

'The Science of Enlightenment

Mindfulness in daily life

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Introduction - The Myth of death

Nobody ever dies

A truth difficult to swallow.

It is a very unacceptable point of view in most societies, but there are some very good reasons for this ongoing ignorance:

In Reality Nobody Ever Dies
and nobody dies later or earlier than cause and effect laws predict.

Buddha says:
There is no person inside you
And everything is impermanent.
Therefore everything is painful.

This view is shared by all enlightened Masters throughout the ages and also by all their enlightened disciples as soon as they experience the first stage of enlightenment (the Stream enterer or Sotapanna and the three other stages).

They have seen it themselves, understood it and digested it because that is synonymous to experiencing Nirvana, which is an instantaneous understanding of the Law.

The Law says that all things in the totality of existence share three characteristics: all things are

- 1 Impersonal
- 2 Impermanent
- 3 and therefore painful

This means that you are not a separate entity. You are more like a cloud of thoughts rapidly being born and disappearing again within seconds, with which most of us are totally identified to such a degree that we do not see that this process is going on our whole life and that at the time of death this is not different at all: the last thought in this life gives birth to the first thought in next life and so the illusion of "somebody" goes on even if we experience that moment.

Societies deny that first and most basic truth. The reason is that all societies love lies. It gives power to the priests and politicians (The Maffia of the Mind by Osho) who do their utmost best to hide this truth from all their 'subjects', so they can go on repressing, stealing, destroying, waging wars.

In the next chapters this is explained in great detail.

Ch. I - Samsara - Nirvana

*From drama to comedy,
If you are in tune with Existence,
Existence will help you every step of the way.
So how to be in tune with existence...?*

A Journey to Enlightenment

Enlightenment, a personal story

Maybe you have studied Buddhist science for 20 years, and you think you understand what it's all about, but after the moment of experiencing Nirvana, you realize you have never understood anything, because you haven't felt Existence going through you, blessing you, and giving you love and beauty, and now for the first time you feel it.

And then, you can become a little worried because you understand also that this truth goes against everything that society has ever told you.

Enlightenment is about understanding, not about light. What happens during and after enlightenment is a total understanding of how Existence works. You understand that it doesn't have any preference and that it is all about intelligence and love and beauty, that 'God' doesn't exist because it is a false concept, and that the term 'Existence' is much better than the term 'God' because Existence is your mother, everybody's mother, everything's mother. It is a matriarchal reality. And that It

does not judge anything, ever. You understand that the problem is the ego going against Existence, and that this is why you suffer.

You understand all that for the very first time. And once you understand, your life is forever changed.

For thirty-four years I had been aware of what is called the experience of Nirvana, in theory at least.

It started with the book “Zen Flesh Zen Bones”, (Zen Flesh, Zen Bones is a 1957 publication by Paul Reps combining four separate texts on nondual practice: 101 Zen Stories, The Gateless Gate, Ten Bulls, Centering), that a friend of mine gave me in an Istanbul hotel room in 1964, when I understood for the first time that there were actually humans who understand “reality”, and it ends with a long and difficult motorbike ride through India with my Colombian girlfriend in 1998. Yet when it finally happened I was totally unprepared.

Since it happened I have wanted to share the experience, but it has been a difficult task because there is so much resistance around it. From society comes a serious doubt of course, of even the possibility of the experience, but also from my masters and many other masters and their disciples, who are my friends, there seems to come a conviction that you simply do not talk about it and if you do, it only shows that you are still deluded.

Then there is also the fact that many people, who have declared their enlightenment, have been killed by the leaders of the local false religions (and their accomplices the politicians), who are afraid of losing their grip on their ‘flocks’ and the income and power derived

from it. There are many examples of it in history and even if I have not experienced that in this life, I must have come across it my past lives many times (see Ch VI: Death, Past Lives and Rebirth).

In the night of February 9th 1998, I was with my Colombian girlfriend living in a small bamboo hut on Pernem beach in Goa, India. I don't really know what came over me but I felt a tremendous urge to be alone for the night. So I asked her to see if she could spend the night in the bamboo hut next to ours, (It was a place where they rented out huts on the beach for hippie tourists), which I knew had just been vacated by some friends. She grudgingly consented. We had not been on very good terms, you know, misunderstandings, blaming and claiming and I was very relieved to get what finally seemed to be some alone time.

The bed was absolutely horrible: just some rough boards on a rustic frame with a thin coconut mattress. The boards were far from even and I could feel them right through the mattress. Yet I felt like a king on his royal bed. I lay on my back to meditate just as I had done the last 28 years during all the meditation courses I had been practicing in.

I had been in a particularly depressed and emotional state for many years – I had been routinely crying every day for hours, for a long time - and I was at the end of my tether. Yet I was strangely calm and in a state of what I knew from studies and some experience to be equanimity. It seemed I drifted away at some point although never asleep (the terrible bed kept me from that).

And then I have no memory of what happened next: it was only a short moment. Nothing happened, nothing to be seen or tasted nor heard nor felt nor thought, but it was the most refreshing moment of my whole life even though I wasn't quite aware of that yet at the time. I may have slept for a little while and I remember that I was suddenly wide awake listening to the waves on the beach. I remember I heard them like I had never heard waves before. In Goa the waves do not reach the beach as a line that falls in one big boom, but fall at an angle so that you hear them coming by as freight train. It was a lovely sound.

I felt something on my chest (I had not moved from my position and my body was immobile and completely at rest). I took it and put in on the floor of the hut, which was sand, and I began to wonder what had happened to me. Looking inside I could not find my familiar depression or fear or sadness and I felt so unbelievably good that I could not understand it.

A few hours later, the sun came up and I looked at what had been on my chest. It was a scorpion sitting there right next to me. Not a very dangerous kind as far as I knew but still it can produce a nasty sting. I had never seen a scorpion like that in Goa. I slowly got up to begin a new day without remembering my girlfriend for one moment and as I went out to go and have breakfast on the beach a short distance away, I met her just outside and I was totally surprised to see her. In an angry gesture she put her hands on her sides and said loudly with mock anger: "And me, what about me?" I laughed, shrugged her off and went on my way.

Sitting on the terrace to order something to eat, I changed my mind and asked for a beer, quietly minding my own business. Suddenly people from different countries who had been sitting at tables around me on the same terrace started to come and ask me if they could sit with me but not for lack of space and I became aware that I been sitting there smiling and beaming like a happy child and they had become curious. They asked if I could teach them Dhamma. I could not believe my ears. This had never happened!

“And there is no reason at all to be miserable. In fact, misery should be very exceptional; happiness should be simply natural. You should not ask anybody, ‘Why are you looking happy?’ But this is the situation. If you are looking happy and smiling and enjoying yourself, everybody will look – stare at you, as if something has gone wrong: What has happened to this poor fellow? Why is he smiling and enjoying? – There seems to be no reason. And somebody is bound to ask, ‘What is the matter?’ Some policeman is going to come asking, ‘Why are you creating this crowd in the traffic? Why are you smiling? Why are you dancing?’

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My father was arrested by the Nazi's 3 months before my birth and killed 8 months later after being arrested for suspected subversive activities. He had once brought a Jewish woman friend to Switzerland in a harrowing trip through wartime Belgium and France, mainly traveling undercover at night, sneaking over the borders. He had actually managed to leave her in Switzerland where she received political asylum but he was kicked out, since he was not a "Jew", to France where the Vichy police were waiting for him and arrested him. (How did the French know he was coming?) He managed to escape and returned to Holland in the same way, where the German police arrested him again!

He wrote a story about it, which I read when my uncle Piet, his brother, decided to give me the manuscript 25 years later. I subsequently dumped it on the garbage in a wave of youthful folly when I declared that the past no longer existed and that the future had not yet come, under the influence of LSD.

My mother came into action. She was already pregnant with me but not very visibly yet, so she bound a pillow on her belly and went to the notorious prison in Scheveningen where the Germans kept their political prisoners. She has described the meeting she had there with the German captain in charge many times and she described his compassion and goodwill, which really impressed me. Not all Germans were bad!

My mother was half Jewish coming from a mother who was a typical Jewish woman, strong, but very

small, had curly hair but not the nose. All that, amazingly to me, did not count for the Germans because she married a tall blond blue eyes Arier-type Dutch man from the Dutch countryside and she had given up the religion. However my mother had the Jewish looks and was also very short, but I have never heard any story of our family ever having been harassed for being Jewish, while at the same time 32.000 Jews were dragged from their houses in Amsterdam. (The mother of my future beloved no-half brother was also taken to the camps for being Jewish, never to return. Poor Joep heard the news accidentally through the closed door of the living room where the adults were discussing it. He was nine years old. He never talked about it ever again, at least not to the family).

So my father was home! Everybody happy? No not quite. He was suffering terribly from paranoia, had fear of persecution. And not without reason, considering that there were two Jewish sisters hiding in our house behind a fake double wall, Anne Frank style. So he decided to visit some friends in the countryside about one hour north of the city. Just to relax a bit. What they didn't know, was that these friends were illegally running a resistance newspaper in their basement (called Het Parool which still exists). Of course a capital crime for the German authorities, but also for the Dutch collaborators police who raided the house and took everybody prisoner.

There he was, in prison again but now for a "*real*"

crime! His brother Piet came to visit him. He had not been delivered to the Germans yet, and to their surprise the door was left open. Nobody knew why and Piet said: come on let's go, the door is open. My father said: "No I'm not going. I am innocent and they will realize that soon enough and let me go".

That of course never happened and I am still amazed at how naïve and optimistic he was. (He was only 22 years old and in his Astrological chart he can be seen as a very socially compassionate person with great faith in humanity, who at some point will get in trouble for that).

He was put on a train to Germany where he died in a concentration camp from 'dysentery' in March 1945, just when the last prisoners were being 'eliminated' by the Gestapo before the total collapse of the Reich.

As a result my mother was crying daily for years after my birth. I felt in charge of her happiness and tried everything I could to make her feel better. I hugged her every morning in bed. I actually remember being sexually aroused by her thighs when I was about 3 years old. Then a man, uncle Paul, walked into our house and took her in his arms and I felt hopelessly useless and cried and cried until an uncle said: "Just put his head under the tap in the sink and he will stop", and he did and I never cried again for 35 years.

So I had now accumulated two traumas in the first four years of my young life, yet I never felt them. I considered myself the luckiest, happiest guy around. I was solidly in control, doing great in schools,

universities, jobs, learning all kinds of skills, and I traveled around the earth in search of a master like those mentioned in “Zen Flesh, Zen Bones”. When I finally met him on the full moon of Wednesday October 14th 1970 in Bodh-Gaya where Buddha had become enlightened ±2500 years before, he asked me how I was and I said: “great!” He just nodded at me with his loving piercing eyes and said nothing as he began to question my wife of 6 years, who was always traveling with me.

The relationship with my wife ended 13 years later. I met another woman who I also loved very much and then that relation ended after 7 years and then another one. Same story. By the time that ended I was destroyed, but I still did not cry. In the meantime I had met my second master Osho, who made me go through months of therapy. Nothing seemed to work, really. Yes relief was there after each therapy session, each group, but the pain I felt almost continuously, always came back after a week. The only thing I seemed to have learned was how to cry which was in fact a great relief!

After a few years I began to give up the hope of healing and had developed a kind of almost constant depression which hung over me like a dark cloud. It was always there, so in the end I was hardly even aware of it anymore. Every morning I would check and yes, there it was. Sometimes there was fear, fear of anything or everything. Many times it was sadness. There was one piece of music that could hurl me into a tremendous hole of endless sobbing from which there

was no relief except some chemical mood changer from the pharmacy that lasted only for a couple of hours. It did take away the fear though, for a few hours and I took a lot of those pills.

That day on the beach when I woke up in my bamboo hut, I checked as usual and the great black cloud wasn't there! Not only that, instead of it, there was a completely new feeling of love and freshness and beauty and awareness and compassion that made my lips curl up involuntarily in a big happy smile. I had never experienced life without pain before because I didn't know I had pain, and now for the first time, I had become aware of it and it was gone!

So I spoke to these people on the beach terrace a little bit about truth and Dhamma and meditation. I don't remember what I said and I thought: "Ok, it will come back. I have no idea what happened to me last night but it will come back, I think..."

Of course I had been listening to my Master Munindra for 8 years and more, talking about enlightenment and what it was and how it worked and then again to my Master Osho for 12 years, sitting at his feet, spacing out without really understanding. I had also one day come across a cassette tape with an Osho discourse where he told the story of his own enlightenment (which I surprisingly happened to hear together with Munindra when he was in Paris in 1978, on

his European tour) and it was curiously similar to what had just happened to me. Still I could not believe it. I almost missed my depression, to feel 'normal' again.

So I paid for my beer and went back to my bamboo hut where I found my girlfriend waiting for me and demanding an explanation. I said: "I don't really know but I think I experienced Nirvana". She just stared at me with that look of: "Yeah right, another one of your excuses."

On the morning of that beautiful day there were no thoughts, no emotions, no memories, just pure beautiful light, a beautiful transparency, there was intelligence and love and peace. And silence, everything was so deliciously silent. Not a dark cloud in sight. I was so enthralled that I almost forgot my girlfriend. For the first time I understood what meditation meant. I had meditated for 27 years without ever understanding the implications of it. I was naturally in state of total awareness without any effort, without any doing.

The next morning after a short and very refreshing sleep, the understanding began.

After you become enlightened and you start thinking about what happened, you realize that wherever you direct your mind, you suddenly understand it. So you spend hours thinking about "What happened... I understand this, I understand that, so many things... but I don't understand this... ah, ok, so there's a limit..."

Of course in "The progress in insight" by Mahasi Sayadaw, Munindra's Master, I had read all about it many times. I kind of knew what to expect. First comes the

reviewing stage: you know what you have achieved and what still remains to be understood. But this was on a completely new level!

What I understood first was that Existence was One, not many. That it was All, the One Soul as the Hindus say, and that it was eternal and infinite. Don't ask me how I knew that, I just did. I also knew that no being was separate from Existence, that nothing could be even for a moment outside of it; that it was from a partial understanding of it that came the idea of 'God', however distorted that idea was. That to the contrary to the concept of 'God', Existence had no preference. It does not care if you are 'bad' or 'good'. There is no moral hangover. It just loves you indiscriminately like a mother loves her child, but is also gives you freedom. If you want to be 'bad' that's Ok too. You can be stupid. It will always take care of you as best as possible, unless you decide otherwise and even then it will protect you.

Then it occurred to me that the central theme of Buddha and Buddhist science has always been: there are no persons and yes, I myself had explained that many times to my students since I began teaching in 1995. Now however, I realized something that shocked me: if this was so then I could rightly say that I am 'God'. It certainly seemed so in that moment. That meant that I was following in the footsteps of the great Sufi Al Hillaj Mansoor, who used to shout: "I am God", "Ana'l haq", after he became enlightened. Unfortunately he was overheard by the Mohammedan priests, who told him to cut it out, or they would cut off his hand. He didn't stop shouting and they cut his hand. A long story short, they

went on cutting until he had neither arms nor legs left and he still went on: "Ana'l Haq". Then of course he died.

Osho:

Al Hillaj Mansoor used to shout, "Ana'l Haq!
— I am God!"

His master, Junnaid, said to him, "Ana'l haq is perfectly right. I also know I am God. But keep it a secret, because people are mad and fanatic; they will not be able to tolerate it."

Mansoor said, "I will try, but there are moments when it is not me who is shouting 'Ana'l haq!' I am just a watcher. I hear myself shouting 'Ana'l haq! — I am God!' and it is beyond me. So I will follow your advice, but I cannot promise that I will not shout it because there are moments I cannot do anything — just in the marketplace, the madness grips me! And I try hard: the harder I try, the louder I shout 'Ana'l haq!'"

Junnaid said, "I do understand your problem, but try your best."

Mansoor tried but could not succeed. Whenever he saw people miserable, painful, dragging their lives somehow toward the grave, it was impossible not to shout, "Don't be worried! I am God and you are also God — you are just asleep. Wake up!"

But people who are asleep are not so easy to wake up. They killed Mansoor because according to

Mohammedanism, anybody calling himself God is a Kafir, an infidel, is antireligious. They killed their best flower.

In these fourteen centuries Mohammedanism has not produced another beautiful flower which surpasses al Hillaj Mansoor — so innocent and so beautiful and so graceful. And he was saying simply the truth. He said: 'What can I do? I feel God within me. My life is nothing but God. He is breathing, he is beating in my heart, he is speaking. Although my master goes on preventing me — and I respect him and I understand the problem that there are fanatic people, I am putting my life at risk — but still a moment comes when the bud has to open and become a flower.'

Al-Hillaj Mansoor, a Sufi mystic was killed just like Jesus Christ — of course in a more primitive and ugly way. He was cut part by part — legs, hands, head... And his only crime was that he had declared "Ana'l haq" — I am the truth. His own master, Junnaid, used to calm him down: "Yes, we all know you are the truth, but there is no need to say it."

I have been deeply inquiring into Junnaid, because al-Hillaj Mansoor has become world famous. Junnaid also knew, "I am God, I am truth," but he was a more understanding, more sane person.

He used to tell Mansoor, "If you know it, you need not say it. Your saying simply means that you want a confirmation. But who can confirm it? Only you know." There is something in the inner experience

that nobody can confirm and nobody can certify. No government can give a certificate to you that, yes, you are enlightened. No committee can confirm it, no university can offer a degree in enlightenment — it is absolutely private.

Osho

Well, Osho had repeated this story many times, so I wasn't about to make the same mistake, so I kept it to myself. But the sensation was there for many days until I became a little more used to it.

As Mahasi Sayadaw writes, after the experience there is the time of reviewing. A time of recovering from the surprise and putting things a little bit back in order. Many insights occur in a short time. You understand everything you think about, in a few quick thoughts: If there are no persons, how do things work? What role does Karma play, how does the law of cause and effect regulate death and rebirth. (I had already absolutely accepted rebirth as a scientific fact years before). What is the purpose of all this? Why did all my love stories seem doomed to fail?

To all those questions I found the answer and much more. The mind had become this tremendously efficient impersonal computer, which answered any question "with one click". It was a wonderful series of understandings. At some point I realized how much time I had been wasting on the pursuit of sex. Eighty percent

of my life had been dedicated to it and I wasn't even aware! And always the insights were framed in an atmosphere of pure universal love. I suddenly understood the meaning of all these 'concepts'.

So I knew I was 'God'. Not 'a God', mind you. And every being is 'God', that there is only 'God' and nothing but 'God'. Wait a minute. Where did I hear this before? It sounds suspiciously like a religion I have heard about. Let's change the word: "The One". Outside of the One there is nothing, simply because it is the totality.

Then conclusions started to come in. Mahasi Sayadaw says it is a process of first determining what you have learned and then what still needs to be learned, because nobody becomes fully enlightened in one go.

There are four experiences of Nirvana that need to happen in sequence and every time you understand a little more until you are fully enlightened. According to Buddha there are four stages, which you can pass through in one night, as he did, or in for example four lives, because many people that become enlightened in the first degree, don't really want to go through the process again so soon. And by the way, the word enlightened is a bad translation. It has nothing to do with great streaks of light, or stars, or hallucinations. It means you loose extra baggage. You loose unnecessary weight. You simply become lighter. You loose depression, sadness. It is a great relief.

You also loose all fear, because you now know deep down that everything is all right, that it has always been all right, and that it always will be all right. Forever! It means there are no persons doing things. All your

conflicts have just been based on dreams and illusions. People ask: "Is everything an illusion?" and I answer: No only the appearance of persons is an illusion. The word person means mask in Greek. It is only that part that shows outside. Inside there is a being. What is a being? A being is a certain amount of energy that goes on moving around, constantly changing moods and form and color, for some time, until it stops functioning and dies and gets reborn. Is it doing something? Well that's the question isn't it?

I came to the conclusion that nobody is 'doing' anything. Things just happen. Due to Karma and nothing else. What about all these people? Well they all think they are doing things of course and that is precisely their illusion. What are the implications of that? The fact is that if this is true (and I can assure you that it is) the whole concept of guilt does no longer apply! Nobody is guilty, nobody is innocent! It means that the whole concept of justice is totally meaningless because there are only stupid people and smart people.

Some think that by cutting corners, by killing, stealing, lying, raping and getting unconsciously drunk, you will become happy, which is never going to happen. That is stupid.

Others think that by protecting all life, by being generous, by only saying beneficial things, by making love in an adorable way and by watching your drug intake you will have a wonderful life. That is indeed smart, and in accordance with the laws of Karma.

It also means you can never really blame anybody for anything because whatever you think they have done

wrong, they must have done it unconsciously or they would not have done it. By definition!

It means you cannot claim anything from anybody because they cannot do anything else than what they are already doing: they are not in charge. Nobody is in charge of anything. Stuff just happens according to scientific laws!

These two laws particularly apply to the dynamics in a relationship, where most people will indulge in just these two accusations: blame and claim. (You never...! You always...!)

So you spend days after becoming enlightened reviewing and that is total bliss, a word I understood for the first time.

To become enlightenment is something you cannot provoke, you cannot make it happen, you cannot do it. In fact as long as you want to do it, forget it, is not going to happen. The most difficult thing for ego to do, is to do nothing, of course, because ego is a doer: I'm doing it!

Chinese Masters called it "Wu-Wei", usually translated as doing nothing and let things happen but it does not mean literally doing nothing, you can be very active while doing nothing, because you know it is not you doing it. The Masters say: "No, you're not doing it, it just happens". And you go like: "Oh, yes, sorry, no, it just happens..." But you haven't changed anything inside.

So after I started to meditate, it took more than 27 years until finally I gave it up and said: "You know what? I give up; I have no clue, I don't know..." And still if you expect it to happen, it doesn't! This is symbolized by the

lying Buddha statue, which is not the Buddha, it is Ananda, his cousin. (In Shree Lanka you will find these statues on city squares sometimes).

Buddha has died and all of his enlightened disciples are going to meet next morning to decide what the teaching is going to be, to try to preserve it. But Ananda is not enlightened. He has been with Buddha for 45 years without missing one day and he has a perfect memory. So he needs to be there. But he has been too busy taking care of him. He is not enlightened and he has no time left. So they tell him if you become enlightened this night, at eight o'clock in the morning the meeting starts and you can come. Of course he's totally freaked out. How do I do it!? And he goes on meditating, and meditating, vipassana, anapana, and finally he says: "I'm not going to make it". And he just laid down and gave up. And in that lying down, it happened. First stage, second, third and fourth, just before breakfast. That is the symbolism of that statue; everybody thinks it is Buddha lying down, it is not, it is his cousin relaxing, giving up this desire to become enlightened, and then becoming enlightened.

So then he appears in the meeting, but he appears out of the body, by astral projection, because now he can, (Maybe he is showing off, I don't know.)

You have to give up the desire to become enlightened, but you have to begin with the desire to become enlightened in order to even start; otherwise, you are not going to do it.

Many people have asked me here: "you said the desire is the problem, but we need the desire to become

enlightened, no?" Yes, that's the start, and then you have to give it up somewhere at the end. But you don't give up anything because you don't have a clue about how to give up anything; that's part of the ego. Ego is just the program, the old operating system.

Imagine the consequences of an insight like that penetrating to the deepest layers of your consciousness. Your way of looking at the world is completely and forever changed. Hitler was not guilty. He is just an effect of a series of causes in the past. Who knows what happened to him in his past lives?

Nobody is after you. If you are in tune with Existence, you are protected.

A few days later I am riding on my motorbike, back to Poona, some 500 km to the north. In a famously dangerous S-curve I suddenly come face to face with another bike, somewhat dangerously overloaded as happens a lot in India. He is on the wrong side of the road and comes straight at me. It probably wouldn't have killed me, but it would have been a serious accident. I don't know what happened but we managed to just avoid each other by each passing on the opposite wrong side of each other. A miracle or just cause and effect?

Since then nothing bad has really happened to me again. I seem to just float around, immensely enjoying everything, not attached to anything or anybody, even though, yes, occasionally I go back to my old hobby, becoming 'in love'. But there is hardly any 'falling' anymore really.

Another time as I was ruminating on the meaning

of Samsara, Nirvana, I had another great flash of understanding: Samsara is the world of suffering they say and Nirvana is a place without suffering. But the more I looked at it, the more I could see that really if you are 'in' Samsara everything is Drama and if you have experienced Nirvana everything is Comedy! Yahoo! Of course it is just an interpretation. The same things that used to make me so sad, were now suddenly so funny and made me laugh so much! I had to hide it from the people around me because they could not understand what was making me laugh, about whatever it was they were telling me. Generally whatever is happening to me does not produce any kind of drama feelings anymore, probably also because there is not so much in my life that I get hung up about. And even the real drama moments are very short and soon make me laugh again.

Of course the suffering of the mind is not completely eradicated. That's only for Buddhas, completely enlightened beings, but I was not aware of that because let's say that 95% of it had disappeared and I was not yet conscious of the rest. The suffering of the body however does not disappear unfortunately. But soon you discover that any bodily pain is made much worse by the reactions of the mind. If there is fear, if there is anger, worry, these mental states produce tensions around the pain zone, worries about the 'disease'. And now it is much easier to relax about the body problems and reduce the pain to a great degree.

I also found out that now meditation was much, much easier. Before, it used to be impossible to be in the moment and observe it for even a minute. In a 'good'

meditation you would be only doing it right for about 5% of the time and the rest? Just dreaming. Now this was reversed: 95% aware and only 5% dreaming. An incredible difference!

And you can now 'meditate' in action: while doing the dishes, while watching TV, driving, whatever. This is called freedom baby! I never liked these forced sitting sessions although they are very necessary especially in the beginning.

I was born in the war. At the end of it. My father was in jail for being in a house just 50 km north of Amsterdam where the collaborating Dutch police had found an illegal printing press used to print a newspaper in the service of the underground resistance. He didn't even know about it, but it cost him his life anyway.

A couple of months later the RAF bombed a munitions depot of the Germans located in Amsterdam. It was a very successful raid and the whole depot exploded. I was sleeping in my bed when I woke up from the noise and was immediately totally alarmed and cried for my mother. When she came she reassured me that everything was ok. I understood in that moment that I knew things that she had no idea about and decided never to talk to her about it again. I did not know why really.

A few years later I began drawing when I

was visiting my grandparents and although I was just 'drawing', my mother and my grandparents seemed to be amazed at what I was drawing:

"Look! He is drawing perspective". I was indeed drawing a northern European landscape with the typical dug-out water channels that are so characteristic of the Dutch and West German landscape. There were also some buildings in it, with high pointed roofs, churches maybe?

I forgot about it until at age nine, I began to have dreams of flying an airplane, a Second World War plane, although I was not aware of that fact. The dream was always the same: I am trying to land the plane, for some reason on a straight road just in front of me. As I approach the road I realize that it isn't going to end well because on both sides there are telephone poles, which will undoubtedly cut off my wings. And then the dream ends.

I had that same dream once a week for approximately a year and then never again.

Fast forward to January 1990. I am doing a therapy group in Osho's ashram, called the tantra training, which lasted three months. We are about two weeks away from the end and we are having one of those interim meetings with all the participants (36 and some therapists), when instead of telling the group quietly what had happened in my last session, I began to reenact something:

I got up and started to walk up and down

past the windows, mumbling to myself. People thought there was something wrong with me and I vaguely heard them ask the therapists if they should restrain me, lest I jump out the window or something. They did not interfere.

I relived a past life (I now know). I was a British RAF pilot and I was in military jail. I had been given the order to go and bombard a German city, which I had done before. I refused because I could not see what good destroying cities and killing 'civilians' would do. The sergeant who was in charge of me begged me to go, my crew begged me to go, and I was agonizing about the decision. I was not in the group room; I was in jail, aware of my surroundings but totally not involved in anything but this decision. That's when I decided to go one more time.

I woke up from the illusion I was living and the group just went on. I told the others a little bit about it, but of course they had their own stories...

A few months later I was in Goa, west India, and while having one of those great holidays that you can only experience in Goa, I met a young Dutch woman who was related to an old friend from Holland, who was learning to become a hypno-therapist and she had heard of my three months training in dehypnotherapy

group. She asked me if I was willing to be her 'guinea pig' for some past life sessions and I readily agreed, thinking she was just a beginner, so 'what me worry'.

The session occurred in the late afternoon, on the beach, and lasted for about an hour. I experienced five past lives, complete with location and time span! I still today remember all details and will share them all in the course of this story but the most recent was about my past life as a British pilot.

After my final acceptance to go and fly to Germany, I remembered again descending in my plane with the whole crew inside, to try and land on the road that I had seen so many times in my dreams so many years ago. With the telephone poles on both sides. And because I had been hit by German flack I had to land fast. And this time I crashed when the poles cut my wings. I managed to land quite safely but I saw that the steering had entered my stomach and I was in a bad shape. Could not exit the plane and when I looked outside I saw a very angry mob approaching fast, bent on lynching us. Then, compassionately, the plane exploded and the next thing I remember is standing in my cradle and crying for my mother. I realized that in that moment the explosion in Amsterdam had triggered that past life memory.

Of course babies and young children remember much more of their previous lives than adults, who have been conditioned to ignore them for many years. With hypnosis, however, you can access them again. And I tell you: "Please do!"

Osho used to say that if you have memories that are always a little bit different, it is likely just imagination, but if the memory is always the same, it is most probably a past life experience.

It was my one before last year in high school when I decided to travel during my summer holiday. 1962 July and August. It was not my first hitch-hiking trip but it was the first one alone. I had been traveling to the north polar circle with my cousin Ger.

I had just a little money that I earned from giving private lessons to my neighbor girl. Like French and algebra. I was paid 2 guilders, 50 per hour which was not a lot, but my parents (mother and uncle Paul, "pa", actually), although leaving me completely free, bless their beings, were of the opinion that I had to learn how to finance my escapades myself.

So I had to hitch-hike. I had to sleep in a ditch or any other inconvenient place on the roadside. I always had to eat from the supermarket, if any, and I supplemented that with rations that you could buy at that time in our great

department store, the Bijenkorf, that were meant to be stored in people's houses in case of a nuclear war! They were dried biscuits full of vitamins and supplements and if you ate them with a liter of milk per day, you would be just fine. So that permitted me to travel free as a bird and happy as a, well whatever.

So in the morning of my departure I went to the Utrechtse brug, the bridge in Amsterdam over the Amstel River, where at that time you left the city and the long highway to the south started. I had a small sign written on a piece of carton, about a foot wide, which read: "TÜRKIYE". I don't remember how I knew how to write that, but sure enough, after a few minutes a car stopped with a couple of Turkish guest-workers stopped and spoke to me in Turkish. I said: "No, I am going to Turkey, I am not Turkish". They took me anyway and soon I was on my way to Ankara, although I had no idea!

About a week later I arrived in Istanbul and immediately booked into Hotel Frerik in Sultan Ahmet district, right opposite the two most famous buildings of Istanbul: The Aya Sofia and the Blue Mosque. So romantic! This small and cheap hotel was going to be my hotel for years to come and I always managed to rent the top room with a very small terrace from where you see the two world famous mosques, about 500 meter away!

Mind you the whole hotel was built on a space of about 3 by 4 meter. It had one room per floor, the first floor was the office from where you had to go up very narrow, winding stairs, which led past the rooms on the second, third and fourth floors. The rooms were about 3 by 3 meters, which is what was left of the space after taking away the square meter or so for the stairs space. Therefore the only room worthwhile was the top one on the fourth floor. And it had that terrace of about 50 cm by 2 meters, which had the best view of the whole of Istanbul. Later I stayed there for weeks on end with a couple of always varying beatnik friends, (Hippies did not exist yet), for a couple of years. (1962, 1963, 1964, 1970).

What was so great about the area, was that it was a neighborhood with dozens of small places to eat. One place for fried eggs, another for cakes and sweets, another for yogurts, yet another one for soups and meats, and so on. So we used to just walk 5 minutes to one shop and then eat our way down the main street, Sultan Ahmet, which was an incredible experience after we had discovered hashish a year or so later.

That year I met some young travelers from different countries, who could tell you all you wanted to know about the countries I had not dared to even think of: Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan and ultimate prize: India. They told you the best cheap hotels in all the capitals, even provincial

ones, with advantages and drawbacks. I was really impressed at the amount of information that was passed on by these travelers, especially the English ones.

So I decided to travel on to Ankara, just to see. And the country was so cheap, I could afford so many things that were impossible for me in Europe. "On the road again", as the famous beatnik Guru of the travelers, Jack Kerouak in those days wrote in his book "On the road".

Cross the Bosphorus! Wait for a truck to take me to Ankara. Easy if I didn't mind standing all the way in the open load space, where there was a lot of dust flying around, for 500 km. But I was ecstatic!

I came back immediately. There was nothing interesting for me in this new city full of offices and not much else. Back to Hotel Frerik. A month later the teacher in high school invited me talk in front of the whole class about my trip! I even forgot my shyness when asked to talk in public. I was only 18 after all...

II - Existence and Nature

Existence is like a sphere, eternal and infinite. No beginning, no end, in time nor space. It has no preference, no opinions. It does not 'do' anything, it does 'everything'. It contains all, forever.

Just like us beings, it consists of mind and body. Buddha called it name and form, which is much more appropriate and more profound but it took me years to understand it. Existence is consciousness – Universe is body. The body is called universe, or nature. Existence is nature plus consciousness. It equals the One Mind and the Universe, although they are not really two.

Nature consists of different combinations of give or take 118 chemical elements; mind consists of consciousness and that which the mind is aware of: different combinations of 52 mental elements or mental objects.

(Although, when I was at high school, there were 92 elements according to the Chemistry teacher. Scientists went on creating or discovering more and more: now at this moment, in 2019, there are considered to be about 118. There has never been a change in the number of mental elements since Buddha (623 BC - 543 BC) pointed them out in his discourses.)

Existence is all.

And just like there is mind and body, (beings consist of a mind and a body, which are one, not two; it just appear to be two), so Existence also consists of

Mind and Body. The body is called the Universe and the universal characteristic of all beings – absence of person as a separate entity – means that they don't have their own separate minds, but they are all connected to the One Mind by an invisible 'umbilical' chord. I like to say they are all connected to the one universal hard disk, which is in the "Cloud" as it is called nowadays. They don't have their own hard disk located somewhere in their own bodies. This is why clairvoyance exists, memories of past lives exist, astrology makes a lot of sense, death is an illusion. We don't have individual minds. But what societies think is that we are persons because we have individual hard disks.

In Hinduism, Existence is the same: All. But they like to explain that there is 'God', Brahma, (which is Existence) that breathes in and out, and when (S)He breathes out, the Universe happens and when (S)He breathes in, the Universe disappears; all the stars collapse and everybody and everything is gone. And then (S)He breathes out again, and everything starts again and there's another Big Bang. As Existence is eternal and infinite, of course there is an infinite number of Big Bangs, and an infinite number of Universes that will produce an infinite number of beings. It is hard to wrap your mind around that.

Universe is matter, from rocks to bodies. And the only thing that the Universe is interested in, is to produce bodies and more bodies because otherwise Brahma cannot play his game. That is why we are so obsessed with sex. To say however that we are guilty of sin because of that, is a stupid conclusion of sects and fake

religions, motivated by selfishness.

Existence does not judge, evaluate, criticize, condemn or identify and therefore cannot be compared in any way to the concept of 'God'. It leaves all beings totally free to do whatever they want to and it is forever trying to take care of and protect all beings, like a mother taking care of her only child.

Consciousness floats on three deeply unconsciousness underlying underground streams, which are the capacity of experiencing love, generosity and awareness.

The absence of these three roots are the cause of lobha (attachment), moha (delusion), dosa (aversion). It should be noted that moha is common to all immoral thoughts.

Based on the three roots (underground currents) there are three continua:

1. from hatred to love,
2. from greed to generosity,
3. from total absent-mindedness to pure consciousness or total mindfulness.

In relation to the 3 unconsciousness streams it has to be noted that hatred, greed and absent-mindedness can be summed up as desire, which Buddha identifies as the root cause of suffering or the engine of life. Charles Darwin says that evolution is the result of random changes in DNA. I say it is the result of desire of the species. A bird species wants to suck the honey out of a certain flower and it slowly through generations,

begins to develop the right form of beak. The flower develops a desire to exist exclusively for that bird (like a love relation) and equally slowly develops a longer and longer and maybe narrower flower that can only be accessed by that bird. And bingo you end up with a colibri!

Beings have the freedom to do whatever they like, but they are subject to the law of karma which is basically very simple: If you cause pain you will experience pain.

If you cause pleasure or beauty or happiness or generosity, you will reap the same results.

This is universal and eternal. In other words Existence doesn't care if you do stupid things. It does not try to prevent you from doing them, because of all the available qualities, freedom is the highest of all. (This leads to the question if free will exists or not).

It has been said that Existence has one desire: to know itself and in order to do that it needs to create itself. It needs to create each and everything to thereby create a mirror to itself and observe itself. And it is not that "God" created the world. No, it is an ongoing process that has no beginning and no end. It is always creating and we are the creators. We are the painters of our own paintings.

You can go to war or you can create a paradise and the purpose of this exercise is to make you understand how Existence works and through understanding you'll be able to move to higher and higher places, higher meaning more love, less body (Less sex. Not to be confused with the warped morality

of the false religions).

Another word in English for Existence is All, the All. That could sound suspiciously like Allah, but that would be a complete misunderstanding because contrary to Allah, Existence has no opinions, has no preferences, meaning that whatever is the outcome it doesn't matter, it is a play, a divine play.

So, ok, let's destroy our earth just for the fun of it and let's create another earth, it doesn't really matter in the end, (although I would prefer that we do not burn up this earth just yet, please!)

Existence is like a mother who creates everything and loves it. Just like a gardener who loves cultivating flowers, It likes cultivating more and more beautiful flowers.

So it is not quite true to say that Existence has no preference, because certainly it has a preference for love and beauty, but not a preference for a particular kind of people. Bad people, good people, there is no difference. Do you want to be bad? Existence is totally ok with that. Of course you will suffer. That will be unavoidable.

Existence is certainly capable of fulfilling all your dreams as long as these dreams are dedicated to beauty and love. If your ego decides to do it in another way, the result may not be so nice. The ego is a very ancient system of protection that started on earth at the beginning of time, protecting one-celled beings in the oceans.

In the small chilean village where I live, there used to live a well known biologist named Francisco Varela.

He later became a good friend of the Dalai Lama, as he became a Buddhist scientist. I mean a scientist understanding the laws of enlightenment, not necessarily a “Buddhist” (although he may have been). It’s like you don’t have to be an Einsteinist to understand his famous law of nature, $E=mc^2$.

I read one of his books where he makes the point that a one cell being, the most simple form of life, already has an ego, or operative system, that needs to decide when to open its envelope skin to let food in and when to open it to let waste out. Our egos are a little bit more sophisticated than that but let’s face it, it is still very much about when to open or close our holes, however sophisticated we think ourselves to be. (Buddha used to define our body as a bag with nine holes. Just count. Realize how much time you spend taking care of your nine holes, sorry orifices)

So the ego is a system that is so specialized, and so devoted to our protection that it will not give it up for anything in the world. It may be very old through eons of evolution, but at each rebirth it is going through a reset, which means that although the basics are still there, a lot needs to be learned and refreshed again. As the baby begins to perceive things around it, it will start to make a list of what it likes and what it dislikes and starts to act accordingly by creating emotions as it learns to manipulate the surroundings, usually the mother, who may be just as loving as Existence, but is not enlightened, so she conditions the child as she learned from her mother, grandmother, etc. In the end this creates a system that is essentially about me, me and

me, at the age of around four, when it is basically completed.

Yes some decorations will be added, school diplomas, university degrees, skills and so on but in essence it is finished at age four.

So now these poorly trained protection systems wreak havoc on our planet. No wonder! They think they are the authors of their actions and that it is all about themselves, ME! They cannot understand that if you want to become rich by making others poor, the result will be unhappiness. That if you want to attain your goals by killing other beings, you will rot in hell at least for some time. And you don't even have to go to real hell (if such a place exist), life can become quite hellish right here.

Buddha says desire is what makes life suck. Osho says desire is a disease. It is the result of a four year old manipulating its mother. It needs therapy. Existence is like this wish fulfilling gem, that you can rub while making a wish, and bingo there it is. You will be surprised: that's exactly how it works. But there are conditions. The wish has to be free of self, free of ego, free of desire. Then it works. Even if you just have a selfish desire, Existence will try to make it happen for you, but it needs a little time and the ego is always impatient. So it wants to go east and Existence helps, but then ego changes its mind and wants to go west and Existence goes on helping but it is a little slow (it is eternal after all) and before it can fulfill your wish, you are already going south or north and then you wonder why nothing ever works out in your life.

I see so many people having great ideas, but

never getting anywhere because they don't have the patience to let Existence help them and they go on thinking that they are doing it themselves, leading to one failure after another. Or they do get things done but it doesn't lead to the expected result of peace and happiness.

“Enlightened people have attained the spiritual state of liberation. That means they are consciously aware of their oneness with the infinite.

An unenlightened person identifies with the ego. It keeps you trapped on the surface of life in a false sense of separateness from everything you perceive. You are obsessed with endless desires and unaware of the deeper reality.

The spiritual journey is the process of freeing yourself from the ego's control. The ego is formed by karma (or past conditioning). The dissolution of your past conditioning weakens and eventually resets the ego, allowing you to attain liberation.

The ego maintains control over your awareness through an endless stream of banal thoughts.

It is your constant contact with the deeper reality that gradually dissolves your past conditioning and enables you to make true spiritual progress.

Simply by being exposed to a spiritual master's energy (or enlightened presence) your own energetic body learns how to attune to the deeper reality."

Brian D.

Stephens

I was already quite aware of all of the above because of the hippies.

In 1964 my future wife was 16 years old when she walked by a famous Amsterdam square, het Leidseplein, where a student of psychiatry (name withheld by the editor) was distributing sugar cubes to anybody passing by, and she took one, not knowing that it contained LSD. A few hours later she called me from her home and was talking in a very strange way. Later she told me that it had been a very freaky experience but that she nevertheless wanted to repeat it. With me!

This was the beginning of a period in our lives when we dedicated ourselves to becoming enlightened as defined by 'Rolling Stone' or some such magazine dedicated to the new experiences! In the next 8 years I calculate we took 800 times

quite a robust dosis with the help of a book by a psychiatrist who used it in his sessions to try to heal war traumas and reportedly was quite successful with it. I decided to do it because I was after all a 'warchild' and sure to have some trauma, no? My wife began to tell me a story of her infancy when she almost died of meningitis and saw her father coming in the room and she did not recognize him and became very afraid and freaked out completely.

And so we self-healed ourselves and it was great. The effect would last at least one week. Of course we did it in a setting of peace with flowers, nice perfumes, great vegetarian foods, relaxing Indian music, but still after some time it would always fade away and we would be a little bit more frustrated because it never seemed to solve the problem totally.

Then Simon came into our life. He was the prototype of the San Francisco hippy 'acidhead' and he was a master of LSD. His message was simple: "go to India and find a master". He had been there and had countless stories which really inspired us to go.

So, on the 4th of March 1970 we stood on the 'Utrechtse brug' (the bridge where the main highway to the south starts) in Amsterdam with our thumbs held high in the air and with enough money to last us about nine months. With a beautiful young blond woman, 22 years old, we

never had to wait very long for a ride and soon we were already in Germany after crossing the border with a bit of a stressing incident where I had to put my marihuana cakes in a plastic bag on the desk of the customs officer while he checked our baggage, but of course he never looked at the cakes. Our LSD was never a problem because it was not illegal in those days, but we were always checked anyway because of our 'hippy' looks.

We soon realized that in the middle east and the east it is easier and cheaper to take public transportation, so we went on from yougoslavia via Istanbul, Teheran, Herat, Kandahar, Kabul to Lahore and finally to Amritsar as much as possible by train, otherwise by bus. Here Simon had told us:

"Don't go to Delhi. You'll waste your time. Go left directly to the Himalaya's, specifically Dalhousie. It is a paradise and you will find a Master there."

So the LSD experience had already opened our eyes tremendously, but it needed a finishing touch and of course I had studied the matter for years. Social anthropology at the university of Amsterdam. Books by Paul Reps. Alan Watts, Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, all the books of the famous series about the eastern sages, from Japan, China, Tibet and India and I had come to the conclusion that the 'Guru' must be sitting somewhere on a mountain top in the Himalaya's.

After weeks of roaming around in the high mountains with backpacks and enough food to keep us going for some time, we came to a point where there was nothing left to eat, 2 weeks away from civilization, at 4000 meters altitude, and we had to decide whether to go on as a vegetarian or let these nice goat herds slaughter a lam for us. The decision was not so difficult as I was having dreams in broad daylight about Gouda cheeses flying in the sky!

Come to think of it, it was amazing we never even had to pay for the food.

We did however meet with the “first disciple” of the Master, who was a hippy New York jew with whom we shared some LSD sessions and felt immediately very close and who became our friend for life and who said: you have to go to Bodh-Gaya. Munindra lives there. He is exactly what you are looking for. It was only 1400 km or so away, so let’s go!

I had been familiar with the teachings of the great Zen Masters thanks to Paul Reps’ book ‘Zen Flesh, Zen Bones’, since 1964, that contains many short stories that illustrate perfectly what enlightenment is about, or better what it is not about. Now we met the real thing: Meet Anagarika Munindra, enlightened Master.

And quite a character he was: born in Chittagong, Burma, Indian empire at the time of

course, from an original Theravada Buddhist family who soon moved to Delhi with his mother. He was involved with the first prime minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru who sent him to Tibet to meet with the Daila Lama, who was fleeing to India from the chinese invaders. Here he became a friend of the Dalai Lama for life and unfortunately he also met a Tibetan dog, famous for their ferocity, who bit him when he went out for a walk in his white dress and not disguised as a Tibetan monk. Many years later he still showed us the scars on his legs

III - Karma and Rebirth

Cause and Effect

When a cloud is transformed into rain,
it is not dying.
A cloud can become rain or snow or ice.
A cloud cannot become nothing.
It is impossible for a cloud to die.
It is a continuation.
In the same way,
it is impossible for you,
as a human being, to die.
you are also a continuation.

Thich Nhat Hanh

Karma is the law of cause and effect. It is not, as is popularly thought, a moral law. It is neither a law of reward nor a law of punishment by either “God”, or a ‘God’, or Existence. The simplest way to explain it is to think about it as in the story of the sleepwalker:

There is a sleepwalker who lives on the first floor in a room with a balcony with a low veranda. One night he wakes up and starts to walk on the balcony and suddenly falls off it because he doesn’t know where he is. He breaks some bones.

Now is the pain from the accident a result of bad karma? Yes, stupidity! Is he guilty? No! It is just the result of gravity and unawareness, not lack of morality.

So it is a law, like gravity or the speed of light, based on desire, which applies universally, that expresses itself through habits, without the need of any independent ruling entity, divine or not. It has nothing to do with superstitions like god or devil.

The same applies to every bit of pain we experience: if we kill, we will be killed, if we steal, we will be robbed, if we lie, we will be deceived, if we rape, we will be abused, if we get drunk or stoned, we will get sick or worse. Is it a punishment? No it is just a logical and scientific result of our actions.

What makes it more complicated is that the memories associated with our causative actions are saved forever on the one eternal hard disk, although we do not necessarily remember it. And it is saved for (almost) eternity, for many lives. The resultants can ripen at any time in the present or the future. It can happen today, or in ten years, or in ten lifetimes (the latter applies only to the more 'heavy' karma). That's why it is not always obvious that universal justice exists. If the resulting pain from an immoral deed comes only in a next life, humans will not understand it because they don't remember. They will claim that justice has not been "served". (Oh God why me?) And yes a lot of sects or false religions will maintain that 'God' is eternally just, but judging by their continuous obsession with 'justice' they don't seem to be too convinced and leave no stone unturned to administrate their own brand of (in)-justice,

by incarceration, death penalty, torture, lynching or other kinds of inconveniences.

Karma can be subdivided in various subcategories:

By its effect: good, bad or neutral.

1. Actions that cause pain will result in pain,
2. Actions that cause blessing will result in blessing,
3. Actions that are not based in ego are neutral and will not have an effect. This only happens in enlightened beings because they are the only ones aware enough not to let their operating systems interfere with their awareness.

By its time frame:

Due to the circumstances surrounding the actions, the effects will ripen in the three different ways or not at all.

1. Immediate effect,
2. Intermediate effect,
3. Far future effect, or
4. Defunct.

By the type of effect it will have on the life of the being:

1. Kinetic energy at birth: at the time of birth a being has a certain life span like the kinetic energy of a cannonball. The more kinetic energy, the longer this life will last.
2. Destructive karma that cuts short a being's life, provoking sudden death. (As when the ball hits something in mid-air).
3. Karma of disease that more or less slowly

reduces the kinetic energy that is there at birth. (As in facing a head wind).

The question arises: does this mean predestination? And the answer is no. There are many ways for a being to influence his or her karma effects. Because the results depend on the circumstances in which a being is situated, he or she can change the circumstances by developing positive habits like consciousness, awareness, love, generosity, compassion and so on. (Sumerians have a word, 'destiny', that refers to planetary orbit. It is almost predestined but even planets will eventually get kicked out of their 'destiny' and change course.)

Because there exists an endless collection of karma (causes) saved since the beginning of time, the results depend on the physical and mental situation of the being, which he or she can influence with training. Of course it then depends on the karma of the individual if he or she comes into contact with a Teacher or a Master who can provide this necessary training.

And then it depends on another type of karma that causes sufficient intelligence to understand the content of the provided training in order to practice it in the right way. Beings who do not have sufficient mindfulness will live the results of their karma as if it were predestined. The less mindfulness, the more mechanical or robot-like the law works.

One aspect of Karma that is in most cases overlooked, is that many times the cause and the effect are interchanged in the analysis: for example in botany it is usually thought that a plant gets sick because it has

some pest or virus that makes it sick, but I have a different experience. I think it is the other way around: the plant gets sick and then the pest appears to clean it up or at least starts the process of cleaning it up.

Buddha on the day he died said to his people: "I am going to die today. The food I am going to eat later, so lovingly offered to me by these humble people who invited me, is poisoned but they don't know it. Please don't blame them for it. They will harvest so many good effects for having invited the Buddha. Don't spoil it for them. I just need a cause of death. The end of my life has arrived; that is unavoidable. It is caused by the end of my kinetic karma not by the poison!

Similarly the people who die nowadays because of the end of their kinetic energy, need a cause and in many cases encounter that in the Corona virus. It is not the virus that kills them, it is their karmatic cause, which of course is itself an effect of various causes in their past. Therefore it is nonsense to say that the corona virus kills them. It is their time, the causes have ripened and it is time to get a new body. Without the existence of the virus they will die just the same, but from another cause. Maybe it's the flue, or a car accident or some other 'cause of death'. The amount of pain suffered by your death is the direct result of the amount of pain you have caused in some past. That is another effect of another cause. If you have not caused a lot of pain in many lives, your death will be as smooth as soft rain, but if you have waged war and killed many people, you'll probably suffer a great deal and your death will be like a painful lightning strike. You just harvest what you have sown.

I am very well aware that most people will think I am completely crazy, but you have to be aware that this misunderstanding has everything to do with our conditioning, which is the result of the hypnosis that society exercises over us, (see Ch IV Society versus the Masters) that says you have only one life, which makes the whole thing very dramatic, that you are dying much too young, that it happens before your time, (compared to what? How do you know?), that you don't "deserve" to die, which makes it seem unjust.

So the result of that belief is that we think collectively that if you manage to eradicate diseases you eradicate suffering and death, which is of course impossible, There will be another disease appearing just in time because the real cause of death (you need a new body) is death and an excuse is needed as an apparent cause. That's why I don't think doctors will ever be able to eradicate diseases or suffering, although the exercise of their intent at alleviation is a very good karma for them which will have a very good effect in the future for them.

The result of that effort on the patient is a very good resulting effect of the past on the present for us the patients. Just to be able to access medicine is the good effect of some good deed of ours in the past. Not all beings have access to doctors of course.

In the science of Buddhism there is a list of 10 fetters that bind you to your illusory life in society. The first one is called "wrong view" (versus "right view"). Wrong view is when you believe you are a person separated from the rest of existence and the right view

happens when you understand that it is not the person that is the unit, but the thought and that this thought does not belong to you and therefore you do not have control over it.

Looked at it from the outside, beings appear to be units so we say he or she is an angry person or a greedy person or an unconscious person but this is not based on reality (even Hitler was seen very loving with babies). In other words the interior of a person is constantly changing very fast so the units of this phenomenon called person consists of very fast flows of thoughts, emotions, memories and so on and my emotions are not separated from your emotions. We are constantly influencing the thoughts and emotions of other people.

The building blocks of society are thoughts, not people or persons. This is not religion, it is simple science and all these thoughts have a past, they have a very limited time span of only seconds. They are an example of rebirth on a small scale in that they are constantly dying and getting reborn, each next one a little different from the previous one, in a never ending flow of different consciousnesses. There is no person involved whatsoever. (The concept of person is just an invention of society that is used to justify the existence of priests and politicians, not referring to any real object).

This is an eternal process, which means that your thought of today is a descendent of your very first thought in your life influenced by thoughts of your mother and grandmother ad infinitum.

This is why you can never be considered guilty of any wrong actions (or innocent). You can only be

accused of absent-mindedness but even that is not your fault.

The priests use guilt as a way to dominate. You have to be reeducated according to them. You cannot talk to 'God' on your own. You need an agent to represent you for the reasonable sum of only...

There seems to be a root misunderstanding of the earth's population at this stage: that they believe that what surrounds them, that which contains them is basically dead, unintelligent matter, which can be conquered, exploited, squeezed out. Then the next step is that they start thinking that their fellow humans are just as much something on the outside, dead and unintelligent, that can be exploited with impunity. "The more I gain by exploiting my neighbors, the happier I will become". And then they are at a loss why this promise never seems to fulfill itself.

I was about 9 years old living in Dordogne, in 1954, in the French countryside, and I was in charge of feeding and watering 700 little ducks and 14 chickens plus one rooster and a goat. It was part of my parents' new life in the countryside 'to escape' the Korean war which was just happening.

I was playing a bit with the chickens, throwing pebbles at them, when suddenly one of the pebbles bounced up from the earth in the courtyard

and hit one chicken in the left eye. I was a little shaken up, but my mother had not seen it, and I just remained regretting it. It was never my idea to hit the animal but it was careless of course. After a few days the chicken had turned blind and I felt really bad and guilty. I even thought of going to ask God for forgiveness, but eventually forgot about it. The chicken was fine after all and still had the other eye.

In 1976 I was planting green peas in my garden in my newly acquired property in the Pyrenees in South France, when I suddenly got the idea to take out a small weed that came up from the earth. I had put some thin sticks in the earth to support the peas when they would grow up and I bent over and at that moment I got one stick entering my left eye and right at that moment and for the first time in 22 years, I had an immediate clear mental image of the pebble jumping up in the chickens eye. I understood the workings of karma that day for ever!

On the 21st of March 1953 Osho became enlightened. I had no idea about these things of course. My parents had just gone to visit some friends and they were expected back before dark, since I was in the house with my little 3 year old sister. They did not come however and I became a little anxious: "What if they had some accident?"

Then the sky turned red, very red...
I was a little freaked out.

Charles Darwin: "On the Origin of Species"

"The theory of evolution by natural selection, first formulated in Darwin's book "On the Origin of Species" in 1859, is the process by which organisms change over time as a result of random genetic changes in heritable physical or behavioral traits. Changes that allow an organism to better adapt to its environment will help it survive and have more offspring.

Random genetic changes resulted in at least one whale having its nostrils placed farther back on its head. Those animals with this adaptation would have been better suited to a marine lifestyle, since they would not have had to completely surface to breathe. Such animals would have been more successful and had more offspring. In later generations, more genetic changes occurred, moving the nose farther back on the head.

Other body parts of early whales also changed. Front legs became flippers. Back legs disappeared. Their bodies became more streamlined and they developed tail flukes to better propel themselves through water.

Darwin also described a form of natural selection that depends on an organism's success at attracting a mate, a process known as sexual selection. The colorful plumage of peacocks and the antlers of male deer are both examples of traits that evolved under this type of selection.

What I am saying here, is that almost two and a half thousand years ago, the Buddha said very clearly: Mind always comes first. Which in this case means the changes were not random, they were the result of desire, which according to the Buddha is the engine of life. There is no life whatsoever without desire. It is therefore also the cause of all suffering because life is painful.

Charles Darwin of course could not imagine a 'mental state' being the cause of evolution.

OM MANI PADME HUM, p. 277:

The universe is not unintelligent. You are not living in a cosmos which has no intelligence. It is pure intelligence that the existence is made of. Call it love, call it silence, call it nothingness, but in everything remember, the tremendous intelligence of existence is always there. And once you have learned the art of

trusting, you are beyond all fear - you will learn it,
because there is no going back.

OSHO

IV - Society versus the Masters

What is truth? The Lies of Society

Superstitions of society

“There seems to be an unspoken assumption in societies that you have a right to reach the age as determined by the average age of death and if somebody doesn't reach that age, it must be somebody's fault (in line of course with the constant search for the “guilty person”). So if 600.000 people die of the Corona virus in the USA, it is Trumps fault, or the fault of the Chinese. These people have been ‘robbed’ of these missing years. Even if they were 90 years old!

It never enters these people's mind that maybe there is a cause for their ‘untimely’ death which is called Karma, (the law of impersonal cause and effect) and it can be anything that happened in their past.

One thing is that every being is born with an individual life expectancy, not an average one. This can be expanded or diminished a little but not by much. Life insurance companies know this. When you apply for a life insurance they calculate your life expectancy (and how much they may have to pay for you) by averaging your grandparents age of death and that is your age of

death with a high statistical probability (or at least enough to make their business profitable).

I saw a list in a CNN program of all the people who died of Corona. The list slowly scrolled over the screen and for an hour it showed just the names and the ages and to my surprise less than 20% of the dead were younger than 60 and there were many people who were very old. A significant number of over 100, many in their 90's, and so on. In other words they were well over the average age of death but still Corona killed them, not age-karma, and the Chinese were guilty of that, because they eat weird animals!

Children born into society are supposed to be 'socialized'. The moment we are born we are subject to this conditioning. Our mothers teach us whatever they have learned, usually from their mothers, who got it from their mothers. There is hardly any consciousness involved in it, let alone any kind of filtering of the ideas. It is largely an automatic process. After they have done their bit, it is the school's turn. For many years they teach you their views. The children don't have any defense against these 'adult' ideas. They just tell you the 'reality' you are living in, as you are supposed to perceive it. Take it or leave it.

So what do they teach? In the first place that you are a 'person' and that you are responsible for your actions, that there is a moral code that you have to abide by. If you don't, you'll be judged and if found guilty, many times even without being found guilty, you will be punished. All societies are obsessed with guilt. You are

‘doing things’ and therefore you will be judged.

Another given is that you have only one life here on this earth, especially if it is an atheist society, and you are supposed to live your full life here. It is what you ‘deserve’. Moreover things happen by your own effort or by accident, or by luck, maybe providence, or destiny. Even if it is a ‘religious’ society they will generally tell you that you have one life and then you go either to some ‘heaven’ or some ‘hell’ forever.

Each society has a story. A story that is supposed to be shared. Different tribes have different stories, so because the tribes don’t agree on their stories, fights occur all the time, based on tribalism. “Five thousand wars in three thousand years”, Osho used to say. Different tribes have different skin colors, different pasts, habits, customs, rules and regulations. It is always ‘us’ against ‘them’.

Society is based on lies but that doesn’t mean that there is a sophisticated complot to entrap you, because that would presuppose ‘smart persons doing smart things’, whereas it is actually all based on ignorance and absent-mindedness. There are no ‘conspiracies’.

Politicians are just very insecure people who learned all their bad habits from the priests and vice versa. Their thoughts are based on a long sequence of bad habits (bad in the sense of causing pain). They may be stupid, but they are not guilty. They will suffer because of the pain they cause, but is not their or anybody’s fault.

These ideas are very old and very difficult to eradicate because people don’t want to wake up. They

are afraid of what they might see, were they to wake up.

Their 'solutions' are just the result of their wrong view and the wrong view of everybody else in society, which is that there are 'persons doing things' and certainly the illusion is very convincing, so that it is difficult to recognize your enemy as just another flow of nonsensical thoughts, having nothing to do with you.

All beings have a defense system that starts operating immediately after birth. It is called ego or program (operating system), which has been with us for millions of years and is dedicated to defend us against all dangers from outside. It has done it very well for eons and is not about to abandon its job. In fact it has never stopped doing just that in the whole of its existence. Therefore, if a Master asks you to drop your ego because it is high time for an actualization, it feels like suicide, and it is very difficult to convince you otherwise.

Then there are the so-called religions. They come in many different varieties but they have many things in common. There is an afterlife where you will be rewarded or punished depending on what you did in this life. There will be a judgment by 'God', who in most cases will send you to hell or heaven. Some religions have slightly more advanced stories but the gist is the same: you are a 'person', you have a 'soul', probably. Usually you will not come back to earth. The rewards vary. Sometimes you go to paradise where you will play harp and sing halleluiah for eternity, or there will be a load of virgins waiting for you, as the case may be.

False religions are based on the wrong idea that there is a "father in heaven" to whom you owe

obedience. If you don't obey him you'll be punished. This is the result of dual thinking, which says 'God' is out there and I am here. 'God' is going to do things to you if you don't behave. In reality there is no 'God', therefore he 'doesn't do' anything.

I personally don't believe there is a male figure in charge of the universe if only because everything in the whole of existence consists of force-fields between two poles, where life happens.

Of course if you think that you are "doing things", you will also think that 'God' is "doing things". He is after all your father!

This is called Ordinary Reality as opposed to Ultimate Reality.

Yes, in ordinary reality there are people, who have passports, identity numbers, birth certificates, bank accounts. They have possessions which are inscribed, inherited, given away, and much more. ("Mais tu ne l'emportera pas au paradis" – But you will not take it with you to paradise). Nevertheless they are basically all imaginary because nobody has ever been able to show, let alone prove, that there is something inside of us, unmovable which is completely separate from everything else. That we are independent units, who are in fact responsible for our own acts.

Then there is Ultimate Reality, taught by the enlightened Masters, the greatest of them all being the Buddha. He explained for 45 years why it is so, how it works, the understanding that can happen, the conditions for it to happen and the results of that understanding. He calls it Vipassana, 'to see things as they really are in

ultimate reality'. He says the Right point of view is to see that there are no independent entities doing things. No, it all just happens in one great dream where everything is interconnected, forever flowing in constant flux according to universal laws called karma. That nobody ever dies because no energy ever gets lost and that there is an escape from this eternal round of death and rebirth, called Nirvana which is attainable through meditation or self-observation.

For that to happen one needs to have the experience of Nirvana, which lasts only seconds and which cannot be described because there are no sense events happening, (and we can only describe sense events although we have already a hard time describing taste or smell), but that produces a total reset of our ego, or an update of the defense system and changes our perspective, totally, forever. Munindra used to say: "before your ego almost appeared to be your enemy, but now it becomes your best friend". So much for the wrong idea that you have to destroy or eradicate your ego...

Enlightenment is a bad translation of the original Pali word Bodhi and it means understanding. There is no light involved. In some languages you could say that it means becoming lighter in the sense of losing unnecessary weight. But it is basically based on understanding. This understanding is the result of self-observation. It is based on the truth that is inside you, not outside.

Rabhya was an enlightened woman who lived in a small village somewhere in the East. She was probably

thought of as a bit peculiar. One day she was seen walking up and down in front of her hut, looking at the ground as if searching for something.

The villagers asked:

“Rabhya what are you looking for?”

“I lost a needle.” she answered.

After searching some time with her, they started to give up. They couldn’t find the needle and they asked her:

“Are you sure you lost it here?”

She answered: “No, I lost it inside my hut but there is no light inside my hut, I cannot see anything there... It’s easier to look outside”.

She was trying to teach her friends a valuable lesson. You will never find it outside if you lost it inside! Still the vast majority of humankind goes on looking for it outside!

Little by little the meditator begins to understand how this Existence works and that every step of the way is sabotaged by society which is against empowering any member of its ranks. This is why it is so difficult to become enlightened. Munindra said: “It is very easy to understand, but it is very difficult to communicate it. Teacher will say one thing, you will understand another”.

When you are in the process of meditation you have to understand all these things little by little, that there is no person, therefore there is no guilt, that you are on your own against the whole of society, that there is no death, that nothing is holy or unholy. That the only time to understand is now, because everything is in constant flux and there is nothing to hold on to. You are

floating in nothingness seemingly without any directions, not knowing what to do or where to go, repeating to your self the same scientific question: “who am I?”, or “what am I?”.

You’ll probable have to chew this over a few times, or a few years, or a few decades, in order to reach to the conclusion that you are in fact Existence, identical to it, not separated from it, there is not you and Existence. There is only Existence.

First wrong view: Separate Existence vs right view: Anatta or impersonal, nobody there...

People who want to teach the understanding of Existence, are faced with a terrible problem, which is that society is based on wrong ideas and the main wrong idea, or wrong view, is called personality belief. It means we think that we as humans are separate entities, little modules with their own operative system, hard disks, RAM, memories, ego, but basically separated from each other and from Existence and so if they do something bad, which is to hurt other beings or nature, they are guilty of a crime. This is not in accordance with Truth. There is only One Mind, not eight billions minds and this One Mind belongs to Existence, it is not yours.

If society were right and we are all separate entities, the solution to crime is simple: lock them up or kill them. This of course never seems to work, because it is not based on facts. The same with the word soul, if you have a separate soul you have to earn your way to heaven, according to the priests who have of course no

understanding at all of how Existence works, since they are not interested in enlightenment. Their way is: you pay us for access to heaven but you don't get a receipt.

According to enlightened Hindu Masters (and yes, they do exist) you don't have an individual soul. You are connected to the one and only Universal Soul, Atma.

Buddha is more scientific. He says there is no self, not even a universal self. Nowadays it is a little more easy to understand because, as we humans tend to do, we made an outside copy of our own thinking system: the computer.

There are different parts: the processor, the RAM (readily available memory), the modem and a hard disk. The processor, the RAM and the modem are located inside the body and based on a physical support (brain etc.), but the hard disk is not. Our memories are stored "in the cloud!" That is why old people have short term memory problems because their RAM is a bit clogged or simply full and slow, but there is nothing wrong with the memory because through the modem it perfectly remembers when he or she was 5 years old or less. They remember very well what happened 80 years ago because that part is undamaged and will be kept as past lives memories for many lives to come, although not easily accessible. So the data are not stored within you, but on the universal hard disc which is in the cloud and indestructible.

Second wrong view: Death vs right view: Anicca or impermanence or nothing lasts longer than a view seconds if at all...

Death is considered final. You have only one life, but of course if you are approved by the priest and their false morality, you will go to heaven. (If you are not approved, you will go to hell, forever). In some heavens there are even virgins waiting for you, but in general it will be happiness and music forever, although unfortunately no sex.

This is a logical consequence of the idea of separateness. You are finished: that's it: no more! That also contradicts the most basic principle of scientific law: no energy ever gets lost, it just transforms.

All the Masters say there is no death, your body just needs a replacement because it begins to fail and this is not a tragedy at all, since your last thought in this life will automatically result in your next thought in the new life. This is called rebirth. It is instantaneous and works according to the laws of karma: the more pain you have caused in your previous life, the more pain you will experience in your new life. (The criterion is the motive with which you did what you did: if the pain inflicted was a result of greed or hatred you will harvest pain, but if the pain was inflicted as a result of for example, although misguided, altruism, the pain will be much less because it is only the result of unawareness and not ill-will), and the more happiness you have caused, the more happiness you will reap. Generosity generates generosity.

In the context of society this means that many important corrections of the thoughts of society need to be made. Killing soldiers of your enemies results only in them coming back immediately and 18 years later they

are of military age and you will have to fight them again, unless they kill themselves first with an overdose of a painkiller drug because they cannot stand the painful traumatic almost-memories or they blow themselves up in an act of terrorism. Locking up a criminal for the rest of his life or killing him (the death sentence is even worse) doesn't help the situation at all without a system of rehabilitation, education and meditation, because the reborn criminal will now have even more anger and grudge against society of which he cannot even remember the origin.

This is why there never seems to be any improvement in society: those who have learned how Existence works, will not have a great desire to become humans again and therefore are reborn on one of the many different worlds with better circumstances that exist in the universe. Those who have not learned the lesson will come back as many times as necessary to learn this understanding. That's why earth feels like a school class where most students don't pass their exams and they have to repeat their year or their life. (This of course makes life easier for Masters, who know that many humans will not get it and that there is not much they can do about it, because it is impossible to force somebody to understand, which is why tradition doesn't work at all).

And since Existence is eternal and limitless there are always herds of humans whose past life as humans

has happened sometimes during millions of years and they come with their own weird ideas, which do not make life any easier.

Also there are many humans who were animals in their past lives. Animals are in no way inferior to humans, they are just different, but they don't have much self-awareness.

(In Existence there are three underground consciousness streams (Bhavanga), which are the basis of three continua, which are:

1. love – hatred,
2. generosity – greed,
3. awareness – absent-mindedness.)

Each sentient being has at birth the faculty of developing at least the first two of these continua. The third continuum, awareness or consciousness, occurs only at the time of birth of humans, warriors and Devas. In some humans it is not available when they get born, just as in animals, the inhabitants of hell, and the hungry ghosts. They cannot develop as much consciousness as humans and Devas. They say these humans have what is called the Down syndrome, which means they cannot become enlightened in this life. But even Devas cannot. Even though their consciousness may be vast, they lack a body made of dust, which acts like an anchor, essential for self-observation, essential for growing understanding. (See The Wheel of Life in Chapter VI, Death, Past Lives and Rebirth)

The whole invention of “death” is the result of the

priests' effort to offer you "The Way Out" for the reasonable sum of only... Of course they don't know what are they talking about. They are just conmen, although some humans do get deep understanding from it sometimes, maybe due to the fact that there is no other teaching available around their culture, self-observance is a universal tool and understanding may happen by accident or old karma in spite of the odds being against them.

The fact that there is no personal computer in your head means that you are not guilty. Society says you are, because you are the ego and you are guilty of having a bad ego.

The truth is that the ego is a system of defense that has existed for billions of years and just evolves according to karma, so if your ego works with 'bad programs' (bad habits), it is not your fault or your mother's or grandmother's or any generation before. They were just passing on the information necessary to survive as best as they could. The whole concept of innocence or guilt does not apply. There is only cause and effect.

"...that is, Shantideva, real authentic friendliness. But such a man will provoke many egos, will hurt those who think they are very important and powerful people. The presidents and the queens and the prime ministers and the kings will become immediately worried, concerned. A man who has no power has suddenly become the focus of attention of the people, attracts more people than

the people who have power and money and prestige. Such a man cannot be forgiven. He has to be punished whether he has committed any crime or not."

That's why Ronald Reagan and his crew murdered Osho! (And look where he ended up!)

"But man has been distorted everywhere, man's nature has been pruned according to the ideas of the vested interests. Nations need armies and they do not want man to be at all touched by love. Their tears have to be dried up and their love has to be blocked; otherwise they will not be able to kill and murder and massacre people - people who are just like you, and people who have not done anything to you, and people whose wives, whose children, whose old parents may be waiting for them just as your parents, your wife, your children are waiting for you.

But to create the soldier, man has to be destroyed completely. He has to be made into a robot - and robots don't cry, robots are not touched by love. Because armies were needed, man was distorted. Because women were not needed in the armies, they were left by the side. It was good for women because they have remained more natural..."

(Osho: Satyam, Shivam, Sundram,

p.19)

“Society has kept everybody retarded, it has turned everybody stupid. It needs idiots; it does not want intelligent people around. It is afraid of intelligence because intelligence is always in revolt against slavery, against superstition, against all kinds of exploitation, against all kinds of stupidities, against all discriminations between races, nations, classes, colors.”

That’s why they also tried to destroy our sannyasin communities!

“Intelligence is continuously in revolt.
Only the idiot is always obedient.
Even God wanted Adam to be an idiot, because it was his vested interest that Adam and Eve remain idiots so they go on worshipping God.

(Of course this guy God, is none other than the president of the Anunakki’s, of planet Nibiru, Anu. See Zacharias Sitchin, "the twelfth planet" a.o.).

Man has moved because he revolted against God. God was the establishment. God represents the establishment, authority, the power and the domination. Anybody who is intelligent cannot be converted into a slave; he would rather die than become a slave. He cannot be dragged away from his own center.”

“All man are born free, but some get married.”

“Society needs these idiots. They are perfectly obedient, docile, ready to be exploited, ready to be reduced almost into animals.” (s,s,s, p. 87)

Osho

Ch. V - Societies and drugs

a very criminal lie

The Hypocrisy of the Drug Problem

"In one way or another you have to lower the level of anxiety"

Marcelo Elqui 2021

There are certain things that are absolutely necessary to average humans:

1. breathing (air)
2. drinking (water)
3. eating (food)
4. sex (pleasure)
5. drugs: alcohol, tabacco, marihuana, opium, cocaine, khat,
6. love
7. tribe membership

So this is what religions use, to make you feel guilty, to dominate you.

The great lie in most societies is that drugs are bad for you and if you take them you must be punished, because it is immoral and against 'religion'. God does not allow it. Jesus does not like it, or Allah, or whoever.

The truth is very different. Yes drugs can kill and they do. Drugs can seriously damage and they do. But why is that? Because societies prohibit them and their scientific research. Prohibition is the problem, not drugs.

Why do politicians of all ilks prohibit drugs? Not because of what they say, that it is so bad for you and society, but because it is a good tool to repress you and to make you feel even more guilty, so that they gain more power over you. They use it to repress black people and latin people and muslims and hippies and everybody else they don't like.

Marihuana was not prohibited in the US when a lot of mexican immigrants and seasonal workers came to the south of the US and were cultivating 'grass' in between the legal cultivation of hemp, which is a very useful crop, but in competition with the wood- the paper- and the pharmaceutical industry among others and these people very much liked to get rid of it. Influential groups misconstrued hemp as a dangerous "drug", even though hemp is not a recreational drug and has the potential to be a sustainable and profitable crop for many farmers due to hemp's medical, structural and dietary uses. So it was one hit, two kills.

Our dear priests and politicians suppress you through the prohibition of any 'illegal' substance. When I was young I didn't know much about it and thought the authorities were right in prohibiting drugs. When I finally smoked hash for the first time in my life in Istanbul, I felt very guilty. I thought I was going straight to my doom and that it was my own fault. The problem was of course that I really liked the experience.

1964

Look, it's actually been a really long time that this really gets on my nerves, you know. I am of course a huge addict. I am crazy about drugs. I like drugs. I would prefer to take them every day throughout the day. Why? because I absolutely love being stoned. As stoned as a monkey or stoned como un sapo, or a toad as they say in Chile. It's just wonderful to activate your whole system a little bit, to squeeze out the juice, so to speak.

From the very beginning, of course, I have been immensely angry at the prohibition of the matter. What the hell is it anyone's business if I want to be stoned or not? Am I bothering someone with it? Have I ever been a burden to anyone? Those bastards who always wanted to tell me what to do, what was good for me, what kind of career to build, they always knew better, but when it came down to it, it was absolutely clear that of course they had no idea themselves either what they were doing.

One minute they were screwing up the world and the next minute they were all of a sudden dead due to some minor heart attack or something like that as a result of years of alcohol overuse and they were going to tell me, what was good for me?

Well, to please them I followed their lead for a while and got drunk. For days, for weeks, for years until it made me so sick that I had to go back to a nice joint, and get stoned again.

Also, of course, I'm hopelessly addicted to lady nicotine, a sister of lady heroine, but what do you want when the whole family has been fucking smoking from my very first memory? The first time I was a bit afraid, you understand: from a very young age I was taught with the mothers milk that 'narcotics' meant the end of your life. You had no future from that moment on. You were doomed. Unspeakable misery was all that awaited you. And I believed all that, that goes without saying.

So when in the early sixties in Istanbul, in a small and cheap little hotel room, I was offered a large joint by Jaap Tuinman... but no, it didn't exactly work out that way. For days he had been going on about it: this was really the best. Smoking hash was the best thing that could happen to you and after he finally managed to get his hands on a block and rolled a joint of it that induced respect, I would give it a go. With lead shoes, yes. I can still see myself lying on that bed, in the Freriks hotel, in the Sultan Ahmet area, with a view of the Sultan Ahmet and the Blue Mosque and the Bosphorus. That hotel was so narrow and high that you got a fear of heights if you looked down from our room to the çayshops below. And the stairs were so narrow and winding that when you got to the first toilet on the first floor you were already claustrophobic and then you had to go up two more floors until you reached our attic room with the really tiny terrace.

I didn't think about earthquakes then yet, but I'm sure the building would have collapsed immediately

with the first tremors.

You might have been able to place four single beds in that room with a lot of pain and effort, but there were three so that you could have walked just right in the middle if there had not been a trough with glowing charcoal because it was too cold otherwise to lie on your bed all day, or even in it.

Anyway, that's where the first joint was rolled with tobacco and Jaap Tuinman was already seasoned and he had incorporated a lot of extra stuff in it. At that time there were hardly any dope tourists so the quality was still original. I do remember that after several failed love affairs I got pretty depressed and that I thought: what the hell with the whole mess and inhaled nice and deep, which I had no problem with because I was already addicted to Lucky Strike or whatever the Turkish equivalent was then.

At first you think: Well this stuff is not going to affect me, so you take an extra deep puff and before you know it you're suddenly flat on the bed and you fall backwards and tumble head over heels backwards and the whole world starts spinning and to rotate. I thought if my mother knew this...

It was as if all hell opened up on me: everything they had ever told me as truth was a lie. A lifetime of indoctrination fell apart on the spot. The truth of existence according to Mom and Dad and the boarding school was knocked out of my system in one powerful thud. Lies, lies and more lies. The whole schoolsystem was just crappy nonsense, except the science, thank

God. No wonder this stuff was banned. This was your true dynamite! The scales fell off my head! I was sick however, and how could it be otherwise. This was such an overdose that I couldn't get up!

I laid there for hours. It dawned on me vaguely that Jaap was talking on and on, but I couldn't figure out what it was about. Fred, my companion from a beatnik-style year-long hitchhiking journey, was still there somewhere, but I heard nothing more from him that night. After centuries of insights like I had never had before, I slowly regained consciousness. Fred had also gotten stoned for the first time and it was clear: this was the eye opener of his life for him too.

How we fell asleep, I don't remember. Only an enormous hunger woke me in the middle of the night. Jaap was familiar with the possibilities of nighttime Istanbul and somehow we ended up on the street. We didn't have to go far: the alley where we were staying never calmed down. A çay (pronounced chai) shop, a diner, a pudding shop, a meat joint, a little further on, a Bulgarian yoghurt shop and then a bakery, everything seemed to go on all night. I can't remember ever eating so much and so deliciously. Everything was like I tasted it for the first time and my God it was delicious to eat. We were professional hitchhikers, calling ourselves bouters, kind of beatniks (hippies? nobody had heard of them yet!) and the prices were so low that we seemed to be able to afford anything.

We had arrived here with a few tins of survival biscuits, then for sale in the Bijenkorf to keep in your

nuclear bomb shelter in case the bomb fell, but we had discovered that you could survive on one box for a week if you used them together with a liter of milk every day. In this way we had arrived in the east for an absolute minimum amount and without really planning we got as stoned as well, bouters. Kerouac was our guru but of course we had no idea. We just thought that guy was the ultimate.

A dozen fried eggs, two puddings, rice with yogurt, three kinds of pastries and four çays later, we went up again to our 'tower room' with that incredible view over the mosque square and the Bosphorus with its thousands of boats, to have a couple of joints and again sink into a deep dehypnosis to dissolve all the education that had been stamped onto us with so much effort, in an orgy of free thought and association.

Until Jaap got to the point where he had to admit that we were really almost at the end of the last piece of stuff. And that we really had to do something about it. Too tired to show any initiative, we could do nothing that night but dive deep under the wool and wait for tomorrow.

Istanbul in November can be terribly gray in the morning. Despite that, the Aya Sophia was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen at daybreak. I stumbled onto the terrace. Two by five feet with a rusted iron fence around it was all it was but the blue mosque lay there as always with those sharp minarets and the bosphorus right behind it, not yet ruined by tourism or modern bridges or nothing and the smoke rose out of it

the rickety wooden houses at the water's edge. I thought I had finally arrived and peace on earth was near. Jaap and Fred were still snoring, but downstairs the çayshops were already in full swing. All you had to do was shout down:

"Arkadash! uç çay, and three sausage rolls with mustard and mayonnaise", or something to that effect and ten minutes later a young guy came up with the order. If you didn't feel like pulling out your wallet, you just said: write it down and that was that.

Jaap and Fred had woken up because of that and so we rolled the first joint after breakfast. These joints were of a potent caliber and so we got immediately really stoned, but still fresh enough to get dressed and go on an adventure. Jaap always had some kind of connection, but the question was how to make the contact.

Usually we had to go to some grim neighborhood in the harbor to locate someone there who could help us score a nice slice of hash. Down in the main street, you would then wait at a taxi stand until you had found the right dolmush taxi. You then had to call the neighborhood of your destination until you found a taxi that also went there.

Dolmush taxis had fixed routes and the drivers in turn called out the name of the neighborhood they were driving to. For example, we yelled "Aksaray" and the driver yelled Taksim "if that was on his route you jumped in if there were at least three seats free otherwise we had to wait for the next one. They drove

in big American obsolete models so sometimes there were already a few passengers in there, otherwise more would soon be riding along until there were 5 or 6 in the car and then you could drive straight to the final destination where you had to repeat this process if necessary. Yet this system was fast and efficient because there was a endless stream of these dolmush taxis coming by, day and night. There were almost no private cars yet.

I don't remember the correct names of the neighborhoods, but when we arrived in Aksaray, for example, we had to walk slowly through the streets and now and then ask someone if they might have seen a certain Ahmet or Ali. Often we got nothing but a suspicious look or a dismissive snarl. Surprisingly, most of the time we still managed to locate someone who knew what we were coming for and then started acting very paranoid-like secretive. For example, we had to wait an hour on the corner on a terrace and then unexpectedly jump into a quickly arriving taxi.

In the back there would be a seedy Turk with an imposing mustache who began to ask us questions in a penetrating dark voice.

"What do you really want?" We were no older than twenty at the time and looked even younger. Their suspicions were understandable. They explained to us time and time again that they were risking at least 20 years of hard labor and that we should not play silly. We would explain in our best Turkish that we only wanted to smoke some "esrar" and then they would

roar with laughter. The taxi meanwhile kept driving around in unfamiliar neighborhoods and often we had to transfer to yet another Chrysler or Dodge of an at least ten years old model before we unexpectedly came face to face in a dark alley with an extremely shady figure who had been standing there for a while and showed us something that indeed looked like a slice of hash.

Fortunately, we knew someone who worked at the police station in our neighborhood who apparently knew everyone in the underworld and whose name always magically aroused everyone's trust. A friendly dude, we guessed he was gay, balding and at least twenty years older than us, Khalim, smooth as an eel, yet apparently reliable enough to bring us home with our pack of hash every time. This did however last all afternoon and showed us almost the entire city center and many outside districts as well.

Usually we would come home tired but satisfied with a lump of stuff with a probable market value in the Netherlands equal to the monthly salary of a labourer and then we got stoned like monkeys again.

If you as a politician manage to squeeze human beings into having to suffer for the basic needs like air, water, food, pleasure, drugs, love, tribe, and you then offer to help solving the problems for them, you are really in business and you will have a lot of power over them. This exactly what these people are doing.

So I am not saying: take drugs because they are good for you. Some of them are really not. What I am saying it is a crime to stop you from having them or prohibit them in any way. Yes examine them, see if they can be improved by scientific research.

Prohibition creates black markets and mafia because it is impossible to completely cut off the people from their necessities. They say that the mafia is afraid of only one thing: that the governments legalize the products that they make so much money on! They tried prohibiting alcohol in the thirties in Chicago with the well known devastating result of the Al Capone effect. They learned nothing (or they knew all along) and prohibited many more drugs, so much so that now some Amsterdam neighbourhoods have become like Chicago in the thirties. Do these politicians really believe that they are acting in the best interests of the people they are 'serving'?

It's like asking: do these priests really believe that this guy 'god' is telling them that drugs are bad for you and that therefore you have to be repressed, punished. It's like asking: do they really believe that sex is a sin?

Today the problem has become much more prominent, now that the politicians make breathing a taxable thing. You may not be aware of it, but by subsidizing the great polluters, instead of taxing the pollutions they emit, they make you pay for the bad air you breathe, saying that the global heating is just an invention of the Chinese. Subsidizing oil and gas extraction, they pollute the water, making you sick and killing thousands of people all over the planet. By heating

up the planet, food becomes too expensive for a majority of the poor, but they do get paid in the end a 'worthwhile' sum for their poisoned industrially anti-ecologically grown food.

It seems to be a little difficult for the 'modern' priests to prohibit sex unless it is for reproduction (read for creating more 'party members'), so they switched to anti-abortion, with which it seems to be easier to manipulate the uneducated, usually 'religious people'. This really helps to make you feel guilty. And then to think they are also the people who made it difficult, if not impossible, for you get your hands on regular, effective and cheap, anti-conception methods, because God does not agree with it!

The drug prohibition is a recent phenomenon. When I was young in Istanbul it was not very risky to go to the bazaar and buy a huge piece of first class hash. I went to the fields in the center of Turkey where opium was grown legally for medical purposes. It was not a problem to go there in the night and buy a big ball of pure raw opium from the farmers. Yes it was illegal but nobody did really care, the police least of all it seemed.

Fast forward a few years and first came Life Magazine from our friends the politicians in the United States of America 'describing' 'our' life in these small hotels where we were getting 'horribly drugged'. (Where we were doing sessions of 'deprogramming' really).

Then came the movie "Midnight Express" about how a stupid tourist came up with the idea of taking a kilo or so of drugs with him on the plane back to the States and how he was now arrested and condemned to a very

long jail sentence and tortured in many ways along with a lot of unfortunate compatriots. The politicians, pushed by the priests, had in the meantime forced the Turks to 'do' something about this problem.

That was Nixon and the american priests and they were of course the same people who nowadays go on doing their dirty work in the american politics. The problem they have today is that their numbers are slipping and they begin to become really nervous. And dangerous! Already they have used all the dirty tricks in the books to rig the elections: there are 50 republican politicians in office chosen by 135 million voters and 50 democratic politicians chosen by 174 million (in 2020). They are going to loose of course because of their lower reproduction rate, which is why they are so afraid of blacks and hispanics, 'invading' from outside or not.

Even love they manage to put down, because you can only love if the church, or the mosk, or the synagoge or the gurdwara, or the temple and their respective priests give approval. If not you will be condemned and they are so good at what they are doing that even little school children join the party and run shrieking after the LGBTQ community in the streets of the world, with or without stones, just as their parents 'teach' them. That they even have to call themselves a name so difficult to remember and pronounce, goes to show that these poor people don't even have the power to say: "fuck you, what is it to you?" No, these kids know that their tribe is with them.

HOW DANGEROUS IS MARIJUANA

COMPARED WITH OTHER SUBSTANCES?

Number of American deaths per year that result directly or primarily from the following selected causes nationwide, according to World Almanacs, Life Insurance Actuarial (death) Rates, and the last 20 years of U.S. Surgeon Generals' reports.

TOBACCO 340,000 to 450,000

ALCOHOL 150,000+ (Not including 50% of all highway deaths and 65% of all murders)

ASPIRIN 180 to 1,000+ (Including deliberate overdose)

CAFFEINE 1,000 to 10,000 (From stress, ulcers, and triggering irregular heartbeats, etc.)

"LEGAL" DRUG OVERDOSE 14,000 to 27,000
(Deliberate or accidental) from legal, prescribed or patent medicines and/or mixing with alcohol - e.g. Valium/alcohol

ILLICIT DRUG OVERDOSE 3,800 to 5,200 (Deliberate or accidental) from all illegal drugs.

MARIJUANA 0

(Marijuana users also have the same or lower incidence of murders and highway deaths and accidents than the general non-marijuana using population as a whole.)

LOWEST TOXICITY

100% of the studies done at dozens of American universities and research facilities show pot toxicity does not exist. Medical history does not record anyone dying from an overdose of marijuana

(UCLA, Harvard, Temple, etc.).
Cancer Study, UCLA; U.S. Funded (\$6 million),
First & Second Jamaican Studies, 1968 to 1974;
Costa Rican Studies, 1980 to 1982; et al.

VI - False Religions and Other Isms.

The Great Lie

When Buddha was asked one day whether God existed or not, he said:

“If you don’t want to become crazy, don’t even think about it. And also don’t try to figure out where a Buddha goes after he passes away” (Maha-pari-nirvana).

Lao Tze was going to the border to disappear from the people: “They’ll never understand”. But the Emperor who was interested in learning about the Dhamma, got wind of it and sent a message to the porder patrol to stop him and tell him to at least write a book before continuing on his last voyage sitting on his water buffalo. He did leave the book: “The Tao te King” (“the way of integrity”).

Taoism does not have a God in the way that the Abrahamic religions do. There is no omnipotent being beyond the cosmos, who created and controls the universe. In Taoism the universe springs from the Tao, and the Tao impersonally guides things on their way.

Existence in other words.

Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras were all enlightened Masters according to Osho. They never advertised a “God” the way religions do. (They often talked about a Supreme god. However, they were probably referring to Zeus, who was the god of justice. Again I believe these characters are in fact Annunakis).

These are just a few examples of how enlightened people (Marpa, Naropa, Tilopa, Milarepa, Gampopa,

Karmapa, Bodhidharma, Chuang te Zu, all the Zen Masters, just to mention a few more, whose texts I actually studied), all agree on this basic idea that I talk about: there is only existence and existence is not a creator, it is a process of creation and it is eternal, infinite and has as its main characteristics beauty, love, freedom and protection of life. It does not interfere, punish or reward. These are just the effects in the present of causes of the past.

The creation is not something that happened in the past, whether you think it happened 5000 years ago, or 5 billions year ago. It is an ongoing creating that never started and will never end. You are the creator of your own life. You are painting your own painting. Now don't become proud. You have no idea! Only Existence does and you are not separate from it, whether you are aware of it or not. You are Existence creating.

To illustrate a little what I am refering to: Catholicism, Calvinism, Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Comunism are all false religions and are all very annoying because of their tribal mania. There are more: Sikhism, Jainism, Shintoism, but you get the point.

Religions: my experience

Nobody in my family has ever talked to me about any religion.

My maternal grandmother, oma, had abandoned her Jewish religion years before my birth. In fact that's why the Germans had never persecuted her or anybody in our family. She was now very interested in the Rosicrucians. I had no idea what that meant, but on the wall of their room there was a photo of Krishnamurti, yes the famous one, the enlightened one, young, beautiful. I was about 4 years old when I used to crawl under the table to go and watch that photo and dream away. That was my religious education so far.

My grandfather was a tall blond blue-eyed Dutch descendant of the wheat farmland of eastern Holland. He never mentioned any religion at all. He was always laughing when he saw me, looking at me with tremendously loving eyes.

My paternal grandmother, oma Rie, seemed to come from an orthodox family of Calvinist Christians, but I never heard anything about any belief whatsoever from her.

My paternal grandfather, opa Jan, was a story in himself. I never knew about his origins, but then he became interested in Madam Blavatsky whose book: "Isis unveiled" became ridiculed by his two sons, my father John and his brother Piet as "Isis ongeveild", Isis unfilled, or unsanded. I never had any idea of what it all meant. I think he was also somehow involved with the Freemasons, but again, you get the point.

So, I always thought that I was free of any religious bias because I had never been touched by any of it. Yes, I had lived in a Catholic country, France, for 6 years but it had never touched me because my parents

had the wisdom to send me to a laic boarding school where I would hardly be contaminated.

Yet, when I crossed the border for the first time, from Algeciras, Spain, to Tangers, Marroco, from Christianity to Mohamedanism, I became for the first time in my life aware of my Christian “double skin”.

The logical conclusion was that the Mohamedans are much more advanced then we are. And it took me a few years to understand that they were not enlightened either.

In the middle of the Sahara, Mauritania, I met a mayor of a small town, Akjoujt, a sufi master I think, who taught me a lesson in generosity and friendliness. He invited my wife and I to stay a couple of days in his house and wow, were we grateful!

2010: Some questions and answers: Interviews with the author:

Religion and the Superstitions

I would like to explain the fact that there are no such things as “religions”. The word simply cannot be used in plural, because Religion is one. There are not many methods, there is only one! People who have been trained in “Religion”, are teaching Truth. They may have different backgrounds, it doesn't matter: they all agree among themselves. The Taoists agree with the Buddhists. The Buddhists agree with the Hindus or at

least that part of Hinduism that knows Religion. (as opposed to the superstition part. There is of course not one religion in Hinduism, there are more like 140 or so different religions, which goes to prove that their superstitions are a bit less invasive)

Q: Where does the word Religion come from?

Most scientists agree that it comes from the Latin re-ligare, meaning to reunite. The disciple reunites with the whole.

Q: How would you call those that we call religions?

Superstitions. Where Religion is that which reunites you with the whole, superstitions are those that pretend to do that by imitating Religion. They may or may not have an enlightened being as a founder, but their lineage has been interrupted, their inheritance corrupted: when the Master dies, religions appear. At some point there was no longer an enlightened master to maintain the purity of the teaching and the whole thing turned into a superstition. Instead of reuniting you, they have become like hustlers. Now the egos are in charge, and they have maintained the whole façade of 'Religion' in order to catch credulous lost souls, so they can dominate you, repress you, make you feel guilty, and on top of it all they will charge you for it. They want to have maximum power over you.

Religion de-hypnotizes you, superstitions hypnotize. Religion does not want you to believe anything,

superstitions tell you to believe, or else! Religion gives you at the most a method to find the Truth by yourself. Superstitions give you prayers or mantras that you have to repeat without understanding.

Q: Why are so many people following false religions?

Because people don't really want to be reunited with the whole. They just want to live their life without thinking about it. It seems much easier to repeat a formula than to investigate yourself. So superstitions are pretending to be Religion. And the beauty is that the lost souls are pretending to be religious and the priests are pretending to teach Religion. They deserve each other, they depend on each other and in this way they maintain a certain status quo that according to some, helps to maintain the peace in societies. It remains to be seen if this is true or not.

Q: What would the real reunion be like?

At some point real Religion will force you to go through the dark night of the soul. Superstitions don't do that. Of course they will tell you that they are doing just that. Hell and heaven are not used as some state of mind you have to go through. They are used to threaten: if you behave, you will go to paradise; if you don't, you go to hell, forever! They are very skilled hustlers.

Q: So real Religion will take you to the dark night of the soul on purpose?

Yes. It will show you your depression. A lot of people who do Vipassana will at some point start feeling this depression that they themselves have been hiding from their whole life.

Q: Why?

Because you have been living according to ideas that are not true. At some point as a result of meditation you realize that these ideas are absurd. And you have been investing so much in that particular line of thinking. For example, you have been told that ambition, desire, fame, success in worldly matters, career, romantic love, are all to be considered highly desirable attainments. Upon realizing that this is all a hoax, you get depressed. You begin to admit: "This has all been a tremendous waste of time until now".

Q: What kind of things are not true?

Truth is such an abused word, like 'God' or love, that we have to redefine it. Here it is used in the morally neutral sense, as in "scientific truth". The Law of gravity is part of "The Truth". The speed of light, the laws that govern the behavior of sound, or of the body, and the functioning of the mind, are all part of the Truth. It is not dependent on opinions or fashion: no matter what, the apple will always fall towards the earth, whether you are a Christian, a Hindu or a Muslim or a Jew. It is not Isaac Newton's belief or opinion.

On the other hand, all those ideas that make you pursue a career, found a family, assume so-called responsibilities, are based on conventional truths that depend on the society, on the particular traditions that you grew up in. These "truths" change through time from one end of the duality to the other. They are like fashion. Societies go on changing along the same continuum, from total permissiveness to total repression and vice versa, proclaiming that their particular view of the moment is "The Truth".

Even though deep down, we know that we are in dire straits here on earth, we go on pretending that we are all totally ok, that everything is perfectly fine, and this is of course not true at all.

In the department of "love", things are not much better. Women and men seem to be always fighting. Feminist are fighting against Macho men, couples never seem to be able to experience any harmony for longer than a couple of weeks in the beginning of the relationship, but somehow we do not want to see the point. Osho said that if you are really intelligent, your honeymoon will not last more than ten days. For some people, it may last a lot longer, because they are not intelligent enough yet to see the self-deceit that love usually involves.

All the pretensions, all the lies that you need to smooth out life, are now exposed little by little in Vipassana, (which, remember, means to see things as they really are). You see that they are all horse manure and that you are really in a bad situation.

This causes depression because you may

understand that whatever you have tried so far, it hasn't worked out. Still you don't know how it is supposed to work out after you 'understand' it. You don't know the future. You don't know what it means to be reunited with the whole yet.

Q: Why would we have to pass through the extra pain?

It is kind of elementary: it is because we come from the animal world and the ego that developed during thousands of years of evolution, to protect us. The ego is the problem, and the reuniting can only happen when the ego stops its opinionating. Its opinions are all wrong because they are basically rooted in fear, that has grown in us since the time we were still animals, and we developed a system to protect our robot or spacesuit, our being here. In animals, it works quite well. In humans, it becomes a problem that evolution - and humans are a very recent phenomenon - has not yet been able to solve, except by the Buddhas, and yes, by Osho, by Munindra, by Lao Tzu, and a lot of other people who have found the Truth.

However, though they may have found it, that doesn't mean that we found it too. No, we have to go through the same process of seeing the lies that we live in, dropping the defense system of the ego, so we can see the Truth and reunite with the whole.

Also, the law of cause and effect, which is another aspect of the Truth and a very important one to understand, explains why we have to go through the "extra pain". However, as soon as this is understood, this

hard link between cause and effect is broken and the pain turns out to be like a mirage: it was never really there!

Q: Why would we want to reunite with the whole?

If you see at some point that your life has not been very satisfactory, you start to look for something else. And when you think about it, you will come up with the basic truth that what we have been doing so far, has been completely useless as far as the attainment of happiness is concerned. We are not any happier than at the time, when as children, we began to become a little conscious. After all we have been trying, nothing has really resulted in happiness.

There is no liberation without first recognizing and confronting the pain of the futility of life as we know it. We have to be at a loss, unable to find the exit door. We have to give up trying to find the Truth by using our mind, because our mind IS the problem, not part of the solution. And Nirvana will never happen before our ego is cornered, with the back to the wall, because the ego thinks its opinions are very, very important. It often prefers to die than to give up its ideas and ideologies.

Q: It can't be that bad, if thousands and thousands of human beings are still there!?

I see earth as just one of many places to be born and it is comparable to a school. There are for example, four classes in this particular school. Unenlightened

people enter in the first class until they learn what they have to learn and then move on to the next class and so on.

People who get enlightened for the first time go up one class. New people (in an evolutionary sense) come in at the bottom, mature people leave at the top, and you have to stay a certain time on earth to understand the point. We will repeat this class until we get it. Then we move on.

Masters have said that one life on earth is just an overnight's stay in a caravanserai. That's why we should not treat it as if it were an eternity and start meditating at the earliest possible age. Earth is not the last place we have to go on this great voyage we are experiencing. One life is only a one night's stay. Your life may last a hundred years but looking back it will appear to be very short, and the older you get the shorter it becomes. When you are very young, you think it is eternal, when you are old the years tick away like minutes on a kitchen clock.

So one side is Religion and the other is superstitions. I think the worst that has happened to humanity is these superstitions, because not only are they false because they were created by hustlers who don't deliver on their promises, but because they always rely on fear to make you obey their dictates. Considering that ego is already rooted in fear, how can scaring the hell out of you, help you go beyond the ego, I ask you? The superstitions go on threatening you: "If you don't believe, we are going to kill you; or you go straight to hell".

The absurdity of belief is that it implies absence of knowing. Somebody asks if the earth is round and if the answer is: "I believe it is flat", it is clearly not knowledge. But if somebody says: "I believe in God", suddenly it is a holy statement. This is really weird!

People who are 'religious', people who 'believe', go on repeating things like "Why did God do this to me?" or "why did He accept for this to happen", or "If nobody died, it is because He didn't want it", or "If bad things don't happen, it is because of God". Another favorite: "God bless America" or the Queen.

This is not what real religion says. Real Religion says whatever happens is caused by karma, it has a cause in the past and whatever you are doing now will have a result in the future. That the real 'God' can only be Existence which is totally impartial. It cannot be a male in a white robe and have a beard.

All the priests of superstition put on a long dress and grow a beard because they figure they look like 'God' like that. Just look at the Sistine Chapel, where this guy in a white robe and a beard creates Adam...

Why do so many people want to believe that?

(Of course again it shows the Anunakki president Anu).

Have you ever been hustled?

I'll tell you a story.

I was in New Delhi with my wife Ellen when we were approached by two young men. They looked like the prototypes of hustlers. They were foreigners. One was English and one Surinamer. One was white

and one was black. They were swindlers and they were very clever. They told us a weird story about something that had happened to them and they were in need of help in this foreign country. They needed only to borrow our travelers cheques for a short time so they could prove they had money for some situation they were in, for a reason I don't even remember.

They kept on talking and talking, but we were unaware that they were actually hypnotizing us. There were alarm bells going off in my head but then I thought: this must happen all the time to somebody who is black: nobody ever believes them. That coupled with the fact that he was from Suriname which was a Dutch colony for a long time, made me feel kind of guilty. Nowadays it is called political correctness. I couldn't think that they were trying to swindle us and anyway American Express cheques were guaranteed, no? I also felt a little guilty because the Bank in Holland where we had bought the cheques had mistakenly given us a thousand dollars instead of the nine hundred that we had actually paid for and I had not gone back to the bank to return the extra hundred dollars. So you see, that's how it starts: with guilt!

So we took a taxi and drove around for quite a while in Delhi until they suddenly said we had arrived and then they just left the taxi with all our cheques and of course never came back. As soon as they left, I knew immediately we had been had, even though

they had told us to wait for 15 minutes, because they were no longer there to hypnotize us!

At the police station where we had to report what had happened in order to get our money back from American Express, we heard that there had been many, many tourists there that day to report the same story. They were very professional hustlers.

Do you see the similarity with the stories the priests tell you? The key is that they convince you to believe what they say, because you feel guilty and you really want to believe what they are trying to sell you. Of course they cannot leave you alone for too long, because then you begin to think for yourself and you might find out that you are actually being hustled, so you have to go regularly to their churches, their temples, their gurdwaras and their mosques to “strengthen your belief”, to rehypnotize you.

Some comments 2024

EVANGELICAL SUPPORT SCOTUS ROE DECISION
(2023)

...and that every human life from conception to death has inestimable worth."

National Association of Evangelicals

ALABAMA EMBRYO RULING
(2024)

"(1) God made every person in His image; (2) each person therefore has a value that far exceeds the ability of human beings to calculate"
"...and (3) human life cannot be wrongfully destroyed without incurring the wrath of a holy God, who views the destruction of His image as an affront to Himself."

Tom Parker Chief Justice of the
Alabama Supreme Court

There is an evangelist in the Netherlands who makes millions in contributions (of course to pay for a church with a golden facade)

De Wal's methods are not without controversy. He promotes the prosperity gospel.

The message is: as long as you trust God and give generously to the church, you will also do well financially. He also holds healing services, deliverance services where 'demons' are expelled and even children's wish services.

The idiocy of these declarations are unbelievable to me":

The Supreme Court of the United States with the ugly name Scotus, carefully put in the position of power they needed to eliminate the right of women to their own bodies in order to produce more followers for the 'God-people', by the most corrupt president the United States has ever had, Trump. (in 2019)

Tom Parker a judge who is in the same boat as the priests, who seem to think they have a direct line to "God". The arrogance and the hypocrisy are astounding

Of course you can think that a being who consists of only 2 cells is called a 'baby' and therefore killing it is murder. But that does not change the fact that in practice after death if your karma causes it, you will get reborn in a womb where you will spend around 9 months. If you die there you are in most cases not even aware of it and you will go to another womb in no time at all and although it is an unpleasant environment it only prolongs the experience by the time you were in the first womb maybe in total 11 months, and you are not even aware of it. If abortion is caused by lack of education and poverty, it may be an improvement for the new being on its way to a place in human society.

Do I believe this? No, I know it! How? Well there is a meditation called Sati in the science of Buddhism where you try to remember what happened to you yesterday and then the day before and so on and in this way you can go back at least to your own birth (which took me about 2 weeks of very deep meditation. If need be you can then continue under hypnosis, which I did and the memory is that experience is that of a deep sleep. I don't see the drama in a foetus needing to move on to another foetus!

The evangelical priest De Wal is blatantly collecting millions to build 'Gods house' and these evangelists just believe what this idiot says in order to profit from the stupidity of their followers. They are in fact

just con-men.

In the real Religion you are not asked to believe anything. You are asked to look and investigate and check it out and doubt it, until you understand. The Masters don't believe anything, they know! And they tell you how it works. See for yourself. Don't believe!

This the criterion for true Religion. They have seen the Truth and understood it. That's why they never disagree amongst themselves, they don't fight each other. Zen Masters agree with Taoists and the enlightened Buddhists and Hindu's (not the 'religions - superstitions' of course). They have very different ways of explaining it but at the root they all agree. This proves it is real Religion. The others are all fighting wars between each other.

And what is it that the others are repeating? Maybe the originator of the superstition was the real deal but how are we supposed to know? From their holy book? The English Bible is a translation from a translation from a translation from a translation from a translation from a translation of an original Sumerian text. You see where I am going? (ask Zacharias Sitchin, a linguist, expert in Sumerian languages. The "Twelfth Planet" series in 10 volumes).

Whatever holy scripture you analyze, will tell you the same thing. It is always the result of a long line of people who whisper into each others ears what they have heard from somebody else.

Osho doesn't even want to comment on the

Koran. The Mahabharata is about a monkey god who flies around. Something to do with the god Ram and his bride Sita...

So when I started to listen to my Master Anagarika Munindra, whom I had just met, I asked him: "I am reading here in the Dhammapada (The path of Truth) that this is what Buddha says. But how do I know that it is really what he said? The Buddhist texts were not written down until hundreds of years after the Buddha was alive.

Now Buddha was teaching Vipassana which means to see things how they are, but also Concentration, "One-pointedness", which makes it easier to remember what you have heard. And to make it even easier, He talked in sutras, in rhyme; even easier.

So when Munindra told me about a boy who was born in Shri Lanka who started to repeat these same sutras in Pali, the language that Buddha spoke 2500 years before, people invited linguists to understand what he was saying and lo and behold, he was repeating the same things Buddha had said and in Sri Lanka they haven't spoken Pali for 2000 years if ever, so how did this boy remember? It gave them the means to compare the boy's sayings with the original texts.

Q: Why it is different from the story of the other religions?

Jesus may have been an enlightened person. Mohammed, I don't really know, but his followers were not enlightened and that is the first difference between superstitions and Religion, because Religion can only be

passed on through enlightened people. If there is a gap of only one generation the Truth gets lost. Unless there is an unbroken lineage the teachings are falsified. That's why 'tradition' is meaningless. It consists of only unenlightened people repeating things they have heard but not understood and then they translate it and translate it.

If the living Truth has been lost it is necessary to recuperate it. So the Teacher of Munindra, Mahasi Sayadaw, went back to the original text where Buddha explains how to become enlightened and did just that in the forest, on his own for years and he became enlightened. After many years it was passed on to Munindra.

Osho did the same. He was a Tibetan Buddhist Lama, 700 years before this life, but he refused to acknowledge that he was part of a tradition. He said he discovered it himself, but basically he was on the verge of enlightenment 700 years ago and just missed it because somebody killed him and so this time he had to finish it fast, before doing anything else. First he had to get enlightened and he already knew what he had to do, he knew the method.

And what is the method? The method is awareness of body, mind, thoughts, feeling and perception.

2021 Real religion is one.

It means reconnection to the original source. Its aim is understanding and through understanding, it

generates love, beauty, generosity, consciousness, all the beautiful mental states.

Its technique is science, not belief. You are not asked to believe anything. You are asked to observe with an open mind, like a scientist approaching a new subject about which he does not know anything yet: no prejudice, no evaluation, no identification. It has been around forever and is taught by Buddhas, enlightened Masters, recently started Masters and a wide variety of enlightened people who prefer not to talk about their own experience but who go on serving as examples to humanity.

Enlightenment is understanding how things work. It does not involve any perception of light. This is a translation problem. The first translators didn't understand the original meaning and somehow concluded that it had something to do with light, because of their Christian backgrounds.

The most scientific of all enlightened Masters is Gautama the Buddha and there were many contemporary Masters in his time, the best known being Lao Tzu. There are also many Masters not known for being Masters like Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras and many more. Even in the darkest of ages there were always one or two beings who dedicated themselves to educate humanity even though they knew humanity will never understand it, except for just a few individuals.

Since humans are completely free to do whatever they want, there has always been a group who wants to dominate the rest of the humanity in order to steal from them, called priests and politicians. They are like two

hands on one belly. They are always in cahoots with each other. The politicians choose to pretend that humans need direction and that they happen to be the ones who can give it to them. They say they are leaders but actually they only lead humans to wars or to hell.

The priests have invented the concept of 'God', with whom they claim to have a direct and exclusive line of communication. They say they will help you to establish that same rapport with this "God" for the "reasonable sum of only..."

So the defining characteristics of false religions are:

The use of the word 'God' (big daddy), the condemnation of sex except if it is to make more followers.

The requirement of believing in the dogma and the use of the word 'sacred' which they use in such a way that parts of the whole are off limit to the ordinary person and can only be understood by priests.

This is another sign that it is a false religion, because in the real one either nothing is sacred or everything is sacred. It is a false distinction.

Morality in the real religion simply means that what you cause, is what you reap. It does not mean that there are some bad parts in you, of which presence you are guilty, that need to be eliminated by strange rituals like confession or self punishment.

How we distinguish between the real one and the false religions is simple: as soon as they use the word 'God' it is a false religion. 'God' is usually understood as

a male who has lots of opinions as if humans were his children (which is complete nonsense). It is a guy who created the world in 7 days. He is all-powerful, protects America and the Queen and punishes the unbelievers or the infidels. He considers women definitely less worthy than men, depending on which religion we're talking about. Since He condemns sex, his one and only son is conceived through some extra-marital miracle. (In the Buddhist 'religion', Buddha was conceived by a white elephant).

Because most of the dogmas consist in fact of lies, belief is necessary, as any child lying to his mother knows. You have to stick to the story so the 'belief' is necessary to remember the lie. Of course there is nothing wrong with belief but it means that you don't know, you are not sure, like when you say I believe it is going to rain tomorrow, which is of course very different from the meaning that the priests use. According to them you are not supposed to doubt. In some religions you can even be killed for that. Talk about the love of 'God'.

Of course it is easy to recognize more primitive false religions like the one that was born in Papua New Guinea at the end of the world war II, when the Americans dropped food packets on the land of those primitive people and their interpretation was that 'God' would reward them with presents if they worshipped 'Him' and His planes.

More sophisticated religions have used very complicated methods to confuse you through their conclaves, heads of churches, but the main thing is always the same: to condemn sex.

The desire for sex is of course the main engine of the universe. Nature is a body factory, without sex it wouldn't exist and therefore to condemn sex is a clever way to make you feel guilty, because 'God' condemns you and of course the priests give you a method to get rid of that guilt and hook you deeper and deeper into the morass of false morality.

There is nothing wrong with organizing our sexual and other behavior in order to have a more viable society, but condemning it is a way to dominate you, or the women, to make you feel inferior and guilty, so that the priests can manipulate you. If that repression happens, it is a false religion, and there appear all kinds of ugly phenomena as a result of it: priests molesting children, terrorists who in their youth were excluded from contact with women, venting their anger in the name of 'God'...

In some religions like Islam, Protestant christianity, one of the methods consists in repressing the women to such an extent that they have to be locked up in their houses, covered up with potatoe bags, controlled every step of the way by an adult male, be it father or brother, or else! This has the additional advantage of creating an army of young men without experience of the woman. They become an army of angry young men easily manipulated into becoming 'religion police', 'jihadists' and do any kind of horrible crime like killing infidels etc. This is of course not something they are unaware of. No it is an age-old technique used to control the young and gullible.

The real religion will only marginally mention 'God' or sex, since neither have anything to do with understanding.

The false religions have always been at war with the real one. They kill enlightened Masters (many Sufi masters have been killed by Moslem priests and their populace). Osho was poisoned by Ronald Reagan's Tholiban protestant government. (the Tholiban name comes from the island Tholen in the south-west of the Netherlands where a particular extreme fundamentalist calvinist protestant superstition exists to the present day who teach very similar things to their population than the afghan Taliban. (In the middle ages wise women were burned as witches).

The favorite pass time of false religions is waging wars on each other: the Christians against Moslems, the Moslems against the Hindus, etc., etc. Because the followers never agree on anything, their gods have political preferences: Allah helps to kill the infidels, Shiva helps to kill the Moslems, and 'God' saves the Queen and America. In short these 'religions' look more like political parties, which is hardly surprising since they always ally themselves with politicians.

False religions take parts of the truth and then distort it just a little bit so that you don't become aware of what they do. (Just like these hustlers in Delhi). Their strategy is to make you feel guilty. They give you some idea or some task, that you will not be able to comply with. They tell you that sex, of course, is very sinful, and should not be done unless you want to create more followers, and only for that. So of course they tell you to

do something that nobody can do, which is to live without sex, that's the best. That is a lie, but it also makes you feel bad about yourself, and that's good for them, because now you have to pay some therapist, or priest, to heal you, which they'll never do because that is impossible without discovering the truth.

So after the experience of Nirvana, you would like to go against everything you have always learned from society, from all these respected people. You learned it from your mother, from your schools, your universities, in short, the whole of society. And you realize that if you say the things you just understood, you might be killed.

They killed Osho. They didn't kill Munindra because he never said anything against any religion. But Osho was constantly bombarding all religions except perhaps Islam. People asked him: "why do you never comment on the Koran, like you comment on the Bible, the Dhammapada (Buddha's words), and many different 'sacred' books", and he said: "There's nothing there to comment."

I personally have never read the Koran or the Bible.

Anyway, it doesn't matter, because it is clear enough how the religions make you feel guilty. How you have to follow some rules that you cannot follow by definition, so that they can hook you. And if somebody like Osho goes to the United States, they'll kill him for being a very dangerous man. 'He has a 'sect' and he goes against the white old men's religion, protestantism, evangelism. Very dangerous!'

False religions always have a false morality; this is

good, this is not good; they have a kind of little list. (Just like your four year old children). Buddhism also has a list of things not to do, the Five Precepts, for lay people, and Ten Precepts for the monks and nuns. But is just a list of things to avoid, it has actually nothing to do with moralistic morality, but everything with karma. They say, if you want to become enlightenment forget about the TV, and theatre, and music, and all that, just to make things a little easier.

But that's not really a good advice according to some Masters, like Osho, who is more of a tantrist, which encourages its followers to try it out instead of prohibiting it, making the student more experienced, richer.

He says: "No, it doesn't work like that, because the ego then becomes so proud: 'look at me, I haven't killed anything, I haven't even killed a fly in a hundred years. And oh, I haven't stolen anything; I haven't had sex in so many years; I haven't had a drink in years!'"

That's why they call him a Tantric Master because he says: "No, you may have to try out these things and learn how you can manage them in such way that they don't disturb your meditation anymore. Sex is not the problem, unawareness is the problem. And the ego behind it. And the attachments that form because of it. All that is very painful and then you can sit in meditation for days, even for weeks, and nothing happens. It is called 'meditation', but in the beginning it is just observing noise.

That's why Osho had three bars in the ashram, where you could order a whisky any night, and they were full. (A friend of mine was a barman there and there was

a beautiful blond young Russian women serving drinks. I went with her to the park and took some beautiful photos of her sitting next to the small cascade). And it was in a way very strange, and in a way very liberating. Now you can do these things without feeling guilty. The Master says it's ok.

The other leaders in the ashram said: "Don't smoke marihuana", although that was more about the authorities of Poona than about the marihuana. In the beginning it was like, yeah, you smoke, who cares? They were not really moralistic, but because of the outside world they became political, because people around the ashram, the local conservative politicians, wanted to close it down. If they would find 'drugs' in the ashram, there would be hell to pay.

The same happened with AIDS. The politicians around us were basically orthodox Hindus and we, the sannyasins, followers of Osho, were the enemy and so they said: "These people bring AIDS, we have to close the place down". So the next day Osho said: "All of you have to do the AIDS test, and anybody new who wants to come in, has to do the test first". We had zero cases and they could not do anything against us.

It sounds like now, Covid-19 time, but it was easier, because you came to the ashram, you did the test, free of charge of course. and in fifteen minutes you knew if you were positive or negative. That worked.

False religions are based on the wrong idea that there is a Father to whom you owe obedience. If you don't obey, you'll be punished. This is the result of the dual thinking, which says 'God' is out there and I'm here.

‘God’ will do things to you if you do not behave. In reality there is no ‘God’ there and he doesn’t do anything. I personally don’t believe for a second in a male figure being ‘in charge of the universe’ anyway.

In the real religion all is one. If you really understand that, you will come to the same conclusion as the famous Sufi Master: “I am GOD”.

The false religions are not in any way interested in teaching the truth. Truth in the sense of universal laws like gravity and the speed of light, karma, rebirth. There is no need at all for priests to interpret the laws, if each individual can understand it by himself and for free.

In contrast Masters just share their understanding and try to induce you to understand it yourself. They have solved their income problem and they don’t need your money, nor recognition. That’s why the real vipassana courses are always free. If you haven’t solved your income problem yet, you are not ready to teach. Priest have not meditated, therefore they don’t know what they are talking about and what they teach you comes from old books, that they call ‘sacred tradition’. And they do need your money

It is so stupid that for thousands of years people have been killing each other in the name of God. None of them has any proof, none of them has any evidence. And they don’t even feel embarrassed, because nobody has looking directly into their eyes, asked the question...

Beyond Psychology (OSHO TIMES V 3, NR 9)

Religions are necessarily splitting man, creating a duality in the human mind; that is their way of exploiting you. If you are whole, you are beyond their control. If you are cut in fragments, all your strength is destroyed, all your power, your dignity abolished. Then you can be a Christian, a Hindu, a Mohammedan.

If you are left just the way you are born - natural, without any interference from the so-called religious leaders, you will be a man of freedom, independence, integrity. You cannot be enslaved. And all your old religions are doing nothing but enslaving you. To enslave you, they have to create a conflict within you so you start fighting with yourself. And when you are fighting with yourself, two things are bound to happen. First, you will be miserable, because no part of you can ever be victorious; you will be always defeated. Second, a guilt is produced in you that you are not worthy enough to be called a real, authentic human individual.

This is what the religious leaders want. A deep feeling of unworthiness within you makes them leaders of men. You cannot depend on yourself because you know you cannot do anything. You cannot do what your nature wants, because your religions prevent it. You cannot do what your religions want, because your nature is against it. You find yourself in a situation where you cannot do

anything; somebody else is needed to take your responsibility...

Religious leaders could not have thought of the meeting of Zorba and Buddha, because that would have been the end of their leadership and the end of their so-called religions. Zorba the Buddha is the end of all religions. It is the beginning of a new kind of religiousness which has no labels...

Osho V 3, Issue 16/17 sept 1, 1990

Racism?

Then there is the tribe.

I have been accused of racism. I don't really know why. I don't have any bad opinion about anybody based on their race. In fact biology defines race as a species that has as its main characteristic that it cannot reproduce with any other race, by definition! Now it doesn't look like that, does it? All so-called races can reproduce just fine with any other so-called race. So I propose that in order to get some clarity in the conversation, it is imperative to change this name to tribe, because now suddenly it makes a lot of sense: tribes can be very annoying due to their manias, their culture, their habits!

I was 3 years old when I went to visit my paternal grandparents regularly. They had a big rented house in a posh neighbourhood in Amsterdam South, where they had a series of extra rooms on the fourth and last floor meant originally for the servants. Since there hadn't been

any servants since anybody could remember, my aunt Alma, their daughter, took it upon herself to rent these rooms to co-students from the university where she studied. My grandparents could use the extra money just after the war and so everybody was happy, the students included.

And who were they? Two black guys from Suriname and one Chinese young man, uncle Ho. Uncle Piet, my fathers brother, and Alma's, had the last room in the long hall, where he had his cartoon studio. Later he ended up working for Hannah-Barbera in Hollywood with his wife, who was also there.

I loved to crawl up the three flights of stairs to the top of the building to see the mysterious things my uncle was doing there. I always met one or more of these students who for me were of course 'grown man' and they literally loved me to pieces. I was adored by three different races. Now did I know that? Of course not! They were just very nice guys and I may have asked once or so why their skin had a different color but in my family that was not a theme. They were just friends of Alma, my aunt. And yes they spoke a little funny, but after a while I was totally used to that and who cared? The Chinese guys was called Ho, but we called him Bo, almost my name: Bob. Totally accepted. Racism?

Still at that time there were two 'aunts' living in my mothers house, who were Jewish and had been living there Anna Frank style in the last years of the war, but I didn't know that. I had no idea of those concepts. I didn't like them too much because they were always after me, wanting to hug me and kiss me, so I learned how to

evade them more or less, but racism?

Am I a 'tribalist' then? Well I certainly have preferences for manias in order of least preferred to least annoying. I can be very annoyed by them, but I can be just as annoyed by the manias of the Australian tribe as by the German tribe and many more tribes. And yes that includes the Christian, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, the Jewish, the Musulman, the Buddhist and the Hindu and the what-not tribes. Why? Because they all base their opinions about their fellow men on superstitions and prejudices, that's why!

They don't look at the people, they just judge them based on their traditionally passed-on beliefs that they accept without realizing it, thereby becoming even more stupid than they already were. They always negate science and objective observing without judging or criticizing or condemning!

Just the other day I was reading a book by a Dutch Jewish writer Marga Minco, who lived through the hell of the German occupation and who by some miracle escaped death by surviving the concentration camp she was imprisoned in. (Now, at this point in time she is 101 years old!)

She describes her experiences in Holland before and after her life in the camp and the horror of the judgement of the people around her. I began to think: if you think of that (and the whole of the German effort to eradicate the Jews) and you name it racism, you cannot understand the phenomenon very well. All these annoying habits they have, are these race characteristics? Or tribal manias?

When a tribe decides or needs to emigrate to the land of another tribe, do they bring their habits with them? Even though for the tribe that already lives there, this may feel like an invasion. Maybe they don't like your noisy Sabbath, your muezzin shouting from his tower at 5 o'clock in the morning, your constant loud bell tolling, or horn blowing, your stupid repeating of your magic mantras, your constant repeating of weird movements? Can you imagine that?

Funny thing is: Reading Marga Minco's book, I was actually still surprised to realize that my family from mothers side was never persecuted by the German occupying authorities. My grandmother really looked Jewish. She came from Portuguese Jewish refugees in France escaping from the Inquisition in Portugal centuries ago and technically my mother was also Jewish and come to think of it, so was I. I could have easily emigrated to Israel had I wanted to.

Yes I had the information that that was because she was married to an Ariër, a Dutch blond guy, straight from the Dutch heartland of graingrowers and meat producers, tall with blue eyes, my opa! No more annoying habits! Never any weird cultural customs in my family anymore, never any strange chanting on certain evenings, ringing bells, or loud trumpets at 4 am...

Of course Osho as an enlightened master gave us a lot brilliant ideas but don't think that mine are just taken from him. I thought them up first and only then checked them with Osho-thinking...

And surprise, surprise, he agreed completely with me.

This means that I reached all the same conclusions as the masters by just thinking it over myself! Of course they predicted that!

Belief or Knowledge

About belief:

“The first thing is impartiality: one should be unprejudiced, and nobody is unprejudiced. And that is a basic requirement to grow into a greater vision. To come out of the prisons, the first thing is to drop prejudices – prejudices called Hinduism, prejudices called Mohammedanism, prejudices called Christianity. One has to drop all prejudices. How can you ever know the truth if you have already decided what it is? If you are already functioning from a conclusion, you will never arrive to truth – never! It is impossible.

Don't start by a priori assumptions, don't start by any belief. Then only are you a true seeker. But everybody starts by belief – somebody believes in the Bible, somebody else in the Koran; somebody believes in the Gita, and somebody in Dhammapada. And they start by belief.

Belief means you don't know, still you have taken something for granted. Now your whole effort will be to prove it right, it will become your ego trip. Each belief becomes an ego trip, you have to prove it right. If it is wrong, then you are wrong; if it is right, then you are right. And every person is nothing but a bagful of beliefs.

Remember, all beliefs are stupid. I am not

saying that those beliefs are basically untrue – they may not be, they may be – but to believe is stupid. To know is intelligent. It may be that when you come to know, it may be the same thing that you were told by others to believe; but still to believe is wrong, and to know it, right – because once you believe in something that you have not known, you have already started gathering around yourself a darkness which will not help you to know, to see. You are already becoming knowledgeable.

And knowing happens to those who are not knowledgeable, but innocent. Knowing happens to those eyes which are absolutely without the dust of knowledge.”

The Book of Wisdom, Chapter #21

About scriptures:

No Scriptures can give you the experience of your being. They are really the hindrances – your life spring is covered by those layers of prejudices and conceptions. Unless you throw them away, whether it is the Bible or Shrimad Bhagavad-Gita or the holy Koran or Dhammapada... it does not matter what it is. Whatever is covering your life spring, throw it away without a single moment of hesitation. Because all that is borrowed is just dust, layers and layers of dust, and you are covered with that dust.

The Buddha: The Emptiness of the Heart, Ch #2.

The so-called religions depend on belief not knowledge.

The word belief can mean two things:

1. an acceptance that something exists or is true, without proof.
2. a supposition or proposed explanation made on the basis of limited evidence as a starting point for further investigation. (A proposition made as a basis for reasoning, without any assumption of its truth. As in hypothesis.)

If you want to understand “the Dhamma” (Dharma in Sanskrit), you have to totally reject the first one and accept the second one.

Real religion depends on knowledge of science. It means:

1. facts, information, and skills acquired through experience or education; the theoretical or practical understanding of a subject.
2. awareness or familiarity gained by experience of a fact or situation.

Before the universal law $E=mc^2$ became knowledge, it was first a hypothesis, a belief. Before Einstein proved it, some scientists began to believe it. This is how the meditator has to approach his investigation. He doesn't

know the truth yet, but he can see that the Master seems to know something...

Trust or Faith

Another thing that happens after enlightenment, is that the experience of Nirvana gives you total trust.

Faith is a term used in false religions, trust is used in the only real religion, which is really science. The word religion comes from the Latin re-ligare, which means to reunite (you with Existence). False religions don't reunite, they divide. True Religion, yes, reunites you with Existence by inducing a state of awareness far beyond 'normal' consciousness, although the Masters will say that there never was any need to reunite you in the first place since you were always united, never not united. You just didn't know it.

An added problem in this discussion is that it is true that in all false religions some people become enlightened, in spite of what they teach you. There are Christian mystics who became enlightened; they've known the truth about Existence. Most of the time they don't know what word to use, so they call it 'God'.

But in the false religions' optics, 'God' does things; he punishes or he rewards, he is a 'moral 'God'. Existence is not. Existence does not 'do' anything. It leaves you completely free.

And an additional point of confusion is that

according to many eastern seers, there are Gods. Not one, but thousands. The Deva's. They come in six categories, each with six classes, and they do things, yes, because they still have subtle egos. That's why the Gods have to be reborn as humans to meditate and to become enlightened, because if you don't have a human body you cannot become enlightened. All Masters say that human life is the most precious of all lives because it is the only place where you can become enlightened.

There is a story about Osho that one day he was talking about a famous Japanese Zen Master. In the audience there was a Japanese Master and scientist listening attentively when Osho used the word 'trust' as something the old Master had said. After the lecture the Japanese professor came to see Osho enthusiastically and exclaimed: "How did you know the word was 'trust' and not 'faith' as the original Japanese is always translated into western languages?"

About faith:

"Faith is a wrong translation. Unfortunately all these translations have been done by Christian missionaries. There must have been a word which was something like trust, not faith. But to the Christian both seem to be synonymous.[...]

When I speak on anyone, I have no commitment except to my own understanding, to my own illumination. And when I say that something is changed in a wrong way, translated wrongly, it does

not mean I understand the Japanese or Chinese from which the translation has been done. It simply means that I know the very heart of Gautam the Buddha. I know the emptiness of the heart, it is my own experience. No master who has touched the emptiness of the heart can talk in terms of faith. Faith is only for the blind”.

OSHO:

The Buddha, the Emptiness of the Heart, Ch. #3

Faith in the dictionaries;

Strong belief in the doctrines of a religion, based on spiritual conviction rather than proof.

In the context of *religion*, one can *define faith* as "*belief* in God or in the doctrines or teachings of *religion*". *Religious* people often think of *faith* as confidence based on a perceived degree of warrant, while others who are more skeptical of *religion* tend to think of *faith* as simply *belief* without evidence.

Hebrew version: "...faith is the evidence of things not seen". Faith is the connecting power into the spiritual realm, which links us with God and makes Him become a tangible reality to the sense perceptions of a person.

Objectively, faith is the sum of truths revealed

by God in Scripture and tradition and which the Church presents in a brief form in its creeds.

Islamic theology: faith or belief denotes a believer's faith in the metaphysical aspects of Islam. Its most simple definition is the belief in the six articles of faith, known as *arkān al-īmān*. The term *imam* has been delineated in both the Quran and Hadith.

Muslims have six main beliefs.

Belief in Allah as the one and only God.

Belief in angels.

Belief in the holy books.

Belief in the Prophets... e.g. Adam, Ibrahim (Abraham), Musa (Moses), Dawud (David), Isa (Jesus). ...

Belief in the Day of Judgement... ...

Belief in Predestination...

None of these are based on real knowing...

Belief that is not based on proof.

Trust in the dictionary:

Firm belief in the reliability, truth, or ability of someone or something.

Totally Relying upon Spiritual Truth.

No one paid particular attention to this ironic 'Allah song', except Theo van Gogh. After threats to the Islam-critical writer Salman Rushdie, he

wrote in a column: 'I was raised with the commandment that you should respect other people's culture, but if that same culture sees me and mine as unbelieving dogs, who prefer to use the scimitar have to be slaughtered, I quickly lose my smile at so much backwardness.'

Theo van Gogh made a movie (with Ayaan Hirsi Ali) about the plight of women in Islamic society called "Submission".

ELI5: Why does Islam seem to have more violent fanatics than other religions?

I know that other religions were violent too in the past but today in modern age it seems that Islam is the only big religion that has a lot of people who are willing to spread their religion by violence.

I'm sorry in advance if anyone got offended by this question. I respect all religions, I'm just interested in the background.

EDIT: Thanks everybody for answers. I didnt expect this "controversial" question to have so many upvotes. I expected it to be downvoted to hell. While some of you guys tried to advocate Islam extremists by comparing them to KKK or Crusaders (I already said in post that I know other religions were violent too - please read the little text under title) or doing conspiracies about how media made muslims a general dummy, others made quite complex answers

that actually explained the background of this situation.

Report from your roaming reporter Toshi, from planet Earth:

Today I saw the announcement of the name of the vice president picked by the future president. It is a woman and they called her the first black woman vice president.

This is very strange. There is already an orange president, and a future president who is darker than this woman even though it is caused by a tanning bed.

Funny thing is that they go on talking about racism, defined as discrimination based on the color of the skin. Of course the color of the skin does not make a 'race' since biology says that all humans are of one race because in that science, different races are not able to procreate together. What they mean is tribalism or ethnicity, which means discrimination based on different outward characteristics like skin color, or nose size or height or whatever makes it easy to distinguish between them and us, in order to discriminate. The net result is the same: discrimination, yes, but it doesn't help to call it racism. It obfuscates the issue.

Osho used to say: "white people have not been in the oven long enough, black skinned people have baked

a little too long, Indian people have been baked just right. They are lucky, they don't need to suffer from sunburns."

Tribalism: The behavior and attitudes that stem from strong loyalty to one's own tribe or social group.

"a society motivated by cultural tribalism"

Ethnicity: The fact or state of belonging to a social group that has a common national or cultural tradition.

"the interrelationship between gender, ethnicity, and class"

"Race" is usually associated with biology and linked with physical characteristics such as skin color or hair texture.

"Ethnicity" is linked with cultural expression and identification. However, both are social constructs used to categorize and characterize seemingly distinct populations.

The Neanderthal and modern human lineages probably began to diverge about 500,000 years ago, with the ancestral population of Neanderthals traveling to Europe and the Middle East and the ancestral population to modern humans remaining in Africa for roughly another 400,000 years.

Today every person living on earth belongs to the same species, the same race, homo sapiens. They are basically all cousins!

The DNA of all human beings living today is 99.9% alike.

The Anunaki's:

I believe that the following has happened in the past of humanity which in the end has lead to the situation humanity is in. And as I said before, I believe it is so, but I don't know for sure. It just makes a whole lot of sense.

According to Zacharias Sitchin who spent his whole career studying and translating these texts, the Sumerians in their clay tablets describe human history as follows:

In the beginning when there was still no life on earth, there was the solar system and another system, getting very close to each other. In the other system there was a planet with at least one moon. Since they were independent systems then, they did not have much to do with each other until they came so close to each other that the planet was somehow caught in our solar system in a weird orbit until one day its moon collided with our earth. This led the planet to get a new extremely elongated orbit of approximately 3600 earth years around our sun (the same orbit that many comets have). Its moon made a big hole in our earth-crust which after cooling down became the pacific ocean, which is today still in the process of being filled in (The continental telluric movements). There was also a lot of earth dug out and thrown away into space, so that the orbit of our now lighter earth changed quite drastically. It interchanged places with Mars. The rest of the earth floats around us as the asteroid belt.

All this happened way before any more advanced life happened on any of the two planets. But it is of course possible that they were mutually 'seeded' in some way in the event.

Earth went on with its evolution and we were just getting somewhere with the arrival of Lucy in terms of a humanoid appearing on earth. This was how far we got when from the sky appeared an advanced race, very humanlike, in fact totally human, who came because they needed gold to protect their planet from their and our suns radiation after their atmosphere had all but disappeared.

The Sumerians say they arrived about 500.000 years ago and after landing in Africa, where volcanic conditions had left vast amounts of gold quite visible from space, they proceeded to dig it up. After a few thousand years they got bored of the work and thought that it might be a good idea to try to produce a worker made from their genes and the local genes, who could do the job for them. So they implanted one of their women with Lucy's genes and the Adams were created. Of course the Adams were a species of humans, not just one guy, and they worked in the mines for a while, but the problem was this new race was infertile and could not reproduce so that to make one new worker they had to implant his genes in one of their own women all the time. Not ideal!

Their science was already very advanced so they took a bit of bone out of an Adam's rib and manipulated it genetically in such a way that they obtained a female who in the end finally was fertile. Eva was born! Now the humans could reproduce themselves!

They were told that they were not to eat from the apple - eating from the apple is having sex and procreate - because they were supposed to be workers and nothing more. Their job was to dig gold. Eva's were supposed to be inseminated by Annunaki sperm not human sperm or the lifespan of these descendants would be reduced each time. This happened around 450.000 years ago. (It seems these early slaves escaped in different waves and were for example found about 40.000 ago in the South of France as hommes de Cro-Magnon and many others.

Thanks to the Sumerians and their clay tablets we know a lot about this planet called Nibiru and its inhabitants.

Most of it is also described in the so-called Greek mythology, which is only called mythology because western science could not imagine that anything these Sumerians or Greeks said could possibly be true. The characters described are known under different names in different regions, because these regions had different languages, locations, and the Annunaki's traveled all over the earth in space ships. Their President was Anu, (Zeus, Jupiter) He had two sons, Enki and Enlil, the first one in charge of mining, the second of the genetic human production among many other things. And there were hundreds of descendants, characters who became known under many different iconic names like Ra, Quetzacoatl,

Because their planet has such a large orbit, their life is 3600 times longer than ours in earth years. So they came and went each time their planet was close to ours

and each time they appeared, they seemed not to have aged at all. We the workers began to see them as eternal of course. As Gods!

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is about the deity in Indian religions. For Buddhist god, see Śakra (Buddhism).

Indra is an ancient Vedic deity in Hinduism. He is the king of Svarga (Heaven) and the Devas (gods). He is associated with lightning, thunder, storms, rains, river flows and war.

Indra's mythology and powers are similar to other Indo-European deities such as Jupiter, Perun, Perkūnas, Zalmoxis, Taranis, Zeus, and Thor, showing connections to hypothesized Proto-Indo-European mythology.

Indra is the most referred deity in the *Rigveda*. He is celebrated for his powers, and as the one who kills the great evil (malevolent type of Asura) named Vritra who obstructs human prosperity and happiness. Indra destroys Vritra and his "deceiving forces", and thereby brings rains and the sunshine as the friend of mankind. He is also an important deity worshipped by the Kailash people, indicating his prominence in ancient Hinduism.

Śakra (Buddhism)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Śakra is the ruler of the Trāyastriṃśa Heaven according to Buddhist cosmology. He is also referred to by the title "Śakra, Lord of the Devas"

The name Śakra ("powerful") as an epithet of Indra is found in several verses of the Rigveda.

In Chinese Buddhism, Śakra is sometimes identified with the Taoist Jade Emperor,

The Trāyastriṃśa heaven in which Śakra rules is located on the top of Mount Meru, Trāyastriṃśa is the highest of the heavens in direct contact with humankind.

Like all deities, Śakra is long-lived but mortal. When one Śakra dies, his place is taken by another deity who becomes the new Śakra. Several stories about Śakra are found in the Jataka tales (the past lives of the Buddha), as well as several suttas.

Śakra is married to Sujā, daughter of the chief of the asuras, Vemacitrin. Despite this relationship, a state of war generally exists between the thirty-three gods and the asuras, which Śakra manages to resolve with minimal violence and no loss of life.

Śakra is often depicted in literature as a being who consults the Buddha on matters of morality.

Together with Brahmā, he is considered a dharmapala, a protector of Buddhism.

Have you ever slept with the same being in the same bed for twelve and a half years every night without even missing one?

I have. His name is Chikkituri and he is my cat. I see him as so much wiser than most of my friends, but maybe that's just me...

Here is a message from your roaming reporter, Toyi: 2021:

As you perhaps know my job is to report to my bosses, the Annunakis, but please don't tell anyone, I could get in trouble. Today I would like to report on the State of the Earth.

The Annunakis are very concerned about their creation, the human race. It reproduces like rabbits, eats up the earth's biosphere like rats and they have no awareness to stop themselves to do that, so the Annunakis have decided to thin them out a little like you do in a good garden, by sending them a virus that is supposed to do just that.

Unfortunately it has been a failure. Yes the reproduction cyphers have gone down but just marginally. Their weird irrational belief systems have prevented them from getting the message. In the name of their imagined gods they go on using their fertility to

gain power over the rest of humanity and they all play that game on different levels. Only the Buddhist sect does not grow in numbers anymore. All the others are just going on making more and more babies. The wise ones will therefore always be in the minority.

One shudders at the thought of what will be needed to rein in humans next. Ordinary world wars didn't make much of a difference at all. Would nuclear war be the only option left? It certainly looks that way.

Toyī

Message from your roaming reporter, Toyī:
2022:

Actually the virus worked quite well because there appeared a new variant, the delta, that worked much better and seems to do a good job in reducing the number of most idiotic representatives of one of their superstitions, the Tholibans or calvinist protestantism, which can be found in the south of the United States and who because they think that Jesus is their vaccin are more prone to die than the less stupid humans...

Toyī

“Enlightenment is not something to be achieved, it is just to be lived. When I say that I achieved enlightenment, I simply mean that I decided to live it. Enough is enough! And since then I have lived it. It is a decision that now you are not interested in creating

problems – that's all. It is a decision that now you are finished with all this nonsense of creating problems and finding solutions. All this nonsense is a game you are playing with yourself: you yourself are hiding and you yourself are seeking, you are both the parties. And you know it! That's why when I say it you smile, you laugh. I am not talking about anything ridiculous – you understand it. You are laughing at yourself. Just watch yourself laughing, just look at your own smile – you understand it. It has to be so because it is your own game: you are hiding and waiting for yourself to be able to seek and find yourself.”

OSHO

The search is not going to help you to reach the goal because the goal has never been lost. The search is only going to help to drop greed, fear, possessiveness, jealousy, hatred, anger. The search is only going to help you drop the hindrances, and once the hindrances are not there, suddenly one becomes aware: I have always been here, I have never gone anywhere else.

“The Search, Talks on the ten bulls of Zen”
O S H O

If I were to say which group of ‘organized’ humans are the most dangerous, the most nefarious

group on earth, I would immediately answer: “The Republicans” of the USA. Yes, much more so than the Talibanes, who are only a local threat.

They are a group of followers of the false religion of fanatic protestant christians, originally coming from the south and east of the netherlands, who migrated to the states, mainly to the south, and dedicated themselves to slavery, conquests of foreign lands in all continents as much as possible, repressing anybody and everybody who opposes them, talking the rich white man into paying their bills and giving them great rewards for the ‘great work they do spreading the word of the Lord and his son Jesus’, but who in reality just do it because these thieves always help them maintain their privileges, like very low taxes for the rich, special laws, like forbidding abortion, clinging to their guns by maintaining the second amendment, ignoring climate change, and so on.

The recently accepted total prohibition on abortion is another scandalous measure designed to repress the blacks and browns and giving them the idea that their birth rates will go up so they will have more voters for the future (they wish, well good luck with that)

Ch. VII Death, Past Lives and Rebirth

When a cloud is transformed into rain, it is not dying.

A cloud can become rain or snow or ice.

A cloud cannot become nothing.

It is impossible for a cloud to die.

It is a continuation.

In the same way, it is impossible for you, as a human being, to die.

You are also a continuation.

Thich Nhat Hanh (“Thay”)

Nobody ever dies.

 This is my ultimate truth.

 For many, many people this is very difficult to accept.

And: Nobody dies before or after their time. So now you can finally, really, relax, at last!

All the false religions and all societies teach nothing but lies about this subject.

Just the other day I had a discussion about this: it seemed to be that people prefer to suffer when somebody dies instead of just being happy that somebody gets a new space suit.

In my early youth it started.
I was about 9 years old and I had dreams, for a year, every week more or less, and they were always the same: I try to land my plane on a road where this was obviously going to end in disaster. Then I wake up. It always ended without a crash.

Even before that, at age three, I was drawing at the feet of my grandfather when he exclaimed: “look at Bobbie, he is drawing perspective”. (see Roger Delta and The Last Bomb)

1. The lives

In a world of noise silence is unheard.

“Lion’s Claws flowering in synchronicity”,

Although they are very far apart, they know when it’s their time to flower.

In the mid-seventies, a group of amateurs brought some Lion’s Claw seeds from the Atacama desert.

A gardener treated these seeds with great care, but what he found strange, was that they didn’t flower. During the first years he thought that the change had perhaps been too abrupt. Only in the fourth year did the plants give any flowers.

In that year, the desert also flowered. Time passed and the plants didn’t flower again, until some three

years later when in spring the desert once again woke up.

And in this way it went on until today. They go on flowering only when their relatives, thousands of miles away, also flower. The gardener has only one explanation: "Plants know so much... we will never really know them".

El mercurio, Chile, July 19th

1993

"...and even though you will not remember for a very long time, I will tell you this: you will get lost, entangled, you will fall in love, you will hate, you will fight, in short you will get identified, trapped, hurt... until you remember..."

1972: The story of Toyi

In an old trunk somewhere in the Himalaya's I found some documents... but wait, let me tell you first who I am:

Since I am forever traveling on untrodden paths in search of new inspiration for my paintings, I have been to a lot of places where few people go, or if they do manage to get there, they don't stay long, not long enough to really discover the area.

One day I was walking through a very beautiful mountain range in the western Himalaya's. There are

forests where the deodar pinetrees reach to such a height that you get dizzy looking up trying to figure out where the tops are.

Anyway I'm coming around this corner and suddenly I spot this incredible house half hidden between these trees. Two floors, lots of little windows, doors, balconies, sloping roof. Probably old british but a little bit of a count dracula atmosphere as well. So just on a hunch I decide to check it out and right next to it lives the chowkidar, the guy who looks after the place, with is wife and her sister and the inevitable bunch of dirty kids. So they tell me that the house is for rent and the price is reasonable enough and after a tour of the property I'm transported, so I rent it for six months just to see...

Of course you should not imagine that things are that easy in India, it's just that I skip the hours of bargaining, the days of waiting and the week of deep cleaning, but anyway it was a beautiful house.

And then, in one of the rooms I find a trunk, a new one, half hidden under some rolled-up dusty carpets. It looks like one of those ugly metal things that travelers sometimes use to keep things in when they are going on the road again, and they don't know what to do with their stuff: it's too good to throw away, but too heavy to take along, so you keep it in a trunk and you hope that somehow, if you ever come back through this place you'll find your gear again.

Since there was no name on it and the lock was a bit flimsy, it took only a minute to force it open.

"Who knows there may be something useful in there," I thought, and there was: the usual kitchen stuff, a

few clothes, some old thongs and some books. And in between the books a brown envelope, office size, with a pack of papers, written in a neat handwriting, held together with staples. I settled down to read it. A few days later I decided I had to publish this stuff. It seemed to consist of somebody's personal notes. But the strange thing was that it did not contain any identification whatsoever. There was no name of anybody known, no address, no name of a country, nothing. The man who wrote it, (I assume it must have been a man), seems to be or has been a creature not of this earth. His vision is out of the ordinary, a vision that would change the face of the earth if it were ever implemented. It could bring peace and prosperity to our planet even though at this stage this looks like almost impossible. But just consider the following excerpt:

“I have been asked to report the state of the earth to the galactic council. Now there is nothing strange in that. That has been my mission right from the beginning. What is new, however is the latest addition to my duties: actively interfere with human affairs by reporting also to them! Now this is an altogether different cup of tea, because up till now it has been our firmly established policy never to interfere directly in any of the affairs of any of the new planets under our responsibility, because only by learning themselves from their mistakes can they ever hope to grow out of this stage of half animal half human behaviour, that they seem to be stuck in now.

“We have rightly made it a point that it is not advisable to interfere, because all planetary inhabitants are free to do exactly what they want to do even if it

seriously infringes upon the rights of their co-planetarians. It is considered that only this freedom will ever make them realize the absurdity and ultimate failure of criminal behaviour. The only restriction is of course when they threaten to blow up the planet we have put at their disposition. This has already happened twice before in this planetary system.

“So now the galactic council wants me to make a report, and convert it into a book that is supposed to make it clear to them that they can no longer go on in the same old ways, because if they refuse to change their habits, they are going to destroy everything they have, including their planet.

“So what am I supposed to do? It is clear that anybody who has the courage to identify those responsible for creating the hell they are now living in, will be immediately persecuted and neutralized by any means available by the conspiracy of the rulers of earth who are interested in only one thing: continuation of their perceived privileges. Apart from the numerous cases of our own delegates who were murdered before they could do any good, there are thousands of examples of courageous people of earth who saw through the game of the rulers and who dared to raise their voice against these parasites of humanity and ended up with not only their bodies destroyed, but their work as well. All these works have been either distorted enough so that their message was nullified, or destroyed, or stored somewhere, in some so-called religious library, and forgotten forever.

“Maybe there is one advantage in this era of

communication: it is increasingly easy to print, reproduce, store, send through frontiers and distribute any kind of information. So if I can find a publisher who is on our side, there is some hope my efforts may not get lost this time.

2. The Master of the 12th Planet

Toyi did not understand why his Master had sent him away again. He thought he had fulfilled the requirements but again he had been told to go back. The problem was he didn't know for what. He didn't know what he was looking for, but he followed the instructions he had received from his guide through the medium he had met in the last days of his stay in the ashram.

He had taken a plane out after the horrible bus ride and the exhausting stay in the huge megapolis. He had changed planes on the old continent, where he had stopped just long enough to buy a new set of clothes and some shaving equipment. He always preferred to make himself a little less conspicuous nowadays. For no reason at all, these drugparasites could begin to make life difficult for you. They could at the very least search your luggage, but more likely they would start ripping some seams, looking for hidden compartments. So he shaved and dressed and those idiots didn't see you anymore.

When he arrived in the new world, he bought himself a small Volkswagen beetle on a sunday car mall, with an inconspicuous local plate, got some camping

gear together and set out for the three day drive into the deserted interior of the northern plains. The road was long, hot, straight and boring but he kept himself occupied by driving at top speed and checking all the time for hidden cops in cars and helicopters, trying to give him a speeding ticket. Despite his desire to remain unseen he just couldn't give up on that one. He loved to defy the law and feel with his sixth sense where they were waiting for him and then just drive by at the tolerated maximum speed, beaming his smile at their usually ugly tronies.

He crossed the border as a tourist, acting stupid but kind, babbling with the custom guy about art and cheese, full of good humour and they bought it, wishing him a nice trip.

When he reached the bifurcation that he had seen on the map he had managed to get from the geology department, he took the barely distinguishable dirt track that seemed to lead nowhere. He drove east for another day through a desolated desert, camped somewhere in lonely mountains on the side of a lake where only a few birds disturbed the threatening silence of the extinct volcanoes that bordered the plateau. The next day he parked his car in a cave that he found on the side of a dried up river and that clearly hadn't been visited by anyone in a long time.

After he had prepared his backpack for the remaining trip on foot, he set out for the high plateau that was so arid there was no longer any sign of human inhabitants, since they had left years ago when the scarce rains started to fail completely and the decrepit

cattle had begun to die.

Presently he arrived at the hidden place he had set out to find and he was impressed by the force of nature of this extremely isolated place. No sign of any vegetation, just a flat piece of sand and small rocks stretching all the way to the horizon, where the huge volcanoes were standing like watchdogs, as if ready to clean the land with another eruption if the need arose. It was clearly the perfect place for a spaceship to land he thought. Was that what they wanted him to see?

He installed himself in the midst of a group of huge rocks that seemed to have been put there for a purpose, although one could now only guess what that had been, and as instructed closed his eyes and felt the silence invade him. For the next hours he sat there alternatively with open and closed eyes until his concentration was so strong that he was able to visualize the view with closed eyes and there was hardly any difference between the vision and the reality. He wasn't sure if his eyes were open or not when a huge sphere started materializing in front of him at some distance that he could not measure. The phenomenon lasted a long time, it seemed, and he was able to find out that even a single disturbing thought would make it disappear, and then it would reappear as soon as he concentrated on his breathing again.

The sun was near the horizon when he finally dropped on the ground, exhausted and very thirsty. He looked at his water supply and wondered how long he would have to stay here since the last waterhole he had seen, was at least a seven hours drive away and if he

had to go back to get more water, he would also have to go back another three hours or so to the last hamlet on the main road, where he knew they kept some petrol supply for those rare travelers that came through on their adventurous discovery trips to the lost corners of the world.

After a meal that he cooked with great difficulty due to the high altitude, he installed himself under one of the rocks that would give him some shelter from the early sun and that didn't seem to harbour anything more dangerous than a few hairy spiders that he knew to be non poisonous. He settled down to sleep but before he had even started to scan the environment for sounds that betrayed any creature around him, his hairs suddenly stood on end and he was wide awake with an immanent feeling of expectation that flooded his blood with adrenaline. He had to sit up and as he closed his eyes, the sphere was there again and this time also the eyes right in front of him. And he knew those eyes. They had been with him for years. Every time he sat down with closed eyes, the eyes had been there at a distance of about twenty five centimeters.

"So my friend, you have arrived and sooner than expected too! It is good. Now tell me, is there any hope for mankind?"

Toyi almost lost himself again in the waves. He was still not used to the experience of suddenly sitting face to face to the Master, but the Master gave him a most reassuring smile and Toyi relaxed again and settled down in front of Him, collecting his thoughts:

"Indeed, Beloved Master, they are in a deep crisis.

And although it is not the first time, things are now rapidly coming to a climax. The ageless collusion between their masters, the politicians and the priests, is still very much in force, but their greed has led them to commit many mistakes and the situation is deteriorating to a frightening degree. The question is: will these parasites be able to destruct the planet before they are removed from office, or will their total lack of insight and their deeply engrained egoism make them start-up the last holocaust?"

There was a noise right in front and Toyi opened his eyes. A desert fox was standing there, ready to flee, its eyes full of curiosity. Did it want to play? He threw a pebble and the fox jumped. He let his eyes wander around the mountains surrounding him, the seven volcanoes in the distance, the serenity of the desert and the narrow path leading up to the small plateau where he had found the natural cave sheltering him from inquisitive eyes: no one around, total silence, hardly disturbed by the fluttering wings of the tiny birds going about their business. No trace of the fox. He closed his eyes again to reconnect.

"The Master is not here now, my brother." another voice came in. Toyi startled. Now where did he suddenly come from? Then a great surge of joy overwhelmed him: Anaïm! From some long lost memory strain it jumped at him, he knew this voice. In fact he knew it better than any other voice. And it was like reconnecting with a long forgotten beloved twin brother!

"Anaïm! Am I happy to see you! What the hell happened?"

“Relax, brother it’s been only four days, remember? Soon we’ll be together again. You are being very earthly emotional,” Anaïm laughed.

“I’ve been watching you all this time. Didn’t get much rest either, what with you getting lost all the time down there? But it has been very interesting all the same, especially the part where you are getting involved with those women thinking that they were your soul mates. Hilarious! But I guess that’s how it goes, no? I know it’s hard to keep the distance when you are trapped in a body with all its urges and so, but come on, wake up: the ex-Highpriestess of Ra? And that story with the reincarnation of the queen of the Khmers? You’re getting a little soft in the brain or what?”

Toyi flushed inwardly. Anaïm was right of course. He had been particularly blind on a few occasions, but then, Anaïm had not been trapped in a burning plane, feeling all the loneliness of an earthling who realizes he has missed once again. Nor had he... well, all right he had a point. No need to become defensive.

“I know, Anaïm, I know. But now I found her, my beloved, didn’t I? Tell me what’s happening? I was just reporting about the state of affairs here, when you suddenly came in.”

“That’s all right, just continue. They figured it would be easier for you to tell me, so just explain it to me. Don’t worry, it won’t get lost.”

It was difficult to concentrate on the task at hand. The emotional life on earth takes up such a great part of the tiny mind we have here that memory sometimes garbled like an old computer.

“Listen, life here is so ridiculous, you can’t imagine. Man is totally trapped in this conspiracy of priests and politicians, just as we used to have in our dark ages. And it is not even a conspiracy, because the ones involved are so unaware that they do not even realize that they are doing it.

Nevertheless the effect is the same: a small group of insignificant minds is systematically sucking the blood of the rest of the population, destroying the planet in the process and the only thing I do not quite get, is how their mediocre minds have been able to devise a system that works in a way so well to get them what they want: money and power.

Money in excess will not buy you anything worthwhile at all. This kind of excess is utterly useless. They create earthly riches for which nobody in his right mind will find any use, beyond comfortable living, while the rest of the population is more or less living in deprivation. And all of it is canceled at the time of death! How can anybody even think that it is possible to find happiness at the expense of others! And power serves only to tell others what to do with their lives: mainly to remain enslaved!

“It seems unbelievable but there you are! A few are accumulating stuff, objects and services that do not make them happy and others don’t even have the minimum. I think the whole show keeps them somehow busy, they somehow cover up the fear of being exposed as insignificant, mediocre, very ordinary. Yeah, maybe just the fear of being ordinary.

“Here is a few of the tricks they use: First they

have somehow been able, by the power of centuries of torture to convince the people that it is impossible to be in contact with the Universal Blessing on their own accord and that they, the noble priests, will do it for them... for a fee of course.

To accomplish this, they had to first destroy the self confidence of the children and this, predictably, they managed by making them feel guilty about the strongest urge that an ordinary earthling can have, sex..

“By continuously condemning this force of nature that can bring so much joy and has the potentiality of taking one beyond the attraction of gravitation, they have managed to create such doubt in the hearts of the people that they have now come to the point of accepting the priests’ charade as the truth, even when they actually at the same time distrust them.

“It seems that no amount of criminality uncovered from time to time from the ranks of these so called holy people, has been able to expose the premise that they are the true and only religious leaders.

“For example, the boss of one of their so called religions, has been exposed quite scientifically, as being part of a plot that killed his predecessor.

“You lost me there, brother, was that the pope of Rome?” Anaïm interrupted.

“Yes, the high priest of the Catholics”. Sometimes I forget that you are not so fluent in earthly lore. “That murder was instigated because that guy had the guts to try to change a few things, namely the stream of money coming in from one of their most publicly condemned sources: the sales of arms and drugs and related

transactions. He wanted to clean up the stables.”

“Drugs?”

“Yes, drugs. Chemical substances that are used to transform certain states of emotion into others, considered more desirable. According to those very same priests it is a very condemnable course of action to try to change one’s emotions chemically, even though they know that these substances can sometimes temporarily alleviate pain for example caused by the repressions that they consider ‘the heart of their doctrines’.

So they are at the same time profiteering from it and condemning it. People are living their life in jails so to speak, so they want to take drugs to at least temporarily escape from them, and they are going to get them at any price; and then the money somehow sneaks back into the vatican bank, giving power to the guy who goes on creating more suffering on the planet, with his population increase program that forces people to fight harder and harder all the time for the same amount of land.

So many wars are being fought. Animal species are destroyed, the ecology is disturbed, the climate changes, just to hide the fact that he himself does not know what he is doing, or for what, except to cover up his ignorance.

“One would say that this should be enough to finish the whole game. But no: I have seen highly ‘educated professionals’ who go on hanging this pope’s portrait in their office, to show how ‘catholic’ they are, while the report of the crimes that he and his crew were

involved in, is for sale in the supermarket around the corner. It seems they just don't want to know, because it is easier to go on ignoring the facts than to take responsibility! So I don't know what we are going to do about this situation, I don't know!

"As I said sex repression has been their most powerful tool. Although it feels good to have sex, it is easy to get confused, if everyone has been made clear as a child that sex is an animal force that needs to be hidden, that it is something to be done in a corner, in the dark, at night. So naturally, all kinds of insane ideas are circulating in the minds of the people under the guise of 'morality' and the result is the uncontrolled population explosion.

"Or like another of their sects has proposed after the ideas of one of their prophets: to be attracted to a woman is such a sin that the occasion has to be avoided at all costs. So they hide the woman by wrapping her in cloth. Never mind if this happens in one of the hottest areas of earth and the women are unnecessarily suffering; they even make their face invisible by putting a piece of gauze in the space left for the face, so you don't see anything at all anymore. They move around in the streets like ghosts!

"The saddest thing is that many of these ideas originally came from various helpers and masters that were sent in the first place to try to wake up those people. But it was all to no avail: whatever we have tried in the past has always been distorted immediately after these masters had left, either on their own accord or murdered by the the ferocious crowd that was totally

under the control of the priests they were trying to cut short.”

Another trick they have used is the notion that an individual has only one life on earth. Even though their most noted scientists have made it absolutely clear that there cannot be any loss of energy in any system, they go on insisting that all this mental energy that was there in the person at the time of death, simply disappears! Well not quite, it sort of hangs suspended, they say, until the day of judgement, when only those who have been obedient will be rewarded, while all the others, who sinned, read disobeyed, will be punished, eternally of course. Now with such ideas they have managed to sow the seeds of doubt and fear. And the people have lost even their most rudimentary capacity to think for themselves!

“Now imagine the consequences of such a premise. Life has no meaning whatsoever anymore. If everything is going to disappear forever at the time of death, then what else can you do but accumulate wealth, women and wine? Especialy if you belong to a sect that is based on the ideas of such idiots as Calvin who maintained that your divinity is measured by your success on earth in material terms!”

“In other places, the ‘religions’ have not managed to eradicate the fundamental scientific truth of conservation of energy, or the law of rebirth, but they have distorted it in another way. Their idea is that this life on earth is nothing but the result of all accumulated past lifes and there is really nothing one can do about the condition one finds oneself in.

So, who cares, just go on doing all the foolish things you have always done, as long as you obey a few rules laid down by the priests, like taking a bath in some 'holy river' before breakfast, or give a certain percentage of especially your illegally acquired income to the 'holy temple' and you'll be okay! And what are these foolish things? Everything that goes against all that is true, divine and beautiful!"

Anaïm was silent for a while and Toyi thought he had disappeared, but then came a deep sigh:

"So the history is repeating itself on earth, hè? It seems this stage of leaving behind the animal qualities is always very difficult. Especially if they think they can just deny them by repressing them. But don't they have any memory of their past failures then? Like the time they destroyed almost everything but the planet itself with a nuclear war?"

"They have some records that point to that episode, but there is not enough physical evidence left for them to take that as a truth, as something that really happened. They dismiss so easily anything that might force them to change, because they allow their priests to interpret everything for them, so it is all filtered down before they even get to see the facts."

"And then of course, there are their leaders: politicians, kings and presidents and prime ministers, whatever. They are the greatest pretenders among them. They rise up from among their midst by parroting their lowest denominators, who will then of course elect them, since what these so called leaders are saying is exactly what the crowd wants to hear. The myth of democracy:

the crowd knows what is best for them!

“The politicians themselves do not know what they are doing, whether it is for the good or not, they simply repeat whatever lives under the masses. And so the unconsciousness created by the priests is electing those leaders who parrot these nefast ideas best. It is really horrible to see, because then, when they start to rule they implement exactly those rules that seem to come from the masses, but are in reality coming from the priests and that serve only the priests and the politicians themselves.

They call that democracy, the rule of the people, for the people. In reality it is still the rule of the few who are in charge of deforming the minds of the children, in the name of some perverted thought system they call religion, of course. But how to tell them is beyond me.”

“Don’t worry, brother. The worst that can happen is that they blow up the place, isn’t it? And that means a great loss in terms of evolution, but it’s not the end of the world.” Anaïm reassured.

“You may be thinking that, but you haven’t been here. You have not seen the suffering it causes, or the damage that is done by their constant warfare for example.

“There are millions of poor bastards moving around in despair on the face of the earth, trying to find a place to live, a job that will sustain them and their numerous families, and every time there is some fighting going on that destroys even more of their habitat. They are being denied entrance to all territories that are not ‘their own’ because of the artificial borders they have

made around their 'countries' and are being left in a sort of no-man's land because the inhabitants of those areas consider the boat full. And with reason."

Anaïm said slowly:

"All right. Let's see. The refugee problem. Try to make them aware that they do not know where all these refugees come from! In their myopia they don't see that all these people must come from somewhere. Or do they imagine that they just pop up out of the blue when a human egg is fertilized?"

"I'm afraid so." Toyi replied.

"Well, that doesn't make it a lot easier. They really don't understand the first thing then. You see the point is that the refugees they are trying to prevent from entering their respective countries, are all coming from those planets where poverty, ignorance and all other social diseases are at their lowest point of development, no? Where babies are made in a minute in a dark corner, because these people are usually living like five to a room, no?"

Toyi had to concede that: "That's how it happens here too"

"So what kind of mind will be attracted by that set of circumstances? Do you see, Toyi, that all these people are coming from the most deluded parts of the universe, from stagnating planets where growth hasn't happened in millenia, that they are hypnotized souls, lost in the immensity of time...?"

"I know, I know..." Toyi sighed.

"These idiots in your government should..."

"It's not my government, Anaïm." Toyi interrupted.

“...they should make it clear to those fools who call themselves religious leaders that they have to stop promoting free procreation, because they have to stop this illegal immigration from the only point they can and that is at the door of rebirth. Don’t they see that they are being colonized from outer space even though not one space ship has ever landed on the planet?”

“NO, they don’t, Anaïm! I can’t help it!”

“All right, all right. It’s just that our whole project hasn’t had much success lately.” Anaïm was silent for a while, then:

“They have to stop all birth from now! Exceptions can only be made for those who can make love in awareness, in love, in harmony. Those people will attract the new citizen of the planet earth, the new man who will clean up the mess of all previous generations over the next century, if it is not too late.”

“How will they know the difference?” Toyi suggested.

“Just watch people. Those who stubbornly cling to their old idols are those that come from the outer reaches of your galaxy. This is symptomatic for the way this planet is being taken over by that area. They are souls that have no previous training in awareness and they believe whatever is being told to them. They are ready made followers for any idiotic con-man who is ready to receive them with his talk of heaven and hell, god and his punishment. They are your cannon fodder!

“The new man, on the other hand, is intelligent. He will not swallow their stories so easily. He will investigate, test, try out. He will hammer the gold until he

is himself convinced that it is gold, and only then accept to it be true. He will be able to live on this planet easily, satisfying all his needs. He will manage to get enough 'education', or information if you like, to move around as he likes, without being bothered by borders, passports, money or anything else, creating beauty and harmony wherever he goes.

"He seems to always slip through the nets woven by governments and religions to catch him, to tie him down, to get him in their fold. Does that ring a bell?"

"Do you mean like me?" Toyi felt he was being criticized for no reason.

"Yes my brother, you will have to do it, nobody can do it for you! You will have to go out and tell them to stop all unconscious rebirth, that they will have to get rid of democracy and replace it with meritocracy. It's amazing that when these refugees move from one country to another the politicians have no qualms about denying them political rights for an indefinite period of time, but when the the earth is being invaded by a low quality brand of humans coming from outside they immediately give them all the rights to share in the decision making.

And these are the people who make it possible for your worst political leaders to get to the top and start wars on a grand scale...

"Just the fact that somebody is born, doesn't make him capable of understanding what the earth needs. He will have to prove that he has the understanding, the wisdom and the compassion to be able to differentiate between the available candidates. And the candidates

themselves will have to go through a much more rigorous test of aptitude, including meditation training of the highest degree! They will have to make very important decisions that will affect the fate of this squeezed out globe of yours, so they'd better know what they are doing"

3: The Chacarocau.

Around 3200 years ago.

Kalyander Charampa was sitting at the edge of the precipice overlooking the lake down below at the foot of the Great Volcano. The view was absolutely breathtaking and as he was enjoying the afternoon sun, he was suddenly distracted by the appearance of a beautiful woman. She was the daughter of the powerful King Watsalw Ikalim, Princess Gaya Ikalim and she was without a doubt the most attractive girl in the valley of the people of Chacarocau. Her thick dark hair, hanging down to her waist, her dark shiny eyes, looking right into your heart, could make a man feel suddenly lost in the mysteries of life. Her mouth showing beautiful strong white teeth in a smile that could melt a glacier if she wanted to, had such full lips that one wanted nothing more than to kiss her and forget everything else.

Although she was still a girl in some ways, it was already clear that she was to be the most beautiful woman of the people and many a heart would be broken because the owner had no chance whatsoever to claim her hand either from her father or from the matriarchs.

She had been recognized at an early age as the divine embodiment of the Eternal Highpriestess "She who offers Divine Love". He knew therefore that she would be the one to become his divine consort and that they would be expected to spend long hours together in cosmic sexual union so that through them the people would remain in peace, love and prosperity.

"Kalyander, did you hear? The decision of the Elders? They have fixed the day of our first meeting!" She was flushed by the effort of the short run and the excitement of the news. Though she had known since childhood of the destiny awaiting her, she was surprised by the unusual change of date for the initiation ceremony that would establish her as the consort of the Keeper of the Fire and Master of Divine Medicine.

Kalyander smiled. He had anticipated the move. Kangra, the Master of Stars, had hinted at the requirements of the times and had cleverly maneuvered him in the right way by declaring him, Kalyander, 'Highpriest of Pure Magic of Divine Love'.

"Beautiful divine Gaya," he beamed, "what a pleasant surprise". He looked at the simple white dress she was wearing, just barely covering her body and in spite of all his meditations, he felt a surge of excitement going through his veins. She was innocently unaware of the effect her breasts were having on him and he was tempted to gently touch them. He restrained himself: she would have to first pass through a period of long preparation under the motherly guidance of the matriarchs. She would learn the great secrets of fertility and spiritual transmutation. She would spend long nights

confined to the temple, learning to be at ease with the most powerful medicine of all: 'the Divine Flower of the Invisible Body', 'the Flesh of the Gods', the holy mushroom. How long he had been waiting for this moment!

He took her hand and seated her next to him on the ageless stone bench carved out of the rock and for a while they gazed out over the lake and the volcanoes beyond. A pair of eagles was circling in the sky above them, playing their timeless game of escape and attraction. The sun came out from behind the heavy rainclouds sailing in from the ocean far in the west.

"It is good to see that everything comes to pass as we foresaw it in the fire. The signs are confirmed. The Master of Stars thinks he has outwitted me." Kalyander remarked. Then he thought: "But he doesn't realize that I don't have the slightest interest in corrupting his position or weakening his grip on the people. No, in reality this is our destiny and the power that it will bring is of a totally different kind, unconnected to anything Kangra can conceive of, blinded as he is by his narrow onesided frame of mind."

Kalyander could not relate at all to this new kind of egoism that seemed to develop more and more in some people of lower consciousness nowadays. He had heard that the same was happening in the other tribes: somebody would stand up with a message from some invisible god, and declare that they had the answer and that if only the people would listen to him, he would lead them to unspeakable glory, riches, bliss, or whatever. And to Kalyander's amazement, the people would

actually believe the story and blindly start to follow these so-called leaders.

Now there had never been anything like this before amongst their people: the king was the king only because he didn't mind looking after the interests of all in the greater context of the vast land surrounding them. He would for example arrange meetings with other kings, or fix the annual contributions, or mediate disputes. But that didn't make him anybody special in any way! Kalyander himself was a master only because of his great knowledge of the holy mushrooms and other healing plants of body and soul. His love and compassion were still the only criterion for the rightfulness of his position. He did not pretend to be 'holier' than anybody else because of it, nor did he claim any special privilege and whatever he possessed personally had been given to him out of gratitude, not because he had any kind of right to payment.

This was all clearly understood by the people. But Kangra seemed to have different kind of idea about his position: he was the Master of stars only because he happened to have a little more of a mathematical mind enabling him to perform the necessary calculations for the establishing of seasons and festivals. More and more, however, he had started misusing the power he derived from it. First he had started making great claims about his special power of vision. He knew what the people needed; they didn't, but he was willing to tell them, after payment and due respect of course. Little by little he had been able to convince the people that without him they wouldn't be able to live in harmony with

the gods and that he was the essential link between them and the cosmic forces. Kalyander just couldn't understand this idea at all. What gods? What nonsense was he talking about? Why couldn't he just enjoy life like everybody else?

"Beloved Princess I am happy beyond description. Now run and tell your father, or did you already go there?"

"No, my sweet Kalyander, I came running to you as soon as I overheard the Elders. I wanted you to be the first to know!" Gaya was beaming at him, her heart overflowing with happiness. Although Kalyander was nearly twice her age, she was besides herself with joy at seeing her secret dream come true. This man had stolen her heart ever since she saw him as a little girl. His greying hair, his gentle demeanour, his soft smile, his eyes seemingly half asleep, had captivated her every time she saw him at the meetings of the Elders, when she managed to silently stay in a corner of the great hall, unnoticed.

"So you have been sneaking up on them again, hm?" he chuckled. "You know what happens to little girls that spy on the Elders, hm?"

She laughed goodheartedly and her beautiful white teeth flashed in the sunlight. His heart jumped. Her eyes expressing all the love she felt for him, she took him by the nose and squeezed gently:

"They will be punished if they get caught, your divine humbleness! But I won't get caught. I know the way in the palace better than any of them. I know all the secret passages since I was little. My nanny knew them

all and she showed me some of the ancient ones, forgotten even by my father, and I am not going to tell anyone, except you if you are nice to me.” she teased.

The eagles were diving together in a flurry of wings and feathers as the Volcano blew up a puff of yellowish smoke.

“Chacarocau approves,” Kalyander observed as he stood up, pulling her up with him, “you go back now and bring the news”. He kissed her gently on the forehead and gave her a little rap on the buttocks to send her off and as he watched her run away his mood became very light. “May the love in you, bring out the love in me”, he hummed, thinking how willing her strong young body was, and now she was promised to him! What more could the Master of Fire and Medicine wish for! They would be united after the Moon of the Mountain Goat, the day the Master of Stars had chosen after long ‘introspection’, helped by the power of the Medicine that Kalyander administered, and by his desire to get him out of the way by allowing him to have the ‘merely ceremonious post’ of consort to the highpriestess.

Kalyander did not mind however. Meditation and the use of mushrooms had made him absolutely uninterested in any political position. He would rather spend his time with the most beautiful woman of the people and practise the bliss of extended sexual union. All he needed to take care of apart from that, was the continuity of the Fire of the Temple of Truth and the preparation of the mushrooms, a task that did not exactly overstrain him. It was not that he was lazy. He just preferred to devote his remaining years to the exploration

of the manifestation of the 'gods' , or divine energies, on this Earth and this ritual was one of the nicest ways to do that, so he was really very grateful for the occasion it provided.

They would first spend seven Moons together, living in the beautiful sanctuary on the border of the lake, served inobtrusively by the devoted keepers of the temples and they would have no other duties than to make love for the benefit of Peace and Prosperity and the purity of the people of Chacarocau.

Two moons later, Kalyander was walking down the steep path to the lake, although he knew he should have used the bearers. He was given to eccentric bouts of peculiar behaviour as the people well knew and they were by now used to his irregular sudden disappearances. Since his position involved the direct communion with the Gods, it was understood that he answered only to himself. He had total freedom and could do whatever he liked without notifying anybody. Because of this, it had taken the people a long time to find him when, some years ago, he had fallen off the steep stairs cut out in the mountainside. His knee had healed, but it was still bothering him and he was reminded of his age as he was now heading to the same temple: the Sanctuary of Deep Introspection, the Temple of Love.

As he rounded the last corner he was again struck by the beauty of the scenery. The temple, half hidden under immense centuries old araucaria trees, was constructed in the 'Time of the Gods' with such incredible precision that there was still not a crack in its cementless

walls. Nobody today had any idea of the age of the structure, the building technique had been lost eons ago and the people believed it had been made in the time of the People of the Sky, who had long since left without leaving a trace.

Kalyander crossed the garden surrounding the main temple and circled the building to go to the lake. Colored blue green by the volcanic outflow, the water was of a transparant emerald that contrasted with the leaves of the forest, turning yellow with the advancing season. But the weather would still be warm and pleasant for some time between the great summer storms and the snowfall of winter. Yes, the time was well chosen: they would light the fires in the night and still be able to enjoy the view from the terrace on the top of the temple.

As he entered the temple the eternal silence of the dark chambers turned his mind inward and for a moment he stood, eyes closed, and felt the power of the spirits as he sought purification. The overwhelming influence of the place dissociated him as always from all concerns of wordly life and his long experience helped to bring him to a state of divine calm in a very short time.

He slowly walked up the stairs to the topfloor, where they would be living for the next seven Moons. This was the most beautiful of all halls and was exclusively reserved for the new incarnation of the 'Goddess who offers divine love', and her Beloved Consort. It had only three walls, the fourth side opening onto the terrace, and its floor made of immense blocks of black basalt was covered with thick white carpets

bordered with exquisite multicolored designs. Hidden in the wall at the back and in the floor, a canalization system filled with hot water from the volcanoes, was heating the place to a pleasant temperature all year round, but there were also two huge fireplaces on the sides so that there was no need to wear thick clothes at any time.

He walked to the low table to pick a fruit from the huge tray that was always kept full and crossed the room to the terrace, half overshadowed by the huge araucaria's. He was just in time to see the boat at the landing down below: Princess Gaya Ikalim and her retinue of divine temple dancers and servants had arrived.

The ceremony had been exquisitely beautiful, of great simplicity and very auspicious. The old Mother Priestess was in charge of the proceedings and her great sense of humour had ensured that the event was a light and happy celebration enjoyed by all.

Kalyander had on this occasion himself harvested and prepared the 'Flesh of the Gods'. He wanted to be sure of the purity of the divine medicine. The princess, accompanied by her father and mother, the Elders, the Master of Stars and their respective retinues, all wearing beautiful white gowns without decoration or distinction, made festive by the addition of flowergarlands, had assembled in the main hall on the lower floor of the Temple of Love. The Mother Priestess and all the Keepers of the Temple were already present to receive them with due honour and soon musicians had started blowing on their flutes and beating their drums to evoke

the purity of divine love, and were chanting ancient songs celebrating the descent of the gods on earth once again. They had all participated by swaying to the music, waving their arms in unison and humming the songs until there was a sense of shared celebration bringing the people together in a timeless harmony. Even the Master of Stars was momentarily transported beyond envy and evil thoughts. At last the medicine had been given to the divine couple as the music rose to a crescendo, to be taken to their sanctuary as a means of losing themselves in the cosmic bliss of divine union.

After the ceremony, late at night, they met, alone at last, in the great hall of divine love. Here they took the 'Flesh of the Gods' from a single cup and stood there facing each other for what seemed an eternity. They hugged for a long time, gently feeling each other's bodies melt and melt, until they no longer felt separate and when the nightingale in the distant forest called its beloved, they looked into each other's eyes and smiled, a smile so full of love it almost made them cry with happiness...

The Master of Stars was walking up and down in the reception hall of the Temple of Heaven and he was extremely angry. He had the distinct feeling of having been fooled. The clever bastard had outwitted him after all. He should have known from the beginning that it wasn't going to be that easy! Yes, he had made it certain that this Kalyander wasn't going to be a candidate for the Stars, but too late he realized that he would be even more dangerous as Divine consort of the Princess. And he, Kangra, should have been the one to possess her!

Now there would be only one way and he knew he would have to do it as fast as possible.

They were sitting on the huge couch that was out on the terrace under the cover of the trees. The full moon was shining on them, the air was still luke warm and the smell of jasmin was all around. Nightbirds were calling in the distance, an owl was watching from the tree. Big cushions allowed them to sit opposite each other, comfortably, and they were naked except for a light veil to protect from the chill of the night, later on. Gaya had never been with a man but she was no longer a virgin - the mothers had seen to that since it was considered a very essential matter best not left to man - and she was ready for the divine meeting. As they looked into each others eyes,

Kalyander gently stroked her hair for a long time. He caressed her breasts as he had wanted to ever since she started becoming a woman and as his organ began to swell he approached her as she slowly parted her legs to receive him inside her for the first time. He prepared himself to penetrate her. She helped him by opening the way and then the first contact made them sigh with pleasure. He did not even push, as slowly, ever so slowly, they moved closer and closer until they were one.

For a long time no thought moved in their minds. In utter stillness they looked and looked and a vast love started overflowing their hearts in deep communion. They were no longer separate as they flowed into each other in cosmic union, in heavenly bliss. As their awareness grew they began to experience more and more the circle of heaven and earth and now the whole

of nature was celebrating with them in a great wave of joy...

Behind the Royal Palace a dark shadow moved silently along the edge of the courtyard to the back entrance of the main building, avoiding the bright patches of moonlight. He knocked twice on the huge wooden door and disappeared again in the shadow. A moment later the door opened just enough for a hand to come through and the man reached out snatched a small object and quickly made his way out again, unseen, unheard...

Gaya and Kalyander had not moved from the bed. The effect of the mushroom brew they had taken hours ago, was beginning to wear off and now they started to move a little more, in their deep enjoyment of physical union of man and woman. The power of love flowering all around them, was beginning to reach out in ever greater circles until it permeated the whole area of the people of the valley.

Those who had the eye could see it, but all were somehow influenced by it, just like an invisible frequency can have a visible effect somewhere else if the receiver is open, and the people of the valley, close to nature, were still receptive to the divine wave of love.

They had been lost in each others eyes for hours. They were hardly smiling but their faces had an inner radiance that seemed to make their bodies glow with a subtle light. Birds all around were happily joining in the couple's delight. Then they began to gently stroke each other, slowly expressing their love in a more earthy way and Kalyander laughed and Gaya laughed, for no reason

at all, in celebration, out of immense joy.

In the dark shadows of the araucarias, a man was stealthily approaching the Temple of Love. In a moment he disappeared through the entrance. The Keepers of the Temple and the servants had retired to their rooms and the man had no difficulty to climb up the stairs without being noticed. When he came to the entrance of the topfloor, he looked around briefly until he moved to a table where food and drinks were kept ready. Quickly he emptied the vial he carried in his hand...

As the sun illuminated the valley with its first rays of golden light, Kalyander finally went to the door to get some of the light food that he knew would be kept there for them. He took the tray inside and brought it to the couch on the terrace. Slowly they began to eat and by the time they realized what had happened it was already too late: an immense drowsiness had invaded them, they could not get up and all they managed to do was hug each other until death overcame them...

The Master of Stars was sitting in his chambers in the Royal Palace, with his back to the entrance, overlooking the valley that stretched from far below his window to the lake in the distance. When the news was announced to him his face showed no emotion, but his mind was in a terrible turmoil:

“I loved you, Princess Gaya”, he exclaimed to no one in particular. “You were not supposed to die! But I had to save the people and you and your Kalyander were making the old ways come alive again like never before. Your ‘master of mushrooms’ was taking you on a wrong

path, without any future. Our people would be defenceless, doomed. I had to stop it. We need soldiers now, not lovers, and the young men started to worship the temple of love again, forgetting their duty to the King. We have to defend our nation. The enemy is coming closer everyday.” He remained there for a long time staring out over the land, fighting with his inner demons, trying to convince himself of the truth of what he was thinking, almost managing. In the distance Chacarocau puffed out a yellow cloud and grumbled ominously, preparing for one of its occasional outbursts of anger, and the Master of Stars trembled...

From the top of the stairs, in front of the great Temple of the Stars, Kangra was delivering his speech to the people:

“...As you see the Goddess has suddenly recalled our lovers. The time of the ‘Goddess who offers love’ has finished. We need soldiers now, not lovers. From all sides we are surrounded by enemies who want to take over our lands by force. They have abandoned the law of love. It did not get them what they needed for their children. Land is what they needed, and more children to conquer the land so they could become a powerful nation instead of a nation of weaklings like we have become, who use the divine act of procreation for a useless purpose that will turn us into landless beggars in the end.

Let us prepare for war now, let us grow strong men that are ready to take up their arms to defend our nation and our women against our enemies who are massing just beyond our valley, preparing to attack. Victory will be ours, and our children will be able to live in

peace and prosperity...”

“...a man of wisdom will provoke many egos, will hurt those who think they are very important and powerful people. The priests and the kings will become immediately worried, concerned. A man who has no power has suddenly become the focus of attention of the people, attracts more people than the people who have power and prestige. Such a man cannot be forgiven. He has to be punished whether he has committed any crime or not.”

“...You can move toward the divine from the normal very easily, but to move to the divine from a neurotic mind becomes arduous and, in a way, impossible. First you will have to become healthy, normal. Then in the end, there is a possibility that sex may be transcended.

Then what is to be done? Know sex! Move into it consciously! This is the secret to open a new door. If you go into sex unconsciously, then you are just an instrument in the hands of biological evolution, but if you can be conscious in the sex act, the very consciousness becomes a deep meditation.

The sex act is so involuntary and so compulsive that it is difficult to be conscious in it , but it is not impossible. And if you can be conscious in the sex act, then there is no other act in life in which you cannot be conscious, because no act is as deep as sex.

If you can become aware in the sex act, then even in death you will be aware. The depth of the sex act and the depth of death are the same, parallel. You come to the same point. So if you can be aware in the sex act you have achieved a great thing.”

Kalyander was still confused after the shock of sudden death. He was filled with longing for his Gaya and he could not make out where this voice came from. He was half aware of other souls surrounding him, caring loving beings easing the pain, but he could not see anything clearly in the bright light that bathed everything around him. Carried away by dreams he slowly lost consciousness again...

He became vaguely aware of people around him. What were they fussing about? Me? Oh, that's right, they want something from me! But what? Oh yes, I know who you are, just let me sleep a little more, I'm tired...

4: King Devaraj

Around 700 years ago

Somewhere in that vast continent in the East where the yellow people live, there was a kingdom hidden in the primal rain forests, whose inhabitants had been forced by their rulers to build extraordinary temples in honour of some long forgotten gods. Of course in reality it was all done in honour of the highpriests who together with the kings had devised a system of irrigation of such efficiency that the land produced a surplus big enough to exploit the agricultural population to a degree

unknown before. The wealth generated was enough to allow the rulers to waste resources on an unprecedented scale. Palaces of solid stone, carved into extremely delicate shapes, were built by herding the poor taxpayers into armies of forced labourers. By giving great privileges to artists they managed to create cities of unbelievable beauty and for hundreds of years they enjoyed their so-called divine origin in lavish luxury, while the population suffered.

In the royal palace at that time, there lived a princess, named Khampati, who was as beautiful as princesses come. Her reputation had spread far beyond the borders of the kingdom, because she could not manage to live according to the morals of the times and even while her father and his first minister were trying to marry her off to some honorable prince of a neighbouring kingdom, she kept on having as many lovers as she could among the courtiers of the palace.

Even while the King was trying to hush up the many affairs she had, she was flaunting her sexuality in a manner far ahead of her time, because she believed that sex is a divine gift that should be enjoyed by all and if the men did not know the secrets of the finer art of lovemaking, she was more than willing to fill in the blank areas of their knowledge. It became increasingly difficult to find her a husband. Many times the delegation of the prospected suitor found out just in time about her adventures and consequently broke off the negotiations.

At the time she was only fifteen years old and already she had shared her bed with almost all the men that were in her eyes worth trying. Although she was

absolutely shameless and quite obviously incapable of being with one man for longer than one week, her beauty made it impossible for any man at the court to resist her.

A few of her lovers had been caught 'red handed' and had been immediately decapitated, but even that did not deter her or any of her amants from continuing on the path of sexual freedom. And it must be said that the experience was worth the risk: she would give herself so totally to the man she happened to have invited to her royal bedroom that he would hopelessly fall in love with her.

These poor young princes would never be able to forget her again and would pursue her with a passion that often ended in their own destruction, because she would rarely be willing to spend more than a few nights with any of them.

It seemed therefore an act of divine intervention when a delegation that had been sent overseas to the kingdoms of the setting sun, came back with the news that perhaps a King named Devaraj of the Kingdom of Chakravara, whose wife had died in childbirth, would be willing to take her as his second wife. Every precaution was taken so that their delegation would not find out about the princess 'private life', and indeed due to the language difference and the distance, the investigators of King Devaraj did not come to know about the moral lapses of princess Khampati until she was well installed as the new wife of their king six moons later.

The palace of her new lord and master was in no way inferior to her previous dwelling, since by then both the techniques of agricultural production and of

squeezing the population had spread far beyond the borders of the kingdom of her father. Everywhere in the continent the rulers had refined their systems of wealth production to a degree that allowed them to live in absolute luxury.

This had of course also fanned the greed of competing rulers so that armies needed to be created to defend the wealth and the daughters of the kingdoms. In this way there was a cycle of increasing wealth that needed to be defended, and neglect when the farmers where no longer able to work their fields in peace and their fields where constantly ravaged by armies on their way to battle and plunder.

King Devaraj's reign was at that time just at the beginning of a new period of war. The neighbouring monarchs had formed an alliance on the pretext of some imaginary slight, and where ready to invade King Devaraj's land. They would normally have had a good fight, plundered the palace, burned whatever they could not take with them, raped the women they could lay their hands on and be finished with it for a time long enough for the hapless inhabitants to recover and produce enough surplus to incite the next greedy ruler to attempt a sack.

They had not counted on the fact though that King Devaraj was not an ordinary petty king. He had soon enough discovered the true identity of his queen from overseas and although he had fallen in love head over heels like so many of those who came before him, he had quietly ignored the obvious and acted as if nothing happened. Since he was an honorable man, much given

to introspection, his loyal subjects did as much as they could to keep up the lie and when their king announced that he would henceforth become a disciple of the great Master who lived in their land a few hundred years ago, they did not become too much preoccupied.

While queen Khampati was indulging in her usual activity of seducing any man within her reach, the king would more and more disappear in the small temple he had had constructed on his orders and where he received instructions in meditation from an old sage of the school of the Great Master. He seemed to ignore Khampati's frolicking completely and had found peace in his meditations to such a degree that he hardly seemed to notice the threat of the neighbouring armies massing at his borders.

As his compassion grew, he became increasingly aware of the ugly procedures underlying the wealth of his kingdom. He wanted to improve the conditions of life for his subjects and was looking into ways of making a more permanent peace with his neighbours and so he was actively pursuing negotiations with all of them. He did not have the illusion that this was going to stop them from attacking his kingdom but he planned to make it as difficult as possible for them or at least to delay them long enough to find a solution to the problem of constant warfare.

Khampati, meanwhile, had not remained untouched by King Devaraj's influence. As the King's wisdom grew, his compassion touched her more than she cared to admit and although she would not admit it even to herself, she had fallen in love with a man for the

first time in her life. It could have been because King Devaraj was utterly different from any of the young men she had known before and did not appear in the least disturbed by her lifestyle - that he didn't seem to notice anything was something she could not really believe - and somehow her lovers no longer gave her the satisfaction they used to when she was younger.

Through some miracle she had not become pregnant and she was beginning to feel the emptiness of her life. She had always been aware of the love her father had felt for her, the strong attraction that he had tried to hide from her and King Devaraj's aloofness reminded her of her father.

Perhaps she became aware that King Devaraj's attitude was similar to that of her father: they were strongly attracted to this beautiful strong woman but refused to let themselves be manipulated in any way and she came to realize that all she had been trying to do was get their attention in a way that was supposed to prove her independence but in reality only showed her obsession with them.

Her mother had died when she was very young and no one had really taken care of her in a loving way. She was beginning to feel guilty and wished she could break the habit of indiscriminate sex but found it very hard to extricate herself from the intrigues she had spun all around herself.

When she had started to have secret relations with the young princes of neighbouring kingdoms, having exhausted the supply in her own court, she knew she was getting on very thin ice indeed. If the secret

somehow became known there was every likelihood of her being accused of treason by any of the spiteful suitors of her own realm. She could be exposed publicly in front of her husband who would then only have the option left of having her executed.

Her position of power however started to become clear to her when she heard the rumors of war from her lovers almost before anybody else in the kingdom and she realized she could influence the course of events better than the generals of her lord by spreading all kinds of false rumors about the strength of the king's armies, and so on. In that way she became a double spy out of necessity rather than conviction. All she wanted was help protect Devaraj even though it would seem to the uninformed that she was in reality betraying the kingdom.

That night King Devaraj did the unexpected. He unceremoniously visited his young wife without having himself announced as was the custom and created some panic among Khampati's servants, who knew that her royal Highness was at this moment lying in bed with Prince Zhor who was at that time the commander of the army of the king of the neighbouring Kingdom of Pravalhampur.

Khampati had seduced Prince Zhor to the point of extricating the latest state secrets from him, and was just exercising her most valuable assets for the sole benefit of the prince, who having his prick deeply entrenched in her belly, suddenly felt her freeze and looking at her face saw the shock when what she feared most was happening right in front of her eyes: in walked Devaraj!

In a flash Prince Zhor understood the predicament

he was in, and without even taking the time to look for his clothes, jumped out of the window before Devaraj had had time to register the full extent of the situation. He heard Prince Zhor insolently shouting a vow that he “would come back soon and in force and that he would teach them a lesson, ha!”

Too shocked to say anything, Devaraj just stood there looking at her for a long time. He knew the game was up. All his efforts to maintain peace had failed. This arrogant bastard Zhor would now find some pretext to declare war or maybe just attack without warning in the heat of the perceived insult. Khampati hadn't moved from the bed where she was still lying shamelessly exposed in a state of sexual heat and Devaraj hated himself for being instantly awakened to her charms.

“Come to me, my king, come here and I will make you feel like you've never felt before”, Khampati whispered in a hoarse voice. She knew he was aroused and was playing her last card.

Devaraj just stood there battling with his emotions. He realized he loved her even more than his first queen and he understood her better than she knew herself. He desperately wanted to make love, his jealousy prevented him, the master was whispering in his mind, the worries of statehood and war were overpowering him all at the same time.

Then he gave in, jumped on the royal bed and wildly took her in his arms and made love as if his life depended on it. He wanted to heal her and punish her at the same time. Khampati moved like a panther and for a time they united in complete oblivion. Neither of them

had ever experienced such passion, such animal heat, as in that culmination of savage emotion. They came together in an orgy of light and drifted off in waves of shuddering satisfaction.

When King Devaraj came to his senses, he got up without even looking at her and to hide the pain in his heart, he stomped out of the room and went straight to the statehall where he convoked his generals for an emergency war meeting. In his anger he forgot all the good advice of his master and gave in to all the wishes of his generals, although he had his doubts about their strategy.

They were to attack immediately before Zhor had the time to organize himself and so stop the aggression of the enemy in the bud. He ignored the little voice inside that was telling him that perhaps it was a trap they had set up for him, knowing he would get out of his mind if he caught Khampati in the act, and perhaps Zhor would be ready and waiting for him. The only ally he knew he could count on was his trusted friend and general, Prince Rahul, his first queen's brother, who had been with him in his quest for peace and who had become a disciple of his master Anagar soon after him.

After the meeting with the warlords, Devaraj requested Rahul to stay and shared his doubts with him. Rahul took it on himself to help his Lord and although he didn't quite believe it himself exclaimed:

"My Lord, we will win this battle for we will surprise them by our speed. Our elephants have been ready at dawn and are even now on their way. Our chariots are better equipped and in a better state, and our weapons

are stronger than ever since they were manufactured according to the latest improvements in metal technique. We cannot be defeated, my Lord, rest your soul at ease”

“I know my trusted friend, I know. Go now and do the inevitable. Against all odds, I have been hoping to avoid war, but I see no way out anymore. Protect my people, take care of my young warriors, bring them back home if you can and above all take care of yourself. May your effort be rewarded, may you return safely so that we can again transform this land into a place of wisdom instead of greed and practise meditation instead of battle.

Prince Rahul turned on his heels in a clatter of weaponry and walked out of the hall, knowing he would never see his king again. He too suspected treason in their ranks, but had not been able to find out exactly how it was happening.

“Damn you, Khampati,” he mumbled to himself.

His loyalty had prevented him from being seduced by her as so many others, although the desire to give in had almost overpowered him too. He could not help day dreaming about her, although he certainly did not lack in attentions from all the beautiful temple girls that were there to satisfy any desire he might express. Just the other night he had again spent hours with seven of them, penetrating each in turn without reaching a climax, to preserve his power...

But Khampati was different...

King Devaraj was walking around the Royal Chambers in a state of intense frustration, mumbling to himself in unintelligible exclamations. Time was running

out and he was waiting for news from his armies.

“They should have been here hours ago, what in the name of the Lord has happened? I shouldn't have sent these boys to the border. But then I didn't have any choice, did I?”

He walked to the windows again, for another useless glance out over the hot plains where nothing moved. None of the usual hustle, no movement at all. It scared him beyond reason and even though the words of his master were echoing in his mind:

“Whatever is the case, just watch it! With awareness, without judging or evaluating, without attraction nor repulsion. If you feel worry, anxiety, jealousy or anything negative, watch it, don't get entangled! If you are caught up in happiness, romance, or any positive feeling, watch it...” but he just couldn't do it: his mind kept on wandering in circles:

“What if I hadn't gone to see Khampati, or just a little later, or...”

A noise behind him alerted him just in time to see Dwarkobai enter with a strong escort, and he knew all was lost: they were going to take over now that the army was not here and probably betrayed and defeated. Dwarkobai, his immensely jealous cousin in the first degree, had always been trying to claim the power and now he saw his chance.

King Devaraj felt an incredibly strong weariness coming over him; a sense of absolute hopelessness. Like a caged animal in danger, he looked around with a wild look in his eyes and saw the windows, the windows that were only covered with beatifully carved wooden

decorations in the shape of plants and flowers. That was the way!

Before Dwarkobai had been able to make any move, King Devaraj ran towards one of the windows and with a last ghastly shout jumped right through the latticework, and though it seemed to him he was suspended in midair for a long time, crashed on the rocks far below even before any of the men in the royal palace had been able to reach the windows...

5: Other Lives

The Wanderer

Around the 1620s and 1630s I was a wanderbursche in Germany, a traveling musician who walked all around the country. On one of my trips I met a beautiful young woman in a small village in a western region of Germany.

She was the daughter of the local baker and needless to say he did not approve of me at all. It was not too well seen a young guy with a string instrument on his back walking, singing and playing music. Also he must have thought I was too poor and too young, so when we fell in love I could only meet her in the woods where we were spending hours singing together and loving each other.

It is a hazy past life memory and I don't remember much else except that it lasted years and that we could only meet once in a while. Nowadays I think that is a good recipe to maintain a long lasting relation...

The Mississippi Boat

Around 1850:

In another vague past life memory, I was working on a mississippi river boat trying to persuade unsuspecting travelers to sit with me at the gambling tables in order to make them loose money. How I did it I do not remember but I do remember these days of slow traveling on these beautiful rivers in the United States. There were French portions and Spanish and so the cultural changes along the way were very interesting

The feast of the wolves

Around 1915:

We were returning home after a late night with friends. It was winter in Russia, just before the revolution. We were traveling in a sled pulled by 4 horses and it was snowing of course.

I was with my beloved, whom I now recognize as princess Khampati from the times of my reign in the cambodgian central lands and the same one I married in Holland in 1966 and with whom I traveled around the world in Africa, the middle east and India for many years.

On that particular occasion we were however pursued by a pack of wolves and we had been trying to get rid of them for miles going as fast as possible through the wintry forest until the inevitable: they caught one horse. It fell and then it was only a question of time...

I understood now why she used to have these regular panic attacks in this life until she lost her battle against drugs and suicide...

6: Codename: Roger Delta

October 1943

As he walked up to the four engine B-17 standing at the ready on the tarmac, he had a sudden sensation of déjà vue and it felt like being cheated. It was the realization that he was being used. He thought he knew what he was doing but there seemed to be something terribly wrong. It was like waking up from a terrible nightmare, suddenly remembering. It seemed the same thing had happened before and he was about to commit the same mistake. In a moment he and his boys were going to get into that machine again and bomb the living daylight out of those bastards on the other side. His crew were there just ahead of him; he couldn't hear them; there was a tremendous noise all around from the preparations for the raid.

Pete was there of course and the gunners and young Mac... and suddenly out of the blue, he knew he had no justification whatsoever for this warrior stuff, the revenge, the indiscriminate killing of civilians, the burning of cities. No one here would understand this. He was quite aware of it. They would all take him for a coward. They would think he was mad.

The next moment, he found himself running along the runway, straight to the barbed wire fence, realizing he wasn't going to make this one, made a sharp turn and got away clean before anyone even realized what had happened. But before he reached the gate, there was a great uproar coming from behind him. They were now all running after him:

"Stop him, stop that man" and "Roger, come back", from the top of their lungs they were all shouting,

and the man on guard was just coming out of his cabin, when he tripped over something and landed flat on the road, with an aching toe and bruised hands. “So much for my escape!” he thought vaguely.

He was pacing up and down the small cell they had thrown him in. He had refused to fly his bomber to the land of the Beast. He knew that this time he and his crew were not going to make it back alive. He just knew it. But nobody was listening to him. Damn!

“I know we’re in a war! And I know it’s not the time to chicken out, but I can’t do this anymore, I CAN’T DO THIS ANYMORE! It’s never GONNA work, never!!!” he was raving on.

Then he had this image of Eliza, waiting at home with the baby, in constant fear of air raids, and doubt started coming up again. What was going on? He was filled with despair: there had to be a way out...

Some time later he seemed to wake up. He had gone quite mad and he had been running away from the plane like a man possessed. He had had this mad impulse that forced him to run, just to run and never look back.

Now they had him in their clutches again: what started like a good idea, to fight for the country and defend our mothers and children had turned sour. More and more they were turning to wholesale destruction of civilians because these bombs were just not accurate enough to hit the real culprits. If they even knew where they were.

But it wasn't good enough for him: he didn't want to destroy cities, he didn't want to take his whole crew down with him, but they just wouldn't listen. They thought he was behaving like a coward. They were the real cowards!

But they were always right of course. There was always somebody ready to arrest unwilling subjects and to shoot them if need be. So what the fuck should he do now? If he manage to get out he wouldn't be able to see Eliza again, they would harass him forever, she wouldn't get any support anymore and what about the baby? His ruminations where cut short by the disturbing arrival of the sergent who loved to make a lot of unnecessary noise just to prove his presence:

"So lieutenant," he thundered, "are we going to fly or not?"

What could he say in the face of such pigheaded insensitivity? And suddenly he took a decision.

"All right sergent, I'm all right now. Just a little off course, that's all. Settle down in a moment, ready to fly now, let's go!"

Roger saw the sergent was relieved. He had offered to take care of this nutcase, because this one happened to be his old mate Roger Delta, the man with the nine lives. But otherwise he was not of the type to care much about refuseniks. Roger was different, he was a fucking hero, what was getting into his head all of a sudden? Premonition my ass, he wasn't going to take that shit from anybody. Anyway he seemed to see reason now:

"That's great Rog, we'll forget the whole thing then."

7: The Last Bomb.

Roger still couldn't figure out how they managed to convince him to get into this damned flying coffin again. These five poor guys on board didn't have a clue either, he was sure! Damn it: he was absolutely sure he wasn't going to fly again. Not that he was afraid of dying really, but their strategy seems all wrong to him: bombing civilian targets was just not his cup of tea. It didn't make any sense. Sure he hated the bastards just as much as any of the guys, but burning cities?

The Flying Fortress was jumping up and down in the air pockets, cups spilling coffee all over the cockpit. He tried to stay in the clouds as much as possible. Even though it didn't help much to be invisible anymore, it gave that false sense of security that they might be able to avoid their flack. The incessant drone of the four 1250-hp Wright engines encapsulated them even more in the dark confined space of the Bomber, in their own private terror; then Pete's voice in the headphones:

"We're in enemy territory." They had arrived in the shooting gallery. Big blasts started to appear around them. They were bumping like a bus on a very bad road. Roger was cramped at the commands, fighting the sudden changes, somehow managing to go on and on. Only 35 minutes to target now. If they could only get rid of the bombs. His thumb played with the release button, fighting the urge to push. Wait a little more, Roger, wait!

"What are you doing, Rog? We aren't there yet!" Pete shouted in the mike.

Perspiration was covering his forehead and he

was shaking all over again:

“They shouldn’t have forced me Pete, I shouldn’t have gone!”

“Oh God,” came the answer. They all heard that. They knew he was in a bad shape. Their lives were in the hands of a pilot full of doubt, in the grip of fear, and there wasn’t a damn thing they could do about it.

For what seemed like an eternity, they were just flying, everybody lost in their own thoughts, their own fears, frozen in time, the constant drone in their ears the only proof that they were still alive after countless raids. It seemed they all knew what fate had in store for them and nobody dared to breathe. A particularly heavy explosion right under the plane, gave them such a jolt that for a moment Roger lost control and they were thrown off course. With screaming engines he managed to remain airborne however and he mentally thanked the mechanics for keeping their beast in such an excellent condition when suddenly with a big loud clunk one of the engines came to a screeching halt.

“Engine four out of oil,” Pete shouted, “must have ruptured some hydraulics!”

A few red lights came on and an alarm burst in their ears.

“Cut the damn alarm” Roger screamed at nobody in particular when another burst rocked them violently. A hole appeared in the ceiling.

“What the hell was that!” he yelled.

“That was the first gunner, Rog,” came the comment. Roger looked up through the gap and he knew instantly that Mac wasn’t going to make it home this time. In fact

there wouldn't even be much left of him to send to his relatives. He shuddered. The poor bastard had been on his first trip.

"How far to target?"

"About five minutes, Rog."

"Shit, we have to get out of here!"

He was just beginning to think they were going to make it once again when they felt a tremendous shock in the back, like a huge sledgehammer coming down on the tail and the next moment they were rudderless, plunging to the earth below. Lights coming at them: fires everywhere. The boys before them had dropped their bombs. Was this Dresden? Not exactly a nice place for an emergency landing. No time now, have to get this thing on the ground. He barely missed some buildings and in a moment they were sliding down a street between electric poles and he didn't know how he managed to miss these wires and anyway there wasn't much he could do.

"What about the bombs, you didn't drop the bombs, the bombs, the bombs!" somebody was really freaking out.

A really great crash, he remembered thinking as if there was all the time in the world. The ground approached ever so slowly, it took ages, it seemed, as he was trying to land the plane on a road with telegraph poles on both sides so they was no chance of making it and then in an absolutely deafening orgy of noise they were down, rushing at terrific speed towards the end of the market place.

"People, there are people everywhere!" he thought

before he almost fainted from the shock. Then silence. A roaring silence that lasted a long time. "My legs hurt" he said, but there was no response. He tried to look around but he couldn't move. He looked outside through the broken window: they were in the middle of the burning city. Skeletons of houses cut out dark silhouettes against the raging sea of flames.

Dark shadows of people running here and there and shit, some where running towards the plane, in mad rage. He realized the danger he was in and he wanted to get up and run and only then he looked down at where his legs were supposed to be and he saw the broken steering column sticking out from his stomach, guts spilling in his lap.

"What a mess," was all he could think, "what a terrible bloody mess. This is really and absolutely the last time ever that I..."

When the flames reached the bomb cargo there was a white flash and in a circle of hundred yards no living creature survived...

Little Bobbie woke up in great shock, but there was nothing more threatening than the dark ceiling and the sweet colours of the cradle where they had put him just a while ago. Yet he could still hear, just beyond the audible frequency, the incredible noises of crashing metal, explosions and falling buildings, and even though he had no idea of those concepts at the time, the fear was real enough and cold sweat was covering his body. He called out for his mother and she must have heard the anguish in his cries. She came to his room

immediately and tried to comfort him in her own way. It was immediately clear to him that she really had no clue of what was going on. He decided then and there that he was on his own and that there was nobody around who could understand his predicament.

“So the same thing has happened again: he lost it. He is not able to remember anything at the moment.”

Ch. IX This life

8: City of Peace.

"I am grateful for your willingness to undertake once more the hardships of another mission to the doomed seventh planet. Our latest information suggest that the most dangerous of all secrets has been discovered again and it is only a matter of time before the ignorance and stupidity of the inhabitants of planet earth lead them once more onto the path of total self destruction.

This time there are some amongst us who have spoken against the continuation of our experiment on the planet: 'Let Planet seven self-destruct', they said, 'and let us be finished with them forever! They do not deserve another chance! We are tired of their obsession with their past and their animal qualities.' They are right of course.

Time and again we have sent Masters and helpers and educators like you, to try to make them see the errors of their ways, but they have always preferred

the ephemeral to the eternal and their leaders have murdered almost all of our healers and Masters every time they started to get some influence on the minds of the people!"I have been able to convince them, perhaps for the last time, that we could of course in theory let the species die, but that we could certainly not let them destroy the planet itself, since that would seriously endanger all the other projects we have been nurturing in the solar system, as you well know. It seems that among our advisers there are many who had not realized that this time they have not only rediscovered nuclear power, but at the same time they have improved their technology to such a degree that they will soon be able to engender destruction on an unprecedented scale.

This is what makes it our business to interfere as much and as fast as possible, although it is not the time yet to make our presence known to the humans. "This time you will not be alone or just with your woman. No, this time we have decided to send many healers at the same time in order to deal with their terrible population increase and..."

There was a silence as if the Master wanted to let it sink in more deeply, "to even let one of the Great Masters go down there for some time in order to create a stir on their planet on a scale unheard of before.

"So my friend, I suggested that you are now ready to go back again. Tell me, do you remember how many times you have already been on their unhappy world?"

I was too dumbfounded to be able to formulate a coherent answer. Hadn't I just made it clear that as far as I was concerned I was most unwilling to be a candidate

for return again? Last time I had embroiled myself in one of the eternal conflicts that rage on the planet and only at the last moment had I been able to regain enough consciousness to become aware of the real state of affairs.

"Beloved Master, I need a holiday", I said. He chuckled softly and His love touched me deeply.

After a pause He answered: "It is because you were able to see the identification that made you go astray all those times, that we think you will now be able to go again without getting entangled. And we will send you to a city where peace will reign for a period of at least fifty of their years, roughly the equivalent of five days here, hm? So don't be worried, as long as you do not forget, you will be protected. If my information is correct, you have lived among them at least a dozen lifetimes already and you know enough of their ways to see the futility of it." "We will also send your faithful woman soon afterwards, so be alert and find her as soon as you can. We may be calling upon you to work together on their most awesome taboo yet once more."

I was tremendously happy that I would not have to spend those years alone or with one of the primitive disturbed women of their planet. Nevertheless I blanched: I was aware from the reports that I had already been engaged in the field of sexual experimentation a few times and I knew that I had been poisoned and tortured and burned at the stake for it, and the horror and the pain had left deep scars in my being even though I did not actually remember the details myself.

"Sex is the only natural divine experience available to them and they have turned it into one of their strongest taboos, cutting off their only chance to transformation, and you want me to confront them on that again?"

"It is true that this is the most dangerous of all occupations on earth, but there is every indication that this time they will soon be able to make one of their greatest discoveries: the dissociation of the birth process from the divine experience through chemical means, and this may finally enable a greater mass of people to try and see for themselves that which is the first step to greater consciousness available to the ordinary human. Therefore in some places their priests will gradually lose their grip on the minds of the populace. You will enjoy more freedom in that respect than ever before. Take heart, my friend. This will be your last mission. You will discover ways of communicating directly with us and this will enable us to protect you better than before. And you will maintain a better feeling with your twin brother here, Anaïm, so it will be easier for you to remember your origin and destiny. Nevertheless, it is of course a deeply disturbing experience, but one that will bring you closer to your own fruition as you are by now aware of, hm?"

You will be back next week and you will be immensely enriched by having lived through the ultimate stage of our greatest project so far: the transformation of the human animal and the start of the new golden age!

Anaïm was perplexed for a moment. They lost

contact! Many times before it had happened but this time he had been sure that he would be able to maintain contact. What had gone wrong? The Master of the twelfth planet looked at him straight in the eyes with a stern expression of deep concern:

“It appears that the shock has been too much. He became too much involved in the human story of war and destruction again and has lost his memory. It is now your task to reestablish his consciousness to a sufficient degree to make him aware of the reality of his predicament so that he will remember again...”

Anaïm knew it was now a question of the highest priority to contact their man on earth, but he had to admit he had no idea how he was going to do it.

“Beloved Master,” he said, “I will devote all my energy to this task. I love my brother and I am worried about his safety as well as our project. I do not know how it happened, but I feel deeply responsible for his well-being.”

“It is good then,” came the answer. “This will be the last opportunity to save his life on the planet, because things are coming to an end. I fear there will not be much time left. Already the humans have exploded two of their new bombs over two distinct cities, killing a few hundreds of thousands of them and it will not take them very long to develop this newly discovered power into a weapon much more gruesome than anything they have ever known before! So go now my friend and concentrate totally on your task.”

Outside the house in which he was born, the

streets were empty. There was no one in view, although even in these times of war, there should normally have been a few hardy people on their way to try to find at least some food for the day. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the city anymore. The enemy had systematically surrounded the place and had prevented any food from going in. The hapless inhabitants were reduced to eating tulip bulbs and whatever they managed to smuggle through the lines and checkpoints that strangled the city. The young men could not show themselves, since they would be immediately sent off to the front in the east, but the oldest and the youngest generations were constantly on the prowl in the countryside where in spite of the winter a few crumbs, a few potatoes or something alike, would perhaps be sold by a hoarding farmer for an exorbitant price. It would keep away the spectre of starvation death for another day.

Today however, there was nobody and the silence was eerie. A cold wind was blowing up the snow that had fallen in the night and it seemed the city was preparing itself for the last act in the struggle that had been going on in the last five years between the forces of mindless greed and hatred and the more moderate inhabitants of this small freedom loving country.

Then suddenly, without any warning, a thundering explosion could be heard in the distance, followed by the noise of airplanes making sharp turns in the sky, already escaping above the clouds towards the west. In the east thick clouds of smoke started rising to great heights and the fuel supply of the enemy was again diminished by

thousands of tons giving them that much less mobility.

Behind the window his mother peeked out between the half closed black curtains. "When are these animals going to surrender, or run away at least", she thought. Her heart was heavy. It had been three days since John, her husband, had been arrested. The good news was that he had not been shot on the spot but the bad news was that he had been put on a train to the east. That much she had been able to find out. She knew that usually one never heard of such a person again. There was a deep pain in her chest that did not diminish for a moment and her anguish grew even more when the baby started crying again.

"Another nightmare! No wonder with all that noise." she thought...

Nine months later, I was born in Amsterdam, the land of freedom, and I lived through the "winter of hunger". My mother had no milk for me, but she made it through until the war ended in the beginning of 1945.

9: Priest in Ste Alvère.

When Bob was about eight years old, his parents had decided to emigrate to France in the hope of escaping any future war that they were sure was bound to break out sooner or later. They had given up the idea that things were ever going to improve. They really had no clue as to why this recurring cycle of violence was happening or what could be done about it. They just thought that if they went to a hidden little village in the

middle of nowhere, they would be able to avoid the worst effects of future conflicts.

Just as his mother had lost her first husband to the mindless conquerors of the old continent, her second husband had lost his first wife because she happened to have been born in the 'wrong' tribe, and was consequently 'eradicated' in one of the many 'ethnic cleaning' actions.

Little Bobbie had no knowledge of these 'grown-up' problems, but he was nevertheless impressed with a deep fear of something he didn't quite understand, but that he visualized as the coming of an army of ferocious huge wolves who were going to do all kinds of very nasty things to him and his family.

In these years he started dreaming in a new way: two dreams repeating themselves again and again without variation, as if he was reviewing the same movie every time. The only difference was the beginning and the end; the dreams would not always start or end at the same point, but the movie itself was always the same. This reinforced his feeling that he was not really of this world, that anytime they could come and rescue him from this nightmare world he had somehow got imprisoned in without knowing how to get out.

That night he had gone to bed in the usual way. His mother had kissed him goodnight. Nothing seemed to indicate that there was anything special afoot. Until he woke up with a feeling of apprehension. It wasn't quite dark yet, it was early summer and at that latitude the nights get shorter and shorter very fast. He had an inexplicable urge to get out of bed and go to the window.

In the failing light the garden looked just like it has always been: the courtyard with the fruit trees, the pond with the ducks around it, asleep already with their beaks tucked away under their wings, the rolling hills in the distance, little tufts of forest just visible. The only thing that struck him was the absence of sounds, as if nature was holding its breath...

Little Bobbie had the sensation that something tremendous was about to happen. He had always had the feeling that life was not as real as grown-ups around him seemed to think; that whatever he was experiencing as outside, was in reality not more real than a *fata morgana*.

He was convinced that he would be able to see reality if only he would be fast enough to catch hold of the projection that was continuously happening. He thought that if you would suddenly turn your head fast enough to surprise the 'mechanism', it wouldn't have the time to make the projection in the new direction, but he never managed to do it fast enough.

Or it was as if you were trying to remember something, something very important, that you knew was there, just at the back of the mind, that could pop up any moment, but somehow didn't, not just yet.

He felt life was a dream; any moment you would wake up and realize that all the nightmares he was living were just illusions, of no value or consequence.

Now this feeling was very strong; it was about to happen; as the darkness deepened, he saw the landscape slowly dissolve into an infinite number of lightpoints vibrating on the screen of existence and

slowly the lightpoints were disappearing, one by one, leaving a greater gap every time...

In absolute awe, little Bobbie was watching, without breathing, without thinking, immersed in eternal now.

And then the sky turned red, an impossible red since the sun had already set some time ago, an unreal kind of red as if the end of the world was now really immanent. He didn't know he had missed the ultimate revelation by just a wink, that he had been distracted, that fear had crept in, making the projection solid again, turning the world back to its 'normal' configuration. It would be years before he would understand the deeper meaning of this glimpse. Now he was 'outside' again, his mind taking over:

"Are the Martians landing? Has the Atom Bomb exploded? Is the world coming to an end?"

In panic he ran out of his room, down the stone stairway and out of the house and when he came out everything was back to normal: the sky was by now dark enough for the stars to shine, the milky way already bright overhead and shocked by what had happened, he began calling for his mother...

Commemoration in honor of the dead.

It was a celebration in honour of those fallen in the last war, or in the two last wars, or maybe in all the wars; he didn't know. So the schoolboys were herded together by the teacher, in front of the village church, in a neat row.

Little Bobbie was not quite sure what was going on since he hadn't mastered the local language enough yet to really follow everything. He had donned his best clothes as instructed and he felt very uncomfortable both because his clothes were not all that great, since his mother was poor and because he intuitively felt that the whole scene was a terrible fake: the mayor was there and the village priest.

The village priest started to kiss the boys on their cheeks. It was part of the rituals they went with the celebration of commemorating the dead of the wars every year. He felt very embarrassed by this old fat ugly man with his very alcoholic red nose, "Monsieur le Curé". He decided then and there that Catholicism wasn't for him, but that he was not clear yet about this God, "Dieu".

10: Yugo's and little ducks

He had been exploring all the main roads of the continent where he was born. He would be standing at dawn with his little bag at the side of the road, cold and stiff after the night spent in the field hidden under some bush, but happy, with a great smile on his face, a song in his heart, waiting for a car to pick him up. Since he was only seventeen and good looking, his unkempt hair and vagabondish outlook wouldn't be too much of a hindrance for an early trucker to get interested enough to take this innocent boy, with his thumb raised high in the air, along on a trip of a few days to anywhere. Sitting high and dry in the cabin of one of those 40 tonners, engine roaring deafeningly, twelve gears which he would

count continuously, for his dream was to one day drive one of them, a great celebration would be flooding his being: he was on his way again, exploring the continent, looking for heaven knows what.

Even though the roads where at that time not as safe as he thought, nothing really bad had happened to him, perhaps due to his innocence, but perhaps also because he somehow possessed a sixth sense that kept him out of trouble. He could smell a street when he rounded a corner and immediately turn around if there was anything at all that he didn't like about it. Or sometimes a car would stop - he might have been waiting there for hours - he just wouldn't get in and sometimes he himself wouldn't know why. Of course he wasn't really going anywhere, just celebrating his freedom whenever he could after spending too much time imprisoned in schoolclasses listening to boring lectures delivered by sleepy teachers on boring subjects.

In this way he had been as far north as the roads permitted and as far south as the traffic took him. He had seen the ocean in the west and the iron curtain in the east. He had enjoyed nights in haystacks in the summer and suffered frost and snow lying under advertisement boards in winter. He traveled a thousand miles on each weekend free from school just to see a girl in a far away country even though nothing ever happened between them, just to eat distance, just to move somewhere for no reason at all and enjoy meeting all kinds of people and talk about any subject knowing that he would never see them again. Of course it helped a lot that he would get a free meal, since he had no income yet.

This morning found him on a road in the southeast through a country where churches slowly gave way to mosques and the language was incomprehensible. It was spring and although the sun was shining brightly, the air was still fresh, especially in the mountainous country he was now crossing on his way to the east. In those days there wasn't much traffic, but he didn't mind, just sitting there by the side, nothing to do but watching the clouds and chewing on his emergency rations he always brought along because they were nourishing and didn't weigh much.

He heard the truck before he saw it. An old wreck, belching black diesel fumes, leaning to one side as a result of constant overloading, was labouring up the difficult mountain road that worked its way through the wild forest region. Inside a group of tough looking dark men was eyeing him curiously as the vehicle came to a stuttering halt after he had waved his upturned thumb. They looked dirty and were obviously drunk even at this early hour. He instantly regretted having climbed on board when he was sitting in their midst, but he hadn't had much choice, since theirs was the first truck that had past in the last hours, and he knew this area to be quite deserted. They were asking all kinds of questions he didn't understand and they were getting a bit angry with him as if they didn't believe he was foreign to their country and took him for some kind of imposter. As the atmosphere grew heavier and heavier, he became really scared and for the first time he realized that he was no longer in his good old familiar surroundings and that for some reason these people really hated him, and they

seemed to think he had no right to just cross their 'tribal grounds'. They were now apparently discussing what to do with him and he grew more and more apprehensive.

The machine was huffing and puffing up the winding road through thick forests, producing horrible oil fumes from its overheated tired engine and making such a racket that he wouldn't have understood much of what they were saying even if they had been speaking his mother tongue. After a curve they suddenly came upon a small impoverished village that could have been in 'Afghania' or 'Translavonia' or some such place, the way it looked forbidding and gloomy. Nevertheless he breathed a little easier. Between people they couldn't rob him or harm him that easily, he thought. They stopped in front of some kind of a barrack that had a sign nailed on it, but he couldn't read it, since everything here was written in another alphabet that he was not yet familiar with.

As the truck came to a halt, a man came out dressed in a grey uniform with red insignia stuck on it. His longcoat reached all the way to his heavy duty boots and on his forbidding looking cap he had a red star. Instantly his fear was back as the man opened the door and barked some orders to the drunken crew inside. They became quite docile, produced some much handled documents and informed him of their catch pointing rudely at Bob. Then without further ado the policeman, if that's what he was, grabbed Bob by the shoulder, pulled him out of the cabin, dragged him inside the barrack, into a small kind of cell in the back, closed the door with a bang and locked it with a big primitive padlock.

Hours later as Bob was already despairing and quite hungry too, since the man hadn't given him his luggage, four big uniforms of the same assembly line walked into his cell. They looked at him as if they had already decided he was a heavy criminal, talking to each other and now and then asking something trying to make him admit that he understood their language perfectly and that he had better give up that game.

They started getting rough, grabbed him by his jacket. Something tore in the seams and Bob started to see the situation quite darkly, his heart beating wildly in his chest trying hard to speak in any language he knew to make them understand their mistake. It looked like the story was rapidly deteriorating when the noise of an approaching car was heard outside.

The four cops were instantly on the alert, immediately ran to the road, slamming the door, but without putting the padlock back on. Bob heard them shout as the car drove by and for a while they seemed to be engaged in a heated conversation. Bob didn't hesitate a second: he carefully opened the door his eyes scanning the 'office' and saw what he was looking for. A door opened on the side of the barrack. He tried it, found it open, grabbed his bag that was still lying where the first cop had left it on the floor and made his way out while the others were still quarreling in the front. He ran to the nearest cluster of trees and disappeared under the thick foliage, downhill to where he knew the road had to pass as he heard the car again. He recognized the typical sound of a small Citroën 2 CV, going downhill and emerging out of the forest just in time to see it rounding a

curve, he thought: “My God it’s from my country”, recognizing the typical colours of the number plate.

He started waving and jumping up and down like a madman even as he heard angry shouts coming from the forest he had just left. The little car seemed to be quite packed already but something in his attitude must have made it clear to the occupants that this was an emergency and the thing broke as well as it could, lifting its back in the typical fashion of ‘the little ugly duck’.

“What’s the hurry, man?” the driver shouted to him.

“Have to get out of here! Now!” was all Bob could think of.

“All right, man, don’t get over board; fire is worse! Hop on in the back”. It was a ‘camionette’, a van version, and already the small double doors in the back were opening. Two guys who were sitting there on a pile of luggage grabbed his bag and pulled him inside as the car started moving down the road again.

11: First City in the East

It was a rainy morning in the First City of the East, and young Bob was lying in his bed in the small hotel where they had rented a room since one week. The first light was dawning in the east and he could see the minarets of the great ancient mosque through the window without even raising his head.

He had been stoned again the night before and he was still a bit fuzzy in the head. Even though he felt guilty and afraid about his smoking this 'ezrar' that they had bought at great risk in one of the backstreets in the city, he had really liked it in spite of himself. He had 'heard' the comments that his mother would probably make if she ever found out:

"You are using drugs? Oh my god! You are lost! Your career is ashambles. This is a path of no return, the ruin of the family; shame on you forever. I will not have anything to do with you anymore; you have disappointed me terribly!"

He was wondering though, if there was any truth in these ideas. Sure enough he had had revelations in his drug induced dreams that made it clear to him that he would no longer follow the path laid out for him by his well-meaning and loving mother, but he also had had glimpses of an alternative that he could not quite fathom yet, but that somehow had an alluring promise of much greater possibilities than anything they had been able to conjure up for him.

They had it all figured out of course: finish highschool then go to University - with a mind like yours you could become at least an engineer or may be even a doctor - and then become a great servant of humanity, build bridges, heal the sick, make money and your mother will be proud of you.

He watched the light go brighter and tried to count the minarets that appeared to him like symbols of all the mysteries of the East, beckoning him to go further, deeper, to overcome his fear of the unknown. There

were too many; he could not stay with the counting, then did not remember where he started, gave up. A strange and new peace was pervading his heart. A sensation of silence, of immense let go.

Slowly the horizon was lighting up. A pinkish glow started to appear in a hole in the clouds. There was no traffic in the streets yet, but the birds were waking up and announced the new day with a freshness he had rarely experienced before. His companions were still sleeping peacefully, each in their own dreams, induced by the stuff they had smoked. He picked up a little book that Rick had brought along on their pilgrimage to the East. Something about Zen.

“What the hell is Zen,” he wondered.

Sure, he was not going to be able anymore to walk the road his mentors had laid out for him and in that sense it seemed they were right in their condemnation of the drug. It had also been made very clear to the boys when they finally managed to get to the dealers, after an hour long drive in a delapidated american car that served as a taxi, but doubled as a relay for the dealers, that if they were caught selling the stuff to them, they would be condemned to death. To death?! My God what a world! But somehow he didn't take it too seriously. It seemed quite insane to him; they had experienced such insights that they still had not been able to digest it all and Bob was even beginning to wonder if it didn't all boil down to one big illusion. Yet he was convinced at some level that he had seen something of a deeper truth that had always eluded him but at the same time had always been there at the back of his mind.

May be he was never meant to become an engineer. That surely explained the resistance he had always felt against this whole business of studying at those universities with all those stuffed shirts there who pretended to own the world, but who didn't know shit as far as he was concerned.

He opened the book and in the first rays of the sun peeping through the last drops of rain falling on the city he immersed himself in the stories. Short stories, each one hardly enough to fill one page. And crazy too. About ancient masters talking to ancient disciples. Stories with a message it seemed. And the messages were going straight to his being. He almost stopped breathing: could it be possible? Did this kind of people really exist? People that seemed to understand the workings of the world and made a point of teaching it?

Just what he had always been looking for, it seemed, answering questions that had been burning in his soul his whole life, although he had never been aware of it even? He could not believe it but an immense feeling of relief entered his heart like he had never felt before. But the answers seemed to be in some kind of a code for he couldn't make head nor tail of it. Yet his horizon suddenly widened as if he entered the secrets of the lost and ancient world of the East through a back door that he didn't even know existed.

The sun was beginning to reflect on the huge dome of the mosque and for a moment time stopped. He held his breath again, afraid that it would all disappear in a moment if he was not extremely careful. Maybe the dope was playing with him, projecting illusions that would

burst like soap bubbles the moment he would start breathing again.

“That’s some book isn’t it”, Rick had woken up and was watching him with a smile. Bob realized he had known about this all along and had never said a word. Soon Fikret and Benson joined the company and the magic was gone. Yet at the same time Bob knew he would never forget this moment and he made up his mind that he would have to go to that mysterious continent in the East where it seemed there had been people who knew...

12: Davids class.

David is a very good brother. It seems he is a reincarnation of Jerry. He might have been a tartar type at some point, riding horses and throwing lances and found his death getting a lance or an arrow through his throat. He still remembers this in his body. But he also was a Buddhist, a bit rough and tough but with a golden heart. He gives classes in meditation to school kids in the pause!

All problems would sooner or later dissappear if schoolkids would get meditation classes, because it is impossible to become a criminal if you look inside yourself and see what is eternally there. etc.

Discussions between Bob and David about this subject. Lively and funny!

13: Dholabar beach.

THE MAN is just coming out of this hypnosis session he is having from an old witch somewhere in one of these magic places on a beach on the coast of this old but unknown place on the lost continent, where he remembers why and how. He realizes who the first two women were...

Here he establishes his first contact with Anaïm. First through a session with the good fairy then on his own when he is somewhere in the Atacama desert.

14: Hypnosis on the Beach

After another hot day on the beach, most people were getting ready to go to the local fishermen bars that dotted the sand of Dhola beach. The locals were christians and had no problem with alcoholic drinks, so there was a variety of european style aperitives that easily mixed with the more exotic drugs commonly used by the visiting travelers that frequented the tax-free enclave.

Mario's bar the place was called. Bob was having a 'couple' of beers and a 'few' joints with the boys. The place was relaxed enough nowadays so that they didn't have to worry too much about cops jumping on them every time they wanted to get stoned. Matt was rolling a professional one, for all the friends around the big table. Ricardo was busy inspecting his notes.

"How is your new novel coming?" asked David, "better than the last one, I hope" he added with a grin.

David was perpetually at odds with Ricardo. Something about a girlfriend no doubt.

“It was a bestseller, man, but the public wasn’t ripe, that’s all.” Ricardo was used to the comments of his friends by now, after his work didn’t get the expected appreciation once again. David gave him a good pat on his shoulder that almost made Ricardo swallow his pencil. In a second they were on their feet, in Kung Fu position, ready to act out one of their choreographed fights, that would nevertheless break a few glasses. The others were lazily staring out over the ocean, turning gold with the setting sun.

Ignoring the commotion, Matt turned to Bob: “Did you hear about that woman who is hypnotizing people?”

Bob had heard but he was a little sceptic: “So, what else is new?” while he turned to Mario to order another beer, “very cold, please, Baba!”

Matt looked at him with his big intense eyes: “No man, you should give it a try, they say it’s incredible; besides she is beautiful.” Bob had certainly noticed that. Young, slim, darkhaired, big intense eyes, she had everything he liked about women. Looking like a gypsy, in her long dark dress decorated with all kinds of colorful beads, she had suddenly appeared out of nowhere and spread the word that she was willing to hypnotize anybody who was interested in their past lives. He was not particularly interested in past lives though. As a Buddhist he had learned from his tibetan friends that ‘past is past, future not yet come’ and since then he had

stuck to that, just being aware as much as possible of what was happening in the present. But still something had been gnawing at the corner of his mind and suddenly he changed his mind:

“How do I get in touch with her?” he said to his own surprise.

“Hey! Listen to him,” Matt became all excited, shouting to the others engaged in their private conversations, “he wants to get hypnotized”.

They all started to wake up. Something to break the general boredom of beachlife. Ricardo wanted to do it he said, but... Shanti was interested, but couldn't find the time... and Bob became aware that they were all scared. They all had good reasons not to try. Past lives were a fiction, even though some of the locals believed in reincarnation, but they were primitive. And even if it were true, what would it help to know who you had been before?

“That woman is just asking to get laid” Eddy, an old hippy exclaimed.

“One track-mind, hm?” Matt mumbled, licking with precision the outsized joint he had created, “got a light mate?”

As the joint went around Bob watched the faces as they one by one inhaled the smoke and suddenly he got disgusted with the whole scene: “these guys don't have any guts”, he thought “and I'm going to check it out. “Hey Matt, where?”

“You know that little village on the way to town, a couple of miles down the beach? well go through it, take the first dirt road on the right and ask for Moni.” came the

answer.

As he was settling down on the mattress that was the only object in the small room, he heard the sound of the waves recede. Although he could hear them just as well as before, even better maybe, the sound seemed to come filtered through a kind of timespace as if he was not really there, just a hundred yards from the ocean in a small fishermen's hut on the beach, but somewhere else, somewhere much more real, in an eternal and very peaceful kind of memory, where all ado about life seemed to have disappeared or become illusory.

Moni had just looked at him for a long time, without saying anything. Then simply nodding towards the mattress she said in a deep voice: "Would you like to lie down?" He had imagined the encounter quite differently and was dumbfounded as much by her beauty as by her silence and unexpected decisiveness.

Bob forgot all the questions he had wanted to ask before getting into any monkey business and just gave up. At that moment the sun had gone down into the ocean and a cool wind had started coming into the hut and the whole atmosphere was so soothing. He relaxed more and more and started just observing the movement of his breath as he had learned in the buddhist temple.

When she finally spoke again, it sounded to him as if she was talking right into his ear, or maybe even inside his head, but that was not done, and still there it was!

"As you breathe in and out, you begin to feel more and

more relaxed, your body is slowly sinking deeper and deeper into the mattress and gravity does not have any influence anymore.” And as she continued, her voice drifted farther and farther away, seemingly coming from the other end of the universe, although he could still hear her perfectly well. Now he didn’t here the waves anymore and where had this mist suddenly come from? He looked around and saw an opening just ahead. He started walking towards the light and he saw somebody sitting on a stone bench at the edge of a precipice. As he came close he realized it was himself sitting there, coming out of a dream, startled at a noise coming from behind, recognizing Gaya coming, with a happy smile on her face...

“Kalyander, did you hear? The decision of the Elders? They have fixed the day of our first meeting!”

15: The Master.

Ritu said to David:

“I don’t know how I got here, but I got here and that is the essential part. Somehow I made it. It was not so much the bus rides. They were bad enough. Thirtynine hours in a bus is enough to kill anybody, although I had had ample experience of course during my multiple Asia travels.”

“I know what you mean”

“It wasn’t the years long search either. I had forgotten I was searching!”

“And how was the place?”

“The town was absolutely disgusting. Noisy, yes, like

most towns in this continent, but on top of that dusty, muddy, hot, with millions of mosquito's all at the same time. Hepatitis, cholera, dengui fever, food poisoning, suffocating pollution, it was all there. The population was divided into at least 6 main religions, all in continuous strife of course, but they were united on one point and that was cheating the foreigners.

"And the temple?"

"The temple was incredible, exquisite, with beautiful gardens, fountains, waterfalls, lakes, sanctuaries of an unimaginable beauty, with crystals, hidden lights, colours; there were birds as rarely seen, peacocks, swans eating out of your hands. The people, well the people, I couldn't believe the people. I had never seen people like that.

"For the first time in my life I realized it could be possible to live without pretending anything. Just to live at your hearts contentment, without being in the least preoccupied with any idea of others; without thinking; without second thoughts...

"Two reactions happened in me: first I became immensely happy; second I became immensely sad!"

"So what did you do?"

"The first time I was sitting along the road leading to the place I didn't know what to do anymore, but it seemed my steps were guided. I made it to the reception, where I was received by a beautiful woman, who talked to me very lovingly, so I forgot everything she said."

There was a silence loaded with meaning.

"I went back in after a time and told her that I missed it all. She laughed softly and told me again. She even wrote it down for me: you will meet the Master

tomorrow at seven!"

The whole day I prepared myself. I was absolutely convinced that something tremendous was about to happen. I had never felt so excited. There was a great longing and at the same time a great fear.

"I showered, I washed my clothes, I revised my room twice, putting everything in its place. I felt horny, I was in love, I sang and then a thunderstorm gathered in the heat of the afternoon..."

"I felt like ordering a beer, the air was hot, dusty; I drank water instead".

"So what was going on?" David blurted out.

"I really don't know. Except that there was a sense of fulfilment, a feeling of finally coming home, you know. I wanted to burn all ships behind me and start fresh, unburdened by the past, which had brought me nothing"

Your new name will be Master Kalyan Toyi!

16: The Inner Master"

So what am I supposed to do now? Just go out in the streets and start declaiming? Or should I try to get a degree and get the necessary clout and make our position clear to all the scientists?" Ritu was getting a bit drunk and quite carried away now, but the difficulty of getting this message through was indeed enormous.

"It is not even entirely clear to me what needs to be done. Get rid of politicians they say. Right, but how? Expose the lies of priesthood. Right, but can you imagine the uproar? The victims themselves are not ready to see the subterfuge. They have invested so much in this God

concept that it hurts them tremendously to admit that they have been fooled, betrayed, exploited.”

“Even the ones we consider our friends are not ready to see the point. Some are engaged in illegal trafficking that was made possible because of the repression by the priesthood. If these priest are exposed they are going to loose their easy life, their super cars, their luxury yachts and everything else!”

Some are themselves caught up in a kind of priest trip, making lots of money by teaching the ‘way’...”

Ch. VIII Wrong View, Right View

The most important thing Buddha has tried to teach humanity is the point of view, how you see reality. What is ultimately the truth about reality.

There are three very important points of view or world views:

The right ones:

1. Nobody is doing anything, things just happen.
2. Everything is in a constant state of flux, nothing lasts longer than a mili-second.
3. Therefore life is just a lot of suffering.

The wrong ones:

1. People are the doers of things, therefore everyone is either guilty or innocent.
2. Things last a long time sometimes.
3. Life is very beautiful (sometimes)

So during meditation the goal is to observe oneself to see if this is true or not. Every meditator has to see this for himself. The master cannot and will not just tell you that this is so and that you will have to believe it. Belief has no place in science. Of course you can say: I believe that this is so, although I have not seen it myself yet.

Once you see that, there is nobody responsible for any action. Or at least until they become enlightened to at least the first degree after which they have become so aware that they can now with confidence more or less direct their actions with love and compassion, instead of hatred and condemnation even though they know they are not in charge themselves.

It feels like your eye blinkers fall off for the first time and you would like to shout to the world: I understand! And what do you understand? That you are not an independent unit acting on its own! So then the question becomes: so who is doing all this? And the answer is easy: Existence, the whole. The sufis to their detriment have called it God and then some of them exclaimed "I am God" and got themselves murdered by their "fellow believers".

Why? Because societies around the world have created a very tight system of control of their population so that they can suck them dry, repress them, tax them, own them. In other words the priests and politicians, the peddlers of lies and fables.

If you are a follower of wrong world views, you are bound to become angry, greedy. Maybe you will even go to war. As Osho always said: 5000 wars in 3000 years mostly in the name of religion, in the name of some god.

A Warning

I said in the beginning that all masters advise you not to say anything if by some miracle you become "enlightened". Now I understand why.

Munindra made it clear after he confirmed what

had happened to me in february 1998, that this was only the first step and that there were more to come. I could not imagine in any way that I could again get into a kind of depression, or what the next trauma would be about.

So finally the unavoidable, that Munindra warned me about, had happened.

The next level of trauma. Traumas are accumulative. As a result of applying mindfulness for an extended period of time, the most obvious one disappears first and it is such a relief that one tends to think: "Oh great, this is it!" If you tell your friends about it, as I did, at first nobody believes it. They have known you for a long time and they go like: "Yeah, yeah, we've heard that before".

You could have a beautiful quiet life, but if you choose to teach Vipassana, as I did, you will become the 'master' and you have no problems with that, yet. After some time (in my case 23 years) the next trauma arises and now you are no longer cool, calm and collected, because with the trauma come the depression, the fear, the disgust with everything, the futility and so on, just like the first time, though a little less debilitating. There is no crying this time, just a little bit of the feeling of it. There may be irrational fears, like losing the ability to make any kind of phone calls, or dealing with authorities. You lose your temper more easily. (Yes the first time I went through a period of three hours of openly crying like the niagara falls, daily, for a few years.)

But now it is difficult to show that to your students because you realize they might lose confidence in the process since they don't yet understand any of this. That

wouldn't be very helpful to them.

The dilemma becomes: do I keep it to myself completely, or share it with a small group of close friends, or do I completely retreat and start meditate again from the beginning, like one famous Chinese Zen master did after he became aware that he could not teach the emperor who wanted to learn meditation from him? But I can't do that. I have a meditation school to run. I have to do paperwork, pay taxes, deal with neighbours, etc.

In my environment it becomes a catch-22 dilemma: you are doomed if you do and doomed if you don't, because most people know me quite intimately by now.

This is what Munindra tried to warn me against. I know for a fact that in private he could be quite difficult and upset about what people were doing around him but he never showed that to his students, never losing his equanimity. Of course it was said that he reached the third stage of enlightenment and therefore way beyond the traumas that I still have to face.

See The Wheel of Life

Osho quotes:

Has religion ever embraced humor?

"Bertrand Russell has said, 'It is a strange fact of history that not a single religion has been founded by a man who had a sense of humor.' In fact, to have a sense of humor and to create a religion is contradictory.

Religions are created by sad people – very long faces, almost dead. Bertrand Russell is no longer alive – otherwise I would have told him, ‘Then come and see.’

“It may not have happened in the past, and I agree with him because Mahavira was serious, Jesus was serious, Mohammed was serious, Shankaracharya was serious.... And Russell seems to be right; these sad people have created the dead institutions of all the religions.

“But here something totally new is happening....

“I am not trying to create a religion – I cannot do it, because the very idea of creating a religion is ugly. But I am releasing a sense of humor in you, a deep laughter in you. To me laughter is more sacred than prayer, dancing more spiritual than chanting mantras, loving existence far more cosmic than going to a church or to a temple. Becoming utterly nobody, a pure nothingness, is far more significant than becoming a saint. Innocence, a sense of humor, a joyous participation in life... you cannot create a dead institution around such tremendously alive experiences.”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk, visit:
Dissolve in My People

Osho,

Is there laughter in the mysterious silence of sat-chit-anand?

There must be, because you are such a laughter. Or is your laughter just for us?

The cosmos is full of laughter, but a laughter that is very silent, a laughter that you can feel but cannot hear; a laughter that spreads all over your being. You can feel the lightness and the benediction that it brings to you, but there is no way to hear it, and there is no way to compare it to the laughter we are aware of.

It was for this reason that none of the ancient awakened ones have talked about laughter. The danger was that you may think the laughter that you know is the laughter of the ultimate. The difference is very great. Our laughter is simply ripples on the surface of the lake. The cosmic laughter of sat-chit-anand is the whole lake, but without ripples — utterly silent and serene, still, just like a sweetness, joyfulness, very delicate, very subtle. The ancient awakened ones never mentioned it, just as they have never mentioned many other things out of a certain fear of misunderstanding.

They have not mentioned that there is an orgasmic joy in the experience of enlightenment. It is sheer fear that the moment they use the word orgasmic you will think about sexual orgasm. It is not sexual, it is nonsexual. But as far as the orgasmic experience of utter relaxedness, of absolute stoppage of time and mind is concerned, it is the same. I have dared to walk on paths untrodden by the ancient awakened ones because my feeling is that the fear of misunderstanding should not prevent one from saying the truth.

Question:

If laughter is more sacred than prayer, does that mean it is a spiritual quality?

“Laughter has never been accepted by any religion of the world as a spiritual quality. As far as I am concerned, it is one of the most important spiritual qualities for the very simple reason that when you are in total laughter your ego disappears. The laughter is – you are not.

“And if this is not being spiritual, then nothing else can be. It is because of this that when you laugh together, you melt into each other, and you melt with me.

“The mind has never been able to laugh: it is basically serious; it is basically pathological. The moment you laugh, suddenly you are not functioning from the mind center anymore, you start functioning from the heart center. And if the laughter is really total you can even go deeper than the heart: you can reach to the very center of your being. It can give you a glimpse of truth, of beauty, of the celebrating existence.”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [Attention Is Nourishment](#)

Question:

Why is there more misery than laughter in the world?

“I see the whole humanity drowned in a sea of sadness, and the reason is that you have been

conditioned to be sad. Your religions don't want you to sing and to laugh and to dance, because people who laugh and sing and dance are fundamentally of independent character – they have a certain uniqueness and individuality of their own. They are not slaves; and they will not agree to be slaves whatever the consequence. And this world wants you only for some vested interests to work, and work hard – it does not want you to waste your time in meditation, or playing on the guitar, or dancing under the stars. The vested interests will not like this idea, because they would like you to be serious, sad, so that you can be enslaved easily, so that you can be purchased easily, so that you can be exploited easily.

“Just think for a moment of the whole world laughing, dancing, singing – just for one hour, and all kinds of slaveries will disappear. Naturally, the presidents and the prime ministers, the popes and ayatollahs will look very much shocked – what is happening? And they will join sooner or later, because what is the point of standing amongst the whole humanity dancing and enjoying. Soon you will see the pope also in the crowd, because looking outside at the rejoicing people will be so awkward, so embarrassing, that there is every possibility that if Jesus was alive he would come down from the cross and start dancing – forget all about the cross and Christianity!”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk, visit:
Just Be Happy That Your Hat Is Back

“And there is no reason at all to be miserable. In fact, misery should be very exceptional; happiness should be simply natural. You should not ask anybody, ‘Why are you looking happy?’ But this is the situation. If you are looking happy and smiling and enjoying yourself, everybody will look – stare at you, as if something has gone wrong: What has happened to this poor fellow? Why is he smiling and enjoying? – there seems to be no reason. And somebody is bound to ask, ‘What is the matter?’ Some policeman is going to come asking, ‘Why are you creating this crowd in the traffic? Why are you smiling? Why are you dancing?’

“Is it necessary to show some cause to be healthy and happy? But nobody asks anybody who is miserable; nobody even stops to look at him. To be miserable is accepted as our natural state. There is no need to inquire about any cause, about any reason. If you think about it, you will not believe to what an insane state man has fallen....

“The door opens right this very moment – always here-now, where life and death are continuously meeting. You have chosen death orientation because it was in the interests of those who are in power, and you have forgotten that life is passing by while you are being drowned in sadness.”

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visit: [Just Be Happy That Your Hat Is Back](http://JustBeHappyThatYourHatIsBack.com)

“My experience about laughter is that it is the most purifying, the most healthy, the most rejuvenating, the most refreshing, and the most total experience. It can begin your first experience of totality. You can laugh totally.

“And another beautiful thing about it, it is not only of the mind. Mind may trigger it, but soon it spreads all over you. It is very overwhelming. There are beauties upon beauties as far as laughter is concerned. When you are laughing, one of the greatest things is, mind cannot think. And if you are alert, you can experience a space of no thought, which is the experience of meditation.

“And laughter gives you a childlike innocence. It helps you to be unburdened of unnecessary seriousness, that all the religions have been preaching to be serious. They are afraid, as if God will feel offended if you laugh.”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [The Five Sacred Mantras](#)

“I want my people to understand that because only man is capable to laugh, that means laughter is the highest point of consciousness, highest point of understanding, highest point of evolution. That's why I have started calling laughter ‘the prayer time.’”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [The Philosophy of Yes](#)

"We want the whole of humanity to be happy, and to be dancing, and to be singing. Then this whole planet becomes mature – evolves in consciousness. A sad man, a miserable man, cannot have a very sharp consciousness; his consciousness is dim, dull, heavy, dark. Only when you laugh heartily, suddenly like a flash all darkness disappears.

"In your laughter you are your authentic self.

"In your sadness you have covered your original face with a fake identity that the society expects of you. Nobody wants you to be so happy that you start dancing in the street. Nobody wants you to have a hearty laughter; because the neighbors will start knocking on your walls, 'Stop. Misery is okay; laughter is a disturbance.' Miserable people cannot tolerate anybody who is not miserable."

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [Just Be Happy That Your Hat Is Back](#)

Q: You speak of existence as a cosmic joke. Is existence also laughing?

"The cosmos is full of laughter, but a laughter that is very silent, a laughter that you can feel but you cannot hear, a laughter that spreads all over your being.

"You can feel the lightness and the benediction that it brings to you. But there is no way to hear it and there is no way to compare it to the laughter we are aware of.... The cosmic laughter of the whole is the entire lake,

but no ripples. Utterly silent and serene, still, just like a sweetness, joyfulness, very delicate, very subtle.”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [Seriousness Is a Sickness](#)

Q: Could the world be transformed by laughter?

“I am against all seriousness. My whole approach is that of humor, and the greatest religious quality is a sense of humor – not truth, not God, not virtue, but a sense of humor. If we can fill the whole earth with laughter, with dancing and singing people – singing and swinging! If we can make the earth a carnival of joy, a festival of lights, we will have brought for the first time a true sense of religiousness to the earth.”

To continue reading this OSHO Talk,
visit: [The Dimension of the Mysterious](#)

Quantity at a certain point brings a new quality. Out of fear of being misunderstood, many things have not been said to humanity. Not that they were not known to those who have come to the highest peak, but they have chosen to speak only of certain aspects. Even those certain aspects are misunderstood. And many they have left unsaid. They know that when you reach, you will experience.

I don't want to leave anything unsaid. I don't function out of fear at all. And I trust my people's intelligence more than any awakened person has ever trusted.

Mahavira never allowed his male and female sannyasins to be together, out of fear that they might fall back into their old habits. He arranged that the women sannyasins should remain separate from the men sannyasins. If you go into details you can see the fear. The women sannyasins had to always bow down to the male sannyasins, even if the male sannyasin was just one day old. He might have taken sannyas just one day before, but still a sixty-year-old woman sannyasin had to bow down to this young person although she had been a sannyasin for sixty years. The reason? The reason was that whenever a woman bows down to a man there is protection. She is paying so much respect to you that you cannot behave in any disrespectful way toward her. And according to Mahavira, even to think about sex is disrespectful.

But all these details have a hidden psychology of fear. All male sannyasins and women sannyasins had to move in a group of five; nobody was allowed to move alone. Why? Lions move alone because they are unafraid. What was the fear? Why should five men move together? So they could keep an eye on each other, watch that nobody fell below the discipline, that nobody did things which were not allowed.

Five women moving together will be alert, watch each other, see that nobody falls in love, nobody becomes very attached to someone. Mahavira put four against one. Their jealousy, their competitiveness, and their very nature of putting the other down kept them alert. But this is functioning out of fear.

And I know Mahavira was not afraid as far as he himself was concerned. He was afraid about his disciples. That means he was not as respectful to the disciples and their intelligence as he should have been. My feeling is that, if I am not respectful toward you and I cannot trust you, then no arrangement is going to help. And all these people in the past... Although they thought of every detail, there were always loopholes. Sannyasins have been finding Gautam Buddha was even afraid to initiate women in his commune as sannyasins. He remained very stubborn. But that was out of a certain fear that if women entered the commune... He did not believe in his own sannyasins. He knew that they would start falling back into their biological heritage, ways for perverted sex.

21: World Reports

“The universe is not unintelligent. You are not living in a cosmos which has no intelligence. It is pure intelligence that the existence is made of. Call it love, call it silence, call it nothingness, but in everything remember, the tremendous intelligence of existence is always there. And once you have learned the art of trusting, you are beyond all fear-you will learn it, because there is no going back.”

Osho OM MANI PADME HUM, p277:

Generosity generates Generosity

That seems to be root misunderstanding of the earth population at this stage: that they believe that what surrounds them, that which contains them is basically dead, unintelligent matter, which can be conquered, exploited, squeezed out. Then the next step is that they start thinking that their fellow humans are just as much something of the outside, dead and unintelligent, that can be exploited with impunity. "The more I gain by exploiting my neighbours, the happier I will become". And they are at a loss why this promise never seems to fulfill itself.

22: Priests and Politicians

Kalyan Mito, society has kept everybody retarded, it has turned everybody stupid. It needs idiots; it does not want intelligent people around. It is afraid of intelligence because intelligence is always in revolt against slavery, against superstition, against all kinds of exploitation, against all kinds of stupidities, against all discriminations between races, nations, classes, colors. Intelligence is continuously in revolt.

Only the idiot is always obedient.

Even God wanted Adam to be an idiot, because it was his vested interest that Adam and Eve remain idiots so they go on worshipping God.

Man has moved because he revolted against God. God was the establishment. God represents the establishment, authority, the power and the domination. Anybody who is intelligent cannot be converted into a slave; he would rather die than become a slave. He cannot be dragged away from his own center.

Zacharias Sitchin

After studying the tremendous scientific research based on his linguistical knowledge of the Sumerian historical records dating back more than 8000 years by Zacharias Sitchin (The twelfth planet series), I believe in his conclusions:

Anu is the name of the president of the planet called The twelfth planet (Nibiru) and is responsible for the creation of humans as executed by his son Enlil and more of his children. This means that the religious texts are not talking about a divine being allmighty and just and whatever, but about a being who was in charge of our creation but has left thousands of years ago without really leaving anyone in charge. The result is nothing but confusion.

All over the world violence is erupting constantly. There are of course the wars which have been raging almost forever at some point or other. In the last five thousand years, three thousand wars have been fought. But apart from the organized effort of governments to kill, steal, rape and rob, there is the small scale war of organized criminality against the authorities

to achieve roughly the same goals.

Although people everywhere seem to agree on at least one thing, namely that this is terribly deplorable and that something needs to be done about it, this is where the agreement ends, because nobody seems to have the foggiest idea about what to do about it. There are of course different parties in the conflicts and all are reflecting their own narrow egoistic interests, but there is hardly a voice that is able to rise a little above the partisan views on the subject.

There are very reputable news agencies, newspapers, magazines, TV channels, reporting more or less accurately the facts as they occur, and sometimes they even venture to name some causes and suggest some solution but since they very carefully refrain from getting deeper into the matter, it is not surprising that their conclusions, if any, are unable to lead to any improvement.

The question that might be raised is whether their failure to see clearly enough what's happening is due to some kind of inherent difficulty of the subject, or whether they are just blind to the real causes of human misery because of the inherent bias as taught by our grandparents, parents, schools, priests and politicians?

Is the problem of human violence, or animalistic behaviour, just too difficult to understand and to solve, or can the question only be solved by denouncing the real culprits and is this perhaps the difficulty since these are precisely the people who have systematically worked on mankind in two ways: hypnotizing the new generation and terrorizing the older ones?

If the latter is the case, the so called independent news agencies are thereby contributing either innocently or criminally to the huge cover up that the real responsables have created around their concerted efforts to fool everybody, including themselves, in order to satisfy their limitless greed for money and power.

This is not so surprising considering they have been at it since the beginning of human 'society', which could be seen as the effort to organize mankind in some kind of workable frame, so that in between the endless raids to kill or rob the next guy or village or nation, there would at least be a time off long enough to set up some kind of production system for the 'good of the people'.

This effort to organize mankind seems to be a laudable initiative one would think, if it weren't for the fact that the organizers have to be paid for it, handsomely of course, and in time these do gooders would come to think almost exclusively of the rewards of office and forget about the 'good of the people'.

To relieve the suspense, I am of course referring to the oldest and best known kind of human animal, the politician and his acolyte the priest.

But let us examine a few examples. Both Newsweek and Time (1998) have the teenage wars in american inner cities as their coverstory this week. They report on the facts: the indiscriminate killing of kids by kids who own guns. It is increasingly easy for these kids to get guns. There are guns everywhere: in the schools, in the houses, they carry them around in their cars, hide them under their beds. They use them in gangwars, just for territorial claims, in imitation of their government.

The strange fact is that these magazines are not once even trying to present some explanation as to why this is happening except to mention in passing that there seems to be some kind of relation to fatherless families, unwanted pregnancies, poor education, history of violence, economic deprivation, drugaddiction etc. As if these phenomena are just like rain or hail, they suggest that umbrella's should be handed out by the more responsible members of society: street helpers should talk to these kids, drugaddiction experts should educate them, to help them make more reasonable choices. And they are mentioning the incredible anger that lives in these kids: they are full of rage! Ready to kill even for a perceived insult without delay! But the magazines offer no explanation whatsoever for that. It never occurs to them that perhaps there is a single factor behind the whole phenomenon: the conditioning of the human animal by the priests and the politicians!

It has become increasingly clear (2024) that The US of A is a retarded country (tribe) with gun laws that stem from there cowboy times when they were in the process of stealing the land from the indian tribes.

Who hasn't seen these movies where gangs make the little towns in the west unsafe by shooting it out on the square in front of the Saloon? Not much has changed.

The sellers of guns, The National Rifle Association, NRA are totally in power, backed by the Republicans who play their own dirty game of old white men sharing the money of course, under siege by waves of dirty brown people coming from other tribal lands

where the conditions are even worse making them flee with the help of the drugs mafia who are the result of the prohibitions all over the globe?

They go on saying that there are millions of responsible gun owners who should not be deprived of their murder tools by a few irresponsible owners. This is complete bogus: they never compare this state of affairs with other countries. I have never even seen a gun in my home country Holland (the Netherlands) in all the time I was there (33 years). Or look at New Zealand where they simply abolished the right to just own a gun for hunting or fun after there was a mass shooting.

No, in the States after each mass shooting they go on with their stupid bla-bla that you need to make it more difficult to own a gun but the NRA is always against everything and then their "constitution" comes into the conversation again because the 2nd amendment is holy so all they come up with is 'thoughts and prayers', Yeah, great!

On religion: Let us have a look at some of the basic precepts of these so-called religious leaders:

ANAIM: "So, you meant to say that are no more than a handful of people on earth that could be genuinely called religious?"

Toyi: "That's what I said yes. There is a tremendous fuss about religion, but none of it has any real religious significance. It's all one hundred percent fake, a false coin that doesn't buy you anything. And all these false coins are battling with each other, each claiming to be the only real one! I know this is hard to

believe but that's the situation."

ANAIM: "And the planetarians have been hypnotized a few thousand years ago in such a way that anybody who tries to dehypnotize them is viciously dealt with because it triggers a tremendous force in them that was put there by a succession of powersuckers?"

Toyi: "powersuckers, yes. They themselves have been hypnotized, but that was even longer ago. We suspect the Jupiter-Saturn coalition of those times, but there is little evidence left, I think. The problem is that the powersucks have themselves forgotten the origin of their retarded mentality and also have this inbuilt defense mechanism that immediately explodes if anybody tries to set these poor bastards rights. Even though the absurdity of their thought systems should be evident to anybody with a minimum of intelligence, this inbuilt mechanism makes it almost impossible to wake them up to reality. They seem to think that all these so-called religious ideas are somehow vital for their survival and that if they would drop them, they would suffer unendurable pains in a place they project somewhere and call hell, which is the equivalent of our 'bad trip', no?"

ANAIM: "Indeed"

CHAPTER 23: The Politics of Drugs

With a certain regularity there appear in the newspapers all over the globe articles about the 'problem' of drugs. The origins of these newspapers may vary widely: it might be a small town hindu conservative paper of just a few pages, or a big christian 'progressive' paper of 45 pages appearing in a south american country, or any other publication anywhere on earth, they all have one thing in common. They all take it for granted that the nefast results of drug use are 'well-known', but they never discuss these effects in depth. They are all paying lipservice to the all powerful north american god of puritan descent who has somehow managed to infiltrate the whole of the globe. Who is this fellow? It seems he has been able singlehandedly to create a very strong taboo against a scientific analysis of this matter: "don't even try to think rationally on this matter or else...", is his doctrine.

What is particularly being ignored, is the essential difference between the effects of the drug itself and the effects of the prohibition of the use. Without making this distinction it is impossible to make an evaluation of the subject. One also has to see that this mix-up is not accidental, but very significant, since it points directly at the blind spot of all these so-called independant journalists. It makes it absolutely clear that once again they are failing in their duty and are unaware that they are being used by the conspiracy of the rulers of the

earth to reconfirm the idiotic sousentendu behind the subject: the unspoken hypothesis that ‘we the rulers know what is good for the people’.

Let’s propose a few hypotheses that seem very obvious but are somehow never even acknowledged as a possibility.

Could it be for example that the cause of all the problems is not the drug itself but the arrogant prohibition of it?

Could it be that the reason why these authorities go on prohibiting it is not what they claim it to be namely the ‘good of the people’ but rather their own defense mechanism automatically entering in action, because they rightly fear for their powerbase, that could perhaps be eroded by the realizations that the user might get after the use of the drug?

Is the fundamental question to be asked then not rather whether there is a fundamental right to live one’s life the way one wants to live it and that no one has the right to prohibit experiments which could perhaps lead to a growth of consciousness of those who choose to undergo it.

Anaïm:

“In our society, much has been accomplished in this field. It is generally considered that the usefulness of drugs is limited, but that it can sometimes make clear to the person who chooses to undergo the experience, how he is still trapped in old patterns that affect his life in a negative, meaning hurting way, of which he is not aware.

“Of course our ‘government’ has taken all possible measures to ensure that the drug used in the experience

is pure, of constant concentration, mixed only with inert substances if the power of the drug is too great to be safe; that the price of it is not exorbitantly raised so as to cut out all illegal trafficking incentives; that all efforts have been made to eradicate any unpleasant side effects; that there is a wide variety of substances available, all packed with extensive research notes concerning the safe use of them, warning of possible addiction chances if any and if so giving advice of better alternatives.

In other words nothing is prohibited and the 'government' is there only to help diminish any kind of negative side effect by adding a small tax to cover the cost of any related therapy necessary, and to finance the research of improvement, the whole idea being that these substances are like medicines that should not be denied to anybody. In this way the responsibility is given back to those where it should always have been: the users themselves. (Of course in the States even legal medicines have been sequestered by the pharmaceutical industry, making them impossibly expensive for the poor who need their life saving drugs and prohibiting cheaper versions which are available all over the world).

"Through these measures, places have been created, institutes if you want, where one can go with any kind of problem, or just to be with friends who are doing the same experiments, where one can book a room for a certain time just to enjoy the 'high' with a boy or girlfriend and perhaps make love. There are people available in these centers who are licensed to offer any kind of assistance necessary. They can help you become aware

of the patterns that condition the users, reminding you of the eternal and only way out, meditation. If need be they can also administer the immediate antidote to end the effects in a very short time if the user chooses to.

“In this way we have been able to improve many of the drugs that are also available on earth, but have changed beyond recognition: the old cannabis sativa is grown with art and meditation and is being cultivated in the way of your most expensive wines. The plants are carefully genetically engineered so as to contain an optimum of working ingredients without any side effects. “Now what would happen on earth if these conditions were to prevail?”

Toyi: “Of course right now about 30% of the people are using drugs. And they are considered criminals. But if you could make a better product under scientific and medical supervision, cheaper than the illegal one, drug related crime would disappear in no time at all.

“It has become clear that there is no way to stop people from using drugs because in the present situation, their life is so complex and difficult that they need some kind of relaxation and happiness. And they know they are not going to get it from either their religions or their governments, who are the real criminals, forcing one third of the population into ‘criminal activity’.

“It is also essential to improve upon them in such a way that addictiveness and bad after-effects are eliminated, because they lead away from meditation.”

In many countries the illegalisation of drugs has

led to prisons full of people who have been arrested with ONE Joint, yes 1 joint, and if that happens 3 times they go back to jail for life! It turns out that these jails are owned and run by befriended politicians who make millions of dollars on the deal. Talk about justice!

Chapter 24: The Politics of Population.

Everywhere the different religions are fighting with each other, especially if the population pressure differs a lot. The Bosnian muslims, for example are seemingly as innocent as they can be, but really maybe they are after all guilty of the unspoken “crime”, PROVOCATION by ethnic overpopulation pressure! The same applies to the palestinians in Israël. This is of course the result of the criminal propaganda of the imams or the popes, Shankaracharias, as the case may be.

In Europe the invasion of poverty stricken 'idiots' from the “third world” has caused the reaction of the original population, led by their mass conscious “democratic” politicians, to shut their borders to these seekers of economic opportunity and it is thought that they should feel guilty about it. They should feel ‘guilty because it is not fair to have so much when these poor people have so little.’

But these are all the wrong reasons. They should feel guilty because they are the originators of the most

criminal ideas of these so called holy men who go on propagating the idea of unbridled population growth.

Apart from that there is nothing the original population has to feel guilty about. They have finally managed to stop this overproduction of useless human idiots and they have the right to require the same from whomever comes to live in their land as a guest at first and later as inhabitant. Otherwise what is their thanks for allowing these economic fugitives in their own land? That they go on creating the same poverty again in their new country, that they fled their own country for in the first place, through population increase and bad education!

In India in the 1980s I was reading in the local newspapers that the muslims will gain power 'democratically' in just a few generations because they produce 8 children per family and the Hindus only 3 or 4.

The Buddhist population of Burma threw the muslim refugees that had come to their country fleeing the muslim repression in Bangla Desh, out of their country because the birthciphers of the muslims is more than 8 and the buddhists stay at the same level of reproduction of less than 2. They seem to be wiser than most false religions!

Those who call the german attacks on ethnicities racism as most people seem to think it is, are fools and it is a dangerous misconception because it hides the reality behind it. And sure the politicians are so ready to cooperate in that game. The real cause of this outburst of anger is very understandable and has to do with the fear that these newcomers will by their population pressure eat up whatever wealth dividend we have built up over

hundreds of years.

Everywhere it is the same story: in the name of religion they go on producing vast amounts of poor people to defeat the attainment of those grown a little wiser, who no longer want to listen to the stupid exhortations of their priests. It is as if these priests know that a good way to defeat these newly enlightened ones is to send them armies of illiterates to overflow their economies and they will go back to their own murderous selves where ignorance and hatred will reign again so that they will once more be able to oppress and profiteer...

And at the same time, in a very phony way, they are imploring the different populations to stop fighting whatever wars they are currently engaged in. And they are the cause of them!

CHAPTER 25: AIDS

AIDS is a disease sent by the people of the 12th planet. It can only be caught by people on earth who have certain characteristics in common. A certain abuse of life, of the body, done in the name of squeezing the juice out of life, which results in what O calls perversions like homosexuality, imaginations.

CHAPTER 33:

In this last CHAPTER Toyu is ready to go to the twelfth planet or he is already there. From here he remembers everything perfectly: all the other chapters that have been evolved one within the other like an onion peeled layer after layer, until only the last truth remains to be told...

Bedside interviews with unvaccinated adults in the ICU show...

Past is gone, future not yet come
Champa (Tibetan Gelugpa monk and my best friend in 1971 in Dalhousie, India)

It is not easy to teach old dogs new tricks but it can be done! (Leader of the manada:)

Life is a permanent smile, if you manage to see it. (Ritu)

CHAPTER 21: World Reports

In my vision the devil is the first revolutionary of the world, and the devil is the most significant person in the whole of history. The whole civilization and progress owe much to the devil - not to God at all. God wanted only a stupid Adam, a stupid Eve; and if Adam had followed God you would still be chewing grass in the Garden of Eden!

Man has moved because he revolted against God. God was the establishment. God represents the establishment, authority, the power and the domination. Anybody who is intelligent cannot be converted into a slave; he would rather die than become a slave. He cannot be dragged away from his own center.

My people have to learn the fact that I believe only in the religion of revolt. Except that, there is no religiousness; except that, there is no possibility of your consciousness rising to the highest potential that you are carrying as dormant energy.

If the latter is the case the so called independent news agencies are thereby contributing either innocently or criminally to the huge cover up that the real responsables have created around their concerted efforts to fool everybody including themselves in order to satisfy their limitless greed for money and power.

This is not so surprising considering they have been at it since the beginning of human 'society', which could be seen as the effort to organize mankind in some kind of workable frame, so that in between the endless raids to kill or rob the next guy or village or nation, there would at least be a time off long enough

to set up some kind of production system for the 'good of the people'.

This effort to organize mankind seems to be a laudable initiative one would think, if it weren't for the fact that the organizers had to be paid for it, handsomely of course, and in time these do gooders would come to think almost exclusively of the rewards of office and forget about the 'good of the people'.

To relieve the suspense, I am of course referring to the oldest and best known kind of human animal, the politician and his acolyte the priest.

But let us examine a few examples. Both Newsweek and Time have the teenage wars in american inner cities as their coverstory this week. They report on the facts: the indiscriminate killing of kids by kids who own guns. It is increasingly easy for these kids to get guns. There are guns everywhere: in the schools, in the houses, they carry them around in their cars, hide them under their beds. They use them in gangwars, just for territorial claims, in imitation of their government.

The strange fact is that these magazines are not once even trying to present some explanation as to why this is happening except to mention in passing that there seems to be some kind of relation to fatherless families, unwanted pregnancies, poor education, history of violence, economic deprivation, drugaddiction etc. As if these phenomena are just like

rain or hail, they suggest that umbrella's should be handed out by the more responsible members of society: street helpers should talk to these kids, drugaddiction experts should educate them, to help them make more reasonable choices. And they are mentioning the incredible anger that lives in these kids: they are full of rage! Ready to kill even for a perceived insult without delay! But the magazines offer no explanation whatsoever for that. It never occurs to them that perhaps there is a single factor behind the whole phenomenon: the conditioning of the human animal by the priests and the politicians! Let us have a look at some of the basic precepts of these so-called religious leaders:

On religion: (.....)

CHAPTER 33:

In this last CHAPTER HERO is ready to go to the twelfth planet or he is already there. From here he remembers everything perfectly: all the other CHAPTERS that have been evolved one within the other like an onion peeled layer after layer, until only the last truth remains to be told...

1961: The Roads of Europe: hitchhikers delight.
1963: The Golf of Akaba: Glen Miller on the Red Sea.

The yugo's and brotherlove.

1964: Istanbul, the opium connection.

1965: Tanger and the kiefgrowers of Ketama.

1966: Transsahara expedition: the military of Tan-tan,
Tarfaya; arrest in Nouakchot.

1967: University and the shrunken minds

1970: The overland Asia journey: Istanbul, Scoring in
Ankara. The great snowy passes of east Turkey
with the ARARAT, Erzurum, Eskishehir, the border
crossing with dope, Teheran and the bus to Afganistan.
Afganistan: Herat, Kandahar, Kabul

1970: the great Dalhousie trip: The vipassana crew.

The search for the Master. The Himalaya's. The
Sadhu's. Anagarika Munindra.

1973: meeting the Masters. Neem-karoli-baba, Lama
Anagarika Govinda, the Sakya lama. Karmapa!

1976: Ranchi and the Hindu paradise

1978: Poona and twelfth planet outpost

1982: Amsterdam and the drugscene

1984: America and Big Brother

1987: Poona II

1990: Soulmate revisited

1991: The Chilean Connection

The Man is communicating, talking to his twin

brother who remained behind on the 12th planet. This is the archetype of the separation of the Siamese Twins. This device of mine (the author) is in order to be able to express logically his deepest feelings because they are equals and the recuperation of the primal love becomes possible, (This means it is then possible to express this type of love that we are normally afraid to admit: brotherly love, intimacy with the people of the Path.)

This also a device to insert the relation of seeker and spiritguide!

From the point of view of the story it is a device to keep the the guy who was sent to the earth somehow connected with the original purpose he was sent, reincarnated, for: trying to lead mankind away from the path of selfdestruction onto the path of love and growth.

The fallacy of the idea that anyone could be happy without taking into account the unhappyness of all others, or anybody else, at the expense of somebody else, needs to be explained in some detail. If we are really all just drops in one ocean it is selfevident.

1. TOTAL DESCRIPTION:

The animal past of the human species and the conditioning of the human computer

War and the arms maffia

The role of politicians and priests

Religion and overpopulation

The significance of the AIDS disease

The end of the road

Change or extinction

g

So I'm in Chile and where do I land? Right around the corner from Pinochet. Every morning I wake up and from the kitchen I look down on to his patio and then two years later I meet this woman who played in the movie of Jack Lemmon in search of Carlos. the father is Jack Lemon and then later on she meets Pinochet's wife who comes to buy stuff from her perfume shop and its later and the old bitch doesn,t know about anything except about not paying anything So of course the woman doesn't even give an inch and the old hag has to pay

CHAPTER 5: A 16th century Carpenter

the 2nd woman

CHAPTER 6: The Mississippi boat gamblers

For Vipassana

Imagine a cave. You are in it. It's dark, there is no light, no sound. And you are floating on a salty liquid that prevent you from sinking and has the same temperature as you so you don't feel anything. You are weightless, neither hot, nor cold. Even in the inner eye there is no picture, no thought, no memory. You're on 'standby'.

So there is no way you can tell where you start and where you end. Much less who you are, where you came from or where you're going.

As it turns out you don't really like it, you are bored; you would like to feel or see or hear something. You would like some feedback.

Before you know it you are 'born'. A space-suit is instantly fitted to you according to the resultant of a long series of desires which have culminated in one single desire: you want more of the same!

This space-suit has 9 holes to interact with the 'environment' and 5 sensors to check that interaction and a central computer and 'you', well, let's say 'you' are inside behind the computer so that not only do you become aware of all the reports that come in every

millisecond from the 5 sensors, but also you are aware of the processing of the computer itself.

The beauty of this suit is that you in this way have a kind of a double info system working for you: first the sensors that pass on info on what is happening 'outside' and second the computer that processes this info. It receives all the data coming from the sensors, stores them and compares the continuous stream of new data coming in relentlessly with the files saved from the past.

A stream of electrical signals interpreted by a central computer which simplifies these signals by dividing them into three categories: pleasant, unpleasant, and neutral.

So inside this space-suit you can:

perceive light; you can distinguish a few colours in a certain narrow band zone;

perceive sounds, again within a narrow zone: the frequency must be neither too low nor too high;

in the suit itself, all over the material that makes it up, is an enormous amount of small sensors that can measure only three things: temperature, hardness and movement.

Since the suit needs fuel to sustain it and to move it around, it has one hole in it to enter fuel and two holes to expel waste materials; to be able to test the fuel at the entrance opening, there is another sensor there that can distinguish 4 tastes: sweet, salt, sour, and bitter;

There is an added sensor in the two other openings that will enable you to judge if the gasses that enter this hole, are suitable for the necessary chemical processes that produce the energy for this system. This sensor can distinguish an amazing variety of smells, unfortunately it has suffered from some neglect and abuse therefore in this model space-suit, it is not very developed.

So now, you 'experience reality' by becoming aware of light, sound, touch, taste, smell, as they enter the central computer as electric signals, and become conscious on the central screen; here the input is compared with all the old files that the computer comes with, and the new ones that are accumulating there from the very first moment of its start-up.

Of course this outside info is only a very small portion of what is available 'out there': vast amounts of light remain invisible to the naked sensor, the same applies to sound. The suit itself is a wonder of design, sure, but still it can only register very limited phenomena: the temperature needs to be within a very narrow zone or else the suit is damaged beyond repair; likewise movements cannot be too abrupt, contact should not be too hard.

So there you are now, sitting behind your computer receiving all those data, comparing them with available files from the past, your 'knowledge', and then deciding what to do about 'it'.

These files from the past are sorted into three kinds of feeling: it's either good, bad, or you don't care. If the feeling is good, desire arises. If it's bad hatred follows, and if it's indifferent you hardly notice it so you can go on dreaming.

The funny thing about this set-up is, that as soon as you have entered the space-suit, you don't remember anything. You begin to think that the space-suit is yours! Part of you, you! It started as a nice game: just to feel feedback you started desiring, just to play! And so you chose the suit by remembering the previous ones you have used, and desiring a better model this time.

But you forgot everything again and now you take it all very seriously. The result is that leaving your suit at the end of the trip becomes a major catastrophe. This has gone on to such an extent that those remaining in their suits perform all kinds of incredible rituals to 'ease' the 'pain' of the 'departed' and those staying behind.

Viewed from the other side of the divide they are being received like 'fresh floaters' just back from the game. They may eventually choose a new suit again, addicted as they are to the game. Some are so much addicted that they don't even realise it when they are out of the game and therefore spastically re-enter almost immediately without even allowing themselves some well earned rest.

Seen from the suit-side the re-entry or birth is considered a happy event, greeted with a lot of greed even.

From this side however, it viewed a lot more philosophically, because from here the inevitable coming back is not seen as a surprising or bereaving thing, but instead as just the exit of another round of the most sought after video game in town and all the young and daring ones want to try it once more!

There always seem to be a few things one didn't quite experience or not quite right. The tragic part in a way, is that as soon as you're down again, in the suit, locked up until you "die", you forget, you identify yourself with the suit, you are no longer in it for the game, you are in it for the marbles, you become very attached to them. You loose the plot, and your suit will surely start to break down, to cause pain, and you will surely loose all the marbles that you have accumulated in this "life", and you begin to suffer...

Sinester pikte de activistische draad weer op in de Bijlmer, waar hij een van de oprichters was van het zogeheten [Zwart Beraad](#), dat ijverde voor meer zwarte

bestuurders en ambtenaren in het stadsdeel. Daarna keerde hij terug naar Suriname. “Met de kennis die ik in Amsterdam heb opgedaan, heb ik een bijdrage kunnen leveren aan de versterking van de Surinaamse politie. We hebben de buurtregisseurs ingevoerd en een opleiding voor inspecteurs opgezet. Waar ik het meest trots op ben is dat ik ervoor heb gezorgd dat bij de beschrijving van verdachten de term ras is vervangen door etniciteit.”

Iran unrest

State media: Death sentence issued to protester
Court convicted protester of “enmity against God”

But only an enlightened person can be trusted. Why? — because he can see. And he can see into the words and find the silence — which is the real message. If you listen to the meaning, you are a student; if you listen to the silence, you are a disciple. And if you completely forget who is talking and who is listen-ing, you become one with the master — you are a devotee. These are the three stages: the student, the disciple and the devotee. The student understands the meaning of the words, the disciple understands the silence of the words, and the devo-tee becomes the silence itself. His thoughts are still. His words' are still.

Het Parool

Goed advies of capitulatie voor antisemitisme? De waarschuwing van een Duitse regeringsgezant aan Joden niet overal een keppel te dragen, raakt een open zenuw. Ook in Nederland. ‘Dit is blaming the victim.’

[Hanneloes Pen en Bas Soetenhorst](#) 27 mei 2019, 12:30

Meldpunt

“Door ons meldpunt antisemitisme weten we dat mensen die keppeltjes dragen vieze blikken krijgen of worden geïntimideerd,” zegt Vrieler. “Die gevoelens van onveiligheid zijn niet uniek voor Duitsland. Frits Bolkestein, die zich heeft ingezet voor de veiligheid van Joden in Nederland, zei in 2010 al dat Joden die zich onveilig voelden misschien beter konden emigreren. Maar hij deed dat niet als regeringsfunctionaris. Wat Klein heeft gezegd, riekt naar ‘blaming the victim’: als je je identiteit maar verbergt, ben je van het probleem af.”

In Existence nothing ever gets lost

Repent, for the Judgements of God Are Real

(demonstration against same sex marriage legalization, somewhere in the states)

Remember, meditation will give you more and more intelligence, an infinite intelligence, a radiant intelligence. Meditation will make you more vital and sensitive; your life will be enriched.

Osho

Maar schijn bedriegt, want in realiteit liepen de spanningen hoog op.

Palestijnen die op de Westelijke Jordaanoever door Israëliërs werden aangevallen,

Israëliëse politieagenten die de al-Aqsa moskee in Jeruzalem (een van de heiligste plaatsen voor moslims) bestormden,

en joden die het verbod om te bidden op de

Tempelberg aan hun laars laptten;

het waren allemaal gebeurtenissen die de frustratie onder de Hamasleiders steeds meer deed groeien.

Het resultaat: in de vroege ochtend van zaterdag 7 oktober lanceerde Hamas de geplande terreuraanval.

Volgens de leiders konden er uiteindelijk veel meer slachtoffers worden gemaakt dan verwacht. Dat kwam vooral doordat ze met weinig moeite door de Israëlische verdediging konden breken en militaire basissen en woonwijken zonder al te veel weerstand overrompelden.

Het is vreemd dat ik nergens de mening heb gehoord, naar aanleiding van de Parijs aanslag, dat alle geloven “verderfelijk en geweldig” zijn omdat ze doelbewust het krities denken willen opheffen.

Het is eigenlijk heel simpel als je maar de betekenis van woorden in gedachten houdt. Zo ook de betekenis van het woord geloof: “ik weet het niet maar ik geloof dat het later op de dag zal gaan regenen”. Prima toch?

Maar als je dat verandert in: “Ik geloof dat God in de hemel is en dat J.C. zijn zoon is” dan zeg je: “Ik weet het niet, maar ik geloof het”. Ook niks verkeerd mee, als je maar niet uit het oog

verliest dat je het gelooft, maar het niet zeker weet.

En zo zijn er een hele reeks ideeën die gebaseerd zijn op geloof (niet weten dus), die over het algemeen in de categorie vallen van een geprojecteerde vaderfiguur die ergens daar boven woont en die ons voortdurend bespiedt en ons soms straft volgens vele hele rare ideeën.

Het woord religie komt voort uit het latijn en betekent niets anders dan re-ligere, oftewel herverbinden. Het is dus een systeem dat je kan herverbinden met het bestaan. Dit is de enige betekenis die ergens op slaat en is ook heel neutraal en zal niet gauw aanleiding zijn tot grote meningsverschillen, laat staan oorlogen, aanslagen, moordpartijen want het is een heel duidelijk en onschuldige verklaring.

In grote tegenstelling tot deze Religie, zijn er de geloven. Ik noem ze bijgeloven omdat ze allemaal één ding gemeen hebben: ze weten het niet, ze geloven dat het zo is. En om hun verzonnen ideeën toch een zeker gewicht te geven hebben ze vaak een profeet nodig, iemand die het “zeker weet” want hij ontving een

direkte komunikatie vanuit de “hemel”. Soms is het niet eens zeker dat deze profeet inderdaad heeft bestaan, en zijn de ideeën eigenlijk veel later verzonnen of bijgesteld door “Geloofsgeleerden die de profeet interpreteren”.

En altijd adverteren deze bijgeloven met de stellige uitspraak dat ze je kunnen herverbinden met GOD, wat op niets is gebaseerd en wat ook duidelijk in tegenspraak is met de kwaliteiten van de “gelovigen”, die bijna nooit geïnteresseerd zijn in spirituele oefeningen die inderdaad werken, maar altijd in rituelen en ceremonien die je slechts de macht ontnemen en eigenlijk nooit meer zijn dan een onderdrukkingsmethode van een elite die het ook niet weet, maar het wel “gelooft”. Deze elite is bijna altijd in cahoots met de regerende macht en zijn ook wel gedefinieerd als “de mafia van de geest”.

Het maakt dus niets uit wat je gelooft. Wat uitmaakt is dat je het niet weet!

Zo werd er de afgelopen week steeds maar weer gezegd dat de moordpartij niets te maken had met de Islam. Ik zeg het heeft alles te maken met de Islam, en het Katolicisme en het

protestantse geloof en het boeddhisme en het hindoeïsme en de vele anderen verschillende soorten bijgeloof. Want wat gebeurt er tussen de verschillende bijgeloven? Ze gaan concurreren en mekaar zwart maken en elkaar belachelijk maken want dat hebben ze ook met elkaar gemeen: ze zijn allemaal even belachelijk en baseren zich op uitspraken van jongens die het ook niet wisten, maar wel geloofden.

Af en toe in de geschiedenis wordt één zo'n groep iets meer belachelijk dan de anderen en dan krijgen ze vaak een minderwaardigheids complex en dan worden ze gevaarlijk in hun verdediging van hun "Geloog", een onbewuste freudiaanse verschrijving die best wel goed uitdrukt wat ik bedoel. En dat is wat we zagen in Parijs, een groepje verdommelingen die zich minderwaardig voelden, die wild om zich heen sloeg omdat hun geloog aangevallen, beledigd en belachelijk gemaakt werd.

Dus wie is verantwoordelijk voor deze misere? Alle valse geloven, alle bijgeloven, alle gelogen. En in gelijke mate want het doet er niet toe of de christenen en niet vrouwen en kinderen vermoorden in naam van hun geloof, ze kunnen

op ieder moment weer beginnen. Ook in dezelfde categorie vallen andere bijgeloven zoals communisme, socialisme, al dan niet nationaal, kapitalisme, voor zover ze niet zijn gebaseerd op wetenschap, onderzoek, een voordurende bijstelling van wat waarheid is en wat niet in plaats van dat blinde geloof dat voorkomt uit gebrekkige onderwijs methoden, een desire tot onderdrukken van je medemens en het eeuwige doel van alle ego's: de mijne is groter dan de jouwe en als je dat bestrijdt hak ik je hoofd eraf. Je zou kunnen zeggen dat al die gelovige jongens eigenlijk nog niet geheel hun chimpanzee oorlogen stadium ontgroeid zijn, waar de grootte van het mannelijk lid de voornaamste factor is in de uitkomst van het strijdtoneel.

Het is dus slechts een histories toeval dat op dit moment onze broeders in het midden oosten zo verward zijn dat ze de oorspronkelijke betekenis van het woord religie kwijt zijn. Dit wordt veroorzaakt door diktatoriale kleptokratische regeringen, door slecht of geen onderwijs, door onderdrukking van vrouwen, allerlei oorlogen en niet te vergeten, bevolkingsgroei samen met een katastrofale vermindering van het aanbod van

water. Als deze mensen dan in het rijke westen belanden, dan wordt hun minderwaardigheids gevoel enorm aangewakkerd want nu wordt zelfs hun “geloof” beledigd, belachelijk gemaakt door dezelfde mensen die zelf een belachelijk bijgeloof aanhangen en die zij graag “ongelovigen” noemen. Dit roept om wraak!

Gezien in het licht van het voorgaande, wat is dan religie? Er zijn altijd in de geschiedenis van de mens een aantal mensen geweest die het “wisten”. Zij geloofden niets. Dit inzicht werd altijd persoonlijk doorgegeven door meesters die na lange introspectie tot bepaalde konklusies waren gekomen over wat de waarheid is rond ons bestaan hier op aarde.

Het eerste wat de meester aan zijn leerling vertelt is dat geloof niets waard is behalve als werkhypothese. Hij zegt bijvoorbeeld: “Jij denkt dat jij een persoon bent die de dingen doet die je doet, niet? Maar is dat wel waar? Kijk nog eens goed. Je gelooft dat er een God bestaat, maar is dat wel wetenschappelijk of is het slechts een bijgeloof?”

Het interessante van religie in de oorspronkelijke betekenis van het woord is dat er nooit enig verschil van mening heeft bestaan tussen al diegenen die de waarheid hebben ontdekt. Hun beschrijvingen van de realiteit verschillen, maar dat is slechts verschil in taalgebruik, ze zullen er nooit over vechten. Ze zullen elkaar misschien soms belachelijk maken, maar dat is slechts omdat ze een groot gevoel voor humor hebben in plaats van een grote ego. En vergeet niet ze hebben geen gewone ego meer en kunnen dus per definitie niet beledigd worden. Je kunt ze uitlachen, maar ze zullen met je mee lachen want ze hebben geen minderwaardigheids complex meer.

Ze komen voor in alle “religies” van de wereld want een werkelijke zoeker naar de waarheid zal zich niet zo gauw van zijn quest laten afleiden door de sprookjes en bakerpraatjes van de godsdienstenologen. Behalve onder de taoïsten, de boeddhisten, de hindoes, de christenen en de moslims vind je ze onder de ateïsten, de wetenschappelijke denkers, kunstenaars en geliefden.

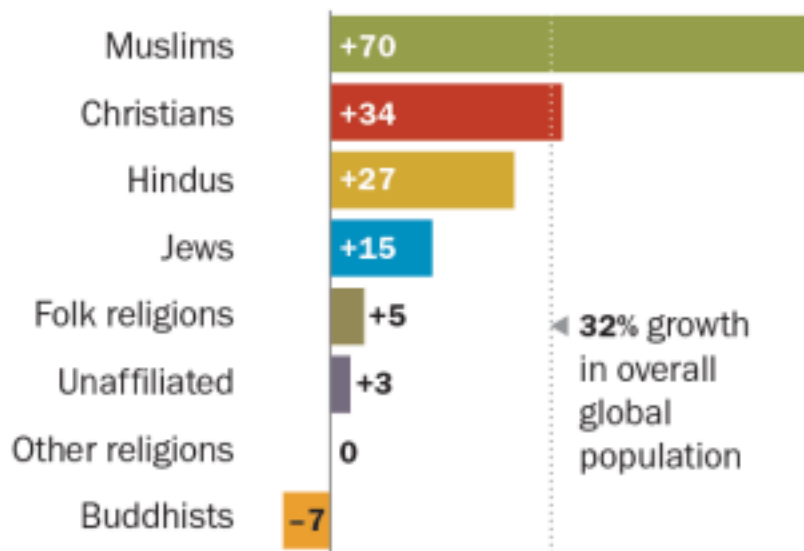
APRIL 6, 2017

Why Muslims are the world's fastest-growing religious group

BY MICHAEL LIPKA AND CONRAD HACKETT

Muslims projected to be fastest-growing major religious group

Estimated percent change in population size, 2015-2060



Source: Pew Research Center demographic projections. See Methodology for details.

"The Changing Global Religious Landscape"

PEW RESEARCH CENTER

In the next half century or so, Christianity's long reign as the world's largest religion may come to an end, according to a [just-released report](#) that builds on Pew Research Center's [original population growth projections for religious groups](#). Indeed, Muslims will grow more than twice as fast as the overall world population between 2015 and 2060 and, in the second half of this century, [will likely surpass Christians](#) as the world's largest religious group.

While the world's population is projected to grow 32% in the coming decades, the number of Muslims is expected to increase by 70% – from 1.8 billion in 2015 to nearly 3 billion in 2060. In 2015, Muslims made up 24.1% of the global population. Forty-five years later, they are expected to make up more than three-in-ten of the world's people (31.1%).

The main reasons for Islam's growth ultimately involve simple demographics. To begin with,

Muslims have more children than members of the seven other major religious groups analyzed in the study. Muslim women have an average of 2.9 children, significantly above the next-highest group (Christians at 2.6) and the average of all non-Muslims (2.2). In all major regions where there is a sizable Muslim population, Muslim fertility exceeds non-Muslim fertility.

The growth of the Muslim population also is helped by the fact that Muslims have the youngest median age (24 in 2015) of all major religious groups, more than seven years younger than the median age of non-Muslims (32). A larger share of Muslims will soon be at the point in their lives when people begin having children. This, combined with high fertility rates, will accelerate Muslim population growth.

According to John Oliver the population of the 21 least populous states of america represents only

11% of the total, yet they send 42 (?) senators to Washington. His comment with a smile: " this seems a little extreme"

My research came up with the following data:
43.6% of the population sends 52 republican senators to Washington, and 56.1% send 44 democratic senators. This translates to 2,693,797 republicans votes for one senator, and 4,091,068 democrats per senator.

Is this what they call democracy? And is this criminal idiot Trump complain that the elections are rigged? Unbelievable!

Barack Obama said (in 2019):

Women "undisputably better" leaders than men.

"I am absolutely confident that for two years if every nation on earth was run by women, you would see a significant improvement across the board on just about everything... living standards

and outcomes."

And then here the translation by google into
spanish

La ciencia de la iluminación

Conciencia plena en la vida diaria

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Introduccion - El mito de la muerte

Nadie nunca muere

Una verdad difícil de digerir.

Es un punto de vista muy inaceptable en la mayoría de las sociedades, pero hay muy buenas razones para esta continua ignorancia:

En realidad, nadie muere nunca. y nadie muere antes o después de lo que predicen las leyes de causa y efecto.

Buda dice:

No hay ninguna persona dentro de ti

Y todo es impermanente.

Por eso todo es doloroso.

Esta visión es compartida por todos los Maestros iluminados a lo largo de los tiempos y también por todos sus discípulos iluminados tan pronto como experimentan la primera etapa de la iluminación (el que entra en la Corriente o Sotapanna y las otras tres etapas).

Ellos mismos lo han visto, comprendido y digerido porque eso es sinónimo de experimentar el Nirvana, que es una comprensión instantánea de la Ley.

La Ley dice que todas las cosas en la totalidad de la Existencia comparten tres características: todas las cosas son

- 1 impersonal
- 2 impermanente
- 3 y por lo tanto doloroso

Esto significa que no eres una entidad separada. Eres más como una nube de pensamientos que nacen rápidamente y desaparecen nuevamente en segundos, con la que la mayoría de nosotros estamos totalmente identificados hasta tal punto que no vemos que este proceso continúa durante toda nuestra vida y que en el momento de la muerte esto no es diferente en absoluto: el último pensamiento en esta vida da origen al primer pensamiento en la próxima vida y así la ilusión de "alguien" continúa incluso si experimentamos ese momento.

Las sociedades niegan esa primera y más básica verdad. La razón es que todas las sociedades aman la mentira. Da poder a los sacerdotes y políticos (La Mafia de la Mente de Osho) que hacen todo lo posible para ocultar esta verdad a todos sus "súbditos", para poder seguir reprimiendo, robando, destruyendo y librando guerras.

En los próximos capítulos esto se explica con gran detalle.

Cap I - Samsara – Nirvana

*Del drama a la comedia,
Si estás en sintonía con la Existencia,
La Existencia te ayudará en cada paso del camino.
Entonces, ¿cómo estar en sintonía con la Existencia...?*

Un viaje a la iluminación

La iluminación, una historia personal

Tal vez has estudiado la ciencia budista durante 20 años y crees que entiendes de qué se trata, pero después del momento de experimentar el Nirvana, te das cuenta de que nunca has entendido nada, porque no has sentido la Existencia atravesándote, bendiciéndote. y dándote amor y belleza, y ahora por primera vez lo sientes.

Y entonces, puedes preocuparte un poco porque comprendes también que esta verdad va en contra de todo lo que la sociedad te ha dicho alguna vez.

La iluminación tiene que ver con la comprensión, no con la luz. Lo que sucede durante y después de la iluminación es una comprensión total de cómo funciona la Existencia. Entiendes que no tiene ninguna preferencia y que todo se trata de inteligencia y amor y belleza, que 'Dios' no existe porque es un concepto falso, y que el término 'Existencia' es mucho mejor que el término 'Dios' porque la Existencia es tu madre, la madre de todos, la madre de todo. Es una realidad matriarcal. Y

que Ella no juzga nada, jamás.

Entiendes que el problema es que el ego va en contra de la Existencia, y que por eso sufres. Entiendes todo eso por primera vez. Y una vez que entiendes, tu vida cambia para siempre.

Durante treinta y cuatro años había sido consciente de lo que se llama la experiencia del Nirvana, al menos en teoría. Comenzó con el libro "Zen Flesh Zen Bones" (Zen Flesh, Zen Bones es una publicación de 1957 de Paul Reps que combina cuatro textos separados sobre la práctica no dual: 101 Zen Stories, The Gateless Gate, Ten Bulls, Centering), que un amigo de la mía me dio en una habitación de hotel de Estambul en 1964, cuando entendí que en realidad había seres humanos que entienden la "realidad", y termina con un largo y difícil viaje en moto por la India con mi novia colombiana en 1998. Sin embargo, cuando finalmente sucedió Yo estaba totalmente desprevenido.

Desde que sucedió he querido compartir la experiencia, pero ha sido una tarea difícil porque hay mucha resistencia a su alrededor. Por supuesto, de la sociedad surge una seria duda, incluso de la posibilidad de la experiencia, pero también de mis maestros y muchos otros maestros y sus discípulos, que son mis amigos, parece surgir la convicción de que simplemente no se habla de ello y si lo hace, solo muestra que todavía está engañado.

Luego está también el hecho de que muchas personas, que han declarado su iluminación, han sido asesinadas por los líderes de las falsas religiones locales (y sus cómplices, los políticos), que temen perder

el control sobre sus 'rebaños' y los ingresos. y el poder derivado de él. Hay muchos ejemplos de ello en la historia y aunque no lo haya experimentado en esta vida, debo haberlo encontrado muchas veces en mis vidas pasadas (ver Capítulo VI: Muerte, Vidas Pasadas y Renacimiento).

En la noche del 9 de febrero de 1998, estaba con mi novia viviendo en una pequeña choza de bambú en la playa de Pernem en Goa, India. Realmente no sé qué me pasó, pero sentí una tremenda necesidad de estar solo por la noche. Así que le pedí a ver si podía pasar la noche en la cabaña de bambú al lado de la nuestra, (Era un lugar donde alquilaban cabañas en la playa para turistas hippies), que sabía que unos amigos acababan de desocupar. Ella accedió a regañadientes. No habíamos estado en muy buenos términos, ya sabes, malentendidos, culpas y reclamos y me sentí muy aliviado de tener lo que finalmente parecía ser un tiempo a solas.

La cama era absolutamente horrible: solo algunas tablas ásperas en un marco rústico con un colchón delgado de coco. Las tablas estaban lejos de estar niveladas y podía sentir las a través del colchón. Sin embargo, me sentí como un rey en su cama real. Me acosté boca arriba para meditar tal como lo había hecho durante los últimos 28 años durante todos los cursos de meditación en los que había estado practicando.

Estuve en un estado particularmente deprimido y emocional durante muchos años; había estado llorando todos los días durante horas, durante mucho tiempo, y estaba al límite de mis fuerzas. Sin embargo, yo estaba

extrañamente tranquilo y en un estado de lo que sabía por los estudios y algo de experiencia para ser la ecuanimidad. Parecía que en algún momento me alejé aunque nunca dormí (la terrible cama me impidió eso).

Y luego no tengo ningún recuerdo de lo que sucedió a continuación: fue sólo un breve momento. No sucedió nada, nada que ver, escuchar, sentir o pensar, pero fue el momento más refrescante de toda mi vida, aunque todavía no era muy consciente de eso en ese momento. Es posible que haya dormido un rato y recuerdo que de repente estaba completamente despierto escuchando las olas en la playa. Recuerdo que las escuché como nunca antes había escuchado olas. En Goa, las olas no llegan a la playa como una línea que cae en un gran estruendo, sino que caen en ángulo para que las escuches pasar como un tren de carga. Era un sonido encantador.

Sentí algo en mi pecho (no me había movido de mi posición y mi cuerpo estaba inmóvil y en completo reposo). Lo tomé y lo puse en el flo o de la choza, que era arena, y comencé a preguntarme qué me había pasado. Mirando dentro no pude encontrar mi familiar depresión, miedo o tristeza y me sentí tan increíblemente bien que no pude entenderlo.

Unas horas más tarde, salió el sol y miré lo que había estado en mi pecho. Era un escorpión sentado justo a mi lado. No es un tipo muy peligroso que yo sepa, pero aun así puede producir una picadura desagradable. Nunca había visto un escorpión como ese en Goa. Lentamente me levanté para comenzar un nuevo día sin acordarme ni un momento de mi novia y

mientras salía a desayunar a la playa que se encuentra a poca distancia, me la encontré justo afuera y me sorprendí totalmente al verla. En un gesto de enfado se llevó las manos a los costados y dijo en voz alta con ira fingida: “Y yo, ¿qué hay de mí?”. Me reí, me encogí de hombros y seguí mi camino.

Sentado en la terraza para pedir algo de comer, cambié de opinión y pedí una cerveza, ocupándome tranquilamente de mis propios asuntos. De repente empezaron a venir personas de diferentes países que habían estado sentadas en mesas a mi alrededor en la misma terraza y me preguntaron si podían sentarse conmigo pero no por falta de espacio y me di cuenta de que había estado sentado allí sonriendo y radiante como un feliz niño y se habían vuelto curiosos. Me preguntaron si podía enseñarles el Dhamma. No pude creer lo que escuché. ¡Esto nunca había pasado!

“Y no hay ninguna razón en absoluto para ser miserable. De hecho, la miseria debería ser muy excepcional; la felicidad debe ser simplemente natural. No debes preguntarle a nadie: '¿Por qué te ves feliz?' Pero esta es la situación. Si te ves feliz y sonriendo y divirtiéndote, todos te mirarán fijamente, como si algo hubiera salido mal: ¿Qué le ha pasado a este pobre hombre? ¿Por qué está sonriendo y disfrutando? – Parece que no hay razón. Y alguien seguramente preguntará: '¿Qué pasa?'. Algún policía vendrá preguntando: '¿Por qué estás creando esta multitud en el tráfico? ¿Por qué sonríes? ¿Por qué estás bailando?

Para continuar leyendo esta charla de OSHO, visita: Solo sé feliz de que tu sombrero haya regresa

Mi padre fue arrestado por los nazis 3 meses antes de mi nacimiento y asesinado 8 meses después de ser arrestado por sospechas de actividades subversivas. Una vez había llevado a una amiga judía a Suiza en un viaje desgarrador a través de Bélgica y Francia en tiempos de guerra, principalmente viajando encubierto por la noche, cruzando a escondidas las fronteras. De hecho, logró dejarla en Suiza, donde recibió asilo político, pero fue expulsado, ya que no era "judío", a Francia, donde la policía de Vichy lo estaba esperando y lo arrestó. (¿Cómo supieron los franceses que venía?) Logró escapar y regresó a Holanda de la misma manera, ¡donde la policía alemana lo arrestó nuevamente!

Escribió una historia al respecto, que leí cuando mi tío Piet, su hermano, decidió darme el manuscrito 25 años después. Posteriormente lo tiré a la basura en una ola de locura juvenil cuando declaré que el pasado ya no existía y que el futuro aún no había llegado, bajo la influencia del LSD..

Mi madre entró en acción. Ya estaba embarazada de mí, pero aún no muy visiblemente, así que se ató una almohada en el vientre y se fue a la notoria prisión de Scheveningen donde los alemanes tenían a sus prisioneros políticos. Ha descrito la reunión que tuvo allí con el capitán alemán a cargo muchas veces y describió su compasión y buena voluntad, lo que realmente me impresionó. ¡No todos los alemanes eran

malos!

Mi madre era mitad judía proveniente de una madre que era una típica mujer judía, fuerte, pero muy pequeña, tenía el pelo rizado pero no la nariz. Todo eso, sorprendentemente para mí, no contó para los alemanes porque ella se casó con un holandés alto y rubio del tipo Arie de la campiña holandesa y ella había abandonado la religión. Sin embargo, mi madre tenía aspecto judío y también era muy baja, pero nunca he oído ninguna historia de que nuestra familia haya sido acosada por ser judía, mientras que al mismo tiempo 32.000 judíos fueron sacados de sus casas en Amsterdam. (La madre de mi futuro amado no-medio hermano también fue llevada a los campamentos por ser judía, para nunca más regresar. El pobre Joep escuchó la noticia accidentalmente a través de la puerta cerrada de la sala de estar donde los adultos discutían sobre ello. Tenía nueve años. nunca más volvió a hablar de ello, al menos no a la familia).

¡Así que mi padre estaba en casa! ¿Todo el mundo está feliz? No, no del todo. Sufría terriblemente de paranoia, tenía miedo a la persecución. Y no sin razón, teniendo en cuenta que en nuestra casa había dos hermanas judías escondidas detrás de una doble pared falsa, al estilo de Ana Frank. Así que decidió visitar a unos amigos en el campo a una hora al norte de la ciudad. Solo para relajarse un poco. Lo que no sabían era que estos amigos estaban publicando ilegalmente un periódico de resistencia en su sótano. Por supuesto, un crimen capital para las autoridades alemanas, pero

también para la policía colaboradora holandesa que allanó la casa y tomó a todos prisioneros. Allí estaba, en la cárcel de nuevo, pero ahora por un crimen “real”!

Su hermano Piet vino a visitarlo. Todavía no había sido entregado a los alemanes y, para su sorpresa, la puerta estaba abierta. Nadie supo porque y Piet dijo: vamos, vamos, la puerta está abierta. Mi padre dijo: “No, no voy. Soy inocente y pronto se darán cuenta y me dejarán ir”.

Eso, por supuesto, nunca sucedió y todavía me sorprende lo ingenuo y optimista que era. (Tenía sólo 22 años y en su carta astrológica se le puede ver como una persona muy compasiva socialmente y con mucha fe en la humanidad, que en algún momento se va a meter en problemas por eso). Lo subieron a un tren a Alemania, donde murió en un campo de concentración de “disentería” en marzo de 1945, justo cuando la Gestapo estaba “eliminando” a los últimos prisioneros antes del colapso total del Reich.

Como resultado, mi madre estuvo llorando a diario durante años después de mi nacimiento. Me sentí a cargo de su felicidad e intenté todo lo que pude para que se sintiera mejor. La abrazaba todas las mañanas en la cama. De hecho, recuerdo haberme excitado sexualmente con sus muslos cuando tenía unos 3 años. Entonces un hombre, el tío Paul, entró en nuestra casa y la tomó en sus brazos y yo me sentí desesperadamente inútil y lloré y lloré hasta que un tío dijo: “Solo pon su cabeza debajo de la llave del lavamanos y se detendrá”, y él lo hice y nunca volví a

llorar durante 35 años.

Así que ahora había acumulado dos traumas en los primeros cuatro años de mi joven vida, pero nunca los sentí. Me consideraba el tipo más afortunado y feliz que había. Tenía el control sólido, me iba muy bien en las escuelas, universidades, trabajos, aprendí todo tipo de habilidades y viajé alrededor de la tierra en busca de un maestro como los mencionados en "Zen Flesh, Zen Bones". Cuando finalmente lo conocí en la luna llena del miércoles 14 de octubre de 1970 en Bodh-Gaya, donde Buda se había iluminado ± 2500 años antes, me preguntó cómo estaba y dije: "¡genial!" Él solo asintió con sus ojos amorosos y penetrantes y no dijo nada mientras comenzaba a interrogar a mi esposa de 6 años, quien siempre viajaba conmigo.

La relación con mi esposa terminó 13 años después. Conocí a otra mujer a la que también quería mucho y luego esa relación terminó después de 7 años y luego otra más. Misma historia. Para cuando terminó, estaba destruido, pero todavía no lloré. Mientras tanto, había conocido a mi segundo maestro Osho, quien me hizo pasar meses de terapia. Nada parecía funcionar, de verdad. Sí, hubo alivio después de cada sesión de terapia, cada grupo, pero el dolor que sentía casi continuamente, siempre volvía después de una semana. ¡Lo único que parecía haber aprendido era a llorar, lo que de hecho fue un gran alivio!

Después de algunos años comencé a perder la esperanza de curarme y desarrollé una especie de depresión casi constante que se cernía sobre mí como

una nube oscura. Siempre estuvo ahí, así que al final ya casi ni me di cuenta. Todas las mañanas lo revisaba y sí, ahí estaba. A veces había miedo, miedo a cualquier cosa o a todo. Muchas veces fue tristeza. Había una pieza musical que podía lanzarme a un tremendo agujero de sollozos interminables de los que no había alivio excepto un cambio de humor químico de la farmacia que duró solo un par de horas. Sin embargo, me quitó el miedo durante unas horas y tomé muchas de esas pastillas.

¡Ese día en la playa cuando desperté en mi choza de bambú, revisé como de costumbre y la gran nube negra no estaba allí! No solo eso, sino que había un sentimiento completamente nuevo de amor, frescura, belleza, conciencia y compasión que hizo que mis labios se curvaran involuntariamente en una gran sonrisa feliz. ¡Nunca antes había experimentado una vida sin dolor porque no sabía que tenía dolor, y ahora, por primera vez, me había dado cuenta de ello y se había ido!

Así que les hablé a estas personas en la terraza de la playa un poco sobre la verdad, el Dhamma y la meditación. No recuerdo lo que dije y pensé: "Ok, volverá. No tengo idea de lo que me pasó anoche, pero volverá, creo..."

Por supuesto, había estado escuchando a mi Maestro Munindra durante 8 años o más, hablando sobre la iluminación, qué era y cómo funcionaba, y luego nuevamente a mi Maestro Osho durante 12 años,

sentado a sus pies, distraído sin comprender realmente. También me había topado un día con una cinta de casete con un discurso de Osho donde contaba la historia de su propia iluminación (que sorprendentemente escuché junto a Munindra cuando estaba en París en 1978, en su gira europea) y era curiosamente similar a lo que acababa de sucederme. Todavía no podía creerlo. Casi me perdí mi depresión, para sentirme 'normal' otra vez.

Así que pagué mi cerveza y regresé a mi choza de bambú donde encontré a mi novia esperándome y exigiendo una explicación. Dije: "Realmente no lo sé, pero creo que experimenté el Nirvana". Ella solo me miró con esa mirada de: "Sí, claro, otra de tus excusas".

En la mañana de ese hermoso día no había pensamientos, ni emociones, ni recuerdos, solo pura luz hermosa, una hermosa transparencia, había inteligencia y amor y paz. Y silencio, todo estaba tan deliciosamente silencioso. Ni una nube oscura a la vista. Estaba tan cautivado que casi me olvidé de mi novia. Por primera vez entendí lo que significaba la meditación. Había meditado durante 27 años sin comprender nunca las implicaciones de ello. Estaba naturalmente en un estado de conciencia total sin ningún esfuerzo.

A la mañana siguiente, después de un sueño breve y muy reparador, comenzó el entendimiento.

Después de que te ilumines y empieces a pensar en lo que pasó, te das cuenta de que a donde sea que dirijas tu mente, de repente lo entiendes. Entonces te pasas horas pensando en "Qué pasó... entiendo esto,

entiendo aquello, tantas cosas... pero no entiendo esto... ah, ok, entonces hay un límite...”

Por supuesto, en “El progreso del entendimiento” de Mahasi Sayadaw, lo había leído muchas veces. Sabía qué esperar. Primero viene la etapa de revisión: sabes lo que has logrado y lo que aún queda por entender. ¡Pero esto estaba en un nivel completamente nuevo!

Lo que entendí primero fue que la Existencia era Una, no muchas. Que era Todo, el Alma Una como dicen los hindúes, y que era eterna e infinita. No me preguntes cómo lo supe, simplemente lo supe. También supe que ningún ser estaba separado de la Existencia, que nada podía estar ni por un momento fuera de ella; que fue de una comprensión parcial de ella que surgió la idea de 'Dios', por muy distorsionada que fuera esa idea. Que al contrario del concepto de 'Dios', la Existencia no tenía preferencia. No le importa si eres 'malo' o 'bueno'. No hay resaca moral. Simplemente te ama indiscriminadamente como una madre ama a su hijo, pero también te da libertad. Si quieres ser 'malo', también está bien. Puedes ser estúpido. Siempre te cuidará lo mejor posible, a menos que decidas lo contrario y aun así te protegerá.

Entonces se me ocurrió que el tema central de Buda y de la ciencia budista siempre ha sido: no hay personas y sí, yo mismo se lo había explicado muchas veces a mis alumnos desde que comencé a enseñar en 1995. Sin embargo, ahora me di cuenta de algo que me impactó. yo: si esto fuera así, podría decir correctamente que soy 'Dios'. Ciertamente lo parecía en ese momento.

Eso significaba que estaba siguiendo los pasos del gran sufí Al Hillaj Mansoor, quien solía gritar: "Yo soy Dios", "Ana'l haq", después de iluminarse.

Desafortunadamente, los sacerdotes mahometanos lo escucharon y le dijeron que se lo cortara o le cortarían la mano. No paró de gritar

y le cortaron la mano. En pocas palabras, siguieron cortando hasta que no le quedaron ni brazos ni piernas y aún así continuó: "Ana'l Haq". Luego, por supuesto, murió.

Osho:

Al Hillaj Mansoor solía gritar: "¡Ana'l Haq! -- ¡Soy Dios!"

Su maestro, Junnaid, le dijo: "Ana'l haq tiene toda la razón. Yo también sé que soy Dios. Pero mantenlo en secreto, porque la gente está loca y es fanática; no podrán tolerarlo".

Mansoor dijo: "Lo intentaré, pero hay momentos en los que no soy yo quien grita '¡Ana'l haq!' Solo soy un observador. Me escucho gritar '¡Ana'l haq!' — ¡Soy Dios!' y está más allá de mí. Así que seguiré tu consejo, pero no puedo prometer que no lo gritaré porque hay momentos en que no puedo hacer nada, ¡solo en el mercado, la locura se apodera de mí! prueba, más fuerte grito '¡Ana'l haq!' "

Junnaid dijo: "Entiendo tu problema, pero haz tu mejor esfuerzo".

Mansoor lo intentó pero no pudo tener éxito.

Cada vez que veía a personas miserables, dolorosas, arrastrando sus vidas de alguna manera hacia la tumba, era imposible no gritar: "¡No te preocupes! Yo soy Dios y tú también eres Dios, solo estás dormido. ¡Despierta!"

Pero las personas que están dormidas no son tan fáciles de despertar. Mataron a Mansoor porque según el mahometanismo, cualquiera que se llame a sí mismo Dios es un Kafir, un infiel, es antirreligioso. Mataron a su mejor flor.

En estos catorce siglos, el mahometanismo no ha producido otra flor hermosa que supere a al Hillaj Mansoor, tan inocente, tan hermosa y tan elegante. Y estaba diciendo simplemente la verdad. Él dijo: '¿Qué puedo hacer? Siento a Dios dentro de mí. Mi vida no es más que Dios. Está respirando, está latiendo en mi corazón, está hablando. Aunque mi maestro sigue impidiéndome — y lo respeto y entiendo el problema de que hay gente fanática, estoy poniendo en riesgo mi vida— pero todavía llega un momento en que el capullo tiene que abrirse y convertirse en una flor".

Al-Hillaj Mansoor, un místico sufí, fue asesinado al igual que Jesucristo, por supuesto, de una manera más primitiva y fea. Fue cortado por partes: piernas, manos, cabeza... Y su único delito fue haber declarado "Ana'l haq" - Yo soy la verdad. Su propio maestro, Junnaid, solía calmarlo: "Sí, todos sabemos que eres la verdad, pero no hay necesidad de decirlo".

He estado indagando profundamente en Junnaid, porque al-Hillaj Mansoor se ha vuelto mundialmente famoso. Junnaid también sabía: "Yo soy Dios, yo soy la verdad", pero era una persona más comprensiva y más cuerda.

Solía decirle a Mansoor: "Si lo sabes, no necesitas decirlo. Tu dicho simplemente significa que quieres una confirmación. Pero, ¿quién puede confirmarlo? Solo tú lo sabes".

Hay algo en la experiencia interior que nadie puede confirmar y nadie puede certificar. Ningún gobierno puede dar un certificado e a ti que, sí, eres iluminado. Ningún comité puede confirmarlo, ninguna universidad puede ofrecer un título en iluminación: es absolutamente privado.

Osho

Bueno, Osho había repetido esta historia muchas veces, así que no estaba dispuesto a cometer el mismo error, así que me lo guardé. Pero la sensación estuvo ahí por muchos días hasta que me acostumbré un poco más.

Como escribe Mahasi Sayadaw, después de la experiencia llega el momento de la revisión. Un tiempo de recuperarse de la sorpresa y poner las cosas un poco en orden. Muchas percepciones ocurren en poco tiempo. Entiendes todo lo que piensas, en unos pocos pensamientos rápidos: si no hay personas, ¿cómo

funcionan las cosas? ¿Qué papel juega el karma?
¿Cómo regula la muerte y el renacimiento la ley de causa y efecto? (Ya había aceptado absolutamente el renacimiento como un hecho científico años antes).
¿Cuál es el propósito de todo esto? ¿Por qué todas mis historias de amor parecían condenadas al fracaso?

A todas esas preguntas encontré la respuesta y mucho más. La mente se había convertido en esta computadora impersonal tremendamente eficiente, que respondía cualquier pregunta “con un clic”. Fue una maravillosa serie de entendimientos. En algún momento me di cuenta de cuánto tiempo había estado perdiendo en la búsqueda del sexo. ¡Había dedicado el ochenta por

ciento de mi vida a eso y ni siquiera me había dado cuenta! Y siempre las intuiciones estuvieron enmarcadas en una atmósfera de puro amor universal. De repente entendí el significado de todos estos 'conceptos'.

Así que supe que yo era 'Dios'. No 'un Dios', fíjate. Y todo ser es 'Dios', que sólo hay 'Dios' y nada más que 'Dios'. Espera un minuto. ¿Dónde escuché esto antes? Suena sospechosamente como una religión de la que he oído hablar. Cambiemos la palabra: “The One”. Fuera del Uno no hay nada, simplemente porque es la totalidad.

Luego comenzaron a llegar las conclusiones. Mahasi Sayadaw dice que es un proceso de determinar primero lo que ha aprendido y luego lo que aún necesita aprender, porque nadie se ilumina completamente de una sola vez. Hay cuatro experiencias de Nirvana que deben suceder en secuencia y cada vez comprendes un

poco más hasta que estés completamente iluminado. Según Buda, hay cuatro etapas, por las que puedes pasar en una noche, como él lo hizo, o en, por ejemplo, cuatro vidas, porque muchas personas que se iluminan en primer grado, realmente no quieren pasar por el proceso nuevamente. muy pronto. Y por cierto, la palabra iluminado es una mala traducción. No tiene nada que ver con grandes rayos de luz, estrellas o alucinaciones. Significa que pierde equipaje adicional. Pierdes peso innecesario. Simplemente te vuelves más ligero. Pierdes la depresión, la tristeza. Es un gran alivio.

También pierdes todo miedo, porque ahora sabes en el fondo que todo está bien, que siempre ha estado bien y que siempre estará bien. ¡Para siempre! Significa que no hay personas haciendo cosas. Todos tus conflictos solo se han basado en sueños e ilusiones. La gente pregunta: "¿Es todo una ilusión?" y yo respondo: No sólo la apariencia de las personas es una ilusión. La palabra persona significa máscara en griego. Es solo esa parte la que se ve afuera. Dentro hay un ser. ¿Qué es un ser? Un ser es una cierta cantidad de energía que sigue moviéndose, cambiando constantemente de estado de ánimo, de forma y de color, durante algún tiempo, hasta que deja de funcionar y muere y renace. ¿Está haciendo algo? bueno esa es la pregunta no?

Llegué a la conclusión de que nadie está 'haciendo' nada. Las cosas simplemente suceden. Debido al karma y nada más. ¿Qué pasa con toda esta gente? Pues todos creen que están haciendo cosas por supuesto y esa es precisamente su ilusión. ¿Cuáles son las implicaciones de eso? El hecho es que si esto es

cierto (y puedo asegurarles que lo es) ¡el concepto completo de culpa ya no se aplica! ¡Nadie es culpable, nadie es inocente! Significa que todo el concepto de justicia no tiene sentido porque solo hay gente estúpida y gente inteligente.

Algunos piensan que tomando atajos, matando, robando, mintiendo, violando y emborrachándote inconscientemente, te volverás feliz, lo que nunca sucederá. Eso es estúpido.

Otros piensan que protegiendo toda la vida, siendo generoso, diciendo sólo cosas beneficiosas, haciendo el amor de una manera adorable y cuidando tu consumo de drogas tendrás una vida maravillosa. Eso es ciertamente inteligente y de acuerdo con las leyes del Karma.

También significa que en realidad nunca puedes culpar a nadie por nada porque lo que sea que creas que han hecho mal, deben haberlo hecho inconscientemente o no lo habrían hecho. ¡Por definición!

Significa que no puedes reclamar nada a nadie porque no pueden hacer nada más que lo que ya están haciendo: no están a cargo. Nadie está a cargo de nada. ¡Las cosas simplemente suceden de acuerdo con las leyes científicas!

Estas dos leyes se aplican particularmente a la dinámica de una relación, donde la mayoría de las personas se entregarán a estas dos acusaciones: culpar y reclamar. (¡Tú nunca...! ¡Tú siempre...!)

Entonces pasas días después de iluminarte repasando y eso es felicidad total, una palabra que

entendí por primera vez.

Convertirse en la iluminación es algo que no puedes provocar, no puedes hacer que suceda, no puedes hacerlo. De hecho, mientras quieras hacerlo, olvídalo, no va a suceder. Lo más difícil de hacer para el ego es no hacer nada, por supuesto, porque el ego es un hacedor: ¡lo estoy haciendo!

Los maestros chinos lo llamaron "Wu-Wei", generalmente traducido como no hacer nada y dejar que las cosas sucedan, pero no significa literalmente no hacer nada, puedes estar muy activo mientras no haces nada, porque sabes que no eres tú quien lo hace. Los Maestros dicen: "No, no lo estás haciendo, simplemente sucede". Y dices: "Oh, sí, lo siento, no, simplemente pasa..." Pero no has cambiado nada por dentro. Entonces, después de que comencé a meditar, pasaron más de 27 años hasta que finalmente lo dejé y dije: "¿Sabes qué? Me rindo; No tengo ni idea, no sé..." Y aun así, si esperas que suceda, ¡no sucede! Esto está simbolizado por la estatua del Buda acostado, que no es el Buda, es Ananda, su primo. (En Shree Lanka, a veces encontrarás estas estatuas en las plazas de la ciudad).

Buda ha muerto y todos sus discípulos iluminados se van a reunir a la mañana siguiente para decidir cuál va a ser la enseñanza, para tratar de preservarla. Pero Ananda no está iluminado. Lleva 45 años con Buda sin faltar ni un día y tiene una memoria perfecta. Así que él tiene que estar allí. Pero ha estado demasiado ocupado cuidándolo. No está iluminado y no le queda tiempo. Así que le dicen que si te iluminas esta noche, a las ocho de la mañana empieza la reunión y puedes venir. Por

supuesto que está totalmente asustado. ¿¡Cómo lo hago!? Y sigue meditando, y meditando, vipassana, anapana, y finalmente dice: “No lo voy a lograr”. Y simplemente se acostó y se rindió. Y en eso acostado, sucedió. Primera etapa, segunda, tercera y cuarta, poco antes del desayuno. Ese es el simbolismo de esa estatua; todo el mundo piensa que es Buda acostado, no lo es, es su primo descansando, renunciando a este deseo de iluminarse y luego iluminarse.

Entonces él aparece en la reunión, pero aparece fuera del cuerpo, por proyección astral, porque ahora puede, (Tal vez se esté luciendo, no sé).

Tienes que renunciar al deseo de iluminarte, pero tienes que empezar con el deseo de iluminarte para siquiera empezar; de lo contrario, no lo vas a hacer.

Mucha gente me ha preguntado aquí: “dijiste que el deseo es el problema, pero necesitamos el deseo para

iluminarnos, ¿no?” Sí, ese es el comienzo, y luego tienes que dejarlo en algún lugar al final. Pero no renuncias a nada porque no tienes ni idea de cómo renunciar a nada; eso es parte del ego. Ego es solo el programa, el viejo sistema operativo.

Imagina las consecuencias de una intuición como esa penetrando hasta las capas más profundas de tu conciencia. Tu forma de ver el mundo ha cambiado por completo y para siempre. Hitler no era culpable. Es sólo un efecto de una serie de causas en el pasado. ¿Quién sabe qué le sucedió en sus vidas pasadas?

Nadie está detrás de ti. Si estás en sintonía con la

Existencia, estás protegido.

Unos días más tarde estoy montando en mi moto, de vuelta a Poona, unos 500 km al norte. En una famosa y peligrosa curva en S, de repente me encuentro cara a cara con otra moto, peligrosamente sobrecargada, como sucede a menudo en la India. Está en el lado equivocado de la carretera y viene directamente hacia mí. Probablemente no me habría matado, pero habría sido un accidente grave. No sé qué pasó, pero nos las arreglamos para evitarnos el uno al otro pasando cada uno por el lado equivocado opuesto. ¿Un milagro o simplemente causa y efecto?

Desde entonces no me ha vuelto a pasar nada malo. Parezco flotar, disfrutando inmensamente de todo, sin apegarme a nada ni a nadie, aunque, eso sí, de vez en cuando vuelvo a mi antiguo hobby, "enamorándome". Pero ya casi no hay "caídas".

En otra ocasión, mientras reflexionaba sobre el significado de Samsara, Nirvana, tuve otro gran destello de comprensión: Samsara es el mundo del sufrimiento, dicen, y Nirvana es un lugar sin sufrimiento. Pero cuanto más lo miraba, más podía ver que realmente si estás 'en' Samsara, todo es Drama y si has experimentado el Nirvana, ¡todo es Comedia! yahoo! Por supuesto que es solo una interpretación. ¡Las mismas cosas que solían ponerme tan triste, ahora de repente eran tan divertidas y me hacían reír tanto! Tuve que ocultárselo a la gente que me rodeaba porque no entendían qué me hacía reír, sobre lo que sea que me estuvieran diciendo. Por lo general, cualquier cosa que me esté pasando ya no

produce ningún tipo de sentimiento dramático, probablemente también porque no hay mucho en mi vida por lo que me obsesione. E incluso los momentos de verdadero drama son muy cortos y pronto me hacen reír de nuevo.

Por supuesto, el sufrimiento de la mente no está completamente erradicada. Eso es solo para los Budas, seres completamente iluminados, pero yo no era consciente de eso porque digamos que el 95% había desaparecido y yo aún no era consciente del resto. Sin embargo, el sufrimiento del cuerpo no desaparece por desgracia. Pero pronto descubres que cualquier dolor corporal empeora mucho más por las reacciones de la mente. Si hay miedo, si hay ira, preocupación, estos estados mentales producen tensiones en torno a la zona del dolor, preocupaciones por la 'enfermedad'. Y ahora es mucho más fácil relajarse con los problemas del cuerpo y reducir el dolor en gran medida.

También descubrí que ahora la meditación era mucho, mucho más fácil. Antes, solía ser imposible estar en el momento y observarlo ni siquiera por un minuto. En una 'buena' meditación, solo lo estaría haciendo bien durante aproximadamente el 5% del tiempo y el resto. Solo soñando. Ahora esto fue al revés: 95% consciente y solo 5% soñando. ¡Una diferencia increíble!

Y ahora puedes 'meditar' en acción: mientras lavas los platos, mientras ves la televisión, conduces, lo que sea. ¡Esto se llama libertad bebé! Nunca me gustaron estas sesiones de sentado forzado aunque son muy necesarias sobre todo al principio.

Nací en la guerra. Al final de la misma. Mi padre estuvo en la cárcel por estar en una casa a solo 50 km al norte de Amsterdam donde la policía holandesa colaboradora había encontrado una imprenta ilegal utilizada para imprimir un periódico al servicio de la resistencia clandestina. Ni siquiera lo sabía, pero le costó la vida de todos modos.

Un par de meses después, la RAF bombardeó un depósito de municiones de los alemanes ubicado en Ámsterdam. Fue una incursión muy exitosa y todo el depósito explotó. Estaba durmiendo en mi cama cuando me desperté por el ruido e inmediatamente me alarmé por completo y lloré por mi madre. Cuando llegó me aseguró que todo estaba bien. Comprendí en ese momento que sabía cosas de las que ella no tenía idea y decidí no volver a hablarle de eso nunca más. No sabía por qué realmente.

Unos años más tarde comencé a dibujar cuando visitaba a mis abuelos y aunque solo estaba 'dibujando', mi madre y mis abuelos parecían asombrados de lo que estaba dibujando:

"¡Mira! Está dibujando perspectiva". De hecho, estaba dibujando un paisaje del norte de Europa con los típicos canales de agua excavados que son tan característicos del paisaje holandés y de Alemania Occidental. También había algunos edificios en él, con techos altos y puntiagudos, ¿iglesias tal vez?

Lo olvidé hasta que a los nueve años,

comencé a tener sueños de volar un avión, un avión de la Segunda Guerra Mundial, aunque yo no era consciente de ese hecho. El sueño siempre fue el mismo: estoy tratando de aterrizar el avión, por alguna razón en una carretera recta justo en frente de mí. Al acercarme a la carretera me doy cuenta de que no va a terminar bien porque a ambos lados hay postes de teléfono, que sin duda me cortarían las alas. Y entonces el sueño termina.

Tuve ese mismo sueño una vez a la semana durante aproximadamente un año y luego nunca más.

Un avance rápido hasta enero de 1990. Estoy haciendo un grupo de terapia en el ashram de Osho, llamado entrenamiento de tantra, que duró tres meses. Estamos a unas dos semanas del final y estamos teniendo una de esas reuniones intermedias con todos los participantes (36 y algunos terapeutas), cuando en lugar de contarle al grupo en voz baja lo que había sucedido en mi última sesión, comencé a recrear algo:

Me levanté y comencé a caminar de un lado a otro más allá de las ventanas, murmurando para mí mismo. La gente pensaba que algo andaba mal conmigo y vagamente los escuché preguntar a los terapeutas si deberían sujetarme, para que no salte por la ventana o algo así. Ellos no interfirieron.

Reviví una vida pasada (ahora lo sé). Fui

piloto de la RAF británica y estuve en una cárcel militar. Me habían dado la orden de ir a bombardear una ciudad alemana, cosa que ya había hecho antes. Me negué porque no podía ver qué bien haría destruir ciudades y matar civiles. El sargento que estaba a cargo de mí me rogó que me fuera, mi tripulación me rogó que me fuera y yo estaba angustiado por la decisión. Yo no estaba en la sala de grupos; Estaba en la cárcel, consciente de mi entorno, pero no involucrado en nada más que en esta decisión. Fue entonces cuando decidí ir una vez más.

Desperté de la ilusión que estaba viviendo y el grupo siguió adelante. Les conté un poco a los demás sobre eso, pero por supuesto tenían sus propias historias...

Unos meses después estaba en Goa, al oeste de la India, y mientras disfrutaba de una de esas grandes vacaciones que solo se pueden vivir en Goa, conocí a una joven holandesa que era pariente de un viejo amigo de Holanda, que estaba aprendiendo a convertirse en hipnoterapeuta y ella había oído hablar de mi entrenamiento de tres meses en un grupo de dehipnoterapia. Me preguntó si estaba dispuesto a ser su 'conejillo de indias' para algunas sesiones de vidas pasadas y acepté de inmediato, pensando que solo era una principiante, así que 'qué me preocupe'.

La sesión ocurrió al final de la tarde, en la playa, y duró aproximadamente una hora.

¡Experimenté cinco vidas pasadas, completas con ubicación y lapso de tiempo! Todavía hoy recuerdo todos los detalles y los voy a compartir por supuesto todos a lo largo de esta historia, pero el más reciente fue sobre mi vida pasada como piloto británico.

Luego de mi aceptación definitiva para ir a volar a Alemania, recordé nuevamente descender en mi avión con toda la tripulación adentro, para intentar aterrizar en la carretera que tantas veces había visto en mis sueños tantos años atrás. Con los postes telefónicos a ambos lados. Y debido a que había sido golpeado por la flack alemana, tuve que aterrizar rápido. Y esta vez me estrellé cuando los postes me cortaron las alas. Logré aterrizar con bastante seguridad pero vi que la dirección me había entrado en el estómago y estaba en mal estado. No podía salir del avión y cuando miré hacia afuera vi que una multitud muy enojada se acercaba rápidamente, dispuesta a lincharnos. Luego, compasivamente, el avión explotó y lo siguiente que recuerdo es estar de pie en mi cuna y llorar por mi madre. Me di cuenta de que en ese momento la explosión en Amsterdam había desencadenado ese recuerdo de vidas pasadas. Por supuesto, los bebés y los niños pequeños recuerdan mucho más de sus vidas anteriores que los adultos, quienes han sido condicionados a ignorarlos durante muchos años. Sin embargo, con la hipnosis, puede acceder a ellos nuevamente. Y yo te digo: “¡Por favor hazlo!”

Osho solía decir que si tienes recuerdos que siempre son un poco diferentes, es probable que solo sea imaginación, pero si el recuerdo es siempre el mismo, es probable que sea una experiencia de vida pasada.

Fue mi uno antes del año último en la escuela secundaria cuando decidí viajar durante mis vacaciones de verano. 1962 julio y agosto. No era mi primer viaje a dedo pero sí el primero solo. Había estado viajando al círculo polar norte con mi prima Ger.

Solo tenía un poco de dinero que gané dando clases particulares a mi vecina. Como francés y álgebra. Me pagaban 2 florines, 50 la hora que no era mucho, pero mis padres (madre y tío Paul, “pa”, en realidad), aunque dejándome completamente libre, benditos sean su ser, opinaron que tenía que aprender cómo financiar mis escapadas yo mismo.

Así que tuve que viajar a deo. Tuve que dormir en una zanja o en cualquier otro lugar inconveniente al costado del camino. Siempre tenía que comer en el supermercado, si lo había, y lo complementaba con raciones que se podían comprar en ese momento en nuestra gran megamercado, El Bijenkorf, ¡que estaban destinadas a ser almacenadas en las casas de las personas en caso de una guerra nuclear! Eran unas galletas secas llenas de vitaminas y suplementos y si las comías con un litro de leche al día, estarías bien. Eso me permitió viajar libre

como un pájaro y feliz como un, bueno, lo que sea.

Así que en la mañana de mi partida fui al Utrechtse brug, el puente de Ámsterdam sobre el río Amstel, donde a esa hora salías de la ciudad y empezaba la larga carretera hacia el sur. Tenía un pequeño letrero escrito en un pedazo de cartón, de aproximadamente un pie de ancho, que decía: "TURKIYE". No recuerdo cómo supe cómo escribir eso, pero efectivamente, después de unos minutos, un automóvil se detuvo con un par de trabajadores invitados turcos que se detuvieron y me hablaron en turco. Dije: "No, me voy a Turquía, no soy turco". Me llevaron de toda manera y pronto estaba en camino a Ankara, ¡aunque no tenía ni idea!

Aproximadamente una semana después llegué a Estambul e inmediatamente reservé en el Hotel Frerik en el distrito de Sultan Ahmet, justo enfrente de los dos edificios más famosos de Estambul: el Aya Sofia y la Mezquita Azul. ¡Muy romántico! Este pequeño y barato hotel iba a ser mi hotel en los próximos años y siempre me las arreglaba para alquilar la habitación superior con una terraza muy pequeña desde donde se ven las dos mezquitas, ¡a unos 500 metros de distancia!

Eso sí, todo el hotel fue construido en un espacio de unos 3 por 4 metros. Tenía una habitación por piso, el primer piso era la oficina desde donde había que subir unas escaleras muy estrechas y sinuosas, que conducían a las

habitaciones del segundo, tercer y cuarto piso. Las habitaciones tenían aproximadamente 3 por 3 metros, que es lo que quedaba del espacio después de quitar el metro cuadrado más o menos para el espacio de las escaleras. Por lo tanto, la única habitación que valía la pena era la de arriba en el cuarto piso. Y tenía esa terraza de unos 50 cm por 2 metros, que tenía la mejor vista de todo Estambul. Más tarde me quedé allí durante semanas con un par de amigos beatniks siempre cambiantes (los hippies aún no existían), durante un par de años. (1962, 1963, 1964, 1970).

Lo bueno de la zona era que era un barrio con docenas de pequeños lugares para comer. Un lugar de huevos fritos, otro de tortas y dulces, otro de yogures, otro de sopas y carnes, etc. Así que solíamos caminar 5 minutos hasta una tienda y luego comer en la calle principal, Sultan Ahmet, lo cual fue una experiencia increíble después de haber descubierto el hachís un año después.

Ese año conocí a unos jóvenes viajeros de diferentes países, que podían contarte todo lo que querías saber sobre los países en los que no me había atrevido a pensar: Irán, Afganistán, Pakistán y el premio final: India. Te dijeron los mejores hoteles baratos de todas las capitales, incluso de provincia, con ventajas e inconvenientes. Estaba realmente impresionado en th La cantidad de información que transmitían estos viajeros, especialmente los ingleses.

Así que decidí viajar a Ankara, solo para

ver. Y el país era tan barato, podía permitirme tantas cosas que me eran imposibles en Europa. En el camino otra vez, como escribió el famoso Beatnik Gurú de los viajeros Jack Kerouak en aquellos días en su libro “En el camino”.

¡Cruza el Bósforo! Esperar a que un camión me lleve a Ankara. Fácil si no me importaba estar parado todo el camino en el espacio de carga abierto, donde había mucho polvo volando, durante 500 km. ¡Pero yo estaba extasiado!

Regresé inmediatamente. No había nada interesante para mí en esta nueva ciudad llena de oficinas y poco más. Regreso al Hotel Frerik.

¡Un mes después, la maestra de secundaria me invitó a hablar frente a toda la clase sobre mi viaje! Incluso olvidé mi timidez cuando me pedían hablar en público. Solo tenía 18 años después de todo...

II - Existencia y Naturaleza

La Existencia es como una esfera, eterna e infinita. Sin principio, sin fin, en el tiempo ni en el espacio. No tiene preferencia, no hay opiniones. No 'hace' nada, lo hace 'todo'. Contiene todo, para siempre.

Al igual que nosotros los seres, se compone de mente y cuerpo. Buda lo llamó nombre y forma, que es mucho más apropiado y más profundo, pero me tomó años entenderlo. La Existencia es conciencia, el universo es cuerpo. El cuerpo se llama universo, o naturaleza. La Existencia es naturaleza más conciencia. Es igual a la Mente Única y al Universo, aunque en realidad no son dos.

La naturaleza consiste en diferentes combinaciones de más o menos 118 elementos químicos; la mente consiste en la conciencia y aquello de lo que la mente es consciente: diferentes combinaciones de 52 elementos mentales u objetos mentales.

(Aunque, cuando yo estaba en la escuela secundaria, había 92 elementos según el profesor de Química. Los científicos fueron creando o descubriendo más y más: ahora en este momento, en 2019, se considera que hay alrededor de 118. Nunca ha habido un cambio en el número de elementos mentales desde que Buda (623 a. C. - 543 a. C.) los señaló en sus discursos).

La Existencia es todo.

Y así como hay mente y cuerpo, (los seres

consisten en una mente y un cuerpo, que son uno, no dos; simplemente parecen ser dos), así la Existencia también consiste en Mente y Cuerpo. El cuerpo se llama Universo y la característica universal de todos los seres, – la ausencia de una persona como una entidad separada – significa que no tienen sus propias mentes separadas, sino que están todos conectados a la Mente Única por un cordón 'umbilical' invisible. . Me gusta decir que todos están conectados a un disco duro universal, que está en la “Nube”, como se le llama hoy en día. No tienen su propio disco duro ubicado en algún lugar de sus propios cuerpos. Por eso existe la clarividencia, existen los recuerdos de vidas pasadas, la astrología tiene mucho sentido, la muerte es una ilusión. No tenemos mentes individuales. Pero lo que piensan las sociedades es que somos personas porque tenemos discos duros individuales.

En el hinduismo, la Existencia es lo mismo: Todo. Pero les gusta explicar que hay ‘Dios’, Brahma, (que es Existencia) que inhala y exhala, y cuando Él (Ella) exhala, sucede el Universo y cuando Él (Ella) inhala, el Universo desaparece; todas las estrellas colapsan y todo el mundo y todo se ha ido. Y luego Él (Ella) de nuevo, y todo comienza de nuevo y hay otro Big Bang. Como la Existencia es eterna e infinita, por supuesto que hay un número infinito de Big Bangs y un número infinito de Universos que producirán un número infinito de seres. Es difícil envolver su mente alrededor de eso.

El universo es materia, desde las rocas hasta los cuerpos. Y lo único que le interesa al Universo es producir cuerpos y más cuerpos porque de lo contrario

Brahma no puede jugar su juego. Por eso estamos tan obsesionados con el sexo. Sin embargo, decir que somos culpables de pecado por eso, es una conclusión estúpida de sectas y religiones falsas, motivadas por el egoísmo.

La Existencia no juzga, evalúa, critica, condena o identifica y, por lo tanto, no puede compararse de ninguna manera con el concepto de 'Dios'. Deja a todos los seres totalmente libres para hacer lo que quieran y siempre está tratando de cuidar y proteger a todos los seres, como una madre que cuida a su único hijo.

La conciencia flota sobre tres corrientes subterráneas de profunda inconsciencia que son la capacidad de experimentar el amor, la generosidad y la conciencia.

La ausencia de estas tres raíces es la causa de lobha (apego), moha (ilusión), dosa (aversión). Cabe señalar que moha es común a todos los pensamientos inmorales.

Sobre la base de las tres raíces (corrientes subterráneas) hay tres continuos:

1. del odio al amor,
2. de la codicia a la generosidad,
3. de la distracción total a la conciencia pura o conciencia plena.

En relación con las 3 corrientes de inconsciencia, debe señalarse que el odio, la codicia y la distracción pueden resumirse como deseo, que Buda identifica como la causa raíz del sufrimiento o el motor de la vida. Charles Darwin dice que la evolución es el resultado de

cambios aleatorios en el ADN. Yo digo que es el resultado del deseo de la especie. Una especie de ave quiere chupar la miel de cierta flor y lentamente, a través de generaciones, comienza a desarrollar la forma correcta de pico. La flor desarrolla un deseo de existir exclusivamente para ese pájaro (como una relación de amor) e igualmente lentamente desarrolla una flor más y más larga y tal vez más estrecha a la que solo ese pájaro puede acceder. ¡Y bingo, terminas con un colibrí!

Los seres tienen la libertad de hacer lo que quieran, pero están sujetos a la ley del karma que es básicamente muy simple: si causas dolor, experimentarás dolor. Si causas placer, belleza, felicidad o generosidad, obtendrás los mismos resultados.

Esto es universal y eterno. En otras palabras, a la Existencia no le importa si haces cosas estúpidas. No trata de evitar que los hagas, debido a todas las cualidades disponibles, la libertad es la más alta de todas. (Esto lleva a la pregunta de si existe o no el libre albedrío).

Se ha dicho que la Existencia tiene un deseo: conocerse a sí misma y para ello necesita crearse a sí misma. Necesita crear cada uno y todo para así crear un espejo de sí mismo y observarse a sí mismo. Y no es que “Dios” haya creado el mundo. No, es un proceso continuo que no tiene principio ni fin. Siempre está creando y nosotros somos los creadores. Somos los pintores de nuestros propios cuadros.

Puedes ir a la guerra o puedes crear un paraíso y el propósito de este ejercicio es hacerte entender cómo funciona la Existencia y a través de la comprensión

podrás moverte a lugares cada vez más altos, más alto significa más amor, menos cuerpo (Menos sexo (no confundir con la moral retorcida de las falsas religiones)).

Otra palabra en inglés para Existencia es Todo, el Todo. Eso podría sonar sospechosamente a Alá, pero sería un completo malentendido porque, contrario a Alá, la Existencia no tiene opiniones, no tiene preferencias, lo que significa que cualquiera que sea el resultado, no importa, es un juego, un juego divino.

Entonces, está bien, destruyamos nuestra tierra solo por diversión y creemos otra tierra, al final no importa (aunque preferiría que no quememos esta tierra todavía, ¡por favor!)

La Existencia es como una madre que crea todo y lo ama. Al igual que un jardinero al que le encanta cultivar flores, le gusta cultivar flores cada vez más hermosas.

Así que no es del todo cierto decir que la Existencia no tiene preferencia, porque ciertamente tiene preferencia por el amor y la belleza, pero no una preferencia por un tipo particular de personas. Gente mala, gente buena, no hay diferencia. ¿Quieres ser malo? La Existencia está totalmente bien con eso. Por supuesto que sufrirás. Eso será inevitable.

La Existencia es ciertamente capaz de realizar todos tus sueños siempre que estos sueños estén dedicados a la belleza y al amor. Si tu ego decide hacerlo de otra manera, el resultado puede no ser tan agradable. El ego es un sistema de protección muy antiguo que comenzó en la tierra al principio de los

tiempos, protegiendo a los seres unicelulares en los océanos.

En el pequeño pueblo chileno donde vivo, vivía un biólogo muy conocido llamado Francisco Varela. Más tarde se convirtió en un buen amigo del Dalai Lama, ya que se convirtió en un científico budista. Me refiero a un científico que entiende las leyes de la iluminación, no necesariamente un "budista" (aunque puede haberlo sido). Es como si no tuvieras que ser un Einsteinista para entender su famosa ley de la naturaleza, $E=mc^2$.

Leí uno de sus libros donde señala que un ser unicelular, la forma de vida más simple, ya tiene un ego que necesita decidir cuándo abrir su envoltura para dejar entrar la comida y cuándo abrirla para dejar salir los desechos. .Nuestros egos son un poco más sofisticados que eso, pero seamos realistas, todavía se trata mucho de cuándo abrir o cerrar nuestros agujeros, sin importar cuán sofisticados creamos que somos. (Buda definía nuestro cuerpo como una bolsa con nueve agujeros. Solo cuenta. Date cuenta cuánto tiempo pasas cuidando tus nueve agujeros, perdón orificios)

Así que el ego es un sistema tan especializado y tan dedicado a nuestra protección que no la abandonará por nada del mundo. Puede ser muy antiguo a través de eones de evolución, pero en cada renacimiento se reinicia, lo que significa que, aunque los conceptos básicos aún están ahí, se necesita aprender mucho y actualizarlo nuevamente. A medida que el bebé comienza a percibir las cosas a su alrededor, comenzará a hacer una lista de lo que le gusta y lo que no le gusta y

comienza a actuar en consecuencia creando emociones a medida que aprende a manipular el entorno, generalmente la madre, que puede ser tan amando como Existencia, pero no está iluminada, entonces ella condiciona al niño como lo aprendió de su madre, abuela, etc. Al final esto crea un sistema que es esencialmente sobre mí, yo y yo, a la edad de alrededor de cuatro años, cuando básicamente está completo.

Sí, se agregarán algunas decoraciones, diplomas escolares, títulos universitarios, habilidades, etc., pero en esencia se termina a los cuatro años.

Así que ahora estos sistemas de protección mal entrenados causan estragos en nuestro planeta. ¡No es de extrañar! Creen que son los autores de sus acciones y que todo se trata de ellos mismos, ¡YO! No pueden entender que si quieres hacerte rico empobreciendo a otros, el resultado será la infelicidad. Que si quieres alcanzar tus objetivos matando a otros seres, te pudrirás en el infierno al menos por un tiempo. Y ni siquiera tienes que ir al infierno real (si existe tal lugar), la vida puede volverse bastante infernal aquí mismo.

Buda dice que el deseo es lo que hace que la vida apeste. Osho dice que el deseo es una enfermedad. Es el resultado de un niño de cuatro años que manipula a su madre. Necesita terapia. La Existencia es como esta gema que cumple los deseos, que puedes frotar mientras pides un deseo, y bingo, ahí está. Te sorprenderás: así es exactamente como funciona. Pero hay condiciones. El deseo tiene que estar libre de sí mismo, f libre de ego, libre de deseo. Entonces funciona. Incluso si solo tienes un deseo egoísta, la Existencia

intentará hacer que suceda por ti, pero necesita un poco de tiempo y el ego siempre está impaciente. Así que quiere ir al este y la Existencia lo ayuda, pero luego el ego cambia de opinión y quiere ir al oeste y la Existencia sigue ayudando pero es un poco lento (después de todo, es eterno) y antes de que pueda cumplir tu deseo, ya estás vas al sur o al norte y luego te preguntas por qué nada funciona en tu vida.

Veo a tantas personas que tienen grandes ideas, pero nunca llegan a ninguna parte porque no tienen la paciencia para dejar que la Existencia los ayude y siguen pensando que lo están haciendo ellos mismos, lo que los lleva a un fracaso tras otro. O hacen las cosas pero no conducen al resultado esperado de paz y felicidad.

“Las personas iluminadas han alcanzado el estado espiritual de liberación. Eso significa que son conscientes de su unidad con el infinito.

Una persona no iluminada se identifica con el ego. Te mantiene atrapado en la superficie de la vida en una falsa sensación de separación de todo lo que percibes. Estás obsesionado con deseos interminables y no te das cuenta de la realidad más profunda.

El viaje espiritual es el proceso de liberarse del

control del ego. El ego está formado por karma (o condicionamiento pasado). La disolución de tu condicionamiento pasado debilita y eventualmente restablece el ego, permitiéndote alcanzar la liberación.

El ego mantiene el control sobre tu conciencia a través de un flujo interminable de pensamientos banales.

Es tu contacto constante con la realidad más profunda lo que disuelve gradualmente tu condicionamiento pasado y te permite hacer un verdadero progreso espiritual.

Simplemente al estar expuesto a la energía de un maestro espiritual (o presencia iluminada), tu propio cuerpo energético aprende a sintonizarse con la realidad más profunda”.

Brian D.

Stephens

Yo ya era bastante consciente de todo lo anterior por culpa de los hippies.

En 1964 mi futura esposa tenía 16 años cuando caminó por una famosa plaza de Amsterdam, het Leidseplein, donde un estudiante de psiquiatría (nombre oculto por el editor) estaba repartiendo terrones de azúcar a todos los que pasaban, y tomó uno, sin saber

que contenía LSD. Unas horas más tarde me llamó desde su casa y estaba hablando de una manera muy extraña. Más tarde me dijo que había sido una experiencia muy rara pero que, sin embargo, quería repetirla. ¡Conmigo! ¡

Este fue el comienzo de un período en nuestras vidas en el que nos dedicamos a iluminarnos como lo define 'Rolling Stone' o alguna revista dedicada a las nuevas experiencias! En los siguientes 8 años, calculo que tomamos 800 veces una dosis bastante fuerte con la ayuda de un libro de un psiquiatra que lo usó en sus sesiones para tratar de curar los traumas de la guerra y, según los informes, tuvo bastante éxito. Decidí hacerlo porque, después de todo, era un "niño de la guerra" y seguramente tendría algún trauma, ¿no? Mi esposa comenzó a contarme una historia de su infancia cuando casi muere de meningitis y vio a su padre entrar en la habitación y no lo reconoció y se asustó mucho y se asustó completamente.

Y entonces nos autocuramos y fue genial. El efecto duraría al menos una semana. Por supuesto que lo hicimos en un ambiente de paz con flores, perfumes agradables, excelentes comidas vegetarianas, música india relajante, pero aun así, después de un tiempo, siempre se desvanecía y nos sentíamos un poco más frustrados porque nunca parecía resolver el problema. problema totalmente.

Entonces Simón entró en nuestra vida. Era el prototipo del 'acidhead' hippy de San Francisco y era un maestro del LSD. Su mensaje era simple: "ve a la India y encuentra un maestro". Él había estado allí y tenía innumerables historias que realmente nos inspiraron a ir.

Entonces, el 4 de marzo de 1970 nos paramos en el 'Utrechtse brug' (el puente donde comienza la carretera principal hacia el sur) en Amsterdam con los pulgares en alto y con suficiente dinero para que nos dure unos nueve meses. Con una joven rubia, de 22 años, nunca tuvimos que esperar mucho para que nos llevaran y pronto ya estábamos en Alemania después de cruzar la frontera con un incidente un poco estresante en el que tuve que poner mis pasteles de marihuana en una bolsa de plástico. en el escritorio del oficial de aduanas mientras revisaba nuestro equipaje, pero por supuesto nunca miró los pasteles. Nuestro LSD nunca fue un problema porque no era ilegal en esos días, pero de todos modos siempre nos revisaban debido a nuestra apariencia 'hippy'.

Pronto nos dimos cuenta de que en el Medio Oriente y el Este es más fácil y más barato tomar el transporte público, así que continuamos desde yugoslavia vía Estambul, Teherán, Herat, Kandahar, Kabul a Lahore y finalmente a Amritsar tanto como fue posible en

tren. de lo contrario en autobús. Aquí Simón nos había dicho: “No vayas a Delhi. Perderás tu tiempo. Ve al Himalaya, específicamente a Dalhousie. Es un paraíso y allí encontrarás un Maestro”.

Así que la experiencia con LSD ya nos había abierto los ojos tremendamente, pero necesitaba un toque final y, por supuesto, había estudiado el asunto por sí. rs.
Antropología social en la universidad de Amsterdam. Libros de Paul Repts, Alan Watts, Thimothy Leary, Richard Alpert, todos los libros de la famosa serie sobre los sabios orientales, de Japón, China, Tíbet e India, y llegué a la conclusión de que el 'Gurú' debe estar sentado en algún lugar. en la cima de una montaña en el Himalaya.

Después de semanas de dar vueltas por la alta montaña con mochilas y comida suficiente para aguantar un rato, llegamos a un punto en el que no había nada para comer, a 2 semanas de la civilización, a 4000 metros de altitud, y tuvimos que decidir si continuar como vegetariano o dejar que estos buenos rebaños de cabras sacrificuen un cordero para nosotros. ¡La decisión no fue tan difícil ya que estaba soñando a plena luz del día con quesos Gouda volando en el cielo!

Ahora que lo pienso, fue increíble que ni siquiera tuvimos que pagar por la comida.
Sin embargo, nos encontramos con el

“primer discípulo” del Maestro, que era un judío hippy de Nueva York con el que inmediatamente nos sentimos muy unidos y que se convirtió en nuestro amigo de por vida y que dijo: tienes que ir a Bodh-Gaya. Munindra vive allí. Él es exactamente lo que estás buscando. Estaba a solo 1400 km más o menos, ¡así que vamos!

Conocía las enseñanzas de los grandes Maestros Zen gracias a Paul Reps, desde 1964, que contiene muchas historias cortas que ilustran perfectamente de qué se trata la iluminación, o mejor dicho, de qué no se trata. Ahora nos encontramos con lo real: Conoce a Anagarika Munindra, Maestra iluminada.

Y era todo un personaje: nació en Chittagong, Birmania, el imperio indio en ese momento, por supuesto, de una familia budista Theravada original que pronto se mudó a Delhi con su madre. Estuvo involucrado con el primer primer ministro de la India, Jawaharlal Nehru, quien lo envió al Tíbet para reunirse con el Daila Lama, que huía a la India de los invasores chinos. Aquí se hizo amigo del Dalai Lama para toda la vida y por desgracia también se encontró con un perro tibetano, famoso por su feroz ferocidad, que le mordió cuando salía a pasear vestido con su habitual ropaje blanco y no disfrazado de monje tibetano. Muchos años después aún mostraba las cicatrices en su pierna.

III - Karma and Rebirth

Cause and Effect

Ch. V - Sociedades y drogas

una mentira muy criminal

La hipocresía del problema de las drogas

De una forma u otra hay que bajar el nivel de ansiedad

Marcelo Elqui 2021

Hay ciertas cosas que son absolutamente necesarias para los humanos promedio:

1. respirar (aire)
2. beber (agua)
3. comer (comida)
4. sexo (placer)
5. drogas: alcohol, tabaco, marihuana, opio, cocaína, khat,
6. amor
7. tribu

Así que esto es lo que usan las religiones, para hacerte sentir culpable, para dominarte.

La gran mentira en la mayoría de las sociedades es que las drogas son malas para ti y si las tomas debes ser castigado, porque es inmoral y contra la "religión". Jesús no lo permite, ni Alá ni a quien sea.

La verdad es muy diferente. Sí, las drogas pueden matar y lo hacen. Las drogas pueden dañar

seriamente y lo hacen. Pero, ¿por qué es eso? Porque las sociedades los prohíben a ellos y a su investigación científica. La prohibición es el problema, no las drogas. ¿Por qué los políticos de todo tipo prohíben las drogas? No por lo que digan, que sea tan malo para ti y la sociedad, sino porque es una buena herramienta para reprimirte y hacerte sentir aún más culpable, para que ganen más poder sobre ti. Lo usan para reprimir a los negros, los latinos, los musulmanes, los hippies y todos los demás que no les agradan.

La marihuana no estaba prohibida en los EE. UU. cuando muchos inmigrantes mexicanos y trabajadores de temporada llegaron al sur de los EE. UU. y estaban cultivando 'pasto' entre el cultivo legal de cáñamo, un cultivo muy útil, pero en competencia con la madera y el papel. y la industria farmacéutica, entre otros, ya esta gente le gustaba mucho deshacerse de ella. Grupos influyentes malinterpretaron el cáñamo como una "droga" peligrosa, a pesar de que el cáñamo no es una droga recreativa y tiene el potencial de ser un cultivo sostenible y rentable para muchos agricultores debido a los usos médicos, estructurales y dietéticos del cáñamo. Así que fue un golpe, dos muertes.

Nuestros queridos sacerdotes y políticos los reprimen mediante la prohibición de cualquier sustancia. Cuando era joven pensé que las autoridades tenían razón al prohibir las drogas. Cuando finalmente fumé hachís por primera vez en mi vida en Estambul, me sentí muy culpable. Pensé que iba directo a mi perdición y que

era mi culpa. El problema fue, por supuesto, que me gustó mucho la experiencia.

1973

Mira, en realidad ha pasado mucho tiempo desde que esto realmente me pone de los nervios, ya sabes. Por supuesto que soy un gran adicto. Estoy loco por las drogas. Me gustan las drogas Preferiría tomarlos todos los días durante todo el día. ¿Por qué? porque me encanta estar drogado. Volado como un mono o volado como una rana, o un sapo como dicen en Chile. Es maravilloso activar un poco todo tu sistema, para exprimir el jugo, por así decirlo.

Desde el principio, por supuesto, he estado inmensamente enojado por la prohibición del asunto. ¿Qué diablos es asunto de alguien si quiero ser drogado o no? ¿Estoy molestando a alguien con eso? ¿Alguna vez he sido una carga para alguien? Esos bastardos que siempre querían decirme qué hacer, qué era bueno para mí, qué tipo de carrera construir, siempre sabían mejor, pero cuando se trataba de eso, estaba absolutamente claro que, por supuesto, no tenían ni idea de ellos mismos. cualquiera. Estaban haciendo. En un minuto estaban arruinando el mundo y al minuto siguiente murieron repentinamente debido a un infarto menor o algo así como resultado de años de abuso de alcohol y me iban a decir, qué era bueno para mí. ?

Bueno, para complacerlos seguí su ejemplo durante un tiempo y me emborraché. Durante días, semanas, años hasta que me enfermé tanto que tuve que volver a un buen porro y volver a drogarme.

Además, por supuesto, soy irremediablemente adicta a la dama nicotina, una hermana de la dama heroína, pero ¿qué quieres cuando toda la familia ha estado fumando desde mi primer recuerdo? La primera vez tuve un poco de miedo, ¿me entiendes? Desde muy pequeña me enseñaron con la leche materna que los narcóticos significaban el final de tu vida. No tenías futuro a partir de ese momento. Estabas condenado. Una miseria indescriptible era todo lo que te esperaba. Y yo creí todo eso, no hace falta decirlo.

Así que cuando a principios de los sesenta en Estambul, en una pequeña y barata habitación de hotel, Jaap Tuinman me ofreció un porro grande... pero no, no fue exactamente así. Durante días había estado hablando de ello: esto era realmente lo mejor. Fumar hachís era lo mejor que te podía pasar y, después de que finalmente lograra poner sus manos en un bloque y hacer un porro que indujera respeto, lo intentaría. Con zapatos de plomo, sí. Todavía me veo acostado en esa cama, en el hotel Freriks, en la zona del Sultán Ahmet, con una vista del Sultán Ahmet y la Mezquita Azul y el Bósforo. Ese hotel era tan estrecho y alto que le daba miedo a las alturas si miraba hacia abajo desde nuestra habitación hacia las tiendas de abajo. Y las escaleras eran tan estrechas y tortuosas que cuando llegaste al primer baño ya sentías claustrofobia y luego tuviste que subir dos pisos más hasta llegar a nuestra habitación del ático con la terraza realmente pequeña.

Todavía no pensaba en terremotos, pero estoy seguro de que el caso se habría derrumbado

inmediatamente con los primeros temblores.

Es posible que haya podido colocar cuatro camas individuales en esa habitación con mucho dolor y esfuerzo, pero había tres de modo que podría haber caminado justo en el medio si no hubiera habido un abrevadero con carbón brillante porque era demasiado frío de lo contrario para acostarse en su cama todo el día, o incluso en ella.

De todos modos, ahí es donde se rodó el primer pito y Jaap Tuinman ya estaba sazonado y había incorporado muchas cosas extra. En ese momento apenas había turistas drogadictos, por lo que la calidad seguía siendo original. Sí recuerdo que después de varias aventuras amorosas fallidas me deprimí bastante y pensé: qué diablos con todo el lío e inhalé bien y profundo, con lo que no tuve ningún problema porque ya era adicto a Lucky Strike o lo que sea el equivalente turco. fue entonces.

Primero piensas: Bueno, estas cosas no me van a afectar, así que das una bocanada extra profunda y antes de que te des cuenta, de repente estás tumbado en la cama y caes hacia atrás y caes de cabeza hacia atrás y el mundo entero comienza a girar. y rotar. Pensé que si mi madre supiera esto ...

Fue como si todo el infierno se abriera sobre mí: todo lo que me habían dicho como verdad era una mentira. Toda una vida de adoctrinamiento se vino abajo en el acto. La verdad de la Existencia según mamá y papá y el internado fue eliminada de mi sistema en un golpe fuerte. Mentiras, mentiras y mas

mentiras. Todo el sistema escolar era una tontería. No es de extrañar que este material estuviera prohibido. ¡Esta era tu verdadera dinamita! ¡Se me cayeron las escamas de la cabeza! Sin embargo, estaba enfermo, y como no podía ser de otra manera. ¡Fue una sobredosis tal que no pude levantarme!

Me quedé allí durante horas. Me di cuenta vagamente de que Jaap estaba hablando una y otra vez, pero no podía entender de qué se trataba. Fred, mi compañero de un viaje de un año, todavía estaba allí en alguna parte, pero no supe nada más de él esa noche. Después de siglos de percepciones como nunca antes había tenido, recuperé lentamente la conciencia. Fred también se había drogado por primera vez y estaba claro: este era el ojo abierto.

Cómo nos quedamos dormidos, no lo recuerdo. Solo un hambre enorme me despertó en medio de la noche. Jaap estaba familiarizado con las posibilidades de la Estambul nocturna y de alguna manera terminamos en la calle. No tuvimos que ir muy lejos: el callejón donde nos estábamos quedando nunca se calmó. Una tienda de çay, una cafetería, una tienda de pudines, un local de carne, un poco más lejos en una tienda de yogur búlgaro y luego una panadería, todo parecía durar toda la noche. No recuerdo haber comido tanto y tan deliciosamente. Todo fue como lo probé por primera vez y Dios mío, estaba delicioso para comer. Éramos autostopistas profesionales, llamándonos bouters, una especie de beatniks (¿hippies? ¡Nadie había oído hablar de ellos antes!) Y los precios eran tan bajos que

parecíamos poder pagar cualquier cosa.

Habíamos llegado aquí con algunas latas de galletas de supervivencia, y luego a la venta en Bijenkorf para guardarlas en su refugio nuclear en caso de que cayera la bomba, pero habíamos descubierto que podía sobrevivir con ellas durante una semana si las usaba junto con un litro de leche todos los días. De esta manera habíamos llegado al este por una cantidad mínima absoluta y sin realmente planearnos nos pusimos tan drogados también, bouters. Kerouac era nuestro gurú pero, por supuesto, no teníamos ni idea. Pensamos que ese tipo era el mejor.

Una docena de huevos fritos, dos budines, arroz con yogur, tres tipos de bollería y cuatro çays después, subimos de nuevo a nuestra 'habitación de la torre' con esa increíble vista sobre la plaza de la mezquita y el Bósforo con sus miles de botes, para tener un par de porros y volver a hundirnos en una profunda deshipnosis para disolver toda la educación que se nos había estampado con tanto esfuerzo, en una orgía de libre pensamiento y asociación.

Hasta que Jaap llegó al punto en el que tuvo que admitir que en realidad estábamos casi al final de la última parte. Y que realmente teníamos que hacer algo al respecto. Demasiado cansados para mostrar alguna iniciativa, no pudimos hacer nada esa noche más que sumergirnos profundamente en la lana y esperar al día siguiente.

Estambul en noviembre puede ser terriblemente gris por la mañana. A pesar de eso, Aya Sophia fue la

cosa más hermosa que jamás había visto al amanecer. Tropecé con la terraza. Uno por cinco pies con una valla de hierro oxidado alrededor era todo lo que era, pero la mezquita azul estaba allí, como siempre, con esos minaretes afilados y el bósforo justo detrás, aún no arruinado por el turismo o los puentes modernos o nada y el humo se elevaba de son las destartaladas casas de madera al borde del agua. Pensé que finalmente había llegado y que la paz en la tierra estaba cerca. Jaap y Fred seguían roncando, pero abajo las tiendas ya estaban en pleno apogeo. Todo lo que tenías que hacer era gritar:

"¡Arkadash! Uç çay, y tres rollos de salchicha con mostaza y mayonesa", o algo por el estilo y diez minutos más tarde un chico joven subió con la orden. Si no tenía ganas de sacar su billetera, simplemente dijo: escríbalo y eso fue todo.

Jaap y Fred se habían despertado a causa de eso, así que rodamos el primer porro después del desayuno. Estos porros eran de un calibre potente, por lo que inmediatamente nos pusimos realmente drogados, pero aún lo suficientemente frescos como para vestirnos y emprender una aventura. Jaap siempre tuvo algún tipo de conexión, pero la pregunta era cómo establecer el contacto.

Por lo general, teníamos que ir a algún barrio sombrío del puerto para localizar a alguien que pudiera ayudarnos a conseguir un buen trozo de hachís. Abajo, en la calle principal, esperarías en una parada de taxis hasta que encontraras el taxi dolmush

correcto. Luego tenías que llamar al barrio de tu destino hasta que encontraste un taxi que también iba allí.

Los taxis Dolmush tenían rutas fijas y los conductores a su vez gritaban el nombre del vecindario al que se dirigían. Por ejemplo, gritamos "Aksaray" y el conductor gritó Taksim "si eso estaba en su ruta, saltaste si había al menos tres lugares, de lo contrario, tuvimos que esperar al siguiente. Conducían en grandes modelos estadounidenses obsoletos, así que a veces había ya había algunos pasajeros allí, de lo contrario, pronto viajarían más hasta que hubiera 5 o 6 en el automóvil y luego podría conducir directamente al destino final donde tenía que repetir este proceso si era necesario. Sin embargo, este sistema era rápido y eficiente porque había un flujo interminable de estos taxis dolmush que pasaban, día y noche.

No recuerdo los nombres correctos de los barrios, pero cuando llegamos a Aksaray, por ejemplo, tuvimos que caminar lentamente por las calles y de vez en cuando preguntarle a alguien si podría haber visto a un tal Ahmet o Ali. A menudo no obtenemos nada más que una mirada sospechosa o un gruñido desdeñoso. Sorprendentemente, la mayoría de las veces nos las arreglamos para localizar a alguien que sabía a qué veníamos y luego comenzamos a actuar de manera muy paranoica y reservada. Por ejemplo, tuvimos que esperar una hora en la esquina de una terraza y luego, inesperadamente, saltar a un taxi que llegaba rápidamente.

En la parte de atrás había un turco cutre con un bigote imponente que comenzaba a hacernos preguntas con una voz oscura y penetrante.

"¿Qué quieres realmente?" No teníamos más de veinte años en ese momento y parecíamos aún más jóvenes. Sus sospechas eran comprensibles. Nos explicaron una y otra vez que estaban arriesgando al menos 20 años de trabajos forzados y que no debíamos hacer el tonto. Les explicábamos en nuestro mejor turco que solo queríamos fumar un poco de "esrar" y ellos rugían de risa. Mientras tanto, el taxi seguía circulando por barrios desconocidos y, a menudo, teníamos que trasladarnos a otro Chrysler o Dodge de un modelo de al menos diez años antes de que, inesperadamente, nos encontráramos cara a cara en un callejón oscuro con una figura extremadamente sombría que había estado representando. un rato y nos mostró algo que de hecho parecía una rebanada de hachís.

Afortunadamente, conocíamos a alguien que trabajaba en la comisaría de nuestro vecindario que aparentemente conocía a todos en el inframundo y cuyo nombre siempre despertaba mágicamente la confianza de todos. Un tipo amistoso, supusimos que era gay, calvo y al menos veinte años mayor que nosotros, Khalim, suave como una anguila, pero aparentemente lo suficientemente confiable como para llevarnos a casa con nuestro paquete de hachís cada vez. Sin embargo, esto duró toda la tarde y nos mostró casi todo el centro de la ciudad y también muchos

distritos exteriores.

Por lo general, volvíamos a casa cansados pero satisfechos con un montón de cosas con un valor de mercado probable en los Países Bajos igual al salario mensual de un trabajador y luego nos drogábamos como un zapo de nuevo.

Si usted, como político, logra presionar a los seres humanos para que tengan que sufrir por las necesidades básicas como aire, agua, comida, placer, drogas, amor, tribu, y luego se ofrece a ayudar a resolver los problemas para ellos, realmente está en el negocio. y tendrás mucho poder sobre ellos. Esto es exactamente lo que están haciendo estas personas.

Entonces no estoy diciendo: tómate las drogas porque son buenas para ti. Algunos de ellos realmente no lo son. Lo que estoy diciendo es un crimen para evitar que los tenga o prohibirlos de alguna manera. Sí, examínelos, vea si se pueden mejorar mediante la investigación científica.

La prohibición crea mercados negros y mafia porque es imposible aislar completamente a la gente de sus necesidades. Dicen que la mafia solo tiene miedo de una cosa: ¡que los gobiernos legalicen los productos con los que ganan tanto dinero! Intentaron prohibir el alcohol en los años treinta en Chicago con el conocido resultado devastador del efecto Al Capone. No aprendieron nada (o lo supieron todo el tiempo) y prohibieron muchas más drogas, tanto es así que ahora algunas calles de Amsterdam se han vuelto como Chicago en los años

treinta. ¿Creen realmente estos políticos que están actuando en el mejor interés de las personas a las que "sirven"?

Es como preguntar: estos sacerdotes realmente creen que este tipo 'dios' les está diciendo que las drogas son malas para ti y que por lo tanto tienes que ser reprimido, castigado. Es como preguntar: ¿realmente creen que el sexo es un pecado?

Hoy el problema se ha vuelto mucho más prominente, ahora que los políticos hacen que la respiración sea inponible. Puede que no lo sepas, pero al subsidiar a los grandes contaminadores, en lugar de inponer a las contaminaciones que emiten, te hacen pagar por el mal aire que respiras, diciendo que el calentamiento global es solo una invención de los chinos. Al subvencionar la extracción de petróleo y gas, contaminan el agua, enferman y matan a miles de personas en todo el planeta. Al calentar el planeta, la comida se vuelve demasiado cara para la mayoría de los pobres, pero finalmente se les paga una suma "valiosa" por sus alimentos envenenados de forma industrial y antiecológica.

Parece ser un poco difícil para los sacerdotes 'modernos' prohibir el sexo a menos que sea para la reproducción (léase para crear más miembros del partido), por lo que cambiaron al antiaborto, con el que parece ser más fácil manipular a los sin educación. generalmente "gente religiosa". Esto realmente te ayuda a sentirte culpable. Y luego pensar que ellos también son las personas que lo hicieron difícil, si no imposible, porque tienes en tus manos métodos anticonceptivos

regulares, efectivos y baratos, ¡porque Dios no está de acuerdo con eso!

La prohibición de las drogas es un fenómeno reciente. Cuando era joven en Estambul no era muy arriesgado ir al bazar y comprar un trozo enorme de hachís de primera clase. Fui a los campos en el centro de Turquía donde se cultivaba opio legalmente con fines médicos. No fue un problema ir allí por la noche para comprar una gran bola de opio puro puro de los agricultores. Sí, era ilegal, pero a nadie le importaba realmente, y menos a la policía al parecer.

Avance rápido unos años y apareció por primera vez la revista Life de nuestros amigos los políticos de los Estados Unidos de América "describiendo" "nuestra" vida en estos pequeños hoteles donde nos estábamos "drogando horriblemente". (Donde hacemos sesiones de "desprogramación" en su lugar).

Luego vino la película "Midnight Express sobre cómo a un turista estúpido se le ocurrió la idea de llevarse un kilo de drogas con él en el avión de regreso a los Estados Unidos y cómo ahora fue arrestado y condenado a una sentencia de cárcel muy larga y torturado. de muchas maneras junto con muchos compatriotas desafortunados. Mientras tanto, los políticos, empujados por los sacerdotes, habían obligado a los turcos a "hacer" algo al respecto.

Eso era Nixon y los sacerdotes estadounidenses y, por supuesto, eran las mismas personas que hoy en día siguen haciendo su trabajo sucio en la política estadounidense. El problema que tienen hoy es que sus números están bajando y comienzan a ponerse

realmente nerviosos. ¡Y peligroso! Ya han utilizado todos los trucos sucios de los libros para manipular las elecciones: hay 50 senadores republicanos en el cargo elegidos por 135 millones de votantes y 50 senadores democráticos elegidos por 174 millones (en 2020). Se van a perder por supuesto por su menor tasa de reproducción, por eso tienen tanto miedo de los negros y los hispanos, "invadiendo" desde fuera o no.

Incluso el amor se las arreglan para menospreciar, porque solo se puede amar si la iglesia, o el mosk, o la sinagoga o el gurdwara, o el templo y sus respectivos sacerdotes dan su aprobación. Si no, serás condenado y ellos son tan buenos en lo que están haciendo que incluso los niños pequeños se unen a la fiesta y corren chillando tras la comunidad LGBTQ por las calles del mundo, con o sin piedras, tal y como sus padres los 'enseñan'. Que incluso tengan que llamarse a sí mismos con un nombre tan difícil de recordar y pronunciar, demuestra que esta pobre gente ni siquiera tiene el poder de decir: "vete a la mierda, ¿qué te importa a tí?". No, estos niños saben que su tribu está con ellos.

¿CUÁN PELIGROSA ES LA MARIHUANA EN COMPARACIÓN CON OTRAS SUSTANCIAS?

Número de muertes estadounidenses por año que resultan directa o principalmente de las siguientes causas seleccionadas en todo el país, de acuerdo con los Almanagues Mundiales, las Tasas Actuariales de Seguros de Vida (muerte) y los últimos 20 años de los informes de los Cirujanos Generales de EE. UU.

TABACO: 340.000 a 450.000

ALCOHOL: 150,000+ (Sin incluir el 50% de todas las muertes en las carreteras y el 65% de todos los asesinatos)

ASPIRINA: 180 a 1000+ (incluida la sobredosis deliberada)

CAFEÍNA: 1.000 a 10.000 (por estrés, úlceras, latidos cardíacos irregulares, etc.)

SOBREDOSIS "LEGAL" DE DROGAS: 14,000 a 27,000 (deliberada o accidental) de medicamentos legales, recetados o patentados y / o mezcla con alcohol - p. Ej. Valium / alcohol

SOBREDOSIS DE DROGAS ILÍCITAS: 3.800 a 5.200 (deliberada o accidental) de todas las drogas ilegales.

MARIHUANA: 0

(Los consumidores de marihuana también tienen la misma o menor incidencia de asesinatos y muertes y accidentes en las carreteras que la población general que no usa marihuana en su conjunto.

LA TOXICIDAD MÁS BAJA

El 100% de los estudios realizados en docenas de universidades e instalaciones de investigación estadounidenses muestran que la toxicidad por marihuana no existe. El historial médico no registra a nadie que muera por una sobredosis de marihuana (UCLA, Harvard, Temple, etc.).

Estudio sobre el cáncer, UCLA; Financiado por Estados Unidos (\$6 millones),

Primer y segundo estudios jamaicanos, 1968 a 1974;

Estudios costarricenses, 1980 a 1982; et al.

