
Letters

Letters written from 1964 to 1965 and 1970/71

Miscellaneous

2 Chapters

Year published:

Letters

Chapter #1

Chapter title: Letters to Ma Yoga Sohan

Archive code: 0000000

ShortTitle:

Audio: No

Video: No

THESE FIVE LETTERS, SELECTED FROM MORE THAN 100 WRITTEN BY OSHO TO MA YOGA SOHAN FROM 1964 TO 1965, HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN THE HINDI PUBLICATION, PATH KE PRADEEP. AN ADDITIONAL TWENTY LETTERS HAVE ALSO BEEN TRANSLATED FOR THE BOOK, A CUP OF TEA.

(OTI 16 JULY 1990)

Beloved Sohan,

Choosing between truth and oneself, the one who chooses truth finds truth and his own being. And the one who chooses himself loses both.

Man has to lose himself before he becomes the truth. No one moves into truth without I paying this price. One's very existing is the barrier. One's very self veils the truth. The only obstruction is this vision. . . this seeing the world from the confined vision of "ego." Except this "ego vision," nothing separates man from the truth. Becoming the "I" is man's downfall. He falls down only in the gravitation of the "I", and only in losing the "I" does he rise above, into this blessed existence. To be the "I" is to be lower. To become the "no-I" is to rise above.

But what appears like losing I is in reality not losing -- it is gaining. The identity which you will lose is not your identity -- it is only a dream, and the identity you find when you lose it is the truth.

When it completely loses itself within the earth, the seed sprouts and becomes a tree.

Beloved Sohan,

One finds life only from knowing that which is inside one's being. One who doesn't know this is surrounded every moment by death and the fear of death.

A sadhu was asked by his friends, "If wicked people attack you, what will you do?" He said, "I will go sit inside my own strong fort." This conversation reached the ears of the enemies. Then one day the enemies surrounded him while he was alone and said, "O sadhu! Please tell us, where is your strong fort?" The sadhu began laughing and then, placing a hand on his heart, said, "This is my fort. No attack can ever be made on it. The body can be destroyed, but that which is inside cannot be. This is my very fort. My only security is to know my way there. "

The person who doesn't know this strong fort his entire life is insecure. His life is surrounded by enemies every moment. Such a person has not yet found a shelter for peace and security. And those who search outside for that shelter, search in vain, because it is inside.

Only by being established in your being does the real acquaintance with life happen, because the periphery which is outside this center is created by death.

Beloved Sohan,

Man is born in slavery. We are born as slaves unto ourselves. We come into the world with chains of desire. Very subtle chains bind us.

Slavery comes with birth. It is given by nature. We don't have to earn it. Man finds himself enslaved. But freedom has to be earned. Only those who strive and struggle for it attain it. One has to pay the price for freedom. Whatever is valuable in life cannot be gotten free of cost. To acquire slavery from nature is not a misfortune. The misfortune is not to earn freedom. To be born a slave is not bad, but to die only as a slave is certainly bad. Nothing brings significance and fulfillment in life unless you achieve your inner freedom. Those who are imprisoned by desires, those who have not known the free sky of awakening, they have life, but they remain deprived of knowing life. There is no difference between the lives of birds imprisoned in cages and souls lying imprisoned in desires. One enters into the world of real life only when intelligence is free of desire.

If you want to know the divine, master yourself. Winning the divine kingdom is not for those who are defeated by themselves.

Beloved Sohan,

If one's eyes are open, then this whole life is a school. And one who is hungry to learn, learns from every person and from every situation. And remember, one who does not learn in this way, learns nothing in life. Emerson has said, "Each person I meet is better than me at one thing or another. I can learn something from him."

I remember a story. It happened in Mecca. A barber was giving someone a haircut. Just then the Sufi fakir, Junnaid, came in and said, "Can you cut my hair in the name of Allah?" Just hearing Allah's name, the barber said to his regular customer, "Friend, please just wait a little, I cannot cut your hair right now. I have to attend to that fakir for Allah. Allah's work comes first." After this he cut Junnaid's hair with great love and devotion, then respectfully bade him farewell.

A few days later when someone had given Junnaid money, he went to give some to the

barber. But the barber wouldn't take any money, saying, "Have you no shame? You had said to cut your hair in the name of Allah, not for money!"

And his whole life Junnaid used to say to his disciples, "It was from a barber that I learned unselfish love and devotion."

Even in the lowest, vast messages are hidden. One who knows how to uncover them, becomes wise. Move with awareness in life and every experience brings intelligence. One who remains unconscious, returns even the light that comes to his door.

Beloved Sohan,

If you want to attain the divine, Learn to die. Have you not seen that when the seed dies, it becomes a tree?

Someone went to visit a Baul mystic. He was absorbed in singing his song. Neither his eyes seemed to be seeing this world, nor did it feel as if his soul was present. He was somewhere else -- in some other world, in some other form. When his song stopped, and it seemed his consciousness was returning, the visitor asked, "How do you feel liberation can be attained?" The sweet-spoken mystic said. "Only by means of death. "

I said this to someone yesterday. He asked, "By death?" I said, "Yes, by death while living. Only one who dies to everything else, awakens and becomes alive to the divine."

There is no art greater than learning to die while living. I call that art: meditation. One who lives as if he is dead will certainly know whatever is essential in life.

Letters

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Letters to Ma Dharm Jyoti

Archive code: 0000000

ShortTitle: LETTER01

Audio: No

Video: No

FIRST PUBLISHED IN OTI 1 SEPTEMBER 1990

Beloved Dharm Jyoti,
Love. Don't ever repress the mind.
Repression is a disease.
And that which is repressed will never be completed.
It comes back again and again to attack you.
The mind is to be understood.
Finally, only understanding the mind becomes the solution.
Repression is merely postponement of diseases.
The path is neither in indulgence nor repression.
The path is in understanding.
Hence know your own mind in all its forms.
Live consciously.
Live wakefully.
Then what is meaningless disappears on its own.
And its energy is transformed into the meaningful.
Otherwise we create a vicious circle for ourselves.

A so-called saint was sitting alone before his dhuni,
his holy fire pit. Someone came by to test him, saying,
"Babaji, is there any fire in the dhuni?"
The saint said, "There is none."
He said, "Please stir it, perhaps there are coals."

Raising his eyebrows the saint said angrily,
"I told you there is no fire."
The man provoked him again, saying,
"Babaji, surely there must be a few sparks?"
Leaning forward on his fire tongs the saint said,
"What kind of idiot are you anyway?"
Then the man said, "Babaji, I see a few sparks."
The saint said, "What? Am I blind?"
The man said, "A few flames become visible now!"
Then the saint completely lost his senses --
his eyes filled with sparks and his voice with flames.
Picking up his fire tongs he started chasing after that man to beat him.
Fleeing for his life the man said,
"Babaji, look, now the fire has taken flame totally!"

Only a repressed fire can burst into flames.
And a repressed fire can burst into flames at any moment.
Repression is self-enmity and a self-deception.
In the middle, between indulgence and repression is the door to peace, to liberation, to strength, to truth, to samadhi.
Search for this door.

September 7, 1970

Beloved Dharm Jyoti
Love. Sa'adi has written:

We were on a long journey. The route was rarely traveled and filled with innumerable troubles.

A Sufi dervish had also joined us -- he hadn't a single coin with him, nor anything else for that matter. We were all on camels, but he traveled on foot.

Nevertheless, his joy knew no limits and he went on saying: "I am not a load on any camel -- nor is any camel a load on me. I am neither anyone's master, nor anyone's slave. I have no worries of the past, no worries of the future. The present is enough for me. My life is just moment to moment. Fully I breathe -- fully I live life."

But the most worried among us, a businessman, advised him to return. He explained the difficulties ahead. He related his experiences of journeys in the past.

And when the dervish didn't listen to him he said, "by your own choice you are going into the mouth of death with little food and the exhaustion of traveling on foot, you are certainly going to die."

But the fakir just went on Laughing -- he kept on singing his song and moving ahead. Every day the journey became more difficult.

All our faces were filled with lines of worry and despair.

The businessman had gone almost completely insane.

But the fakir went on laughing and singing:

"Fully I breathe -- fully I live life."

And then each and every step of the journey became impossible.
The words of that experienced traveler began to seem right to us all.
The journey became a total nightmare.
But the fakir went on singing his songs.
The radiance of his face increased with each difficulty.
In his eyes, flowers of an unearthly joy seemed to blossom.
And one day the businessman died from these extreme hardships.

And the dervish standing near the dead body of the businessman said: "Beloved! I have not died from the hardships of foot travel -- and you have died riding comfortably on a camel? Fools burn lamps during the day, and at night they wonder why they have no light!"

February 21, 1971

Beloved Dharm Jyoti
Love. God is calling each and every moment.
But this mind of ours is busy with itself.
Unless our minds become unoccupied we will not be able to hear his voice.
Only the unoccupied mind is meditation.
As we become empty -- silent -- wordless, his music fills our being to the brim.
Be silent -- and know.

Many candidates were invited to interview for a position as wireless operator at a telegraph office.

They stood in a long line outside the office waiting for their names to be called.
But that waiting was not silent.

Conversations were going on, and either outside or inside, all were lost in their own thoughts.

Just then, a man standing at the very back left the line and went into the telegraph office.
Perhaps no one saw him go.

People saw him only later, when he came out carrying an appointment letter in hand saying, "I have been appointed to the position advertised in the papers.

So for you there is no need to stand in line here, you can go home."

A great hubbub arose when they heard this.

They shouted slogans like: "Favoritism," "Kill him."

People started complaining, "When this man had already been selected what was the need to call all of us here? "

But a big official from the telegraph office came out and said, "Your conclusion is wrong. This person was appointed only because he successfully completed the test.

Through a loud speaker on top of the telegraph office we broadcasted in telegraph signals: 'Whoever understands this message, immediately come inside your appointment letter is ready.' But if you were occupied with your conversations and couldn't hear the tapping, what fault is that of ours?"

Ah! One day won't God say the same to each of us? So many are his calls -- but amidst all our noise, has not his call become like the tapping of that telegraph signal? Be silent -- and know.

October 17, 1970

Beloved Dharm Jyoti

Love. One night a king was dreaming. He dreamt that a king he had known was in heaven and a mystic he had known was in hell.

Naturally, the king was shocked. And in the dream itself he asked: "What is the meaning of this? Why have their places been switched?" An unknown voice responded: "The king is in heaven because he was always seeking out mystics and sitting in satsang with them. And the mystic is in hell because he didn't do anything his whole life except chase after kings."

February 20, 1971