

Realization of the Divine



Subjects:

God means Omkar
Science, Religion and Art
Combining Religion and Science
Awareness in Life
Self-Realization -- Who Am I?
God's thirst and Will Power
The Right Direction of Pursuit of Bliss

Some of the credentials of Osho, Saint Shrestha Dadu are:

Sabdai bandhya sab rahe, sabdai sab hi jaye.
Sabdai hi sab upajai, sabdai sab samai ||
Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, sabdai hi contentment.
Sabdai hi stagnant bhaya, sabdai hi bhaga sok ||
Dadu sabdai hi mukta bhaya, sabdai samjhai prana.
Sabdai hi sochhai sabai, sabdai surjhai jana ||
First of all, thank you Utpatti Omkar.
Omkar thain upajain, panch tatt aakar ||
Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, Door Disantar Jaye.
As soon as he was bored, he woke up with his sleep.
Sabad Sarovar Subhar Bharaya, Harijal Nirmal Neer.
Dadu peevai preeti sau, tinkai akhil sarir ||

Osho, please give us the knack of this.

Nanak has said: Ek Omkar Satnam.

Truth has only one name, that is Omkar. All the discoveries of Bharat are contained in Omkar. In this one small word, all the juice of India's quest for eternity, is encapsulated. He who understands this one word understands it all. The one who is deprived of this one word should understand something else, there is no value in that understanding. So try to understand this one word very carefully.

First a few elementary things.

First of all, it is not right to say words to Omkar, it is a compulsion. Something has to be said, so the words say; But there is no word 'Omkar'. Just like all other words, there is no word 'Omkar'. Because, all words have some meaning, Omkar has no meaning at all, Omkar is i.e. The word has meaning; There is no meaning in Omkar, Omkar is pure sound. But it is also a compulsion to call it sound. Something has to be said, so you have to say it.

There are many sounds in the world, but all sounds are born from the trauma of two objects. The terminology for them is: ahat-naad. Knock two hands together, clap your hands. Hit two stones, there is a sound. Omkar is Anahata Naad. It is not born out of a collision

between two things. That's a one-handed clap. Words cannot say, because it is; The word must have meaning. Can't say sound, because all sounds are born from trauma. Omkar is unharmed. He is not born out of trauma.

Thirdly, the Omkar that you recite and the Omkar that you chant, the Omkar that you chant, Nanak or Dadu are not talking about that Omkar. Because what you cram will also be hurt, that too will be a clashing of the throat. Therefore, no one can chant Omkar. Get ready for the chanting of Omkar, one day the chant descends. Therefore, Omkar cannot be called a chant.

The wise men have called him Ajapa. It cannot be chanted. Because you can chant – Omkar, Omkar, Omkar; But that is the clash of your throat. He is your born Omkar. He was born of you, he is your child. And the Omkar that is being talked about is the Omkar of which we are all children. You can't be your father's father. When you chant Omkar, you are trying to create the Father; Then you are trying to become the father's father.

No, the seeker cannot chant Omkar; It is only through chanting that he creates the system within himself into which Ajapa descends. All practices are just invitations; Efforts are made to prepare you, so that in your preparation that relationship, that instrument will sit where the Anahata starts ringing.

Omkar is not chanted; Omkar is heard. Omkar is not chanted, Omkar is done. When Omkar descends, you are not saved, Omkar remains. Omkar is great death, and that is why it is a great mantra. All the rest are mantras; Omkar is the Mahamantra.

It is a matter of great surprise that three major religions were born in India – Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism. There is a big difference between the three, there is a big clash of principles. The beliefs of the three are so different that it is not possible to reconcile them. No one can coordinate a million things, but there cannot be coordination between these three. They are then the three angles of the triangle; You can't bring them closer. But they all agree on one view, that is Omkar. Buddhists, Jains, Hindus agree on this one unique word. There is no contradiction on that. There is a great unanimity on this.

So, it seems that God is also secondary. That can also be disputed whether or not it is; The soul is also secondary, and whether it is there or not is a matter to be discussed. Jains do not believe in God. Buddhists don't even believe in souls. But all three believe in Omkar. Omkar seems to be greater than the soul and the divine. He seems to be the undisputed one.

And this is not only true of the religions of India, religions born outside India also unconsciously believe in Omkar. There is a slight error in his interpretation. There is a reason for error in interpretation.

When the sound of Omkar is heard, if you are not properly aware, if you do not disappear at all and there is a shadow hidden in some corner of your mind, then you will not be able to catch the pure sound. Your mind will break the sound as much.

All the religions of India have tried to erase the mind. Therefore, when the mind disappears, the pure sound of Omkar is heard. The religions that arose outside India – Judaism, Islam and Christianity – have not tried to destroy the mind, but have tried to purify the mind. Even after being pure, the mind remains, but it does not disappear completely. It becomes absolutely pure, it becomes transparent, it becomes like air; You can't even touch; I don't even know if it is, but it does.

When the mind was not there, the Omkar that was heard, then we caught Omkar directly. Having a mind; When he was of a pure mind, the form changed a little when he heard it. The mind created a little bit of a mess, a little bit of distortion. Therefore, the word in which Muslims, Jews and Christians end their prayers – Omin or Amin – is the form of Om. And they don't have an answer to what Amin means. He is the form of Om – Om, Oman, Ameen.

There are three words in English – omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient. English linguists find it difficult to find the origin of these words. Where do they come from? These words are very unique. Omniscient means one who has seen it all. But where does Omin come from? He is the form of Om. The one who saw Om saw it all.

Omnipresent means that which is present everywhere. But where does that omen come from? He is the form of Om. Omnipresent means: One who became one with Om, became present everywhere. You're a place. The day you become one with Om, you will be everywhere. There is no place in the world where you will not be. You will become one with existence.

Omnipotent means one who has all the power. But the only thing that means is that the one who has the power of Om. The one who has found Om, has attained everything. The one who became one with Om is all done. The one who drowns in Om becomes all-powerful.

This is a very unique word!

Whatever India has discovered in the inner world, it is contained in this one small thread. Just as all the discoveries of Einstein's relativity are contained in a small theory, similarly in a small thread of Om, in a small theory, all the introspection of India is contained in a small theory. There's still a lot to discover outside. So Einstein will soon be out of date, out of date. Someone else will take their place; It has taken the place. But there was no search left behind Om. That journey is complete. There we have reached the destination. Therefore, Om can never be displaced. He will remain on the throne. You can stray away from him. You can forget that. But you can't take him off the throne. Whenever you come home, you will find Om sitting on the throne.

Take a few more things to think about this which is Om.

Science says that the whole universe is made up of electric waves – both stone and gold. All existence, all things, is not all matter--condensed form of electric waves.

We have to go a little further. We have learned this here in the East; Upon entering within, the whole world is a collection of sounds and a form of electrical sound. Scientists say that sound is a form of electricity and the whole world is a web of electric waves. We say, "The whole world is a web of sound and electricity is also a form of sound." You must have heard stories that Tansen lit lamps with lamp raga. There is a possibility of that. The shock of sound can cause fire. There is a possibility of that. There are a lot of experiments going on on this.

And that cannot be denied, because it is the shock that produces electricity. Water falls from the mountain, electricity is generated from its injury. You strike two flints, a fire is created. You rub two hands, the hands become hot. Rubbing creates heat, generates electricity.

The rubbing of two sounds also produces electricity, but there is a very subtle art. Perhaps the scriptures have been forgotten, we do not remember, how we collide with two sounds. But if anybody, Tansen, or anyone, has learned to collide with two sounds, then the lamps can be lit. When fire can be created by the collision of two stones, why can't it be created by the collision of two sounds? Collision creates heat, produces heat.

And now even science has slowly faded away. His old stubbornness is gone, his old stubbornness is no more. The rope is burnt. But even in the burnt rope, the old strut remains, only the same strut is left in science.

Thousands of experiments are going on all over the earth, which are uprooting science. There have been a lot of experiments on sound.

There is a very famous laboratory in England - Dilabar. There they have done great experiments. Under the influence of special music, the trees bear fruits in unseasonal seasons. Trees grow twice as fast under the influence of special music. Under the influence of special music, the child of the mother's womb starts growing very intensely. A plant that grows in a year without music grows as big in two months with music.

Plants listen.

A small experiment was conducted in Canada. Where Ravi Shankar used to play sitar for fifteen days. Seeds were sown on both sides of it. The plants that grew were all inclined towards Ravi Shankar, from both sides, like a deaf man bends his ears. All those plants were born hooked. There wasn't a single plant that wasn't eager to listen to music. The second seeds were sown outside the building, on the same day as the seeds inside the building were sown. They were all born straight. What happened? The plants were eager to listen. And the plants

that were outside only grew halfway. In fifteen days of experiment, the plants inside grew twice. He had more glory.

There is food in sound, there is life. It is difficult to find a man who is not agitated by music, whose feet do not thum, whose hands do not beat, who does not play any melody.

And now scientists say that even metals – plants are fine, metals are also influenced by music. If music is played on a metal, it becomes difficult to rust. It is very likely that the Ashoka lot which is standing in Delhi - which scientists have not been able to understand till now why it does not rust, because it has been standing for centuries, rain, sunshine, all seasons come and go, till now scientists have not been able to produce any stainless steel that will remain in the sun for centuries. Lying outside in the rain and not a stain of rust has come on it. My own understanding is that in very intense music, that lot has been crafted in the midst of great chants. The mantras still keep him safe. They are still protecting him.

Egypt has pyramids. Those pyramids are made of such big stones that even the most developed cranes that we have now are not able to lift those stones. And there seems to be no way to carry those stones five thousand or four thousand years ago. And where they are built pyramids, there is no quarry of stones nearby; There are mines hundreds of miles away. Pyramids stand in the desert. So the stones have been brought from hundreds of miles away. In those days there was no question of cranes, because there was no evidence that there was a single crane or any instrument. They have been carried by unarmed men. It is absolutely impossible. How can this be? But the science of sound says that objects become dependent in a particular state of sound.

You may have also noticed that when you dance, when you are happy, when the song resonates in your heart, you do not feel a burden, you become very light. When the feet are frozen and there is no dancing, when the heart is closed and the song does not burst and there is no call of dance anywhere around, then you find yourself as if you have become stone and become weighty.

You must have noticed that even today, when ordinary workers pick up a big stone, they make a big noise. But there's music in the uproar – heyy If this sound is repeated repeatedly, the worker picks up the biggest stone.

You've seen sailors crossing the river in the middle of the river, so haiyya-he. When the river begins to collide and the man's strength begins to weaken, then the voice is called. The tone saves instantaneously. Great power runs within.

There is hidden energy in the tone. Omkar means the original tone, from which all the tones are then born, the original source. Today, we lost our relationship with him, we have no connection with him. We have forgotten the peaks that had been touched.

We think the world is getting civilized for the first time. There is confusion. The world has been civilized many times. And the world has reached great heights many times. And then the Uttunga heights are lost.

Now today prayer is a blank word, worship is a formality.

I was a guest in a house. The only son had not woken up till late at home, so the mother was telling him that son, get up, you are born in the country of sages and sages, you should wake up in Brahma Muhurta. The son turned around in bed and said, "Mother, you do not know, Rishi Kapoor never wakes up before nine o'clock and grandfather Muni Ashok Kumar sleeps till noon."

The sages were lost; Rishi Kapoor, Ashok Kumar remained!

Prayer is a blank word. Worship is a sham. Chanting seems to be futile. People don't know how to take God's name or when to take it.

I was asking a friend's son, "Does your father ever pray?" He said, "We were doing it yesterday. I was a little startled, for it is impossible to expect that there would be any connection of prayer with his father. I asked, "Tell me, what did you pray?" He said, "We were praying at the time of the meal in the evening. He said, "Oh my God! Then the same moong khichdi?

That's just praying! Prayer is a complaint.

A friend came to see me yesterday evening. They say that they were angry with God. They prayed, worshipped, meditated, and when the child was not born, they were angry! --Oh God! Then moong khichdi! So now they will not pray, they will not worship – they are angry.

What is this prayer, how is this worship, what is this worship? Is it a bargain? Were you doing God any favor? He said, "I have never asked for anything; After so much prayer, the child was not born.

If there was no demand, then why does the question arise that the child was not born again? There must have been a demand. Your worship is false. Your worship is no more than a bribe. You are bribing God. You are trying to seduce him, so that he fulfills the lust hidden within you. You want to make God the object of your lust.

Devotees say, 'Mhane chakar rakho ji!' When they pray, Meera says, 'Girdhar! Make me your servant!' You are trying to make God your servant. That's where the mistake happens. If I asked for anything, the prayer was lost. If you want anything, then worship is no longer worship, it becomes corrupt, it becomes ugly. And Omkar descends when you become pure, pure, innocent like a temple; When you become a bachelor like a little child.

Just last year...

There is a very unique man in Israel, his name is Yuri Geller. He just distorts objects without touching them with gestures. Hold the knife in front of him, he will just make a hand

gesture, the knife will turn round and turn. Strengthen the bars in front of him, he will bend them from a distance of ten feet, twenty feet, just by gestures, which you cannot bend with force.

So a very unique incident took place last year. BBC in England He showed his experiment on television and just out of curiosity, just the possibility of an untoward incident, he turned it on TV. But while describing the experiment, he said that those who watch TV Seeing, they should also experiment in their homes, with me, who knows, some of them (because about millions of people were watching TV, Yuri Geller was on TV) maybe some people have abilities that they don't even know. Thousands of people experimented. In the report that came the next day, fifteen hundred people were successful, who had played Yuri Galer as well as TV. But while looking at the things commanded, they turned. But to my great surprise, the fifteen hundred who had succeeded were all children. None of them was more than fourteen years old, and none was less than seven years old. They were between seven and fourteen, they were all children.

There is a bachelorhood between seven and fourteen. The energy of semen is in its perfect purity. There is power and there is a naivety. Where power and innocence meet, the ultimate happens.

Even Yuri Galer couldn't believe how it happened. And the big thing was, why did it happen only between seven and fourteen?

After fourteen, lust, desire surround life. The mind is no longer clean. Lust enters into the worship of the temple. Before seven, the mind is pure, but there is no energy.

So seven and fourteen are the most important times of life and that is what is being wasted. It is being ruined all over the world. That's why we used to make great use of all those moments in this country. As soon as he was seven years old, we used to send the child to Gurukul; He went to the forest. From there we didn't call him before twenty-one. Seven years before he was fourteen, we sent him away, and after fourteen, we allowed him to stay there for seven more years, so that the holiness that he had experienced would be deepened, strengthened. Then, when he returns to the world, the world cannot even touch him. He may pass through the world, but the world cannot even touch him. Then he will also marry, but his celibacy will not be broken. His children will also be born, but desire will never distort him. It will all be duty. He has to do it, so he will. But his bed will always be tied up when it is finished and I return. Because in those little moments of power that he has tasted, he goes on calling, his call is heard inconsolably – he sleeps, he wakes up, he works in the shop, he raises the children, but he draws the call, once he tastes the taste of God, then it becomes a different matter.

You worship without taste. Pray without taste. And you pray and worship in order to attain something. No, you will never know Omkar. If you want to know Omkar, you have to give up all desire; The demand itself has to be abandoned; It has to be empty.

This is the mahamantra that Dadu is talking about. Try to understand.

Sabdai bandhya sab rahe, sabdai sab hi jaaye.

Sabdai hi sab upajai, sabdai sab samai ||

The word means Omkar – the word of words Omkar.

All the time is all bound, ...

If the tune of Omkar plays within you, then there will be a unity within you, you will be bound. You will not be broken, you will not be broken, you will remain united. Just as a thread threaded in a rosary binds the beads of the rosary, in the same way, if you start hearing the sound of Omkar, then all the beads of your life will be followed, a rosary will be formed. Right now you are just a pile of beads, not a rosary, because there is no thread that can merge into all your actions, all your feelings, all thoughts and bind them all into one unity.

Psychologists say that man is a crowd. They are right. You're a crowd. There's a lot of man inside of you. Men are men. You are a market. The One within you has not yet been born, because for the birth of one you have to be one; You have to reconcile the crowd; You have to add up the fragments that you have divided.

Omkar is cement, connects; Fragment to fragment is one, unbroken is born. And on the day you are united, what anxiety, what tension? All the tension, all the anxiety, all the restlessness is because of the crowd. Someone is pulling towards the west, someone is pulling you towards the east. Someone wants to go to hell, someone wants to go to heaven. Someone wants to worship, someone is thinking of a prostitute. You can't do anything. There is no monotony. Even if you do, it is incomplete. Even if you sit to pray, you don't feel like it. Just a small part goes on humming. It's like you're listening to the radio and the battery is completely dull, you can barely hear anything. Such is your prayer, not all the energy flows. The energy is going somewhere else.

Even if you reach heaven, you will not reach the whole thing. A piece of you will reach, the rest of you will be in hell. And the distance between the two is your tension. The only meaning of tension is that there is a great distance between your pieces, a great stretch. One hand is being pulled to one side, the other hand is being pulled to the other side. That's the restlessness.

There is only one peace in the world, and that is when you become one.

Dadu says:

Sabdai bandhya sab rahe, sabdai sab hi jaaye.

Sabdai hi sab upajai, sabdai sab samai ||

You are one in bondage to Him. That's what connects you. And not only you, the whole existence is connected to Omkar.

When you become a perfect void, you will still hear the melody. That would be the tune of the void. That is Omkar. Omkar is the music of the void.

Have you ever heard the silence of the night? There is also a music of silence. Even when there is no sound, there is still a voice. When all the noise is gone, there is a tone in that silence. In the same way, when all the crowd and all the noise within you disappears, then you will hear a voice within you, that is Omkar. Omkar is the music of the void.

And it is not only you that bind them; He binds the whole existence, he is holding it together. That is the basis. Without him, everything will fall apart.

Sabdai bandhya sab rahe, sabdai sab hi jaaye.

And if that word is lost from you, you are in a scattered state. Then your shape is distorted; Your appearance becomes ugly; The flute does not ring in your throat; There is no ooze in your eyes; The stream of your life breaks down in places, like rivers break in the summer – one is full, then the sand comes, then the sand comes, then the sand comes.

That which is connected to Omkar is like a river that is poor, it is unbroken. From source to end, from Gangotri to Gangasagar, there is one.

All this is the case, ...

Everyone has taken birth from this Omkar and everyone has to merge themselves in this Omkar. Because, from our understanding, from the point of view of inner-seekers, the sound of Omkar is the essence of this world. Everything is born out of the impact of Omkar, from the injury, and layer after layer of Omkar is accumulated and various forms are born.

There is nothing surprising in this. Because science says that everything is created by electricity. What difference does it make, whether it is born by electricity or by sound? Both things are understandable. But why is this distinction? Because science discovers from the outside. What looks like electricity from the outside is what looks like sound from within.

One is the man who watches from outside the house and the other is the man who comes inside the house as a guest – this is the difference between religion and science. Science moves outward, so it recognizes the outside line and the periphery properly. Dharma enters the inner home and knows things from within.

In between the two is the world of art – of the poet, of the painter, of the sculptor. The sculptor is between the two. The painter is between the two. The poet is between the two. The poet is ordinarily out, ordinarily out; But if he ever gets a chance, he enters inside like a thief. Art is a kind of theft. Sometimes a thief breaks into your house in the dark of night. He is not a guest. He's not even invited. I didn't even enter through the front door. In fact, when the host is asleep, he comes. If the host is awake, he will not come.

Science keeps spinning outside. The poet sometimes sneaks in. That is why the melody of religion is sometimes heard in the poem. In poetry there is sometimes a little light of ultimate feeling. And it often happens that if you read a poem of a poet, a shadow arises in your mind of how beautiful, how grand, how divine this person will not be.

But don't forget to go to see this person, or you'll find him sitting in a hotel drinking tea, or lighting a bidi. And you will be astonished and very sad that such was the height of poetry and where is this poet? And the poet will appear to you to be a very ordinary man. It's not his fault either. Usually he is outside. Occasionally, in darkness and in the light, sometimes he sneaks in.

Dharma enters in as a guest – dressed as an invited guest. That is why we have given two words to the poets in this country, both of which mean the same thing. And no language in the world has two words for a poet, only the languages of India. One we call a poet, the other a sage – both mean the same thing. Both mean: the seer, the one who saw.

But what is the difference between the two? One looked like a thief. He entered the house, too, but was frightened. He entered, too, but without preparation. He entered, too, but was not qualified, and entered. He entered, too, but the master entered while he was asleep. Brings a little news, as the thief will also give a little news of the inside of the house; But not much can be seen in the dark. And terrified, frightened, how much will he see in another's house; It brings a little news.

Religion is ready and goes inside. The seeker prepares, makes himself worthy, makes himself a vessel. Waits at the door, until the call is written. He does not even knock at the door – because when I am qualified, I am worthy of the master, I will be summoned – he waits. What he sees, then, is a different matter! He is a sage.

We call the poets of the Upanishads sages. It is hardly ever that a poet is a sage among a thousand poets. Rishi means: what he has known is not only known, it is also his life. And the meaning of a poet is: one who has known is different, his life is different. Don't go into his life to investigate. Read his poetry and get something out of the poem if you can; But don't go looking for the poet, otherwise you will be disappointed.

If even after searching for a poet, you see poetry in the poet, then he is a sage. It happens sometimes. One Rabindranath, one Khalil Gibran, is not just a poet, he is also a sage. Then he doesn't just sing; He who sings, he also lives. His words are not words; His words have the heartbeat of his soul. Then he pours himself out. And what you have to know, you have to live. Stealthily, from the window, from the back door; He has become a resident of the house of God like a guest. And the one who has been there as a guest is forever transformed.

Sabdai bandhya sab rahe, sabdai sab hi jaaye.

Sabdai hi sab upajai, sabdai sab samai ||

That which science sees from the outside, and is called electricity, is seen by religion from within and called the word. And in between the two is the poet and art. She tells him rasa-- raso vai saH. Everything is made of juice. But all the juice springs from that Omkar and what science knows as electricity is the heat of that Omkar, the heat; There is a vibration of the soul of that Omkar.

Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, sabdai hi contentment.

Sabdai hi stagnant bhaya, sabdai hi bhaga sok ||

Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, ...

There is no other way to get the truth. You will not get it by thinking, you will not get it by thinking. Throw a million heads, solve a million riddles, make arguments, formulate theories, create scriptures – no, you will not find the truth like this. Philosophy is not the way to attain truth. The way to attain truth is sadhana, yoga, prayer, meditation, samadhi.

No matter how much you think, you will think! Your thinking can't go above you. Your principles can't be bigger than yours. Your principles will be much smaller than yours. What comes in the grip of your hand will be smaller than the fist of your hand. If you want to catch hold of God, there is another way. You have to become so vast, you have to become as void, you have to become as vast, you have to become as void, you have to become so empty, so empty that even if the whole God comes, you have to find a place, you have to create a place.

Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, ...

Omkar has to create a place. When you are filled with the melody of Omkar, then everything becomes silent, everything becomes void. The same tune keeps playing. As if all the travelers of the temple had left and the bell kept ringing. We have hung bells at the gates of every temple. There is a reason. There is a bell hanging outside the door. And every temple traveler has to enter only after ringing the bell. Don't think that ringing a bell is like a bell on the door so that the owner inside will know. He is a God taking a nap, not to wake him up so that he may be sleeping, or perhaps he is engaged in a private conversation, so he should ring the bell and make the news, like people enter the house coughing and coughing. No, the bell at the entrance of the temple symbolizes that sound is its door, you will reach it by sound. The sound of the bell is just information, the fact that the real door is sound. And if you want to enter it, then make sure that you are sound, become worthy of sound.

Have you ever seen a classical musician sitting with his sitar, and people get bored? The music has not started yet, he is just setting the instrument, he is hammering, he is fixing the strings, the tabla wala is tapping the tabla. People wonder what you're doing; I would have done it from home! Spoil half an hour in it!

However, you have to make the instrument sit every moment, otherwise it becomes stale. Fresh music is not born on stale instruments. They could have come from home, there

was no problem, they would have done it there; But the longer they arrived, the more time passed, the more the equipment would become stale. The instrument has to be refreshed every moment. And fresh music will be born on fresh instruments. The poor musician sits there and kicks so that he doesn't get the staleth at all. There's a secret behind it. And when the strings sit just right, it's not too hard to create music.

There is a saying that anyone can create music, but only a big official character can set up the instrument. Because it is a very subtle thing to be dressed. Then teasing the strings is not such a big deal. Laying wires is a big deal.

The whole religion is the harp of your heart, you have to set it up. On the day the instrument is set, even if the child touches the strings, music will start to be produced. The real thing is to sit down and the whole sadhana is to make that instrument sit down. It is called the rotten of Omkar. It's just setting the instrument, it's not music. He's just hammering the tabla, tightening the strings.

The text of Omkar is called. I'll tell you, too. You must take out a clock in twenty-four hours when you do nothing. Sit empty, close your lips, let your tongue touch the palate, let the spine be straight and you begin to chant the sound of Omkar within. To inhale the sound of Omkar means that you do not make a sound out of your lips. Echo inside, but the echo is so loud that people outside can hear it. It doesn't come out of your lips, you can definitely hear it. Out of your cries. You become an echo.

It is a very sweet experience. It is as if the nectar starts springing inside in a few days. And this is not the real Omkar right now. If a fake Omkar does so much, then don't talk about the real one. There can be no comparison. You just close your eyes, straighten your spine – so that all the emptiness within you stands upright and you start resounding the omkar.

When the breath goes out, you make the sound of Omkar – Om... Ohm. When the breath goes in, you will not be able to make a sound. So a rhythm, a rhythm will be created. The breath will go out. Fill your breath with the sound of Omkar. Then the breath will go in, there will be nothingness. Then the breath will go out, then make the sound of Omkar so loudly that if someone passes outside, you can hear it. Just as when a group of bees is leaving, there seems to be an echo, the same echo will appear outside. And that echo will heal your body, bind your shattered mind, and a unique peace will be born within you and a joy will prevail.

Sound has its own tune. That's why your head starts shaking when you listen to music, like a drunkard's shaking.

I have heard that it happened in Lucknow during the days of Wajid Ali, a great musician came and told Wajid Ali that I will perform music, but there is a condition that no one shakes his head. Wajid Ali was crazy. He said, "Don't worry. Whoever shakes his head, he will cut it off.

The stick was beaten in the village that whoever shook his head would be cut. So if you want to shake your head, don't come.

Where ten thousand people would have come to listen – because he was a musician of great repute – hardly a hundred or fifty people came, and that too a man who had confidence in himself. There will be seekers of hatha yoga or such people, exercisers, wrestlers, who are sure that they will not let their heads move. Because there is danger, Wajid Ali is mad. If the fly sits on its head and you shake it, it will not hear that we did not shake it for music.

So the people sat very tightly, like the statues of Buddha. The music began. The clock won't even pass. Some heads began to shake, shaking wildly. Wajid Ali himself panicked. He thought he would be killed unnecessarily. Now these fools have been told to beat the stick, yet they have come, and they are sitting in front of them and the musician can also see it.

He had men standing with naked swords. The music is complete. The man was caught. And Wajid Ali said, "Musician ko, bolo, katwa doon inke head?" He said no, for some other reason I said that. Bid farewell to everyone else, I'll spend the night with them. That's what the real deserves to hear.

Are there any listeners to those who do not produce wine through music? It was just a test. Because now they are in a state of alcohol, they are no longer conscious. As long as he was conscious, he also remained steadfast. When he fainted, he couldn't. They also said, "We did not shake our heads, we shook our heads." We were insistent on not moving on our part. We tried to stop it a few times, but we didn't! The head was shaking, as if it were not part of us.

Have you seen the drunkard walk? He's quite careful. No man walks with so much patience as a drunkard. Because he knows he's swaying. He's very careful, but what difference does it make?

Music has its own tune; There is no such subtle clue. And all alcohol is gross.

If you resonate within yourself the sound of Omkar – and remember that it is your sound; Even if you don't know the real sound – there will be a feeling of fun within you; You will start living in a drunken state. You'll walk and get going! There will be more energy! Get up and do it! There will be an intoxication in the eyes, as if for the first time in life, a festive time has come.

If you keep on doing the sound of Omkar like this, keep doing it, some day suddenly you will find that your melody is still going on, another tune is being created within you. It is born on the day your harp is fully tightened and ready; The instrument agrees. On that day you will find that you are doing a melody, which is nothing now; There is a faint tone, a carboncopy. The real melody is now being born. Then you turn off your tune. Then you become listeners. Hitherto you were the doer; Now you become a listener; Now you have to look inside. Now

you hold on to your life. Because what is happening inside is unprecedented; He is incomparable; There is no analogy to that. The torrent of immortality will begin to flow within. The weeping will be filled with some unique light. Gone is darkness! Gone are the misfortunes; Great happiness will be showered! The moment of rendezvous came to a close.

Omkar, you start. But don't be dragged away and wait for the day when the inner flame begins to burst forth. On that day, don't insist on imposing your Omkar. Be completely silent that day. Your Omkar was just a ceremony so that the path could be paved for that Omkar to flow; So that there will be a path in your yantra to withstand that omkar. Your Omkar was just a pre-preparation, a rehearsal; The real play begins when your Omkar has gone and his Omkar begins – Ek Omkar Satnam!

Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, ...

And it is in that moment that there is a meeting with the truth.

... All this contentment.

And contentment is the shadow of that truth. Before that, you talk about a million contentments, your contentment is consolation, not contentment. And don't forget the consolation and be content. That is a very impotent situation. Consolation is the impotent position; Contentment is a time full of great energy.

You also think that there is contentment. You also say that whatever it is, all is well; But as you say, everything is fine, there is also a complaint. If you look inside, you will find that nothing is right. He is saying: He is explaining to the mind. If you say no, no one is going to move away. There will be misery and undue embarrassment, and people will know. You somehow keep a false smile around your lake of misery. Somehow you keep yourself in check that everything is fine.

Nothing is right. It can't be cured. Nothing has ever been okay without the truth. That is why I do not say that you are content, I say that you are Omkar Sadho. Truth will come through the practice of Omkar.

The shadow of truth is contentment; He follows the truth. One who has met the truth is satisfied. How can you be satisfied before that? And misfortune will happen if you are satisfied. If you are satisfied, who will seek the truth? Then the search stopped.

Therefore, it is God's great grace that He does not allow you to be satisfied before the truth. If you are satisfied, the journey is over. Religion is not contentment; Religion is great discontent, a strong flame of discontent. Like a furnace of fire, you will burn in discontent, and only then can the journey be complete. You are quick to be satisfied.

People come to me and say, "Get satisfaction quickly." It will be a misfortune if you find contentment so soon. Then you will sit where you are, and you will not move forward. So I say to you, be content with things outside; Don't be content with the inner world.

Okay, the house is small, so explain that it is okay, the work will work, because even a big one does not work like this. Even if you get bigger, it will still be small. Whatever you get, it becomes smaller. Actually, there is only one definition of small – what you have is small. What the other has is bigger. And there is no definition of small. Therefore, whatever you get, it will become smaller.

All right, be content with outside work; But in the inner world, until you find God, do not agree to anything less than that. If you agree to anything less than that, you'll miss it.

Have you read the story? Nachiketa was sent by his father to Yama's gate. Yama came three days later. Yama's wife said a lot that you should eat some food, rest. He said no. First, let me deal with the work I have come from. What rest now? What's the food like now? I should not forget to eat or rest, but first of all, I have to meet you.

Nachiketa found Yama at the door. Seeing such indomitable curiosity of this little boy, Yama's heart also ached. He must be the hardest heart, because Yama is the god of death. He also sweated. He said, "Ask for horses and elephants, riches, diamonds and jewels." Nachiketa said, "Will it be satisfied if you meet them?" Yama got into trouble. He said, "Ask for the kingdom of the whole earth, become a Chakravarti." But Nachiketa said, "Answer my question." Will that satisfy me?

Yama could not lie. Curiosity prevails, even death cannot lie. If curiosity is intense, even Yama cannot deceive. It was hard to deceive this little boy. He said, "No, I can't say that either." No, it won't give satisfaction. Ask for eternal life. Live as much as you want to live.

But Nachiketa remained adamant. He said what would happen to him? One day I will finally die, will it give me the elixir – a long life? Will there be a meeting of nectar? Will I be satisfied?

Yama said, "You are stubborn. No, won't that satisfy you either?"

So Nachiketa said, "When you are giving a boon with such a generous heart, then show me the way by which you can get nectar, and get satisfaction."

Sit like Nachiketa at the door of life, until satisfaction is found. Until then, life will give you anything – it will make many mistakes – say, "Okay, thank you!" But keep your illusions to yourself. My fire is with me, my thirst is with me, my jealousy is with me, my desolation is with me, I will burn; But now the rain is the last that is needed. What will happen with these small rains? Then there will be fire, then I will burn. We need the last rain.

That is why I say, religion is discontent, great dissatisfaction, divine dissatisfaction – Divine Discontent. And the one who goes through that dissatisfaction is the one who gets to contentment some day, but the satisfaction is not found directly. It doesn't come from your effort.

Dadu sabdai hi sachu paye, sabdai hi contentment.

Sabdai hi stagnant bhaya, sabdai bhaga sok ||

It is in the sound of that Omkar that one meets the truth, there is contentment. It is in the melody of that Omkar that there is stillness, the soul becomes still, all the restlessness disappears, all the rush and the rush disappears, and at that moment - all the sorrow disappears.

Fickleness is misery in the eyes of those who know. To be fixed in the eyes of those who know is happiness. He who is stable is happy. The one who is running, running, is miserable. You think the opposite. Your argument is that I am unhappy, so I am running away. And you see somebody sitting under the Bodhi tree, you say, "He is happy and that is why he is sitting."

The case is reversed. He is sitting here and this is why he is happy. You are running and therefore you are unhappy. You also sit and watch. You say, how do I sit? We will not sit until we attain happiness. Then you will never attain happiness because you receive it by sitting. You say, "What will happen if you stop running now?" There is now a lot of happiness left. Misery is found in life; Let us have some pleasure; Let us run a little, at least achieve a little – then we will sit down.

Has anyone ever run to find anything? Is there any evidence in history, even one? No one ever ran to find anything. Lost by running, not found. Those who found it by sitting and finding it. The art of sitting down is a very important art. Just sit down. Don't run. Get tired. He has been called by Krishna in the Gita as the Prajna – whose wisdom has stopped; She stood still, like a building whose doors are closed, the wind blows and the light of a lamp burns and does not tremble.

Sabdai hi stagnant bhaya, sabdai hi bhaga sok.

Dadu sabdai hi mukta bhaya, ...

Liberated from the word itself.

... Everyone understands life.

And know the secret of life from the word itself. All of them thought of it, ... The word itself opened my eyes and began to see. ... Sabdai sunjahi jana. And with the word itself, as many of them as they were. These words are a reference to Omkar. Why do they say the words Nanak, Dadu, Kabir? There are reasons. They say that it is not right to say Omkar directly. That is a very delicate thing. Say it by gesture.

There is an old custom among the Jews that do not take the name of God, because taking the name becomes very straightforward and does not beho. There is a custom in India that the wife does not take the husband's name. It doesn't suit you. Sounds a little ridiculous. So straightforward? No, love is a delicate thing. The wife does not mention the husband's name. A devotee does not take the name of God.

The saints say words to him again and again, pointing to him.

All this is true, all the things are good.

The first one was that you thank you, Utpatti Omkar.

Dadu says: The first event that happened to God is Omkar, the first proclamation is Omkar, the first creation is Omkar; The first wave that arose is Omkar.

Remember, the first wave in God will be the last wave in you, if you want to go to God. Omkar is the first wave of God, that is, it happened, God came into the world; The Creator became the world and a wave arose. If you want to go back, you have to go back by the same route. Omkar will be the last thing in your life. Ahead of him is God. There is nothing beyond that. The day when Omkar will also become silent, and there will be a great void, on that day only God will remain; On that day, you are God.

The first one was you, Utpatti Omkar.

Omkar thain upajain, panch tatt aakar ||

And Dadu says that then five great elements were born from Omkar – earth, sky, water, fire etc. The whole world was then created by different pairs of the same word.

Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, Doori Disantar Jaye.

As soon as he woke up, he woke up with his sleep.

Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, ...

And the Guru cultivates the same Omkar on his string. The Guru pulls the same Omkar like an arrow on the string of his life.

Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, ...

And then no matter what direction, and how far it is, it doesn't matter. If the disciple is willing, wherever he is, the guru's arrow pierces him.

... Go the distance.

Because there is no direction or distance for the sound of that Omkar. If the disciple is open and willing, and he has opened the airways of the heart, the arrow will hit. The arrow will first inflict pain, first it will kill, then it will bring you to life. And then he will bring you back to life in such a way that no one will die. So that arrow is both death and regeneration.

Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, Doori Disantar Jaye.

As soon as he woke up, he woke up with his sleep.

Whoever gets hit by the arrow recovers.

----Wake up for sleep.

Understand it a little. Those who are sleeping, he woke them up with arrows.

There are two things; If the disciple is not persuaded and the guru shoots an arrow, he can awaken the sleeping person more and more. If the disciple is willing and the guru shoots the arrow, then he can take the rescue, the ultimate liberation can happen. If the disciple does not agree, he will fall asleep. If the disciple is willing, then there is no way to sleep. That is the

meaning of liberation. Liberation means waking up in such a way that there is no more sleep, then there is no way to sleep.

So many times, the guru shoots an arrow even when you are not willing, then he only wakes you up. The guru can do his or her own thing to shake you a little, make you tremble and wake you up. If you use that wakefulness and become persuaded, another thing can happen. But he's up to you.

No man can set another free against his will. And, naturally, that's okay too. Because even if someone were to liberate you by force, what is that liberation? Even if you can be liberated against your will, it is slavery.

So the ultimate event of liberation happens only when you are persuaded. But you can be woken up, you can be shaken, you can be startled. And if you are even a little wiser, you will make use of that astonishing condition. If you are completely ignorant, then you can sleep on your side and perhaps you will even curse the master as to why you are disturbing your sleep unnecessarily. Watch your work and let us sleep.

Dadu Sabad Baan Guru Sadh Ke, Doori Disantar Jaye.

As soon as he was bored, he woke up with his sleep.

Sabad Sarovar Subhar Bharaya, Harijal Nirmal Neer.

The lake of words is overflowing with the water of God.

... Harijal Nirmal Neer.

Dadu peevai preeti sau, tinkai akhil sarir ||

And those who drink it with love become one with the Akhil Brahman.

The art of drinking that water is love. You can drink it because of your thirst; But then you are using God. You can drink it out of love, then you are surrendering to God.

Understand it a little. You can also pray that you want God to be of use to you. Then your need is important, God is secondary. And he who keeps God secondary is an atheist. And you can also pray because the prayer of God is bliss. It is your love. You are not because you want something, not because you want something to happen; You pray just as someone loves.

Have you ever asked me why I love you? You will say, "Just love for love, prayer for prayer, meditation for meditation."

Dadu says: Dadu peevai preeti saun, ... He who drinks with love – love means one who does not drink as a means, but drinks as an end. ... Straws all over the body. He becomes one with the universe. All his distances disappear and the distances fall. It plunges into the ocean like a drop. The whole of that ocean descends into that drop.

Where to start? The journey begins with the sound of your Omkar. Your sound of Omkar is just preparation, pre-preparation. Then, when the real sound rises and your harp starts tapping with that sound, then pull your hands, then you will be filled with a unique invisible

Anahata music. You will be filled with Nadabrahma. In that loaded state, there will be intoxication.

Omar Khayyam is talking about the same liquor. He's not talking about the wine of this world. Then you will live madly. Then there will be juice in your getting up and sitting. Whoever comes to you, who touches your smell, will get drunk and start dancing.

It is only the one who attains that drunken state that begins to realize the truth. It is in that unconsciousness that the truth is found, because that unconsciousness is the greatest awakening. And the one who has received the truth, contentment is the shadow of truth, has the ultimate contentment in his life.

Think of God as an end, not a means. Drink with love, not reason. Don't think in terms of profit, otherwise you will be deprived. Don't take your sense of usefulness there. He who runs by utility will always reach the market, the temple can never come. All avenues of utility lead to the market. There is a colony of lovers of love. If you want to come to the temple, you have to come towards the mad lovers.

Dadu peevai preeti saun, tinkai akhil sarir.

Sabad Sarovar Subhar Bharaya, Harijal Nirmal Neer ||

The lake is waiting for you. The moment you agree, suddenly you will find that there is a lake in front of your eyes. The moment the heart within you rings, suddenly you will find that there is the same lake everywhere. You will be surprised how you missed it for so long. Fish thirsty in the ocean!

Kabir says: I saw a surprise! That wonder is that the fish is thirsty in the ocean. That wonder is in relation to you. I see that astonishment too. The lake is full all around. You were born in a lake. There are waves of the lake in your cries. You are thirsty and thirsty!

That's all for today.

My dear soul!

Science is the search for truth, religion is the experience of truth, art is the expression of truth. Science is primary, the first step. And if science wants, it can live without religion for a long time. Because his goal is to find the truth. I said, "One can live without religion for a long time." And to this day, science has lived without religion. Not only has science lived without religion, but science has lived by rejecting religion. It can live. If you want a path, you can have a destination without a destination. But as science develops – man will not only want to know the truth – he will also want to be the truth. Therefore, science cannot remain without religion for a long time. And the possibility of his absence is becoming apparent every day.

The greatest scientists of the last century – whether it is Einstein, whether it is Max Planck, whether it is Eddington or whoever else it is. They have all been found talking about religion in the last moments of life. These are very precious possibilities. In the coming century, science will become more and more religious every day. Because a path can remain without a destination, but no path can be complete without a destination.

And if there is a path without a destination, it will be meaningless, it will be inconsequential, it will also be absurd. Because it is very difficult to call a path that does not lead to a destination. One day, the path has to accept the destination. And no means can be meaningful without an end.

Therefore, in the West, where science has a deep influence, meaninglessness has also expanded day by day.

Science has to be a religion.

Dharma means the aspiration to be one with the truth, the experience of the truth. Man cannot be satisfied with what truth is. His fulfillment is complete only when he becomes one with the truth. We don't want to know what love is; We also want to be loved. We don't want to know what money is; We would also like to be rich. We don't want to know what the truth is; We would also like to be true. Because knowing is a step to eternal being – nothing but that. The second stage, therefore, is the religion of man-seeking.

If religion wants, it can live without art for a long time. As I said, science can live without religion if it wants. If religion wants, it can live without art for a long time. But when there is a very deep realization of religion, what we have known will also want to be revealed. Just what we have become is not enough. What we have become would also like to be expressed. We would not only like to know how light is born, we would also like to have light. But we will not be silenced by the light; We would also like to spread the rays of light far and wide.

The day the experience of religion becomes so intense that it starts overflowing, the day the feeling of religion is so deep that it starts flowing out of us, spreading all around, that day art is born. Religion can avoid art for a long time, but it cannot survive for long. When the feeling is deep, it will want to be divided. When the clouds become very dense, it will want to rain. And when the river gets velocity, it will want to run towards the ocean. And when love fills our hearts, it will want to rain all around. And when the seed is fully grown, it will want to sprout and sprout.

It doesn't stop at the realization of the truth; The expression of truth is also essential. And it is a matter of great wonder that the truth comes back by expressing a thousand times more than it is by experiencing it. Because what we give, we get back a thousandfold. The thing in which we make others partners, in which we make friends in sharing others, that thing starts coming back to us. The realization of truth ultimately becomes the manifestation of truth.

Science is the first stage of man's journey, religion is the second step, art is the last step. But it is a very difficult thing, as I am saying. The reverse has happened in history. It so happened in history that religion came first, art came later, and science came last. So I would like to tell you a few more things. Religion that comes before science will be unscientific, superstitious. The religion which comes to man before science will be close to superstition, it cannot be scientific.

Therefore, the religion that came to earth before science, who would have experienced it, very few people – some Jesus, some Krishna, some Buddha, some Mahavira, some Confucius, ten or five people – it was in a deep sense, but in the lives of all of us it could not be more than superstition. Only the religion that comes after the development of science can be scientific. This is the reason why there should have been one religion in the world, but there are many.

Diseases can be many, but health is not many. If I fall ill, in my own way; If you get sick, in your own way. And there are thousands of names for diseases – no TB. Some fall ill with cancer. But health has no name whatsoever when you're healthy. Then, you cannot say in what way I have recovered. You just get healthier.

There can be a thousand unrighteousness, but there cannot be a thousand. Unrighteousness is disease, religion is health. Therefore, there can be only one religion, but there could not be one. Because whatever comes before science will be superstition, it does not become science.

Now for the first time, there is a proper arrangement for the descent of religion on earth. And the religion that will come in the future – it will not be Hindu, it will not be Muslim, it will not be Jain, it will not be Christian – it will be just religion. And the day only Dharma descends

upon mankind, we will be able to be freed from the ignorance that is happening in the name of religion, not before that.

It is surprising that an ordinary religious person is a Hindu-Muslim, so right. A sannyasin is also a Hindu, Muslim, Christian and Jain? At least a sannyasin is just religious? That has also not been possible. That's amazing! In fact, the diseases of society take hold of even the sannyasin. The limitations and adjectives of society surround the monk as well. The slavery of society and the bondage of society also grip the sannyasin.

Religion was born. His realization was deep in the lives of a few people. But in the life of the group he could not reach until science cleared the fine land. Now science has cleared the land properly. And now religion will not be accepted in an unscientific way, that is why there is a great difficulty.

Those who hold on to superstitions think that the whole world is becoming irreligious. They are very confused. The whole world is not becoming irreligious, the whole world is trying to get rid of superstitions and is revealing the possibility of the birth of a new religion.

It's a very strange situation today. Today, the strange situation is that whoever we say that one who does not go to the temple, does not believe in our old scriptures, does not believe in our old principles, is very likely reversed. There is a possibility that there may be a little more religion in that man's life than those who go to temples, worship, pray.

The truth is that all the wise, thoughtful people of this century are no longer willing to stand in the prisons of religion. The reason for this is not that people have become irreligious, but because religion is now trying to be scientific. And he will have to give up unscientific sections. He is abandoning them. So today the opposite thing has happened.

If we go back to the time of Buddha or to the time of Krishna, the best wise man of that time was religious. And if we look at religion today, the least developed man today seems to be religious. The least educated, the least intelligent, the most backward man seems to be religious today. In Krishna's time, the most developed, the most intelligent man appears to be religious. It is surprising.

Today, a man who is properly educated, a man who thinks properly, why does that man suddenly become irreligious? It's something to think about. We will say, this teaching is wrong. We would say that these, these arguments that are being given to people today are wrong, so people are being irreligious.

No, it is not. The thing has been reversed. It has become such a thing that religion is now trying to be scientific and concerned. And when religion tries to be well-thought-out, surely the thoughtful people will be out of the bound currents. Religion can now be scientific, because science has evolved now. Just as a scientist a hundred years ago was denying God, but today's scientist cannot deny God with the same courage.

Einstein said before he died, "When I started researching science, I used to think that not today but tomorrow, everything will be known."

And Einstein is probably one of the few people born into the human race that has known the most.

Two or three days before he died, Einstein told a friend that whatever I have known, today I can say that it only reveals my ignorance and nothing else. And what remains to be known is so much that what we have learned cannot be compared. Before dying, Einstein said, "I am dying like a mystic, not a scientist." To me, the world has become more mysterious, more mysterious every day. The more I've searched, the more I've found that more dimensions of exploration have opened up, and dimensions have opened up. The more doors I opened, the bigger the bigger the doors. As I walked, I found that I had been led to larger highways. From all the keys I found, the locks I opened, I found that there were bigger locks hanging forward.

Eddington wrote in his memoirs that when I began to think, I understood that the world was a thing. But now I can say that more and more the world is not looking like a thing but like a thought. But now I can say that the world does not seem to be an object, but as an idea.

If the world is an idea, science has taken the leap into religion. And if the world is an eternal mystery, then we may or may not have used the word God; We are standing at the door of God. And if the world is not solved by our knowledge, not by mere knowing, it is not too late when we will be able to say that knowing will not solve it; It will be sorted out. Knowledge is not enough, there is a need for being. It is not enough that we stand far away and see, it is necessary that we become one, become attentive, immerse and know. Perhaps the only way to know now is to be.

Science is now finding a way for religion, but art has also come into the world. And I believe that art will come only when religion comes to a large scale. So what is it that has come in the name of art? Ninety-nine per cent in the name of art is the rise of lust. Ninety-nine per cent. Whether it is poetry, whether it is paintings, whether it is sculptures, whether it is music, whatever is on earth now in the name of art, is nothing but stimulating the lusts of man. I am saying, ninety-nine percent. Whether it is the texts of Kalidasa or Bhavabhuti or the poems of Baren, or whether it is the poems of Shelley. Whatsoever has come to earth so far in the name of art is working as a stimulant to the senses of man and doing nothing. In fact, real art can be born only after religion, but religion has not yet been properly born.

I gave up one percent. Ninety-nine per cent is just an extension of human lusts in the name of art. And one per cent, some part of one per cent is of those who have known religion and given birth to art. Just as there are hymns of Meera, then the hymns of Meera are not ordinary hymns. Meera's hymns are manifested by the realization of a religion. There is a feeling

within and then the expression is happening. Something has been found, and is now being shared. Generally, people think that Meera has found God by doing bhajans.

I don't understand. Meera has started singing bhajans after finding God. Because how can one find God by singing hymns? God so cheap that you will sing hymns and find God? No, singing bhajans is not Meera's way to find God, it is an expression of fulfillment and fulfillment of God. There is no spiritual practice.

Chaitanya is dancing. That dance is not to find God, it is for all those who dance to find God. And, there are good dancers on the ground. And, people who sing better than Meera are on the ground. But there is another matter of Chaitanya's dance. This dance of consciousness is not to find God, but to find God. This God is absorbed within. They are no longer dancing in the living form. Now it's God who is dancing. Now the cup is full and overflowing. And now the art that will be born from this flowing cup is a different matter.

Krishna's flute... There may be better flute players than Krishna. Whether Krishna will win in the competition or not, it cannot be said for sure. But then there is no match for Krishna's flute. There may be people conquering Krishna at the bottom of the flute, but there is no match at the bottom of Krishna. Because where the sounds of the flute are coming from, Krishna is no longer there, God is there. This flute is giving some news, this flute is spreading what is played inside, it is spreading out. The resonance that has arisen within is being carried out.

One percent art is something that we can call art. The remaining ninety-nine percent of art is more than just the service of human lusts. And in this ninety-nine percent of art I would also like to count the art that stands against lust. It will be difficult to understand it a bit. Because there are two ways of standing up for lust, one is that lust stands upright, which we are familiar with. And sometimes lust also does headstanding, which we are not familiar with. When lust does headstanding, we understand that it has become a spiritual art. No, even by doing the headline of lust, lust remains lust, not spiritual.

Now like for example let me tell you, a picture will probably be here. Because I saw that picture in the diary of Harikishan Das ji. In that picture there is a picture of a beautiful young woman, a young man. Along is a portrait of an old woman, and the caption is at the bottom, with a caption at the bottom. Which means that youth does not stop for long, and old age should be focused. But I wouldn't call it spiritual. Because, too, the way of thinking is based on youth. And if old age is being condemned, it is only because youth does not last long.

What if it lasts longer? What will happen to this picture? Sooner or later, science will find ways to ensure that old age will not last, youth will last. What will happen to this picture? And the man we are telling right now that youth does not last long, take care of old age. The other thought that the person may also have is that what does not last long, enjoy it more. It's both

possibilities. And then what you are insisting on is that it is not that youth does not last long. But youth is precious to you and old age is not precious to you either.

But religious art also values old age. Old age has its own beauty. Who said there is no beauty in old age? Childhood has its own beauty, youth has its own beauty, old age has its own beauty. And birth itself is not beautiful for a religious man; Death also has its own beauty. It's not just when the sun rises in the morning, it's not beautiful; When dusk sets, it's still beautiful. And if a man is really, rightly old... Very few people are able to be, because youth takes hold so hard that a man is not able to grow old properly.

If a man is properly old, there has never been as handsome, young as old age. Because in youth there is excitement, in youth there are storms, in storms. The beauty of old age is a very quiet beauty. The beauty of old age is the beauty of evening. It's a morning of life's stress. The day's fuss is starting. By evening all the disturbance had subsided, and the night's rest was approaching. What is the match for the evening sun? The birds have begun to return home, the trees have begun to fall into silence and sleep, the sun has begun to set, darkness will engulf the earth. All will be silent. Everything will be merged in God in a sense. Old age is also evening.

But when we draw a picture of youth and old age and say, "Beware, old age is coming, two things are certain." Youth is precious to us and we are enemies of old age. So it cannot be a spiritual picture. It's just a reversed passion. It's just headstand lust. And the lustful man will not take out of it the meaning that the enemy of lust has drawn. Seeing this picture of lust, he will rush to the end, he will say, old age is approaching. The days are going to sink early, do whatever you want to do. He will say, "It drink and be Mary." Drink quickly, eat quickly, dance quickly, because old age is drawing near. And the logic of these two is the same, there is no difference in this argument. The argument of both of them is that old age is coming. Death is coming.

No, I wouldn't call it a spiritual picture. Very little spiritual art could be born on the ground. Either lust is art, or lust is anti-art. And he who is against lust is also lustful. The enemy of lust is also lustful. The one who is saying that happiness is fleeting, so leave. He's not really saying to give up happiness, he's saying it's fleeting, so leave. But what if it is eternal?

So, don't leave it. Therefore leave the woman on the ground and enjoy the nymph in heaven. This is a religious man! Drop wine on the ground and bathe in the wine glasses flowing in heaven. Avoid the women on the earth, and prepare for the nymphs of heaven who are no more than sixteen years old. This man is religious! This man is saying, "Leave your desires on the ground and there are Kalpavriksha trees in heaven, sit under them and make wishes and let them be fulfilled."

It is very interesting that you have to give up your desires so that you can find the Kalpavriksha. So is this the instinct of the one who gives up desire? No, it seems to me that it

seems to be more indulgent than indulgent. The poor man is transiently persuaded. He is a great renunciate. This man is saying that we leave the fleeting, because we want the eternal. We leave Ramani because we want Moksharamani. We will spare the women of the earth, because they grow old. We want nymphs of heaven who never grow old. We let go of happiness because it comes and goes. We want happiness that comes and never goes.

Is this man spiritual or hedonist? It's hedonist, paraexcellence. It's not just a match for hedonism. This hedonist has created heaven. It's not religious. It's tempting. It says, "Leave alone the women here, there are better women waiting for you." If you leave the wealth here, then there is immense wealth, infinite wealth waiting for you. Let go of your body here and you will receive a more beautiful body. The body of the gods.

No, this is not religious thinking. This lust stood up, heading. Therefore, the person who wants to understand should see a little more correctly that behind all such thoughts our unfulfilled desire is demanding. Suppressed desire, repressed desire, is demanding. This is not correct. It will not create any spirituality. Spiritual art is born out of the spiritual mind. And if the spiritual mind does not experience God, then it does not happen.

That is why I believe that real art has just been born the least on earth. Science has become a little real, religion has become less real, art is very difficult to be real. They are not yet born great poets. Sometimes you get a glimpse in an Upanishad, sometimes you get a glimpse in a Gita, sometimes you get a glimpse in a Bible verse, sometimes you get a glimpse in a line of Kabir, but you only get a glimpse. They are not yet born epics. Those great statues are not yet born. Sometimes a glimpse is seen in Ajanta, sometimes in Ellora, but that glimpse is there, the earth is not yet filled with them.

Right now, everything that is going on in the name of art is disease. There is illness. There are two kinds of diseases, one which is arousing lust, one which is trying to suppress lust. But both have their eyes on lust.

This art, if understood correctly, is the ultimate exaltation of life. Then it is not necessary that you make a statue. Then it is not necessary that you paint the picture, then it is not necessary that you play the flute. Nothing is necessary. Then your whole life will be creative. Even if you walk, there will be poetry in it.

When Buddha walks on earth, there is poetry even in the sound of his footsteps; And when Jesus looks at the people hanging on the cross, there is poetry in his eye too. It is not necessary that Jesus draw pictures. If you want to make it, you can make it. Zen mystics have painted many portraits in Japan. There is no match for his paintings. But they are created after meditation. In China, Taoist mystics have made large sculptures, but they have been made after meditation.

In those sculptures, in the paintings of Zen mystics, in the dance of Sufi dervishes, in the songs of Kabir, in the songs of Dadu, in the lines of Nanak, in the lines of Raidas, in the flute of Krishna, in the lines of the Upanishads, sometimes there is a glimpse. But the earth is still bereft of art. Silence can also be poetic.

The truth is that in the ultimate sense, when poetry is completed and art is complete, there will be silence. But I am not calling what we consider to be art. What we have been thinking of as art is exactly what we call supporting man's lusts or suppressing man's lusts. But the center of art has been lust. The soul has not yet been the center of art.

The soul can be the center of art only when the artist is not eager to give, when the artist is not eager to create, the artist starts to become something, the artist starts giving something. The artist has so much to do but to share. However, it has to be behind. We can only give to the world what we have. How can we give to the world what we don't have?

Therefore, a very unique event occurs. If you read the poems of a poet, it seems that this man must have entered the temple of God. And if you find that poet sitting somewhere in a hotel, it is very difficult. The problem is that these poems belonged to this man! Looking at the portrait of the painter, it seems that one does not know what news of salvation he has brought. But if the painter himself is found, it is very difficult that this painter made that picture! Nothing can be seen in this painter by which that picture can be born. What, then, is this picture?

It's not creation, it's just construction. And it's okay to understand this difference. There is a big difference between creation and construction. One does not have to be an artist for construction, it is only necessary to be a craftsman, a technician for construction. A man knows how to spread colours, he knows how to draw lines. There are schools, colleges, where we are taught to spread colours and draw lines. A man has learned to draw lines, to spread colours. This man is a technician, not an artist. This man can make anything he wants. If you want to make a beautiful woman out of this, He will make you beautiful, and if you want to make an ugly woman, He will make you ugly. If you want to build an idol full of lust, you will make an idol full of lust. And if the opposite of lust is to make an idol, he will make it. It's the skill, not the artist. This guy has the technique. Therefore, one can create something.

But creativity is not construction. Creation is a big thing... The creator may not have any technique at all.

I can't imagine Krishna going to a school and learning to play the flute. I can't imagine that Meera would have gone to a school to learn dancing. I can't even imagine, and it is difficult to see if Chaitanya must have learned anywhere about bhajans, and of beating his mridanga. All of Chaitanya's teaching was that of logic. Chaitanya had studied logic. He was a pundit. Chaitanya was a wonderful thinker. But one day the idea got tired, and one day the

argument came to a place where there is no forward movement of reasoning. And Chaitanya threw away logic and thought and danced in the streets with a mridanga.

It is important to take the difference between a technician, a craftsman and an artist. The craftsman makes what he wants to make out of thought. The Creator gives what has filled his heart. The craftsman lives by the mind, the artist lives by the heart and the soul. That's why it's hurting. One may be a good poet, but good poetry is not necessarily born out of it. And a man may not be a good poet, but good poetry can be born out of him.

Now it does not seem that the sages of the Upanishads were great poets. He does not seem to have recorded any verse and any rhyme. There cannot be such small minds that keep track of verses and rhymes. Those who have left all accounts and jumped into the unaccounted for cannot keep such small accounts. But what is born from them is nectar-poetry. There's something else in that poem. It's not just poetry, it's not just a jumble of words. He is not just an account of quantities; That is the flow of the heart. Something has flowed from within and spread. There is poetry in that flow.

Trains run on tracks, right on iron tracks. Rivers do not run like railway tracks. Their paths are clumsy, their paths are unknown, their paths are unfamiliar. I don't know if there is any readymade way to the Ganges. But there is life in the running of the Ganges; There can be no life in the railways. The technician runs on the railroad tracks, using the learned routes. The artist enters the unknown, the unfamiliar, the unknown. He has no idea what will happen.

The moment a technician draws a picture, he knows what he is making, he knows what he is going to make. He has a plan. He has a plan. But when an initiator creates a picture, he is as shocked as the viewer is shocked after it has been created. He himself doesn't know what will happen. He just leaves himself in the hands of God. That is why the great creators never say that we have created something; They say, something has been created by us. They remain just mediums, mediums.

Therefore, the last thing I can tell you is that the person who becomes a medium for God, as Kabir has said, I am just a pongri of bamboo, I am nothing else. I don't have voices, I am just a bamboo pongri, the notes are of God. Yes, it may be that my pongri does not work well and the vocals are heard incoherently, that will be my fault. But if the notes are beautiful, and if the tones make the soul dance, then thank God. Kabir says: I am a bamboo pongri.

Art is born on the day a person becomes a bamboo pongri. The day he says, "I am not, you are." And the day his fingers do not work for his ego, but for the work of God.

A painter took a photograph of Ramakrishna Paramahansa, and he brought a portrait to Ramakrishna. A picture of Ramakrishna. And when that picture came, some ten to twenty-five people were present near Ramakrishna. Ramakrishna saw the picture, he got up and started

dancing and started falling on the feet of that picture. It was a picture of Ramakrishna. The devotees sitting nearby said, "What are you doing?"

Devotees continue to protect their gurus a lot, because the devotees are always afraid that the guru may do something wrong.

The devotees said, "What are you doing? Of your own picture, and your feet?" Ramakrishna said, "I have forgotten that I have a picture. All I thought was what a samadhitha, a picture of ecstasy, of ecstasy, so I danced. And I got my feet, you reminded me of a good memory, otherwise people would laugh at me a lot.

Now this man does not even recognize his picture, what is the matter?

In fact, your identity has been erased, otherwise how could you not have been recognized? This man is now just a bamboo pongri. Now he was able to see God in his picture and he was able to see his feet. He could not even see himself in his picture, he saw samadhi. Ramakrishna said that people will foot on this picture for thousands of years, because it is a picture of Samadhi. One gentleman said, "Don't say such a thing, what will people say that what an arrogant man must have been with his own mouth that the people in my picture will fall for thousands of years." Ramakrishna said, "You don't know how you heard it. I didn't say that. I said, "This picture." What has to do with me, this is a picture of Samadhi.

Art is born on the day the artist dies. As long as there is an artist, art is not born. As long as there is ego, art is not born. As long as I am, it's just construction, not creation. God was able to create such a vast world because God does not exist at all. We'll make a small picture and get worse. We'll dig up a small statue and get bad.

There was a great sculptor. He made an idol by digging a stone. All those who pass by on the road thank you that you are wonderful, you have made such a beautiful statue. The painter says, "Do all of you, all of you, pass through this path?" I didn't make an idol. As I passed by, the idol hidden in this stone called out to me. I have only separated the waste stones. The idol was hidden, it appeared. I just separated the useless stones with a chisel, the idol was hidden in the stone. I used to pass by here, the idol called out to me where are you going, remove some wrong stones. And now I can say that the one who called to me from within the idol heard from within me. Otherwise, how could I hear? If there is another speaker within the stone, and there is another listener within me, then how will there be communication, how will there be dialogue? I could hear, because what is hidden within the idol is hidden within me. He gave me the news, I had separated the unnecessary stones.

When the sculptor dies, an idol is born. When the painter dies, the picture is born. When a poet dies, poetry is born. If you don't become an artist, art is born. The art of not being is called meditation. So let me tell you the last couple of things about meditation.

Meditation doesn't mean you do something. People say, "I meditate." As long as I exist, there cannot be meditation. People say, "I meditate." As long as you have to, you can't meditate. Have you ever thought that when you say, "I love", you speak a very wrong language. Can love be done too? Has anyone ever loved anyone in the world, except actors? And if you do, you're acting, it doesn't matter how big the stage is and how permanent the actors are – it doesn't matter much.

Love cannot be done, love is not an act, not an act. How to love? So if I tell you, let's start loving, how do you do it? You will suddenly find that it does not happen. How can I do that, you say?

Love is not an action, not an action. Love is a state of mind. There is a state of mind. It is not done, it happens. Therefore, those who go deep into love will say that love is done. They won't say they loved. And the other interesting thing is that when there is love, you are not there. And as long as you are, there is no love.

When you're with your boyfriend, are you? You can't be a lover, you can't. You are completely erased, you are not there, there is a void. Therefore, when two lovers meet, they come with so much thought that they will talk about this, this and this. But when they meet, they are silent. All things are lost. Just like when the pot is empty, it makes a sound and when it is full, it becomes silent. Two lovers have never been able to say that I love you. You will say, "No, many lovers say that I love you."

Be careful: When someone says, "I love you." So to understand that the moment of love is gone, it is just a memory. When there is love, I don't even feel like saying that I am. When there is love, there is so much love that there is no place for you and I.

Rumi has written a song that says a lover knocks at the door of his beloved. A voice comes from behind, who are you? So the lover says, I am. Don't you recognize the voice? So the beloved says that as long as you are there and your voice and your identity, how can the doors of love open? The lover returns. Comes back after years, then knocks on the door. She asks, "Who are you?" So that lover says, "Now I am not there, now you are the only one." And Rumi says the door opens.

I will say no. I believe Rumi opened the doors a little early. I would say that the beloved then says that as long as you are there for you, I too must be hidden, sitting somewhere deep. Because if I die inside, you also disappear outside. You and I are two sides of the same coin. As far as I am, there you are.

Therefore, the devotee who says to God that you are the only one, I am not. He's declaring that I'm thorough. His I is present in his refusal, even in his denial. At least I need to refuse. No, the devotee does not even say, "You are the only one, I am not", the devotee does

not say anything, he just remains. You don't say that, I don't say it either. He falls silent. The name of this silence is meditation.

If this silence is attained through love, then the name of that path is devotion. If this silence is attained through knowledge, then the name of that path is knowledge. If this silence is attained through the path of karma, then the path is called karma. And the name of this silence is meditation. Silence my I, the one who is constantly speaking within – me. He is speaking in a sigh – I. When the eyelid moves, when I lift my leg, I breathe, I breathe. Everywhere that which is my 'I' becomes silent, let it become silent. And a time comes when I can search within myself and ask where I went. Where am I? So meditation is available.

But we are wonderful people. The 'I' of the worldly man is there, and what we call religious is more intensely there. I am the main of a householder, and I must be. But what we call a sannyast is no match for me. The 'I' of a sannyasin becomes more dense. You have seen a devotee on the road, and his swagger is different. Because he's vaccinated. He is looking at the one who does not have a tika on his forehead with the eyes of sending him to hell. It is surprising that someone who has not gone to the temple thinks that he will rot in hell.

The only meaning of meditation is that I am no more. But he gets more and more intense. The tricks of I are endless. His paths are subtle. Run from anywhere, I catch. If you run away from me, he catches you. And the egoless man stands up and starts saying in the market that there is no one more egoistic than me. Enough is enough!

It is a declaration of arrogance that there is no one more egoless than me. The paths of the ego are subtle. When he has wealth, he says: I have so much wealth. When he gives up the money, he says, "I have kicked so much money." But he remains standing behind me. He also fills himself in the world. He also fills himself in God. He says, "My God is right, yours is wrong."

I too can have God, but that too becomes my possession. If you set fire to my temple, I will set fire to your mosque, because it is the temple of your God. The people of the mosque will continue to demolish the temples, the people of the temples will continue to demolish the mosques. The Christian will misunderstand the Hindu, the Hindu will misunderstand the Christian. Those who have the Gita will misunderstand the Koran, the people of the Quran will misunderstand the Vedas. What madness is this?

But where I'm there, madness happens. Actually, there is no madness other than me. I am the only madman. The older I become, the denser the lunatic within us becomes. The rarer I become, the more insane we become within us. The day I'm no more, we're not mad. And the one who is not crazy is religious. He is available to meditation.

So the last thing I can tell you is to recognize the way of this I. Don't think about it. Because if you fight, he will say, "Look, I am fighting." Don't fight, just recognize the way from where I reach out my hand and catch you. Just recognizing his ways from dawn to dusk. And

when he catches hold of your leg, and when you start walking stiffly, and when he catches your spine, and you sit in the lotus posture, and when he grabs your head, and when he catches you in the temple, and changes the gait, just recognize that it is me who is holding it.

And when you begin to recognize 'I', there is a promise of Buddha that when a lamp is lit in the house, thieves do not come, and when the watchman of the house is awake, then it becomes very difficult for a thief to come, but if the watchman is asleep and the lamp of the house is extinguished, then the house becomes of thieves.

In the same way, when our watchman is awake within, when the witness is awake and is seeing from where I am catching him, then that thief of me ceases to come. And when the lamp of consciousness is lit within us, the lamp of silence is lit, the lamp of silence is lit, then that thief cannot enter us again. And I'm the only thief. He has snatched God away from us. He is not a small thief, he is a big thief. Because the one who can snatch God is no ordinary thief. It's just one wall.

I was seeing a child on a road. He was making a small bamboo pongri and blowing soap bubbles. He used to drown Pongri in soapy water, blow it, become an acacia and fly in the sky. The morning sun, the soap bubble, the rays of the morning sun, the bubble rising in it and the rays of the sun would all break into waves. The child used to run to catch him, but the acacia kept getting up.

I saw a very interesting thing that day. The soap was also lying down, but it was not pretty. A drop of the same soap had spread and become very beautiful in the rays of the sun. What we call beauty is all such beauty. It's all clay, spread out in the sun's rays and becomes beautiful. Somewhere it becomes a flower, somewhere it becomes a man, somewhere it becomes a woman, somewhere it becomes the moon. Everything becomes beautiful by spreading in the rays of the sun.

Beauty is the uplifting of things lying below. Beauty is the coming of things in darkness into light. It was very beautiful, a drop of soap. There were drops of soap lying in the bottom of the pot, it was not pretty. She was very beautiful in the sun's rays. And to his great surprise, the acacia was rising. It was as if the acacia was rising from its side. You must have also seen soap bubbles rising up, but you may not know why the bubble rises?

The soap bubble rises only because the air that comes out of the baby's mouth is warm, with the air outside. The cold air keeps falling downwards, the hot air starts rising upwards. When the cold air leaves the passage to give space to the hot air, the bubble starts to rise. However, Acacia also wants to fall down. Everything wants to go down. But the air is hotter, it is rarer, the air around it is colder, more dense. The surrounding air is more egoistic, more egoistic. Acacia has a sparse ego. So he starts to rise. He has a little less of an 'I'. The air is a little denser, so it starts to rise.

But another interesting thing is that he rises up only for a while, but as he rises, he gets bigger. Whatever rises, it gets bigger. The bubble also gets bigger and bigger, as the pressure on it decreases and the soap spreads. Then a moment comes when the soap bubble breaks and we say the bubble is dead. That child starts making another acacia.

But did Acacia die? What died? The air that was inside the thin film of that soap died. He still is. That thin soap film that had spread around that air died? He still is. Nothing died. Only the bubble became so big that now the soap film could not handle it. The soap film broke and Baboola met Virat Sagar.

In the same way, there is a rarity in meditation every day. Then one day what we call 'I' breaks down like a soap bubble film. We don't die, but what we used to call "we" dies. What he also dies, just our illusion dies. And the one who was locked within us within our bubble, becomes one with Virat. There's a dance that day. There's music on that day. It's art that day. That day is creation. On that day, sorrow ended from a person's life and the harp of joy starts playing.

The name of the notes that rise from the harp of that bliss is art. The name of the paintings born out of the tones of that bliss is art. The name of the ghungroos played with the sounds of that joy is Kala. Whatever happens with that joy, whether silence, whether dance, whether music, whether song, whether poetry, whether literature, and whatever else it is, if someone remains silent, then silence is also art.

These are the three things I said. Science is the first step. That's the first step of the argument. When logic is defeated, religion is the second step, that is perception. And when the feeling becomes dense, it starts raining, that is art. And the achievement of this art is only those who are available to meditation. It is a by-product of meditation. The one who is the first artist of meditation is lust-centered in some sense or the other. The life of the artist who is an artist after meditation, his action, his creation, all become dedicated to God and divine.

So don't search for art, seek meditation. And letting art come in from behind like a shadow. Don't seek art, seek silence; Letting art take a backseat. Art always comes like a shadow, it comes from behind. The one who searches for art directly gets lost in the shadowland. He just gets lost in the shadows. That is why those whom we call artists – painters, sculptors, poets – are all lost in the shadows. They have no connection with the world of truth. They are just lost in dreams. And they keep decorating and grooming their dreams. Art has nothing to do with dreams. As much as science is related to truth, as much as religion is related to truth, art is also related to truth.

These are the few things I said. Not everything I say is necessarily right. It is also not necessary that one thing is right. You also don't have to listen to me. It's enough to think a little

about what I said, if possible, feel a little. If possible, let the sensation spread a little and let it be divided.

I am very grateful to hear my words with such peace and love. And in the end, I bow down to the God sitting within everyone. Please accept my obeisances.

The whole journey of man's life is a journey of knowing what is unknown. It is a journey to discover what is not known. It is a journey to find what is not found. To make what is far away close. It's hard to make it easy. To make available what is unavailable. This journey of man has naturally taken two directions. One direction leads to the outside of man, the other to the inside of man.

There was a fakir woman, Rabia. One morning one of her friends, the fakir, came out of her hut and called her and said, "Rabia, what are you doing inside?" Come out. The sun is coming out. And a beautiful morning has been born. I have never seen such a beautiful morning. What do you do with the doors closed? Come out. Rabia started laughing from inside and said, "Hassan, I saw a lot of suns outside, I saw a lot of mornings outside, I saw very beautiful mornings, I saw very beautiful nights. They are amazing. But since I've come in, the beauty of the outside is nothing beyond the beauty of what I've seen. So I say to you, Hassan, come in. What are you doing outside?"

I don't know if Hassan understood it or not. But there is a world that is visible to the naked eye, and there is also a world that cannot be seen with the naked eye. There is also a truth that comes at the touch of the hand, and there is also a truth that is reflected in dreams. One is outside of us, and one is also within us. And both these worlds have their own beauty, their own truth. Both these worlds have their own reality, their own reality. Perhaps ultimately, these two worlds are two sides of the same thing. But generally, when seen from above, these two are visible. Because of these two, religion and science were born.

Searching for the world that is outside; The journey to know what is unknown, what is outside, has become science. And the journey of becoming acquainted with the world, of living it and of knowing the unknown that is within, became religion. And the prosperity and peace of mankind depends on these two journeys not being contradictory – cooperative, companion, coordinated. But so far this has not happened.

So far, those who have discovered matter in the world have been opposed to God. And those who have discovered the divine have been cynics of matter. Both of these kinds of people have prevented the culture of man from being perfect. Both of these have prevented him from being perfect. For man is not only the body, not only the soul; Man is not only matter, not only divine; Human beings are a wonderful union and music of both. Man's life is a bridge between the two. And this has been forgotten and denied till date.

Those who praised the divine praised the divine over the condemnation of matter, which was wrong. The glory and dignity of matter could also be praised by the divine. Those

who have discovered matter and conquered matter have conquered it by ignoring, resisting and rejecting the divine.

It could have been with God and with prayer to God. There was no opposition to God in this. But it hasn't happened until now for a couple of reasons. And science and religion have stood like two enemies. Their enmity is costing humans dearly.

The West has become a symbol of science. The East has become a symbol of religion. Science has become a symbol of atheism, religion has become a symbol of supernaturalism. Both of these things are fallacious and wrong. Both of these things are incomplete and one-sided.

I remember a little story that I would like to illustrate with it.

An emperor was ill in Rome. He was so ill that the doctors eventually denied that he would not survive. The Emperor and his loved ones became very worried. And now one moment had to wait for his death. And then the news came to Rome that a mystic had come who could raise the dead. Hope returned to the Emperor's eyes. He sent his wazirs to bring the fakir. The fakir came. And the fakir came and said to the emperor, "Who says you will die?" You don't even have a major illness. You sit up, you will be able to recover, do a little treatment. The emperor, who had been lying for months, had not risen, sat up. He said, "What cure? Tell me quickly before I run out. Because the doctor says it's hard for me to survive. The fakir said, "Will you not find a man in this kingdom of yours who is both happy and prosperous? If you can, bring his clothes and put on his clothes, you will be saved. Your death is not near. The Wazir said: It is a very simple matter. There is such a big capital, so happy, so rich people, palaces... The castle is touching the sky, you can't see it? We will bring this garment right away.

The fakir laughed and said, "If you bring the clothes, the emperor will be saved." They ran away. No one could understand the laughter of that fakir. They went to the highest rich man of the city and they went and said that the emperor was on his deathbed and some fakir had said that he would be saved, he needed the clothes of a happy and prosperous man, you give your clothes. Tears came in the eyes of the city seth. He said, "I can give not only my clothes, but I can also give my life if the emperor survives, but my clothes will not be of any use." I am rich, but I am not happy. In the search for happiness, I accumulated prosperity, but I could not meet happiness yet. And now even my hope is being shattered. Because as much prosperity as possible has come to me, and so far there have been no visions of happiness. My clothes won't work. I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

The Wazir was very surprised. He remembered the fakir's laugh. But it was worth going to other people and asking. They went to the other wealthy men of the city. And dusk began to fall. And the one to whom he went said that there is a lot of prosperity, but we have no identity with happiness and happiness. Clothes will not be of any use to us.

Then they were very alarmed, what face would they show to the Emperor? The Emperor is pleased. And we thought that this treatment is cheap, it seems to be very expensive, very difficult. Then the old servant of the emperor running after them started laughing and said that I understood when the fakir laughed. And when you, the greatest vizier of the Emperor, did not even think of giving up your own clothes and went to ask for the clothes of others, I knew that this cure was difficult. These garments are hard to find. For even the great vizier of the Emperor does not think that he should give his clothes. The Wazir said, "How can I give my clothes?" I have prosperity, but I have no connection with happiness either. Then those Wazirs thought that the Emperor would die, it would be difficult to escape. The fakir betrayed him. But what face would they show to the emperor in the light of day, so they thought that when it was night, they would walk in the darkness and weep and pray, "No, this cannot be cured." Then when the sun went down, they approached the Emperor's palace. The village river flowed behind the palace. In the darkness, the sound of someone's flute could be heard from across the river. The music was very sweet. The music was very peaceful. There was a melody of joy with the waves of that music. The Wazirs thought that perhaps this flute-playing man had found happiness. Ask him more, before the emperor refuses. Give it another try.

They crossed the river and approached the man in the darkness. As they got closer, they felt that perhaps this was the man whose clothes would be useful. There was something in his music that even his souls, which were full of despair and sadness, also began to dance. They approached the man and said, "Friend, we are in great trouble, save us, the emperor is lying on his deathbed." We have come to ask you if you have enjoyed life? The man said, "Anand, I have found bliss. Say, what can I do? They were filled with joy and said that your clothes are needed. The Emperor is on his deathbed and needs the clothes of a happy and prosperous man. The man laughed, he said, "I will give my life, I want to save the emperor, but I do not have clothes, I am sitting naked." You can't see in the dark.

That night the Emperor died. Because rich people were found who had no acquaintance with happiness. I met a happy man who had no clothes. There were incomplete men, not a single complete man. He who has clothes and who has a soul, there is no such man. So the Emperor died.

I don't know how far this story is true. But today, the whole of humanity is on its deathbed. And even today the question is, will we be able to create a man who is both prosperous and peaceful? Who has clothes as well as a soul? Who has wealth from outside as well as from within? Who has the pleasures of the body as well as the pleasures of the soul?

The West has created clothes. Science can only produce clothes. Science cannot give man a soul. Science can prosper. And can give a lot of prosperity. And can enrich man with unparalleled prosperity. The West has accumulated prosperity and clothing, and clothing, and

clothing have grown. But the inner soul is lost, the inner peace is lost. The inner joy is lost. The man stands there, terrified that we have everything, except us. Everything inside is empty, everything is empty outside. The man inside became empty and the material outside grew.

Today it has become difficult to find man in the stuff he has collected by himself. He has traveled science alone to the West, he became richer. The East went from penury to penniless. All his clothes were taken away, his bread was taken away. He became hungry and poor. She found some tones of calm. He played a flute within, he felt some music—a Buddha, a Mahavira felt a deep bliss at certain heights. But most of the people went naked and exposed. They became hungry, lowly and enslaved. The journey of religion alone could do this. The only way religion could be discovered was to make man degraded.

For the inside, the only result of the sacrifice on the outside could have been that the country, the nation, those who have fallen into the inner journey in a one-sided manner should become slaves. Those who had the power from outside became victors. Those who had no outside power were defeated.

Religion alone has degraded the East from the outside. Science alone has humiliated the West from within. The East died alone from the monotony of religion. The West is dying from the isolation of science. Is there no synthesis, no coordination between these two?

The East is finished, the East is dead. And the East now sees only one way to follow the West. There is no other way for the East to become a follower of the West. And if he sees where he will end up being a follower of the West? Where the West has reached, there can be reached.

It doesn't seem like a happy hope either. That too is not a destiny, that too a future does not seem to be very desired. But I don't see any other option. The West has also reached a place where it wants to be a follower of the East.

This very interesting incident has happened. The respect for the scientific of the West increases in the East, the respect for the monks of the East increases in the West. It is something like what happened once in a village.

There were two great scholars in a village. One was a believer, one was an atheist. There was a huge dispute between the two. The village was upset with their dispute.

Villages often get into trouble with scholars.

The village was very upset. He was bored, he was nervous. Because they didn't let anyone rest. That theist went on explaining theism, atheist went on explaining atheism. People's minds were even more confused. I wasn't clear what was true. What lies? When the people of the village were very nervous, and their peace and sleepless nights were disturbed, and the two scholars followed them, they came and prayed to both of them, "Our prayer is: This whole

village is gathered, you two may argue." And whoever wins, we will be with him. We don't want to get into trouble.

Finally, on a full moon night, the scholars had a dispute. The whole village gathered. The theist gave very powerful evidence and great arguments for theism. The atheist gave equally powerful evidence, the same number of arguments.

It's fun with logic that he can be anyone's proof and anyone's partner. Logic is like a prostitute. He could be with anyone. He belongs to nobody.

Both of them made a lot of arguments, gave a lot of evidence. In the morning, an amazing thing happened. In that village, the believer got influenced by the atheist, the atheist got influenced by the theist. The village's troubles remained the same. The next day the believer became an atheist, the atheist became a believer. And the village panchayat remained the same, and the dispute started again. They both went out to explain.

Such a situation is happening in the world today. East will become west and west will become east. And the stupidity will remain the same. The man will be just as upset. Here Einstein becomes effective, Vivekananda becomes effective there. But the madness will remain the same, it won't matter. Because Vivekananda is also partial to an incomplete culture and Einstein is also a partisan of an incomplete culture.

The extreme we get bored with makes us eager to go to the other extreme. The poor man gets bored with poverty and starts trying to get rich. Those who become very rich, they get bored with riches, they become mystics. Both Mahavira and Buddha were princes, they became fakirs. The fakir wants to be rich, the rich wants to be poor. The rich get bored with riches, the poor get bored with poverty. Theists get bored with theism, atheists get bored with atheism.

The East is bored with the East, the West is bored with the West. Religious people are bored with religion, scientists are bored with science. And they want to change too much. And the man's mind is like the pendulum of a clock. One goes from extreme to the other, then the other to extreme. It never stops in between.

There is no need to be too happy with this. If a yogi from the East goes to the West and the boys there start following him in a gang, don't be too happy about it. It's the same symptom of madness, like your kids chasing science. In this way, their children are walking after yogis. There is nothing special about it, there is anything of respect and respect. Don't be too surprised if your boys are crowding around cinema halls and boys from the West start gathering around temples. These are the same things, there is no distinction between them. His mind is bored with his extremes, your mind is bored with your extremes. But so far, no one's mind is bored with the extreme. So, from one extreme we choose the other.

What I want to say is, a more synthetic culture, a more integrated culture, a civilization that is not extremist, which is not extremist, it is necessary to develop a civilization that is not extremist. One who has the ability to balance, coordinate and stand on the middle. Who can give science its place and religion its place. One who can accept that science has its own value, science is not meaningless. The world has its own value and the world is not illusory. And who can also accept that even though the world is true, there is truth above the world. God is not in vain because the world is real. God is even more true because of this. When the world is also true, then God attains even deeper truths because of this.

The conflict and gulf between God and the world must end. The greatest misfortune that has proven to be in the life of man, the greatest tragedy that has occurred, is that we have dug a great chasm between the truth and the world. A man who wants to go to God leaves the world and runs away. He says, "The world is immaterial, the world is a dream, the world is illusory—he leaves and runs away."

However, his abandonment itself shows that the world is not immortal, the world is not a dream. Because there is no need to run away from dreams. There is no need to run away from what is immaterial. Is there any need to run away from what doesn't exist?

A man says, "I don't believe in ghosts, they don't exist," and he's running away to avoid ghosts. What shall we say? Either this guy is crazy or he doesn't believe what he's saying. A man says that the whole world is illusory, yet he says, "I have renounced the world." How can that which is not there be renounced?

No, but the world is. Whether you enjoy it, or forsake it. Whether you drown in it, or run away from it – it is. His existence cannot be wiped out.

One mistake is made by this sannyasi, who says that the world is immaterial, I leave it. I am God's beloved, I go towards God. Just the opposite mistake is made by the one who is materialistic. He says: The world is the essence, the world is meaningful.

And when the world is essence, can there not be God? Because what God believes, He says, the world is immaterial. On the impermanence of the world, he believes in the evidence of God. So it is not surprising that a person who sees the essence in the world considers God to be inauthentic.

These two arguments are the same. Those who called the world Maya, the same people also decided to try to prove God false. Because those who saw the world as meaningful, as truthful, as substantive, then they thought that it was okay, then their God must be a liar that only one of the two things can be true.

It is wrong that only one of the two things can be true. Both things can be true at the same time and both things can be false at the same time. There is no question that only one of the two is true.

There are many kinds of truths in life. Matter has its own truth; Money has its own truth. Love has its own truth; God has His own truth. Truths also require us to constantly move forward in search of truth from above to the top. But one truth is not a contradiction of another. Dreams have their own reality and waking up has their own reality. Sleep has its own truth and consciousness has its own truth. There is no contradiction between these truths that if one exists, there cannot be another.

And the day a person touches the deepest limits of these two truths, that day he laughs, that day he is surprised. On that day he finds that those whom I had considered two were ways of seeing the same truth from two sides. They were two views, they were not two truths. The same thing can be seen in many ways.

Buddha gave a discourse one night. His daily rule was that after the discourse, he used to tell the monks that now you should go and engage in the last work of the night. That was the last act of the night – meditation of the night. When the monks departed, they meditated at night and slept. So Buddha used to say this every day. There was no need to tell him every day that you should meditate now. All he said was, "Now go and meditate at night," he said, not that. All they used to say was, "Do the last thing of the night."

That night there was a thief in that meeting, a prostitute had also come. As Buddha said, "Now go and start your nightwork." Just like that, the thief thought, "Hey, where am I sitting, it's night and it's time for my work?" The prostitute also thought that it was late in the night, now it was time for my shop to open, I should go. And the monks went on meditation.

It was the same sentence. The same thing was said. But there are three meanings to that. There were three watchers. There were three sights to see. It was seen from three sides and its own meaning was taken.

The way we look at life, it begins to look the way it is. Those who look at matter see life matter. Those who begin to see with the point of view of consciousness, they begin to see the consciousness of life. It is up to us how we look.

"A poet looks at a flower, he says, is very beautiful." How many images of beauty swirl in his mind? Maybe he remembers his beloved's face. He may see the stars in the sky walking in those flowers. He may remember a wave on a lake in the petals of a flower. It may be that with that fragrance he will get a sense of distant fragrances. It is possible that with that flower, the song of dreams will open in his mind. Let the flower remain the same, it will go into the world of dreams.

When a scientist looks at a flower, he sees no beauty, no moon or stars. He sees some chemicals. If someone were to tell him that the flower was very beautiful, he would ask, "Where is this beauty?" I go to my laboratory and see that there is no beauty. Yes, you get

some chemicals, you get some minerals, you get something else. But the beauty is something we have done in our lab and we have not found it till date.

If the beauty in the flower cannot be found in the laboratory, then the poet becomes a liar. But the poet finds beauty in that flower. If he does not find any minerals, no chemicals, no chemicals, then is the scientist a liar? Flowers are great powers. There are ways to look at it in a thousand ways.

Every thing is so infinite, the smallest thing is so infinite that the way to see it with infinite eyes is always open. One vision does not misjudge another. One look only says how I looked. When the poet says, "I saw beauty in the flower", he does not say that there is beauty in the flower. What he is saying is that I saw the flower as a poet. And when the scientist says that he found minerals, chemicals, chemicals in the flower, then he is not saying that there are chemicals in the flower. Then he is saying that I have seen the flower like a scientist. That's the way we look.

Science is a form of way of seeing; Religion is another way of looking at life. And both forms enhance the richness of the view of life. Neither of them should depart. The way science looks at life, it increases power. The way religion looks at life, peace increases.

You need power and you also need peace. Power alone is dangerous. And in the hands of a disturbed man is very dangerous. A disturbed person is good if he is weak, and a disturbed person is dangerous if he is strong. Because if power is found in the hands of unrest, then the disturbances will increase.

Nadir Shah comes to India. One stopped in the capital and an astrologer came to meet him. Nadir asked the astrologer that I sleep a lot, I sleep a lot. I sleep for some twelve or thirteen hours, fourteen hours. People say sleeping so much is very bad, what do you think? You are a very intelligent man. What do you think? The astrologer said, "It is better for a bad man to sleep more." It's better for a good man to be more awake. It is very good if you sleep more and sleep for twenty-four hours. Because the longer a man like you wakes up, the more troubles in the world increase. No one is benefited by your wakefulness; It is neither the interest of the country nor the interest of anyone else.

The astrologer said that the worse a person sleeps, the better. It is said of the good man to stay awake. This isn't said for the bad guy. If the power is in the hands of those who are silent, then it is fine. It's not bad to be weak otherwise. Power in the hands of a disturbed man proves suicidal and paranoid.

Science has given strength and not peace, it is proving fatal. We have seen two wars, we are preparing for the third. And the third will be dangerous, very dangerous.

Before Einstein died, someone asked him, "Would you tell me something about the Third World War?" Einstein said: It is very difficult to tell about the third. Yes, I can tell you

something about the fourth. The listener was very surprised. He said, "You can't tell me about the third, what can you tell about the fourth?" Einstein said: One thing can be said for sure about the Fourth: There will never be a Fourth World War. Because in the third all men are about to be finished. There is no telling what will happen to the third. The preparation of the third is very surprising. We have taken measures to destroy not only humanity but all life. Not only life, but the earth may also be shattered and broken.

So let me imagine a little bit of strength gathered in a turbulent hand. At present, there are about fifty thousand flying bombs ready on earth. The number of fifty thousand does not tell us what fifty thousand explosion bombs mean.

A detonating bomb destroys all life, all life, in forty thousand square miles. It destroys all bacteria, amoeba, tiny germs, not of humans, but of animals and plants. A flying bomb in forty thousand square miles. Fifty thousand departing bombs are as many as can destroy the earth like ours – seven – not one. Or let's say that if we want to kill each person, we can kill seven times. A man dies at once, so weak. I haven't heard of a man being killed again. If he dies, he dies at once, but if he doesn't, it is a different matter. But he dies at once, there is no need to kill him again.

But we are very smart people, it is okay to make all the arrangements. If someone survives once, he can kill again, he can kill again. Seven times is enough. It is unimaginable that one will be able to survive in seven times. So, the man has done all the calculations, all the calculations, he has made all the arrangements. Now we are preparing when we will finish them all.

What does an imploding bomb do? Dying is not too hard, either. Nor is there anything to be too surprised. But we cannot even imagine how much pain he will go through.

If we heat water at 100 degrees, then the water evaporates and evaporates. If we put someone in that water, in boiling water, what will happen to him? But a hundred degree heat is not a lot of heat. Iron also melts at fifteen hundred degrees of heat. Put someone in that iron, in the molten iron, in the iron... So what will happen to that? Will his soul be experienced? What joys will he know? Think about it a bit. Which God will he remember at that time? But fifteen hundred degrees of heat is not a big heat. At 2500 degrees of heat, iron also starts evaporating. If you put someone in it, what will happen to him? But twenty-five hundred degrees of heat is not a big heat either.

The heat produced by a flying bomb is 100 million degrees. We've got the man put in this 100 million degree heat furnace. It's as hot as it is on the sun. So, until now, you used to bow down to the sun gods and so on, but that is very far away. We have made arrangements for him to come to your house, to meet you, to meet the Sun God - this has been arranged by the scientists.

Why and why is this the hell we are organizing to create the earth? This power has reached the hands of the restless mind. If this power had reached the hands of a calm mind, today the earth could have become heaven. For which the sages had dreamed. There is no need to go somewhere in the sky or to heaven. Such a great energy, such a great power has fallen in the hands of man that he can make this whole earth a paradise for the first time. There is no need for anyone on earth to be impoverished today; There is no other reason but the devilishness of politicians. There is no need for anyone on earth today to be lowly, sick, young, unbeautiful, unhappy, to suffer; Except that restless men have power in their hands, in addition.

Today the earth can become a unique place, so much power, so much energy in our hands. Today, for the first time, the moon and stars are in our hands. Today, for the first time, the greatest power hidden within matter is in our hands. What we can do today is unpredictable. But we are not able to do anything, because the turbulent man has power in his hands. He says, " We will prepare to die and prepare to kill."

Turbulence always gives rise to the aspiration of death. Turbulence always engages in an attempt to kill another and to kill oneself. Unrest is suicidal, suicidal. And whenever a disturbed man finds strength in his hand, he will first kill others. And if no one is found to kill or no one is willing to die, he will kill himself. Someone will try to kill you.

Turbulence is a journey towards death.

Science has given power, but science does not have the power to give peace. There is no question of that. You shouldn't expect that either. That is not a question. It is like saying to mathematics that you should give us poetry. So how would mathematics give poetry? Mathematics will give math, mathematics has its own needs. But mathematics can't give poetry. Or if someone were to say to a poem, "Make us into a factory, how will poetry build a factory?" Poetry can give song, it can give love, it can give joy, it can give dance, but how can the factory give it? These are crazy things. Some say with their ears, "Look," and others say with their eyes, "Listen," these are the same things. It's a question of not expecting anything from science.

Religion will give peace. The science of peace is religion. And the science of power is science. How can the inner consciousness go on calming down? Religion is the effort and practice of attaining such bliss without vice. But religion can only give peace, it cannot give strength.

Peace alone weakens, weakens. Peace alone creates a kind of impotence, a kind of impotence. There is no other reason why India has become so important. Such humility, poverty and weakness of India has a hand in the religious people of India who developed

religion by negating science. It will be weak. And if a quiet man becomes weak, it is as dangerous as a disturbed man becomes strong – these two things are the same.

If a quiet person becomes weak, it is dangerous for the whole world. Because then the quiet man loses all power to change the world. Then the good man, the good man, loses all courage to change the world. Then the only thing left for him to do is to sit in his temples and keep praying to God. And that too until a powerful man comes and throws away the idol of his God.

And when someone gradually becomes weak, then also keep in mind that a weak person cannot remain calm for a long time. The poor cannot remain silent for long. A man who is in distress cannot remain silent for long. Then the birth of turmoil will begin. And a detour will begin. When unrest is born, the search for science will begin. And science will bring power, and power will come into the hands of the disturbed man. This affair has been afflicting the whole of humanity till date. There is a vicious circle. There is a vicious cycle. In which the man fell. As soon as the man gains strength in his hands, he starts trying to calm down.

When there was a wave of peace and religion in India, at that time India was very prosperous. The time of Buddha and Mahavira was the golden time in India. It was very prosperous. It was a golden bird. At that time, there was a wave of peace and talk of religion.

If a strong man tries to calm down, he gradually becomes weak. And when a weak person is disturbed, he starts searching for power when he is disturbed.

The East was prosperous, searched for peace, became impoverished. The West was impoverished, discovered power, became rich. But so far, power and peace have not been built together. Both experiments failed. Science also failed, from it Hiroshima and Nagasaki were born. And now the third world war will arise. Religion also failed alone, due to which these lowly, poor beggars of India were born, slaves were born, the biggest country became slaves in the hands of small countries. He kissed her feet, she put his shoes on her chest and walked, he lay there. He kept chanting Ram-Ram, he kept on chanting Om-Om.

Both of these experiments failed, which man has done so far. A third experiment has all the possibility and all the future. And that third experiment is to eliminate all opposition between religion and science. There is no reason to protest, there is no place, there is no reason. Religion and science should be part of one culture. When will it happen and how will it happen?

As long as we believe in the conflict between the world and the divine, this cannot happen. There is a deep connection between matter and the divine, in the same direction, of the same thing, of the same coin – they are two sides. Accept this, religion should stop calling the world meaningless, science should stop calling God useless. And the significance of the

two should be combined, and together. Peace and strength are sought together. A new person and a new culture can be born.

To my mind, there is no contradiction between the two; There is no reason to protest. The protest was built on our incomprehension. And either we can save our own stupidity now, or we can save ourselves. They can't survive together anymore. The people of the East, the people of the East, should give up the idea of being the world leader. They are crazy things. Incomplete cultures cannot be world gurus. Westerners should also give up the idea of being world leaders. Incomplete cultures cannot be world gurus.

Now a culture will arise, which will not be of the East; Neither will it be Western. Now a culture will arise which will not be of science; Neither will religion. Now a culture will arise which will belong to the whole man, to the whole human being; It will be integrated, of the whole human being. For the first time, the opportunity has come to create a human culture. And this opportunity can succeed only when there is a synergy between science and religion.

Science is one extreme, religion is another. Religion and science will be combined, synthetic, mid-point, that will be the golden Pisces. That will be the middle body, that will be the middle path, that will be the coordination.

One small incident and I will conclude.

In the time of Buddha, a prince came to Buddha and became a monk. Princes often become monks. They go from one extreme to the other. The prince was a young man of very luxurious nature. It is said that even if he walked on the paths, the carpets would have been laid first. He never walked on bare land. When he walked in palaces, he walked on flowers. When he climbed the stairs, naked women stood on the side of the stairs, with whose shoulders he would go up. He became initiated and became a monk. So the Buddha's monks were very surprised. This change is so strong that the person who was at the peak of enjoyment will immediately come to the second peak of yoga. They asked the Buddha, and the Buddha said, "The mind of man moves in the past." And so it often happens that people who are at the pinnacle of enjoyment keep imagining themselves to be yogis. And those who are yogis keep dreaming of being indulgent. This happens often.

If the dreams of sannyasins can be removed from their minds, the world will be astonished. Even if the dreams of the enjoyers can be removed from their minds, the world will be very surprised. That the fantasies of being a monk keep running in the mind of the man whom we used to think of as such a indulgent. And the man whom we used to consider so renunciate, such dreams of enjoyment also arise in his mind. Dreams are substitutes. What we do outside, one extreme, the other extreme that we don't do, the dreams go on.

So Buddha said, "It is natural. I used to think that this man would be a monk sooner or later. Now you will see that it will go to the other extreme. And within six months the monks

saw that he went to the other extreme. As the other monks put on their robes, he also discarded the robes. The other monks walked on the path, walked on the trail, walked on the Rajpath where there were no thorns. Knowing this, he would walk on paths where there were thorns, where there were no paths. His feet bled profusely. He had blisters and wounds on his legs. His body began to dry out in the sun. The monks stayed in the shade of the trees, he sat under the sun in the hot sun. The monks would seek support for warmth in the cold, he would lie in the open, in the cold. In six months, her beautiful body withered and turned into a thorn. Six months later it was hard to recognize him that it was the same prince. Six months later, he was a completely different man. He had become very ugly, sick, sick.

Buddha went to him six months later and said to him: Shrona, his name was Srona. I'm here to ask you something. I have heard that when you were a prince, you were very skilled in playing the harp. So I have come to ask you, if the strings of the harp are very loose, then music is produced or not? Shrona said, "If the strings of the veena are loose, how will music be produced? If the wires are loose, they cannot be hit, they cannot be hurt, they cannot be resonated with. If the strings are loose, how can music be produced in loose strings?

So Buddha said, "If the strings are very tight, will music be created?" So Shrona said, "Very tight strings are broken, even music is not produced in them." So Buddha said, "When is music created?" So the listener said, "Music is born when the strings are neither tight nor loose, there is a state of strings when it can be said that neither the strings are loose nor tight." That's the mid-point. The strings are where the music is born.

So Buddha said, "I have come to tell you the law of the harp, that is the law of life." Even in life, music is born where the strings are neither too loose nor too tight.

On the one hand there are loose strings of science, which left the soul of man completely loose. On the one hand are the extremely tight strings of religion, which tightened the soul of man so tightly. And between these two died man. The harp of man broke between these two. Lost between these two is the music of man's life.

The strings of human life have to be brought to a place where they are neither drawn to matter nor to the soul. Where they are neither crazy towards enjoyment, nor towards yoga. Where they are at the mid-point, where it can be said that this man is neither a bhogi nor a yogi. Where it can be said, this man is neither materialistic nor divine. Where man is at the very middle point, there is the perfect music of life. And it is only in the experience of such perfect music that he knows that matter is also God, God is also matter.

Awareness in Life

Direction of Life Revolution-3

My dear soul!

I'll start today's discussion with a small story.

One full moon night, a wonderful thing happened in a small village. Some young boys had gone to the tavern and drunk, and when they had drunk and had come out of the tavern, they thought in the moonlight above that we should go and go boating on the river.

The night was beautiful and his mind was full of intoxication. They reached the bank of the river singing songs. The boat was tied up there. The fishermen had tied up their boats and gone home. It was half past night. The young men boarded a boat. They lifted the oars and started rowing the boat. Then they rowed the boat till late at night. Morning came closer. The cold winds of the morning alerted them. Their intoxication subsided a bit and they thought that they did not know how far they had come. Since midnight we have been rowing the boat, driving the oars. I don't know how far they have come from the shore and the village. One of them thought, "Okay, let me get down and see in which direction we have come." Because those who walk drunk have no idea of direction. And where have we reached, where are we, how are we going to return until we understand this? And then it's close to dawn, people in the village will get worried.

A young man came down and laughed loudly. "Why are you laughing, what's the matter?" asked the other young men. He said, "Come down and laugh too." They all came down and laughed. What's the point, you ask? If you were in that boat and got down, you would laugh too. That was the point. They were standing there, the boat had not gone anywhere. In fact, they had forgotten to unchain the boat. The boat's chain was tied to the shore. They drove a lot of oars and did a lot of labor, but all the labor was in vain, because boats tied to the shore do not make any journey.

In the two days of discussions yesterday... What pegs are the boat of the human soul tied to, two pegs spoke to you. Those who are bound by knowledge and who do not have awe in their lives, the boat of their souls never reaches God. They stand where the journey begins. They do a lot of labor, they run a lot, they spend a lot of time. But the boat doesn't move anywhere, they stop there.

Those who have a vision of life of sorrow, of sorrow, who look at life with dark eyes, who have no experience of gratitude for life, of joy, who are unable to muster the ability and ability to see life through the eyes of joy, their boat is also tied to the shore. They also never sail the boat in the ocean of life.

Today I'm going to talk about the third peg. And which ones are tied down? Those who look at life with sorrow, those who look at life with a dark eye, those who learn the truth of life from the scriptures, those who hide their ignorance in words and theories, they remain bound. And who is tied down? Today I have to talk about the last peg to which a man is bound. And he who is tied to that peg goes round and round like the bull of a crusher, spins in the same place, turns around and is destroyed and eliminated by spinning. But it circles like a bull in a crusher. All life is wasted in these cycles.

I went to a village. A bull worked there all his life as a crusher. Then he got old. And the owners of the ox had abandoned him as they did not consider him fit for work. He roamed free. But I was very surprised. He used to go round and round. If they left him in the field, he would go round and round. It was his habit for a lifetime. There was no peg in the middle today. He was not even in a crusher today. But what has gone round and round all his life, still due to the habit of moving in circles, used to go round and round. The people of the village tried very hard to convince the bull not to roam like this. But do bulls listen to anyone? Far from the bulls, the men don't listen, so how can the bulls listen? As the people of that village were ignorant, they used to explain to that bull that walk straight, there is no need to go round and round, because the one who goes round and round does not reach anywhere. Whoever wants to reach has to go straight, he does not have to go round and round. I laughed at the people in the village. I also went to that village to explain to the people. An old man of the village said, "You laugh at us that we explain to the bulls." We laugh at you for explaining to men. Neither the bull hears, nor the man hears. And bulls can sometimes hear, because bulls are straight and simple, but man is very oblique, he cannot hear.

But even if it is a mistake, even if it is unwise, a man has to be explained. Whether he hears it or not, he has to say it. What does he have to say?

Regarding the last peg, I want to tell you today. What do I want to say? What is the peg around which a man becomes a bull of the crusher, not an immortal soul? Becomes a bonded animal? Perhaps you do not know what the word animal means? The word animal means: one who is tied in a loop. To be bound is called animality. He who is bound and goes round and round is an animal. Animal means: one who is tied in a loop, tied to a chain, tied to a nail. The one who is bound is the animal. We are all bound. Even a human being cannot be born within us, God is a very distant destination! It is very difficult to be a man.

You must have heard the name of Diogenes. You must have heard it. And it could also be that Diogenes has found you somewhere. It is heard that he was born two thousand years ago, and used to roam the villages with a lantern burning in the light of day. And he used to take a lantern near every man's face and look at it.

People were shocked what was the matter? What do you want to see? And in the light of day, when the sun is in the sky, what are the lanterns for? Brainwashed?

Diogenes would say: I have not lost my mind. I'm looking for the man. I try to see every man's face in the light. Is he a man or not? Because the faces are so deceiving. It seems from the faces that all are men and there is no abode of humanity within.

It is difficult to be a man, let alone a man. But let me also tell you that for a person who becomes, the destination of God also comes very close. What is it that binds us that makes us animals?

If I tell you a little story, I might be able to think of what binds us. What do we revolve around and perish throughout our lives? What is it that we go mad after and become vain?

There was a small village near a forest. And one morning an emperor wandered away from hunting and came to the village. He was tired and hungry all night. He stopped at the hut on the very first of the village and said to the old man of the hut in the village: May I have two eggs? Could I have some tea? The old man said, "Sure. You're welcome. Come on. The Emperor sat down in that hut. She was given tea and two eggs. After breakfast, he asked how much these eggs cost. The old man said, "Not much, only a hundred rupees."

The Emperor was astonished. He had bought very expensive things, but he had never thought that two eggs could cost a hundred rupees! The emperor asked the old man, "Are you so rare here?" Is it so hard to find eggs here? The old man said, "No, eggs are not rare, sir, but kings are." Eggs are not very difficult, there are many, but it is very difficult to find a king. Sometimes the king meets. The emperor took out a hundred rupees and gave it to the old man and rode away on his horse.

The old man's lady said, "I am surprised, what magic did you do, that you took a hundred rupees for two eggs?" What was your idea? The old man said, "I know the weakness of man. The peg around which a man revolves around all his life is the peg I know. And touch that peg and the man starts spinning right away. I touched the peg and the king turned around. The woman said, "I don't understand! Which peg? How to walk?

The old man said, "Let me tell you another incident of my life. Maybe you will understand it.

When I was young, I went to a capital. I bought a cheap turban there, which cost three to four rupees. But the turban was very colorful, very shiny. As cheap things are always colorful and shiny. Where there is a lot of color and a lot of brightness, you have to understand that there should be a cheap thing inside. The turban was cheap, but it was very shiny, very colorful. I put on the turban and entered the emperor's court. The Emperor's eyes fell on the turban immediately. Because there are very few people in the world who see anything other than clothes. Who sees the man? Who sees the soul? Turbans are visible. The Emperor saw the

turban and said, "How much did you buy it?" It's very beautiful, it's very colorful. I said to the Emperor: Ask him how much he bought it for. I spent Rs 5,000 on this turban.

The Emperor was astonished. But before the Emperor could say anything, the Wazir bowed down to his throne and whispered something in the Emperor's ear. He whispered in the Emperor's ear: Careful! The man appears to be a deceiver. It is telling the price of five thousand rupees for a turban of two or four to five rupees. Dishonest! Intent on robbery!

"I understood at once what the Wazir was saying," said the old man. Because those who keep robbing one become more conscious than the one who robs another. But I wasn't ready to give up either. I turned back and said to the Emperor, "Then let me go, because the man from whom I bought it has promised me that there is an emperor on earth who can give fifty thousand of this turban." I am in search of that emperor. So shall I go? You're not that emperor. This capital is not that capital. Isn't this court the one where this turban can be sold? But somewhere, I'll go.

The Emperor said, "Put down the turban." Take fifty thousand bucks.

The Wazir was very surprised. When I was returning with fifty thousand rupees, the wazir met me at the door and said, "We are also very good at looting, but this is magic! What is the matter? So I whispered in the Wazir's ear that you must know how much turbans cost. I know the weaknesses of men, I know the peg that you touch and the man starts spinning right away.

I don't know if the old lady understood her husband's words or not. But you get it. Your laugh gives me an idea that you have identified which peg the man is tied to.

There is no peg in a man's life except the ego. And the one who is bound by the ego will be bound by a thousand other ways. And he who is liberated from the ego also becomes free in all other ways.

There is only one freedom in life, there is only one liberation, there is only one salvation and there is only one door to God: and that is to be free from the peg of ego. There is only one religion, one prayer, one worship: and that is to be free from the ego. There is only one temple, one mosque, one Shivalaya. The heart that has no ego... It is the same temple, it is the same mosque, it is the same Shivalaya. Today, on this last day, I have a little to say to you about this third illusion.

There are only two ways of looking at life and two ways of living life. Either live around the ego or around the ego. Either revolve around ego or egolessness. Fly into the sky, egoless of egolessness. Those who are bound by the ego remain bound by the earth. And those who rise up in egolessness, the sky becomes theirs. The freedom of the sky becomes theirs, the path to reach the vastness of life is opened. Why? For he who is free from petty becomes united with Virat. It's as simple as mathematics. This is a universal, a universal rule. He who is

bound by petty will be deprived of Virat. And he who is freed from the petty enters into the Virat.

It was a drop of water. She wanted to be the sea. The drop asked me, "How do I become the ocean?" I said to that drop, big and small, and there is only one trick. So if the drop is ready to be a drop, if the drop is eager to remain a drop, then there is no way to meet the sea. But if you agree to disappear like a drop, it will disappear as soon as it disappears. That drop agreed with me. She jumped into the ocean. He lost himself. He washed away his ego. She became one with the ocean. But he didn't lose anything. The drop lost the drop and became the ocean. Would anyone call it a loss? Would anyone call it an erasure? If this is to be erased, then what else can be gained?

We have become drops of ego and have set out to find the ocean of God. We have become petty points of ego, and Virat's desire to be one with the infinite has tormented us. We are bound by the edge of the drop and have accepted the invitation to travel to the ocean, to the unknown ocean. Man is destroyed by being stretched between these two. He also wants to save the ego, and he also wants to find the Lord.

Kabir used to say, his lane is very narrow. Two can't fit there. It could either be him or it could be us. Our whole life is spent in reinforcing the ego, not dissolving it. We strengthen that which is our suffering. We deepen the wound that is our suffering. We water the same disease that takes our lives. What else do we do throughout our lives except to water the ego? Why do houses rise to touch the sky? For the man to stay? This is false. To become the abode of the ego. Small huts are enough for a man to live in, but even the biggest houses are small for the ego. The ego lifts the big houses to touch the sky.

Why do victory journeys go on? Why are Alexander, Napoleon and Genghis born? By living... Genghis, Alexander, Napoleon. What does it have to do with life? But no, the journeys of the ego take a man very far.

Alexander was very sad on the day he was about to die. Someone asked: Why are you so sad? Alexander said, "I am sad because I have almost conquered the whole world." Now I am in great difficulty. There is no other world that I can conquer in the future. And there seems to be a great emptiness within me. Because I don't have any rest until I win. And the world is coming close to ending. There is no other world. What do I win?

When the ego conquers the world, then the desire to conquer the other world begins. Why is money collected? Is there any joy in life?

A huge millionaire in America was lying on his deathbed. Carnegie. A friend asked him: How much wealth have you accumulated in your life? He said: Not much; Only 10 billion. My friend said: Ten billion! Do you say, not much? "My intentions were to collect a hundred billion," said Carnegie, "but old age drew near, and plans remain unfulfilled."

Do you think it would make a difference if Carnegie had collected a hundred billion? It wasn't going to make the slightest difference. We know the man very well, it could not have made the slightest difference. If Carnegie had a hundred billions in his possession, Carnegie's intentions would have reached a thousand billions.

The man's intention moves ahead of him. The man's lust runs ahead of him. The man is always left behind. The floor, which he wants to touch, and moves on. The ego runs, it runs, it does not lead anywhere.

It's a little children's story.

A girl named Alice reached heaven, in fairyland. I was very tired by the time I reached heaven from earth. I was hungry. As soon as he reached heaven, as soon as he reached the fairyland, he saw that the queen of fairies was standing under the dense shade of a mango in the distance and she was adorned with plates of fruits and sweets. And the queen is calling out to that hungry Alice, "Come." He's nearby. She is visible. His voice is heard, "Alice, come." Alice starts running. It's morning, the sun is coming out... When the race starts. Then it is noon, the sun has come up and Alice is running. She's tired. He stood up and shouted, "What kind of world is yours?" I have been running since morning, but the distance between me and you is not complete? Do you seem so far away, Queen?

The queen shouted, "Don't panic. Come running. Those who run reach out. Don't lose time standing up. In a little while the sun will go down and dusk will come. Race, come quick.

Alice began to run faster. As the sun began to go down, Alice was running faster. And it's running fast. But I don't know what a crazy world it is. The queen is as far away. The distance between the queen and her does not narrow. Then she gets tired, shattered and falls. And screams what's the matter? What are these paths to fairyland that I've been running since morning, the sun is close to setting, I haven't been able to reach you yet? You're standing as far away as it was in the morning.

The queen laughed a lot. He said: Crazy Alice. There are not only paths in fairyland, but also in the land of men. People run but never arrive. The gap remains the same.

Where a man is when he is born, he finds it when he dies. No gap is filled. No journey is complete. Why isn't the journey complete? The ego that we have come to fill is a completely false entity, false anxiety. If she were, she would have been filled. If it were so, we would have won. If it were, we would have completed it. If she were there, we would have found some way to fulfill her, to fulfill her. But the ego is a false entity. There is no greater untruth in man than the ego. He is not. There is no such thing as me anywhere other than words. And the day you look within, you will not find any 'I' there. No one has ever found it.

I am just a word, a noun, an improvisational word. All our words are improvisational. We name one person Rama and we name one Krishna. The names are false. They keep the name of

Rama in order to call out to other people, so that if others call out, they will know whom they are calling. The name is meant to call out to the other. And to call itself the entity of I. Otherwise, what do we call ourselves? So he says: I. This word gives work in life. But this word is a big lie. There is no substance behind it, it is absolutely a shadow. There is nothing behind it, no substance. It's an absolutely false shadow. And we are busy in filling this shadow and running. They are busy catching the shadow.

A monk used to come out in front of a house. A small child was walking on his knees. It was morning and the sun was out, and the shadow of the child was ahead. The child would take his hand to hold his head, but by the time his hand reached, the head would move forward. The child got tired and started crying and screaming. And his mother began to convince him a lot, "Crazy, it's a shadow." The shadow cannot be caught. But children can understand what is a shadow and what is true. One who understands what is shadow and what is truth, what is substance and what is shadow. He is no longer a child, he becomes an adult. Maturity becomes available to him. Children never understand what a shadow is, what a dream is, what a lie is. The child started crying, he started saying that I have to hold the head of this shadow.

The monk had come to beg. He said to his mother, "I'll give him a hand." He went to the child. Tears drip from the eyes of that crying child. Tears are dripping from the eyes of all the children. They run all their lives and can't catch the one they plan to catch.

The old people cry and the children cry too. The baby was crying too, so no one was silly. The monk went to him and said, "Son, don't cry. What do you have to do, you have to catch the shadow?"

The child said, "I have to catch the shade." I was tired and tired in the morning. The monk said, "If you try for a lifetime, you will get tired and upset, this is not the way to catch the shadow. The child asked, "What's the way out?" The monk grabbed the child's hand and placed it on the child's head. Here the hand went to the head, there also went on the head over the shadow. The monk said, "See, you have caught the shadow. If he catches the shadow directly, he will never be able to catch it. However, if he catches hold of himself, the shadow is bound to catch on.

Those who rush to catch hold of the ego can never catch hold of the ego. The ego is just a shadow. But those who catch hold of the soul, the ego is definitely caught, it is a shadow, it has no value. Only those people are available to satiety, only those people are available to content, only those people are available to fulfillment, to fulfillment, to self-fulfillment, which is available to the soul. There is a choice between the soul and the ego. There is all choice between the soul and the ego. Between the soul and the ego is all the agony of life, all the pain. Those who go astray towards the ego go astray. They will make life around the wrong

peg spinning. But those who retreat from the ego and go towards it. Whatever is the substance, which is the origin, which is within, that which I am, in fact, which is my authentic being, which goes towards it, they become available. And for them, the shadows are no longer there to win.

There are only two kinds of travel in the world... The journey to fill the ego and the journey to make the soul available. But what remains bound by the ego is deprived of the soul.

Should we try to let go of this ego? No, if you try to leave, you will never be able to get rid of the ego. The shadow can neither be caught nor released. What could be left could also be caught. The shadow cannot be left untouched, nor can it be caught. The ego cannot be caught, nor can it be released. This is why those who catch up fall into mistakes and those who leave them fall into even greater mistakes.

I stayed with a monk for a few days. They used to tell me, 'I kicked over lakhs of rupees'. I asked him, "When did you kick it?" They said, "It's been thirty years. Then I said to him, "If you are not angry, then I will say one thing, and I tell you to be angry because sannyasins have a very old habit of being angry, there is a very old tradition. They can curse. Births can be spoiled. So if you don't get angry, can I ask you something? When I said so, they were angry. But still he said: Yes, say, what do you say?

I said, "You kicked it thirty years ago, so you didn't get it properly." Otherwise, there is no need for his remembrance for thirty years. Thirty years ago, your ego would have said, "I have millions of rupees, I am something, I am somebody." Then you kicked. You thought that if you left lakhs of rupees, then the ego would go away. No, from the day you left millions, your ego started speaking a new voice. They said, "I left millions of rupees. I have given up millions of bucks!

Even though there were lakhs of rupees, they used to walk stiffly on the road. When he left millions of rupees, he started walking even more stiffly. The arrogance of the money is visible, but it is very gross. However, the arrogance of renunciation is not even visible, it is very subtle. The ego does not get rid of giving up wealth, the ego does not get rid of leaving the post, the ego does not get rid of leaving the house. There is no ego that can be abandoned. So whatever you leave, the ego will use that as its tool and say, "I have left! I am the one who leaves! The ways of the ego are very subtle. The shadow is very subtle. They don't get caught, they don't let go. So those who think that they will give up their ego fall into an even greater mistake. To date, no one has ever given up arrogance. Then the ego cannot be filled and it cannot be left.

So what do we do?

Arrogance can be known. The ego can be identified. There can be recognition of the ego. There may be a reflex of arrogance. There may be a sense of arrogance. I can become aware of the ego. And the man who becomes aware of the ego, his ego disappears. There is ego in man's sleep, not in man's awakening. As soon as one wakes up and tries to see where the ego is, the ego begins to disappear.

It was like a house in a village. And it was very dark in that house. And there were several thousand years of darkness. And the people of that village did not go to that house. I went to the village and said: Why leave this house like this? He said: There are thousands of years of darkness in this house. I said, "Does darkness have any power?" Light the lamp and reach inside. He said: What will happen by lighting a lamp? It is not the darkness of one night, it is the darkness of thousands of years. Light lamps for thousands of years, then it can end somewhere.

The math was absolutely correct, it was absolutely logical, it was logical. I'm scared too. That was all right. Thousands of years of darkness! Can one get away with lighting lamps for a day? Still, I said, "Give it a try." Because many times in life, mathematics does not work and logic becomes useless. Life is very unique. She transcends logic and moves away from math. In mathematics, two plus two is four. In life, sometimes there are five, two and two, and sometimes three. Life is not math. So let's go, let's see. They did not agree. He said, "What's the use of leaving? Not only are we saying this, our fathers also used to say this. Don't light a lamp in this house. It's thousands of years of darkness. His fathers said the same thing. And do you seem to be opposed to the larger tradition? Do you not believe in the scriptures? Don't believe the elderly? Were they all stupid? In our village, it is written that do not light a lamp in that house. There is thousands of years of darkness, it cannot be erased. Still, I barely persuaded them that let's see. Many of us will fail at all. Barely did they agree to go. As soon as the lamp was lit, there was no darkness there. They were very surprised. He said: Where has this darkness gone?

I said, "Take the lamp in your hand and find out where the darkness is." And if you find it someday, let me know. I'll come back to your village. There has been no news of them yet. They will be searching for darkness with lamps. And somewhere is there darkness in front of the lamp? Does the lamp get dark?

The ego is a dark shadow. He who carries the lamp within himself does not find it. So neither do you have to leave it, nor do you have to fill it. You have to light a lamp inside and look at it. In the light of that lamp, where is it? You have to wake up within yourself and see where the ego is. It is not found. And where the ego is not found, what is found there, that is what some call God, some call it the soul, some say the truth. Some call it beauty, some call it something else.

They are the distinctions of the names. Where the ego is absent, there is found that which is the soul of all, which is dearer to the loved. The one who is beloved, the one who is the beloved, becomes attainable. But we are bound by it and live and die with it, so we don't get an eye to it. It is necessary to see it, it is not necessary to leave it. It is not necessary to run away from it, it is necessary to recognize it.

The process of looking at the ego is called meditation, the process of looking at the ego is called meditation. How do we see that which surrounds and holds us? What's the way? It cannot be seen by sitting in a temple for half an hour. For those who sit in the temple, it becomes even stronger, because they think that we are religious. The rest of the world is irreligious. Because we come to the temple and our heaven is fixed and all the rest will rot in hell.

Did you know? Christianity has been believing that those who are saints, who are religious men, will enjoy heaven. Those who are sinners will suffer in hell. And the righteous people who go to heaven will also have the facility of a special kind of happiness, and that is that they will also be able to enjoy seeing the sinners who are suffering in hell. From there they will be able to see how many sinners are rotting and suffering in hell. You can well imagine what kind of people must have been those who thought that the virtuous, the religious people, that we would enjoy seeing sinners suffering and burning in the cauldrons of hell. And it's not a question of Christianity. All the religions of the world and all the so-called religious people of the world, these so-called religious people, all these people have made a complete plan and arrangement to take themselves to heaven and put others in hell. Because they can say to God, "I used to turn the garland in your name every day, and this man did not turn the garland, put him in the pan." I used to come to the temple every day, not a single day was missed. It was cold, it still came. Even when it was sunny, it still came. This man has never been seen in the temple. Put it in the pan. I used to read the Gita, the Quran, the Bible every day. I used to sing bhajans and kirtans with you every day. Are they all in vain? Make me sit in heaven. But I won't enjoy it alone enough to sit in heaven. There can be no joy for all the people who lived in my neighborhood without being put in hell. Throw them all into hell.

The German poet was Heine. Heine wrote a poem. It is written in that poem that one night God asked me, 'What do you want that will make you happy?' So I said, "I want a big house like no other in the village." God said, well, it will be done. What else does he want? I want a very luxurious garden; It's like not on earth. God said: Well, it will also happen. What else does he want? I can get whatever happiness I want at the very moment. God said: This too shall be done. What else does he want? "If you don't believe me and you want to fulfill my heart's desire," said Heine, "then do one more thing." Whatever the trees in my garden, my neighbours hang from those trees, I will attain complete bliss. If my neighbors hang from the

trees, I will attain complete bliss. If you do not believe me, if you want to fulfill the last wish of my heart, then do so that all my neighbors are hung from the trees, from the necks.

Hen woke up and later wrote that I was very nervous about what desires I had within me. But if you search in the minds of religious people, everybody has a wish that the neighbors go to hell and we go to heaven. They do all the organizing to go to heaven.

One who sits in a temple is not free from ego. The one who aspires to go to heaven is an egoist. If I find God, I can also possess God. It becomes my property. This is also a race of ego.

How then?

One has to be aware twenty-four hours and see in what actions of life the ego arises. What stands in the wearing of garments? Does it stand in the way the eye sees? Does the leg stand up? Does it stand up when you speak, or does it stand up when you remain silent? Where does the ego stand? From which places does it raise its head? Twenty-four hours a day, an awareness and consciousness of where one stands. Where does it stand? You have to search round the clock with a lamp as to where the ego stands, how it stands. What is his process? What is the process of his erection? How is it built inside? How does it organize? What is the path to become it?

And if someone keeps watching, watching, searching, searching... So you will experience a lot of surprise, a lot of surprise, a lot of miracle. Wherever he will find that the ego arises here and there, the ego will disappear from there. And the day the search for the ego in any aspect of life and in any part of the mind is complete, there will be no unknown, unfamiliar corner left of the mind and the mind, that day the ego is out.

There was an emperor. A fakir said to the emperor that if you want to find God, then there is only one way. Come to my hut and stay with me for a few days. The emperor had a great thirst and aspiration. He went to the hut of that fakir. The fakir said, "Your education will begin tomorrow morning, and the teaching is very strange." The lesson is that from tomorrow morning you will be doing anything and I will attack you from behind with a wooden sword. You'll be eating. You will be putting Buhari in the hut, you will be washing clothes, you will be bathing, and I will attack you with a sword. There will be a wooden sword. Always be careful when I attack. Because I have no place. I won't make any discovery. I won't put out any news on the radio beforehand. There will be no news in the newspapers, in the local program that I am going to do this today. It will not be any news, no announcement, no information, I will attack at any moment. Be prepared!

The Emperor said: But what does that mean?

The fakir said, "This is how the ego attacks for twenty-four hours, from where it does not know. So I will attack. Take care of my sword!"

In seven days, the emperor's bones and ribs were broken. Because for twenty-four hours the old fakir did not know when he started attacking. That Emperor is reading the book and be attacked! But in seven days, he also realized that there is such a thing as caution, there is such a thing as alertness. For the first time in my life, I knew that I had slept and slept. I haven't lived consciously yet. I never cared about my senses. But the challenge came again and again for seven days. It hurt. Something inside began to wake up and began to care that an attack was about to happen. The attack is about to happen. By the end of fifteen days, news of the attack started coming to him. He could hear the faint sound of the guru's foot. He would hold his shield and survive the attack. Three months have passed. It became difficult to attack. Attack under any circumstances... He was always careful and stopped.

His guru said: One lesson is complete for you. The second lesson will start tomorrow. He asked, "What happened to you during these three months?" The Emperor said: Two things happened. I was surprised. At first I was afraid of what it was like to be hurt with this wooden sword and meet God. What relationship? Isn't that crazy, is it? Haven't I fallen into the trap of a lunatic? But in these three months I discovered that the more careful I became, the more egoless I became. The more careful I became, the more thoughtless I became. The more I became conscious, the more the stream of thoughts in my mind diminished. Because the mind cannot do two things at the same time. One can either consider or be aware. Either there may be awareness, or there may be thoughts. Both things can't go together.

Look at it a little. When there are thoughts, caution will be impaired. When there is caution, thoughts will fade.

If I take a knife and come to your chest now, thoughts will stop at once. Because in that danger the mind will become very aware that you do not know what will happen. At this time, there is no facility to think, so at this time there is a need to maintain consciousness that you do not know what will happen.

Something can happen in a moment. Then you will wake up. In three months, the Emperor said, "I am awake at all." Thoughts are silenced, there is no trace of ego. What is the second lesson?

The old fakir said, "The attack will begin only tomorrow night. Even if you sleep at night tomorrow, there will be a couple of attacks. Be careful even at night! "There was a lot of luck until I woke up," said the emperor. Now this thing is a little too much. What will I do in my sleep? What will happen to me just in my sleep? The old man said, "Even in sleep, you don't know. You see what you want to see. It's just sleepy too. Even in your sleep, someone is awake and conscious. The sheet slips and someone in their sleep realizes that the sheet has slipped. A small mosquito starts biting and in sleep someone knows that the mosquito has come.

A mother sleeps at night, her child is sick. There is no news of the clouds thundering in the sky or the Prime Ministers' planes flying. But the child is sick, he makes a slight sound and the mother wakes up and starts waving her hand and starts crying, "Son, go to sleep!"

We are here so many people that we should sleep here tonight, and then in the middle of the night someone will call out, "Ram! Ram! All the people will be asleep, no one will hear." But the one whose name is Ram will open his eyes and say, "Who calls?" Who bothers in the middle of the night?

Even in this midnight sleep, does anyone know that my name is Ram. Even in this sleep, there is some awareness, some consciousness moves within, there is some undercurrent, there is consciousness, there is some inner current.

The old man said, "Don't worry. We will pose a challenge. The one who has slept within will begin to wake up. Waking up has only one formula: Challenge! Challenge! The greater the challenge within, the greater the awakening. So blessed are those who have big challenges in their lives. The attack began the next day.

At night the Emperor would sleep and attack. In eight to ten days, the situation was the same as before. The bones began to hurt. But at the end of a month, the Emperor found out that the old man was right.

The old people are often right. But the young people don't listen. And by the time they understand, they're old too. Then the other young people do not listen to them. "Perhaps you were right," said the Emperor. Now his hands began to hold even in his sleep. Even if the guru comes in his sleep at night, someone wakes up in his sleep, the young man sits down and says, "Okay! Excuse me! I have woken up. Don't take the trouble to kill now.

Hands even in sleep... He remained on his shield all night. Even in sleep, the shield would rise. Three months passed and it became difficult to attack him even in his sleep. The master said, "What happened in these three months? The second lesson is complete.

The Emperor said, "I am astonished. In the first three months the thought is lost, in the second three months the dreams are lost, the dreams are lost, the dream is not overnight. I thought I couldn't sleep without dreams. Now I know that even those who have dreams have no sleep. There is a wonderful peace within! A silence, a silence has been created. I am in great joy.

"Don't be in a hurry," said his master. Great joy is still a little far away. These are just glimpses of the beginning of joy. As a person approaches the garden, cool winds start blowing, some fragrances of flowers come into the air. The garden has not come yet, but the news of the garden starts coming. I haven't enjoyed it yet. Only outside news has started to come in. Tomorrow your third lesson will begin.

The young man said, "There are only two states: waking and sleeping. What is the third lesson?"

"From tomorrow there will be an attack with a real sword," said the old man. So far, the attack was carried out with a fake sword.

The young man said, "It was also a good fortune that you used to attack with a wooden sword. This will be a little too much. Attack with a real sword? If I missed even once, I know!"

"When you know for sure that you have missed a single death," said the old man, "no one misses it." A man who misses is only as long as he realizes that even if he misses, there is nothing to go. Once it is known that the soul is lost, then the prana awakens with all its energy, then there is no chance of missing.

"I had a guru with whom I used to learn," said the old man. One day he put me on a tree a hundred feet high. He taught me how to climb trees, how to climb mountains, how to swim in rivers, how to drown in lakes. He was a strange master. He used to say, "He who does not know how to climb a mountain, how will he know how to climb in life? He who does not know how to drown in the depths of lakes, how will he know how to drown in the depths of life? He was a strange master. He put me on a tree. I was a new entrant. When I reached a hundred feet up and where the soul trembled lest a gust of wind become a killer. The slightest slipping of the leg should not become death.

The master sat quietly beside the tree with his eyes closed. Then I slowly started descending. When I was very close to the ground, some eight or ten feet away, the old man rose from his sleep and stood up and said, "Careful son! Take care and get down. Descend smartly.

I said, "Are you crazy?" When there was a need for caution, then I was dreaming with my eyes closed, and now that I have come down, now even if I fall, there is no danger, then did you think of reminding me of intelligence?

The old man said, "I know from experience, when you were a hundred feet up, there was no need to warn anyone. You were careful yourself. And I have just noticed that as the ground draws nearer, you begin to be uncaredful. You've caught sleep. So I yelled, "Beware! Because I have seen in life that people never fall from the heights, fall to the lows and die. I have never seen in my life that a man has ever fallen from the heights. People fall into the lows and die. That's why I warned you.

The old man said, "The real sword comes from tomorrow. And the real sword came from yesterday. But the Emperor was astonished! The wooden sword had caused a lot of injury on his body, but not a single blow could be inflicted by the real sword in three months. Three months have come to an end. His mind became a lake of peace. His ego has been left somewhere far away, on some path, he does not know where he has been! Just as a shabby of

his clothes is left behind or a snake leaves its skin behind, he has left it behind. I don't even remember if I ever was. It has become so peaceful that there is not even a wave in that lake.

Three months have come to an end. Today is the last day. Tomorrow he will leave. The thought came to his mind... The sun has come out early in the morning, he is sitting outside the hut. His guru is sitting at a distance under a tree and reading a book. Eighty years old. The thought has come to his mind... For nine months this old man did not allow me to go into idleness even for a moment, not a moment of indolence. Always kept awake. Be careful. Tomorrow I will leave. Let me see if this guru is so careful or not. So he thought that he should pick up the sword and attack the old man from behind. Should I know if Hami is warned, or is this gentleman himself careful? He had thought so much, he had just thought, he had not done anything yet. He was very surprised! He said, "I have not done anything, I have only thought.

So the old man said to him, "Stay a few more days." When the mind is completely quiet and silent, when the ego is completely gone, and when the thoughts become empty and silent, then the sound of the feet of others is not heard, but the footsteps of the minds of others are also heard. Then the feet of other people's thoughts also begin to be heard. You can also hear the thoughts of others.

We are so blind that we cannot even see the actions of others. It's a long way to hear the idea.

But the old man had said, "The day the mind becomes so calm, so aware, that is the day that one gets a glimpse of what is invisible." You begin to hear the feet of the Supreme Soul, who has no legs. The voice of that God begins to come, who has no voice. You begin to receive the touch of the Supreme Soul, who has no body. Then it is present everywhere.

The day that receptivity, that receptivity of peace arises within us, that day it is present everywhere. He is the same in the leaves of the trees, in the stones of the road, in the waves of the ocean, in the clouds of the sky, in the eyes of men, in the souls of animals and birds... Then it is the same in everyone. The day that receptivity, that subtly-listening to the footsteps of life, becomes available, that entitlement becomes available.

I don't know what happened to the Emperor. I don't know what happened to the old man. But what is the purpose of that, to you and me? Where their story ends, if your story begins, then the matter is complete. Are you willing to do the constant work of awakening within yourself? If yes, then the wealth of life is yours. If yes, then God Himself will come to your door. You don't have to go to his door. And however difficult it may seem, those who are not accustomed to walking find the lengths of the journeys to be very large. They are afraid, we have only one small leg, how will we be able to complete the journey of thousands of miles? But if they are ready to take even one step, then every step taken becomes the ground for the next step, becomes a force, becomes a force. And with small steps man can orbit the

whole earth. And with the power of a small mind, with the care of a small soul, with a little peace of heart, a man can also circumambulate God.

In these three days, I have told you three small things... A sense of joy. Gratitude. Sense of ignorance. And today I say to you: awareness of one's own life-actions, thoughts.

I told you three pegs. It is the peg of knowledge, the peg of the instinct to look at the unhappy life, and the peg of identity, ego and ego. The one who is liberated from these three sets out on a journey to the ocean of God. Then he doesn't even have to row. Those crazy young men rowed all night!

Ramakrishna used to say, "At least untie the chain of the boat." Open the sail of the boat once. Then its winds will carry the boat, take it to the destination, take it to the destination. Then you won't even have to drive the oars. His winds will carry you. His winds are always standing to carry. But our boat is tied, our sail is tied. We are laboured in vain and in vain.

These are a few things I've said in three days. It is possible that something will become a seed in some corner of your soul and sprout and become a tree. The tree will give shade to you and all those who are close to you. To become such a shady tree is to attain religious life.

I am very grateful to hear my words so calmly for three days.

And, finally, I conclude by saying a few words about a small thing which Shri Rareji Bhai Khetani said.

The man whose heart does not fill with tears after seeing the country, the society, the human being as he is today, that man is either dead or is close to dying. The person who is alive must be crying on seeing the condition of today's country, today's society, today's man. Her laughter would be false, her nights wetting her pillows with the tears in her eyes. I don't know about you, but I often cry in the dark. Seeing the man as he is, he does not think of anything but crying. But nothing can happen by crying. Something has to be done. And if we could not do anything for a soul lost in a falling character, the talent of the whole country is destroyed, the whole soul is shattered, a man is coming down from the bottom every day, and if we cannot do anything, then it will not be surprising if we are convicted in the court of the future.

We are criminals. What do we leave for life to come? What are we building for the children and generations to come? What kind of life are we giving them? What is the route that we are giving them? What is the resolution that we are giving them? What hope are we giving them? What future are you giving? What destiny are you giving?

We are not giving anything. We are giving some diseases. Some are giving morbidities. Some are crazy. We are moving towards making children neurotic.

As much as I saw all this and went to every corner of the country and looked into the eyes of millions of people, and in one eye I found no glimmer of joy; And in not a single soul

did I hear any music resounding; And I have not met a single person who we can say is blessed to have found life.

So my nights have been filled with a lot of sadness and darkness and tears. And here I felt that something had to be done. It is dangerous to stand silently on the side of the road and watch. And the man who stands silently by the side of the road and watches, is also a participant, he is also a shareholder, he too... If it goes wrong, he will also be responsible. Gone are the days when sannyasins would stand far away and say, "What do we have to do with life?" If these sannyasins could not change their lives, then the responsibility would be lost to these sannyasins. They could have changed their lives if they said that we have a lot to do with life, we are not ready to see life wrong. If we live, we will live in an effort to make life right.

Here a thought, here some divine voice started saying loudly in my mind that whatever can be done in me, I should do it. Maybe only one person can change. It will be a big deal. If even a single lamp is lit in a dark house, it becomes a big thing. Then we thought that there should be a center where something can be done on the art of transforming human life, on the art of living, on the science of changing life, on the direction of changing life. A lot can be done. The man can be brand new. A completely new consciousness can be born within man. Because I think that when a man can be wrong, he can be right, because if he cannot be right, then he cannot be wrong. A man who may be sick may also be healthy. If you can't be healthy, then there is no possibility of illness.

The man is wrong, completely wrong. He may be okay also. What can I do in this direction? My voice is alone. But then, with so many friends nearby, I felt that the voice is not alone, that many hearts can beat with it. Many people can be partners and partners in that. And the whole movement of a life revolution, a whole university of life revolution, and any wind that challenges and inspires man to change can be blown to every corner of the country. So I request and pray for you to join me in the flow of that wind.

That's not as much of your money. Money has no great value. He is with your love. If you are with you at heart, the money will accumulate a lot for him. That's never a question. And if you are not with you at heart, then no matter how much money is collected, it is of no value.

So I pray for your love and for more good luck with you. Behind that good luck and everything comes automatically. If you feel that somewhere in your soul, if you feel that somewhere in your heart there is a voice that something needs to be done for this country, for the society, for the human being, that a resolve needs to be created, some movement, some wind, To awaken the soul of man, a strong thought must resonate in every nook and corner of the country. If it appears that you stand at a distance, then you will also be counted among the killers of the country who are killing the country all around. Politicians are involved, religious

leaders are involved, and I don't know what kind of people are involved. All kinds of people are involved in killing the country.

I seek your support, your friendship and your love to save that country from a big murder. And this demand is not beggary. I accept this demand as my right. I can rightfully ask for those I love. And if you give me what I ask for, I am not even going to thank you. Thank you that I have to give it to you, that I have agreed to take it. Rare brothers will keep an account of money, but I would like to keep an account of you.

So if your heart is with you in this resolve, in this great resolve, in this auspicious thought, then I would like you to raise both your hands and give me strength that you are with me. Whoever is with you, raise both your hands. He is with their love... Not his money, not his power, his heart or his soul. I thank you and pray that the resolution you have expressed will not be mine or yours but God's, and some results can come out of it.

Finally, I sit with me for three days and listen to me so lovingly, so calmly, and I express my great grace. And I bow down to the God sitting within everyone. Please accept my obeisances.

Self-Realization -- Who Am I?

Direction of Life Revolution-4

My dear soul!

In a village, a man had gone mad, he stood up from place to place and started asking, "Who am I?" The only thing I was asking was, who am I? The people of the whole village had understood that he had gone mad. I went to that village too. I heard the man shouting 'Who am I?' In the day, at night, in the morning and evening, in the house, on the street, in the market, that man used to go around shouting, "Who am I?" Can someone tell me who I am?

I asked people: What's wrong with him? He said: This man has gone mad, because he doesn't even know who it is. I said to them: If this is the sign of being mad that one does not know who he is, then all men are mad. Then the whole human race is insane.

But if everyone is crazy, it becomes very hard to know that someone is crazy. If a man is insane, he knows. And if all people suffer from the same disease, then it becomes very difficult to know.

Humanity is fundamentally unhealthy. Man is neurotic since birth. Because one who doesn't even know who I am can't know anything else. Then all the deeds done in this ignorance, then all the journeys done in this ignorance, then it is not surprising that it leads to deeper and deeper madness. But like I said, if everyone is infected with the same disease, it is hard to know if someone is sick.

It happened in a village, a magician came and threw a mantra in the village well and said that whoever drinks the water of this well will go mad. There were only two wells in the village. There was a village well and an emperor's well. The whole village had to drink water from that well. There was a compulsion, there was no way. Even if you are thirsty and you have to go mad, you will have to drink water.

By dusk, the whole village went mad. Only the emperor survived, his wazir survived, his queen survived. The emperor was very happy that we are fortunate that we have a separate well in our house. But by dusk he realized that it was not good luck, it was bad luck. Because when the whole village went mad, there was a discussion everywhere in the village that it seems that the king has gone mad. And in the evening, all the people of the village gathered in front of the palace and said, "It is necessary to separate the mad king." Because how will the country run with a mad king?

The king stood on his roof and panicked. His soldiers had gone mad, his guards had gone mad, his guards had gone mad too. And they were all mad saying that the Emperor had gone mad. We have to choose a healthy man. The Emperor said to his Wazir: Is there any way to

escape? Is there a way? The Wazir said, "Let us run through the back passage and drink the water of the well from which they all drank." There is no other way.

The emperor ran away and drank the water from the well. Then that night there was a big celebration in that village and there was a big celebration. The people danced and they sang songs and thanked God that the emperor's mind was healed.

Mankind is born with a little perversion. The man's ill-health is like with him. Being healthy is a phenomenon. It's natural to be unwell. For the brain, for the human consciousness, if we do not even know who I am, it will be a symptom of madness. Self-realization is the first symptom of man's health, self-realization is the first symptom of man's consciousness being healthy. And self-realization is a symptom of man's insaneness.

I do not consider religion to be worship or prayer. I don't consider religion to be a scripture or a philosophy. Religion is the remedy for this spiritual unhealth of man. Religion is medicine. There is a cure for the basic neurosis of man, there is a method to cure it. But why can't man know himself? And if we don't understand why man doesn't know himself, then no journey to enlightenment can be undertaken.

And chances are that everything we do in life is a cause for self-realization, not to be exposed. We don't have any effort to know ourselves. And the efforts that we think of as efforts to attain ourselves become even more of a method of self-forgetfulness.

The deeper we know ourselves, the deeper our clothes are. There is no deeper self-introduction than clothes. Clothing can be of many types. The clothes we wear on our bodies are also our clothes, the names and positions we carry in our hearts are also our clothes, the faces and actions we wear are also our clothes. Whatever we know about ourselves is not about ourselves, but about our clothes. And if someone takes away our clothes, we will go mad right now. Because we will forget this place, know who we were.

There has been a wonderful person, he must be a person of his own kind. His name, he was a fakir, his name was Mulla Nasruddin. He stayed one night at an inn. The inn was full and there was no room in the inn. He prayed to the innkeeper that the night was very cold and how would I be able to stay outside? Let me stay in anybody's room. I'll stay with someone. A man was persuaded and Nasrudin stayed with the man.

The man took off his clothes and slept on the bed, but Nasrudin slept on the bed wearing his shoes, his turban, his coat. The man wondered if this man didn't even know how to sleep. He has fallen asleep on the bed wearing shoes and turbans and coats. But he didn't think it right to say anything. It was not right to say anything to a stranger, nor was it right to say anything to a stranger. But the night began to darken, and this Mulla Nasruddin began to turn around, but there was no trace of sleep. Don't let it sleep. Due to its turn, the other man was

also unable to sleep. At last he said, "I beg you, gentlemen, you will not be able to sleep until you take off your shoes and turban and clothes.

"I am thinking that I will not be able to sleep," said Nasrudin. If I were alone, I'd remove the clothes. But you're also inside the room, so I can't take out the clothes.

The man said, "What do you mean?" "That is to say, if I take off all my clothes and go to sleep, how will I know in the morning who I am and who you are?" I know who I am by these clothes. If I was alone, I would take off my clothes and sleep. I would wake up in the morning and recognize that it must be me, because no one else exists. But if I remove all the clothes now, how will I be able to identify who is who in the morning?

Nasrudin was joking over the man, but he could not understand the stranger. He said, "Then do one thing. The children of those who were staying in this room before us had left some balloons, so he told them to take out the clothes and tie a balloon to your feet. You'll know in the morning that you're the man with the balloon tied.

"That's understandable," said Nasrudin. He removed all his clothes and tied the balloon to his leg and fell asleep and started snoring.

The other man thought it was a joke, he took out the balloon of Nasrudin who fell asleep, and tied it to his leg and he also fell asleep.

Around four o'clock, Nasrudin woke up and started shaking the other man, and he said, "I was afraid that he had made a mistake." The balloon is tied to your leg, you are Mulla Nasrudin, so who am I? It became difficult. Mulla Nasruddin tied the balloon, that's you. Who am I now? That man must have thought Mulla Nasruddin was mad. But Nasrudin was satirizing all the men, joking at all the men.

What do we recognize ourselves with? We recognize from balloons that are tied to our hands and feet. No man is born with a name, but the parents tie a balloon in their feet saying, "This is your name, you are Rama, you are Krishna." And throughout his life, he keeps on recognizing that I am Rama and I am Krishna. And if the balloon of his name were to be separated, he would stand up and ask madly, "Who am I?"

The name is not a truth, a lie that is affixed to the identity of the man. But then the name becomes the truth, that becomes our recognition, that becomes our affirmation, that becomes our identity. And if others recognize us with him, it was fine, we also recognize ourselves by the same name. It would have been better if others would recognise us by our names. To do things in life, the utility is the name of the name, others recognize us from it. But the mistake is made here that then we also recognize ourselves by the same name which is absolutely false and imaginary.

A man does not have a name, but around that name, which is absolutely imagination, which is absolutely imagination, we create all our personality, we build all our personality, we

make the whole building and we call it life. It is not surprising if this life is completely false. Because a lie is woven around, built around it. And for the name we live mad and go mad and die like madmen; For a name with which we had no even the remotest connection; With which we had nothing to do with it; Which was not our soul; Which was not our personality; Which was not our authentic being. Which was not our authentic entity. For that name we live and end. Like the children who go to the river sands and sign and come back very happy. And they don't even know that they haven't returned, that the winds have erased their signatures on the sand. And the flow of the river has come, and has swept away all their names.

But we laugh at the children and we will probably say to the children that madness, the sand is not signed. The sand disappears, the winds wipe away the sand. But what old people do too, sign rocks and probably think there is a big difference between rock and sand. Sand forms rock, rock then becomes sand. Sand has once been rock, rock was once sand. And that is signed and for the rest of our lives thinking that we have achieved something, because we have signed somewhere. We've dug up somewhere the name that was mine. And the name has nothing to do with my 'I'.

We understand the sense of the name as self-realization. The realization of the name is not self-realization. There cannot be two things at a greater distance than this. The name is as far from the soul as the sky will be from the ground. There is no connection between them, there is no connection. But around this name we collect, collect, textiles. There are clothes of specialty, there are clothes of positions, there are clothes of prestige, there are clothes of presidents, and we go on collecting, we go on collecting. The queue of clothes and the crowd that gathers around this false name becomes the ego of man, that is his ego.

We have a sense of the ego, but no awareness of the soul. And as long as there is awareness of the ego, there cannot be realization of the soul.

If there is any obstacle in the direction of self-realization, it is the ego. Or as I said earlier, in man's madness, in man's madness, in his insanity, if there is one thing that is working in a well, it is the water of the well of the ego. He drives her crazy, she goes on driving him crazy. He turns her from insane to insane. Because the one who builds his personality around untruth can only be insane, he cannot be healthy. Health is available on the periphery of truth. Unhealth is available on the periphery of untruth. And there is nothing greater untrue than the ego, it is the greatest flaw, because it does not exist.

I have heard that there was a small pile of stones near a castle, and some children were out to play, and one of the children picked up a stone and threw it towards the palace. The stone began to rise. Stones do not have wings, but they also have the will to fly. Man has no wings, man has the desire to fly. Stones also have the desire to fly, to touch the sky. But the stones are lying down, they cannot fly. And when a stone began to fly overhead, he looked at

the stones lying down with disdain and said, "I am going to travel to the sky." The stones below could not even resist, could not even refuse. It was true, he was going to stone. But that stone made a small difference. He was thrown. But he said, I'm leaving. He didn't say I was thrown, he said, I'm leaving. And the gap between the soul and the ego began. If he had said that he had been thrown away, he would probably have attained self-actualization. But he said, I'm leaving. And he began to collect the ego. Where he had no action, he said that I am going. The stones below could not even refuse.

The stone rose up and went and hit the glass of the palace, the glass was shattered. Now it is only natural that if the stone hits the glass, the glass will be shattered. In this, the stone does not shatter the glass, the glass is shattered, it just happens. In this, no stone breaks the glass, if the glass and the stone collide, the glass breaks. But the stone said, "Crazy glass, you don't read newspapers, you don't listen to the radio, how many times have I not reported that no one should come in my way, otherwise I will shatter." Now regret your fate. You have been shattered. Whoever comes in the path of the stone will be shattered. And remember, I am no ordinary stone, I am a stone flying in the sky. What could the shards of glass say? It was true, they were shattered. But the stone was lying. He didn't shatter the glass, the glass was just shattered. But who should deny it, and who should oppose it? And the blind eyes of the ego listen to someone's denial, listen to someone's opposition? When the blind eye of the ego finds opposition, the ego becomes hardened and condensed and condensed, and becomes stronger and stronger to resist, and becomes ready.

The stone went and fell on the Iranian carpet of the palace. He sighed coldly, relieved and said, "There are very good people in this house, it seems to be very well educated, cultured, it seems that the news of my arrival has already arrived, they have laid out carpets and so on. Welcome, I am no ordinary stone, I am a flying stone in the sky. The owners of the palace would not have known even in their dreams that they were organizing a stone, these carpets were laid for an upcoming stone, they had no idea that the stone would also become a guest in that palace, they had no idea about it. By the way, this is the meaning of a guest who has no news of his arrival, whose date is not news. But the stone thought to himself that I have come, all arrangements have been made to welcome me. It swelled and doubled.

When a man goes from a hut to a palace, he doubles. When a person from the village reaches Delhi, he doubles down. It is not surprising that even that stone has doubled.

Then the palace guard must have heard the news of the stone coming and the glass being shattered, he came running and picked up the stone to throw it away, but the stone said in his own heart, Thank you! Thank you very much! It seems that the master of the palace is paying respect in his hand. And the stone was thrown back. On the way back, the stone said,

"No matter how nice your palaces are, but I miss my friends and home very much, I feel homesick." I'm going back.

Anyone who returns from Delhi comes back saying that he is feeling homesick. So going back. The stone also came back saying the same. When he started falling down in his stones, the stones were gazing at him, as soon as he came, he said, "Friends, I have traveled far and wide, I have been a guest in big palaces. However, no matter how good the palaces are, they are foreign countries. The country is the country, the motherland is something else. I missed you in my mind. I slept in palaces, dreamed of you. I am back.

We can laugh at this stone. But if the man who laughs at the stone laughs at his own ego, then the first ray of self-realization is born in his life.

Is the narrative of our life also very different from this stone journey? It is as if before my birth I were asked, "What are your intentions?" Where do you want to be born? Don't want to be or don't want to be? It's as if birth is my choice, as if birth is my choice and choice. I say, "My birth! My birthday! When I am born after birth, no birth can be my birthday. My 'I' is denser after birth, my 'I' is after birth and not before birth, so no birthday can be my birthday. My birthday is before me, I am behind. And haven't anyone ever asked me whether they want to be born or not? It's not my decision, it's not my choice. So how can that which is not my decision, not my choice, be mine? It's not my act, it's not my act. I have been thrown, some unknown hands have picked up the stone and thrown the stone and the stone is saying that I am leaving. Some unknown hands throw at man in his life and man says, "My birth!" And the mistake begins, the wrong journey begins, the path of madness is taken.

Then we say, "My childhood! My youth! We sow the seed and sprout in the ground." The seed does not sprout, it sprouts. The seed has no function whatsoever. It is as smooth as water flowing and flowing downwards. Rivers do not go to the ocean, they reach the ocean; It is as easy as the rivers reach the ocean. Perhaps, the rivers go to the ocean and say, "We are coming, we are travelling." Rivers reach the ocean easily. The seed sprouts easily, the child becomes young and spontaneous. No youth is brought up and no one is young. There's nothing to be there, things are happening.

But ours goes on adding that I, my childhood, my youth. These things are far away; So we also say that I breathe. If a man were to breathe, death would have been impossible; Death comes and he goes away with his breath. We know very well that the breath comes and goes, we do not intake. I breathe, it is false; The breath comes and goes, I have no function in taking and not taking. One day it won't come and I won't be able to take it. If it doesn't come, then there is no question of taking it. If I don't, I won't know I am. With his not coming, I will not be either. But they say that I am breathing. And we condense such ego, we condense ego-consciousness. Then they gather for him more clothes of names, positions, and prestige. They

travel to the biggest chairs. And after the race of all life, we do not reach anywhere except that a frustration, a worry, a depression, a failure surrounds the mind. Because the building we build was false. Death exposes the untruth of the whole building and it is known that we have not entered the building of life. The building we kept building was a house of cards.

The edifice of life is attained through self-realization, not ego-consciousness. And if we consider ego-consciousness to be self-realization, then we fall into error. And this blunder can ultimately bring nothing but failure and nostalgia. Man becomes anxious day by day, man is filled with the futility of life day by day. The more well-educated, the more cultured, the more civilized a man becomes, the more his life is wasted, the more his life becomes misery and pain.

What has caused it? Perhaps our whole civilization, all our education, whole culture is strengthening our ego. Perhaps all the wings of our culture and education are being taken to the stone of our ego. Maybe that's why it all becomes meaningless. Meaning is available by knowing what I am and meaninglessness is made available by creating what I am not. But we create what I am not. How do we complete this journey? If the ego is to increase, the soul has to be forgotten. The more self-forgetfulness there is, the more self-forgetfulness there is, the stronger the ego. Therefore, all kinds of intoxicants help a person to increase the ego and destroy self-awareness. They may be of any kind: a man drinks, a man forgets himself by drowning in music, a man faints and faints in the race for office, a man goes mad in accumulating wealth, or a man catches hold of some other race and immerses himself in the race. All self-forgetfulness strengthens man's identity, ego. Because the more we forget who we are, the easier it is to become what we are not. If we remember even a little bit of that which we are, then our hands will be loose in making that which we are not. Every moment we will see that we are making a dream, we are building a house of cards, we are signing on the sand. But if we completely forget our being, our being, then the journey becomes very easy, this creation becomes very easy.

The more civilized a man is, the more he seeks ways to fool. The development of man's civilization is perhaps the development of deepening narcissism. What has the civilization of man done? They have given him new entertainment, new drugs, LSD, mescaline, marijuana. The journey of man's civilization from Somers to marijuana is a journey of self-oblivion. And the man is going crazy. And the madman wants intoxication, and the one who gets drunk is more insane, he is more insane, he wants more intoxication. He wants to forget himself, he wants to drown himself. Then he finds a thousand ways to forget and drown himself. And that's what he calls culture.

The opposite direction is that of self-realization; One who wants to go in the direction of self-realization has to forget the ego. And one who wants to go in the direction of the ego has

to forget himself. If you want to go in the direction of ego, then unconsciousness is very cooperative, intoxication is very helpful and intoxication is very helpful. Forgetting is very helpful. How we forget is another matter. By chanting bhajans and kirtans, that they forget with marijuana and opium, or by music, that is a different matter.

During the time of Wajid Ali, a very big musician came to Lucknow, he was a very big veena player. And the harp player said, "I will play the veena on one condition." That no head should move when I play. Now artists have their own madness. And Wajid Ali was insane. Nawabs have their own madness. Wajid Ali said, "Don't panic, you talk about shaking your head! If someone shakes his head, he will make his head separate." The stick was beaten in the village and the news was made that if someone came to listen, he should come with understanding, do not shake his head. And if the head moves, the head will be cut off. Then there is no responsibility.

Thousands of people came to listen to the musician, but hardly fifty or sixty men came to listen. Only those who are very sober-minded will have come. Only those who can sit in yoga asanas would have come. Then the music began, his harp began to play. Till midnight people sat like stone statues, as if they had no life in them. He must have been afraid to breathe lest he would shake his head by mistake, then that Wajid Ali was mad, he would cut off his head. He had soldiers with naked swords so that no one would run away, shaking his head.

But after midnight, some heads started shaking. One shook, two shook and three shook, and slowly half the heads in the crowd of fifty or sixty began to shake. Wajid Ali was very surprised that they had gone mad, they forgot about it! In the morning, when the veena stopped, thirty men were caught. And Wajid Ali said: Crazy, you forgot that heads will be cut off? He said: We haven't forgotten as long as we were. But when we are no more, there is no question of forgetting. We did not shake our heads as long as we were there, but when we were not there, we must have shaken our heads, we have no idea about it, we have no responsibility for it. We have no responsibility for that.

Wajid Ali said to the musician: Cut off their heads? The musician said, "No, just call these thirty tomorrow, I will play the harp in front of these thirty." Because they're the right listeners.

Can music so lustre as to dissipate the fear of life? Can carry. Can the temptation of position lead to such madness that the attachment of life disappears? Can carry. Can the intoxication of the accumulation of wealth be so intense that a man loses his life? Maybe. And the directions in which a man runs are the only directions in which he somehow forgets himself. The longer he forgets himself, the longer he feels that he is getting some happiness. As soon as he thinks of himself, he gets the slightest glimpse of himself, he sees the whole palace of falsehood where he stands. Just as Pran begins to panic, so does Anguvish, anguish begins. Then he tries to forget himself. I call him an irreligious person, not one who does not go to the

mosque or the temple. Not those who don't read the Gita or the Ramayana. Not the one who doesn't wear tilak. I call him an irreligious man who is constantly trying to forget himself. And I tell him, "No matter how austere this thing may seem, however difficult it may seem, but he keeps trying to know himself, to fill his senses, to self-remember, to self-remember, to self-awareness, that person is religious.

And to be righteous, one has to walk in the opposite direction from the irreligious. The unrighteous forgets the self, the religious begins to forget the ego. And the religious need not forget the ego, he only understands the ego and the ego disappears. You have to forget the soul because it is a soul. The ego does not have to be forgotten, it does not exist; You just have to look and he gets immersed. You just have to deepen your eyes, you have to search where is your ego? What am I doing, am I not trying to forget myself? Because no matter how much I forget myself, I will still be who I am. Even if I try for millions of years to forget myself, I will still be who I am. There is no way to escape from yourself. We can avoid everyone, but we can't avoid ourselves. Not today but tomorrow, he will have to realize his own authority. Because how can I escape who I am? Wherever I flee, wherever I hide, I will always be there with me. I will be present even if I get drunk. The addiction will break and I will stand back in my place.

There is no way to escape yourself. I say: there is no way to escape from the divine. Man can escape everything, but he cannot escape God. Because it is His being, it is His own being. Sooner or later, she has to stand in front of him. He will run and he will run away, and he has measured the ends of the world, where will he flee? He cannot run away from himself, he cannot run away from his being, he has to stand in front of him. So whatever is to happen, the religious man dares to do it for today. Religion is an audacity of self-realization. And how can that be self-realization? It may be that he sees the ego and the ego disappears. So as soon as the ego is removed, as soon as the ego falls, its light starts coming to who we are. As soon as the veil of the ego is removed, its light begins to come which is my real being.

The direction of self-realization is nothing but the practice of ego immersion. Only those who demolish the false and imagined edifice of being come to know themselves. You have to lose your dream to gain the truth and you have to lose nothing. To attain truth, one has to give up nothing but dreams. The dreams themselves are but very deep and hold very tightly. It was forgivable if we dreamed at night, we dream twenty-four hours a day, from birth to death. And the center of all dreams is our ego, our ego. As long as the ego is not broken, even the dreaming mind, the dreaming mind, does not end. And as soon as the ego is broken, the dreams disappear and what remains is the truth. There is nothing to do for self-realization, if we do not fill something that we are doing, then self-realization is easily attained, it is our being, it is not to be brought from anywhere.

A man got drunk one night and went home. Due to the habit of drinking alcohol. He reached his house, but he did not know whether it was his house or not. He started banging on the doors loudly. And the people of the neighborhood gathered together and asked him what was the matter. The man started saying that I have forgotten my house, take me to my house. All the neighbors started laughing, they said, "Crazy, you are standing in front of your house." But the man was not in a position to listen, he started beating his chest and started saying that it is getting late in the night, someone take me to my house. You laugh, you don't even have the mercy to take me home.

Hearing his cries and screams, his neighbours' explanation, his mother came out. He looked at his mother, he grabbed her feet and started saying that Mai, take me to my house, my mother will be waiting for me. His mother said, "Crazy, what has happened to you?" You stand in front of your mother and your house. But he said, "Don't try to explain it to me. And the night goes late, my mother will be watching the way and I have to get home early.

A man from the neighbourhood must have been very kind, he ploughed and brought his bullock cart and said, "Come on, I will take you to your house." His mother said, "Crazy, he is crazy and you are crazy too." If you take him anywhere in a bullock cart, he will go further away from your home, because this is your home. It does not have to be carried anywhere in a bullock cart, it has to be made conscious. If its unconsciousness breaks, it will know that it is where it is, its home.

Man does not have self-awareness. A man says, "Come, I will put you in the bullock cart of tantra-mantra and bring you to the soul." A man says, "Come, I will put you in the train of scripture and take you to your home." A man says make me a guru, hold my feet and I will swim you, you don't need to do anything, I will deliver you. There are twenty-five shopkeepers who say how they will make a man self-realized. But self-realization is not something where we have to go. Self-realization is to be available where we are. I don't have to travel for who I am. What to do then? We are on a journey, we have to break that journey in our dreams.

A man has slept the night dreaming that he is in Calcutta, in Rangoon or in Tokyo. He is lying in Bombay and dreaming that he is in Tokyo and in Rangoon. Do we have to wake him up and bring him back from Rangoon? Do you have to wake up and say, "Now let's go back to Bombay from Rangoon." He will be in Bombay as soon as he wakes up. Because he had never been to Rangoon. He was in Bombay, just dreaming of being in Rangoon. So shaking is enough, waking up is enough. You don't have to take anyone anywhere. The journey of the soul or of God is not a distant journey, no one has to go there, there we are. Where we are, our soul is the name of that being. Where we are, the name of our being is God. Where we are, that is our home. But you have to wake up. And how can one who has slept in the ego wake up? So the last thing I have to say to you is to stop worrying about self-actualization. Worry about the

ego-realization that you should know this ego properly, understand it, recognize it, and if it starts appearing that it is false, it is a dream, then it will disappear. This journey will be broken. This building will collapse. And then whatever remains, then the awareness that will arise, then the awareness that will be born, then the light that will fill the soul, the light that will take hold, that is self-realization. Self-realization is nature. But because of the ego's journey he is hidden, and will remain hidden. Those who break the ego are blessed, they attain to self-realization.

I conclude by repeating the same thing: find the ego. Find the ego, where is it? Where is it in name, position, wealth, knowledge, renunciation? Search for him and wherever you search for him, you will find that from there he became airborne, he ran away. When you search for the whole mind, you will not find it anywhere else; Then what you will find is the soul.

A monk from India went to China some fourteen hundred years ago, Bodhidharma. Emperor Wu came to welcome him at the border of the kingdom. And after welcoming him, he said to Bodhidharma that I am suffering greatly from ego and all the sannyasis say leave the ego, leave the ego. I have tried very hard to leave, but the ego does not leave, what do I do now? My death is approaching, is there no way to redeem me? Bodhidharma said, "Come at four o'clock in the morning, in the dark, alone, I will release your ego." Now you go. The Emperor was astonished. He had gone to many monks, to many monks. People used to explain, but no one said that I will get rid of them. How's this guy! But maybe redeem it. He started descending the stairs of the temple, when Bodhidharma shouted, "Listen, do not come alone, bring the ego with you, otherwise how will I be freed?"

Emperor Wu thought this man was insane. There's no need to come; Because when I come, my ego will come. What was the need to say that the ego should be brought together? But I thought that what is the problem, we should go and see, I don't know if some people will do it, they know something.

At four o'clock in the night he came and sat outside Bodhidharma's hut. Bodhidharma came out with a lantern and a baton and said, "Here you are? But you appear to be alone, where is the ego? Wu said that you also talk like crazy. The ego is within me, how can I let go of it? He is with you. If I could leave him, why would I ask you for a way to leave? I can't leave him, that's my problem. Can you tell me a way out, how do I leave him?"

Bodhidharma said, "You say it is inside, are you sure it is inside?" So blindly search within. I am sitting in front of you, if you find it, hold it there and tell me, then I will finish it.

Now the Bodhidharma sat down in front of him and closed his eyes and searched within. ... And that Bodhidharma began to shake him, "Don't go to sleep, continue to search and search within." And whenever you find that you have been caught, I will finish it.

Half the clock passed, an hour passed, an hour and a half passed, it was morning, the sun started to rise. A strange peace appeared on Emperor Wu's eyes, on his face. All the tension on his face began to dissolve. A shadow of joy began to descend. Then the sun came out, then in its light the Emperor Wu sat full of joy. That Bodhidharma told him to speak. He opened his eyes and fell at the feet of Bodhidharma and said, "I go, because it is madness to erase what is not." I didn't see him, so I thought he was. Today, when I search inside, I find that he is nowhere to be found. Wu was walking on his feet.

Find the ego, where has it stood in life? Where is it? And the day it is seen that it is not, that day, that day it will begin to appear that which is. And his achievement becomes bliss, his achievement becomes Alok, his achievement becomes nectar. All other people live, appear to be alive, but do not know life. Only those who come to know life, who attain to the full depth of self, who attain self-realization, they alone know the nectar of life.

I am very grateful to have listened to these few words of mine with so much love and so much peace. And in the end, I bow down to the God sitting within everyone. Please accept my obeisances.

My dear soul ,

First of all, I welcome you – because you are eager for God – because there is an aspiration to enter the life of a seeker above ordinary life – because there is a thirst for truth other than the world.

Good luck to those who can thirst for the truth. Many are born, too few thirst for the truth. It is a great privilege to find the truth. Thirst for truth is equally a great privilege. Even if you don't find the truth, it doesn't matter; But if there is no thirst for truth, then it is a great problem.

If you don't find the truth, I said, "It doesn't matter." We had desired and we had tried, we had laboured and we had aspiration, we had resolved and we had done what we could. And if the truth is not found, then there is no problem; But if the thirst for truth is not born in us, then life is filled with great misfortune.

And let me also tell you that gaining the truth is not as important as being truly thirsty for the truth. It's also a pleasure. He who thirsts for the petty does not attain bliss even after finding the petty. And the one who thirsts for Virat, even if he cannot get it, is filled with joy.

Let me repeat it again: He who longs for the inferior, even if he finds the inferior, has no peace and bliss. And the one who is filled with the longing of Virat, even if he is not able to attain it, his life is filled with happiness. In the sense in which we begin to desire the best, in the same sense, something superior begins to arise within us.

No God or any truth will be available to us outside of us, its seeds are within us and they will grow. But they will only evolve if we can create the fire of thirst and the heat of thirst and the heat of thirst. The more I aspire for the best, the more the seeds hidden within my mind, which can become vast and superior, begin to vibrate and there is a possibility of sprouting in them.

Whenever the thought arises within you that you have to attain God, whenever the thought arises that peace and truth have to be attained, remember that a seed has become eager to sprout within you. Remember that there is a pent-up desire within you. Remember that something important is happening within you.

We have to take care of that movement. That movement has to be supported. Because the seed becomes a single seedling, that is not enough. There are many other protections that are necessary. And for the seed to become a seedling, the capacity of the seed is not enough, and many facilities are also necessary.

Many seeds are produced on the ground, but very few seeds become trees. They had the potential, they could grow. And every seed could then plant millions and millions of seeds. A small seed has so much power that an entire forest can grow from it. A small seed has so much power that plants can grow from it all over the land. But it is also possible that that seed of such a huge potential, such a huge power, is destroyed and nothing is born in it.

This is the capacity of a seed, the capacity of a human being is even more. Such a huge growth can take place from a seed, if a molecule is exploded from a small piece of stone, then great energy is born, a lot of power is born. If the atom of man's soul and man's consciousness can grow, if it can explode, if it can develop, then the power and energy that is born is called God. We do not find God anywhere, but the energy that we give birth to through our own explosion, our own development, the power that we experience, that power is God. His thirst is in you, so I welcome.

But if no one thinks that you have gathered here, then it is necessary that you are thirsty. You can gather here as a spectator. You can gather here, even as a simple curiosity. You may gather here because of a curiosity too. But curiosity does not open any doors. And one who stands like a spectator like this, no secrets are available to him. There is a lot to pay for what is found in this world. There is a lot to pay for what is found in this world. Curiosity pays nothing. So curiosity can't find anything. No one enters into cultivation out of curiosity. Not curiosity alone, Mumuksha! A deep thirst!

Yesterday evening I was telling somebody that if you are in a desert and you don't get water, and your thirst increases, and the time comes when you are about to die and if you don't get water, you won't be able to live. If someone tells you at that time that we give this water, but by giving water, we will kill you, that is, we give water at the cost of our lives, you will agree to take that too. Because you have to die; It is better to die satiated than to die of thirst.

That much curiosity, so much aspiration, when it arises within you, under the pressure of that curiosity and aspiration, the seed within you breaks and sprouts out of it. Seeds don't just break, they need pressure. They need a lot of pressure, a lot of excitement, then their hard shell breaks and a tender plant is born from within. We all have a very hard shell inside of us. And whoever wants to come out of that shell, will not be able to come alone. Remember, therefore, that those who have gathered out of curiosity will return with mere curiosity. Nothing will be done for them. Those who have gathered as spectators will go back as spectators, nothing will be done for them.

Therefore, each one should first think that he is thirsty. Each one should think within himself: Is he thirsty? To experience it very clearly, is he really interested in the divine? Does he have any eagerness to attain truth, peace, joy?

If not, let him understand that whatever he does, there can be no soul in doing it; He will be lifeless. And then if there is no fruit of that lifeless effort, then the cultivation will not be responsible, you yourself will be responsible.

So the first thing is to find your thirst within yourself and make it clear. Do you really want to achieve something? If you want to get it, there is a way to get it.

Once it happened, Gautama Buddha was staying in a village. A man came to him and said, 'You say every day that every person can attain salvation. But why doesn't every single person attain salvation?' Buddha said, 'My friend, do one thing. Go to the village in the evening and ask all the people what they want to achieve. Make a list. Write each one's name and write it down in front of him, what his aspiration is. '

The man went into the village. He went and asked. He asked each man. There were a few people in that village, they all answered. He returned in the evening. He came and gave the list to Buddha. Buddha said, 'How many of them are aspiring for salvation?' He was very surprised. Not a single man had written salvation in his aspiration. Buddha said, 'Every man can attain, this is what I say. But I don't say that everyone wants to get it. '

Every single man can find, it's a very different thing. And every man wants to get it, that's a very different thing. If you want to get it, accept this assurance. If you really want to achieve, no force on this land is able to stop you. And if you don't want to, no power on this land is able to give it to you.

So the first thing to remember, first of all, is that there is a real thirst within you? If so, be assured that a way will be found. And if not, there's no way. Your thirst will make way for you.

The second point, which I would like to say here at the outset, is that many times we are thirsty for something, but we are not full of hope. We are thirsty, but we are not hopeful. We are thirsty, but we are disappointed. And the one whose first step rises in despair, his last step will end in despair. Remember, too, that the first step will end in despair, the last step will also end in despair. If the final step is to go to success and meaningfulness, then the first step must arise in great hope.

So for these three days I will tell you – I will say it for the rest of my life – a very hopeful approach. Do you know that a lot depends on whether you are doing something out of hope or out of despair? If you're already frustrated, you're using your own hand to cut the daggles you're sitting on.

So let me tell you, it's very important to be very hopeful about spiritual practice. To be full of hope means that if any man on this earth has ever found the truth, if at any time in the history of man on this land has there been joy and ultimate peace, then there is no reason why I will not be available.

Don't look at the millions of people whose lives are darkened and see no hope and no ray and no light. Look at the few people in history who have found the truth. Don't look at the seeds that didn't grow into trees and rotted and perished. Look at the few seeds that have brought about growth and that have reached the divine. And remember that doing what is possible to each seed is possible. What is possible for one human being is possible for every other human being.

I want to tell you that your power is as much as that of Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna or Christ. There is no injustice in the world of God in the sense that there are more possibilities and less. The possibilities are equal, but the realities are not the same. Because many of us never try to turn our possibilities into reality.

So a basic thought is to be full of hope. Have faith that if anybody has ever found peace, if there is joy, then I will also be attained. Don't insult yourself by getting frustrated. Disappointment is the greatest insult to oneself. That means I am not worthy of being able to attain it. Let me tell you, you are worthy of this, you will be able to find it certainly.

See! Even in despair, I have seen it all my life. Try these three days in hope. Be filled with so much hope that an event will happen, an event will definitely happen. Why! It may be that you are full of hope, but in the outside world, you may be able to do some work even if you are full of hope. But in the inner world, hope is a much bigger path. When you are filled with hope, every particle of you is filled with hope, your cries are filled with hope, your breath is filled with hope. Hope shines on your thoughts, and hope pervades your heartbeat, in the vibrations of your soul.

When your whole personality is filled with hope, the role is created that you will be able to do something. And despair also has its personality – every particle is crying, sad, tired, drowned, there is no life. All – as if the man is alive and dead. If such a man goes on an effort, on a mission, what will he be able to achieve? And the campaign of spiritual life is the greatest mission. There is no higher peak than this that no human being has ever climbed. There is no greater depth than the depths of the seas that man has ever dived into. The depth of the self is the greatest depth and the height of the self is the greatest height.

What goes out on this campaign should be full of great hope.

So, I would tell you, for three days, maintain a state of hope. When you sleep tonight, sleep full of hope. And sleep with the belief that when you wake up tomorrow morning, something will happen, something will happen, something can be done.

The second thing I said was an attitude of hope. With this attitude of hope, let me also remind you, from the experience of these few years back, I have come to the conclusion that our despair is so deep that when we start getting something, we do not see the cause of despair.

Recently a person came to me. He brought his wife to me. On the first day, when he came, he told me that my wife couldn't sleep. I can't sleep without medication. And medicine also does not cause more than three to four hours of sleep. And my wife is terrified. Unconscious fears haunt him. When she comes out of the house, she is scared. When she is inside the house, she is afraid that the house will collapse. If there is no one nearby, she is afraid that she will die alone, so there must be someone nearby. At night, she sleeps with all the medicines so that there is no danger in the middle of the night. He told me his wife's fear and despair.

I told him to start this small experiment of meditation and it will be beneficial. He started the experiment. Seven days later they found me. I asked him, 'What happened? How's that?' He said, "Nothing special has happened yet. It's just starting to get sleepy. He told me, 'Nothing special has happened yet, just sleepy.'" '

Seven days later, when they met me again, I asked them, 'What happened?' He said, "Nothing much has happened yet, a little bit of fear has gone away. "Seven days later they met me again. I asked him, 'Did something happen?' He said, "Nothing special has happened yet, it is that I get some sleep, the fear has subsided, I do not keep medicines with me. And nothing special happened. '

This is what I call the vision of despair. And even if something happens to such a person, he will not know. This view is fundamentally wrong. This means that nothing can happen to this man, even if it happens – he will never know that something has happened. And there could have been a lot that would stop.

So with this attitude of hope, incidentally, let me tell you, remember what happens in these three days; And don't remember what doesn't happen.

Remember what happened during these three days. And don't remember what doesn't happen, what doesn't happen. Remembering is what has happened. If you feel even a little particle of peace, hold on to it. He will give you hope and set you in motion. And if you catch what didn't happen, your momentum will be blocked and what has happened will also be erased.

So, during these three days, also remember that whatever little you experience in these meditation experiments, remember that and base it on your future course of action. Don't base what isn't. Man lives in this misery throughout his life. He forgets what he gets. And he remembers what he does not get. Such a man is standing on the wrong base. Be a man who remembers what he has received and stands on that foundation.

As I was reading, a person said to someone, "I don't have anything. I am very poor. The other man said, "If you are poor, do one thing." I want your left eye. I pay five thousand rupees for it. You take five thousand rupees and give him the left eye. The man said, "It's difficult, I

can't give the left eye." He said, 'I give ten thousand rupees, give both eyes.' He said, "Ten thousand! Still, I cannot give." He said, 'I give you fifty thousand rupees, you give your life to me.' He said, "It's impossible. I can't. So the man said, "Then you have a lot that is worth a lot." You have two eyes, which you are not willing to give for ten thousand. But you were saying, I don't have anything. '

I'm talking to you about that man and that idea. Remember what you have. And whatever you get in spiritual practice, remember even a little. Think about it, discuss it. His base will pave the way for more to be found, as hope will grow. And what I didn't get....

A woman came to me. She is educated, a professor in a college, a scholar of Sanskrit. They used to come to me. There used to be a seven-day experiment in meditation and she used to come to it. On the first day, after the experiment, she got up and went out and said to me, 'Sorry, I haven't seen God today!' On the first day, she experimented and went out and said to me, 'Sorry, I haven't seen any God yet.' '

I said, "If I could see God, then only it would be a matter of danger." Because if you find such a cheap God, then you may not even consider it to mean anything. And I said to him, "There can be no more foolish attitude and thought than one who aspires that he has sat with his eyes closed for ten minutes, so he is entitled to find God." '

So I tell you that whatever little ray of peace you get, consider it to be the sun. Therefore, understand that by holding the support of the same ray, you will reach the sun. If I am sitting in this dark room and I see a little ray, I have two options. Firstly, let me say, what is this ray, the darkness is so dense. What will happen with this ray? There is so much darkness. There is also a way that I can say that no matter how dark it is, a ray is available to me. And if I follow it in its direction, I will reach where the ray came from and where the sun will be.

So I don't ask you to think about it even if it is too dark. Even if the beam is small, I ask you to put your thoughts on it. This will create a vision of hope.

Otherwise, our lives are very upside down. If I take you to a rose plant and show you the plant, you may say to me, 'What's in it! How unjust is God! There are two or four flowers, a thousand thorns. There is also a vision that we go to a rose and say, 'How unjust is God! There are a thousand thorns, somewhere there is a flower.' '

There can be another way of saying this, there can be another vision, another approach that a person can go to the same plant and say, 'How wonderful is God that where there are millions of thorns, a flower blossoms in them!' One can look at it like this, saying, 'Where there are millions of thorns, a flower blooms in them.' The world is wonderful! How amazing is the prospect of a flower blooming even among thorns!'

So I would ask you to have a second look in these three days. Whatever little glimpse of hope you get in your spiritual practice, make it your base and support it.

Thirdly, in these three days of sadhana, you do not have to live in the same way as you have been living till the evening today. Human beings are very much an instrument of habits. And if a man sticks to his old habits, he finds it very difficult to open a new vision of cultivation. So, I will ask you to make a little change.

One change, I would like to tell you that you should not talk too much in these three days. Negotiation is the biggest disease of this century. And you don't know how much you're talking. From morning till dusk, as long as you are awake, talking. Either you are doing it to someone, if then you are doing it to yourself, then to yourself.

In these three days, try very carefully not to let your very mechanical habit of conversation work. It is our habit. It is very fatal in the life of a seeker.

In these three days, I would like you to at least talk. And whatever you talk about, it should also be good that you do not have the same normal thing that you do every day. Is it worth a lot about what you're talking about every day? Is there any harm if you don't do it? Is there any harm to the person you are doing, if not to him?

In these three days, remember that we do not have to talk to anyone in particular. There will be a lot of amazing benefits. Even if you talk a little, it's better if it's related to spiritual practice, and nothing else. It's better not to do it. Keep silence for as long as possible. I also do not ask you to keep silence so that you do not speak at all, or speak in writing. You are free to speak, not free to negotiate. And rememberfully, speak as much as you can, the rest remain silent.

There will be two benefits. Firstly, it will be a great benefit that the energy that is wasted in speaking will be accumulated. And we will be able to use that power in spiritual practice. The second benefit will be that you will break up with other people and you will be a little more secluded. We're here on the mountain. There is no purpose in coming to the mountain, if two hundred of us have gathered here and talked and sat and chatted. So we stayed in the crowd of crowds, we couldn't come to solitude.

It is not only necessary to go to the mountain to come to solitude, it is also important that you relax your relationship with other people a little and become alone. Keep a very nominal relationship. Understand that you are alone on this mountain and there is no one else. And you have to live as if you had come alone – living alone, going for a walk alone, sitting alone under a tree – just like that. Don't go in a herd. Don't go with four or six friends. Separately, one by one, this is how we live in these three days.

Let me tell you that no superior truth of life is ever born or experienced in a crowd. Nothing significant has ever happened in the crowd. All the experiences of the truth have taken place in extreme solitude and loneliness.

When we do not speak to any human being and when we shut all communication out and within, nature begins to speak to us in a very mysterious way. Perhaps she is constantly speaking to us. But we are so busy with our conversation that we can't hear that faint voice. We have to shut down all our voices, so that we can listen to the voice of the inner consciousness that is going on within everyone.

So in these three days, let's just smear the conversation. If the conversation starts out of habit and the thought comes up, break it in the middle and apologize that you made a mistake. Go alone. Whatever experiments we will do here, we will do it, but you should experiment alone. Go anywhere. Sit under a tree.

We have also forgotten that we have some connection with nature and some connection. And we do not even know that nowhere else does a person reach the nearness of God as quickly as he is in the company of nature.

So take advantage of this wonderful three-day opportunity. Go alone and don't talk in vain. You will have plenty of time to do that again after three days; You can do that later.

Remember this third point: most of the three days are to be spent in silence, solitude and solitude. Even if we are all together, we are spending time alone. The life of cultivation is a life alone. There are so many of us here, if we sit down to meditate, we will feel that we are meditating in a group. But all meditation is personal. The group doesn't care. There are definitely so many of us here. But when each one goes within, he will be left alone. When he closes his eyes, he will be alone. And when peace enters, there will be no one with him. We will be two hundred people here, but each man will be with only himself. The rest will not be with one hundred and ninety-nine.

There is no collective meditation, no prayer. All meditation, all prayers are personal, alone. Here we will be alone, we will be alone outside. And most will spend time in silence. He won't speak. It's not enough that they won't speak. Even in the end, you will remember that you will keep the nonsense that is going on inside you – you are speaking for yourself, you are answering yourself – you will keep it relaxed and you will also leave it. If it doesn't relax inside, then give a very clear order to stop the nonsense. I don't like that. Say to yourself within yourself.

Let me also tell you that in the life of sadhana, it is very important to give some orders from yourself. Try ordering sometime. Sit alone and tell your mind that 'stop talking nonsense'. I don't like it. And you'll be surprised that a jolt will break the conversation within.

Within three days, I remember to order that I do not want to talk. You will find in three days that there is a difference and gradually the inner conversation has stopped.

Fifthly, there may be some complaints, there may be some discomfort. No one will take care of him for three days. If there is a minor problem or a hindrance, no one will care about it. We have not gathered here for any facilities.

Recently I was reading the life of a Chinese monk. She went to a village. There were few houses in the village. She went in front of the houses and said, "Let me stay in the house, it was dusk, it was about to fall, she was the only sadhvi. "An unfamiliar woman. Then the people who lived in that village did not believe in their religion. People closed their doors. The second village was far away. And the night, and the lonely. He had to sleep in a field that night. She went to sleep quietly under a cherry tree.

He woke up at 2 a.m. It was cold, and he woke up because of the cold. He saw that the flowers were all in bloom and the tree was full of flowers and the moon had come up. And it's a wonderful moonlight. And he experienced that moment of joy.

In the morning she went to the village and thanked those who had closed the night gates. And he asked, "Thank you! He said, "Thank you that you closed your doors night out of your love and compassion for me. I was able to capture a very amazing moment. I saw the cherry blossoms blooming and I saw the full moon. And I saw something I hadn't seen in my life. And if you had given me space, I would have been deprived. Then I understood their compassion for why they had closed the doors for me. '

It's a vision, an angle. You too might have been turned away from the gate that night. So maybe you would have been so angry all night long, and you would have so much hatred and so much anger towards those people that you might not have seen the flowers when the cherry blossoms bloomed. And when the moon comes up, you don't know. Thank you was so far away, you can't even experience it all.

There is another situation in life, when we are filled with gratitude for everything. Seekers should remember that they have to be filled with gratitude for everything in these three days. Thank you for what you get. What is not received is of no use. Meaning is created in that role. In that role, there is a calmness within and a simplicity is born.

And lastly, one more thing. In these three days, we will constantly strive for inner entry, meditation, samadhi. That entry requires a very strong determination. Deep determination means that a very small part of our mind, which we call the conscious mind, in which all thoughts go on. Deeper than that, we have nine parts of the mind. If we do ten divisions of the mind, then one section is our consciousness, we are conscious. The nine sections are our unconscious and unconscious. It is in this one section that we all think and think. In nine volumes there is no news of it; in nine volumes there is no news of it.

Here we think that we have to meditate, we have to go into samadhi, but a lot of our mind remains unfamiliar. That unfamiliar part will not accompany us. And if we don't get that

support, then success is very difficult. There is a need to resolve to get along with him. And let me explain to you how we will do it. You will now wake up here with thoughts. And then when you go to your bed at night, repeat that resolution again for five minutes and fall asleep as soon as you repeat that resolution.

Let me explain to you the experiment of creating a resolve, we will do it here too and we will do it every day. With resolve, I have explained to you that your whole mind, conscious and unconscious, should collectively feel that I have to be calm, I have to be attainable to meditation.

On the night Gautama Buddha attained samadhi, he sat under his Bodhi tree and said, "Now I will not get up from here until I have attained the Supreme Truth." "We're like, what's that mean? How will the ultimate truth be available if you do not wake up? But the thought that I would not get up from here until the ultimate truth was attained, resonated throughout my life. They did not rise until the ultimate truth was attained. And to their surprise, the ultimate truth came to them that night. They had been trying for six years, but never had such a profound resolve been made.

I will tell you a small experiment on how to develop a depth of resolve. We will do that here now and then we will sleep regularly at night.

If you throw out all your breath and then stop breathing in, what will happen? What if I throw out all my breath and then close my nose and don't let the breath in? Won't all my soul be yearning to take that breath in a little while? Will not my weeping and the millions of chambers in my body begin to demand that I want air, that I want air! The longer I stop, the more part of my deep unconscious will call out for air! The longer I hold back, the more the lower parts of my soul will also cry out, I want air! If I hold on till the last moment, So my whole soul will start demanding, I need air! It is not an easy question to ask for the upper part. Now that it is a question of life and death, even the lower parts will call out that they need air.

In this moment situation, when the whole soul is asking for air, then you should constantly repeat the thought in your mind, "I will enter into meditation." In those moments, when your whole soul is breathing, keep repeating in your mind the feeling that you will enter meditation. It is my resolve that I will enter into meditation. At that time, your mind keeps repeating this. At that time, your soul will be asking for breath and your mind will repeat it. The deeper the prana vibrates, the deeper your resolve will be reached. And if you repeat this sentence in a whole life-staggered state, this resolve will be strengthened. Intense means that it will enter your unconscious, unconscious mind.

We will do this every day before meditation. You will also sleep by doing this while sleeping at night. Do it, then go to sleep. Even when you start sleeping, there is a constant sound in your mind that you will enter meditation. It is my resolve that I have to enter

meditation. Let this word resonate and resonate in your mind, and you do not know when you fall asleep.

While sleeping, the conscious mind becomes unconscious and the doors of the unconscious mind open. If this thing continues to resonate in your mind at that time, then it will enter the unconscious layers. And you will see the result. You will see results in these three days.

Understand the way to strengthen your resolve. The remedy is, first of all, to inhale slowly, to fill the whole life, the whole lungs, as much as you can. Even when the breath is full, the feeling resonates in the mind that I resolve to enter into meditation. This sentence continues to resonate.

Then, even if the breath is thrown out, the sentence resonates that I resolve to enter meditation. Keep repeating this sentence. Then breathe out. A moment will come, you will feel that now there is no breath at all, even then there is little, throw it away and keep repeating the sentence. You will feel that you should throw it away even if it is not there at all.

Don't panic. You can never take a full breath. That is, there is no reason to panic in this. You can never take a full breath. Therefore, as much as you feel that there is no longer at all, even at that time there is a little, throw it away. As long as you become yourself, throw it away and keep it echoing in your mind, "I resolve that I will enter meditation and stay."

It is a unique process. Through this, thoughts will enter your unconscious layers, thoughts will enter and you will see the results from tomorrow morning.

So, one has to strengthen your thoughts. When we are separated from here, we will do that experiment. You have to do it five times. That is, you have to throw and stop the breath five times, and repeat that feeling within yourself five times continuously. Those who have a heart ailment or a problem will not do it too fast, they will do it too slowly; As easy as it may seem to them, it does not seem difficult.

I told you that you have to sleep every night during these three days. While sleeping, when you lie down on the bed, you have to gradually dissolve in sleep while doing this feeling.

If we hold this state of thought properly and convey that voice to our souls, then it is very easy and very, very easy to get results.

These are the few things you had to say today. I understand the relevant requirements, you must have understood. Like I said, we don't have to talk. Naturally, you don't have to use newspapers, radios, them. Because it's also a conversation. I told you, to be in silence and in solitude. This naturally means staying away from comrades as far as possible. The longer we meet here, the different. He will go for food, he is different. There, too, you eat very silently

and in great peace. There is also silence, as if you do not know that you are there. If you come here, then come in silence and peace.

See what the results of three days of quiet experimentation brings! When you get up and sit, it's completely silent. And mostly go into solitude. Choose a beautiful place, sit there quietly. If someone is with you, he should also sit quietly and do not talk. Otherwise, the hills become meaningless. Beauty becomes meaningless. You can't see what's in front of you. You end everything in the conversation. Go alone.

And in the same way, I said these few things that are necessary for you and for everyone. If you don't know the thirst within you, ask me a question tomorrow about how to create that thirst. If you don't think so, that I don't see any hope; So, ask me questions tomorrow morning about how to create hope. If you think that I have difficulty in making a resolution, or I am not able to make it, or if I do not have it, then ask me all the difficulties in the morning.

Tomorrow morning, whatever difficulties you may face for three days, you ask me, so that no time is spent in three days. If each person has his or her own personal pain and pain that he wants to be free of, or that he cannot meditate, or that makes it difficult for him to enter into meditation, then understand. If you have a particular concern that doesn't allow you to enter into peace, ask for it separately. If you have any pain that does not allow you to enter, ask it separately. It won't be collectively for everyone. It will be your personal one, you will experiment differently for that. And whatever the problem is, keep it clear in the morning, so that we can settle for three days.

These are the few things I had to tell you. Let there be an emotional vision of you. And then what we have to do is we will start from tomorrow and understand from tomorrow.

Now we will all sit at a little distance. The hall is big, everyone will sit at a distance so that we can use our thoughts and then we will depart from here.

...Not with such a jerk, but very slowly, you have to fill your lungs completely. When you fill your lungs, you will keep repeating in your mind, "I resolve that I will enter meditation." You will keep repeating this sentence. Then when the breath is full to the last limit, then hold it for a while and keep repeating it in your mind. Panic will increase. Throw it out. Even then, hold on for a while. And keep repeating this sentence. Then exhale slowly. Even then, keep repeating the sentence. Then keep on exhaling all the breaths, even if it takes you to the last limit, even then keep repeating the sentence. Then when it is empty inside, stop that emptiness. Do not inhale. Then repeat the sentence, until the last moment. Then slowly inhale. Five times like this. That is, once means to take in and leave it out. Once. Five times like this. Do everything gradually.

When you have done it five times, then keep your spine straight very slowly and then breathe slowly and sit comfortably for five minutes. We use that for about 10 minutes here.

Then quietly all the people will leave. Remember not to talk. You have to start it now. The camp has begun, in that sense. Repeat this experiment five to seven times while sleeping, as long as you like. Then go to sleep. While sleeping, sleep with the same feeling that I will remain calm, this is my resolve. And sleep catches you and you keep thinking about it.

So turn off the lights. When you're done five times, you'll be sitting quietly on your own, breathing a little slower. Straighten the spine. Leave the whole body relaxed. The spine is straight and the body is relaxed. Close your eyes. Inhale very calmly. And do as I said, do it five times.

I will enter into meditation. I will enter into meditation. My resolve is that meditation will be entered. My resolve is that meditation will be entered. Let the whole soul resolve that you will enter the meditation. Let this resonate in the whole soul. It goes down to the inner consciousness.

If you are done five times, then sit very slowly and keep the spine straight, inhale slowly, exhale slowly and keep looking at the breath. Rest for five minutes. In that time of rest, the resolution we have made will sink deeper and deeper into itself. Rethink five times, then sit quietly and watch the breath for five minutes. And breathe very slowly, then.

The Right Direction of Pursuit of Bliss

Love is the Door to God – 3

The question that arises in the minds of many people is, what is the need to find truth in life? Life is so short, why labor to find the truth in it? When one can enjoy it only by watching cinema and listening to music, then what is wrong in spending life like this?

This question arises because we probably think that the truth is different. But no, truth and joy are not two things. Happiness is available only when truth is available in life. Bliss is available only when God is available. Bliss, Truth or God are different ways of expressing the same thing. Then don't think in this way, what is the need for truth? Think about what is the need for pleasure? And the need for pleasure is known to everyone, even to those who have such questions. Those who see joy in music and cinema need to understand that joy is not just forgetting suffering. Cinema, music or all such arrangements only forget the sight, not the pleasure. Alcohol also forgets misery, music, cinema, sex. It is one thing to forget misery and quite another to attain bliss.

It is one thing for a man to forget his poverty and for him to become rich is quite another. Forgetting sorrow creates a sense of happiness. Happiness is only the oblivion of misery. And enjoyment? Bliss is different, it is not forgetfulness of anything, it is remembrance.

That is the achievement of a seed, an achievement of an MLA. Happiness is legislative, happiness is negative.

A man is sad. There are two ways to remove this suffering. One way is to go and listen to music or something else in such a way that he does not remember the sorrow. If he becomes so engrossed in music that his mind stops going to the other side, then he will forget his sorrow for that long, but this does not remove suffering. As soon as the mind returns to music, the sorrow will resurface with all its strength. The longer he had forgotten himself in the music, the farther away the sorrow was sliding within. As soon as the mind is removed from the music, sorrow will stand in front of it with its double velocity. Now forget him again. To do this, you will need a deeper delusion. Then there is alcohol, and there are other ways in which the mind can be made unconscious. But remember, this is not unconscious bliss. Rather, the truth is that the more miserable a person is, the more he finds a way to forget himself. It is out of misery that this escape emerges. Out of grief arises the desire to drown, to run away and to faint.

People run away from grief. No one runs away from happiness. So if you say that when you sit in the cinema, you get a lot of pleasure, then naturally the question arises, what do you get when you are not in the cinema? Then it will definitely hurt. It is a declaration that you are unhappy. But how will the misery disappear by sitting in the cinema? The stream of sorrow will continue to move within. Yes, the more unhappy you are, the happier you will be in cinema. The one who is truly blissful may not feel happy. And this is our vision that why we should not spend our whole life like this... If you are unconscious, you are forgetting, then it is appropriate that a man sleeps all his life, what is the need of cinema? And if it is difficult to sleep all your life, then what is the need to live? When I die, and when I sleep, all sorrows will be forgotten. It is this tendency that leads to a sense of suicide. If a man who goes to the movies, who drinks and is immersed in music, reaches the end of his argument, he will say: What is the need to live? If there is pain in living, I die. These are all suicidal tendencies. Whenever we want to forget life, we become suicidal. But the joy of life lies not in forgetting it, but in knowing it in its fullness.

I was a great musician. He had a unique condition. He went to a palace to listen to his music. He said, "I will play my harp on one condition, that no one of the listeners should move their heads." And if someone shakes my head, I'll stop playing the harp. The king was also of his own kind. He said, "There's no need to stop the harp. Our men will be stationed and whoever shakes his head, he will cut off that head."

In the evening, the whole city was informed that those who came to listen should understand a little, if anyone shakes his head while listening to the music, he will be separated. Millions of people were eager to listen to music. Such a great musician had come to the village.

Everyone had an opportunity to forget their grief. Who wants to miss him? But no one was willing to take pleasure that far. Who would have agreed to listen to music at the price of a neck-cut? The neck could also move by mistake. And the head may not have moved to the music, the fly may have sat down and the neck may have moved, or may have shook for some other reason. The people knew that the king was mad and then afterwards there would be no hearing as to why the neck had moved. Just a shaking of the neck will be enough. Still, some 200 or 300 people went to listen to the music that night. Those who wanted to dry up even at the cost of losing lives came there. The harp sounded. For an hour, people sat as if they were statues. It was as if people had not even breathed because of fear. The doors were closed so that no one could escape. Soldiers with naked swords stood there, anyone's neck could be severed in a moment.

An hour passed, two hours passed, and it was close to midnight. Then the king was surprised, and so were his soldiers, who were standing with naked swords. He saw ten or fifteen heads moving slowly. The number went up. By the end of the night, some forty or fifty heads were shaking. Fifty of those people were caught. The king said to the musician, "Cut off their necks?" The musician said: No. I made the bet in a lot of other senses. Now these are the people who truly deserve to listen to my music. Tomorrow only these people will be able to listen to music.

"Well," said the king, "that may have been the meaning of the musician's condition, but you knew it, madman! Why did you nod? The men said: We didn't move our necks, our necks must have moved. Because as long as we were present, the neck did not move, but when we became non-existent, we did not know anything. As long as we were aware, as long as we were conscious, we held our necks. Then a time came when we were no longer conscious. We were so immersed in the music that we almost fainted. In the meantime, we don't know if the neck is shaken again. So now you may cut our necks, but we are not to blame. Because we didn't exist. We were unconscious. In our senses, we did not move our heads.

Can so much unconsciousness be created by music?

Of course, there are many ways of unconsciousness in human life. There are as many senses as there are ways to become unconscious. Each sense has its own way of becoming unconscious. Fainting can be brought about by ear sounds. If such sounds and such sounds are thrown on the ear so that the consciousness in the ear falls asleep, becomes relaxed... So gradually the ear will become unconscious and the whole mind will also fall asleep along with it, because in this condition the whole mind will be concentrated and gathered near the ear and as the ear relaxes, the whole mind will also become relaxed and faint. Similarly, the eyes can make you faint. Beauty can be seen by the eyes. And if the eyes become unconscious, then the whole mind can become unconscious from behind.

In this way, if we become unconscious, when we return to consciousness, we will feel how good it is. For in the meantime there was no trace of any sorrow, no worries, no suffering, and no problems. It wasn't because you weren't there. If you were there, all these things would have happened. You were absent so there was no worry, no sorrow, no problem. There was sadness, but the consciousness needed to know him was lost. So there was no trace of him. Those who think of it as bliss are mistaken. Their life goes by in an unconscious state without knowing the bliss and they are forever unfamiliar with the bliss.

That is why I say that truth must be sought, because without it no one has and cannot attain any attainment of happiness. Now if someone starts asking what is the need to find happiness, then there will be a little difficulty. However, no man has ever really asked such a question. In ten thousand years man has asked many questions, but no man has asked what is the necessity of the pursuit of happiness? Because to ask this would mean that we are satiated with suffering. But no one is satiated by misery. If you were satiated with misery, why would you go to the cinema? Why listen to music too? He is searching for pleasure, but in the wrong direction. In the wrong direction because forgetting suffering does not lead to happiness. Yes, if happiness is attained, then sorrow definitely disappears. Even if I sit in the dark and forget the darkness, the room will still be dark. But yes, if I light the lamp, the darkness will definitely disappear.

One thing is certain: we are not satisfied with being who we are, as we are. That's why search is needed. The one who is satiated has no need for itching. We are not satisfied with who we are. We are not satisfied where we are. There is a restlessness, a pain, which is constantly being told that something is wrong, something is wrong. The same restlessness says... Find! Give it the name of the truth, no matter what name you give it. He is being searched in music and in cinema as well. But that direction is wrong and illusory. When one searches in the direction of the soul, one begins to search in the right and right direction. Because by forgetting suffering, no happiness has been available till date, but by knowing the soul, a person has definitely not attained bliss, but by knowing the soul, a person definitely attains happiness. There is a revolution in the whole life of those who have had a little glimpse of that truth. Their whole life becomes a rain of joy and Mars. Then they do not go out to forget the music, because on the harp of their hearts, a music itself starts playing. Then they do not wander outside in search of happiness, because a fountain of bliss bursts forth within them.

One who is unhappy inside seeks happiness outside, but how can one who is unhappy inside find happiness outside? He who is filled with bliss within, his search for happiness outside must stop, because what he used to seek has become available to him within himself.

A beggar died in a big metropolis. He sat in the same place and begged. He sat there all his life and begged for every penny. He lived there and died there. When he died, his body was dragged by the municipal staff to Marghat. His clothes were set to rags. People thought... For thirty years that beggar has spoiled and defiled this land, why not dig up a little soil of this land and throw it away? They were surprised when the soil was changed. Where the beggar used to sit, a big treasure was found there. He sat on the same land, the same treasure, begging for every penny for thirty years. He had no idea that there could be any treasure on the land on which he sits.

This is not one beggar's story, it is every man's story. Wherever every man is sitting, where he is begging for every penny, begging for happiness and waving his hands, in the same ground, under him there are treasures of great happiness. It is his choice whether he seeks them or not, no one can force him.

If only I had gone and told that beggar... Friend, search for buried treasure. And he would say to me... What do I need to find buried treasure? I beg and live happily. Why should I search? Am I going to live like this?

So what would I say to him? He would say, "Okay, beg for alms!" But if the one who is begging says, "I don't need any treasures, then he is mad." Begging if you don't need to?

Finding happiness in cinema and music and saying what do I need to do to find pleasure? So he's crazy, or what's he begging for in cinema, in music, in alcohol and in sex? Who is he looking for?

We are begging people and when someone gives us news of a treasure, we do not believe it because the one who is begging for every penny cannot believe that there can be a treasure. The beggar cannot believe the treasure. Even if he finds the treasure, he will think that I am not dreaming? He does not believe that I am a beggar and I can even find a treasure! To forget this, he starts saying that what is the need to find treasures? I'm busy begging for myself. Why should I bother? I have got a short life, why should I waste it in search of happiness? If lives are lost in pursuit of happiness, then I want to ask, what will the money be earned for?