

## The Rebel #12 Q 3 and 4

BELOVED MASTER,

PLEASE, A LITTLE HELP. JUST A JUICY JOKE FOR THIS COCONUT PALM COMING FROM GOA.

Dhyan Om, I had always known that you are a nut. But I was not aware that you are a coconut. That is a revelation. Latifa will enjoy this coconut from Goa immensely.

She was enjoying herself when you were in Goa, feeling a great peace, smiling, looking very happy.

Just when you informed her that, "I am coming in a week"... since that day she has not smiled.

Although you had not come, but just the idea that the nut is coming back. And now it is going to be even more difficult: you have become a coconut.

Why torture that poor, old German lady? She was never so old before she met you - she was a young woman. But your company is so great that when I look at Latifa I say, "My God! What has happened to poor Latifa? From a young woman she has become an old lady." But the whole credit goes to you, Dhyan Om.

And it is strange that you are asking for a joke. Okay - here is the joke.

Mr. Marx rings his home. A strange voice answers. "Who is that?" he asks.

"The maid, sir."

"But we have no maid," he says.

"Your wife engaged me this morning," she said.

"Oh, all right. Let me speak to my wife."

"Well, sir, she is upstairs in bed with a man, and..."

"What!" he shouts. "Look miss, whatever your name is."

"Pauline, sir."

"Right, Pauline. You want to earn ten thousand dollars?"

"Ah, yes sir."

"Then go to the hall cupboard and you will find a loaded shotgun there. Go upstairs and kill my cheating wife and that bastard with her."

"Yes, sir." Marx waits; he hears two shots, and then the maid's voice: "All right, sir. What shall I do now?"

"Throw them in the swimming pool until I get home."

"Sir, what swimming pool?"

"This is 973-60452," Marx asks shakily, "is it not?"

Now, Dhyan Om, do you get it?

It is difficult for coconuts. It is the first time a coconut has heard a joke, but try to find out. It is going to be a difficult thing, because Latifa is German and she cannot figure it out either. You will have to go around and ask - somebody must have got it.

And if you find nobody, then write another question.

Question 4:

BELOVED MASTER,

WORKING AS A DOCTOR, I WAS ALWAYS IN SEARCH OF TRUTHFUL METHODS, WHICH WERE EITHER LOGICAL, WHEN THEY CLAIMED TO BE SCIENTIFIC, OR SIMPLY STATED FACTS, WHICH WORKED IN A TRUTHFUL WAY. I WAS ALWAYS VERY FORTHRIGHT IN CHALLENGING ANYTHING THAT SEEMED TO BE A LIE, OR SIMPLY STUPID.

I WAS AMAZED TO FIND HOW MUCH IGNORANCE THERE WAS EVEN IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, AND ENJOYED EXPOSING THIS. THE OTHER NIGHT, WHEN YOU SAID THAT BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE OF THE SAME PROFESSION THERE IS ALWAYS COMPETITION, I FELT THESE WORDS ENTER MY HEART LIKE A SWORD. IS WHAT I THOUGHT TO BE REBELLION SIMPLY COMPETITION AND ARROGANCE?

Devaprem, it is not your fault. We are brought up in such a way that competition becomes our very life. Our whole educational system is competitive, and our whole society is based on that competitive system. You have to be successful, and competition is the way. Unless you are successful, the society condemns you as a nobody, good for nothing.

This competitiveness enters into our very bloodstream, so we become absolutely unaware of its always being there. Even in the name of searching for truth, there is competitiveness: who finds it first, who becomes the pioneer, the founder, the discoverer. Even in a field like humbleness - which one would think is outside the area of competitiveness - even there you will find the same spirit, the same competitive egoistic arrogance; then you are competing to be more humble than anybody else.

I have often told the story about three Christian monks who met on a road. They had their monasteries close by in the mountains; they had become friendly and they used to meet. One day they were sitting under the trees, in the shadow. It was a hot sunny day, and they started talking about their monasteries.

One of them said, "I don't want to offend you in any way, but I must say the truth: that as far as scholarship is concerned, my monastery is the best out of all the three monasteries we represent here."

The second monk said, "I have to concede, a fact is a fact, your monastery is certainly more scholarly; more attention is paid to knowledge. But you should never forget that as far as discipline is concerned, you are nowhere in comparison to our monastery. Our monastery is perhaps one of the greatest monasteries in the world; with such perfect discipline, asceticism, sacrifice, with a single desire to serve Jesus Christ and God."

The third man said, "You are both right, but as far as humbleness is concerned, we are the tops."

Even humbleness! As far as humbleness is concerned, "We are the tops, you are nowhere" - competitiveness has entered so deeply in us. It is not rebellion, Devaprem, but only competition and arrogance. But whatever you have been doing, you can do far better if you drop competitiveness and arrogance; because all the energy that is involved in these will be released, will become available to you for rebelliousness.

You have to gather all your energies, which are divided into many, many parts and focus them into a single-pointed, arrow-like life. All has to be dedicated and devoted to rebellion; then too, you will be searching for the truth, but not with a competitive spirit. Then the search will be a sheer joy, without any comparison with anybody else. Then, too, you will be humble, but without any comparison, because comparison destroys your humbleness.

Humbleness simply means, I am nobody - and how can a nobody be at the top?

Humbleness simply means, I get out of this horse race that is continuously going on in the society, for money, for power, for prestige, for knowledge, for saintliness. I am simply out of this routine; I am no more part of this madness, and this mad society. I love truth, I will try to find it; I love research, scientific or spiritual. I will do it, but my doing will be totally independent of anybody else, it will simply be my own love affair.

Devaprem, as far as I know you, you are a very simple and loving person. That's why the realization came so quickly to you, and you were shocked. There are many people who are competitive, who are arrogant; they are not shocked. They have thick skulls and it is very difficult for anything to penetrate into their skulls. They have grown such buffers around themselves that whatever shock comes to them the buffer absorbs it, it never reaches them.

You don't have any buffers, you are a simple person, just like a small child. Hence, you immediately recognized that "What I thought to be rebellion was not so; it was only competition and arrogance."

If people listen with love and simplicity, then whatever I am saying... just listening to it is enough to bring a revolution to your heart; you are not to do anything else. If you have heard it, it is more than enough; your vision, your perception is changed. The shock will do the transformation.

But most people are in a real mess.

An old lady is so impressed by the sermons of the missionary, that she tells her friend, "Do you know," she said, "he can preach about hell as if he was born and reared in the place."

Two little girls were going through their textbook on religious instruction. "I am past original sin," said one.

"That's nothing," said the other, "I am beyond redemption."

Our so-called religious educators, our rabbis, our bishops, our priests are all so full of bullshit - in India there is a little difference, they are full of holy cow dung - that to reach them is almost impossible.

God gets the word up in heaven that the United States of America is a pretty depraved place. Not having time to spare himself, he sends Mother Teresa as his delegate. Her instructions are to visit each of the cities, and to report back to heaven on what she finds.

The first report is not long in coming: New York, Mother Teresa says, is filled with unimaginable sin and violence, and she is leaving immediately. Boston is no better and is full of child molesters. The cities of the South are everywhere full of heavy drinkers and sex offenders. Mother Teresa's next stop is Chicago, but she can't stand the depravity there for more than a few days, so she hops on a plane to Los Angeles... no word for three weeks.

God finally gets concerned, so he gets her number from information and calls her up.

"Hello," God says.

"Hello," comes a mellow voice, "this is Terry here. I am not home right now; if you would like to share your thoughts..."

Mother Teresa has become Terry; such is the impact of society. In Hollywood you cannot remain Mother Teresa very long. Rather than changing Hollywood, Hollywood will change you.

The whole world is full of a competitive spirit, egoism, power trips behind beautiful names and labels.

If you take those labels off and look inside, you will see an ugly reality. Even behind humbleness you will find ego; and purified ego, very subtle ego, is more dangerous than the ego of the gross people.

Behind your so-called celibates you will find all kinds of sexual perversions; behind your religious people you will not even have thought about what is the reality at the back door. At the front door there is one face, at the back door there is another face; and this other face is diametrically opposite.

There is pure hypocrisy everywhere.

It is good, Devaprem, to understand clearly what you are doing. Never do it for wrong reasons - even if the goal is right, if the means are wrong, you will never reach the right goal. The means also have to be right for the end to be right. If just the end is right, and you don't take much care about the means, you will be in for a great surprise when you reach the goal. Wrong means cannot lead you to right goals.

But that's what is being taught to us - wrong means for right goals. Everybody has become trained in wrong means, and in the end, everybody finds only frustration, a great despair, a feeling that "I have wasted my life, but now it is too late." You cannot get back your life and the time that you have lost.

But I say to my people, you have reached me in the right time. There is still time for you to change everything, to change yourself completely into a new being, into a new man, into a rebellious spirit.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Beloved Master.

