

## YaaHoo! The Mystic Rose #18

### Just a glimpse and the work is done

*8 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium*

#### Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,  
IN THE TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE AND LET-GO THE OTHER NIGHT, YOU TOOK US TO THE  
HIGHEST LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE SOUNDLESS SOUND AND INEXPRESSIBLE GRATITUDE INSIDE, EVEN THE WATCHER  
DISAPPEARS. I CANNOT BELIEVE HOW EASY IT IS!

BELOVED MASTER, IS THIS ENERGY ALWAYS AVAILABLE, OR ONLY CLOSE TO YOUR PHYSICAL  
PRESENCE? IS IT POSSIBLE TO LIVE IN IT ALL THE TIME EVEN WHILE WORKING IN BOMBAY,  
SYDNEY OR HAMBURG?

THEN THE LOVE BETWEEN US AND MY RESPONSIBILITY WOULD BECOME ULTIMATE  
FREEDOM!

PS. IN MY LIFETIMES I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

Dhyan Charyo, the energy is yours. It is not my presence. My presence may trigger it; my  
presence may become a mirror so that you can see your original face. But the face belongs to  
you, not to the mirror – whether you are here or in Bombay or in Sydney or in Hamburg.

Your energy is yours. Nobody can take it away; just you are not aware of it. You have forgotten  
the language to understand it. You have forgotten the way to yourself. You are living in the porch  
of a palace, thinking that this is the palace. And living for many lives in a certain state  
continuously, again and again, it becomes so conditioned that it is almost a reality. You cannot go  
beyond it. You cannot even think that there is something beyond it.

The presence of the master can only dissolve this ignorant attitude that there is nothing beyond  
it.

In fact everything is beyond it. You are beyond it.

This conditioning that you think you are, is not you. The presence of the master cannot give you  
anything: exactly said, it is destructive. It simply destroys that which is false in you, it does not  
create the real. The real cannot be created. But the false can be destroyed, and to destroy the  
false is very easy – just making you aware of it, it starts disappearing.

The false can live only if you live with closed eyes. Open your eyes and the false disappears.

The function of the master is to allow you a few glimpses, a few experiences of your own reality,  
of your own beyondness – and his work is done.

If you can for a single moment be in total silence, the work is done. Now you know the way, a few  
steps which lead you inside, to your very center.

Just don't forget it again, because the conditioning is great and the crowd around you – here or  
in Hamburg – is going to destroy your small glimpse. It is so fresh, so new, so fragile, that the

stonelike conditioning of the crowd around you can easily make you believe that perhaps you were hypnotized; perhaps you dreamt about it. Perhaps it was the presence, but not your own energy.

It is good to try alone, entering into the deep silence without any outside help. Even the presence of the master is an outside help; it has also to be dropped at a certain point, when you have become certain that even the whole world cannot destroy it. Then there is no need of the presence of the master. The presence of the master has become your very flowering. It has entered you, it has become your own fragrance.

Your question is very beautiful and concerns the whole work we are involved in, here in this strange place. I call it strange because in the whole world there is no gathering of seekers who are together searching for themselves. Their relationship has nothing to do with their religion or their marriage or their social acquaintance or their Rotary Clubs. The people who are present here are absolutely unrelated to each other, yet there is a deep relationship – unspoken, unsaid. The relationship is that you are all seeking the same thing.

You are all seeking yourselves.

The goal is not outside. Nobody is going to take you to the goal. But the goal is so much within you that just a little relaxation – not effort, but just a little let-go, falling into it – and you have touched your very life source.

You are not meeting any god and you are not entering into somebody's heaven – Mohammedans, Hindus, Christians, they all have different kinds of heavens, according to their needs. You are not entering into somebody else's imagination. You are not even entering into your own imagination.

You are simply dropping out of the mind which can imagine. You are getting into a space where imagination is impossible; you can only see that which is.

And seeing this, you have attained all that can be attained. Seeing this you have attained the liberation, the salvation, the freedom. Seeing it for the first time you are no more a beggar, you are the richest man in the world.

The man in Japan who is thought to be the richest man, just because he has twenty-two billion dollars; and the richest man in America, who has four billion dollars – both are just poor in comparison to the person who has reached his own being, who has touched the reality of his eternal existence, whose mystic rose has opened its petals.

And it is so easy.

You are concerned; you say, "I cannot believe how easy it is!" Nobody can believe. I have myself never believed how easy it is. But when it happens, it happens, and one is simply in a tremendous awe – "My god, it has always been here within my reach and I was looking all around the world. It was in my hands, empty hands, and I was seeking it everywhere except within myself."

That's why it has become difficult. I have told you about the Sufi mystic woman, Rabiya. One evening just as the sun is setting and the darkness is descending... She is old; she comes out of her small house, searching for something on the street. A man passing by sees that the old woman is looking for something, and in this darkness, at her age, perhaps she may not be able to find it. So he stops her and asks, "Rabiya" – she was well known – "what are you seeking?"

She said, "I have lost my sewing needle." The man said, "Then it is almost impossible to find it. The sun has already set, darkness has descended and the road is vast. Where has it fallen? If you can tell me exactly the place, then I can try to help you. In your old age you will not be able to find a needle."

The woman said, "This is the problem. I am very ashamed to say that I have lost it in the house."

The man said, "My god, you have lost it in the house and you are looking for it outside in the street! Are you mad?"

Rabiya said, "You may think whatever you want to think but the reality is that inside my house there is no light at all. When I started searching there was some light outside. Thinking that some light is absolutely necessary to find it, I came out and started looking. And now you have made things even worse by stopping me; now even outside it is dark."

The man said, "Don't be worried. If it is lost inside it will be found. It is not lost at all."

The search becomes difficult because we go on searching for it where we have not lost it. The mystic rose, our very being, does not blossom into gardens or into forests or into the Himalayas. It blossoms into your own consciousness. It is another name, a symbolic name, of the opening of the beauty of consciousness – with fragrance, with delicacy, with joy, with a dance. But because it is so easy, that's why it is so difficult. Its being easy is making it difficult.

You are saying, "In the two minutes of silence and let-go the other night, you took us to the highest level of consciousness." I have not taken you anywhere. You are just here. But because you allowed the silence and the let-go... it is all up to you.

I cannot force you towards let-go.  
I cannot force you to enter into this silence.

I can simply create a longing in you, a thirst, and a trust that you are not going to lose anything by becoming silent for two minutes and then a let-go..

(THROUGHOUT THE LAST FEW MINUTES, GUSTS OF WIND HAVE COME, AND OUTBURSTS OF HYSTERICAL GIGGLING IN THE HALL. OSHO HAS KEPT ON SPEAKING, BUT NOW HE STOPS. NOW THERE IS ONLY THE SOUND OF WIND AND RAIN, THE IMMENSITY OF HIS SILENCE, AND STILL – UNBELIEVABLY – THE GIGGLING. FINALLY HE SPEAKS.)

This is out of the joke.

(BUT THE GIGGLING CONTINUES. OSHO RISES FROM HIS SEAT WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT, NAMASTES AND WALKS TO THE EXIT. HE RAISES HIS ARM IN SALUTE, AND THE STUNNED ASSEMBLY RESPONDS – "YAA-HOO!"

AWAY FROM THE MICROPHONE, HIS WORDS CAN BE HEARD ONLY BY THOSE IN THE FIRST FEW ROWS.)

Don't wait for me to come out tomorrow night.