



TAO

THE PATHLESS PATH

OSHO



Tao: The Pathless Path

by
Osho



St. Martin's Griffin  New York

TAO: THE PATHLESS PATH. Copyright © 2002 by Osho International. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. For information, address Renaissance Books/St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

www.stmartins.com

With the permission of Columbia University Press, certain writings, previously published from *The Book of Lieh-Tzu: A Classic of Tao*, translated by A. C. Graham, 1990,

Design by Tanya Maiboroda

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Osho, 1931-1990.

Tao : the pathless path / by Osho.

p. cm.

ISBN-13: 978-1-58063-225-6

ISBN-10: 1-58063-225-4

1. Spiritual life. 2. Spiritual life—Taoism. I. Title.

BP605.R34 T38 2002

299'.93—dc21

2001058906

CONTENTS

Introduction	vii
1. WHO IS TRULY HAPPY?	1
2. A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO CONSOLE HIMSELF	30
3. NO REGRETS	59
4. NO REST FOR THE LIVING	91
5. BEST BE STILL, BEST BE EMPTY	123
6. FOLLOWING TORAH, OPEN TO TAO	
Responses to Questions	150

INTRODUCTION

A TAOIST parable:

There is a statue of Lao Tzu, the founder of Tao. And a young man has been thinking for years to go to the mountains and see the statue of Lao Tzu. He loves the words, the way Lao Tzu has spoken, the style of life that he has lived, but he has never seen any of his statues. There are no Taoist temples, so there are very rare statues and they are all in the mountains—standing in the open, carved out of the mountain, no roof, no temple, no priest, no worship.

And years pass, and there are so many things always coming in between. But finally one night he decides that he has to go—and it is not that far, only a hundred miles—but he is a poor man, and he has to walk. In the middle of the night—he chooses the time in the middle of the night so that the wife and the children and the family are asleep and no trouble arises—he takes a lamp in his hand, because the night is dark, and goes out of the town.

As he comes out of the town to the first milestone, a thought arises in him, “My God, one hundred miles! And I only have two feet—it is going to kill me. I am asking the impossible. I have never walked one hundred miles, and there is no road. . . .” It is a small hill path, a footpath—dangerous too. So he thinks, “It is better to wait till the morning. At least there will be light, and I can see better; otherwise I will fall somewhere off this small

footpath. And without seeing the statue of Lao Tzu, simply be finished. Why commit suicide?"

So he was sitting just outside the town, and as the sun was rising an old man came by. He saw this young man sitting; he asked, "What are you doing here?" The young man explained.

The old man laughed. He said, "Have you not heard the ancient saying? Nobody has the power to take two steps together, you can take only one step at a time. The powerful, the weak, the young, the old—it doesn't matter. And the saying goes, 'Just one step by one step, a man can go ten thousand miles'—and this is only a hundred miles! You seem to be stupid. And who is saying to you that you should go continuously? You can take time; after ten miles you can rest a day or two days, enjoy. This is one of the most beautiful valleys and the most beautiful mountains and the trees are so full of fruits—fruits that you may not have even tasted. Anyway, I am going; you can come along with me. I have been on this path thousands of times, and I am at least four times your age. Stand up!"

The man was so authoritative. When he said, "Stand up!" the young man simply stood. And he said, "Give your things to me. You are young, inexperienced; I will carry your things. You just follow me, and we will take as many rests as you want."

And what the old man had said was true. As they entered deeper into the forest and the mountains, it became more and more beautiful. And wild, juicy fruits . . . and they were resting; whenever he wanted, the old man was ready. He was surprised that the old man himself never said it was time to rest. But whenever the young man said it was time to rest, he was always willing to rest with him—a day or two, and then they would start the journey again.

Those one hundred miles just came and went by, and they reached one of the most beautiful statues of one of the greatest

men who has ever walked on the earth. Even his statue had something—it was not just a piece of art, it was created by Taoist artists to represent the spirit of Tao.

Tao believes in the philosophy of let-go. It believes you are not to swim but just to flow with the river, allow the river to take you wherever it is going—because every river ultimately reaches to the ocean. So don't be worried, you will reach the ocean. There is no need to be tense.


In that lonely spot the statue was standing, and there was a waterfall just by the side—because Tao is called the watercourse way. Just as the water goes on and on flowing with no guidebooks, with no maps, with no rules, no discipline . . . but strangely enough in a very humble way, because it is always seeking the lower position everywhere. It never goes uphill. It always goes downhill, but it reaches to the ocean, to its very source.

The whole atmosphere there was representative of the Taoist idea of let-go. The old man said, “Now begins the journey.”

The young man said, “What? I was thinking, one hundred miles and the journey is finished.”

The old man said, “That is just the way the masters have been talking to people. But the reality is now: From this point, from this atmosphere, a journey of one thousand and one miles begins. And I will not deceive you, because after one thousand and one miles you will meet another old man—perhaps me—who will say, ‘This is just a stopover, go on.’ Go on is the message.”

The journey itself is the goal.
It is infinite. It is eternal.



Tao believes in the philosophy of let-go. It believes you are not to swim but just to flow with the river, allow the river to take you wherever it is going.



WHO IS TRULY HAPPY?



When Lieh Tzu was eating at the roadside on a journey to Wei, he saw a hundred-year-old skull. Picking a stalk, he pointed to the skull and, turning to his disciple Pai Feng, said, "Only he and I know that you were never born and will never die. Is it he who is truly miserable, is it we who are truly happy?"

I REJOICE in Lieh Tzu—he is one of the most perfect expressions for the inexpressible. Truth cannot be expressed; that inexpressibility is intrinsic to truth. Thousands and thousands of people have tried to express it—very few have succeeded even in giving a reflection of it. Lieh Tzu is one of those very few; he is rare.

Before we start entering into his world, a few things have to be understood about him and his approach. His approach is that of an artist—the poet, the storyteller—and he is a master storyteller. Whenever somebody has experienced life, his experience has flowered into parables—that seems to be the easiest way to hint at that which cannot be said. A parable is a device, a great device; it is not just an ordinary story. The purpose of it is not to entertain you; the purpose of it is to say something that there is no other way to say. Life cannot be put into a theory—it is so vast, it is so infinite.

A theory by its very nature is closed. A theory has to be closed if it is a theory; it cannot be open-ended, otherwise it will be

meaningless. A parable is open-ended; it says and yet it leaves much to be said, it only hints. And that which cannot be said can be shown. It is a finger pointing to the moon. Don't cling to the finger—that is irrelevant—look at the moon. These parables in themselves are beautiful, but that is not their purpose... they go beyond, they are transcendental. If you dissect the parable itself you will not come to much understanding.

It is like the navel in the body of man. If you go to the surgeon and ask him what the purpose of the navel is in the body, and if he dissects the body, he will not find any purpose. The navel seems almost useless. What is the purpose of the navel? It was purposeful when the child was in the womb: its purpose was that it related the child to the mother, it connected the child with the mother. But now the child is no longer in the womb—the mother may have died, the child has become old—now what is the purpose of the navel? It has a transcendental purpose; the purpose is not in itself. You will have to look everywhere, all around, to find the indication—where it indicates. It indicates that the man was once a child, that the child was once in the womb of a mother, that the child was connected with the mother. This is just a mark that the past has left.

As the navel shows something about the past, a parable shows something about the future. It shows that there is a possibility of growing, of being connected with existence. Right now that is only a possibility, it is not actual. If you just dissect the parable it becomes an ordinary story. If you don't dissect it but just drink the meaning of it, the poetry of it, the music of it—forget the story and just carry the significance of it—soon you will see that it indicates toward a future, toward something which can be, but is not yet. It is transcendental.


In the West, except for Jesus' parables, nothing like Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Buddha... nothing like these people's parables exists—only Jesus. And even Jesus' parables seem to be such that he must have carried them from the East. There are Aesop's parables, but they are also reflections of the greatest book of parables of the East, *Panchatantra*. The parable is an Eastern invention and of tremendous import.

So the first thing to be understood about Lieh Tzu: He is not a theoretician, he will not give you any theory; he will simply give you parables.

A theory can be dissected—its meaning is in it; it has no transcendence, the meaning is immanent. A parable cannot be dissected; dissect it and it will die. The meaning is transcendental, it is not in it. It is somewhere else—it *has* to be. You have to live a parable, then you will come to its meaning. It has to become your heart, your breathing; it has to become your inner rhythm. So these parables are tremendously artistic, but not mere art; great religiousness is contained in them.

Lieh Tzu is not a theologian either; he does not talk about God. He *talks God*, but he does not talk *about* God. Whatsoever he says

comes from the source, but he does not talk *about* the source; let it be very clear to you. There are two types of people: one who talks about God, he is the theologian; one who *talks God*, he is the mystic. Lieh Tzu is a mystic. The man who talks about God has not



A theory can be dissected—its meaning is in it; it has no transcendence, the meaning is immanent. A parable cannot be dissected; dissect it and it will die. The meaning is transcendental, it is not in it.

known God; otherwise why should he “talk about”? The “about” shows his ignorance. When a man talks God he has experienced. Then God is not a theory to be proved, disproved, no; then God is his very life—to be lived.

To understand a man like Lieh Tzu you will have to live an authentic life. Only then, through your own experience, will you be able to feel what he means by his parables. It is not that you can learn the theories and become informed; the information will not help. Unless you *know*, nothing is going to help. So if these parables create a thirst in you to know, a great desire to know, a great hunger to know; if these parables lead you on an unknown journey, on a pilgrimage—then only, only by treading the path, will you become acquainted with the path.

Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu, and Lao Tzu, the three Taoist masters, talk only about the way. *Tao* means the way—they don’t talk about the goal at all. They say: The goal will take care of itself; you need not worry about the goal. If you know the way you know the goal, because the goal is not at the very end of the way, the goal is all over the way—each moment and each step it is there. It is not that when the way ends you arrive at the goal; each moment, wherever you are, you are at the goal if you are on the way. To be on the way is to be at the goal. Hence they don’t talk about the goal, they don’t talk about God, they don’t talk about *moksha*, *nirvana*, enlightenment—no, not at all. Very simple is their message: You have to find the way.

Things become a little more complicated because they say: The way has no map, the way is not charted, the way is not such that you can follow somebody and find it. The way is not like a super-highway; the way is more like a bird flying in the sky—it leaves no markers behind. The bird has flown but no marks are left; nobody can follow. So the way is a pathless path. It *is* a path, but it is a

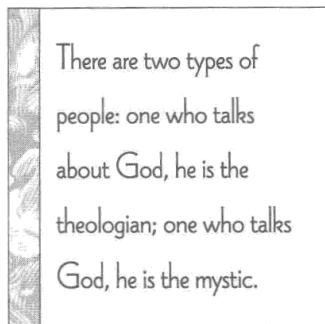
pathless path. It is not ready-made, available; you cannot just decide to walk on it, you will have to find it. And you will have to find it in your own way; nobody else's way is going to function.

Buddha has walked, Lao Tzu has walked, Jesus has walked, but those ways are not going to help you because you are not Jesus, and you are not Lao Tzu, and you are not Lieh Tzu. You are you, a unique individual. Only by walking, only by living your life, will you find the way. This is something of great value.

That's why Taoism is not an organized religion—cannot be. It is an *organic* religion but not an *organized* religion. You can be a Taoist if you simply live your life authentically, spontaneously, if you have the courage to go into the unknown on your own, individual, not leaning on anybody. Not following anybody, simply going into the dark night not knowing whether you will arrive anywhere or you will be lost. If you have the courage, that risk is there—it is risky, it is adventurous.


Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, are superhighways; you need not risk anything, you simply follow the crowd, you go with the mob. With Tao you have to go alone, you have to be alone. Tao respects the individual and not the society. Tao respects the unique and not the crowd. Tao respects freedom and not conformity. Tao has no tradition. Tao is a rebellion, and the greatest rebellion possible.

That's why I call Tao "the pathless path." It is a path but not like other paths. It has a very different quality to it: the quality of freedom, the quality of anarchy, the quality of chaos. Tao says that if you impose a discipline on yourself, you will be a



There are two types of people: one who talks about God, he is the theologian; one who talks God, he is the mystic.

slave. The discipline has to arise out of your awareness, then you will be a master. If you impose an order on your life, this will be just a pretension; the disorder will remain deep in the very core of your being. The order will be on the surface; at the center there will be disorder. This is not going to help.



Tao respects the individual and not the society. Tao respects the unique and not the crowd. Tao respects freedom and not conformity. Tao has no tradition. Tao is a rebellion, and the greatest rebellion possible.

The real order arises not from the outside but from the innermost core of your being. Allow disorder, don't repress it. Face it, take the challenge of disorder. By taking the challenge of disorder and living it—living dangerously—an order arises in your being. That order is out of chaos, not out of

any pattern. This is a totally different gestalt: it is born into you and it is fresh; it is not traditional, it is virgin; it is not secondhand. Tao does not believe in the secondhand religion and in the secondhand God. If you take the God of Jesus you become a Christian, if you take the God of Krishna you become a Hindu, if you take the God of Mohammed you become a Mohammedan. Tao says: But until you find *your* God you are not on the way.

So all these ways simply distract you from the real way. Following others, you are going astray. Following any pattern of life, you are becoming a slave. Following any pattern, you are imprisoning yourself. And God, or Tao, or *dharna*, or truth, is possible only to one who is absolutely free, unconditionally free.


Of course, freedom is dangerous because there is no security in it, no safety in it. There is great safety when you are following the crowd: The crowd protects you. There is great safety when you are

following the crowd because of the very presence of so many people you feel that you are not alone and you cannot be lost. Because of this security you *are* lost, because of this security you never search and you never seek and you never inquire. And truth cannot be found unless you have inquired, unless you have inquired on your own. If you take borrowed truths, you become knowledgeable; but to be knowledgeable is not to know.

Tao is very much against knowledge. Tao says that even if you are ignorant and the ignorance is yours, it is good—at least it is yours, and it has an innocence to it. But if you are burdened with accumulated knowledge, scripture, tradition, then you are living a false, pseudo life. Then you are not really living, you are just pretending that you are living. You are making impotent gestures, empty gestures. Your life has not the intensity, the passion—cannot have the passion. That passion arises only when you move on your own, alone, into the vast sky of existence.

Why can't you move alone? Because you don't trust life. You move with Mohammedans, you move with Hindus, you move with Jews, because you don't trust life, you trust crowds. To move alone one needs great trust in life . . . the trees, the rivers, the sky, the eternity of it all—one trusts this. You trust man-made conceptions, you trust man-made systems, you trust man-made ideologies. How can man-made ideologies be true?

Man has created these ideologies just to hide the fact that he does not know, to hide the fact that he is ignorant. Man is cunning,



Following any pattern, you are imprisoning yourself. And God, or Tao, or dharma, or truth, is possible only to one who is absolutely free, unconditionally free.

clever, and he can create rationalizations, but these rationalizations are bogus—you cannot move with them into truth. You will have to drop them. Tao says that ignorance is not the barrier against truth—knowledge is the barrier.

Let me tell you a few anecdotes.

In Samuel Beckett's great work, *Waiting for Godot*, this small incident happens. Ponder it.

Two tramps, Vladimir and Estragon, are on stage. They are there to wait—just as everybody else in the world is waiting; nobody knows exactly for what. Everybody is waiting, hoping that something is going to happen. Today it has not happened, tomorrow it is going to happen. This is the human mind: today is being wasted, but it hopes that tomorrow something is going to happen. And those two tramps are sitting under a tree and waiting... waiting for Godot.

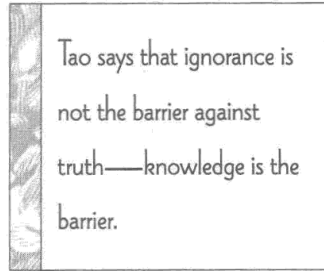
Nobody knows exactly who this Godot is. The word sounds like God, but it only sounds like, and in fact the gods you are waiting for are all Godots. You have created them because one has to wait for something, otherwise how will you tolerate existence? For what? How will you postpone living? How will you hope? Life will become intolerable, impossible, if there is nothing to wait for. Somebody is waiting for money, and somebody is waiting for power, and somebody is waiting for enlightenment, and somebody for something else; but everybody is waiting. And people who wait are the people who miss.

These two tramps are there just to wait. What they are waiting for is the coming of a man, Godot, who is expected to provide them with shelter and sustenance. Meanwhile, they try to make time pass with small talk, jokes, games, and minor quarrels....

That's what your life is: one is engaged meanwhile with small things. The great thing is going to happen tomorrow. Godot will come tomorrow. Today one is quarreling—the wife with the husband, the husband with the wife. Small things: small talk, jokes, games . . . tedium and emptiness. Today, that's what everybody is feeling: tedium, emptiness. . . . "Nothing to be done" is the refrain that rings again and again. . . . They say again and again, "Nothing to be done," but then they console themselves, "but tomorrow he is coming." And in fact he has never promised them, they have never met him—it is an invention. One has to invent; out of misery one has to invent the tomorrow and something to cling to. Your gods, your heavens, your paradises, your *mokshas*, are all inventions. Tao does not talk about them.

This play of Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*, is very essentially Taoist.


In the midst of the first act, two strangers, Pozzo and Lucky, storm onto the stage. Pozzo seems to be a man of affluence; Lucky, the servant, is being driven to a nearby market to be sold. Pozzo tells the tramps about Lucky's virtues, the most remarkable of which is that he can *think*. To show them, Pozzo snaps his whip and commands "Think!" and there follows a long, "hysterically incoherent monologue in which fragments of theology, science, sports, and assorted learning jostle in confusion until the three others hurl themselves on him and silence him."



What is your thinking? What are you saying when you say, "I am thinking"? It is a "hysterically incoherent monologue in which

fragments of theology, science, sports, and assorted learning jostle in confusion" ... until death comes and silences you. What is your whole thinking? What can you think? What is there to think? And through thinking how can one arrive at truth? Thinking cannot deliver truth. Truth is an experience, and the experience happens only when thinking is no longer there.

So Tao says that theology is not going to help, philosophy is not going to help, logic is not going to help, reason is not going to help. You can go on thinking and thinking, and it will be nothing but invention—the pure invention of human mind to hide its own stupidity. And then you can go on and on, one dream can lead into another, and that other dream can lead you into



You can go on thinking and thinking, and it will be nothing but invention—the pure invention of human mind to hide its own stupidity.

another... dream within dream within dream—that's what all philosophy, theology is.

Dream within dream within dream... this is how the mind goes on. Once you start dreaming, there is no end to it; and what you call thinking is better called dreaming—it is not thinking.

Remember, truth needs no thinking, it needs experience.

When you see the sun and the light you don't think about it, you *see* it. When you come across a rose flower you don't *think* about it, you *see* it. When the fragrance comes to your nostrils you smell it, you don't think about it. Whenever you are close to reality, thinking is not needed—then reality is enough, then the experience is enough. When you are far away from reality, you think; you substitute thinking for reality. A man who has eaten well is not going to dream in the night that he has been invited

to a feast. A man who has fasted in the day is bound to dream in the night that he has been invited to a feast. A man who is sexually satisfied is not going to dream about sexual objects. That's the whole of Freudian psychology; you dream about things that are missing in your life, you dream to compensate. That's the whole Taoist approach too. What Freud says about thinking, about dreaming, the Taoist approach says about thinking as such. And dreaming is only a part of thinking and nothing else.

Thinking is dreaming with words, dreaming is thinking with pictures—that's the only difference. Dreaming is a primitive way of thinking, and thinking is a more evolved way of dreaming—more civilized, more cultured, more intellectual, but it is the same—only the pictures have been replaced by words. And, in a way, because pictures have been replaced by words, it has gone even farther away from reality, because reality is closer to pictures than to words.

Lieh Tzu is not a thinker. Let that sink deep in you; that will help you to understand his parables. Lieh Tzu is a poet, not a thinker. And when I say "poet" I mean one who believes in experiencing, not in speculations.

The poet is in search. His search is for the beautiful, but beauty is nothing but truth glimpsed. Truth, when you just glimpse it for a moment, appears as beauty. When truth is realized totally, then you come to know that beauty was only a function of truth. Wherever truth exists, there exists beauty—it is a shadow of truth. When truth is seen through screens, it is beauty; when beauty is naked, it is truth.

So the difference between the poet and the mystic is not much. The poet is coming closer, the mystic has arrived. For the poet, there are only glimpses of truth; for the mystic, truth has become his very life. The poet is only sometimes transported to the world

of truth and then falls back again. For the mystic, truth has become his abode: he lives there; he lives *as* truth.

Poets come closest to religiousness. Thinkers, philosophers, logicians, theologians, scientists, are very far away. Their whole approach is verbal. The poetic approach is more existential, and the mystic's approach is existential par excellence; it is absolutely existential.

Tao means to exist on the way, and to exist in such a way that the way and you are not two. This existence is one—we are not separate from it. The separation, the idea of separation, is very illusory. We are joined together, we are one whole. We are not



Tao means an egoless existence, living as part of this infinite whole, not living as a separate entity.

islands, we are one continent. You are in me, I am in you. The trees are in you, you are in the trees. It is an interconnected whole.

Basho has said it is as if it were a vast spider's web. Have you tried? Touch the spider's web anywhere and the whole web starts shaking,

trembling; the whole vibrates. Touch a leaf on the tree and you have made all the stars vibrate with it. You may not be able to see it right now, but things are so deeply related that it is impossible not to touch the stars by touching a leaf, the small leaf of a tree.

The whole is one—separation is not possible. The very idea of separation is the barrier. The idea of separation is what we call the ego. If you are with the ego, you are not on the path, you are not in Tao. When the ego is dropped, you are in Tao. Tao means an egoless existence, living as part of this infinite whole, not living as a separate entity.

Now, ordinarily we have been taught to live as separate entities, we have been taught to have our own will. People come to me and

And it has some truth in it, because the full-moon night drives people crazy. That's why mad people are called lunatics—*luna* means the moon—moonstruck. A lunatic is moonstruck. The ocean goes wild. There is a possibility that man also goes wild on the full-moon night, because ninety percent of man is ocean and nothing else. Ninety percent of you is just ocean; you are made of ocean. Ninety percent is water, and this water has the same salts as the ocean in exactly the same proportion. So when the ocean goes wild, something must be happening in your body, too.

Ninety percent is ocean within you—something must be going wild. Poets say that they write beautiful poetry on the full-moon night; lovers say that something becomes tremendously romantic. And this is a well-established fact now that more people go mad on the full-moon night than on any other night. The least number goes mad on the no-moon night, and the greatest number goes mad on the full-moon night.

Maybe Gurdjieff has some point when he says that the moon feeds on your consciousness. It may be just fiction, but even fictions have some part of truth in them. And when a man like Gurdjieff creates a fiction, it has to have some truth in it.

The whole is connected. We are eating, we are being eaten—from one side we take, to the other side we give. You eat the apple. One day, the apple tree will eat from your body, your body will become fertilizer. When you are eating the apple, you may never have thought that your father or your grandfather may be in the apple and that you may be eating your grandmother or grandfather. And, some day, your children will eat you.

Everything is connected. This connectedness is what is meant by the word *Tao*: the connectedness, the interconnectedness, the interdependence of all. Nobody is separate, hence ego is absurd. Only the whole can say "I"; the parts should not say "I." If they

The minister said, "Are you happy?"

He said, "I am happy, I am *happiness*. What do you want?"

The minister danced with happiness. He said, "Now, you just give your shirt!" and the man remained silent. And the minister said, "Why are you silent? Give your shirt! The king needs it."

The man said, "That's impossible, because I don't have any shirt. You can't see because it is dark, but I am sitting naked. I would have given my shirt—I can give my life—but I don't have any shirt."

"Then why are you happy?" the minister asked. "How can you be happy?"

And the man said, "The day I lost all—shirt and all—I became happy... the day I lost all. In fact I don't have anything, and I don't have even myself. I am not playing this flute, the whole is playing through me. I am a nonentity, a nothingness, a nobody..."

This is the meaning of "the poor in spirit"—one who possesses nothing, who has nothing, who knows nothing, who *is* nothing. Tao says: When you are nothing you will become all. Dissolve and you will become whole. Claim that you *are* and you will be miserable.

This Tao, this merging with the whole, this disappearing into the cosmos, cannot be taught. You can learn it, but it cannot be taught. So Lieh Tzu and other Taoist masters don't preach anything; they don't have anything to preach. They talk in parables. You can listen to the story, and if you really listen, something will burst open in you. So the whole thing depends on how you listen.

Lieh Tzu himself was with his master for many years, just sitting silently, not doing anything, just learning to be silent, learning to be passive, learning to be receptive, learning to be

image

not

available

It can arrive—and Taoists even call it “it.” They don’t call it “he,” they don’t call it “she,” they don’t call it “God the Father.” They don’t call it by any personal name, they simply say “it.” “It” is nonpersonal, it is the name of the whole: “Tao” means “it.”

“Tao has arrived,” he said, “and it came only when I was not there.”

Lao Tzu said, “Tell the other disciples the situation in which it happened.” And he said, “The only thing that I can say is that I was not good, I was not bad, I was not a sinner, I was not a saint, I was not this, I was not that, I was not anybody in particular when it arrived. I was just a passivity, a tremendous passivity, just a door, an opening. I had not even invited it. Listen! I had not even invited it, because even the invitation would have gone with my signature. I had not even invited. . . . In fact, I had completely forgotten about it. I was just sitting. I was not even seeking, searching, inquiring. I was not there, and suddenly it overflowed me.”

It happens that way. It can happen to you if you just become more and more passive. Tao is the way of the feminine. All other religions are aggressive, all other religions are more male-oriented; Tao is more female. And remember, truth comes only when you are in a feminine state of consciousness, never otherwise. You cannot conquer truth. That is foolish, silly even to think about, that you can conquer truth. The part conquering the whole! The part can only allow, the part can only be in a let-go.

This let-go will happen if you can do one thing: stop clinging to knowledge, stop clinging to philosophies, stop clinging to doctrines, dogmas. Stop clinging to the churches and the organized

These remarkable discourses are original, live recordings made during Osho's extemporaneous daily talks to audiences of disciples and visitors at his meditation retreat in Poona, India.

BUDDHISM:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-447-6

My talking to Buddha is not just a commentary, it is creating a bridge. If you can have a taste of the Buddha's being, you will be infinitely benefited, blessed.

TANTRA:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-448-4

Tantra is freedom from all mind constructs, from all mind games, from all structures. Tantra is space to be. Tantra is liberation.

TAO:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-429-8

You are the world. Why be a tiny part when you can be the whole? Don't be the ego. Why be satisfied with such a small, ugly thing when you can be the divine?

SUFISM:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-449-2

Sufism is the mystical dimension of the Islamic faith. Osho clarifies the Sufi approach to religiosity, which is to become part of the mystery of existence by living meditatively and transcending experience itself, distilling the essence of Sufism so you can discover the mystic within yourself.

YOGA:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-430-1

Yoga—the Science of the Soul—is not about twisting the body into strange-looking positions, it's about help for anyone interested in embarking on the most miraculous journey of scientific discovery ever: man's effort to move from his circumference to his center, to travel from his body inward to his soul.

ZEN:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-428-X

After discussing the birth and flowering of Zen, Osho goes on to expound on Zen's teachings and meanings, including the letting go of knowledge, which brings us to true knowing, and the letting go of thought and mind, which brings us to the clarity of no-mind and *samahi*.

THE BOOK OF SECRETS:

2 cassettes; \$16.95 U.S./\$23.50 CAN.; 1-55927-486-7

There are two approaches to self-discovery, the Path of Love and the Path of Meditation. On the first tape, Osho explores the secrets of love, including the way of tantra and the nature of desire, and provides guidance to searching for a soulmate. On the second tape, he focuses on the secrets of meditation, bringing you to the realization that your freedom is total, as he explores the seed of Buddhahood and the breath within the breath.