well!

Amitprem joins in the merriment with his characteristic burst of laughter.

Good that you laughed! (more laughter) Go laughing and come back laughing! Come here!

Bhagwan places the palm of his hand against

Amitprem's forehead and seems to hold it there for ages. Amit is still, then the inevitable bubble of laughter escapes him.

Good, Amit! Life is so beautiful – don't destroy it on mind games!

*AMITPREM: Yes.*

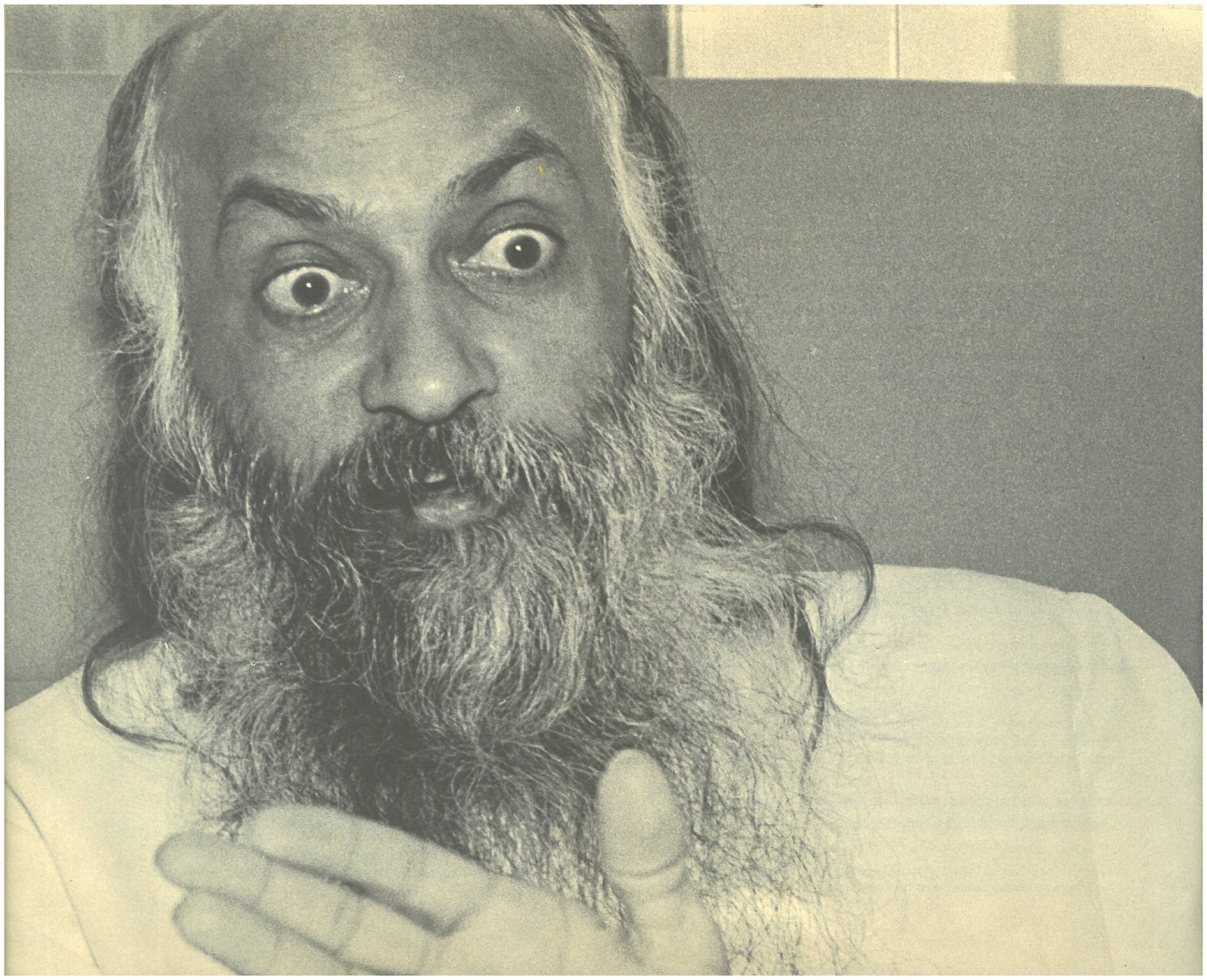
Come back soon! Good!



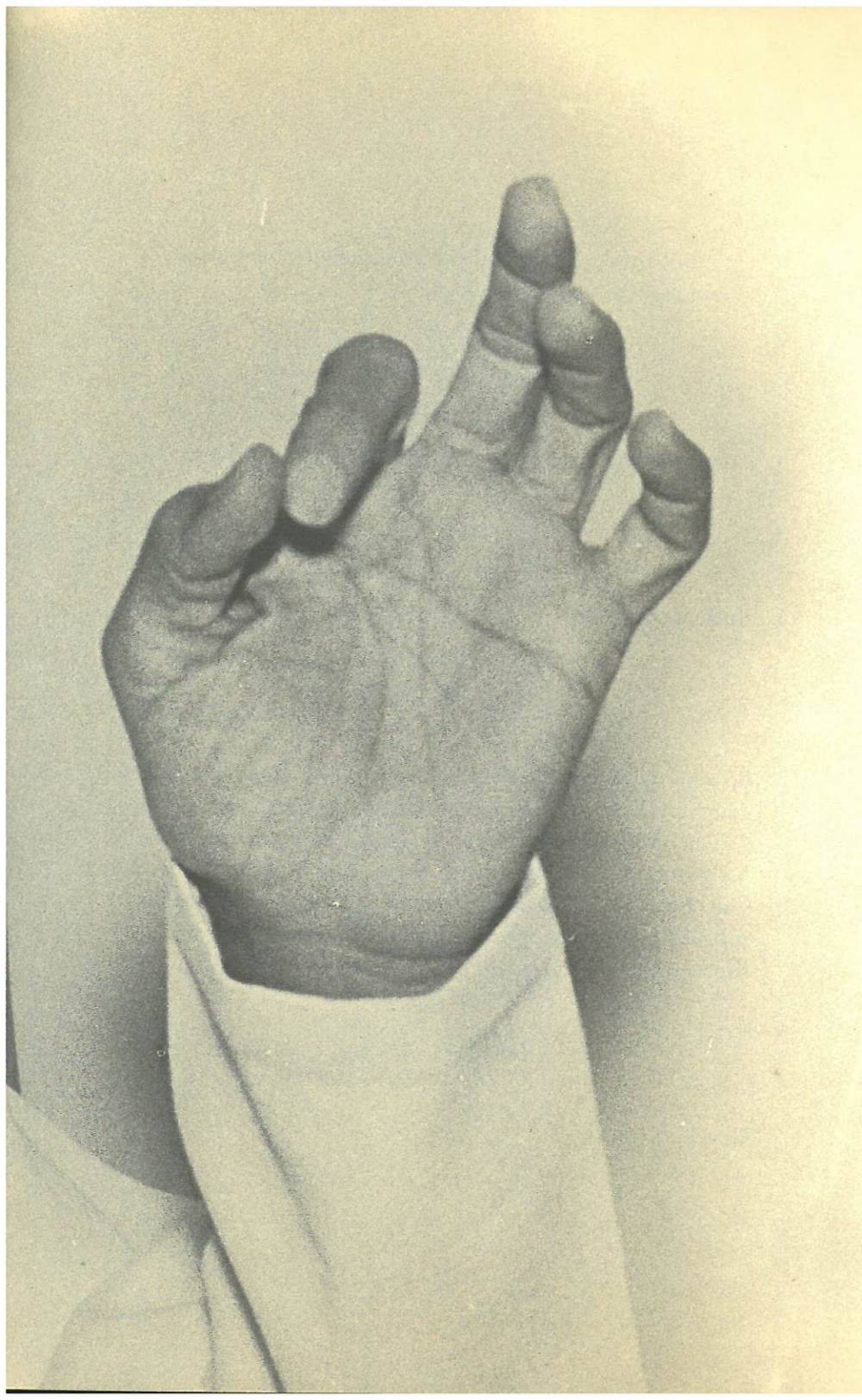
Prarthi, whom we met on the third, is venturing back to the West. Sitting, shoulders hunched and eyes to the ground most of the time, Prarthi tells Bhagwan that he may have difficulty in wearing orange all the time in the West because of his work (he is a mechanical engineer).

Do they have some rule against orange? asks Bhagwan. They won't be able to take you to court for not wearing orange. If white is allowed and blue is allowed and green is allowed, how is it they are against orange? Orange is such an innocent colour! We laugh, and I see the wisdom of Bhagwan's words as he tells Prarthi not to be bothered about others' opinions, not to be swayed by small things, otherwise he will never become integrated. Take the risk! Bhagwan says, even if it means losing your job. Become a beggar! One should try to be oneself without compromise.









And you can invite sannyasins to your office! he continues. Prarthi shyly regards Bhagwan, too polite to protest, and I try to picture him in some staid and conservative office, being paid a visit by a host of long-haired, lively sannyasins. Very likely he would never be quite the same again!



Haridas, German translator and in charge of the recording of darshan, leaves his equipment to assist the latest visitor from Germany – his own mum!

Haridas is a striking-looking man, blond and blue-eyed and with the Teutonic tendency towards outbursts of rather fearful rage. His mother, Waltraud, in contrast is small and unassuming-looking.

Bhagwan greets her warmly.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm! Come here! How are you feeling here?

WALTRAUD: *Very good.*

Good! Something to say to me?

HARIDAS: *She had many questions but now she hasn't any.*



And what about your sannyas? Let us come to the real question! (much laughter)

*HARIDAS: She still doesn't understand it.*

Nobody does and people still become sannyasins! This is not a thing to be understood. This is a kind of love affair: one simply falls into it and disappears. And now the time has come! But if you want to you can think.

*HARIDAS: She has still things to do. She has other children and she thinks she can't get herself out of it.*

But one day you will simply die, then? One should think of death too, and one has to be prepared for it.

Bhagwan seems to have a lot of energy for Waltraud. She nods at the mention of death and says that she does think about it. She seems to be uncomfortable sitting cross-legged on the unsympathetic marble floor and half kneels, half rises, now, like a runner about to leave his mark.

This is preparation for death, to meet God. And look at my sannyasin, Haridas: don't you see he has changed! (laughter)

But think; if you feel there is some problem, wait. How long will you be staying?

*HARIDAS: Three weeks more.*

Three weeks more. How many children has she there?

*HARIDAS: Two daughters.*

Both are married?

*HARIDAS: Yes, married.*

So what is the problem? One boy who is a sannyasin and two daughters who are married – finished! (much laughter)  
(chuckling) Wait! I don't want to create any trouble for you. Just enjoy my people here. And everybody loves you. Everybody comes to me and says, 'Haridas's mother is beautiful'. My people like you very much. When you are finished there in Germany, come and be here forever!

*HARIDAS: She says, I will see.*

Good . . . good!











## Saturday 19

Prabhu Sudas, an artist from Italy, is leaving for the West — with some reticence . . . .

*SUDAS: I feel to be in a strange space . . . it's not too easy to leave this time, because I am afraid to go there. And uh . . . but I am too afraid to stay here. I am in a strange space — I feel confusion and am experiencing many feelings in a short time.*

BHAGWAN: What exactly is the confusion? About what are you confused?

*SUDAS: I feel far away from here and from Italy too.*

Mm mm. Just come close to me. Let me see how far away you are!

Radha is motioned forward to stand behind Sudas, placing her hands over his. If something starts happening, both of you allow it, Bhagwan instructs. Sudas seems to remain still while Radha gets into some deep breathing. She begins to drift off into her own space and then comes back with a little jolt. After a minute or so, Sudas begins to half-gasp or sob.

It is strange but it is beautiful. It is not a confused state at all; it is very clear. You are feeling confusion because it is beyond your expectations. It is incomprehensible to you, that's why you are feeling confused. You cannot figure it out because you don't have any past experience of this space. But it is not confusion: it is something new.

Whenever something new happens it takes time to settle with you and you take time to settle with it. It is just a settling confusion. But it is not at all harmful or negative; it is very positive and very creative. You are feeling far away from here and far away from there because for the first time you are falling into your being . . . which is far away from everywhere. For the first time you are attaining to a kind of centering, for the first time you are becoming a soul. These are the first glimpses of it.

Don't call it confusion, because to label it confusion is to name it wrongly. And whenever you name something wrongly you start reacting to it according to your labelling. If you call it confusion then it is something bad, something which has to be got rid of. If you call it creative chaos then there is no need to be worried about it. One has to go into it!



One has to be happy about it: it is creative chaos, it is not confusion.

And language sometimes can create trouble. One has to be really very particular about using words when one starts moving inwards. Just a small word can do much harm. Call it confusion and then it is ill, then you are not in a state of well-being. Something is wrong and the wrong has to be put right.

You have made a problem just by giving this experience a name. If you don't know what it is, it is better to keep quiet about it. Don't use any words; it is better to be silent about it. Let it reveal itself to you, because whatsoever you name it will be wrong. It will come from the past. And you don't know what it is. You are ignorant about it, hence you are feeling confused. Your knowledge is of no use for this space, your knowledge is absolutely inadequate. It has no way to say anything about this space, hence your knowledgeable mind is feeling confused and you are mistaking it for your confusion. You are not your mind, you are not your knowledge, you are not your past. You are far bigger than that. They are only small fragments in your being; don't think that they are your whole being.

So my suggestion is: firstly, call it creative chaos, call it a state of transformation. It is as if you change your house, mm? – you go from one house to another house. Everything goes topsy-turvy. You are just on the truck in the middle of moving. Everything packed and you are sitting on your suitcases. The new house has not arrived yet, the old has been left; you are on the road. Naturally, you will be in a confusion. If you need something you cannot find it. Even when you have arrived at the new house for a few days

you will need to settle with the house, with its vibe, with its space.

Psychologists say that it takes at least three days for a person to fall deeply into sleep in a new place and twenty-one days to be really part of that space. This must have been known to Buddha somehow, because he has said that his monks should not stay more than three days in one house, because after three days you start feeling it is your house. He said they should leave before that idea, that it was theirs, arose. They should not live in one town more than twenty-one days because then they would start feeling that they are part of the town. A monk should be a wanderer: he should not belong anywhere and nothing should belong to him.

Buddha must have somehow come across this line – three days, twenty-one days. Modern psychology has done much research into how the mind functions in a new place.

So it will take a few days; it depends on you how many. If you accept it totally then soon it will be settled. If you reject it will take a little longer time; if you go on fighting with it then still longer. It can take months and years. Accept it whole-heartedly. And whether you are here or there will not make any difference: accept it. It is a great guest that has knocked on your door. It is the guest for which you have been waiting for many lives. Now be a host, now receive this guest! Something really beautiful is there.

You can go. When will you be able to come back?

*SUDAS: I think in one year.*

Then don't go right now – go after the eleventh of December



(Bhagwan's birthday). Will it be difficult to stay up to the eleventh?

SUDAS: No.

Then stay, mm? Go after the eleventh, otherwise one year will be too long. After the eleventh you will have enough energy to run for one year, mm? Good!



Garjan, a young German sannyasin, is leaving. He plans to be on the move, he says. So wherever you go talk madly about me, Bhagwan says, chuckling. Don't see whether anyone is listening or not – you just talk!

And Gandha, a psychiatrist from Brazil, says she has to leave soon. Translating for her is Krishna, who was at darshan only a few nights ago being re-united with her partner, Chaitanya Hari. Bhagwan had told her not to make too much trouble for Chaitanya this time as theirs has been a tempestuous relationship up to date.

Tonight Krishna explains that Gandha would like to start a centre in Brazil but she needs some assistance. Gandha adds something that Krishna tells Bhagwan is hard to translate into English. Try! he encourages her, and Krishna says: A small bird does not make summer.

Mm, that's right, Bhagwan chuckles in agreement . . . but when the bird is with me it can!

Krishna says there are two Brazilian sannyasins here who might be suitable. But they don't want to go! says Bhagwan. I will see, I will find one, he continues, then breaks into laughter as he sees a look of sudden incredulity dawn on Krishna's face with the possibility that *she* might be chosen! Not me! I'm hopeless! cries Krishna, almost rolling about on the floor with laughter and mock anguish. If you make any trouble you go to Gandha, Bhagwan laughs, so be alert now!



Divyo has just arrived from Australia where she works as a psychologist in a prison . . . .

BHAGWAN: That's very good! Introduce meditations and many things there.

*DIVYO: Oh, they're very reactionary, they're very conservative. I do some meditations with the staff.*

Because criminals can be helped immensely; you have just to make a few approaches. You can start with a small group: first with the staff if they feel, then with a few prisoners. It can be of immense help because prisoners really need some catharsis. They have become criminals because life and society did not allow them catharsis.

If you have violence and there is no outlet for it, one day or other it will explode and you will be possessed



by it. You will do something for which you will suffer unnecessarily. And the violence can be released very easily with Dynamic Meditation . . . very easily. A person can become absolutely peaceful and non-violent.

If the world moves towards meditation a little more almost ninety percent of crimes will simply evaporate. Only ten percent of crimes will not evaporate through meditation because those are the crimes which are done in cold blood.

Those are the crimes which are more political than psychological; psychological crimes can disappear very easily.

Much can be done; start a little bit. It can become a great pioneering work.

*DIVYO: I'll try! Thank you!*



Bonnie, writer and photographer from the States,  
is sitting in front of Bhagwan now.

BHAGWAN: What about you?

*BONNIE: I just came . . .  
and I want to take sannyas!*

Very good. Close your eyes . . . .

This will be your new name: Ma Prem Samya.

Prem means love, and samya means equanimity, equilibrium, balance.

'Sam' is one of the most important roots in Sanskrit; samadhi comes from 'sam'. It means ultimate equilibrium, where all the problems have disappeared. Samya is the first step towards samadhi. One starts balancing oneself, just as the tightrope walker balances himself – sometimes leaning to the left and sometimes leaning to the right, continuously leaning this way and that way. Whenever he feels that some imbalance is coming he immediately puts it right. And that's how he walks just in the middle, although when you watch him you continuously see him leaning to the left, leaning to the right. He goes on leaning with the help of a stick, a staff, but his whole effort is to keep in the middle, just to be in the middle.

Samya means just to be in the middle. Even if sometimes you have to lean, you have to keep in mind that the leaning is in service of being in the middle. One should avoid extremes because all extremes create neurosis. It is only in the middle that one is whole and healthy . . . and that applies to everything. It is very easy for the mind to go from one extreme to the other; the mind is an extremist. It is easy for the mind to eat too much and it is easy for the mind to go on a fast. The difficult thing is to remain in the middle and to eat only that much which is necessary, neither less or more. That is a difficult thing for the mind, and to do that difficult thing helps you to go beyond mind . . . in everything.

Avoid the extreme, that is my message for you, and you will be immensely benefited. At every step you will be



surprised at how much joy is possible if you can keep in the middle.



Jwala is here with her Tantra Yoga group. This is perhaps the third group she's led here and she is unsure as to how much licence she has to be herself in the group . . . .

BHAGWAN: Jwala, how was your group?

*JWALA: At times it felt really clear to me and at other times when I got into my own cathartic energy, I was a bit confused as to whether to go into it or to suppress it. What happened is that on the second day of the second group and on the second day of the third group, my breathing almost stopped, it went very shallow, and I went into a space of coming out of the womb and not being able to breathe.*

*It happened both times and I felt stupid and silly to go into it in front of the whole group when I was being the leader. But I did go into it, and after that the group became very strong.*

Mm mm. If something like this happens sometimes you have to go into it. If you repress it you will not be flowing with your energy, and if you are not flowing with your energy you cannot flow with the group and the group cannot flow with you.

So even if sometimes it is silly and stupid there is no way to avoid it; you have to go into it, rather than pretending . . . . Because that will be a pretension — that you are the leader so how can you go into some silly thing? But the whole purpose here is to drop the distinction between silliness and wisdom.

A really wise man is one who can sometimes, when needed, be silly. A wise man who can never be silly is absolutely stupid because he will not have contradictions and the meeting of contradictions in him. He will not have any flavour. The flavour comes only when contradictions meet in you, when polarities come and meet in you.

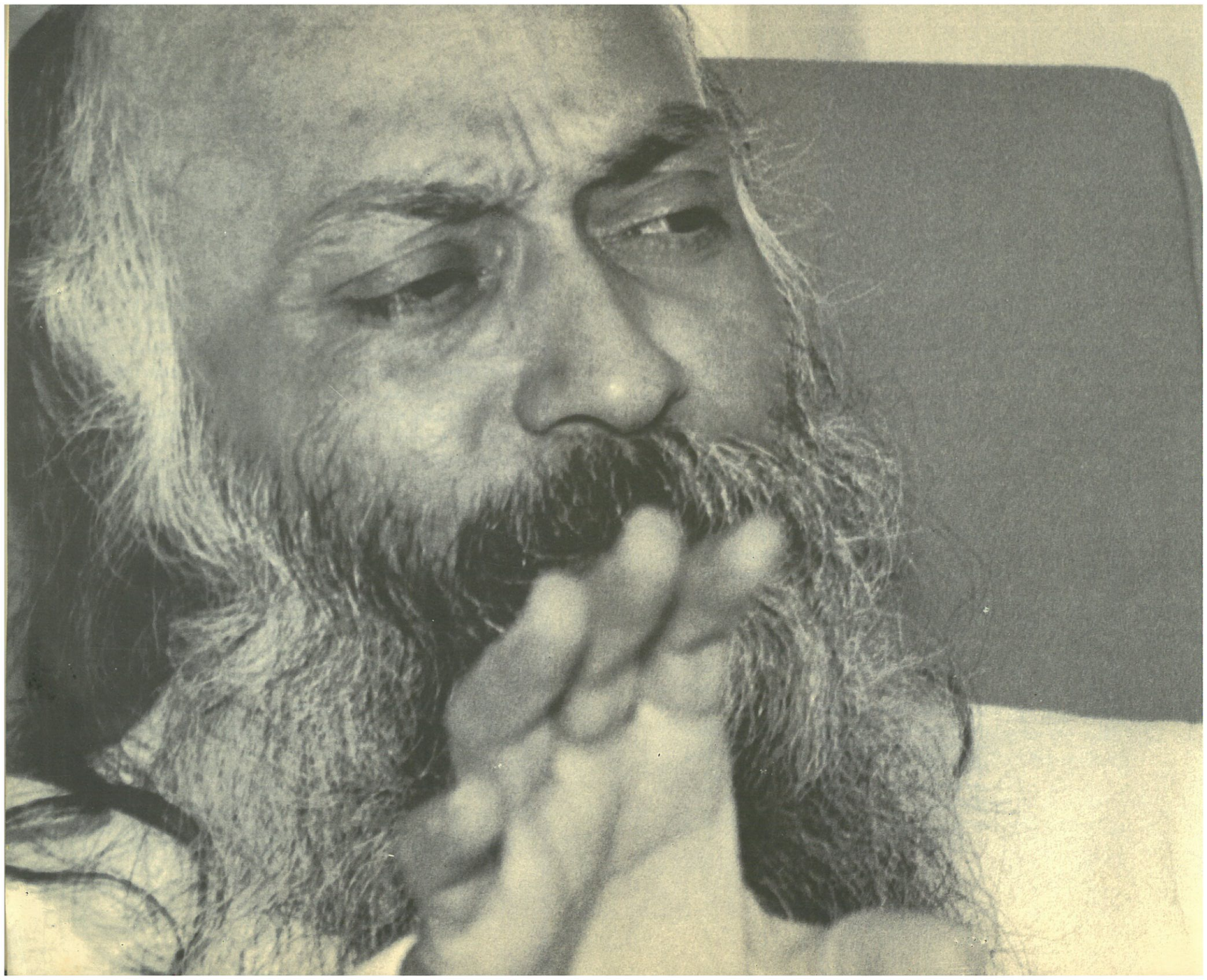
So a wise man who is just wise and nothing else is not very wise. A really wise man allows foolishness also to have its say; he is unafraid of foolishness. He can absorb foolishness too, he can use foolishness too. That wise man has a richer being.

So don't be worried: if sometimes you feel something is happening just sit in the middle of the group and tell everybody that this is happening and you are going into it and ask that they all please bless you! (laughter)

*JWALA: Alright!*

Let them bless you and go into it. They will be closer to you

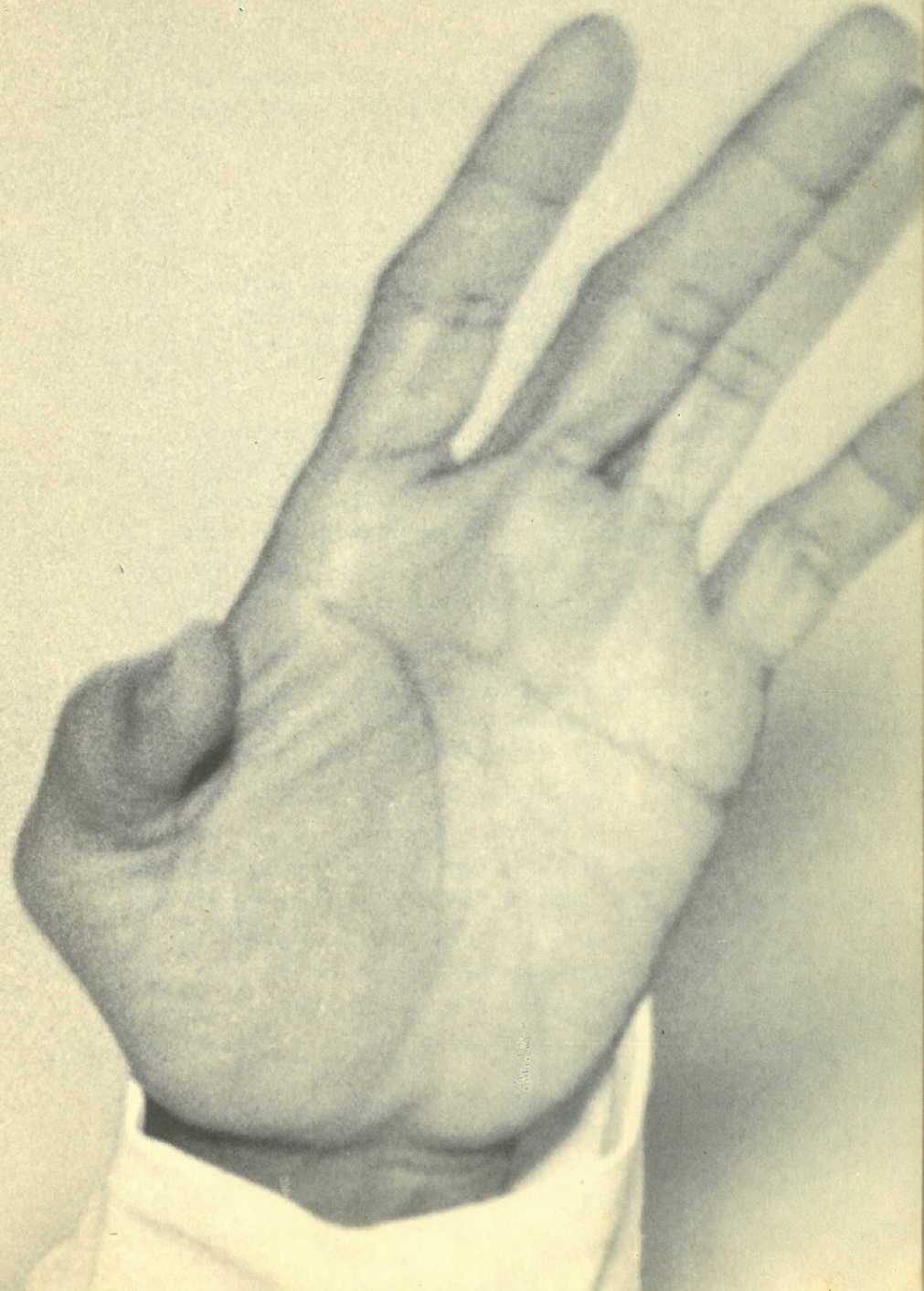






after that because they will see that you are not super-human, that you are not some holier-than-thou, mm? — that you are as stupid as everybody else.

So next time it happens you just go into it and let everybody surround you and let them bless you, and after that they will be really flowing with you. It is good; nothing to be worried about!





## Sunday 20

Bhagwan enters, his smile becoming a broad, pleased beam as he beholds us, almost one hundred and fifty tonight as the Sufi dancers are having darshan. We are an orange sea of smiling upturned faces, hands folded, palms together in greeting. I always love this moment, for my hands in this gesture make me feel childlike, wondering, receptive.

Christopher is in front of Bhagwan now. He's from England and is described on the list as being a gas fitter. I wonder what Bhagwan will make of him, as he closes his eyes now and imagines that he is being showered by great energy. Be possessed by it, be lost in it, says Bhagwan. Aneeta, resplendent in a new silk dress (she is leader of the Sufi Dancing and it's her birthday too) stations herself behind Christopher, but he remains upright.



Now Bhagwan is lassoing Christopher with a mala, showing him his new name . . . and vocation: a love poet!



BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Prem Sukavi.

Prem means love, sukavi means a poet – a poet of love. And everybody is born with the intrinsic quality of being a poet of love. Not everybody is a poet but everybody is destined to become a love poet. By a love poet I don't mean that you have to compose poetry or you have to write poetry. By a love poet I mean that you have to become poetry.

It is possible that a man is a poet because he composes poetry and yet he may not be a poet because the poetry does not exist in his life. His life may be absolutely prose, his life may not have that climate of being poetic. And vice versa is also possible: a man may never write a poem and may be a poet. The way he walks, the way he lives, the way he loves, the way he relates, the way he exists, the way he is may be poetry in itself, and that is great poetry; that is real poetry.

If ordinary poetry comes out of his life, then it is authentic. If life itself is not a poem and you go on composing poetry, it is artificial, it is synthetic, it is plastic. It does not grow in you. So I call Buddha a poet although he never wrote a single poem and I call Jesus a poet also although he was not a poet in the ordinary sense of the term. But he was poetic, his whole life is a great poetry. His whole life has a great rhythm, a great accord, a great harmony. So become a poet in that sense.

Love brings that poetry into existence: be loving and you become a poet. When love is not in life then life is just prose, logic, mathematics, calculating, cunning. All poetry is of the heart and all calculation is of the head.

In giving you this name I am simply giving you a hint –

to disappear from the head and to start appearing in the heart. Live more in feelings than in thought . . .



Claire is next. She has a pretty, open face bordered by a fringe, large blue eyes and a mouth that looks as though it smiles a lot . . .

BHAGWAN: Come here! Close your eyes. And become a small child inside, not more than three years old. Just feel like a small child, and whatsoever happens in the body allow it. If the body starts swaying, trembling, you allow it; if the body even falls on the floor you allow it. Simply collapse as you are and become a child.

Claire is smiling to herself, a secret child-smile, then bends down with her head in her arms. Laughter bubbles up as she rocks her head from side to side . . .

Very good . . . come close.

This will be your new name: Ma Prem Bala.

Prem means love, bala means a child. Bala means the quality of childhood, primal innocence uncorrupted by the world, fresh, yet not aware of the ways of the world. And love always make a person a child; that's why people who become too clever, calculating, lose the quality of love. Love is childish, it is never adultish. Once you start thinking about yourself as an adult, you cannot love; you become closed.



Bala listens, absorbed, her mouth hanging slightly open. As Bhagwan talks I am aware of two of the youngest Sufi dancers, Yuthika, ten, and Tarang, eight, sitting in the front row inches away from me. They are hardly little girls any longer, seemingly growing months in days here. Watching them I remember that longing to be grown up, that itch to be free of parents, to enter the glamorous world of adults. A strange reversal is happening here: while they strive to be finished with their childhood, many of us are beginning to enter and rediscover ours once again through Bhagwan.

Only a child can love, because the child is a kind of openness. Only a child can love because only a child can wonder, only a child can be surprised. Only a child feels the mystery, and love is the greatest mystery there is.

Flowers are mysterious but nothing compared with the flower of love. Birds flying in the sky are mysterious but nothing compared to the bird of love. There is nothing more mysterious than love. It should not happen really in such a mundane world but it does. It has no reason to happen, no cause to happen – still it happens; hence the mystery. It is a penetration from the beyond. It is not of this world: love comes from some other dimension. It passes through this world but does not belong to it. That's why lovers start living in a separate reality, they are no more existing here. Physically they are here, spiritually there are somewhere else, in a totally different kind of universe. Love takes you into God. It takes you away from the mundane, it takes you to the sacred.

So to love one has to become a child again; and the second childhood is far more significant than the first, because the first childhood was going to be lost. Nobody

can retain it; in its very nature it has to be lost. It is like the first teeth; they have to go, then the second row of teeth will appear. But in life the first kind of childhood disappears and the second never appears. We never allow it to appear, so we become hooked with the mundane, the ordinary, the meaningless.

Become a child again! My sannyas is the beginning of a second childhood.



Bhagwan seems to be aware that if darshan is too long there will not be much time left over for the dancers, and when Nagarjuna and Prapatti, back from Italy to be here permanently, come forward, he welcomes them back and then asks if they have anything to say. Both shake their heads, and as he touches them in blessing, Bhagwan chuckles, That's good. I was afraid you would say something!



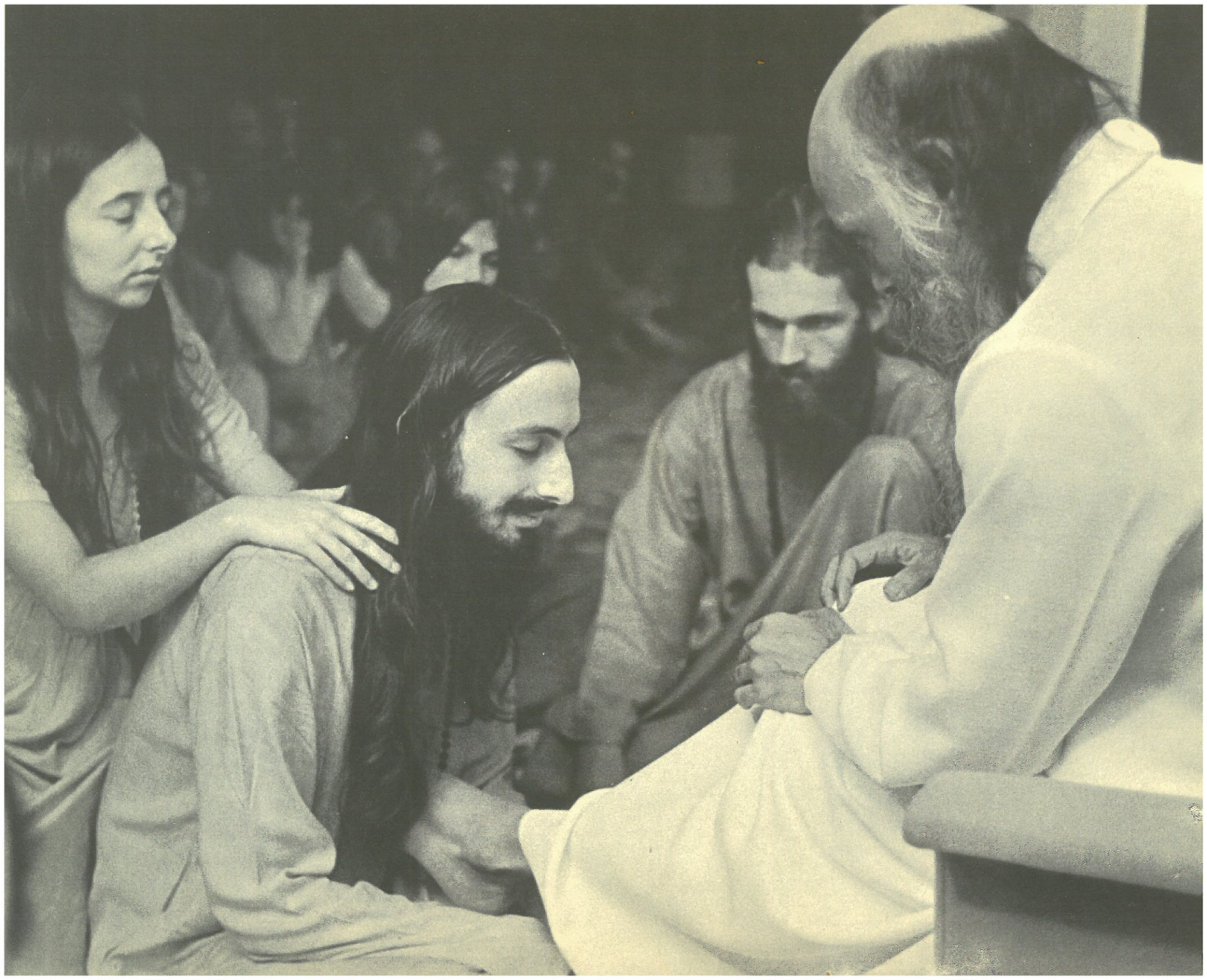
They're followed by Jos. Dressed in blue jeans and an orange shirt, he's from Holland, and when Bhagwan asks him how long he is staying, he replies quietly, This is home.

That's right, says Bhagwan. Then become a sannyasin! And he does!











This will be your name, Bhagwan says: Prem Sanatana.  
It means ancient love. And this jump into sannyas  
is not a new thing for you. It has been happening  
in your past lives too, but each time you went astray.  
Don't do it this time!



Saroj and Chidananda, ashramites, reel giddily  
forwards and bend their heads to Bhagwan's feet.  
Saroj hasn't anything to say. Chidananda contemplates  
for a moment, then says that yes, he does have  
something. Everything is fine but, he says, there is  
a serious guy sitting here. And he points to his chest.

Mm, come close, says Bhagwan. And Saroj, go and  
stand behind him and make him really serious!  
Saroj puts her hands on Chidananda's shoulders and  
closes her eyes. Bhagwan raises an elegant leg and  
places it gently against Chidananda's chest. (It is  
almost worth having a block!) His hand on  
Chidananda's third eye, foot on chest, Bhagwan sits  
with his eyes closed for several moments.

Both Chidananda and Saroj are quite still trying  
to be very serious.

It will disappear — don't be worried about it.  
Mm? it is nothing much: just a very small guy! Nothing to  
worry about. Don't pay much attention to it; neglect,  
ignore it. Ignoring is the best thing to do. When you pay  
attention you go on nourishing it. It is the last fragment of

your seriousness. There were many others which have gone  
by and by; this was the last, and naturally it will cling  
a little longer because the last seems to be the most  
deep-rooted. But it is a small fragment, just a lump.

(to Saroj) And you help him. Don't make him serious;  
help him to laugh! Don't create fight, mm? Good!







## Monday 21

Bhagwan is talking to Sol, an artist from Canada. He is a rather beautiful looking man with long hair, blue eyes, a bearded face and gentle energy. . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name:  
Swami Deva Darshan.

Deva means divine, darshan means vision — divine vision, divine insight, or divine eyes, that capacity which can make it possible for you to see God. That capacity is darshan.

And always remember, we can see only that for which we have adequate instruments to see with; we can feel only that for which we have the right instrument. For example a blind man cannot see light. Not that the light is not; light is there but the blind man cannot see it, he doesn't have adequate means to see it. A deaf person cannot hear music. It is there but for him it is not.

So is the case with God. People go on asking where God is; that is not the right question. They should ask: 'Where is the capacity in me to see God? How to develop that capacity to see God?' To ask whether God exists or not

is stupid. It is as stupid as a blind man asking whether light exists or not.

God will need a special capacity in you; only then can you see. The Tibetan, the Chinese, the Indian, all the old eastern philosophies are not philosophies in the western sense; they are called darshanas. They don't think about God, they try to see God. And what is one supposed to do? One has to develop a certain vision in oneself, a certain grounding, centering, a certain clarity in oneself. When the clarity is there, suddenly you start seeing things which you have never seen before. The world is no more the same because you are no more the same.

In the ancient western tradition there is a word for it, 'adecacio' — adequateness. You can see only that for which you have adequate capacity. There are many things in existence of which we are not aware at all. Each according to his capacity . . . . The rock knows only a little bit. When it rains maybe it feels a little bit; when it is hot, maybe . . . . The tree feels more, the animal feels still more, man feels still more, but even man as he exists ordinarily, naturally, is not adequate enough, has not that 'adecacio' to know God. A few more capacities have to be developed, and they are lying there dormant. Everybody has come with the capacity but it is not actual yet; it is just potential. It has to be developed.

So start becoming more and more alert, more and more aware, more and more inner-oriented. The rock has no inner being, it has no soul. It just exists like an object, mm? — that is the mineral kingdom. The tree has a little bit of feeling. It gropes, searches for water through the roots, it gropes for the light. If it is surrounded by many trees, it tries to reach higher. That's why African trees go the



highest, otherwise they will not survive. They have to go higher than other trees to absorb light, sunrays. A little effort is there, a little interiority has happened in the tree, in the vegetable kingdom.

The animal is far more inner than the tree; it has a kind of rudimentary soul. It reacts, responds, remembers, maybe also thinks a little bit, ponders over things, dreams. You can sometimes see a dog sitting and dreaming or a cat dreaming. You can feel that the dog is dreaming because sometimes in his dream he shakes himself or suddenly becomes alert or tries to catch a fly which may be just a dream fly. A little bit of interiority is happening in the animal kingdom. Then in the human kingdom a little bit more, but even human beings are not really interior. The subjectivity is not yet grown up perfectly, that's why they are not aware of God; more awareness is needed.

The mineral kingdom is simply existence, the vegetable is existence plus life, the animal kingdom is existence plus life plus consciousness. The human kingdom is existence plus life plus consciousness, plus self-consciousness . . . but even self-consciousness is not enough. Witnessing has to be grown; that will be the fifth and the final stage of growth. That's what happens in a Buddha, in a Christ. Call it Christ consciousness or call it Buddha consciousness; it is the same. One goes beyond self and the ego, one becomes purely conscious. The rock is purely object, Christ is purely subject, and we are somewhere in between. One has to go from the rock to the Christ.

When you are in that state of witnessing, awareness, observation, mindfulness, then you have the adequate means by which to know what God is. That is called darshana, the vision . . . .



The ashram's Music Group is here tonight. Mangala, one of the dancers, shares her experience. . . .

We stand and wait while the musicians tune their instruments. It's my body birthday — a coincidence I happen to come to the Music darshan on this night, a surprise birthday celebration almost. Existence is so benign and thoughtful towards me these days.

I close my eyes and think how I want to be close to Bhagwan on this night. And then I realise I can be and I am; I feel his love coming towards me, inside me. My body starts to sway gently, I seem to soften and become less. I could stand here and feel loved forever.

The twangs of the tuning procedures come into consciousness. I open my eyes to watch the activity happening in the inner circle. Govinddas is moving from musician to musician; there's more urgency about him than usual. I wonder if Bhagwan minds waiting for the music to begin; I wonder if Govinddas wonders if Bhagwan minds waiting for the music to begin. All projections I decide, close my eyes again and allow myself to sink back into what's happening inside. Mmm — so good. Such a beautiful birthday present. I send an internal thank you to the presence I know is sitting over to the left. But I don't look at him; I don't want to look at him. That would bring on a bout of self-consciousness— I'd be all there again. So much nicer to just dissolve.



Slowly, softly, the music begins. I don't want to *do* anything; I don't want to shatter the beautiful feeling in my body by moving it. I wait for the music to move me. And it does: it takes my hands and I feel them alive and graceful doing their own thing without my interference. It seems they belong to the sounds of the electrified strings; just another expression of the same happening.

The upper part of my body begins to follow my hands. I feel beautiful – so abandoned in a gentle kind of way. I hear the music and I feel my body move but there's nothing to do.

Then another part of me hears the drums, registers a faster, more earthy rhythm and I feel the lower part of my body come alive. I feel a stronger, more powerful energy moving up through my legs and entering my trunk like a blast.

Suddenly I'm in my head. 'Move in an anti-clockwise direction,' Shiva had said before we began. I'm supposed to be moving. Everybody will be moving. I can't move, I feel rooted to the ground, incapable of falling in tune with this heavier, darker blast of energy. I take a paranoid look outside at the other dancers. An orange form is jumping, bounding in the air, somebody is twirling around and around; feet are tapping lightly on the marble floor, moving people surely and gracefully in an anti-clockwise direction.

With my eyes open I feel more capable of movement. I try to fall in tune with the people I see around me; I take on a jerkier kind of movement and manage to unglue my feet without falling over. I even manage to transport my body a little further around the circle but the effort is painful, unnatural – a forced struggle

instead of an allowing flow. I feel gauche, clumsy. What am I struggling with? Why am I doing this to myself?

'Listen to your body,' I suddenly remember Bhagwan saying to somebody – me? – at the beginning of the darshan. 'Your body is wiser than you.' Something falls away. I don't know what I'm doing but it's okay – I don't have to do it. I close my eyes, tune into Govinddas' bouzouki and relax into my own energy again. Such a relief to stop fighting, to allow my body to take over.

It's a strange feeling; as though there's another being within my body, a being that sways so gracefully, so effortlessly, while the thing I call 'I' watches, allows, with quiet fascination. Imagine being able to stay here all the time; imagine never having to *do* anything again, just watch it all happen!

My awareness moves again to the drums but this time I ground myself to handle the internal blast. It's not really so heavy. I'm stupid to put a judgement on it. I forget the melodious twangs and surrender myself to the earthy beat. Now it's my hips that feel possessed; the rest of my body gets thrown around by the powerful lower movements. Graceful it isn't but certainly alive. I feel somewhere between a modern go-go dancer and a primitive African at a fertility rite.

The blast subsides. The electric strings and the pounding rhythm find a balance, meet and join as one energy. My legs are planted firmly on the ground, quite wide apart with the feet turned out. The music takes my hands again, and my head, and my whole body starts to move at a different tempo. I flash on pictures I've seen of Thai dancers. I enjoy the image, I enjoy feeling like one. The energy moves up from the ground,











through my body and out the ends of my fingertips as though along a specified, prescribed route. I love the way it takes over my body.

Forever, it seems, the music goes on. Sometimes I'm lost in it, become part of it, and then the head and its confusion; the battle between allowing and doing. It comes somehow from my legs. I feel they want to be light and graceful; I want them to be light and graceful, to spin me around the auditorium. I want to be able to surrender to their energy, trust where they will take me.

But they remain rooted, stuck to the ground. And when I try to move them, the fight, the body confusion. Sometimes when I relax into their rootedness they start to live, to bounce a little and then I try to encourage more; I get in the way. And then I feel bad, I want the music to stop, the torturous confusion to stop.

I pause to glance outwards, suddenly wondering whereabouts in the auditorium I am, which way I'm facing, what's going on outside me. But it's too bright out there, too much movement. I can either be a spectator or part of the energy movement. Both I cannot do.

The dancers move in a half-moon shape; in front of Bhagwan there is no one. I've come to the edge of this half-moon. I can't stay here forever; I must move across this great gap. I try to drop the bout of self-consciousness that accompanies the thought. With my back to give me a sense of direction, I move across. There's not much flow in it. I remember him saying only the total dancer is beautiful to him, only when the dancer and the dance merge. I feel my doing, my lack of totality, but somehow it's okay. I know he doesn't condemn.

Safely across the abyss, I relax and open. I feel drawn backwards — a gentle pull to the space I know I've just missed. I hover on the edge, slowly melting and enjoying the temptation, the danger of that pull.

Forever the music goes on. Up and down my energy bounces as my awareness tunes into the different instruments. In and out, connection and disconnection, struggle and let-go, follow in succession as my head intervenes and then fades. Will the music never stop? Will the musicians know when to stop? Will they feel when Bhagwan has had enough; when he wants to leave his chair and disappear again into his own world at the end of that passageway? Why does my head ask such stupid questions!!!

The music is stopping. I feel the infinitesimal de-escalation before I hear it. With one voice the instruments blend naturally into silence. I think Bhagwan says something; I'm not sure. He stands up and with my hands together I watch him leave. I feel sad and I can't really see him. I don't feel connected enough to thank him for the trip.

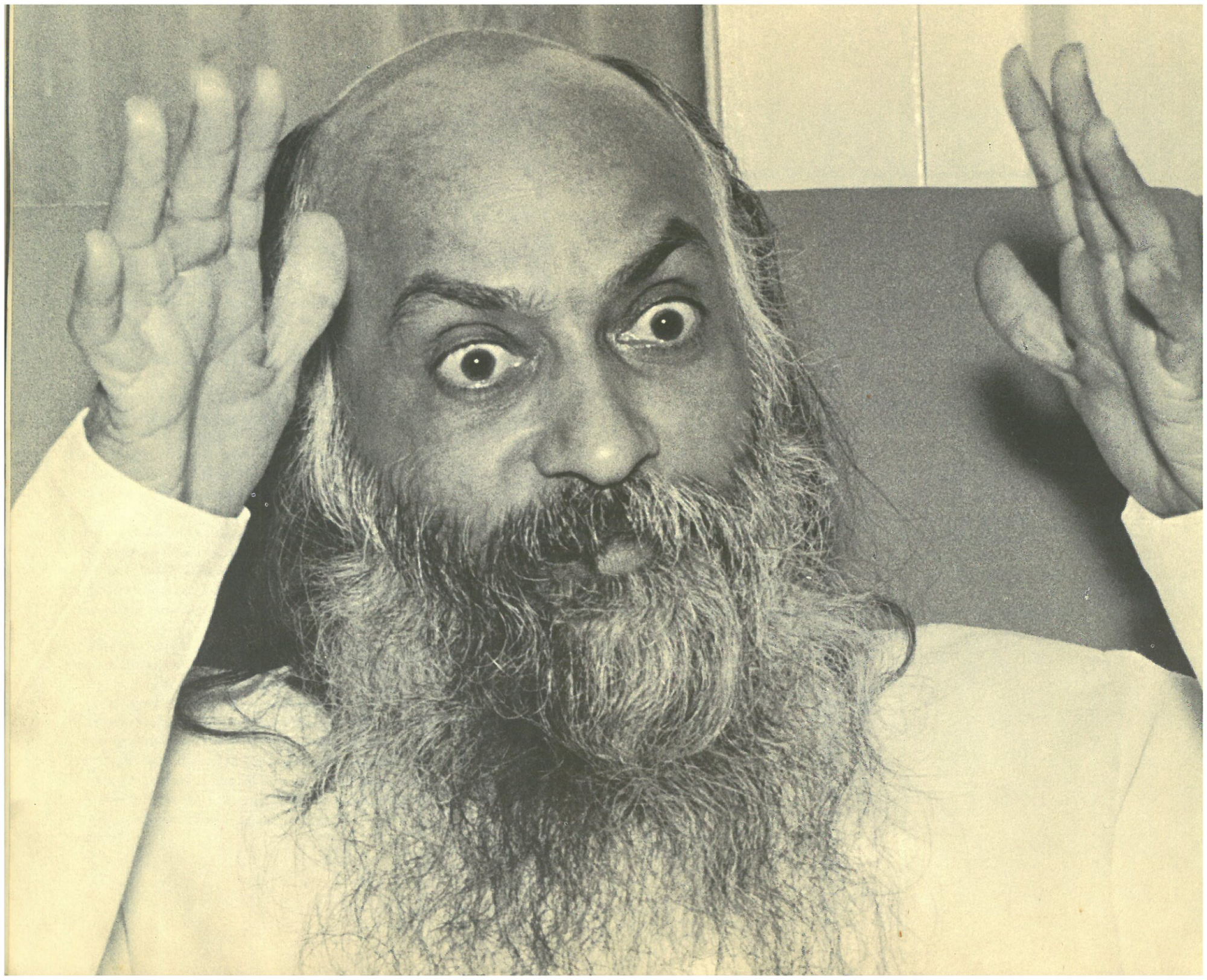
I lie down and allow the cool marble to soothe me into a space more familiar and manageable.













## Tuesday 22

We are a very small group tonight, just two rows of us sitting in the corner of the auditorium while the rain – rumoured to be the tail end of a typhoon that has hit Goa – pelts down.

Bhagwan is talking to Geeten, recently arrived from England. He says in reply to Bhagwan's query that he worked as a gardener in the West.

BHAGWAN: Then you can start working in the garden and help Mukta, mm?

Something to say to me? There is something – say it!  
Difficult to say? (he nods) Try!

*GEETEN: I have no words . . .  
I have no words . . .*

Then just raise your hands and close your eyes. Feel the energy, and if it starts shaking you, makes you quake, go with it. If it starts swaying you, sway with it. Be completely loose so the energy can start moving you.

Geeten seems to be completely immobile.  
Bhagwan gazes at him intently then calls him back.

Good! It is there, mm? – something is there that you cannot catch hold of. It is not only that you cannot say it, you cannot verbalize it even within yourself, because that which can be verbalized within can be said too; whether you say it inside or you say it outside makes not much difference. But there are things which are beyond the grasp of the mind. You can only feel them, you cannot think them.

You have a kind of consciousness that they are there, but it is very vague, a great mist surrounds it. It is as if the morning sun has not risen yet and it is all misty. You cannot see but still you can see a little bit; it is not completely dark. You cannot say that you cannot see and you cannot say what it is that you are seeing; it is just in the middle. It is not in the head, it is not in the heart, it is just in the middle. So the head can have a kind of consciousness about it. It is lurking on the boundaries of the head but it cannot pinpoint it, it cannot figure it out.

Soon it will become possible. Help it: whenever you are sitting silently, think about it, about what it is. Allow your heart to have a dialogue with your head. That will bridge your head and heart, and if they can be bridged it is immensely enriching.



It is very easy to live in the head. Millions of people are living there; that is the only kind of space they know. It is very difficult to live in the heart because the heart does not pay. But though it is difficult, it is possible. A few people live in the heart – the poets, the lovers, the painters, the artists. But the real and the greatest thing is to bridge both and to live in such a way that neither the head interferes with the heart nor the heart interferes with the head.

Then you attain to a third centre which is in control of both. You become a triangle, you become a trinity, and when you become a trinity and the third point has arisen, in the East we call it witnessing. One is thinking – the head – another is feeling – the heart – and the third is witnessing – awareness of both with no choice. One is not choosing the heart against the head, one is not choosing the head against the heart at the cost of the heart. One is not choosing at all; one is simply watchful, aware of both. In that watchfulness both meet and a new centre arises in your being; that's really the soul. To go beyond the heart and the head is to enter into the soul.

So try to understand it. The message from the heart is there; it has not penetrated the head yet. Only the head can have a kind of understanding about it. The heart is dumb, the head is vocal. There are people who go on talking without exactly knowing what they are talking about; the head is vocal. The heart feels. It knows what it is that is worth saying but it has no language.

You must have heard an old ancient fable . . . .  
In a forest there used to live two men, two beggars – one was blind, another was lame. They were friends, they needed each other because the blind could not see and the lame

could not walk. So this was the arrangement between them, a synthesis, that the blind would carry the lame on his shoulders so that the lame could see and the blind could walk. It was going perfectly well.

One day the forest caught fire and each started trying to escape without the help of the other. They forgot for a moment; the danger was so much that they forgot their partnership and that it was essential for their existence. Soon they realised their mistake. Both were in danger, both could have been killed by the fire. But just in time they recognised that alone, separate, there was no way to survive. They searched for each other, helped each other and escaped from the forest.

That is the situation of the heart and the head. If they are together you can come out of this life that is a forest on fire. So whenever you are sitting silently just listen to the heart. Let heart and head have a dialogue and soon you will see that they are coming closer, becoming more friendly. Once they are close enough things start jumping from the heart into the head. The head is vocal: it knows the language, the logic of how to say a thing. Once the heart has released its energy to the head, the head can express it.

Let that synthesis happen. Once it happens you will be immensely blessed. For the first time you will find you have become a unity and great joy arises out of unity. Great misery is there when a person is split, and everybody is split. The feelings go on going in one direction and the thinking goes on going in another direction and they don't have any kind of understanding about each other. The man starts falling apart, into pieces, becomes fragmentary, loses all kind of centering. So become a witness to both thinking



and feeling and centering will arise . . . it *has* to arise.  
That is your work here.

And whenever you can manage to do groups, enquire –  
then I will give you a few groups, mm? Good, Geeten!



Yuthika, who has come from Wales, is before Bhagwan now.  
He asks her how long she will be staying. I have a one-way  
ticket, she says. I have left everything to come here.  
Bhagwan beams and says, That's very good! Would you  
like to be here forever? I think so, replies Yuthika.  
It is going to happen! Bhagwan declares.



Neehar follows on Yuthika. He'd recently written  
a letter to Bhagwan about what is happening  
to him .

Dear Bhagwan,

*It's hard to say what happened in the Leela group. It seemed to  
be a synthesis of the spaced-out lostness I felt in the Enlightenment  
Intensive group and the rooted feeling the Anatta group left me with.  
Before Leela I had been floundering between the two – very light at  
one moment and then oppressively heavy, wondering which was me  
and feeling that things were even more confused than ever.*

*The Leela group taught me to accept both and so much more  
became available as I learned to accept – just to be. A stillness, an*

*ability to be totally relaxed, by myself and with others, a feeling of  
wonder at my very being and a oneness with everybody else. I found  
myself rooted for the first time – separate from frantic thoughts  
living in a different world altogether. I had dreamt of and tried so hard  
to synthesize my ideas of peace with reality for so long without  
success that I was beginning to despair. In Leela I found the key. I  
was and am so grateful because I can see I would never have found it  
in my head, and that was the only place I knew to look.*

*The things we all experienced in that particular group brought  
us out of our heads for a while and into the land of energy, the divine  
playground, a new dimension. Even more significant for me was that  
once the knack had been learned, the ability to enter this dimension  
was always there. The gradual 'come-down' experienced after my  
previous groups was not there this time. Instead was an ability to tune  
in and tune out of the energy available at the time. A beautiful knack  
was learned which I can feel taking me higher and higher . . . .*



Bhagwan greets Neehar now and says, What about  
you?

*NEEHAR: It's just such a  
beautiful opportunity to come  
and speak to you.*

BHAGWAN: Good! Say something!

*NEEHAR: There are some things  
that I could say that I have been  
sifting down over the week but  
what I really want to say is about*



*the thing that happened to me in Leela or in the culmination of the three groups. There was something very strong. Somendra said 'Something beautiful has happened to you.' It was enough just to enjoy it for a long time and I'm still enjoying it; I'm still going higher and higher it seems.*

Very good!

*NEEHAR: But I'm inquisitive to know what's going on. It's as if I want to come and say 'Well, what's going on?' I love it but what's going on?*

Come close . . . come close. Yuthika, you come here . . . come here. Stand behind him, put your hands on his head and pour your love energy into him. Just close your eyes and pour, and if something starts happening in your body – any shaking, trembling – allow but don't leave his head. And Neehar, if anything starts happening, allow it.

Bhagwan places a finger on each of Neehar's temples then closes his eyes. Yuthika is quite still but Neehar begins to bend forward, his breathing becoming increasingly chaotic.

Good, good, Yuthika. Mm mm, very good!

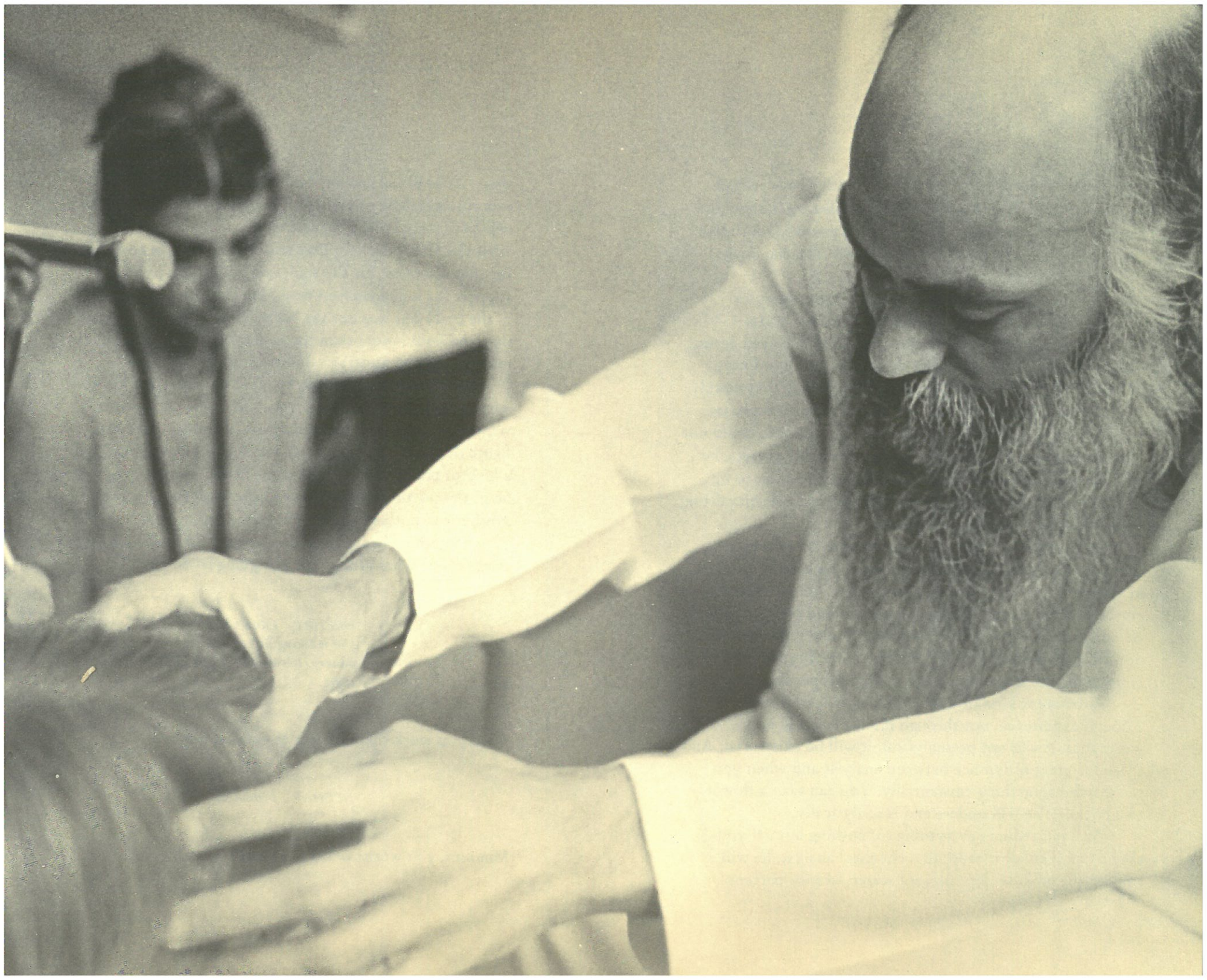
Please don't try to understand it! Understanding will become a barrier; understanding is not necessarily always a help. When something beyond the mind is happening it is better to let the mind remain quiet. Understanding or the effort to understand it disturbs the mind, stirs the mind; thoughts start revolving, doubts start arising. It is better not to stir the mind at this moment, otherwise once the mind becomes very active the energy that is moving you higher and higher will disappear; the mind will drag it down.

It is better to leave the curiosity as it is. What is happening is good, it is *really* beautiful. You need not analyse it. Always remember: if you are ill go to the doctor and let it be diagnosed but if you are feeling healthy don't go to the doctor. Illness has to be diagnosed, not health. If you diagnose health you will be in trouble, you will disturb it. When you are feeling bad, miserable, something needs to be done.

When something needs to be done, understanding is needed. Understanding is a tool for doing something, otherwise it is meaningless. When something is going beautifully nothing needs to be done; understanding is not needed. Try to understand a thing when you want to do something; then it is a must. But when nothing is needed to be done you are just to float with it. No effort is needed but a kind of surrender. Then understanding is dangerous.

If you try to understand it – you start conceptualizing, you start labelling and categorizing and you say 'This is this and that is that, and this is happening . . .' – you will stop the whole process because the energy will start moving into the mind. It is the same energy. Either it can take you higher and higher or it will take you deeper and deeper into







analysis. It is the same energy and you won't have enough energy for both. That's why the people who are in the mind too much cannot go high; their energy is involved, occupied. Sometimes innocent people, peasants and villagers, easily start going higher.

It is not just a coincidence that all Jesus' disciples were uneducated, uncultured, innocent, except Judas. He was the only man with a head . . . and he betrayed Jesus. The other eleven disciples were simply very very ordinary people, with no idea about what was happening; they simply trusted Jesus. Judas betrayed. He was a scholar, a logician, an intellectual; he belonged to the intelligentsia. He could not move with Jesus, he could not participate in his prayers, he could not fly high with him. It was difficult for him to be turned on. He was always thinking, analysing, conceptualizing and philosophizing; hence he missed!

These moments are of immense value. The mind has nothing to say about it. The mind has to be utterly quiet, in awe, in a kind of wonder . . . just silent. When something greater than the mind is happening, the mind has to be silent. Be completely silent. I understand: curiosity is natural, but don't be carried along by it. Let it be there but don't cooperate with it and don't ask; just go deeper and deeper.

A different kind of understanding will arise one day through experience, not through intellect; it will be existential. It will not be analytical, it will be existential. And there is a great difference between analysis and when you understand something existentially. You can take a flower to a chemist; he will understand it analytically.

Analysis reduces everything to 'nothing but'. If you take a child, an alive child, to a chemical analyst, he will analyse the child: eighty percent water, twenty percent

this. . . The blood and the bones and the marrow and everything will be accounted for; only the soul of the child will be missing in it. Aliveness will be missed – and that's what the real thing was. Everything else was just a vehicle for that aliveness, for the soul; everything was just a support for it to exist herenow. The child was anchored in the body but was not the body itself. The child was more than the body, more than the sum total of its parts, but that more cannot be understood analytically.

That more is very close by. Don't analyse; simply go with it, go with it headlong. Let it take you wherever it wants to. There is no need to direct, there is no need to figure out anything; go into the unknown with it. And yes, a kind of understanding will arise. That understanding will be of the poetic approach, not of the analytic. It will be synthetical, not analytical; it will be existential.

Something beautiful is on the way. Be thrilled, be in celebration! What groups are you going to do next?

*NEEHAR: I don't know.  
I'm working just now in your  
bakery. It's beautiful just to be  
there.*

Then you work there; that is as good as a group.

*NEEHAR: I think so.*

Mm mm, you work! Good . . . good!







## Wednesday 23

Rajen, leader of the Samarpan and Gestalt groups, writes the commentary for darshan tonight . . . .

Waiting for Bhagwan to enter. Night has just fallen. In the distance a train whistle howls, and listening for it I pick up the faint hub-bub of traffic sounds. Poona throbs, the world ticks on. Here, surrounded by the ashram garden, sitting one among these seekers, I'm aware of a different rhythm, a kind of silent vibration that I used to listen for whenever I was alone in some remote unpeopled place. It took some meditating, some travelling inwards, for me to discover that wherever I may be, if I'm here, the vibe is here. Being among other people on the same journey helps, and though I'm acquainted with very few of the people around me now, I can feel them listening too.

The odd night bird calls. A well-placed light illuminates the upper foliage of one of the nearby trees, but just as I begin to absorb myself in this little green pool of light the door opens and Bhagwan joins us. How timely! He is with us with no more than his presence . . . with no less than his presence!

I remember a recent discourse in which he talked about Jesus the man and Christ the God, and the bridge of being both: human simplicity and divine mystery. Now Bhagwan is the bridge, and I feel again how people are having to come to him and surrender to the simplicity and the mystery, because like the thousands who came before them, they have had to admit to the real futility under their layers of Western know-how.

The first name is called — Jan, a woodcarver from Germany. He sits before Bhagwan and in his face is reflected much of what I have just been thinking. Eyes shut, he swallows nervously, and when he opens his eyes again and comes closer to Bhagwan to receive the mala, I can feel the anxiety in his expression. His new name is Prem (love) Chintan (meditation). Contemplate on love, says Bhagwan, and you will become love. Don't think of love as a relationship but as a quality of your inner being. Love has to become like breathing. What breathing is to the body, love is to the soul. As he speaks on, the face of his new disciple becomes more reposed.

Bhagwan is giving his love, Chintan is falling in love. The work on his being has begun.



The next to come before Bhagwan is Jean, a painter from France. As he sits, he places his hands together and kisses the tips of his fingers to Bhagwan. He reminds me of the ancient mariner – greying, curly hair and a face with life hewn into it in deep lines. As he closes his eyes, the old grief in those lines begins to speak, tears trickle onto his cheeks, and he looks for all the world as though after a harrowing journey, he has come home. Bhagwan gazes on him with steady love.

This will be your new name – Swami Anand Abhar. Anand means bliss, abhar means gratitude. As Lalita, who has moved forward to translate, conveys to Abhar the meaning of his name, an expression of heart-felt astonishment flashes across his features and then his whole face seems to break open helplessly, tearfully, as though something very deep in him has been recognized and named.

Abhar will be here for two or three months, and as Bhagwan gives him a few groups, I imagine the changes that lie ahead for that face and all that moves within it.

I'm busy brushing away a large and persistent black ant as the next person approaches, and when I eventually look up it's to see a mother, middle-aged with a very round face, looking wide-eyed at Bhagwan. Premmati, her sannyasin daughter, is sitting at her side to act as translator (they are Iranian) looking just as wide-eyed at her. I'm entranced by Premmati's expression – innocent, expectant and very still.



BHAGWAN: Come here! Mm! your mother has come? That's good – she looks exactly like you!

Bhagwan tells her mother to close her eyes. Then Premmati's gaze moves to Bhagwan, who after some seconds begins writing down her mother's new name. Premmati looks as serene as her mother looks worried, and I imagine *my* mother sitting there, and then imagine that every sannyasin present must be enjoying the same fantasy. Bhagwan lowers his pen, looks up and says, Good, come here. Just look at me. Now Premmati's eyes flick fast between Bhagwan and her mother.

This will be your new name: Ma Satya Sonam. Satya means truth, and sonam means golden – golden truth. And only truth is gold; all else is rubbish. Only truth is precious.

Once again I witness the immense impact of the truth in a name, for as Premmati translates Bhagwan's words to her mother, deep sobs begin to shake Sonam's body until she can contain them no longer. There is a rich passion in her weeping.

It is beautiful to watch the tenderness with which Premmati lets her mother sob, not getting in her way but allowing Sonam the depth of her feeling. Bhagwan waits a little then continues. He is like a current carrying her steadily towards herself.

That has to be attained, and it can be attained; you have the



heart for it. And don't feel sorry about the tears — they are beautiful!

How long will you be here?

*SONAM: Forty-five days.*

Enjoy all that is available here, start meditating.  
What are you doing in Iran?

Her answer comes too soft for us to hear but  
Bhagwan is sowing fresh seeds anyway.

Now you will have to work for me there! Many people will  
be coming to you; you have to become a passage for me.

*SONAM: They are stupid  
people in our country.*

They are everywhere! (a little burst of laughter breaks  
from us) I know . . . I understand — they are everywhere.  
Stupidity is so much on the earth, everywhere more or less,  
but a few people are everywhere who will understand.  
And those who can understand are the real people. Others  
can be ignored; feel compassion for them, don't feel angry.  
They are stupid but what can they do?

*SONAM: They can't understand  
anything. I feel sorry for them.*

Would you like to do a few groups while you are here?

*PREMMATI: She's booked for  
Centering tomorrow.*

Very good. Do it!

*SONAM: Yes, Bhagwan.*

Good, Sonam.

*SONAM: Thank you!*



Now comes Donatus, a priest and therapist of  
Lithuanian origin. His sharp features almost  
crackle with emotion, and he weeps as he  
becomes Anand Samudra — ocean of bliss —  
and our first Lithuanian sannyasin! As Bhagwan  
speaks to him about his new name, Samudra  
looks restless. It is rather like watching the  
ocean talking to the waves. Eventually Bhagwan  
invites Samudra to ask him something.

*SAMUDRA: I have fear in my  
heart about the effect of  
sexual relationships here. I  
have a very deep relationship*



*back in Perth. My mind has the answers to that – that it's going to be okay and I mustn't be possessive and she mustn't be possessive – but my heart is frightened.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It is not the heart that is frightened; it is the mind. The heart knows no fear; it is always the mind that thinks of safety, security, this and that. You are misplacing the whole thing: you are thinking that the mind is saying okay and the heart is afraid. No, that is not possible, that never happens; it cannot happen in the very nature of things. The heart is always ready to explore; it is childlike. The mind is always afraid. It clings to the old, to the past; it is afraid something may get disturbed.

And in fact, if you love a woman or a man or anybody, all other love experiences are going to enhance your love. How can it be against it? If you paint one picture and only one picture, it can't be much of a masterpiece. But if you paint thousands of pictures and then you come back to the old picture and paint it again or just add a few touches here and there, it can become a masterpiece . . . because everything becomes enriched by experience.

No, I don't think that the heart is afraid. The heart is never afraid because the heart never knows of the past and never thinks of the future; it has no time sense. The more you go to the primitive people you will see that they have no time sense.

In India it happens . . . . Somebody says 'I am coming tomorrow' and he will not turn up for three, four days. Then he suddenly comes and you say, 'What happened?'

But by tomorrow he never meant exactly tomorrow. If he says 'I am coming at four o'clock' he can come at three, he can come at five. It is very loose, the time sense is not very fixed.

Time is a new phenomenon. My feeling is that if the West had not invented watches the East would never have used them. For what? There is no reason. The heart knows no time. It still lives in eternity: it lives moment to moment, from one moment to another.

It is your mind, your calculating mind, which is calculating. Maybe the woman comes to know and then something gets disturbed or maybe you really get involved in another woman and then what? Maybe you really come to feel a deeper love, then what? Maybe you really get hooked into some other relationship, then what? What will happen to the past and your commitments and your involvement and your promises and all that?

It is the mind, the calculating mind, which says to you, 'Wait, calculate first; don't jump into anything.' And this mind is the problem. Remember, if you somehow manage not to get involved with anybody else, back home there will be trouble because you will take revenge on the woman. You will make her feel guilty: it is because of *her!* In fact that may shatter your relationship because you will feel a kind of prisoner. It is because of this woman . . . . There were so many opportunities, so many beautiful people all around, a kind of availability and space which you could not enjoy and could not enter because of this woman. It may not be so conscious but unconsciously you may start taking revenge on her.

But if you can have a few experiences easily, naturally, spontaneously . . . . There is no need to force them; if they



happen on the way it is perfectly good. It is not a betrayal at all, because how can love betray? Love cannot betray. It is not a betrayal . . . because love will be enhanced, so how can it be a betrayal? This is my approach; it is against the whole tradition.

Love can never betray. I don't mean that love cannot love somebody else, but in the very nature of love there is no possibility of betrayal. Each love experience goes on enhancing your love affair so it is always enriching. How can it be a betrayal? That language of betrayal is of jealousy, of making a person a commodity, property to be

possessed, reducing the person to a thing. And when you reduce the person to a thing you are also reduced to a thing. It never happens on one side only; it is a double-edged sword. You reduce the woman to a thing and the woman reduces you to a thing. She becomes a wife and you become a husband, and both are dead.

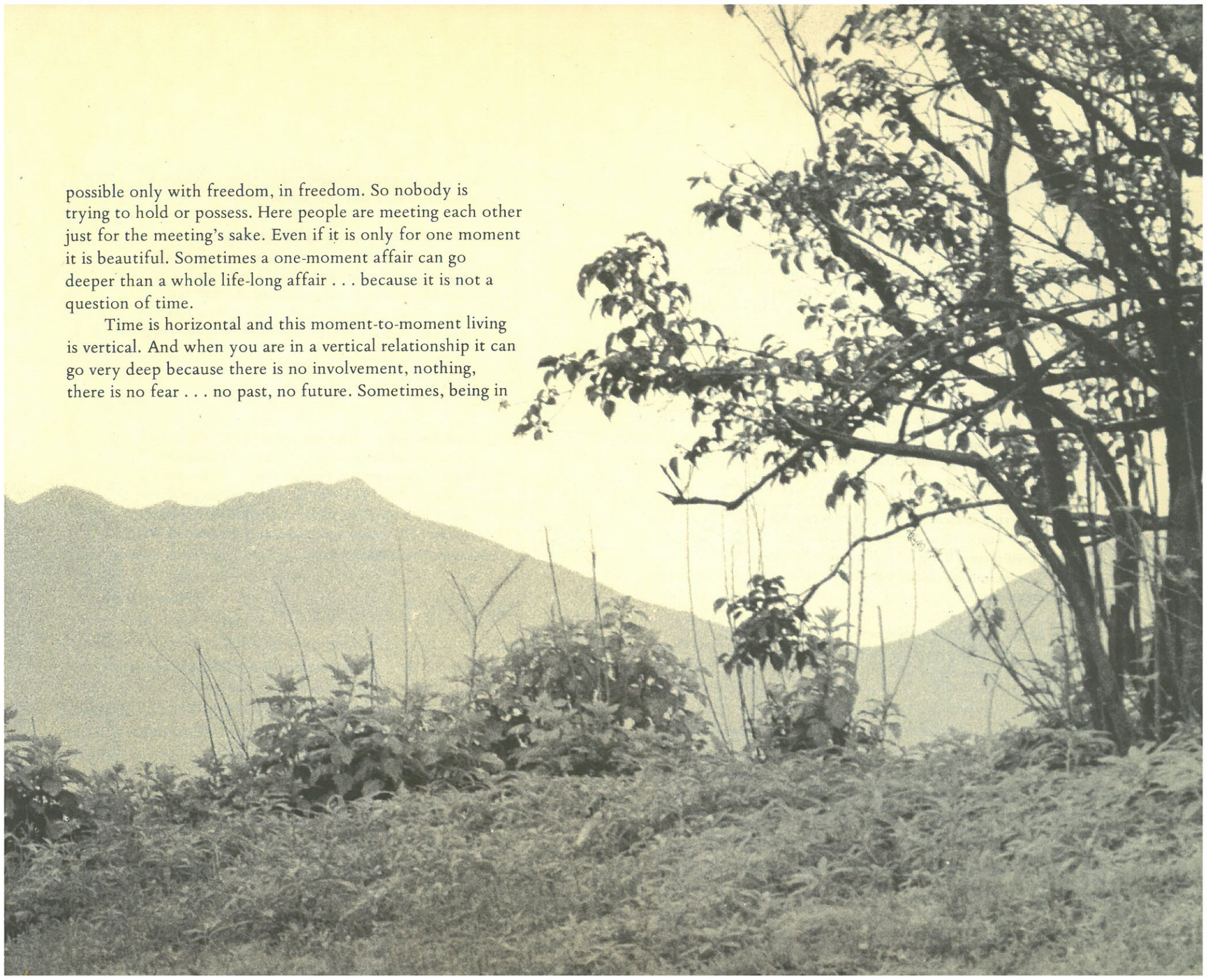
Just remain open, available and float with things. Here there is no involvement, nothing. Nobody here is interested in involvement. People simply want to explore all kinds of experiences, and the more they explore, the more they find freedom necessary, because exploration is





possible only with freedom, in freedom. So nobody is trying to hold or possess. Here people are meeting each other just for the meeting's sake. Even if it is only for one moment it is beautiful. Sometimes a one-moment affair can go deeper than a whole life-long affair . . . because it is not a question of time.

Time is horizontal and this moment-to-moment living is vertical. And when you are in a vertical relationship it can go very deep because there is no involvement, nothing, there is no fear . . . no past, no future. Sometimes, being in





love with a stranger can be of infinite value because there are no expectations. It is not a business, a bargain; it is a pure sharing, it is pure poetry. Remain open!

And it is not the heart. Never condemn the heart.

This is very tricky, the mind is very tricky: it can condemn the heart, can say that it is in the heart. . . . Good!



Prabhu Anand has asked to talk with Bhagwan. Mm, Anand. What about you? Anand sits looking quizzical, confused and sheepish by turns. He is truly lost for words. Bhagwan waits a little then says, If there is nothing to say, no need to create it.

Anand fidgets, tries to look serious and intent on his problem. But it's no good and he knows it. He grins at his own predicament like a schoolboy who didn't do his homework and just found out that there wasn't any to do anyway.

Bhagwan laughs and still chuckling says, There is nothing to say! and sends Anand laughing back to his place. It's an exquisite lesson for us all.



Amitabh and Anupama are neighbours to me in the ashram. They've been together for six years and to be around them is to feel the richness between them. So if they are struggling, as they have been, with a third person's involvement, I know that they are moving in deep waters

and that coming to Bhagwan with their feelings is a measure of their love for each other.

When Amitabh came to see Bhagwan at darshan some weeks ago feeling anxious about Anupama's recent involvement with another man, Bhagwan called on Amitabh's maturity and generosity of heart, saying, Love her and let her think whatsoever she wants to. Love her more and accept whatsoever love she can give.



Now Anupama in her turn comes to hear Bhagwan's reflections of her own deep feelings. Although her features are troubled, I see as always, the innocence, the heart, the child in her face. She exchanges a few words with Bhagwan about her health. He knows the subject of her relationship isn't easy for her and brings her gently to the point.

BHAGWAN: Something to say?

*ANUPAMA: I still think about Thomas. I don't know if I'm repressing or still feeling guilty . . . . The confusion it causes with Amitabh and me . . . . I know I love Amitabh and I'm scared to not be with him and I see how my mind goes: what I can't have I want. I feel so confused but more rooted . . . . I don't know what I'm saying!*



With her last sentence my heart goes out to her,  
I feel her feeling her tangle.

The mind is always hankering for something or other. The mind is a hankering. It can never be satisfied. With the mind there is no satisfaction, never! It is dissatisfaction. So you can have the other man and then sooner or later you will be unsatisfied again. Then you will start thinking of somebody else because that keeps one occupied, that keeps one's hope alive.

One becomes mature only when one drops all hopes and starts living in the moment with no hope; that is the real courage. Then whatsoever is, one makes the best out of it.

Right now, if you think of the other person you will not be making the best of the situation with Amitabh. Mm? just think of it: it can't be the best that it could be because your mind is divided. When your mind is divided, his mind is disturbed. When you are thinking of somebody he is constantly worried about what is going to happen. He cannot be with you totally because *you* are not totally with him. There will be a kind of depression between you both, a kind of sadness, something which has not to be mentioned but which is there, something which has not to be brought into the open but which is there and which both know about. Even lying together you will find there is distance, so you will not be able to make the best of it.

And you love Amitabh, but just saying that you love him or feeling it is not enough. It has to be actualized, and actualization is possible only in the present moment. Now you are thinking of the other . . . . If you get the other

you will start thinking of Amitabh and then you will not be able to make the best of that either. This is how life becomes a mess.

While you have Amitabh make the best of it, and if one day you don't have Amitabh and the other person is available, then make the best of *that*. But don't swing like a pendulum in the mind, otherwise you will never be happy . . . and you will be responsible for it! Always remember: it is not a question of persons; it is really a question basically about you, whether you can be happy or not. If you can be happy, you can be happy with anybody. If you cannot be happy, you cannot be happy with anyone. Whomsoever you are with will not make much difference because the mind and its working and functioning will remain the same.

Be one hundred percent wherever you are, and there is one thing very beautiful about being one hundred percent. . . . If you are one hundred percent in something you can be one hundred percent out of it too! That is the beauty of being one hundred percent. You learn how to be a hundred percent: either you are with or not with, but you are always one hundred percent.

So if a person who lives totally in the moment leaves one day, he leaves completely. There is nothing holding him; he never looks back, he burns the bridges. There is no point in looking back. One has lived totally; it is finished!

And you are not finished with Amitabh. How can you be finished? You have not even lived totally with him! You can be with the other person and again you will be half-half. You will be carrying the same load. It will become bigger and bigger and you will be weighed down with it; then you will feel guilty. Now you are feeling guilty about what







Amitabh thinks. There you will start thinking that you have betrayed Amitabh. Maybe for a few days you may not be too worried. When the honeymoon is over you will start thinking about what you have done for this childish thing. Now it is finished. Where does one go from here? Now it looks ugly to go back to Amitabh; it goes against one's ego. Now there is no point being with this man any more, so find somebody else. This goes on and on . . . .

It is time now to become a little more mature. That's what I have told Amitabh – that Anupama is childish. Become a little more mature. I am not saying to live with Amitabh forever, because who can say that and how can one say that? It can happen, it may not happen; that is not the point.

The point is, while you are with him be totally with him. And even if this idea . . . I know – what can you do if the idea lurks there? Let it lurk there but don't cooperate with it. It will die by itself. But live totally. Either way it will be decisive: either that idea dies or you are finished with Amitabh, but things will be complete and clear and you can move with clarity. You can say good-bye to Amitabh, can say that it is finished. But it is not finished because it is not total.

Anything total either goes on and on because it is so beautiful or it becomes ripe and is finished! One cannot predict what will happen . . . but either way it is good: one comes out of it unscratched. Love him totally so either it becomes very very deep, it becomes your contentment, or you are finished with it so you can slip out of it. But this lukewarm state is very bad.

That idea is there I know, and it has nothing to do with this person. Mm? you have always been having some

ideas – whether it is a, b, c, it is not the point. You cannot live with the real, you cannot live without the fantasy; you live with the imaginary. The imaginary is always good, Anupama, because it looks beautiful and it is your imagination; it has nothing to do with the real person. You can decorate it the way you want, you can interpret it the way you want: you are utterly free.

With the real person there are problems; with the unreal person there are never any problems. That's why when you are in love with somebody only in the mind it is always great. There are never lows, it is always high . . . because it is your imagination!

Have you heard about one story?

A woman dreamt that Prince Charming came on his horse and took her up on the horse. They galloped off together and went far away, far away. The woman asked, 'Where are we going?' The prince said, 'It is your dream – how am I supposed to know? You tell me!'

When it is your dream you can manage it any way you want. That's how reality is always very very hard and harder on people who live in fantasies. When they come against the real person they are surprised: this is not the person they have been thinking about, this is not the situation they have been hankering for, this is not the affair that they were dreaming of; this is something else. It falls too low beneath their idea . . . and again there is dissatisfaction.

You decide. If you want to be with Amitabh, then be with him totally. If you don't want to be with Amitabh then have courage, come out of it, but that too will be possible if you give a chance for your love to come to a fulfilment. It is just lingering. . . .



You don't allow him to be totally in it. He can be: he has no other idea in his mind. You are fortunate in that way. He has no other woman in his mind so it is possible for the love to become total.

And this always happens to one partner or the other: mm? if the man has some woman in his mind then you will drop this man from your mind. You will start clinging to Amitabh like a creeper because then you will become afraid. Now you are very at ease, very comfortable: you know you can always fall back on Amitabh, he is there, he is your shelter. Now you can roam around a little bit. If he starts looking for some other woman (chuckling) – and if you don't listen to me, I will make him – then you start clinging to him, you will become afraid. You will not think of the imaginary, you will think of the real, because this too is going to become imaginary soon.

Anupama smiles. There is a lovely receptivity in her face. It may hurt her to let Bhagwan's words in but she radiates trust.

But he loves you totally, he has no other mind . . . hence he feels hurt. And his hurt is not of possessiveness, remember. He feels hurt because he feels that he is guilty, he is preventing you; it is because of him that you are not able to go to somebody you would like to. Deep down he loves you so much that he would like to give you all freedom. It is not possessiveness, he is not angry with you. He understands – what can you do? He feels great compassion for you, he would like to help in every way: even if it

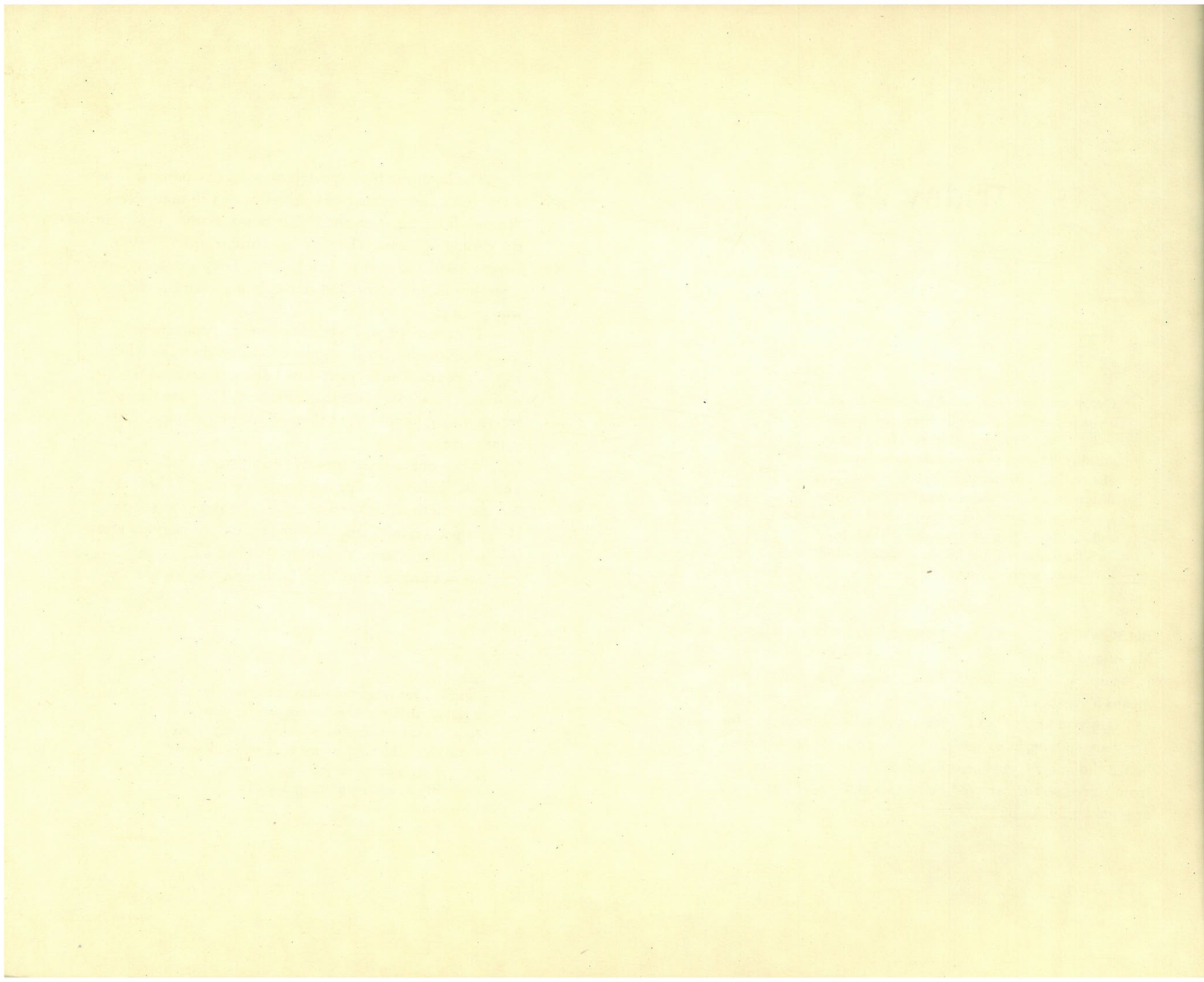
creates suffering for him he would like to help you.

So it is basically your problem, and my suggestion is try total love for at least two, three months. Be utterly in it, explore all nooks and corners of it and all possibilities. Either you will go into it very very deeply and will become centred and these fantasies will disappear, or you will be finished with it. You will say, 'This is not for me.' Then you will not say 'I love Amitabh.' You will be ready to move with somebody else. And I am not against anything: if you want to move with somebody else I am not against it. What I am against is this being partial, this being non-total.

Try! Just tell Amitabh 'For two months I will love you totally.' And be really in a kind of mad love. In the beginning it will look a little foolish too, but you can manage! Be in love again, be on a honeymoon again, as if you have found Amitabh for the first time. And in fact everybody is so new every day that it is just nonsense to think 'This is old – I know him'. . . . Nobody knows: everybody is changing so fast. Just tell him that for two months you are going to love him totally. For two months be really in it. Those two months will be very decisive: they will make you mature, more understanding. And anything that comes out of that total experiment will be good. Either you stay with Amitabh or we invite the other person . . . but two months, mm? Good!

As Anupama leaves, I think of my own relationship. She walks away with a beautiful gift. So do I.







## Friday 25

Gypsy, calls out Mukta, and she comes forward a young Frenchwoman who is a social worker and a trainee Rebirther. Mm! says Bhagwan in greeting. Who has given you the name Gypsy? She replies, A friend. Mm, close your eyes, says Bhagwan, and proceeds to concoct a new name for her. After a moment or two he looks to Mukta and asks how she spells her name, Gypsy. Now he is leaning forward in his chair, mala in hand, beckoning Gypsy to him . . . .

BHAGWAN: Your name is beautiful so I will keep it:  
Ma Anand Gypsy.

It means blissful wanderer. Anand means bliss and Gypsy means a vagabond.

Do you know that Gypsies originally belonged to India? They are Indians but they reached Europe through Egypt, hence the name Gypsy, from 'Egypt'. They were coming from Egypt so they started being called 'Gypsy' but their original land is India.

The language they speak is almost fifty percent Hindu. They don't call themselves Gypsies; they call themselves 'Roma'. It comes from the Indian word 'Rama'. Roma means the people of Rama. They are beautiful people. They have never settled and that is their beauty. They are sannyasins! They live in insecurity, and to live in insecurity is the only way to live.

The moment you settle for comfort, convenience, security, you die. So always be on the go then the whole earth is yours. The Gypsies now belong to no country, to no race; the whole earth is their home! They are the only international people. And their whole philosophy of life is insecurity.

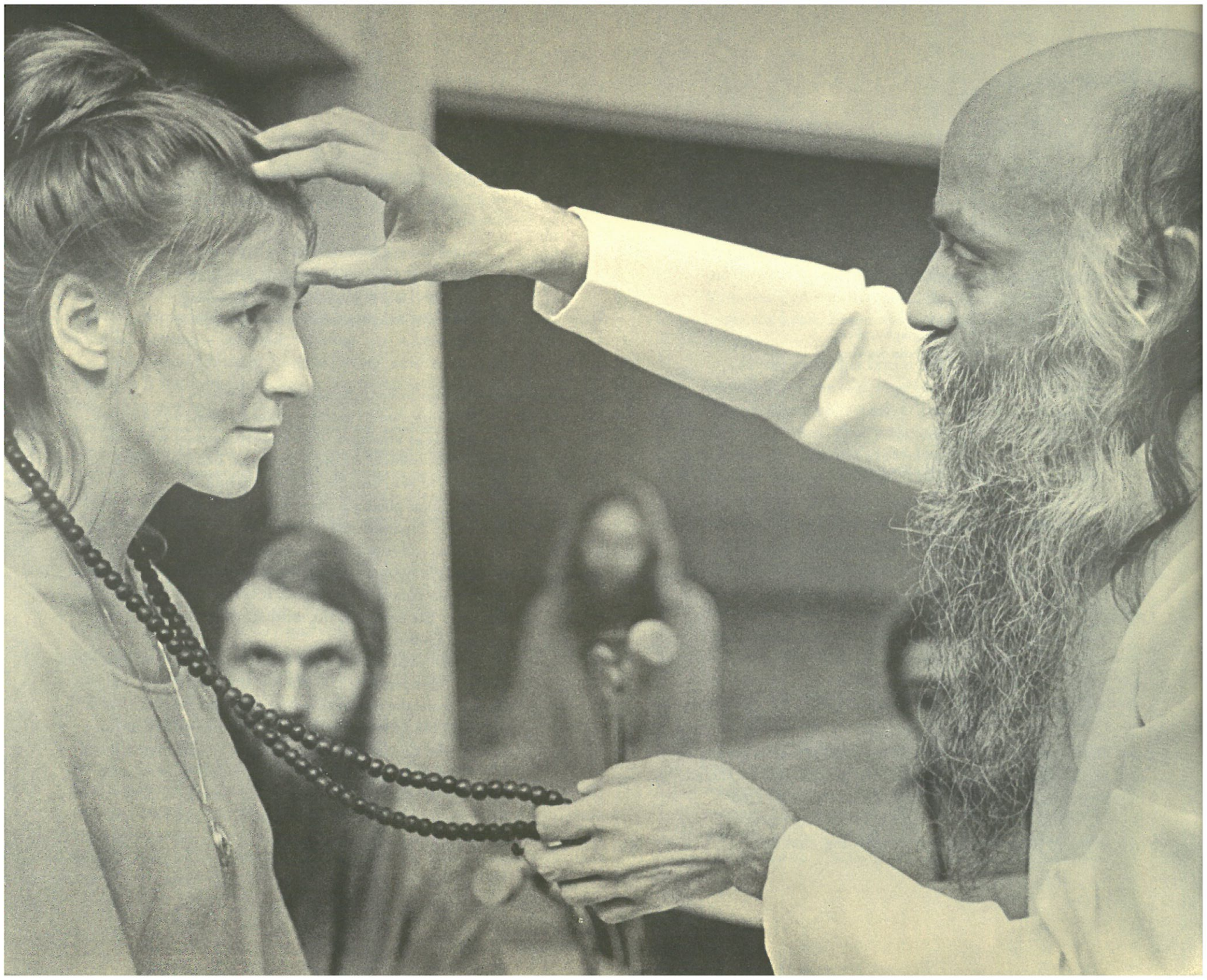
When one is insecure there is constant challenge and that challenge keeps life energies burning. There is always something unknown lurking around. Tomorrow is never predictable; what is going to happen nobody knows. And when life is unpredictable, it is alive.

So not only in name but in the spirit become a Gypsy!



Bhagwan has suggested some groups for Chintan, a graphic designer who has just arrived from New York. He asks if he would like to say or ask something. Chintan presents Bhagwan with some photos and a pencilled drawing of a face, obviously a child's representation of Bhagwan . . . .







*CHINTAN: I have photographs  
of my children for your blessing,  
and a gift from my daughter.*

BHAGWAN: Just show me. Good. Mm!

Bhagwan glances at the photography, then  
spends some minutes studying the drawing.

How old is she?

*CHINTAN: She's eight.*

Eight, mm? (Bhagwan is gazing at the drawing) This is really beautiful – she can grow into an artist. These lines are really very very dynamic, very mobile. Help her to understand more about drawing, painting; she has something. Good! Blessings for them.

Something about yourself that you would like to say?

*CHINTAN: I have nothing to say.*

Just come close to me. Close your eyes and just start feeling as if you are behind the navel, the solar plexus. Just be there, be concentratedly there, as if there is the centre of your being. Go into it, be utterly there. If something starts happening in the body, allow it – anything, shaking,

trembling, swaying. Crying or laughter, whatsoever comes, just go into it but go on keeping yourself centred in the solar plexus.

Bhagwan holds his hand cupped, just under Chintan's chin. I can't see anything happening externally. Bhagwan calls him back and says, very good . . . .

A few things to be understood about you . . . .

It is very rare in modern times to have such an alive solar plexus as you have. Man has lost contact with the solar plexus because of the fear of sex, because of the repression of sex, because of life-negation.

The solar plexus is the centre of life and death both. That's why Japanese call it 'hara'; hara means death. And the Indians call it manipura. Manipura means the diamond, the most precious diamond, because life comes from there. In the solar plexus is your seed. It is the first thing that is created in the womb of the mother; then everything else grows around it.

In the solar plexus your father's seed and your mother's seed are both present. The life cell from the father and the life cell from the mother create your solar plexus. That is your first blueprint; from there everything grows and it remains the centre forever and ever. You can forget about it, you can become oblivious of it, you can repress, you can start hanging in the head but it remains the centre. You just become less and less alive. The farther away you go, the less and less alive you become and the farther you



are from the solar plexus. You live more on the periphery; you lose centering, you lose grounding. It is very alive. Start living more and more.

That is the primitive mind, the most primal mind. The Primal therapists are not yet aware that the Primal scream comes from the solar plexus. It is the first mind. Then the second mind arises – the heart, feeling. Then the third mind arises – the head, thinking.

Solar plexus is being, heart is feeling, head is thinking. Thinking is the farthest, feeling is just in the middle; that's why when you feel you are more alive, just a little more alive than when you think. Thoughts are dead things; they are corpses: they don't breathe. Feelings breathe, feelings have a pulsation but nothing to be compared with the first, primal mind. If you reach the solar plexus and be there and live from there, you will have a totally different kind of life – the real life.

The few moments you feel that you are real are the moments when you are at the solar plexus. That's why sometimes people seek danger, they go mountain-climbing, because when danger is very real you simply go into the solar plexus. That's why whenever you are in a shock your solar plexus has the first pulsation. In a shock you cannot think, you cannot feel: you can only be.

If you are driving and suddenly you feel an accident is going to happen, your solar plexus is hit. That's the reason why people like speed in driving, and the speedier your car becomes, the more alive you feel, thrilled. You are coming closer to the solar plexus. That's why there is such attraction in war. People go to the cinema to see a murder story. It is creating a situation in which you can feel your solar plexus again. People read detective novels and when

the story really comes to its peak they cannot think, they cannot feel: they are!

Try to understand it. All meditations lead to it. It is your elan vital, it is the source of your vitality. Go into it, and you can go easily, that's why I am saying to go into it. Whenever you are sitting silently, be there. Forget the head, forget the heart, forget the body: just be a throb behind the navel.

If you go deeper into it it will become possible for you to understand the real concept of trinity – because your father is there, your mother is there. If you are also there, the trinity arises. That is the basic idea of the trinity – not God and the Son and the Holy Ghost. If you are there, then the trinity, a triangle. The father and mother are already there. If you are also there then the Christ is born, the Son is born. And when the Son is born there is real unity.

Two cannot meet: the third is needed to bridge the two. So your father and mother are there, consummated but not consumed, in a kind of union but not yet a unity. The feminine and the masculine are there but still not bridged, and that is the whole trouble of man, the whole conflict – that he is two, dual. He is bound to be two: something has been given by the father and something has been given by the mother. They are both there, flowing together like two currents but still there is a subtle separation.

If your presence reaches there, if you become more and more aware of it, your very awareness will become the catalytic agent: the two will disappear and there will be oneness. That oneness is called 'Christ consciousness'. It does not happen outside, it happens within your being.

So watch, and many things will be revealed through



that observation. If you come across something which you feel you would like to say to me, just write. After one month you have to tell me how you are feeling. This very observation will bring subtle changes in your life: you will not need to do anything else.

So meditate, do the groups, but this is your meditation, this is especially for you.



Ken, the brother of a sannyasin, Veet Yantra,  
is sitting in front of Bhagwan . . . .

BHAGWAN: Hello, Ken!

*KEN: Hi!*

When did you arrive?

*KEN: Ten days ago.*

Good. How long will you be staying?

*KEN: Twenty more.*

Something to say to me?

*KEN: I come as a patient to a doctor. I thought perhaps you could give me a diagnosis . . .*

Mm mm, what is the problem?

*KEN: . . . if you think I'm unhealthy . . .*

What is the problem in your mind?

*KEN: Well, I don't know, I couldn't pin it down to anything. I can't say it; perhaps there's nothing. That's why I thought you might be able to see.*

Come close . . . close your eyes. Krishna, come here. You (Ken) close your eyes. (to Krishna) Put your hands on his head and pour your crazy energy into him, and if something starts happening in both of you, allow it – any shaking, trembling – so I can see where the energy is.

Krishna (the same one who was threatened with expulsion to a Brazilian centre if she didn't behave – see November 19th) places her hands on Ken's head. He seems to be unmoving but Krishna begins to breathe more and more intensely. Her head slowly tilts backwards, her long dark hair falling down her back, her face translucently aglow as she relaxes into her



energy. Ordinarily a dynamic and attractive woman she looks softly beautiful now, tender. . . .

Good, Krishna! Very good!

(to Ken) There is no specific problem – just the universal problem of being a human being. There is no specific problem particularly, individually, but just to be a human being is a great problem. It is not specific to you, it is so of all human beings, and that is the most fundamental thing to understand – that a human being is just a passage between the animal and the divine. You cannot make your house on the bridge, you should not make your house on the bridge. The bridge has to be passed.

Man is just like a bridge, between two shores, just a link between animal and divine.

Man is not at ease until he has surpassed himself, Bhagwan continues. A dog cannot be dogger but man has a notion, albeit very vague, of what he can become, how high he can rise.

Physical problems are different. Psychological problems are not so different. Spiritual problems are not different at all. The deeper you go, the closer does the universal come. On the periphery there are differences: you have a different kind of body, somebody has a different kind of body . . . he may have some other problems, you may have some other problems, or may not have, but there are differences.

In the psychological, lesser differences; in the spiritual no differences.

You don't have any physical or psychological problem as such, but the spiritual problem is there. And when there is no physical and no psychological problem then only does the spiritual problem become very predominant. There is a kind of hierarchy: the physical needs, the psychological needs, the spiritual needs. The lowest are physical needs, the highest are spiritual needs, in the middle are psychological needs.

Become more consciously a seeker. Become more and more alert of the situation in which you are, and use the situation to create more awareness, more consciousness. If you look, then the whole evolution is nothing but an effort of consciousness to become more and more. The rocks have no consciousness, not at all; they are completely asleep. The trees have a little bit, a very little bit. Animals have a little more; man has a little more than the animals. And a Buddha or a Christ goes higher than ordinary human beings. They have more concentrated awareness, they *are* awareness. They are the highest evolved points.

Unless you become that – and everybody becomes that – misery will remain. One can be lost in comfort, luxury, pleasures, but again and again one is thrown back to the basic problem.

While you are here I will suggest you do a few groups. They will give you some taste of more consciousness . . . .



Robert has recently spent a year in Thailand as a monk. Bhagwan regards him with interest as he is called forward.



BHAGWAN: Come here . . . come here! When did you arrive?

*ROBERT: About a week ago.*

Good! You have been long in Thailand?

*ROBERT: Yes, one year.*

Very good! You were doing vipassana or something?

*ROBERT: Yes.*

Mm, you have a little bit of it around you. That's good. Something you would like to say to me?

*ROBERT: I've been trying to understand . . . I use thought a lot and I relate to Krishnamurti quite strongly. I seem to be imposing myself upon truth, am being too demanding. I seem to have a tension gathering on this side (the right) of my head, a dull presence.*

Mm mm. Krishnamurti himself suffers from headache too

much! For years, his whole life, he has been suffering very severe headaches . . . because the whole approach is just reason. Yes, there is a possibility that somebody can enter from that door but it is very rare: it is not a well-trodden path. Once in a while a Krishnamurti, an Astravakra, people like that, have entered through that door.

You will get into trouble, and unnecessarily. It is better to move through the heart than through the head. It is more fun, more joy, and the goal is closer from there. You can go dancing; why go with a headache? If you go with a headache even God will avoid you! (laughter) You can go singing, dancing.

Krishnamurti is desert-like. I'm not condemning him; what can he do? There are deserts too and they have a kind of beauty of their own. A desert has a beauty — the vastness, the silence, the infinity of it. Yes, it has a beauty of its own but it is better if you don't make a house there. Once in a while it is good to go and see a desert but it is better not to make a house there. When one can live with trees and with roses why unnecessarily choose something arduous?

Yes, there are people for whom that is the only way; for them it is perfectly okay. They cannot do anything else, they have to go through that. But I don't think that you have to go through that. That may be causing your headache: you may not be the type for that. But it is difficult to leave once you get hooked because each logic has its own persistence and once a certain logic appeals to you, it is very difficult to get out of it; it is a kind of imprisonment.

Robert ruefully nods agreement.



If you can be here for a few months I will destroy it, because here we don't have any logic. It is the most absurd place you can find, and the more it grows, the more absurd it will become!

But when logic no more has a grip on you, you can relax, your headache can disappear very easily. I don't think that it has anything to do with your physiology. It is just too much tension in the head, too much thinking. Thinking is dry, barren. There is no juice in thoughts, feelings are juicy. And my suggestion is that rather than moving to Buddhism, move to Sufism. Your headache will go and finally you will see one day that your head has also gone. And that is the most beautiful space – when suddenly one day you look into the mirror and you cannot see your head! It can be possible . . . Just be here for a few days and see.  
How long can you stay?

*ROBERT: For a while.*

Be here for a while and get into things: dance and sing. In the beginning they will look very absurd because they will not have any appeal to your thought. Mm? what is the point of dancing? What is the point of singing? In fact there is no point, they are pointless. But life is pointless and God is pointless. Existence as such is not going anywhere. It is utterly lacking in purpose. It is a play, a leela, and it is for those who can be playful. Krishnamurti is not playful – very serious! If he enjoys it is perfectly good for him but people who cannot enjoy become serious with him. Then they have headaches and a thousand and one difficulties

arise; they get many knots in their being. Rather than relaxation they become more and more tense.

Have you done any groups before? (he shakes his head)  
Then do a few; they will help, mm?

Start with Shraddha, says Bhagwan. It means trust; it is absolutely anti-Krishnamurti! He goes on to recommend two other groups. . . .

And don't think of sannyas, mm?

We laugh at the variation on Bhagwan's more usual 'And think of sannyas.'

Become a sannyasin. But don't think about it, mm?  
Right now? (Robert smiles, nods) Come here!  
(more laughter)

Bhagwan writes down a name for Robert, then places the mala over his head.

That headache will go; don't be worried about it. This will be your new name: Swami Anand Leeladhar. Anand means bliss, leela means play, dhar means god: god of bliss and play. Leeladhar is one of the names of Krishna.

He is the most playful god, the most non-serious; there is no comparison to him. He was totally into life, into all dimensions of life, and he enjoyed everything – from love







to war, everything; there is no denial in him. He can be good, he can be bad; he can be truthful, he can be deceitful. He can sacrifice himself, he can cheat you. He is very spontaneous, without any ideals and without any ideology . . . just a man living from moment to moment, responding, not with any a priori idea. He has no idea of how things should be. He functions out of his totality, and whatsoever happens out of that totality is good. He has no definition of goodness other than that.

And there is a way when your totality can function. Then there is no tension in your being. It is as when a child is born and immediately starts groping for the mother's breast and not knowing what he is doing because he has never seen mother's breast. He starts opening his mouth, and the moment he comes close to the nipple he starts sucking. It is a total act. It is a spontaneous act with no prior knowledge; it is an existential act. And if one trusts life by and by one's whole life becomes like that. Krishna lived like that.

Contemplate on Krishna – his dances with the cowherd girls, his songs, his flute. Forget Krishnamurti, remember Krishna and it will be easier for you!

Things are going to happen – just cooperate with me!



After a few unsuccessful attempts to begin, Akam finally manages to articulate what he is feeling.

*AKAM: A few times I get to a point where I'm trying to get together everything that I want, then I don't want it. And there's an inability to make decisions – like to go to Goa, not to go to Goa, stay in Poona, go . . . .*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

*AKAM: My head is working overtime.*

Mm mm. . . No, your problem is something else. You need some work, you cannot be without work. You need some work that challenges you, otherwise you will feel this confusion about what to do, what not to do, where to go. Those are not real problems; the real problem is that you need challenge so you can sharpen yourself against it.

When there is challenge everything is good with you. When there is no challenge you start dissipating and falling into fragments and pieces. That's why it happens that you want to put something together and when you have succeeded there is no joy in it, because your joy is in the travelling not in arriving. Once you arrive then again the mind starts thinking, 'What to do now?' Then again it starts moving towards another goal.

So success is not your goal – succeeding is your goal. Once you have attained something you are finished with it; you want something else. Just understand it: it is a creative



energy. If you use it rightly you can become very very blissful. If you don't use it rightly it can kill you, it will be destructive; the same energy becomes destructive. It is the same energy, creative or destructive. Put rightly it is creative; if something goes wrong it is destructive. My suggestion is that you can go on this way continuously your whole life. You will be thrilled only for a few days when you are reaching for something. The moment it becomes easier, the moment you see that now it is within grasp, you will lose interest; this is your characteristic.

When people used to go to Gurdjieff, the first thing he always enquired of them was 'What is your chief characteristic?' This is your chief characteristic, and you have to cope with it, you have to encounter it and you have to work it out. You have to get out of this trap of your mind.

Your mind can be used very creatively. Two are the possibilities: one is that you put your total energy into the commune, forget yourself. Put your total energies into the commune, work for the commune. There is much work and much has to be done; there is no end to it. You will never be without something like a challenge; it will always be there. But for that you will need a complete identification with the commune. If you remain separate, if you start thinking that you are separate – you are here but you remain separate – then the commune's problems, challenges, will not be yours. One way is to surrender totally to the commune and to become part of it, start working for it, start solving its problems. . . . And you will be unburdened and your energies will start moving creatively. This is one way.

If you feel that it is not possible for you then choose some work individually, personally, but work that has some challenge. The second path will give you only temporary relief: again and again you will be in trouble. If you can become part of the commune, you disappear; then you don't have any problems. And this is a beautiful phenomenon: when you don't have your problems and the problems are of the whole group, you work, you work hard, but still you remain out of it. It doesn't create any tension, any anguish, any anxiety. It is a joy, it is a game, because you can remain like an observer, you can be very objective about it. You need not be subjectively troubled by it.

Think about these two things.

*AKAM: Still whenever this problem comes up the only solution is to find a challenge. I felt when I got to this point I was supposed to make a breakthrough.*

Right now you are not at the point where a breakthrough is possible. You will need greater challenges, more anxiety . . . . It will come one day, it will come one day. A breakthrough is possible only when you are close to a breakdown, never before it. And you are not close to a breakdown. You are going to Goa – nothing to be (laughter) . . . . It is not a breakdown.

If you can surrender to the commune things will change. There will be no need for breakdown or







breakthrough: you will simply start looking at things in a different light.

*AKAM: One of the ways to surrender would involve leaving and I don't want to.*

Why?

*AKAM: It's a possible way of challenge, doing something outside.*

If you surrender that is not your problem; then it is up to me. If I send you, go; if I don't send you, don't go. If you don't surrender then it is your problem; you have to decide what to do. If you surrender then it is not a problem at all for you; all your problems disappear. If I say 'Akam, just clean the floors in the ashram,' you clean the floors! Then it is none of your business: you can just be a witness to whatsoever is happening. If I send you out, you go out – whatsoever is the need – but that is not a question for you to decide. That is the meaning of surrender – that you will never be decisive again, that decisiveness will not be required of you.

This is a challenge, this can become your last challenge, because after this you will not be deciding anything. So face this challenge, think it over. Let this challenge be there; it is the greatest challenge. It may become a breakthrough also because it will be the most difficult thing for you – to

surrender. Other challenges will be just small hillocks. They should be like Everest!

Think it over.

*AKAM: There was one other part. You said in one darsban that love is the nourishment and a centering force. If the physical body doesn't receive nourishment it dies. Does the spiritual body die if it doesn't receive love?*

No, it is not born. If the physical body does not get nourishment it dies . . . because it is already born. If the spiritual being does not get nourishment it is not born at all. People live without souls; the soul is not existent for everybody. They have only heard the word; they don't know what it means. They have never experienced anything like the soul; it is just a verbal expression.

Do you know what the soul is? You can define it because you have heard definitions but you don't know anything by your own experience. You know your body, you know your mind, but you don't know your soul and what it is all about.

If love becomes the nourishment then by and by the soul is born. There are a few things . . . First, if the body does not get nourishment it will die. If the soul does not get nourishment it will not be born, one thing. The second thing: if the body goes on getting the nourishment it will still die one day. Once the soul is born it never dies. So the



problem with the soul is how to bring it into existence. It is just a potentiality, not an actuality. It is just a seed: if you don't give it water and sunrays and manure, it will not become a sprout. Once it is born it never dies. Once it is born its very existence attracts love, its very existence showers love on others. So love becomes just a triggering point for the soul to be born.

And remember, millions of people don't have any souls. When I say they don't have any souls I don't mean that they *can't* have. They *can* but they are not yet born. They exist only as the body, at the most as the mind . . . but not as the soul. A soul is a rare phenomenon, and whenever you come across a man who has a soul you are immensely attracted, there is a great magnetic force.

About this, later on . . . . First think about the first thing, mm? Good!



Krishna, having just recovered from her energy-moving dance with Ken, pushes herself forward from her place in the front row and is joined by Dhara, a black Brazilian sannyasin, for whom she is translating.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Dhara! What about you?

*KRISHNA: She wants to tell you that during the last ten days she's been feeling this*

*great solitude . . . alone, really alone. It's been growing and growing.*

Very good!

*KRISHNA: All of a sudden she found herself involved in something she had no control of.*

There is no need to control.

*KRISHNA: She couldn't think, she couldn't do anything.*

There is no need to do anything; simply be in it.

*KRISHNA: She stayed isolated from everyone for eight days.*

There is no need to stay isolated: be with people and remain alone inside.

*KRISHNA: She wants to tell you what happened to her.*

Mm mm.



*KRISHNA: It came to a point where she didn't know what to do anymore so she came to the ashram. She wanted to talk to you but they told her in the office that it wasn't possible so she talked with Ma Laxmi.*

*Something incredible happened, an explosion. She saw herself from every side; there was no way to run away from herself.*

That's good!

*KRISHNA: She came to see you and you gave her back to herself. Yesterday she came out of that and she feels more relaxed.*

Mm mm! It has been perfectly good, but next time if it happens you need not go into isolation. Just remain with people and remain alone; it will go deeper. This time it is okay, you have been in isolation, but next time don't be. Continue your work, continue meeting people, continue meditating, and keep it inside. It is there, but don't escape into isolation; then it will be richer.

Things are richer when they are with their polar opposite. When man and woman meet they are richer. When aloneness and communication are together they are richer. Otherwise ten days, then twenty days, then months,

then years. . . One becomes a monk or a nun, and that is a kind of suicide! For a few days it is okay, nothing to be worried about, but next time if it happens you need not go into isolation, mm? And things are good!

*KRISHNA: Now she thinks to go back to Brazil.*

You can go! You are ready to go, mm? – perfectly good. And we need somebody there; I was waiting. Otherwise Krishna has to go! (laughter) Either you or Krishna!

Krishna gently shoves Dhara to the side.

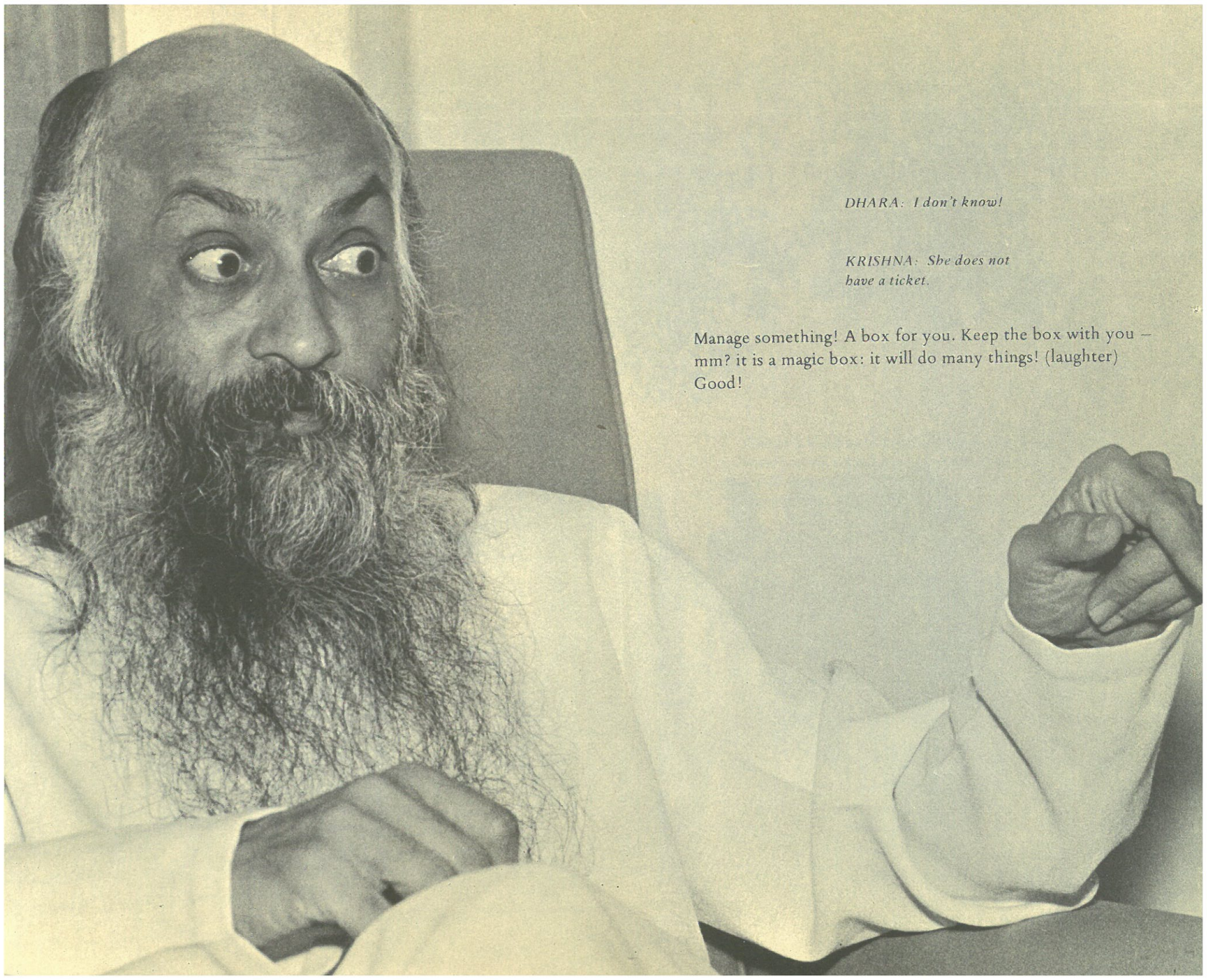
*KRISHNA (in mock desperation):  
Go!*

Mm, there is Gandha (who is starting the centre); Gandha needs you! Go and help Gandha!

*KRISHNA: She says that from time to time she'll help Gandha but she wants to live her own . . . whatever.*

No! Not time to time! Time to time you can go and live, otherwise you help Gandha, mm? My work needs you there. And when will you be leaving?





*DHARA: I don't know!*

*KRISHNA: She does not  
have a ticket.*

Manage something! A box for you. Keep the box with you --  
mm? it is a magic box: it will do many things! (laughter)  
Good!







## Saturday 26

Francis is kneeling in front of Bhagwan, his head bowed down, sobs shaking his body. He looks for all the world as if he is awaiting his execution. He is!

Come here . . . come close! says Bhagwan, and Francis inches his way forward on his knees, hardly able to bring himself to respond to Bhagwan's invitation to look at him. This is death by love . . . .

BHAGWAN: I will keep your old name – it is so beautiful: Swami Anand Francis. Anand means blissful; and learn something from Francis. He is one of the most important saints in Christianity, in fact the next after Jesus. He brings something new to the world. Imbibe that spirit. He brings this spirit, that he is deeply in love with nature, to the world.

Christianity has been against nature; that is Francis' rebellion. He is the first man in the West to call rivers sisters and mountains brothers . . . but he has not been listened to.



He is more a Taoist than a Christian; he has the same spirit as Lao Tzu, a kind of great rapport with nature. That is his message. So start talking to trees and rivers and mountains. They *are* your sisters and brothers because we all come from the same source.

A dialogue with nature will give you great insight into your being because to talk to a tree is to talk to your own unconscious, and to talk to a rock is to talk to your own body. Man has these four bodies. The first body is just like minerals; it consists of the mineral world. The second body is like the vegetable world, the third body is like the animal world and the fourth body is the human body. The fifth, the divine body, is still a promise; it has to be attained.

So when you are in a deep dialogue with a tree you are in a deep dialogue with your own vegetable layer and when you talk to animals you are talking to your own animal past. When you look into the eyes of a dog or a cat or a cow, you are looking into your own past and it has great messages for you. It is your own unconscious. . .



Wolfgang, who took part in the Body-Awareness group, has just expired and is resurrected as Anand Nirvanam . . . .

BHAGWAN: Anand means bliss, and nirvanam means the ultimate dissolution. One is completely lost, just like a river loses itself into the ocean.

In English there is only one word which can become

close to it in its root sense; that is the word 'absolute'. It comes from a Latin root which means dissolution, utter dissolution . . . when one is not separate, when one has become one with the whole. The latin word 'absolutum' (absolute) is the past participle of 'absolvere' which means to loosen, dissolve. That is the meaning of nirvanam: a blissful dissolution. And bliss is only when you are not; misery is there if you are there. Misery is another name for the ego; bliss is another name for egolessness.

So one can never say 'I am blissful,' no. Linguistically it is possible, existentially it is not. One cannot say existentially 'I am blissful!' 'I am' is always miserable; 'I' is misery. When one is blissful one feels 'Blissfulness is. Where am I?' Then blissfulness is found and the 'I' is not found at all. You can go on searching for it but you will not find a trace of it. That dissolution is nirvanam.

So get lost in bliss. . . Or get lost and you will be blissful!



Bodhiprem, world-famous recording engineer and photographer, author of several books and a pioneer in the collecting of religious and folk music, is leaving for the West. (Incidentally, he was also a follower of Gurdjieff and worked with Gurdjieff's musician, Thomas de Hartmann.)

He is currently working on another book and says he will try to finish it while he is away. Bhagwan encourages him to do so, then asks if he has anything to ask.



*BODHIPREM: For a long, long time I've been obsessed with sado-masochistic fantasies. I find I cannot drop them and I've never had the nerve to act them out.*

BHAGWAN: What exactly?

*BODHIPREM: I feel I have left this very late; maybe I should have raised it before.*

What exactly are the fantasies? Just tell me.

*BODHIPREM: Beating women.*

(thoughtfully) Mm mm. (chuckling) Good idea!

It may have been my projection but it seemed as if the atmosphere was a little strained as Bodhiprem began to talk about his problem. Typically Bhagwan managed to transform any tension into laughter and light-heartedness with just two words.

*BODHIPREM: Most women don't agree.*

No, a real woman will always agree! You have not found a real woman. And do you want to be beaten also or not?

*BODHIPREM: Not particularly. (laughter) I'm more a giver than a receiver! (more laughter)*

That's good! Mm mm . . . . So you have sadistic tendencies, not sado-masochistic.

*BODHIPREM: Correct.*

And you can find a masochistic woman — that's . . .

*BODHIPREM: . . . Perfect! (laughter)*

And if you cannot find just tell me; I know one! (much laughter)

But that won't help. Even if you can find a woman, that won't help; it will not bring you out of it. It has something to do with your unconscious; just beating a woman won't help. You can go on beating women your whole life. It may become even more strengthened; acting out won't help. There is some complex inside which has to be loosened.

You are angry with your mother, you have not been able to forgive her yet; that is causing the fantasy. Beating another woman will not help; that will be a substitute. You will be beating your mother in the form of the woman



but you know that she is not your mother. And the fantasy does not stop at beating: it really wants to kill. Beating is just the beginning. Once you have started beating then the fantasy will start coming, 'Now kill her!'

And this happens. It is very difficult to be brought up rightly, it seems almost impossible. Not only today, it has been so always, and I don't see a possibility that it will ever be much different because in the very nature of things the child has to become angry with the parents, and the parents have to go into situations where they create the anger.

Out of necessity parents have to prevent children from doing things that are harmful for them, Bhagwan continues, but the child in his unawareness just hears what seems like a perpetual 'no' . . . and he begins to build up anger and resentment.

This has to be worked out. By beating a woman nothing will be of . . .

*BODHIPREM: During Primal and Encounter I didn't contact any of this anger.*

It is there, otherwise that sadistic tendency cannot arise. There are other possibilities also; I'm coming to them. First there is a very very hidden layer of anger. You have not been able yet to forgive your mother in particular. And the

problem becomes more complicated because we are taught to respect the mother and the father, so we repress such ideas. We don't allow them to come in front of our consciousness; we go on putting them away. A great barrier has to be created so the idea and the guilt about it never cross the boundary. You never go into the basement, nobody ever does. Unless one goes very very deep into meditation, one never goes into the basement. Things want to come up from the basement but we create barriers so they don't cross. They can cross only in a camouflage. This is a camouflage. They cannot come directly as they are, naked as they are; they can come only with masks.

The idea comes, the fantasy comes that beating a woman will be beautiful. Now this is a mask idea; this can pass. Killing the mother or beating the mother will not be allowed by your censors, by your guards. It won't come in, so the idea takes a new form, takes a new shape, wears a mask and then crosses the barrier: it comes as a sadistic tendency.

It will look absurd, because why? It has to have some meaning, some explanation why: it becomes sexual, beating becomes a sexual activity. Then the repressed idea to beat the mother or kill the mother joins hands with repressed sexuality. They are both in the basement. They join hands, they join their forces so both can hide in each other. This is the complex, this is how complexes are created. A few repressed ideas join hands together. They start conspiring against you – they have to: they have never been accepted and they have been always rejected. They want to take revenge so your repressed sexuality and the repressed idea to beat or kill the mother have joined hands. Now the idea of beating a woman has a sexual tinge to it. Many people enjoy beating women – not only enjoy, they get sexually



aroused only when they beat. If they can beat, they suddenly become very sexually interested in the woman. So sadism is never a pure sadism; it is always sexual.

Now that too is joined with the mother. Each boy, some day or other has wanted to make love to the mother and has thought, fantasized about replacing the father. That too has been thrown into the basement, mm? That is very ugly, obscene, criminal, a sin . . . even to think like that! All these things are there. They conspire and they create a new thing which your consciousness cannot recognise: one part from one thing, another part from another thing. It is a new shape, it is a new mechanism: it comes as sadism.

You will have to unveil your unconscious. You will have to go there and you will have to face the naked truth. So don't judge and don't condemn: allow your unconscious total freedom to say what it wants to. If the idea comes that you wanted to make love to your mother, don't say, 'No! That is stupid – I never wanted to.' Then you will be repressing. Don't say 'This is bad!', otherwise you will be judgemental and again you will throw it back. It is perfectly okay. Every child has thought that, felt that. They may not be alert about it but it has been there.

Sadism is not a single disease. It is many diseases together and that's why it cannot be tackled directly . . . because it has such complexity. You cannot tackle it from one aspect; all the aspects have to be understood.

It has to be analysed in its separate aspects, watched, observed, and in that very observation you will find the complex is disappearing. That day you will become for the first time mature, that day you will become for the first time free of your parents. That day you are no more your

'mother's good boy'; that day you are on your own. That is the second birth.

So just allow it. Actually going into it is not going to help; it may create more problems. But next time you come, if it is difficult for you to allow it, we can make some arrangements, mm? It has to be dissolved, but first you try on your own: just allow it, just go into it very lovingly, with no judgement. And by and by the unconscious will start whispering, first in very very small whispers because it is afraid of you, mm? – you have been so much against it.

Once it becomes courageous and knows you are not rejecting any more it will gain courage, voice. It will become strong, it will start talking more clearly, it will become more articulate. And it has great mysteries to reveal to you: it has all the keys of your transformation. Once the basement is vacated completely, once the basement is no more full of all repressed things, once they have all evaporated from there, great freedom and great purity comes – the purity of emptiness. A very austere beauty arises inside.

During these six months, whenever you have time just sit silently and allow the unconscious. Go with it totally, let it have its say, persuade it to say whatsoever it wants to say. Tell it constantly that there is no need to hide, no need to wear masks, no need to come in different forms. It can come directly; there is no condemnation on your part. Say it again and again. By and by the unconscious will gather courage, will come closer.

It is almost like a bird; it is so afraid that it remains away. If you allow it a little bit it comes closer; if you give it food then it starts coming closer but watches you. Who knows? this food may be a trick: you may be just trying to trap or kill. But by and by the bird starts learning that you



are not an enemy, you are a friend; it comes closer. One day suddenly it is hopping on your shoulder. That's how the unconscious has to be persuaded by and by.

You do this, and if it has not happened, then when you come back. Good, Bodhi . . . good.



Pratibha, who has just come from England, tells Bhagwan that she feels there is a little girl inside her who is clinging to her and who doesn't seem to grow.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It has always been so?

*PRATIBHA: Yes. My parents split up when I was ten and I don't know whether that's got something to do with it. In my relationship it causes lots of problems because I can't just stand and be myself. I cling.*

Just come close. Keep your hands this way (palms facing Bhagwan) and close your eyes. Chetana, come here, and if something starts happening go into it. And Pratibha, if something starts happening you go into it too. Both feel together as if one energy. If anything starts happening, swaying, trembling, shaking, go with it but keep your hands together. Become one. Lose the boundaries, penetrate into each other's boundary.

Chetana leans her body close against Pratibha's back, her head reclining on Pratibha's neck. The two of them move together very gently. Chetana begins to sob and Pratibha's body is shaken with the ripple of her energy.

Good, Chetana. Good. (to Pratibha) Come back.

Nothing to be worried about; it is not much of a problem. Just a small energy block is there. It is not very complicated, it can simply dissolve. These groups will do much; and then remind me about how you are feeling when you go. If something is needed then I will give you a technique so you can work; it will simply be gone.

It is there: just a small lump, just some energy has become hard there. It must have happened as a survival measure.

*PRATIBHA: Yes.*

When one feels that survival is at stake the heart becomes a little hard, otherwise you cannot protect yourself. You cannot remain vulnerable: you close a little bit just to become a little strong, just to resist and fight. That's what has happened. Some day in your past you must have felt that your survival was at stake, mm? that's why. So just as a measure to protect you, your energy has coiled upon itself. But when it happens it is difficult to go deep in love, because it goes on protecting even then, so it simply . . . . Now there is no need.

*PRATIBHA: Yes. That happens*



*when I make love as well.  
I can't trust, I can't . . .*

Mm mm. No, it will, it will go. The first group I have given you is trust (Shraddha), mm? Just you do these three groups and be here totally available, open, vulnerable and absorb as much energy as you can from me.

It will dissolve. If it has not dissolved then tell me when you go. I will give you a method and it will be gone. It is nothing to be worried about. We are dissolving mountains — it is just a small, tiny molehill!



Krishnananda Bharti, a thin, white-haired Indian sannyasin, visits Bhagwan every so often, coming from Bombay with his small beaming wife, Seeta. He is always full of namastes and his face is rarely without a smile. Yet whenever he sits in front of Bhagwan it is to tell him of this or that illness or ailment. Where lesser mortals might be tempted to dismiss him with a few words of condolence, Bhagwan jollies Krishnananda along, telling him it is all because of past karmas!

Krishnananda walks forward now, his hands in namaste, smiling, already telling Bhagwan about himself before Bhagwan has time to ask him.

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
You know everything. You know  
everything about me!*

BHAGWAN (chuckling): I know!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
No change, there's no change.  
There's no change . . . going from  
bad to worse.*

There is no malice in our spontaneous laughter and Bhagwan's chuckling. It is simply not possible to take Krishnananda seriously somehow because he actually looks fairly bursting with well-being.

Mm. But you always look so good.

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
Oh, that's what you say!*

But you think that you have gone . . .

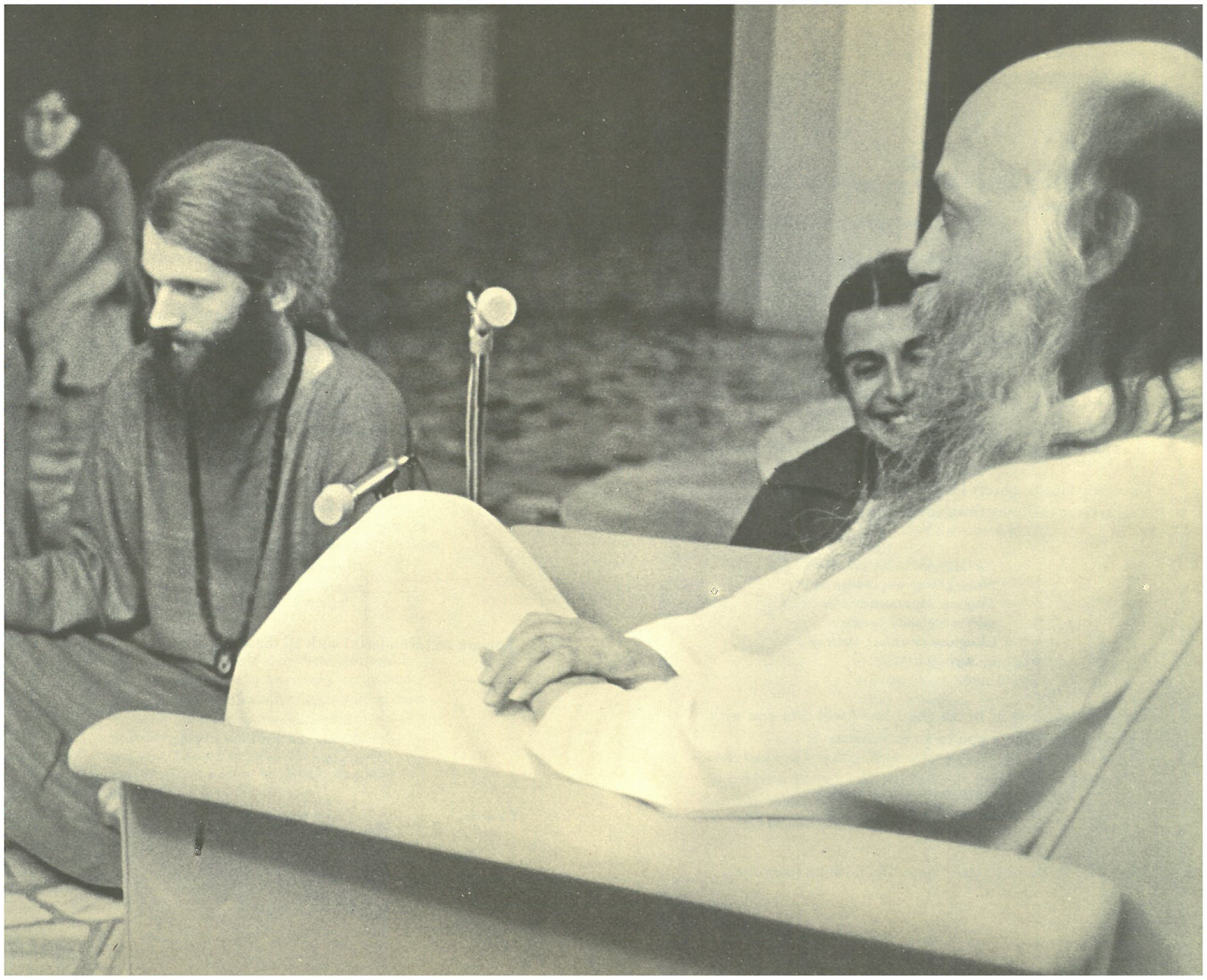
*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I would say . . . I'm very  
thankful to you.*

Mm! You look always good and always happy. Just when











you start talking about yourself you say things, otherwise you look so good.

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I look!*

Forget about changing!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I could tell you in brief: I'm  
suffering from . . .*

(breaking into laughter) I know it! (much laughter)  
You are not suffering from anything!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
Please change me, change me.  
Drag me. My attachment is  
with this bloody Bombay  
(Bhagwan chuckles). Destroy  
it. Destroy it!*

Mm! I will destroy it. In the new place I will take you with me and I won't allow you to go to Bombay or . . .

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
But my present way of life . . .*

What life? In Bombay there is no life, nothing (laughter).

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I am suffering from all mental  
diseases.*

That I will take care of!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
First there is an inferiority complex,  
lack of self-confidence . . . (Bhagwan  
is really enjoying) These are the things.  
If you destroy them, finished.  
I've had it!*

I will do it!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I'd just be an ordinary, normal  
person . . . wonderful!*

You are still wonderful with all these things!

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
All the twenty-four hours of  
the day and night I'm praying  
to you.*

I know!



*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
I'm praying to you, I request  
you . . .*

I will do something!

Bhagwan's head is thrown back with the wave of laughter that rumbles up from his belly. He chuckles really juicily.

*KRISHNANANDA BHARTI:  
. . . but nothing is happening!  
(much laughter)*

*You say this is all due to my  
past karma; what to say? But  
there is no remedy. You are the  
only person who can do anything.*

I will do something; don't be worried.

Bhagwan attempts to change the subject which has worn rather thin by now, and turns to Seeta, asking after her in Hindi. She is just one big beam and is obviously saying she is fine. Her husband interrupts, his hands still in a perpetual namaste, and says, Ah I am so jealous of her! That's exactly what I want to be! Simply drag me — physically!

Chuckle, chuckle, responds Bhagwan. I will!



Nikunj had his arriving darshan tonight.

A very warm, personable personality (added to which he is a mime artist), Nikunj manages to make everything he says terribly funny and colourful. Bhagwan greets him with an affectionate, Hello, great Nikunj! and asks him how things have been. Nikunj says that the six months away have been difficult but now everything is beautiful.

BHAGWAN: You are looking good! You are no more as tense as you used to be; you are very relaxed.

*NIKUNJ: I feel a kind of  
imbalance.*

Mm, what kind of imbalance?

*NIKUNJ: My ego — it fights.  
My ego always wants to play  
tricks on me!*

That too will happen. You are an artist so your ego must be an artist! It must be doing tricks on you; it must have learned mime, mm?

How long will you be here?



*NIKUNJ: Until the twenty-first of December.*

That's good. Help the Mime group while you are here.

*NIKUNJ: Yes, I am helping to teach and we do one hour every day. There are many people, very good people doing the group . . . yes, very sympathetic! It's different because they're so free, the people . . . they move! (laughter) Nice people! For me it's interesting to see these people. I myself am learning something!*

Bhagwan turns to Arup and asks her to arrange things so that the Mime group comes to darshan with Nikunj before he leaves.



Savita, with the help of Sudha to act as translator, interviewed Nikunj a few weeks after this darshan. He says he was born in Chile, studied architecture and for seven years worked in Chile in that profession. Later he moved to France and worked in Paris for five years but began to feel that his profession was only business and not much art. . . .

NIKUNJ: I have very much feeling for art and there was not enough. Yes, there was good money but nothing else. I started to learn mime in Paris with the Marcel Marceau Academy, later with the Decroux Academy, the Etienne Decroux Academy. He is the master of all teachers in Paris. He is a very old man and a rare sage. This master, Etienne Decroux, was the teacher of Marcel Marceau. Later I started to do mime on stage and after two, three years, I stopped doing architecture.

Nikunj did a tour of France and Germany, met and married a Dutch woman and with her returned to Chile where they set up an academy of mime. She is a Yoga teacher so taught Yoga. They became very popular, working on television and radio and later toured Europe together. With a period of no contract, they decided to visit Pondicherry in India. There Nikunj became very interested in Yoga. On their way back to Paris they passed through Bombay, caught wind of an ashram in Poona, and travelled Rajneesh-wards.

So we came to Bhagwan's ashram. We arrived during the meditation and we saw so many people in orange jumping around like a bunch of nuts! I said, 'What's the matter with these people? What have they got? What's wrong with them?' My wife felt our coming was a mistake but I was really interested so I said, 'Let's find out what's going on here'.

We were told it was better to listen to the master because without that we wouldn't understand anything. He might touch us in a place that created understanding.

We decided it would be a good idea to come to the



lecture the following morning as our train was leaving that afternoon. Even though then I spoke very very little English, not as much as I speak now, I understood him perfectly! I couldn't believe it! My wife was also asking how this could be. I suggested we stay one more day, so we did. And we stayed three months!

*Can you talk about what changes  
happened for you in those  
three months?*

The important thing is that having first gone to Pondicherry, I understood that there was something like an inner world and space that I had no knowledge of. The Yoga teacher there was a teacher but he was not a master, he was not an enlightened being. What I needed was a master, what I needed was Bhagwan. This teacher was very good for me, he opened many doors for me but nothing like what happened with Bhagwan, where I know it was exactly what I needed. He reached me first through the intellect because it was easier for me to understand that way. I wanted to know why? why? why? and he answered my whys. He gave me a lot of understanding through the intellect; he helped me understand that the intellect was something I had to leave behind.

I started doing all the meditations all the time and tried to get as close to the nucleus as possible. I wanted to do something for Bhagwan. I wanted to serve him in some way. I started teaching mime classes and the transformation happened slowly, slowly.

I started to see the whole world differently! Everything

changed from my scientific base. Everything I saw became not something static but a vibration, something moving and changing. I understood that my whole world was just a big dream! Everything was in a turmoil and I was losing a lot of old things. That's what gave me the thirst to keep coming back for more, because I kept wanting to understand new things; I wanted what was being lost to be replaced somehow. I just kept getting pulled more and more into it, pulled nearer to Bhagwan.

*Is there any particular thing  
that stands out, any example  
you can give of that?*

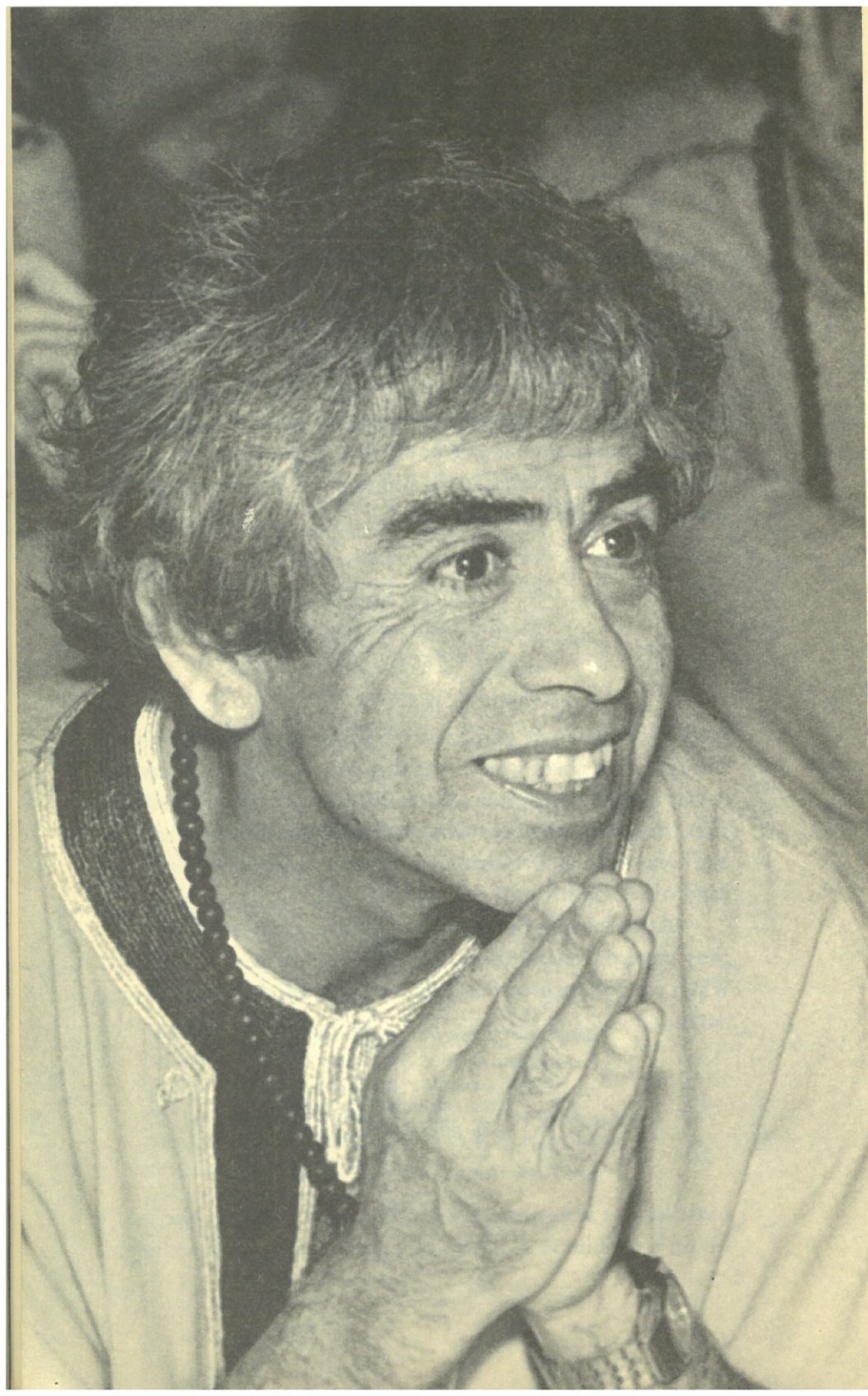
I used to have little glimpses of things during my life and I thought that there was something wrong with me, I thought it was a sickness of mine. With Bhagwan I started to realise that those experiences, those little deeper glimpses into other realities, were an evolution of my own spiritual growth, a kind of recognition of my spiritual self.

After leaving Poona these glimpses continued and they were more and more frequent and deeper and stronger. When we got back to Paris all we could think of was coming back!

*How was your first meeting  
with Bhagwan, your first darshan?*

I saw him as if he were my brother, as my father, like me! I didn't see him as a master or a teacher. It made me laugh!





It was as if I were inside him. I didn't see him as another person, a separate entity; I was him, he was me. That's how I felt. I love him as if he's my own brother. When I'm with him, I laugh, I'm just enchanted.

At this point, Nikunj breaks in in English, bubbling with enthusiasm.

Yes, I laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh! I forget everything I must say. I forget everything! (Nikunj imitates his own laughter, gripping his belly, throwing his head up and back into the air, then howling, doubling up with mirth). And he was laughing with me! It was so beautiful!

(continuing in Spanish): He is so beautiful . . . he is my home!

Saying this, Nikunj throws himself back on the mattress behind Sudha and begins to sob. Sudha and Savita touch him gently while he cries. They all have a hug and then Nikunj sits up and continues . . . .

Everytime I hear him speak he makes me cry now. I'm always crying whenever he talks because what he is saying is so universal. But I'm learning to hear him beyond the words he's speaking now. Beyond his words there is something that comes out like a cascade, like a waterfall. I'm so much more open now than the first time, three years ago; the difference is enormous.



*How were things for you  
when you went back to the  
West?*

Everything was different. My relationship to my work, to my friends, to my family . . . everything changed because I saw life differently. I was still working in order to earn money but there wasn't that sense of wanting to possess, that passion, there any more. That was gone and I saw that I had so much more that needed changing.

I was able to understand that I was not a tool; I could watch myself. Bhagwan gave me a light; it was beautiful, it changed everything! I suddenly saw 'No, money is not important!' I didn't think about money and suddenly money arrived by itself! It was funny! I'm much more alive now. Now I enjoy each moment and before I could never imagine it; it's fantastic! Really, believe me, I enjoy the life now.  
(laughter)

*What was the attitude of the  
people you work with?*

I hadn't any problems because I'm an artist and they always expect artists to be a little nutty. They say, 'Well, he's an artist; what do you expect?'. In that way I'm lucky to be an artist because it's a kind of craziness that's accepted by society. We aren't obliged to the society so we're much freer than most people.

*Will you talk about the groups  
you've done here?*

Oh, I like them! Every group is something special! First I did the Aum Marathon. After that I was physically exhausted and what happened was that my whole body broke out in these eruptions. Bhagwan said it was all the poisons inside you that need to come out; this is their way of coming out. After a few days I just felt brand new again.

I did Rebirthing and it was fantastic. I was born all over again, about three times. I was full of energy and floating around in a cloud. I would go out into the garden and I'd see all the flowers and the colours; that lasted for about two days, the effects of that. It was beautiful because when we were doing the Rebirthing we were working with partners. As I was going through the experience my partner would touch me on my forehead, my face, would touch me in different places, and in that moment there was such sensitivity . . . with just that tiny little contact! It was like an explosion. I've never felt so blessed as in those moments . . . so much bliss. I wrote to Bhagwan after that just expressing my gratitude, because after that I have had the strength of perception and sensitivity that I have never had before in my whole life.

*Do you have any desire to come  
and live in the ashram and be part  
of the community here?*



Of course. The other day I walked into the ashramites' canteen and I found the energy there was so different. I just felt that this is where I belong. I felt everybody was my brother and my sister; I felt I should be here.

You people don't understand it, you don't appreciate it because you're in it, but I come from the outside and it makes a very very big impression. It's so beautiful and the energy is so strong — all of you eating together. I've only gone there once — to the canteen — and I'm scared to go again because I suffer so much thinking that I'm not with you yet. I'm coming back and I'm going to be here with you!

*What about the significance  
of what's going on here in the  
world? Do you feel that  
Bhagwan's for everybody?*

Yes, yes, he is for everybody! He is part of this universal consciousness. He is here to give light to the whole world and I want to help him in whatever way I can because he is so beautiful. He has to be shared with everyone, that's why I want to go to South America. Maybe in Chile they'll put me in prison or something, but I don't care! None of that is of any importance anymore. I know nothing will happen to me and now I have real trust, an enormous trust in life. He gave that to me, because I had nothing like that before. I have such a trust in everything. I have no more fear of death; I'm not worried about it anymore.

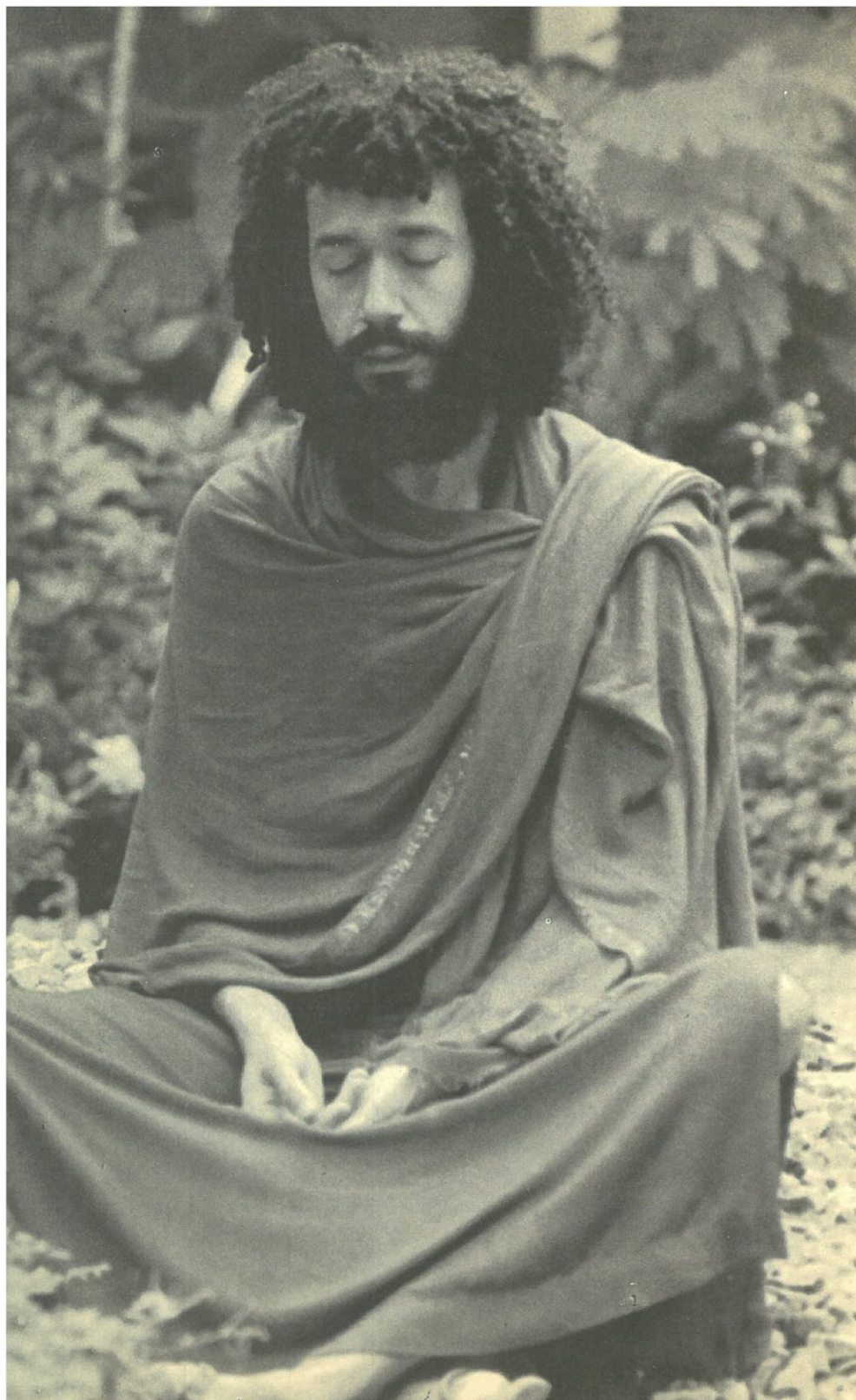
And the change can happen for everyone. He's the light, he's the one. We have no idea of who we are or what

we're doing or where we are. He's the one who is like a bridge to some kind of cosmic contact with what is going on. He gives you a place in the whole total cosmic scheme of things. . . .









## Sunday 27

This will be your new name: Swami Deva Vasant. Deva means divine, vasant means spring — divine spring. Bhagwan is talking to a young man from Ireland. He is tousled-haired, bespectacled and wears an earring in one ear which lends an air of rakishness.

If one knows how to live rightly, Bhagwan continues, one constantly lives in the spring. In the inner world it is always spring, things are always blooming; it is never otherwise.

**BHAGWAN:** The change is only on the outside, on the periphery. The seasons change on the periphery but at the centre it is always spring. There nothing ever changes. It is eternal: no past, no present, no future. It is a kind of timelessness. In that timelessness man blooms. All that one



needs to do is look inwards, to fall inwards.

At least for a few moments every day, at least once in a while, one should simply drop out of the world into one's own being. It is rejuvenating: one comes back alive, again young, again fresh. One comes back again with gusto and zest. There is again enthusiasm and significance and love. Again one can see with the eyes of wonder, like a child. Each time you go inside yourself you attain to a new childhood, because there inside nothing ever grows old; it is pure childhood. That's why Jesus says, 'Unless you are like a child you will not enter my kingdom of God'. The child lives there . . . but we forget. Sooner or later the world becomes heavy and it is constantly dragging you out of your being.

It is for that purpose that the schools and the colleges and the universities exist. They exist so that you are not allowed to be yourself, they exist to distract. They exist to take you away from your innermost core, they exist to falsify you. The whole work of all the politicians and the priests and the pedagogues and the professors and the pundits is how not to allow people their inner being, how to prevent their inward journey, because whenever a man goes inside he becomes unconditioned again and that is very dangerous for the society.

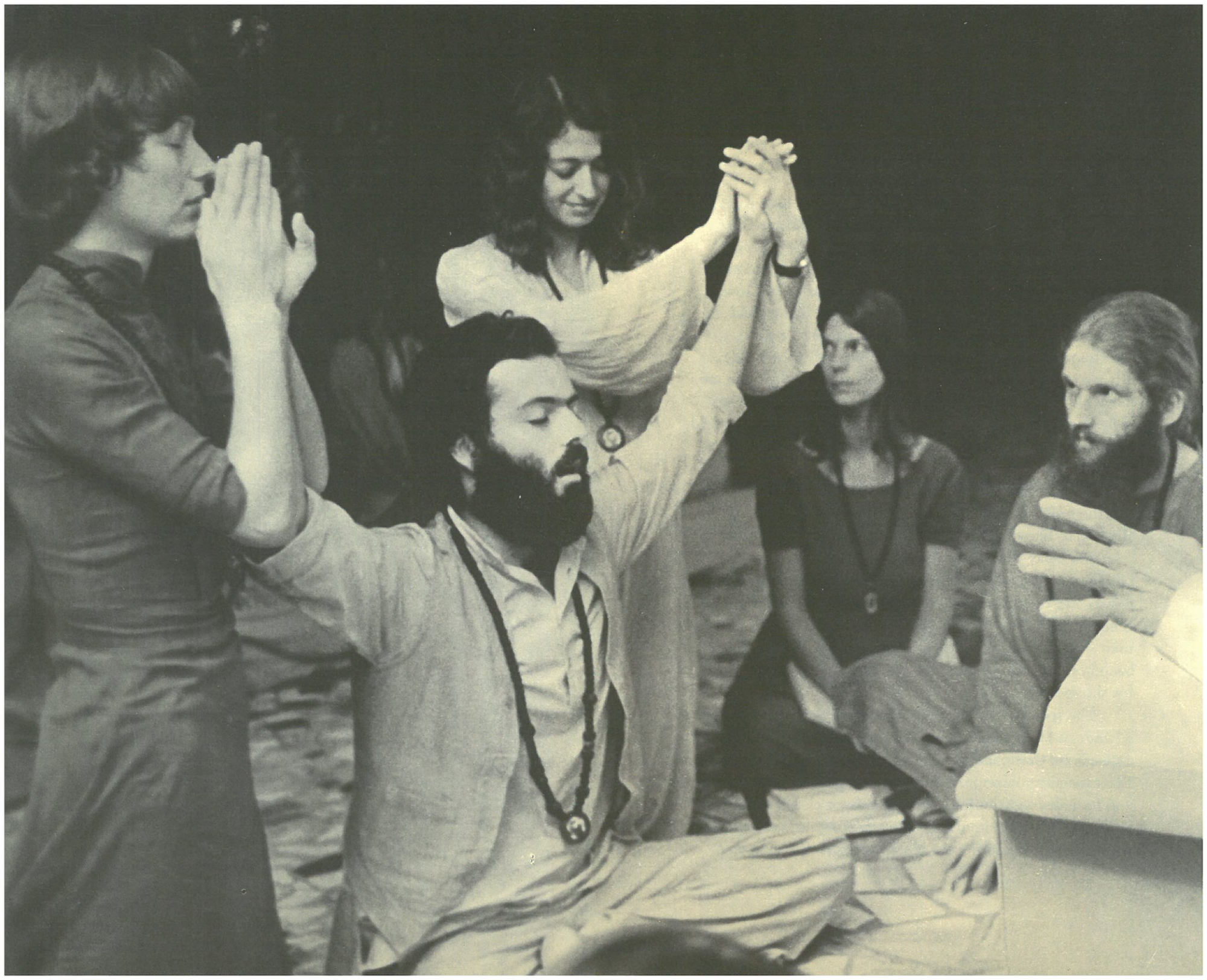
The society lives on your conditioning. It has made you a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian, this and that, and it depends on that conditioning, it relies on that conditioning. The moment you go in, when you really reach the centre, you lose all conditioning. You come back clean. There is nothing written on you so all the effort of the society is washed away. Society has a vested interest in seeing that

nobody can meditate, or even if people want to meditate they should be supplied false meditations — just toys so they can play around: a Christian prayer or something like a tranquillizer. Repeat a mantra, TM . . . . These are strategies of the society. First you should not become interested in meditation: it is foolish. The whole attitude of the society is that it is foolish, it is mad. If you talk about meditation you are eccentric, crazy, mm? — everybody becomes suspicious of you.

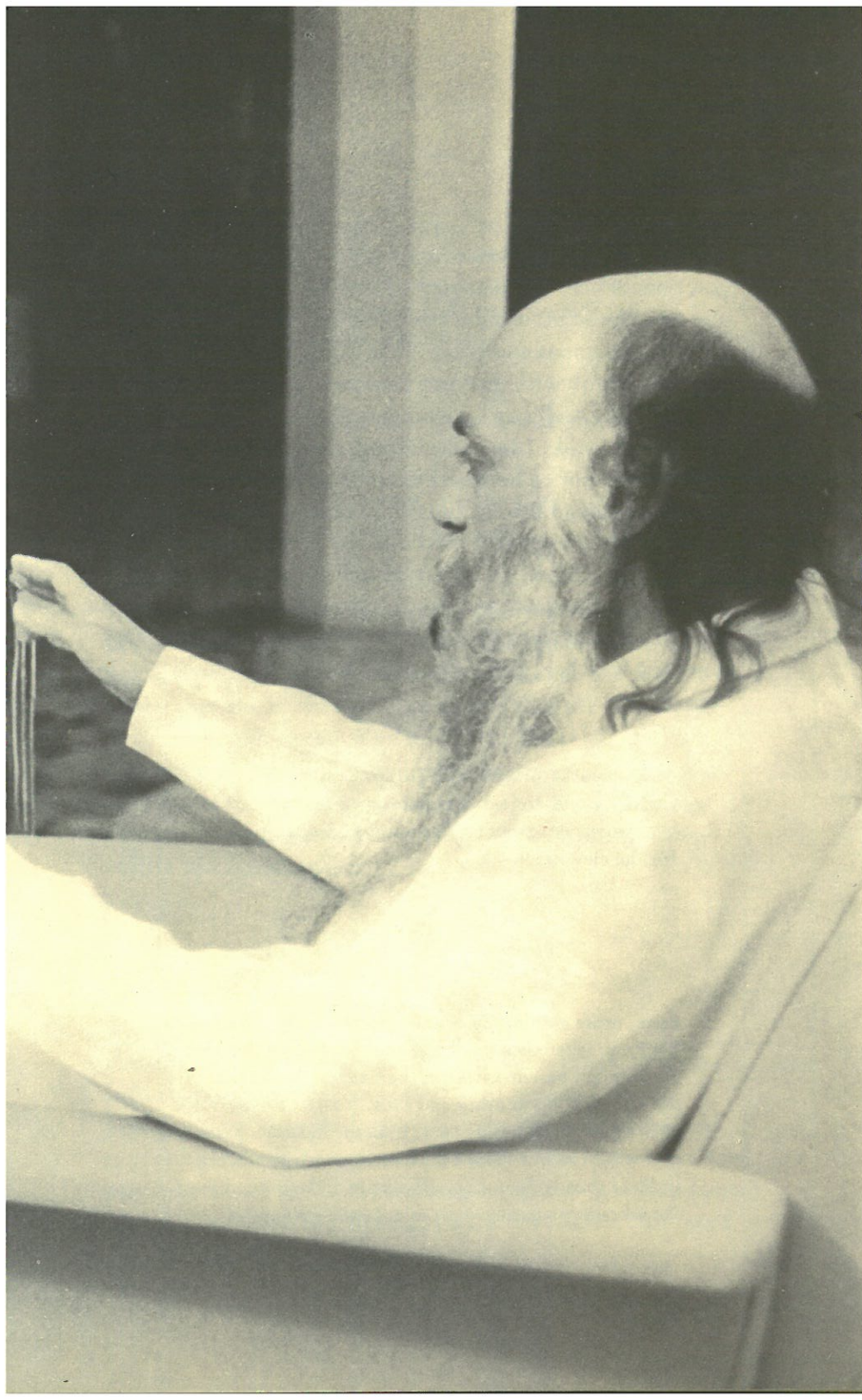
If you go on persisting then the society has evolved false substitutes down the ages. It says, 'Okay, then do TM', because with TM the society is not in danger because TM does not make you rebellious. In fact, if you were rebellious it would cool you down. It is a conspiracy of the establishment; it helps the establishment just as do other tranquillizers. It gives you a false kind of consolation. Yes, it gives a kind of silence but that silence is not alive. It is not like a glacier coming down from the mountaintop, it is not like a river moving towards the ocean. It is like a man-created swimming pool . . . going nowhere, having no movement; it is man-made. It is not accidental that the American establishment is favouring TM and things like that; even schools, colleges and universities are becoming interested in it. They hope that people can be tranquillized through it, then they will be less rebellious.

To me the real religious person is pure rebellion: rebellion is his very soul. That rebellion comes when you go into your deepest being. Whenever you come back from there you are a new man, a new woman, a new being. You don't belong to *this* society, to *this* church, to *this* book: you don't belong to anybody. You belong more to the trees









and to the rocks and to the stars; you belong to the eternal. This whole universe is your home.

If you can find a home within yourself you will find that the whole universe is your home. And that is the meaning of your name, Deva Vasant . . . .



It's absolutely pelting with rain now so that Mukta has to fairly bellow out the next name. It is Avigan, a lawyer from Spain who has been here for some time now. I can only guess at his question, which seems to be that he feels something is about to happen to him, for he speaks quietly and the downpour is almost deafening. Bhagwan's voice is amplified fortunately, and he is telling Avigan to move closer to him, to close his eyes.

Pradeepa, leader of the Zazen group, is motioned forward to kneel at one side of him holding his left hand, while Neerjo holds his right hand. The three of them begin to sway a little, and look as though they are mermaids playing in the waves together. Avigan begins to fall backwards and Neerjo goes with him, lying at his side on the floor, while Pradeepa remains upright. Bhagwan calls them back.

**BHAGWAN:** That point *is* close by. Be conscious of it but don't be frightened of it. It is around the corner. Be in a kind of deep welcome to it, a receptivity, an openness. The more open you are, the closer it will come. You don't know



what it is; there is no need to know what it is. How can you know what it is unless it happens? So simply be open, whatsoever it is. For the first time one has to take that risk. Next time it will not be so risky because you will know what it is. This time it is risky: it may be good, it may be bad, it may be the friend, or the enemy. Who knows? – God or devil. Maybe it will take you to some lighted peaks, sunny peaks or maybe it will drag you into the darkness and depth of the valley. One is not certain.

So both things happen in such a state: one hankers for it and one stops it also. There is a kind of ambiguity: one part of you will like to go into it and one part will say: 'Be alert, beware. It may be dangerous; you may repent later on.' If you become divided this point will be missed.

So don't be divided, this is not the time to be divided; you can't afford division in this moment. Simply welcome it whatsoever it is; call it 'x'.

*AVIGAN: The point is more to watch it or more . . . pour more energy?*

No, no, no, don't watch it; pour energy. Watching will keep you distant, watching always keeps you distant. When you want to remain away from something, watch it. If you go on watching that watching will keep you away. For example, watch anger and you will never be angry; but don't watch love, otherwise love will disappear. Watch the negative; never watch the positive. Otherwise, whatsoever you watch will go away from you, because the watcher cannot be one with the watched, the observer cannot be the observed. How can you

be both, mm? the observed remains there like an object and you remain here like a subject; there is a distance. The more you watch, the more subjective you become and the more the thing becomes an object. That won't help.

Get drunk with it; don't become a watcher: be absorbed. And that's what energy wants – it wants to become drunk. Just go headlong, mm? This moment is not the moment to be wise but to be an utter fool. Mm? only fools can go into it, only mad people can go into it. But something beautiful is around the corner. Just be drunk with it, grope for it, go into it, search for it. Let it be a search from the heart and not from the head. If you watch it becomes a head thing; the watcher is in the head. The lover is never a watcher. The lover abandons himself, loses himself.

Bhagwan asks Avigan what groups he is going to do. He will do just one more as he has to leave soon. Bhagwan reminds him to stay around for the eleventh!



Prem, more commonly – and affectionately – known as Big Prem (there is a small one too) has been going through much much parent-karma in the last few weeks with first the arrival of her mother and shortly after, the arrival of the parents of her partner, Rakesh. Rakesh's parents' visit was brief but Prem's mother seems to be staying and has already found herself a little niche in the life of the ashram, preparing vegetables in the ashramites'



canteen. But she doesn't seem into Bhagwan, and that's causing a little friction in her relationship with Prem it seems. As Big Prem comes forward, Bhagwan chuckles and looks at her with that special sort of warmth and affection he bestows on ashramites.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Big Prem! What about you?

*BIG PREM: I wrote you a letter about my mother.*

It is nothing . . . it is nothing. Mm? it is just that your mother's presence is disturbing you too much, that's all. Just accept your mother's presence. What can she do? Whatsoever she is, she is. Don't expect that she can change easily; there is no need. You both have the same kind of expectations: she thinks that you will change and that she will be able to change you; you think that she will change and that you will be able to change her. You are working exactly like her daughter!

Prem has to laugh. Seconds later her eyes fill with tears.

There is no need to change either yourself or her; nobody need change. She remains herself, you remain yourself. And don't get disturbed, mm? — make her stay as cheerful as possible. There is no need to be cold — be warm. Don't be worried because she is not with me or against me; that doesn't matter. That is her standpoint, that is her choice. You need

not in any way punish her, knowingly or unknowingly. If you become cold that is a kind of punishment.

Remain warm and flowing. This thing should not come between your relationship. Your being my sannyasin should not come in between you and your mother; that is not the point at all. Simply accept and just tell her 'There is no need to be worried; I am not going to convert you or change you' . . . . Then she will feel more open.

And let her try: if she wants to change you, let her try. It is a good chance for you to see whether anybody can change you or not . . . a good opportunity! But, be loving towards her and be warm, and there is no problem.

How long will she be staying?

Prem in dumbfounded silence gestures that she doesn't have any idea of how long her mother will be staying.

It is a good challenge: make it as long as possible!

*BIG PREM: Forever?*

That's very good! But be warm to her and help her and make her happy. She must be feeling lonely, and so many orange people. . . .

*BIG PREM: She works in the canteen.*



She goes and works there? That's very good! Mm! Nothing to be worried about, Prem!



Ravi was in the Zazen group. You might remember that he came to darshan on the eleventh saying he wasn't much into sex. Tonight he says that during the group he felt sensations of heat and cold, of energy rushes to his head and felt separate from everything, from his feelings.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm . . . mm mm. Zazen can do it. If it really happens, feeling can disappear completely, because it is not a feeling method; it is a method of awareness. It is not of the heart, it is not of love — it is of awareness. So it can happen. It has been good: it indicates that it has been really good. You went into it. Now don't start creating a conflict in yourself. Wait. The feeling will come back and will come back very very fresh, but you will have to wait a little. And don't miss these days through feeling miserable because the feeling is not there. Enjoy awareness while these days last and when feeling comes enjoy feeling too. And then one can move between these polarities.

When you are alone, just move into a zazen space. Forget all feeling, all love, all emotions, all sentiments — just remain a pure kind of awareness. And when you are with people, move into love, feeling, and forget that pure kind of awareness; attain to a pure kind of love and relating. I see the possibility.

That's why you were feeling hot and cold both. To a few people it happens — both hot and cold, otherwise either it is hot or it is cold. If it is cold, then the man is meant to walk on the path of awareness. If it is hot he is meant to walk on the path of love. But if both happen that means that the man can easily move between the both. Then the man has to become a river and these two, love and awareness, have to become like two banks.

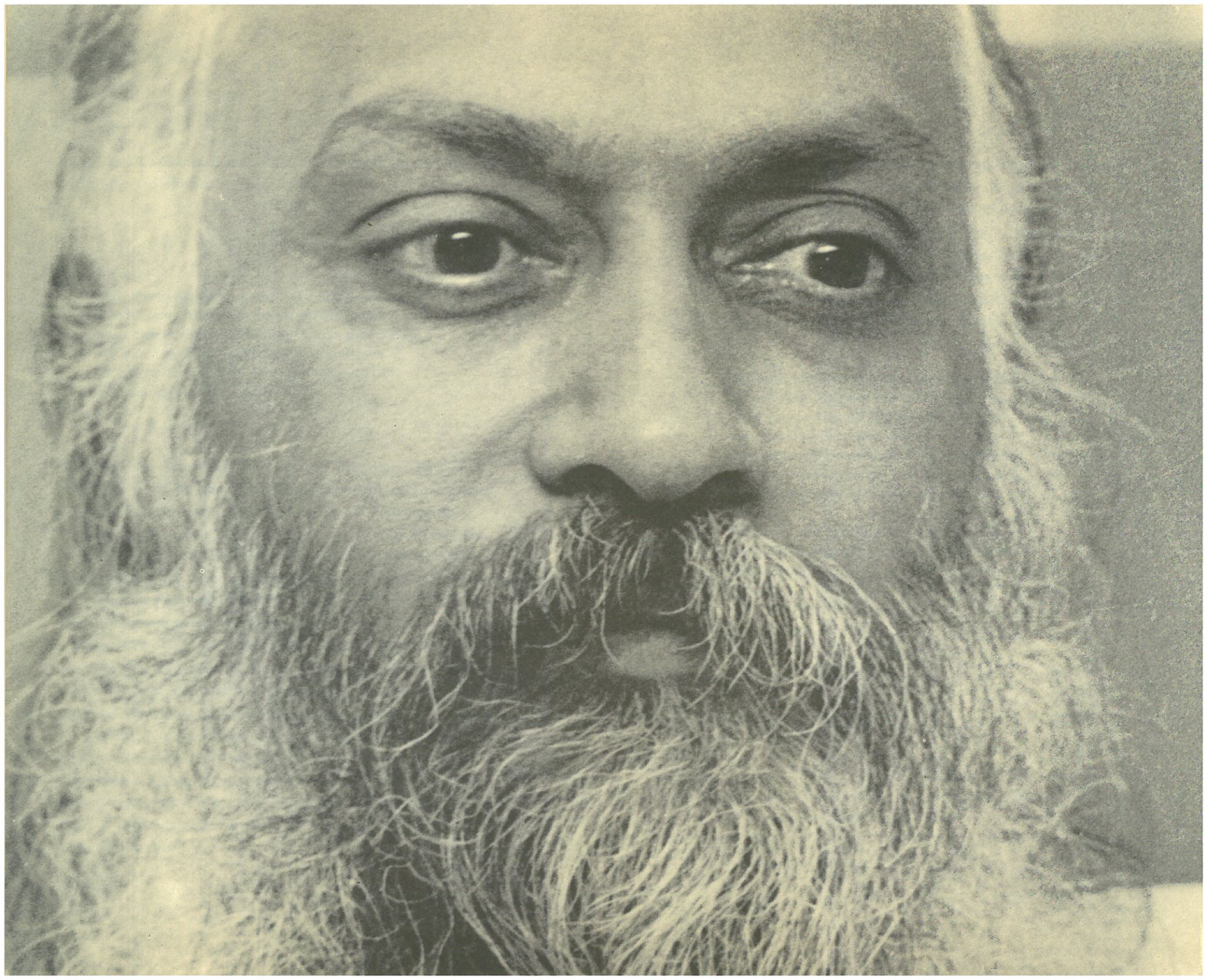
Bhagwan asks Ravi to close his eyes. Nothing happens and Bhagwan indicates that Kavya should come forward and pour her love into him. Ravi begins to respond to her energy, rocking gently from side to side. As Bhagwan touches the palms of his hands with the torch, his movements become more pronounced.

Bhagwan calls Ravi back and says that things are going really well and some more groups will be helpful.









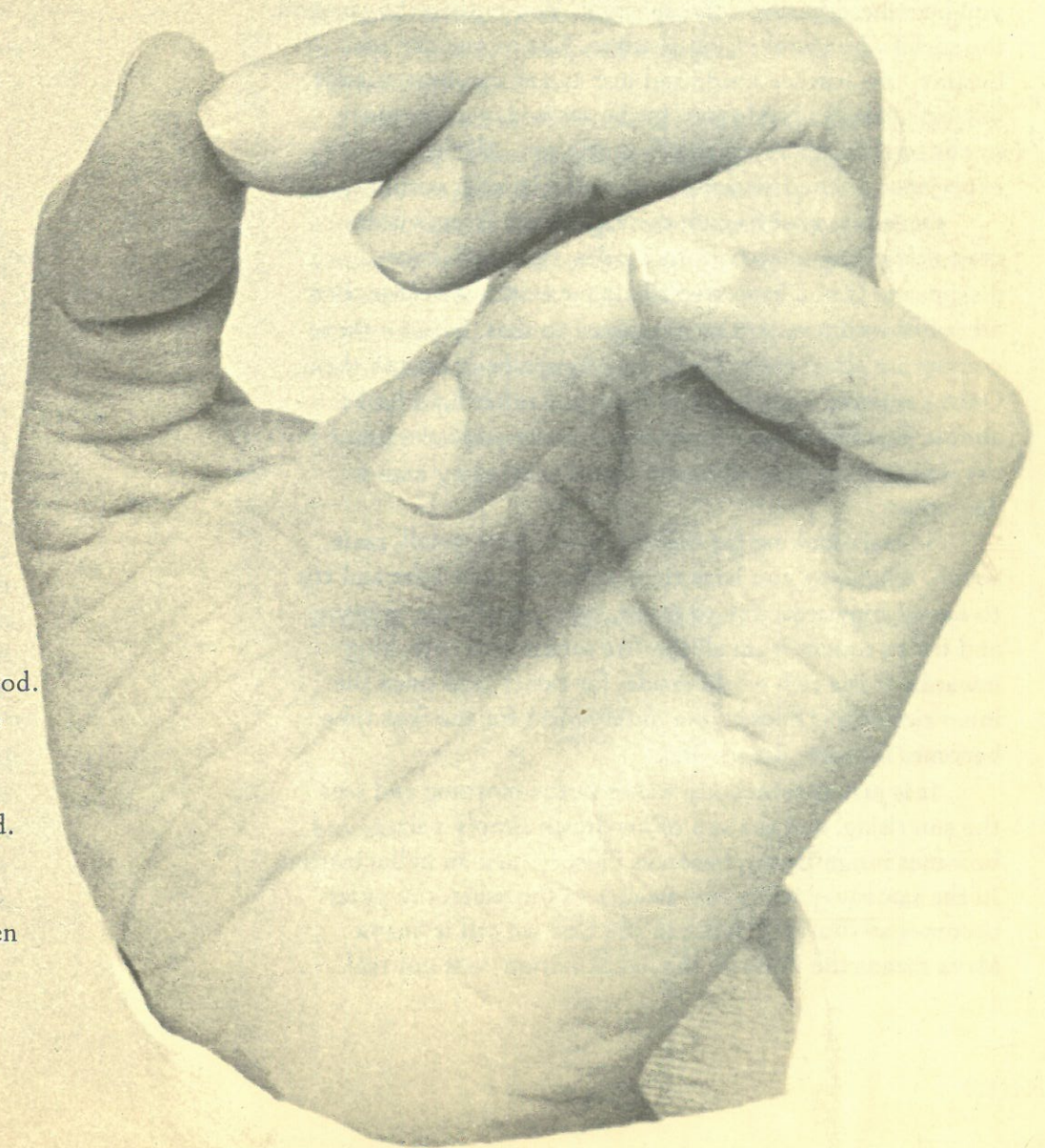


Monday 28

I close my eyes and enjoy the luxury of falling inwards, as Bhagwan explains the meaning of his new name to Michael, a male nurse from Holland who has just been given the name Anand Chandan . . . .

BHAGWAN: Anand means bliss, chandan means sandalwood. Sandalwood is very symbolic in the East because when one reaches one's innermost core a certain fragrance arises in one's own being which is very similar to sandalwood, not exactly the same but almost. So sandalwood became sacred. It resembles this inner fragrance.

Remember that all that is available is also available inside. All the five senses that open outwardly can also open inwards. Man stands just on the threshold of both, just in





the middle of both spaces – the outer and the inner, the within and without. Man can turn either way. If you turn outwards you become a worldly man; if you turn inwards you become other-worldly, spiritual. You remain the same on the surface but your vision changes. Just as one can see outside, one can see inside and just as one can hear outside, one can hear the inside too. In the same way as there are smells outside, there are smells inside too. All the experience of the five senses are available from within.

Once you have known the experience from within then everything outside simply pales, its significance disappears. If you have seen the inner world of colour then all rainbows are very faint compared to that, because those colours are alive: they throb, they have a heartbeat to them. Once you have seen the inner light, the outer light looks almost like darkness in comparison. Once you have heard the inner sound then all music that is created by man is just noise.

So start looking for the inner: see, hear, smell, taste, touch. Whenever you have time just close your eyes and try to see withinwards. Try to listen, try to smell, try to taste and try to touch; from all the five senses start searching inwards. It is a rich world inside, far richer, and once the inner richness is known, the outer world for the first time becomes illusory, dream-like.

It is just as somebody wakes in the morning and sees the sun rising, and the sun of his dream simply pales, becomes insignificant, becomes illusory, just an hallucination. In the same way when one awakes to the inner, the outer becomes an illusion. Hence in the East we call it 'maya'. Maya means the illusion, the hallucination; it is not real . . . .

Bhagwan recommends three groups for Chandan, then turns to greet Praveeta who has just returned from a trip to Bali. She'd like to do some groups she says, and suggests Tantra and Hypnotherapy. He will give those to her Bhagwan says, but first she should do some other groups in preparation . . . .



BHAGWAN: Tantra should be like a climax, then much more happens out of it. Much more important than the group is the space in which you are when you participate. You can participate in a group which can take you far away, but if you are not ready to go far away nothing can be done. You may not participate in it, you may be there as a participant, but the inner participation will be missing.

We have a thousand and one inhibitions. To be in a Tantra group, really and totally, one needs to shed all the inhibitions. One needs a very very clean unconscious, then Tantra can become one of the greatest experiences of life. Otherwise it will be at the most a kind of indulgence in sex and even that will not be very deep because those inhibitions will go on dragging you away.

So Tantra can either be just a licentiousness . . . because man is so repressed and one wants to go against that repression; it is too heavy. Licentiousness is just a reaction to repression. Once the repression is too much and you cannot bear it, the pendulum swings to the other extreme. That's what has happened in the West: two thousand years of Christian repression, two thousand years of stupid morality, unscientific, unnatural, inhuman, has



created the whole licentiousness in the modern mind. It is a revolt, but revolts which arise out of reaction are not very revolutionary. They remain tethered to the very same thing against which they are reacting. The puritan can become licentious, very easily, and the licentious person can become the puritan again very easily. The mind goes on moving, it swings.

So Tantra can either be just licentiousness or it can become a great love experience. If there is no inhibition, no repression, no attitude about sex – good or bad – if one is just primitive about it, pagan, uncivilized, unprejudiced for or against, then Tantra can become a great experience of love, or Tantra can become a great experience of prayer too.

If the unconscious is completely unburdened and one is like a child, neither seeking for sex nor seeking for love even – one is not seeking for anything, one is simply empty, with no desire, with no motive, just open to whatsoever happens, thrilled by the unknown . . . . Because whenever you are seeking something you are seeking your past experience again in some way or other. The new cannot be sought, only the old can be sought. Modified, a little bit decorated, a little bit different, but it is always the same old that can be sought. How can the mind think of the new? The new has not been known yet; the mind is always tethered to the past. So you have known some experiences of love, some experiences of sex, and you would like them to become a little deeper, more far-reaching, but still they are the old.

The third state of prayer is possible through Tantra – when you are not seeking anything at all, when there is no desire, when there is a quality of desirelessness, unmotivated presence . . . just a presence, empty, not going anywhere,

when there is no dimension to your consciousness, no direction to your consciousness. Then Tantra takes you really far-out. No drug and no meditation can take you that far because Tantra works on the very substantial energy in you. The most profound energy is the sex energy and Tantra works on that.

When you think, you think only from the top layer of the head. When people are making love they remain almost always in the head. It is a head trip; their sex is cerebral; then it cannot go very deep. If you go a little deeper then the heart starts functioning: sex is no more sex; it becomes love. If you go a little deeper, to the very roots of your being, to your very guts, to the very foundation, then Tantra becomes prayer.

So wait! A little work, and then when you are ready I will send you to Tantra and Hypnosis also. Good!



BHAGWAN: Hello, Prasado! What about you, mm?

*PRASADO: I am full of questions . . .  
I'm so confused.*

Mm mm.

*PRASADO: I don't know what  
to ask you. It's all mixed up*



About what are you confused?

*PRASADO: About love, relationship, about my way of perception, of living, of doing things, about the changing of moods; they change so fast. And about . . . I don't know how to say it . . .*

No, that will do. First, what is the problem with love? What do you feel is the problem? And be true, because we want to solve it. If you are not true it is difficult to solve it. Just be true, whatsoever it is. Even if it is an ugly fact, bring it out. What exactly is the problem with love?

*PRASADO: I don't know exactly. It seems as if I have relationships with men and I feel it in my heart and it's beautiful. Then sex comes and desire comes and then it becomes very difficult, problems arise. Or I have another relationship and I don't feel the man in my heart. It's only from the head or it's some kind of sexual attraction but the heart doesn't come into it at all.*

Mm mm, I understand.

*PRASADO: And also I feel I want to be total in a relationship. I want to live out every side of myself and somehow it doesn't work.*

I understand. First, there are relationships and relationships, and one should enjoy all kinds of relationships. Nothing is wrong: even the relationship that happens only in the head has its own beauty. The relationship that happens through the heart has its own beauty and the relationship that happens just as a sexual thing, that also has its own beauty.

You may be attracted to someone only sexually. Now you create a problem if you want to make it a love affair also. You create something artificial, you force, and then the problem arises; otherwise there is no problem. That relationship has to exist on that level; nothing is wrong in that level. And by total . . . you have a wrong concept of totality. You mean by totality that your thought, your feeling, your sex, should all be involved in it. That will not be possible right now. That will be possible only later on when you have lived a different kind of totality first.

When you have learned how to live in a relationship physically, how to live in a relationship psychologically, how to live in a relationship intellectually, when you have worked on all levels and each level has been total then the second kind of totality will become possible. Then a relationship is possible which becomes total on all three levels together, simultaneously.

But before that it is not possible. You are creating the problem. Don't ask too much, otherwise you will be miserable. Whatsoever is available, use it, go into it. And



*nothing* is wrong, nothing is ever wrong except when you start asking for too much and your life energy is not ready for that jump. It is as if one goes swimming: if you can swim only in shallow water then there is no need to go into the deep water right now. It will be dangerous, you will not enjoy it; you will be constantly afraid. How can you enjoy it when you are afraid that death is possible if you go a little further?

First swim in the shallow water, learn swimming in the shallow water; once you have learned then go into the deeper water. Once you know how to swim it doesn't matter, the depth of the water doesn't matter, because swimming is possible anywhere.

This is your problem: you have not learned to be total on one level and you want all the levels to come together. These are three dimensions of love – the genitals: the lowest but the most substantial; then the heart: not so low, higher, very much higher but more fragile naturally. The higher a thing becomes, the more fragile it becomes. The roots are the most strong thing in the tree and the flowers are the most fragile.

If a tree starts asking for the flowers without creating roots then the tree will be confused. That's how you are confused – the tree first has to go deep into the ground, has to become rooted, has to find nourishment, water. When everything is available the tree starts growing; then there is no problem. Then leaves will come and foliage and branches and one day, flowers.

Still you can move a little higher, to intelligence. That too has its own beauty. Ordinarily when people say that they are related through the head, they don't mean what I mean when I say intelligence; that's why I am using

the word 'intelligence'. There is a kind of relationship which is higher than the feeling. It is of intelligence, more fragile, very fragile. It can disappear any moment. It is almost like a whisper: you have to pay much attention, only then do you feel it. It is more like a friendship.

For example, you love me and somebody else loves me. You are full of my thoughts and he is full of my thoughts. Then a relationship grows between you two because of this affinity. You are meditating, somebody else is meditating. Your meditative energies meet and you are thrilled by each other's presence. Or you love Beethoven and somebody else also loves Beethoven; there is a kind of rapport through music and you feel deeply in love with each other. Beethoven becomes a bridge. Now this is not of the heart, this is not of the genitals. This is of intelligence, but this will be very fragile, as fragile as Beethoven's music.

First start from the lowest, because the lowest is the most substantial, it is your roots. So when you are in relationship with a person, just don't condemn yourself because you think 'This is just genital, this is just sexual.' It is beautiful. Grow in roots. Enjoy this relationship as deeply, as totally as possible, and again remember, by total I mean, in this dimension. I don't mean a totality of three dimensions altogether. That will come later on, that will come in its own time. Everything has its own time, its own season.

In the beginning it will happen this way, that you may be related to one person sexually, you may be related through the heart with another person and you may be related through your intelligence to somebody else. It may not all happen with one person in the beginning; there is no necessity. That's why I'm all for free love, otherwise



love becomes crippled. You are interested in one person sexually and then he starts possessing you and says 'Now you cannot relate to anybody else.' This is poisonous. You are not interested in him through your heart so only two possibilities are left: either you be with him and let your heart die, let it suffocate, let it starve. . . . And you are not related at the third dimension of intelligence either.

It almost always happens that when you are sexually attracted to a person the person is more animal-like; that's why you are sexually attracted to him. It is very rare that this animal-like person will have some qualities like Buddha . . . very rare.

He may be just an animal – alive, full of juice, but on the lowest level. He may give you great sexual delight but you should not ask anything more. You should not discuss Socrates with him, mm? he will hit your head! (laughter) You should not bring Beethoven records with you. He will throw them; he will say 'This is all nonsense! Let's make love!' He knows only one dimension.

And the other thing is also possible: you may be interested in a person intellectually, intelligently, mm? He talks so beautifully, he stands and weaves theories so beautifully, he takes you into deeper realms of being and existence, but he may be fragile. He may not have any animality left. His whole animal may have become sublimated, transformed; you may not be attracted to him sexually. Hence I say that love should be free and people should be related in many kinds of relationships. The world does not allow it, that's why people are so miserable. You get hooked in one kind of relationship then your other two dimensions die, and because of that your soul is only partly alive.

My effort here is to make this opportunity available. I would like my sannnyasins to be absolutely non-possessive. They should help each other to be related in as many ways as possible so that their whole being is fulfilled. Then one day that too is possible: when your whole being is fulfilled and you have lived all kinds of love and all kinds of relationship, and each relationship totally on its own level, then the higher kind of totality, the three dimensional totality, arises. When you are total that way you will be able to find a person who is also total that way. You can get only that which you deserve. More than that is not possible and more than that should not be possible.

So don't create unnecessary problems; these are created problems. Start looking into things and be whatsoever is practical. Don't bring impractical and impossible ideals into the mind.

Listening to me can sometimes be very dangerous because I go on talking about impossible things, impossible at your level. I have to talk because only then can I drag you beyond your levels, pull you up. But that creates trouble also. You start thinking 'Now this is the way to live: totally, be total, be spontaneous, be this and that.' Always listen to me and translate it at your level. Be practical.

Remember it, what I have said, but always see how much you can do at this moment; do only that. Keep the goal in your consciousness but don't start pulling that goal into your being right now. You will not be able to: you will be split that way, you will become crazy. Yes, even great ideals can create craziness so keep your common sense intact.







I can't recall Bhagwan having said this before — about using what he says from where you are. It seems immensely valuable and characteristically practical too.

And start living. Whatsoever relationship happens, be total on that level and report to me after one month how you feel, mm? Good!



Vidya tells Bhagwan that she wrote to him recently. He asks to be reminded of what the letter was about.

*VIDYA: How can I know if I have repressed anger or no anger? — because I don't feel anger.*

BHAGWAN: You don't feel anger?

*VIDYA: No. I've been told that I really have it.*

What groups have you done?

*VIDYA: Recently I've done Awareness and Tantra.*

Mm mm. And anger does not come in the groups at all?

*VIDYA: No.*

Come close. Put your hands this way and close your eyes. Pravira, come here! Just sit behind Vidya on your knees. Come close and put your hands behind her hands, touch her hands. Come closer so your body touches her.

Close your eyes and pour your energy into her, and feel that you both are together, one energy. Start melting into each other, and if anything happens — trembling, swaying, movement, allow it — but don't leave the hands. Go into it. Just relax into each other. Lose boundaries, start overlapping into each other.

Not much seems to be happening until Bhagwan touches Vidya's open palms with his fingertips, whereupon she begins to breathe deeply, her head falling back.

Good! Very good . . . come back.

There is not anything like anger but there is something else that may have been thought by the group-leaders to be anger. It is not anger but something which can give the feeling of anger — a kind of pride. You are a proud woman deep inside, very self-confident, assertive. That very feeling of pride and assertion, confidence, can give the idea to other people that you are carrying great repressed anger. But this is a totally different thing. One should be self-confident and one should be proud of oneself — not against anybody,



not in comparison to anybody but just because one is oneself. You have to be loving towards yourself and you have to be proud that you are yourself, that God has made you you. If a person is not proud about himself he will hate himself, he will be self-destructive, he will have a kind of inferiority complex.

Pride as ego is bad; pride as self-love is perfectly good. Pride in terms of being higher than others is wrong but pride as an expression of your being is perfectly okay. Trees are proud. . . See a peacock – so proud! Or a snake, or a tiger . . . everything in existence is proud. It should be so because God has chosen you as an abode, but this pride should not be comparative: you should not think that you are higher than others; then it becomes aggression, assertion becomes aggression. Assertion is good, aggression is bad. Pride becomes ego.

Pride is just natural, ego is illness, pathological, but they are very close and they can give the feeling of being the same. So they are not absolutely wrong, mm? – they have felt something of that around you so they thought it is repressed anger. It is not repressed anger; you need not throw your anger. That will not help, it will simply exhaust you because it is not there. And don't create a problem.

Just remember this, that pride is not to become egotism, that assertion has not to become aggression. These are perfectly good qualities, everybody should have them, but in a non-relative, non-comparative sense. As a joy in your whole being pride is good. You accept yourself, you love yourself, pride is good.

Nothing to be worried about!



Tuesday 29

Fernandel, a student from the Philippines and son of Leelananda, another sannyasin, has just become Dayananda — bliss, compassion. He says in reply to Bhagwan's query that he will be staying five months, then interrupts himself to ask a question . . .

*DAYANANDA: Oh, Bhagwan, I'm doing meditation and I don't have a mantra. Can you give me a mantra?*

BHAGWAN: Have you been doing some mantra before?

*DAYANANDA: Yes.*

What mantra have you been doing?

*DAYANANDA: 'Baba'.*

Mm mm. For how long?

*DAYANANDA: I was initiated ten years back but I was not really serious. In these past few months I have begun to be serious but I don't have any mantra. I got 'baba' from Ananda Marga.*

Mm mm. And how do you feel doing it?

*DAYANANDA: I feel good . . . nice.*

Just do one thing: raise your hands, close your eyes and you start doing 'baba', first loudly . . . .

Go into it, go into it . . . at least for two, three minutes go into it.

Dayananda closes his eyes and repeats his mantra, his voice becoming softer and softer.

Good. Continue it; that's no problem. It will suit you.



And it has nothing to do with Ananda Marga, mm?

Baba is one of the most ancient mantras. It simply means 'father' . . . what Jesus used to call 'abba'. That was his mantra; his whole prayer consisted of repeating 'abba'. Baba is even better because it is very balanced. Mm? just one ba, another ba, and both are similar, of equal potential; it is very balancing. You can continue it; it's perfectly good.

And have you booked for a few groups?

*DAYANANDA: No, I was just wondering if you can recommend some groups for me.*

Bhagwan suggests three groups with promises of more to come.

*DAYANANDA: When can I have my next darsban?*

You will be getting one after each group, mm? Good!



An American lawyer and his wife are returning to the West. He wants to ask two things of Bhagwan.

*R: One was in regard to a letter I wrote and you told me to remind you. I smoke pot and when I do I know who I am. I feel the god inside myself, I see it in everybody else. I talk to grass, I talk to the flowers; they answer back. I feel happy, I feel completely contented.*

*But I find that if I smoke I get pressure in my head, which worries me. I don't know if I should smoke or not, but it gives me a great hope for the future. I see the sights where I would like to be by smoking pot.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. (a pause) It is just illusory, it is not a real hope. The whole thing is just a chemical illusion and the chemical change may be giving you pressure in the head because the whole thing happens in your nervous system. It can give you a pressure; that is a simple indication to stop it. It can be dangerous later on: it can destroy some necessary nerves in the brain. It is destructive, it is a very costly dream. It is beautiful but even if a dream is beautiful it is a dream, and by the morning you are again back in the reality. And it costs much.



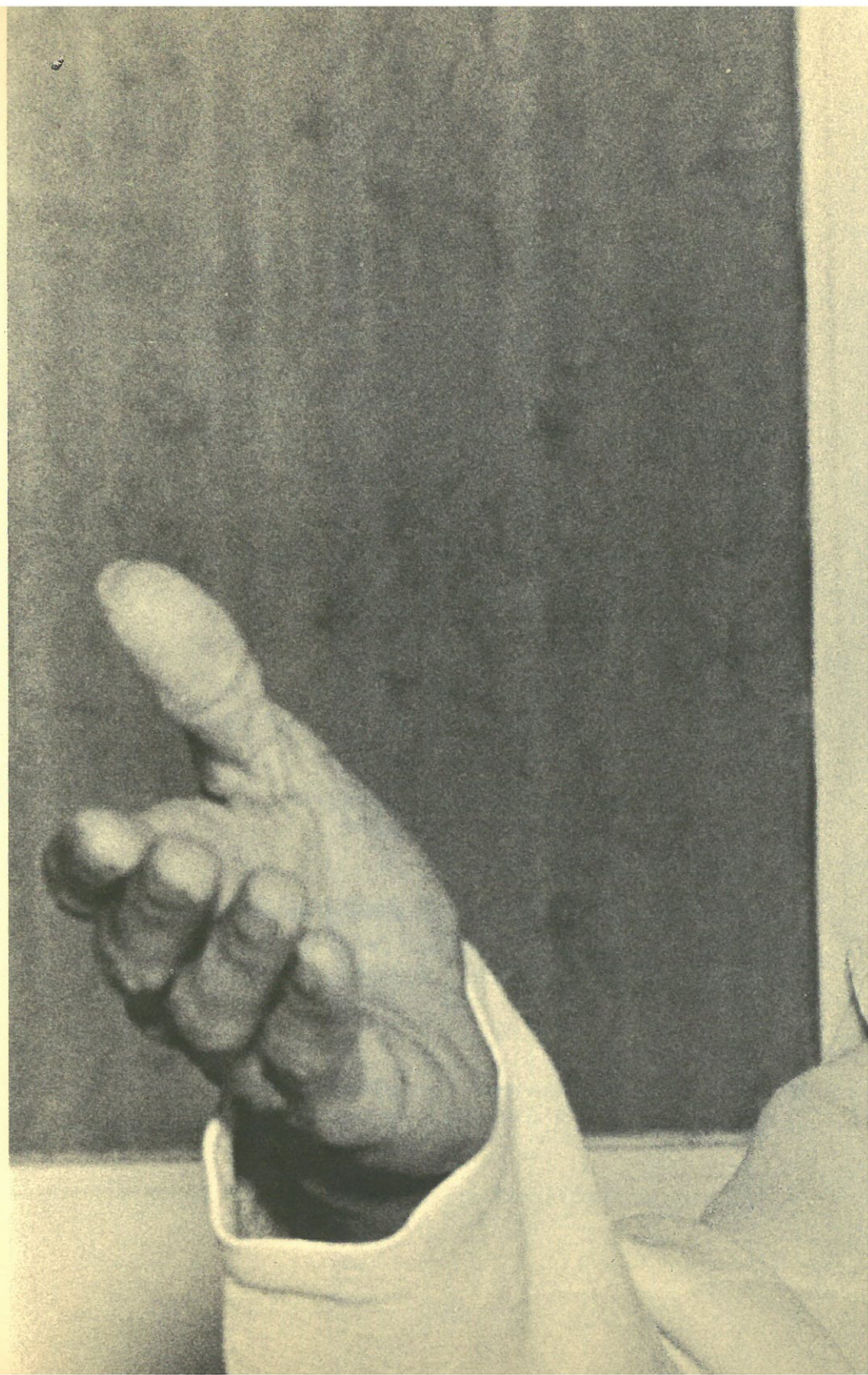
If you go on taking it for a long time it will make your intelligence deteriorate. People who take pot or things like that for long become idiotic. Their intelligence loses sharpness, because having the chemical pressure on the nerves every day is harmful. And you are not getting anything! I am not worried about the cost: if something *real* is attained then at whatsoever cost it is, it is good. But you are not getting anything in return – just an illusion.

When you take pot and you know who you are, that is not of any importance. You have to know it when you are alert, aware, completely natural, with no chemical pressure creating things in you. Then you have to know who you are.

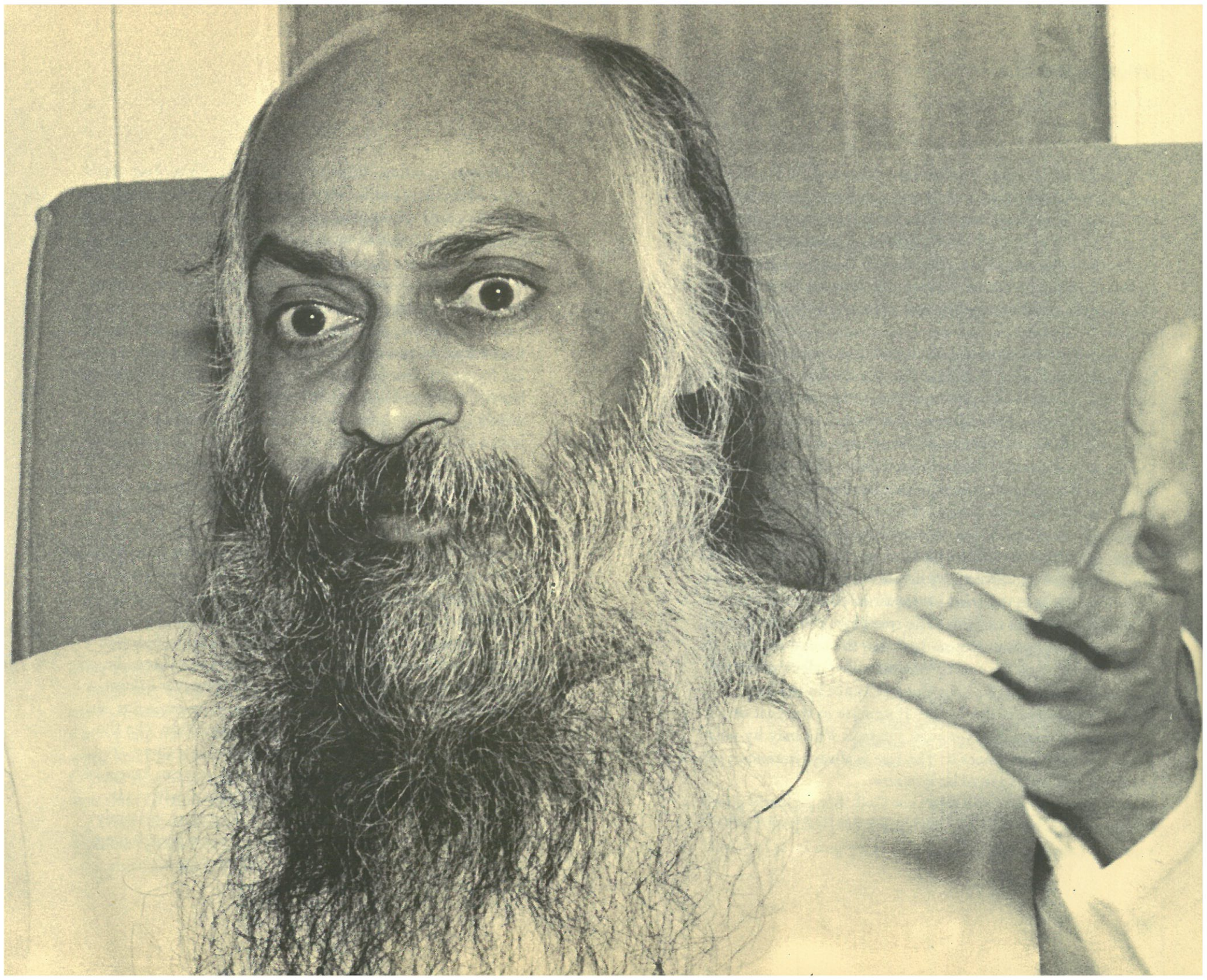
One has to become enlightened in a very very ordinary way, *only* then is enlightenment true. One can find short-cuts but all short-cuts are false. There exist no short-cuts for realisation. Short-cuts only create small circuits within you and release dreams, release imagination. It is not good for you, it is not good for anybody. But it is simply indicating that it is going deep into your brain cells; it is better to stop as soon as possible.

To create an experience which is not your natural state is of no use. It does not give you hope. It simply destroys your life and destroys your opportunities to become alert, aware of the reality as it is. There is no need to seek God in the trees. If you can only see the trees as they are, all is realised. Why impose God? You need not see God in anybody. If you can only see the real person standing there, that's enough! God simply means reality, the ordinary reality that surrounds you.

When I say that God is in the trees, I don't mean that you will have to see God in the trees – that a head will









start blooming in the tree, then somebody will look at you and you will have an encounter and a dialogue and he will say 'hello!' When I say see God in the trees I simply mean to see the tree as it is without any idea on your part. See the truth of the tree. That is the God of the tree – the greenness of it, the flower, the joy, the rootedness of it, the strength, and the fragility. See the truth of it with no notions in the head.

Now God is your notion. You cannot see ordinarily because you are not a fool; how can you befool yourself? How can you see God in the tree? A tree is a tree! How can you see God in a tree? You cannot befool yourself, but when you take pot you become a fool; then it is very easy to befool. You can see God or a buffalo or anything in the tree. You have simply to keep that notion in your mind. When the pot starts working and starts changing your chemistry, you have to be constantly remembering one thing – that the tree is this: God . . . or the devil. One day try looking for the devil and you will see him!

So it is not in the tree – it is just in your mind; you have projected onto the tree. The tree begins to function as a screen. Now, ordinarily you don't see the tree because to see the tree you have to be very sensitive, alert, watchful and utterly herenow, because the tree is not in the past and the tree is not in the future. If you are in the past or in the future you will never meet the tree. You may by-pass it but you will never meet it. The tree is always herenow; to meet the tree you have to be herenow.

Now, ordinarily you don't see God. It's perfectly good: the problem is not that one should see the God; ordinarily you don't see the tree either; you just by-pass it. It is there;

there is no meeting. Then you take pot and you have these great ideas that God is everywhere. With these ideas you go into it. That's why guides are needed for acid trips. A guide can give you ideas. When you are falling into the chemical change, the guide can say, 'Look, God is everywhere! It is here . . .'. Whatsoever idea he suggests will start working and you will start projecting.

So it has happened that people who are against drugs have taken drugs and have known only hell and people who are for drugs have taken the same drugs and have known heaven. It depends on you. The drug does not give you anything. The drug simply makes you a fool. You relapse into a kind of childishness, you relapse into imagination, you relapse into your dreaming faculty; that's what the drug does. Now it is up to you to release the dream. Whatsoever dream you want to release, you can release. If you want to see monsters and dragons and devils all jumping on you and trying to kill you, you can have that; it is your choice. Or you can have God and angels dancing around and singing and Jesus and all the apostles sitting by the side. It is up to you, it is your dream.

Drugs can only help your dream faculty to function totally. It is as if you run a projector. The film has to be provided by you. The electricity in the projector cannot create the film; the electricity running in the projector can only project the film of whatsoever you provide. The film has to be provided by you and the projector is there: it starts projecting. If you want to see hell, you can have a film of hell or if you wanted a film of heaven you will see it on the screen. That is exactly what a drug does: it simply releases your dream faculty; the dream starts functioning. But it is just wasting time . . . and at a very great cost.



Come out of it. And don't look for God in the trees or in the rocks; that is stupid! Just look for the tree in the trees and for the rock in the rocks. Just see the truth of it, the presence of it. Let the presence be revealed and in that revelation you will see that all is one.

And it is not only that one can project through drugs. You can project without drugs; then you need something else which can drug you. For example, great will – that can become a drug. You can will that you will see God in a tree. You can go on looking, you go on looking and you say, 'I will not eat, I will not move from here unless I see God.' You can force your will and what the drug does, will can do. It will take a little longer. . . .

So the people in the Himalayan caves seeing God are the same! It is not much different. It is just that they have not taken the chemical from the outside; they have created a chemical inside. You can create it by yoga postures because yoga postures change your body chemistry. You can do it by fasting because fasting changes your body chemistry. Anything that changes your body chemistry in some way can be used as a drug.

To see reality one has to be completely ordinary, not using anything – no will, no fasting, no postures; one has to be simply as one is. It will take a long time to see the truth of the tree, but that time is not wasted. So don't be in a hurry and don't speed. Yes, drugs give speed, but don't speed and don't be in a hurry. Be patient and allow things to grow slowly. All real things grow slowly: they take their own time. Something has to mature in you.

And be satisfied and contented with whatsoever is available right now; don't ask for more. And I know that once you have been on any drug, it becomes very difficult

because the drug attracts you. Without any effort on your part something starts happening, so why bother with anything else? Why meditate and why be aware when the drug can trigger the process immediately?

It has been used down the ages; it is not anything new. In the West it is something new but in the East it is one of the most ancient practices. But the people who have taken drugs for centuries have never reached anywhere.

If you *really* want to see what is there you have to stop all kinds of projection. It will look dull in the beginning. It will not be so enchanting, it will not have that allurements, that fascination. But there is no need for fascination, allurements; there is no need. One should be satisfied with the ordinary reality. What is wrong with the trees as trees and man as man and woman as woman?

If you can do it for six months without the drug, just living with the ordinary, with no desire for the extraordinary, sooner or later you will start seeing the truth of ordinary things. And in the very ordinary, the extraordinary is hidden. But you have to approach it through the ordinary. The ordinary is the door to the extraordinary. My suggestion is that you drop it, mm? completely stop it.

And the second question? . . .

*R: I just wanted some general guidance for M (his partner) and myself.*

Would you like to say something first? How are things going?



*R: We have our problems,  
but I feel you have given us  
something since we have been  
here . . .*

That's true, mm?

*R: . . . that will help very much  
in the future.*

(to his wife) Would you like to say something?

*M: Yes, Bhagwan. I have two  
things also. One is, I also  
have some problems with  
getting pulled into or allowing  
myself to be pulled into R's  
moods. If he's depressed and I  
feel happy then I get depressed.  
I get pulled into them, and I  
would like not to do that.*

Mm mm. That's very natural; you should not desire the opposite. It is very natural: when you love a person your spaces start overlapping. That's what love is. So it is very natural that when the other is happy you are happy; when you are happy the other is happy. When the other is sad you feel sad. That simply shows that your spaces are not distinct; they are overlapping. It is very natural.

The only way to stop it is to create a distance. That you will not like. Then love disappears and you can be at the most friends. That will be destructive to love. I would not like that. I would like you to come even more close. Why should you not be sad when he is sad?

Lose identities. It is perfectly good. If he is sad why should you not be sad? — nothing is wrong in it. And if you can really be sad when he is sad, you will share his sadness and you will help him to come out of it because that shared sadness will become thin. You understand? — there is an inner working in it. If you can really share his sadness, immediately he will feel uplifted from it, because a lot of the burden has been taken by you . . . . And that's the whole purpose of love! It works just the same with joy but then in a very different way. That's how it is decided what is negative and what is positive. If he is happy and you become happy and elated with it, a euphoria surrounds you both, his joy will become double. If he is sad and you become one with his sadness, his sadness will become half.

So this is my definition of a positive emotion: if by sharing it grows, it is positive; if by sharing it is diminished, it is negative. But one has to share both. And when you share his sadnesses, his joys, he will share your sadnesses, your joy. So nobody is at a loss. It is not only one way — that when he is sad you have to be sad with him and when you are sad you have to be sad alone. It is not one way: he will be sad with you. The more you participate in each other's being, the more you will find your sadness becomes less and less. The total result will be very very great. The sadness will become less and less and less and one day you will see that sadness has disappeared or is



only just on the margin, somewhere distant. The joy will go on increasing and you will become bigger and bigger. If you stop sharing sadness you will stop sharing joy too. It is not possible to share only the positive; that is not possible. They both have to be either shared or not shared; they are both together. How can you become happy when he is happy if you don't become unhappy when he is unhappy? It is impossible!

But nothing is wrong in what you are experiencing. That very desire to stop it is selfish. Drop it. Be *really* sad when he is sad. If you start crying you will see that he is coming out of it, suddenly he is coming out of the cloud. When somebody is there to share so much how can he create your sadness? He will start coming up and when he starts coming you can come up.

And this is true from the other side also. Share each other's joy, sadnesses. Share with each other whatsoever is available at the moment. Yes, sometimes it is dark but that is part of the game of love. In fact one should be happy that one was present when the friend was unhappy. The burden has been shared. We owe it to each other when we love. So try this: share the burden totally. Very few people share it totally because a kind of reluctance is there, mm? He is sad so that is his problem; why should you bother? You have your own problems, you have your own sadnesses — enough! And why should you share his?

In fact if you are not ready to share when he is sad, you will feel a kind of anger arising in you. Why is he sad? Why does he create this situation again and again of being sad and making you feel guilty? If you don't feel sad

you feel guilty; if you feel sad that looks foolish. You will be angry if you don't share; it is better to share. With sharing there is no guilt, no anger, and sharing is always bringing you closer and closer. What you share does not matter: sharing brings you closer and closer.

And it happens sometimes . . . in the beginning it is a kind of sympathy, but by and by it becomes empathy if you go on sharing. It has happened sometimes between lovers that if one is ill the illness is transferred. Suddenly you take it — that is empathy. Suddenly the other is healthy. And naturally, if you can take the other's illness it will disappear sooner from you because it will not find any background in the body. He is ill because there is some cause for the illness in his body. If you can share totally and his illness is transferred to you, if you take it upon yourself, it will disappear very soon because you will not have any cause for it.

In the ancient days lovers knew that art very deeply; that's why love has been called a healing energy. This is the way love heals. If the illness remains with him it may take three months or two months or a year to get rid of it, because he has physical reasons for his illnesses. If it can be taken by somebody who has no physical reasons for it to exist, it will disappear within hours or minutes even. It depends on how intensely you have taken it in. It can be burned in a single moment and he can be healed.

So don't be too selfish. Relax into each other. Problems are there. Every human being has problems and they are good because through them one grows. Mm? first try sympathy and go deeper into empathy. One day you will be surprised at what a great secret has become available to you. There are many stories in the East . . .



Bhagwan's told this one before but tonight it seems particularly moving.

There was a great musician in South India. He was one hundred years old and all his disciples had gathered to celebrate his last birthday because they were not expecting him to survive any longer: one hundred is too much. All the disciples had brought gifts. There were many kings who were his disciples; he was one of the most famous musicians. There were rich people . . . Thousands of disciples had gathered and everybody had brought precious gifts – diamonds and money and things like that.

One beggar who was also his disciple came there empty-handed. When he was bowing down to the master, somebody who was standing there said, 'Empty-handed? You have not brought anything? Couldn't you even get a flower?' . . . because in the East it seems to be unmannerly, mm? anything, even a leaf from a tree will do. It is not that it has to be valuable or anything . . . anything, but one should not go emty-handed.

The beggar stood up and he said, 'Yes, I have brought something. I have brought my life – I give my life to you!' And he died then and there. He was only thirty years, perfectly healthy and young as only a beggar can be! He immediately died then and there, and the master lived forty years more. Maybe that was his age, seventy years.

This is absolute empathy. This is possible through love. Miracles are possible through love. The impossible can become possible through love.

And what is the second question?

*M: Just in general, Bhagwan, I would like to change somewhat the quality of my life when I go back . . . just general guidance for me with meditation and . . .*

And when will you both be coming back?

*M: I don't know . . . whenever I can.*

*R: It will be within a year.*

Mm mm. Just continue to meditate and love, mm? Love unconditionally and continue to meditate. Things will be good.

*R: Thank you, Bhagwan.*

Good, R . . . for you (a box) (and M) Keep this with you.

*M: Bhagwan, I love you.*

*R: I love you, Bhagwan.*





Alistair has been travelling for some years, originally hailing from England. He tells Bhagwan that recently he began to feel a futility about life; hence the attraction of the ashram. Now he feels there are forces that make his taking sannyas almost inevitable, yet there is resistance on his part. He doesn't feel ready for it because he wants to lead his life his way.

Bhagwan talks along lines he has spoken on before saying that he only helps one to go on whatever path one is spontaneously moving.

Sannyas does not interfere with your life, he says. It enhances it. It gives you freedom, freedom to be yourself. Sannyas is just an availability to me and to the energy that is happening here. I am not giving you knowledge; I am trying to participate in your being.

He then goes on to talk about the significance of Alistair's sense of life's meaninglessness, saying this can be a turning point – suicide or transformation are open to one. Alistair looks as though he is really taking in what Bhagwan is saying and when the subject turns to life's intrinsic meaninglessness, he swallows, looks down and seems very affected.

But Bhagwan tells him not to think about sannyas, not to let it be a worry but allow it to happen. Or if you are ready right now . . . he says at the end of the conversation. Then, chuckling, what do you say?

I try to gauge what Alistair is feeling but even so I'm jolted when, after a pause, he says a very abrupt 'I say, thank you', then rises to leave. Good, says Bhagwan briefly, and turns to Mukta ready to receive the next person.



Purohit, a doctor from Germany, comes forward.

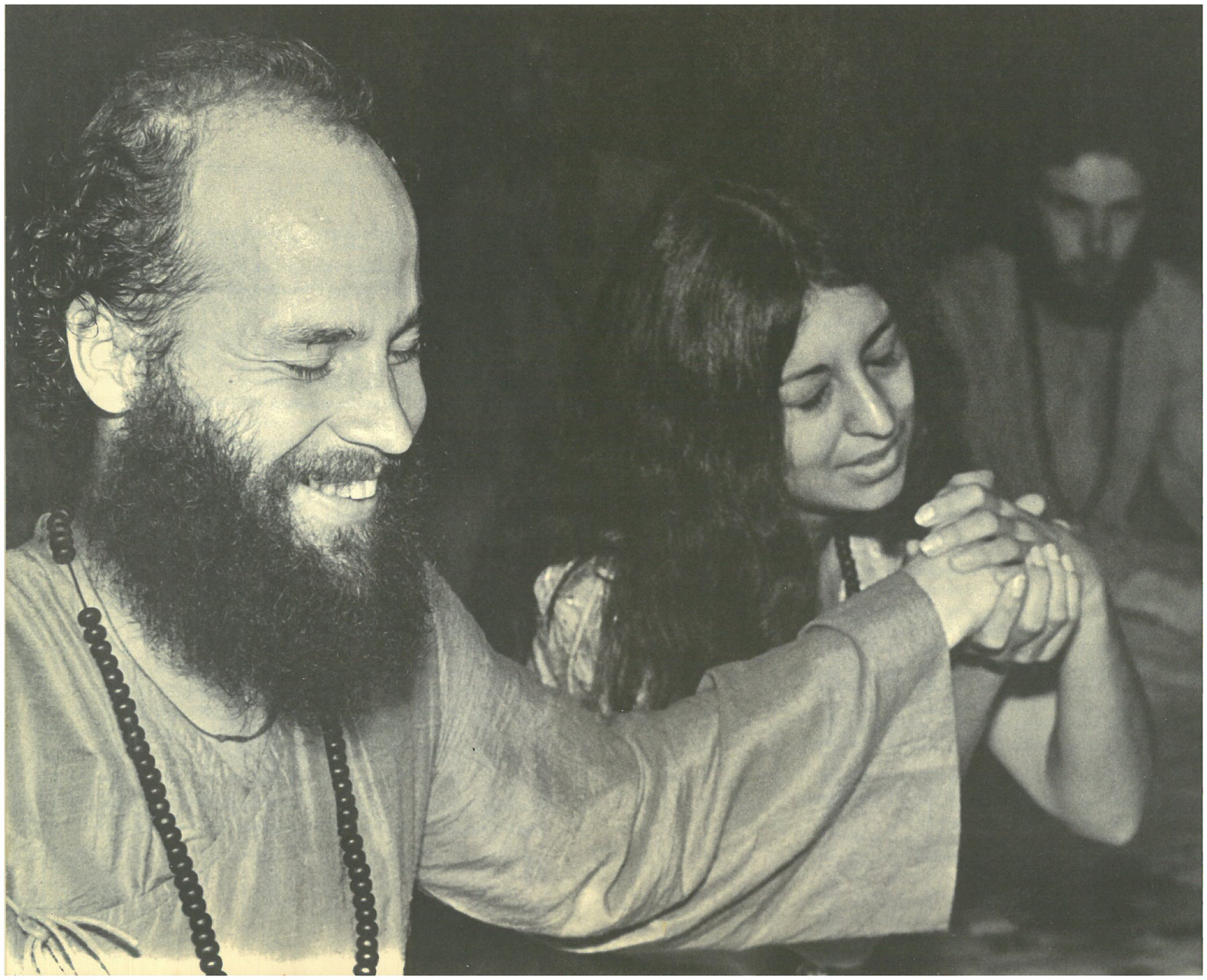
BHAGWAN: Hello, Purohit! What about you?

*PUROHIT: I feel I'm stuck, stuck over joy . . . I never really get into joy. I go a little bit when I'm alone, but then if somebody comes it's totally gone. Or if I start something, some work that is creative, some work that comes out nicely, then after the first thing I'll stop again, I'll drop it. If somebody tries to help me, my first reaction is always defence. I can't step over that. Afterwards it's okay, but why is that barrier there?*

Bhagwan motions forward one sannyasin to hold Purohit's left hand, another to hold his right and tells all three to move with Purohit's energy. The woman on the left begins to sob and collapses onto the floor, while the other remains sitting upright, Purohit swaying about gently. Bhagwan calls him back, telling the left-hand lady to let go now otherwise Purohit's energy will kill her!

Nothing is the problem, mm? Your energy is perfectly okay; there is no problem. It just must be that you have some idea,







an idea of becoming too happy, joyful, this and that. You ask too much it seems.

What is happening is perfectly good, but if you ask too much, then in comparison it is not always as it should be: it falls short. Your energy is flowing perfectly. You are not defensive or anything; it is just that you have some ideas that one should be greatly euphoric, ecstatic, this and that. And everything happens only when you are ready for it, so just accept yourself as you are.

And closing is not always wrong. Sometimes it is perfectly good, because sometimes the person who comes has such energy that it is better to close than to remain open. Opening in itself is not virtue, neither is closing in itself a sin. But that's how people work: they start making virtue and sin out of everything.

What is needed is flexibility – neither openness nor closedness, just flexibility. When something is there which has to be received, one should be able to open, and when there is something which has not to be received, one should be capable of closing. And people want to get fixed: either they want to be fixed with closedness . . . . So they are always closed. It goes on raining – not a single drop of water reaches them . . . . Or they are open, so even if poison is coming they cannot close, they cannot defend themselves.

To me, the quality that is needed is flexibility: neither openness nor closedness. One should be able to move from this to that easily, spontaneously.

Simply continue as you are and start being more accepting of your spaces: the closed space, the open space, the joyous, the sad, the creative, the uncreative. Accept all: all are part of you! And one should not make too many

demands, otherwise one becomes tense. Now you become interested and you start creating a thing and then you become disinterested, so keep it away! Who is forcing you and why should you force yourself?

When Coleridge died he left thousands of poems incomplete, thousands, exactly forty thousand. For his whole life people were saying 'Why don't you complete them?' Sometimes only one line was missing, but he would say, 'The poem has to complete itself. It flowed up to this point and then it stopped. Who am I to complete it?' He said, 'I have tried – it is not that I have not tried: I have tried. I have managed to put in one line of my own but it never fits. Something is wrong. Those other lines are spontaneous; this line is just made, manufactured. They don't meet, they are poles apart and my line hangs there very ugly. Ordinary people will not understand it but whenever a poet reads my poem he will see that I have been trying to deceive people!'

And I'm completely in agreement with Coleridge. He was *really* a poet and he had the sensibility, the aesthetic sense, that one should not force anything. He completed only very few poems, exactly seven. But he became one of the greatest poets; even those seven are great.

Just do whatsoever is happening. If it has stopped then nothing . . . . God does not want it to be completed. And all complete things are not beautiful, remember; sometimes incomplete things have immense beauty. Musicians say that incomplete symphonies are the greatest because when something is complete it is dead too. There are many places in India which have never been completed, something has been left incomplete, because when a thing is complete it is dead, there is no growth in it. Something



unfinished keeps a thing alive. Something unfinished keeps energy flowing. Something unfinished gives you space to think, to imagine.

Have you observed this fact? If a woman is standing naked, utterly naked, soon you become disinterested in her. What is the message? Why do you become disinterested in a naked woman? If she is wearing some clothes, just a bikini, that will do to keep you interested. Everything is complete in her nakedness and your imagination cannot go on flowing. How long can you look? That nakedness is complete and there is no point anywhere about which you can imagine.

People think that clothes were invented to hide nakedness; that's not my opinion. Clothes were invented to enhance nakedness, to enhance curiosity. Clothes were invented to create beauty. A hidden thing is always inviting because you would like to explore it, to see it, and you will see this: an Eastern woman seems to be more inviting than a Western woman. An Eastern woman hiding in her sari and very very shy seems more attractive. A Western woman is more natural, simple, open. You can see her naked, that's not much of a difficulty, but then she does not create imagination and dream in you.

My observation is that the Eastern woman knows much more about how the mind functions than the Western woman. Things incomplete, unfinished, hidden, always keep you alive. Don't be worried: if something comes . . . and creativity always comes like a breeze. One moment it is there, then it is gone. When it is gone, it is gone; you start doing something else. Enjoy yourself and don't demand. Good, Purohit!



Karuna, who led the Counsellor Training group here in August and is now resident in the ashram, comes forward.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Karuna! What about you?

*KARUNA: Hello, Bbagwan.  
For the last two days I've been  
going through a lot of very strong  
feelings, feeling as if a part of me  
is dying. I wanted to come and  
ask your help for this.*

A part of you dying you feel? And?

*KARUNA: Well, it just feels  
very strong and it feels  
incomplete, not done.*

Just come close to me. Put your hands this way and close your eyes, and if something starts happening, you allow it.

Even before Bhagwan has finished speaking, Karuna begins to cry. After some moments the crying diminishes; she gives a few short laughs, sighs, and is still.



Good, Karuna! Mm mm. Nothing to be worried; it is something to be happy about. It is the dead part in you that is dying. Everybody carries many dead things, and when those dead things start dropping you feel as if something in you is dying. Really, something dead is dying and once it is dead the new, the fresh, will start growing. It is something beautiful. Allow it to die; say good-bye to it.

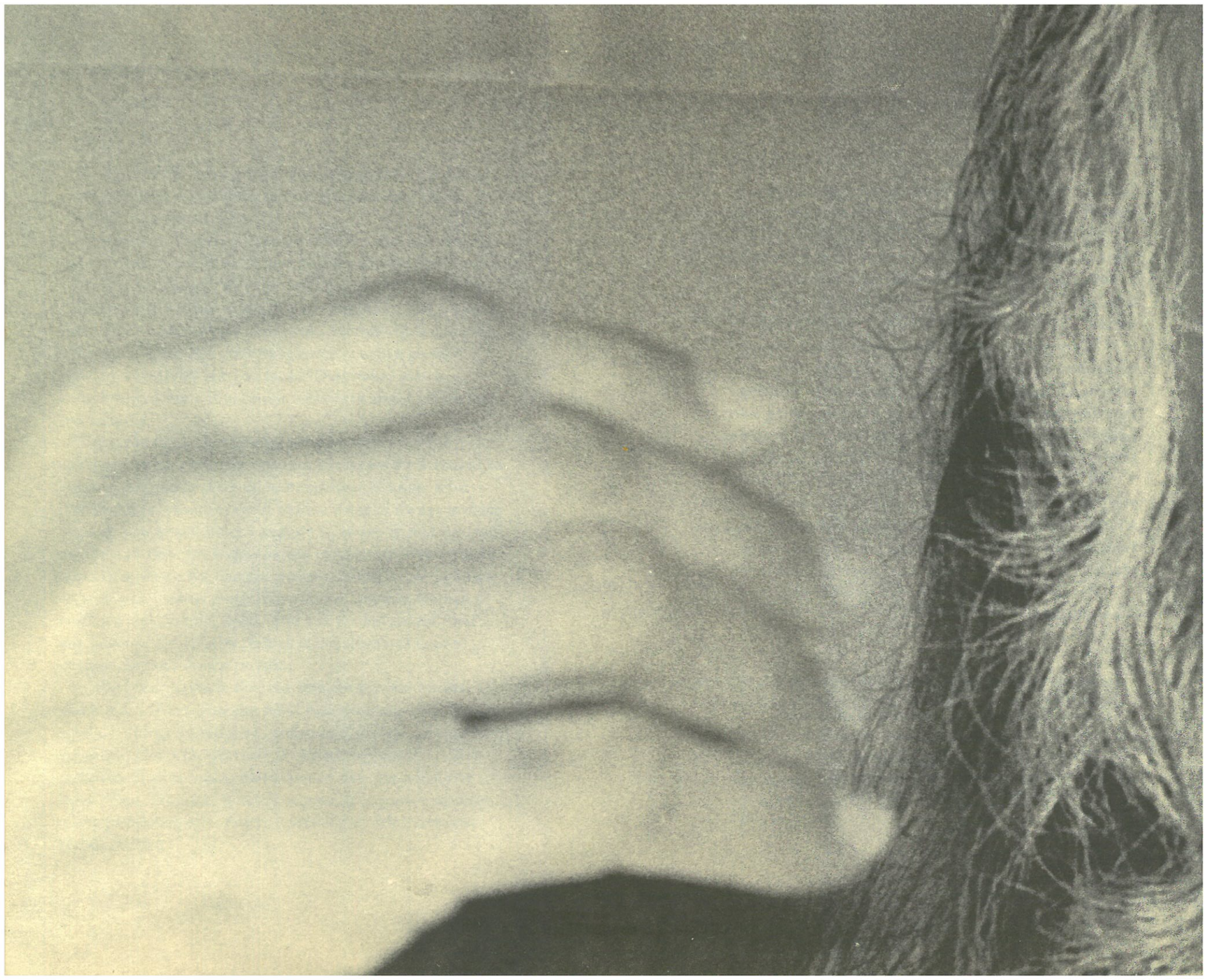
Everybody is carrying many dead things, always remember. We are burdened by dead things, they are hanging all around. But we have always been thinking that they are part of our being, so when one thing starts falling the mind wants to cling to it. The mind becomes afraid, as if something is being lost. Nothing is being lost.

If all these dead things disappear, for the first time you will become totally alive. Death is the way of resurrection and dead things should be allowed to die. Jesus says to let the dead bury their dead – he means exactly this. So life abundant can become available.

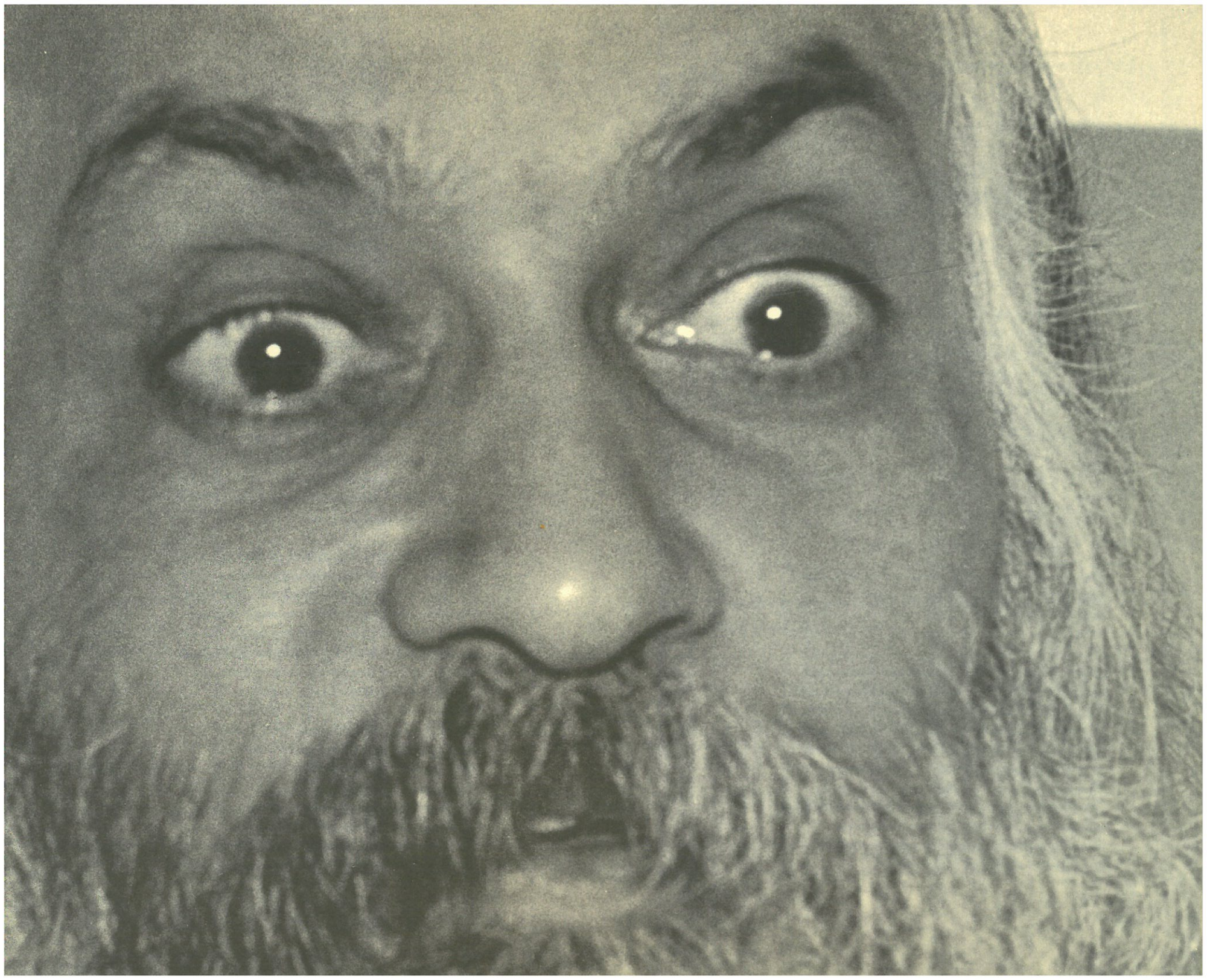
Simply let it drop with no fuss, no clinging.  
Good, Karuna!

Bhagwan is as caring, as giving as ever, but I have the feeling now as he chuckles a good! to Karuna that he is giving less and less energy to ashramites' problems, as though to indicate to us that it is time we either drop the innumerable problems we imagine we have, or by witnessing what is happening, seek the answer more within ourselves.











## wednesday 30

Mangala, who shared the music group with you some nights back, comments on darshan tonight . . . .

Sitting waiting while Maneesha and Radha sniff tonight's group, I feel the slight nervousness that always happens when I'm about to go to darshan. I'm not worried about getting in — it feels right for me to go tonight — but the tension is there as it never is before discourse. The morning Bhagwan is for me a distant and remote god. The Bhagwan who gives darshan is a beautiful man, super-human certainly, but his humanness brings him closer, makes everything more possible and therefore more scary.

Walking along the magic path that leads to Chuang Tzu Auditorium, the closely overhanging trees dropping remnants of the recent downpour, I feel grateful I don't have to rush to secure a front post. For this night my space is privileged; a very special gift it feels, to be given a practical function at darshan.

As I sit down behind Maneesha, *the* chair seems amazingly close, amazingly real; I boggle a little to think he'll soon be sitting in it. Shiva and Maneesha sit in front of me; Arup and Mukta take their places on either side of the chair. We wait and already the air feels charged. The strange calls of the night birds, the rustling trees, a plane passing overhead, the distant trains; ordinary noises seem realer than real — like being surrounded by a circle of speakers each emitting a different sound in its own turn.

I feel him coming and then there he is; that fragile body carrying those enormous eyes that get larger and larger as he walks straight towards me. He looks at us but it's too much for me; I look down and fiddle with my notebook, annoyed at my inability to just be. Mukta calls a name and the procedure, at once both ordinary and extraordinary, begins.

People taking sannyas come first. There's a little girl, shy and fidgety, who chews her fingers and looks everywhere but at Bhagwan. When he tells her to come closer for her mala she runs forward and grabs it with one hand while the other is already reaching backwards for the security of her mother. One after another they come for initiation, some grinning



confidently, others overwhelmed and uncomfortable, and I wonder at that intangible difference so apparent in people when they first come to Bhagwan. I love the way he leans forward in his chair when he's telling them about their new names. It seems like a very special energy and concentration he gives at this time.

Then comes Pagal; he's a writer from England and I notice how much easier it is to see him as he sits before Bhagwan than when I've passed him around the ashram.



BHAGWAN: Come here! When are you leaving?

*PAGAL: Whenever . . . I can change it. I was going to go but there's nowhere to go now.*

Mm mm! Then don't go. Where were you going?

*PAGAL: To London.*

Now? You don't feel like going there? Then don't go!

*PAGAL: I can't really stay either.*

(chuckling) Then find some place in between! (laughter)  
What else can you do? Just look on the map and find any place between Poona and London and just go there!  
(laughter)

Something to say to me?

*PAGAL: I can't afford to stay here. There is nowhere for me to go at the moment. There are difficulties with my wife. And then the money which I thought I had has all gone to her, so in fact I'm left without a penny.*

Where is your wife?

*PAGAL: She's in London.*

Something happened just recently? (Pagal nods)  
Have you children also?

*PAGAL: One child by her. But for some reason now that doesn't seem to really matter. I feel very happy.*

So would you like to stay?

*PAGAL: I would like to stay*



*but . . . I don't know what I  
would like. I really don't care.*

See Arup tomorrow, talk to her. If you want to stay, you can do something in the ashram and be here. But if you don't care, that won't help; you will not be a part. You have to care, because I don't like people around me who don't care; they prove useless. You cannot do anything beautifully if you don't care.

So you talk to Arup. If you want to be here, something can be done. If the money is gone and the wife, it is good, mm? something can be done; you can do something here. But then you have to be caring. You have to love the work, you have to love what is happening here and you have to be really involved in it; then there is no problem. We will see. Keep this (a box) with you. Good, Pagal.



Tushar is next. She tells Bhagwan she's returning to Germany on the fourth of December, and he asks if it would be difficult for her to stay till the eleventh of December, his birthday. Celebration days are always high-energy happenings at the ashram and it's usual for him to encourage people to remain or return for this time. Tushar says she wants to return to her two children, but Bhagwan repeats that it would be good for her to stay just one week longer. Her children will enjoy seven days more freedom, he says. Let them enjoy!



Prabhakar has just returned from France. He looks a little uncomfortable as he crouches on one leg a good distance back from Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Prabhakar! When did you arrive?

*PRABHAKAR: A week ago.*

Good. How long will you be staying now?

*PRABHAKAR: If I don't  
interfere, as long as needed.*

That's good. Then be here for a long time and don't interfere, mm? Would you like to do a few groups while you are here?

*PRABHAKAR: I don't know.  
I'm having a very simple life,  
going from place to place,  
eating, drinking, walking,  
being in the ashram. I've been  
following this life for one year  
already.*

Mm mm, and how are you feeling with it?



PRABHAKAR: *Beautiful.*

(chuckling) Then continue, mm? That's perfectly good. If you can afford to be a vagabond then there is nothing like it, mm? — it is perfectly good. Good, Prabhakar!

I marvel at how accepting he is of everything we do and are, how everything is so simple and so right when we sit before him.



Dinesh arrived from the States a week ago and his mild confusion when Bhagwan asks if he has something to say brings laughter from the group. He gets himself together enough to tell which groups he has done but then immediately can't remember the three new ones he's been given. Assured by a smiling Arup that Maneesha has written them down, he remembers what he's originally wanted to ask.

*DINESH: There was something I wanted to ask about. In the last month or two I've been crying a lot, almost every day.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. That's very good.

*DINESH: It's good, huh?  
(laughter)*

It's really good!

*DINESH: There seems to be a lot of pain. I don't mind it, but . . . it's okay?*

No, it's perfectly okay; not only okay, it will be helpful. If you can cry every day it is a kind of unburdening. It is a kind of cleansing.

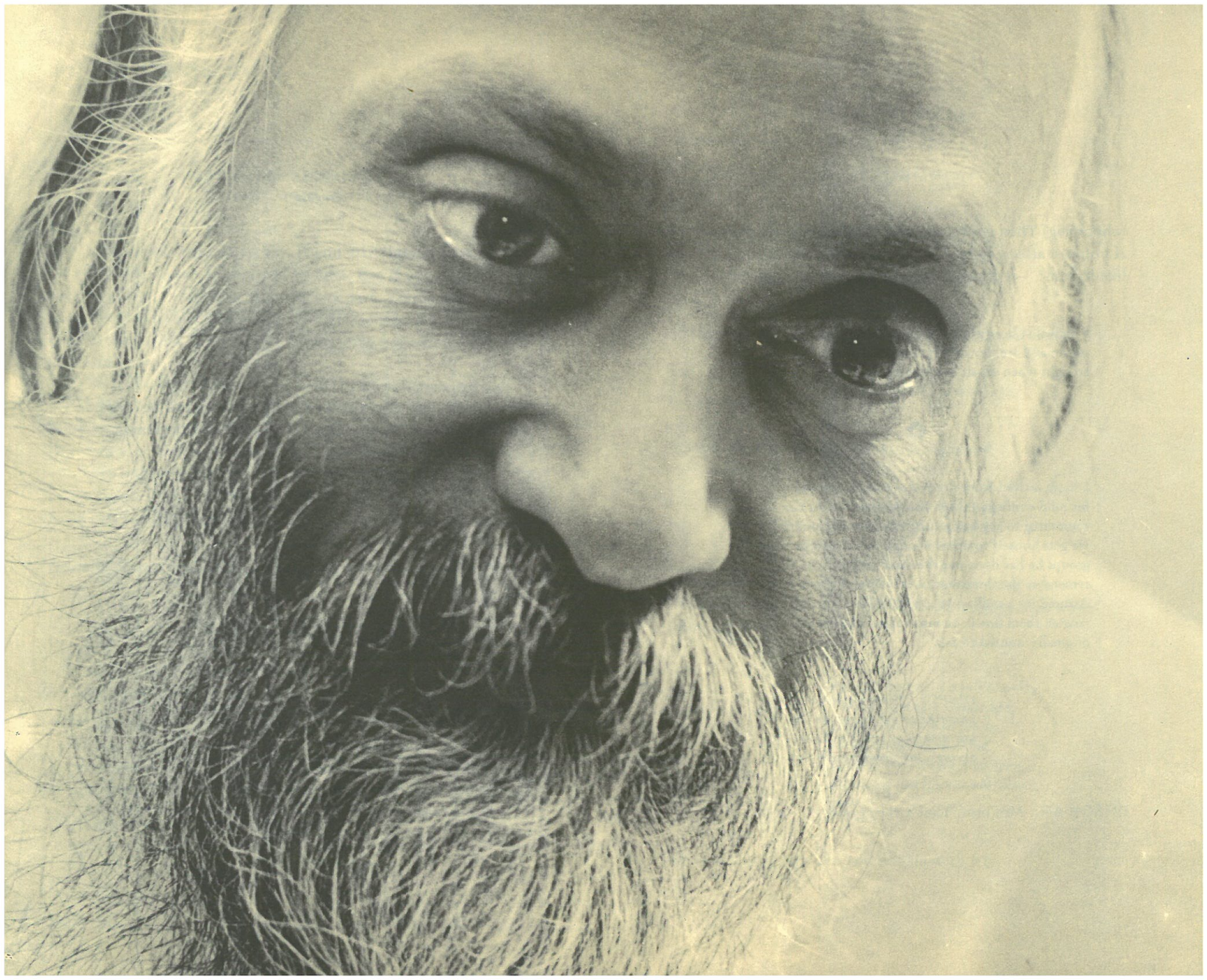
*DINESH: It feels that way, yes.*

We gather dust and if you really cry, all dust is washed away.

*DINESH: I was afraid it might become a habit or a . . .*

No, no, nothing . . . nothing. And even if it does, it is a good habit! Nothing to be worried about. If a man can cry every day this is prayer. And if you can cry for no reason at all it has a tremendous beauty to it; it is sheer joy! — it has nothing to do with misery. When you cry because of a certain reason there is misery, but if it is just a purifying process, then it is good. Continue.







*DINESH: Last year you spoke about the Hassids and the path of prayer and I identified with that a great deal and I seem to feel that that is my path.*

Very good, mm?

*DINESH: And so the crying is actually a part of that?*

You cry! I am your zaddik. Be a Hassid!



Arihanta and Puja have come up from the Goan centre for their periodical darshan. They both sit smiling blissfully before Bhagwan, nothing to say. But I suspect Arihanta looks a little ruffled when Bhagwan tells them to prepare to join the new ashram when we move, sometime in February. In the new place you will be needed, Bhagwan tells him and Arihanta laughs. Oh well, Arihanta, I think, the blissful Goa dream couldn't last forever!



Richard is a doctor and a group-leader who arrived from the States seven days ago. He has a well-groomed 'straight' appearance. For some

reason I flash on Billy Graham as I watch him talking to Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

*RICHARD: I've reached towards you for a while, ever since I had an experience where everything dissolved and I became terrified. I have been awakened and changed immensely.*

*A few years ago I left medicine and started working with groups and could feel energies working through me and many people awakening to a deepness in themselves and myself too, growing and deepening. One day it all shwoooooo! . . . disappeared, and I became terrified.*

*It took a long time to return to a sense of being centred at a deeper level, fuller, and a tremendous amount of energy is constantly running through in varying intensity. So three months ago I left to take a journey to find out more and to participate in discovering myself on my own . . . and now I'm here.*



Good. Something else you would like to say?

*RICHARD: I want to know  
what to do about myself here.  
I just did the Shraddha group  
and I felt as if it didn't provide  
a space for me to let go. It  
was at a different level than I  
feel and see at. I would like  
your suggestion.*

Just close your eyes and raise your hands. Allow the energy to take possession of you as if it is falling on you like a great waterfall, entering you, dancing in you, moving you . . . as if it is a great cyclone and you are at the very centre of it. Be possessed by it, lose yourself and whatsoever happens, allow.

Richard's long arms come out so far that Maneesha has to wriggle back a little to avoid them. His face wears an expression of mildly pained bliss, his breathing deepens and the ends of his fingers move gently until his hands drop slowly down and come together above his lap.

Good, Richard! Mm mm . . . good. That type of group is not needed; you need a different kind of work. Your energy is there and in a very beautiful space. No need for any catharsis. You have to move more creatively rather than in catharsis. You have to give this energy a creative dimension.

All that has happened has been good. That disappearance

was also very good. It will happen many times, and each time it happens it will shake you more than the previous; you will become more frightened. So learn not to be frightened. Because when energy starts moving it passes seven layers and as it passes each layer it disappears for a period. Naturally, because you have known it on one level. When it moves into another level, you don't find it on the first level any more; suddenly you are frightened. And you cannot become aware of the second layer immediately: it will take a little time. When it becomes available on the second layer, when your consciousness reaches the second, then. . . . There will be a gap between the energy movement and the consciousness reaching it. In that gap you will always feel very much frightened, as if a kind of death is happening. You have become empty, all is gone and you are utterly exhausted. There seems to be no way out of it; you are stuck in a kind of emptiness.

It is frightening, it is a death; on one level you have died. On another level you will be reborn but there will be a small gap. If you become too frightened the gap will take a longer time. If you are not frightened, if you can remain a silent witness, undisturbed, unperturbed, then the gap will be of a very small period. After three, four crossings, the gap will be almost immediate because you will know; then there is no problem. But for the first time it always happens; one becomes scared.

The energy has moved from the first level to the second and this way it will move up to the seventh. Those are the seven chakras in eastern psychology. They are not physical phenomena so you cannot find them in the body. They are not part of the body, they are part of the subtle body, they are part of your energy-body.



You have come in a very very right moment. Do a few things here . . . . Don't do any cathartic method – Dynamic Meditation, no. Do Sufi Dancing; that will be good. Do chanting; that will be good. Do the Music group in the night and then the camp is coming. In the camp do Nadabrahma; a humming meditation will be there. Nataraj, a dancing meditation will be there. You have to look around at whatsoever is available here. Do the non-cathartic ones. And I will suggest that you do a few groups after the twentieth. The first group you do is Zazen, the second group is Rebirthing, and the third group is Leela, these three groups.

Just remain available, open and much is going to happen. But you need not enforce it. It will come in a kind of effortlessness.

*RICHARD: That's how it has been coming.*

Mm. So don't force it in any way. If you force it you will be preventing it. When something is happening spontaneously, on its own, just remain available to it. Be in a pregnant awaiting, thrilled, welcoming, but not making any deliberate effort for it to happen, because that deliberate effort is ego effort and it will prevent your process.

Deliberate effort is helpful when the energy is not moving. Then it has to be moved. Once it starts moving, once the river has started flowing, you can flow with it. And it is better not to push: let things happen in their own time, in their own season. This is what trust is, and the more you trust, the more they will be happening, because you become a channel, a receptivity.

What I mean in short is that you become feminine.

*RICHARD: I am that.*

Male means effort, aggressive, an effort to conquer, an effort to prove; feminine means receptive, passive, no effort to prove, no effort to go anywhere . . . just waiting, a womb.

And become a sannyasin!

*RICHARD: I shall see.*

If you shall see then I will not give you sannyas . . .

*RICHARD: But it will tell me, I will know.*

. . . because *you* seeing will be a disturbance. Just wait – don't see.

*RICHARD: I will wait.*

Just wait; it will happen one day and then don't prevent it. That's all that you have to see – that you don't prevent it.

*RICHARD: I think I already am a sannyasin, except in this moment I'm not!*



Even that idea will become a prevention – that you are already a sanniyasin so what is the need to become a sanniyasin? Mm? that can be a trick, a strategy of the very cunning mind: 'I am already, so then there is no problem!'

No, you are not! Keep it in mind that you are not yet. Only then can you become, otherwise how will you become? And when it happens, just see that you don't prevent it. Then don't find explanations and rationalizations: simply come here and become one. Good, Richard! Good.



David is also from the States.

BHAGWAN: Hello, David! When did you arrive?

*DAVID: Three months ago.*

Mm mm! Where have you been all these days?

*DAVID: Meditating and going to lectures.*

Very good. Something to say to me?

*DAVID: I feel like I'm finally breaking out of my shell . . .*

*and is there anything I have to be careful about?*

Have you done any groups before?

*DAVID: I did two days of Tao.*

Only two days and then dropped out?

*DAVID: They kind of threw me out.*

Very good! (much laughter) Sometimes they do good things too.

*DAVID: It was great!*

Good! Have you booked for any others?

*DAVID: I'm planning to leave after your birthday.*

You are planning to leave? But you can do at least one or two groups before that; they will be helpful.



DAVID: *What would you recommend?*

Just do one group, Centering, and then come again for a longer period; much can be done. Just come close – let me see what is happening. Just raise your hands and close your eyes and if something starts happening in the body, allow it.

David extends his arms in front of him and I watch fascinated and a little envious as Bhagwan places his beautiful superhuman hands on David's. Apart from a little tremble, David remains still and rather awkward-looking.

Mm! That's right. Good! The shell is breaking. There are cracks, and soon it can fall and you can be reborn. You will have to remember a few things. One is, start praying every night and that will be very very helpful. Don't do any formal prayer – just whatsoever happens in the moment, just a small chitchat with God, whosoever he is. Put the lights off, sit in your bed, and just have a little dialogue with the universe – call it God or existence. It is not addressed to anybody in particular.

And you have to be spontaneous. Just sometimes saying 'hello' will do, or 'how are you?' or anything that comes in that moment that you would like to share with existence. As if existence were a person, share in the same way. Assume that existence is a person just standing there in the darkness of your room and have a little chitchat.

That will help you very much: it will give you courage, it will give you trust and it will give you a kind of protection.

The problem arises when the shell starts breaking and becomes afraid, shaky, mm? because the known is disappearing, the familiar is falling apart and one is moving into the unknown and the uncharted. One never knows what is going to happen so naturally one clings to the familiar. It seems like a shelter and a security and it looks convenient.

Prayer is one of the greatest things in such moments, so every night be in a prayerful mood. I'm not suggesting any prayer – Christian, Hindu, or Mohammedan, but anything that happens. Sometimes you will be laughing and sometimes you will be crying; everything is good! But go into that trust. That trust bridges you with existence. One becomes more courageous, daring, and that daring is needed now.

And the second thing: be more loving. That will support your prayer, that will become a base for prayer. Be more loving because love is closest to prayer. And a man who is loving is always more courageous than the man who is not loving, because the loving person feels a kind of friendliness surrounding him. The unloving person feels alone, the unloving person feels that everybody is the enemy and he is insecure. The loving person feels secure. So love as much as you can!

These are just general indications . . . . And then come back. Much is possible but come for a longer time, mm? And then on the eleventh be totally open. Good, David . . . good!



Watching Bhagwan with the last two men has made me painfully aware of my own judgements. I felt annoyed that neither of them took sannyas, that they couldn't see what they're missing, but Bhagwan's understanding and compassion make these judgements seem so small and petty; I feel locked in my likes and dislikes.



Michel, a Rolfer from France, is next. He's shy and soft-looking. I enjoy his modesty before Bhagwan. I like him openly wanting to have his girlfriend, Svaha, next to him.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Michel!

*MICHEL: I'd like Svaha with me.*

Svaha? Mm mm. (to Svaha) Come here! (to Michel) Something to say to me?

*MICHEL: I'd like to take sannyas.*

Come here . . . come close. Good, close your eyes. (to Svaha) Just come behind him and help him – put your hands on his back.

Good! Come here. Just look at me . . . .  
Good.

This will be your name: Swami Prem Vandan. Prem means love, vandan means prayer. Become a love prayer. Those so-called religious prayers are verbal. A love prayer is existential. It is not something that you can do in the church, in the temple. It is something that you have to do twenty-four hours, *in life*. You have to be loving. *That* becomes your prayer. And you have to be loving to everybody and all – even sometimes when you don't like a person. I cannot tell you to like him, because what can you do? If you don't like him, you don't like him, but still you can love, and that is a totally different thing.

You don't like the person, you know that you don't like the person, but he is God's creation and God exists in him as much as in you. Your personal opinion does not matter – whether you like him or not. You owe that much, that you have to love him. That is the meaning when Jesus says, 'Love your enemies' . . . because they belong to God as much as you do. In this particular situation they function against you and you are against them but that doesn't matter. The ultimate remains true. Likings, dislikings, come and change; love remains. So be in an existential love prayer.

Ordinary prayer is limited: you do it once a day and then your whole life is against it. For half an hour you are prayerful and for twenty-three and a half hours you are anti-prayer. Now how is your prayer going to have any effect? What you do in half an hour you destroy in twenty-three hours. It is not possible: the palace will never be created.

Love has to be something like a quality of your life – that each moment you are prayerful. You see the rock and you are loving, you see the tree and you are loving, you see people and you are loving. There is no need even to say







to them that you love; that is not needed. You may not know the person, you may not even see his face — you have just been looking at him from behind, you have been walking behind him — but you can be loving!

This love is the real prayer and only this prayer is ever fulfilled; all other prayers simply go down the drain.

Thank you, Bhagwan. Somehow that helps me accept my judgements and see the way through them.



Ton is the publisher from Holland and the husband of Pushpa, who leads the ashram Chanting group. I like his face, strong and masculine with the lines of a dry humour. A nice couple, I think as I watch them both in front of Bhagwan; they look solid and cosy, with an air of open fires and bedroom slippers.

*TON: It feels very good to be here and see Pushpa after ten months.*

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Pushpa has changed a lot!

*TON: The first day she wasn't changed, but every day I see, I discover a lot of things.*

The first day she was not changed because it always happens that when you meet somebody with whom you have been related for a long time, you fall into the old trap immediately. One relapses very easily. That may have caused it and your idea 'How can one change? One is not supposed to change.'

People have a kind of tacit belief that nobody ever changes; all remains the same. This tacit belief is there because it helps you not to bother about changing. It doesn't happen so why bother? Why hanker for something which is not possible? It keeps millions of people untransformed, this idea — that nobody ever changes.

So people are very reluctant to believe that somebody has changed. People are *very* reluctant, very resistant, and even if you say that somebody has changed they will find ways and means to prove that no, nothing has changed. This is a kind of self-defence. They are saying 'If Pushpa can change then I am left behind. I feel a little inferior. No, it cannot be possible: she must be deceiving me or must have been deceived. She has become hypnotized or she has become auto-hypnotized. She only thinks, believes, that she has changed.'

Ordinarily we try to find ways, excuses, reasons, to prove, 'Look, here you are — just the same as you have always been'. That relaxes us; then we are relieved of a burden — that neither she nor anybody else has changed so we can enjoy being as we are. That also, and this too — that seeing you, she will relapse . . . unconsciously.

It happens that if you have not met for ten months the meeting has to start again from the point where you left off. That ten month gap has to be bridged. So when you first saw her and she first saw you, you saw her the way you



had seen her ten months ago, because it is from there it will begin. And that is natural.

That's why when people meet they talk about past days and reminiscences, and memories, mm? That is a way to settle the gap in between so that they can become contemporaries again. First they have to go into the past. Two friends meeting after five years will have to first have a long talk overnight about things which are no more meaningful but which have a certain relevance. Mm? then those five years are accounted for; they can start from there.

So that must have caused. . . Otherwise she has changed, and you are also going to change! It is better to believe that people change, that helps you to change. It is always good to believe that change is possible. Then it becomes possible because sooner or later thoughts turn into things. But it is good that it lasted only one day and then you started seeing her.

(to Pushpa) Help him to see more and don't behave in any way in the past. Mm? that's your duty towards him. Even if sometimes he provokes you, knowingly, unknowingly into something past, don't get hooked. Just remain as you are now. Don't go back into the past. That will be a great help for him because he is also seeking something, he is also groping. Help him!

(to Ton) Anything else?

*TON: I feel open to taking sannyas.*

Come here. That I knew. Close your eyes! Good. Come here. Just look at me. . . .

Nothing visible happens to his body but he feels very real as he watches Bhagwan, not protected by an air of knowing.

This will be your new name: Swami Anand Deepak. Anand means bliss, deepak means a small lamp – a small lamp of bliss. And sannyas is a beginning of a small, small flame. But soon it becomes a great fire, a wild fire. Hence the colour orange has been chosen for it: it is the colour of fire. It burns you totally and out of the ashes, the phoenix, the rebirth. The new arises out of the death of the old . . . .

It's not one man, one persona, I've been watching for the past hour and a half – it's many. To each according to his needs, but with everybody he's equally accepting, equally encouraging. Watching people sit before him I see how simple everything really is. It seems almost as if we bring our problems to him for approval, while deep down we know everything is okay. There are no problems, I hear him say again and again; everything just is and if we would get out of the way, we would be part of that isness. All so simple, no mysteries, no secrets, and yet I know when the darshan is over that simplicity will be so hard to find. The open secret, so obvious but so illusive . . . .



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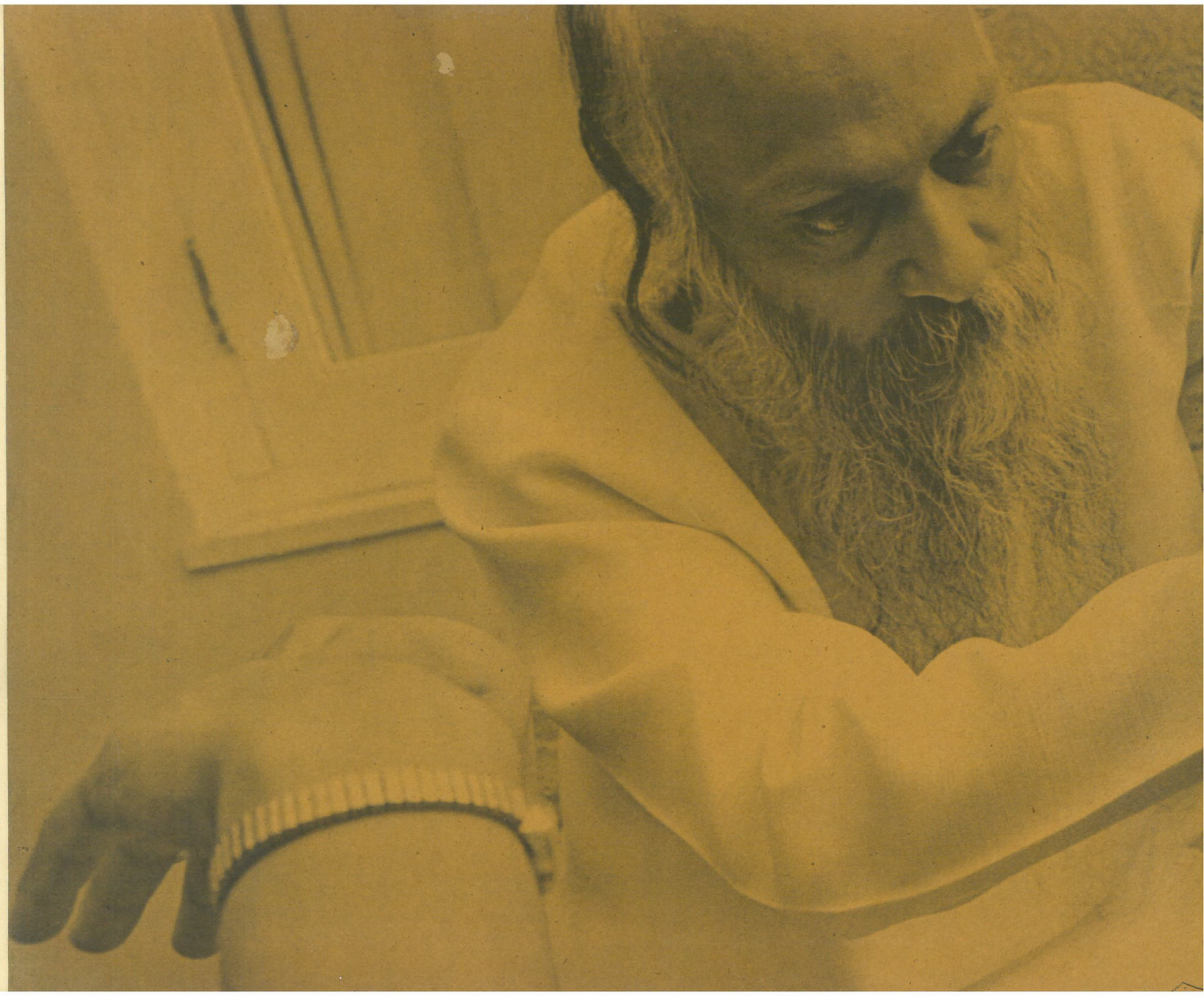
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"He is one of the most remarkable orators I have ever heard, though there is no hint of demagoguery in his style, and no oratory or pedagogic feelings about the content of what he says.

... Apart from the effect and persuasiveness of his words, and — an even greater force — the torrent of love-imbued energy that is released into the surrounding atmosphere as he speaks, there is, and remains with me, the profound meaning of what he was saying."

*Bernard Levin*  
*The Times*  
*April 9, 1980*  
*(England)*

darshan  
(the grace  
of intimate  
contact space  
with the master)  
is an opportunity  
for direct  
personal communication  
and communion  
with Bhagwan

Rajneesh is a liberated  
superconscious being  
a flame  
a Christ  
a Buddha  
a fully enlightened master

*from "Dying for Enlightenment"*  
*by Bernard Gunther, Ph.D.*  
*Author, "Sense Relaxation" and*  
*"What To Do Until The Messiah*  
*Comes"*



