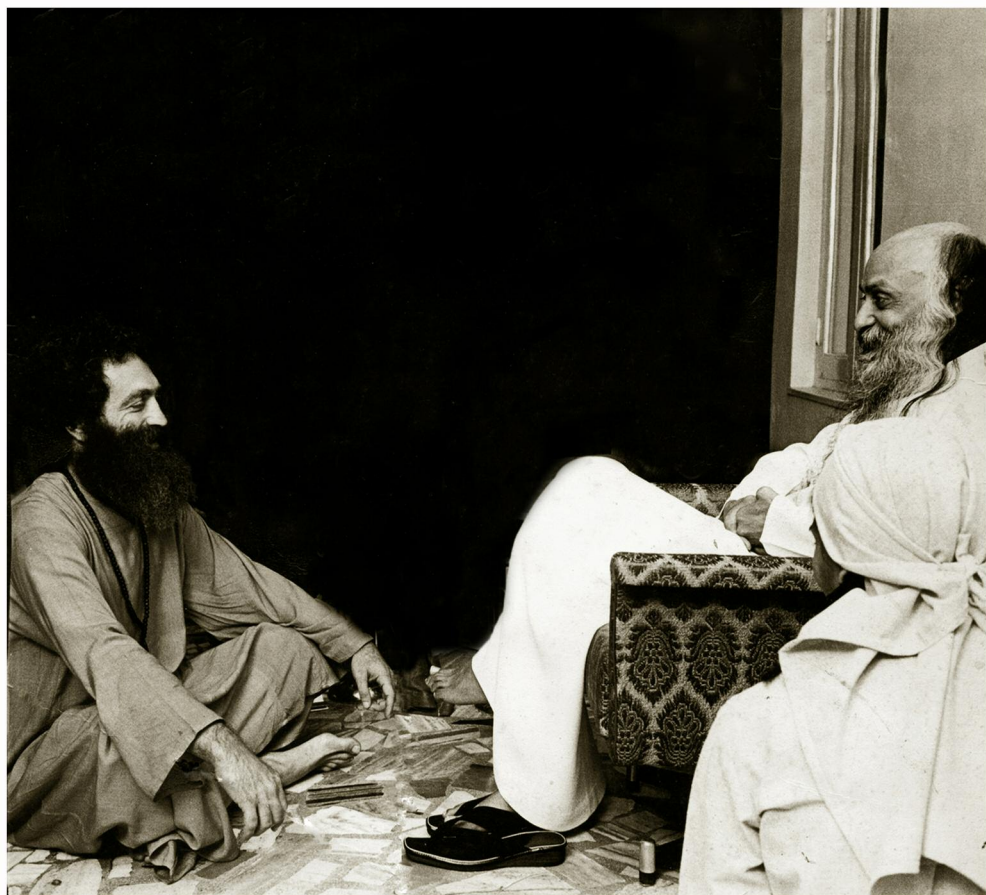


GURU

WHY YOU ARE YOU

KRISHNA PREM (michael mogul)



“YOU ARE UNIQUE JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE”

Geelyouareyou. As of right now, you no longer need to become anyone else. Or even a better you.

You are perfect just the way you are.

Krishna Prem has found the way to point out this essential truth that you are fine just the way you are, by using himself as the example. Krishna Prem left America over forty years ago in search of himself.

Arriving in India, he met his teacher and friend Osho, who simply said to Krishna Prem, “If you want to know who you really are, be a joke unto yourself. Do not take yourself so seriously.”

Laugh with Krishna Prem and at the same time you may just find out how funny you are. Your ego is certainly a serious business. Laughter is the best medicine to move from mind to meditation.

And when you finally begin to laugh at yourself from deep in your belly, you may well become aware of what is known in the East as the great “Cosmic Joke”.

Enjoy.

“Life is like an empty canvas, it becomes whatever you paint on it. You can paint misery, you can paint bliss. This freedom is your glory.” **Osho** www.osho.com

Visit Krishna Prem at
www.geelyouareyou.com

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Gee You Are You

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Krishna Prem (Michael Mogul)

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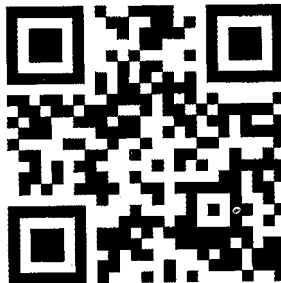
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About the Author

Gee You Are You is a book about a life's journey from here to here. On the front cover is a picture of me at thirty-three years of age, sitting on a cold marble floor in front of my teacher and friend, Osho, in Pune, India. On the back cover I am the ripe old age of sixty-six. As Bob Dylan once sang, "Oh, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." Yes, my body is now twice as old and yet I feel half my age... the magic of meditation.

Through my years of peeling the layers of my own onion, I have turned my life from *maditation* in the outer world to meditation in my inner world. While reading this book, you will be constantly challenged to witness that you are not so much your conditioning in the marketplace of your hometown, but more that the world is appearing in you... that you are not the mind. And more than that, you are a child of the universe who is in charge of his own existence. In meditation this often called No-mind. So get ready to know how big you are... and that your mind is no longer your boss. Love is, Krishna Prem.

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Note: Chapter headings are titles of Osho books I have loved, especially *Tantra: The Supreme Understanding* and *Ecstasy: The Forgotten Language*.

Go to www.osho.com for further information.

Prologue

“This is the time for everybody to meditate. This is the time that, except for meditation, nothing can help you to get out of your misery. And meditation is a simple phenomenon. Just whenever you have time, sit silently, doing nothing. Relax, close your eyes, watch your thoughts as if you are watching a movie on the screen. You are just a watcher. If you can watch your thoughts just as if they are moving there on the screen, and you are not involved in them, they start dispersing. It is your involvement that gives them life energy. When you withdraw yourself and become just a witness, thoughts start falling, like leaves which are dead start falling from the trees. Soon you will be surprised, the screen is empty. Consciousness coming back to the original source is what I call enlightenment. This blissfulness happens here and now.”

The Last Testament, Vol 5, Osho

Sitting together with Osho in '74 in his Woodlands apartment in Bombay on our one-year anniversary, I asked him how it is that he reads me like an open book. He smiled as he hinted that when he found out who he is, he also met me and that in reality we are not two. Almost giggling by now, he said that we are both buddhas, that he is a waking buddha and I am a sleeping buddha. “Not much difference, eh?” No one had

ever called me a buddha before, so that felt fine, but a sleeping buddha...my young spiritual ego took a hit. Osho asked me how my meditation was coming along. He had asked me to do the Dynamic Meditation for twenty-one mornings before our meeting. What rolled off my lips is what Groucho Marx famously said, "Close, but no cigar." Osho's giggle turned into a hearty laugh. I went on to explain that it was not so much as getting out of my mind, but it was more like I was moving furniture (thoughts) around in my home (mind).

He looked at me sternly as he said, "Do not decorate your prison."

I have come to know that our minds are prisons until we are free, until we can watch our minds work for us instead of the other way around. Until we become the witness. Becoming the witness is the key to unlocking the mystery of this little book. Quite simply the witness is who you are as you watch what you do and think and feel. The witness is who you are. To remember that you are the witness requires that you become intimate with yourself. You can no longer treat yourself like a perfect stranger...what you need now is love plus a touch of awareness. Please don't get depressed that you have wasted your entire life up to now. You can know. Your life is a journey and quite simply the journey is the goal. Trust yourself. The present is a present, so let's start now, and when I say you, I am talking to myself as well. I am you and you are me and we are all together. You will need to quiet your mind to witness yourself as your character (your personality) running around in circles chasing your tail. As the waking Buddha reminds, "Be still and know."

In the West, when I ask my friends, "Tell me who you are?" I often get an answer back, "I am a doctor, a lawyer, an Indian chief." I get the answer of the doer. In the East, I often hear the

sound of silence to that exact same question...an answer from your very being.

The question is, when are we becoming human beings instead of human doers? A human being also is a human doer, but he moves from his center, always remaining a witness when he moves into the cyclone of the marketplace.

From this very moment go back into your prison, into your mind. Now open the windows and the doors and your skylight. Let misery blow through you. Don't grab onto it. Let bliss tickle you. This too will pass. Misery and bliss are both experiences. I wonder which experience you prefer. Do not choose. Life comes, life goes, and you are also not here to decorate your prison. Make a clean break. Freedom is the highest value, even higher than love. Freedom is you watching your mind without reacting. Freedom is responding to whatever life throws at you. In the East, this is known as No-Mind. In the West we doers call this the zone. In reality where there is no such thing as East or West, there is only life living, death dying while you remain the witness of this eternal play.

You are cordially invited to be a human being once and for all while your human doer gets involved in all sorts of dramas. You will know you are enlightened when your dramas unfold without touching you. For me right now the most important word in the English language is *and*; not Krishna Prem *or* you, but Krishna Prem *and* you. This book is not about meditating in the East or working downtown. It's about movement... moving from your center (your inner world) into the marketplace (your outer world) and back again. According to Osho, quite simply, "God is Movement."

Osho called this meeting of East and West Zorba the Buddha. You are aware of your Zorba. You know what it is to have fun in the world. Can you remain alert after one too many

glasses of bubbly? At the same time, can you meditate while you sip? Again, for me, it's not Zorba *or* the Buddha, its Zorba *and* the Buddha. I'll drink to that if you are willing to close your eyes for twenty minutes and watch your breath before you dress for work today.

Yes, it is not your work to become someone in the future, but simply your play to remember who you are right now. Once and for all, life is not in your future, you are already alive and perfect. Wake up and disturb me. And I'll do the same for you.

Introduction

“Love.

You ask for my ten commandments. This is very difficult because I am against any sort of commandment.

Yet just for the fun of it I set down what follows:

- 1. Obey no orders except those from within.*
- 2. The only God is life itself.*
- 3. Truth is within, do not look for it elsewhere.*
- 4. Love is prayer.*
- 5. Emptiness is the door to truth, it is the means, the end and the achievement.*
- 6. Life is here and now.*
- 7. Live fully awake.*
- 8. Do not swim, float.*
- 9. Die each moment so that you are renewed each moment.*
- 10. Stop seeking. That which is, is: stop and see.”*

A Cup of Tea, Osho

Forty plus years ago I left America in search of myself and now I am on my way back home. It has taken me half my life to know that I am whole. My journey began in nineteen hundred and seventy something when I bought a one-way ticket to nowhere!

As the plane touched down in Bombay, India, I immediately had a feeling I can only describe as now-here. It was a feeling of coming home and it's no coincidence that India is called Mother India. With my life savings of five hundred dollars in my pocket, and a warm feeling in my heart, I felt rich for the first time in my life.

So Marcia and I set off, hand in hand, on the Hippie Trail to the beaches of Goa. Marcia was the gal I had been traveling around planet Earth with for a while and was the love of my life at the time. We found our first honeymoon spot under a cashew tree, only a hundred yards of pure sand away from the Arabian Sea. However, our romantic relationship suffered its first hiccup just minutes after our first sip of the local H₂O. In Mexico they call it Montezuma's Revenge, in India they call it dysentery, but I just call it, plain and simple, the shits. Anyway, the shits soon turned our smooth-cruising relationship into a rocky "relation-shit!"

After our first mutual I-hate-your-guts fight, we turned our backs on each other and, lying yards apart on the beach, began reading our library books. Marcia picked up *Autobiography of a Yogi* by a fellow named Paramahansa Yogananda. I've never read it, and probably never will, as it must be a thousand pages long or so. Anyway, judging by the size of her book, I knew I would be living in the dog house for a while, rather than under that romantic cashew tree by the sea. I chose *Seeds of*

Revolutionary Thought, a quick hundred-page read by Acharya Rajneesh, who later changed his name to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, and eventually to Osho.

Now, you may be thinking, “Oh no! Not *that* Bhagwan with the ninety-nine Rolls Royces? Can’t stand him!” or you may be thinking, “Never heard of him.” Either way, for me, Osho is the love of my life. You may not have a master or you may be in love with another master, but for me, Osho is the best-looking loving friend I have ever known, and all the other masters look like ugly ducklings. It’s just like when you first fall in love, doesn’t everybody else look ordinary to you? But Osho was quick to point out to me that Osho is the first and last Osho, that Jesus Christ is the first and last Christian, and it is my job to be the first and last Krishna Prem. And that brings me to the point; just as it’s my job to be the first and last Krishna Prem: so it’s your job to be the first and last YOU!

See, at the end of the day, it’s not about the master at all, it’s about you. The master isn’t the place where you put down your bags; he’s the signpost along the way, the finger pointing to the moon. It’s about you becoming the master of your own reality. Ask yourself, who is the master of your life right now? Who is running the show? The answer is probably... your very own mind. And what I’m going to do in this book is help you understand the nature of your own mind, what it does, how it works and how its chattering thoughts are the ONLY obstacle to U knowing U.

It’s no coincidence that G.U.R.U. has two U’s in it! One U represents the little “u.” That’s the “u” that gets up in the morning, brushes its teeth, gets dressed, goes out and struts its stuff. It’s your little local life; you can call it your “self,” your

“I” or your “me.” Then there’s the other U, which is your big “U.” That’s the U who exists beyond your body, your mind and the entire world itself. It’s the ultimate U, call it God, Source, Existence; call it what you like.

And that’s my job here in this book, to help your little u get in touch with your big U, so you know who U are in total, and that there’s no separation between the two! See, it’s no good me knowing you are you, or others knowing you are you, no, that’s not enough. *You* need to know *you are you*, and you have every right not to be satisfied until you do! Only when you know the cosmic joke, that *you are already you...* will you know that the world is a play, u are an actor and that life is not awful, but full of awe!

So, if you’re ready, let’s begin;

We’re all searching for something whether it’s Mr. or Mrs. Right, butt-loads of cash, the hottest wheels on the road, CEO status, supermodel legs or ultimate orgasm! We may be looking for the wildest, craziest, most happening party scene or just a simple, quiet life. Whether we know it or not, we’re all chasing something. I mean, how many people do you know who can honestly say, “I don’t want anything.” Huh? Any? So, if we could boil down our search to just one word, what would it be? Love? Peace? Happiness? Security? Fulfillment? Perfection? Home? It?

And the strange thing is we all *know* there’s something more, only we don’t know quite what it is or quite where to look. Some of us think we do know what we want, only to discover, once it lands on our doorstep, that that’s not really it either. And, although we all seem to be following different

goals and pursuits, we're ultimately all searching for that same mysterious, elusive thing, call it what you like. Only we're all searching in different ways, peeking round different corners and traveling at different speeds. Some of us are just casually wandering through life, turning over the odd stone every now and then to see what's underneath, while others of us are on a single-pointed mission, and are madly ripping the place apart, diving into every nook and cranny. I guess those of us who aren't really bothered will just take the slow boat to China, while those of us who are really desperate will leap onto the Orient Express. But either way, we're all searching for the answer to a question we don't even know.

Well, that question is, "Who am I?" and the answer is "You are already you!"

So why, you might ask, is there any point searching for something we already are? I mean, how dumb is that? And I would have to agree with you. Only just because we've read something is so, doesn't mean we *know* it is so, and there's a whole Kilimanjaro of difference in that! And why, we might also ask, is this searching business all so arduous and mysterious? Well actually it's not, it just appears that way. Paradoxically, coming to know U are U is the hardest yet simplest thing you will ever do. I guess it's like the long jump, the run-up itself takes a bit of effort, but once you're in the air it's pretty much plain sailing!

Ironically, the search only seems difficult because we're not used to doing simple things. Looking for who we are is like a fish in the ocean looking for water. It's like looking for our own eyes. It's like shining a lamp in a cave and looking for the light. It's there, right there, and we know it's there, only somehow we just can't find it. Why? Because we're wearing dark glasses,

because we have a filter over our eyes which stops us from seeing clearly what's right under our nose, and this filter is our very own mind and our thinking. As long as we *think we know* who we are, we won't be able to recognize who we are.

Essentially, until we know who we are, we will continue searching. Until our belly is full, we will remain hungry. Until we have the answers to the questions, "What is life?" and, "What is death?" and, "Why on earth am I here?" we will keep questioning. Only when we are found, will the questions disappear and the answers with them. The fish in the sea is not thirsty and the real you is not hungry either.

Gee, you are you! Sounds very simple, sounds very cute... but what exactly does it mean? Well, it took me over sixty years to get to this very moment where I can say it means, "You are already you!" You are already it, you are already enough. There's nowhere to go, nothing to do and no one to become. You are already absolutely perfect and complete as you are; only you don't know it yet.

See, the good news is that coming to know U is not about creating, building or becoming someone new. It's not about changing, improving or healing yourself. You don't need to trade in the old U for a new U, because you're not this U OR that U, you're both U AND U. All you need to do is open your eyes and wake up to the true U. In fact, the journey home is not about doing anything; it is about *undoing* everything you've already done. It's about getting off the train of thinking, trying and becoming, dropping all your mental baggage, stripping off all those layers of ideas that aren't really you, and finally getting naked.

And, the really great thing is that when you know who you

are, you know who everyone else is too. When you see your own hot buttons, you see everyone else's too. Then you know that there is no problem I have that you don't have too. Sure, we're all unique, with different main frames, CPU's and different wiring, so to speak, but fundamentally we're all the same machine. So if I'm already me, then you must be already you!

"Gee you are you" in American spells G.U.R.U! What can I say? That's what we Americans do; we shorten everything and speed everything up! I call it fast-food writing. G.U.R.U. is to me what BFF is to Paris Hilton; G.U.R.U. is a Best Friend Forever. But anyway, we've all heard the word and bought the T-shirt, but what exactly is a guru?

The dictionary says it's a religious or spiritual leader or teacher. That's cool, only I like to think of a guru as any teacher or guide, anyone we meet on our life journey, since everyone and everything is spiritual anyway. Parents are our gurus, brothers and sisters are our gurus, lovers are our gurus, friends are our gurus and even our enemies are our gurus. Even *things* can be our gurus. Like the internet, for example, when it's crawling along slower than a slug, that's when I think I should maybe have more patience. I mean, really when you look at it, isn't everything teaching us something? In fact, the whole of existence is our guru; it's like one almighty Zen stick which just keeps whacking us over the head until we wake up and smell the coffee.

Anyway, this book is not about finding a guru or me being your guru, it's about learning from the guru of life itself. Indeed, existence may be the purest guru of all, as it leaves you to your own devices and doesn't tell you what to do, then conveniently highlights the consequences of your actions and gently points the way through. No, I am not a god or a guru,

I'm just little ol' me, sharing with little ol' u, pointing to the big ol' U beyond. And if you really must pin a label on me, then consider me a friend who is only too aware of the trials and tribulations of life.

G.U.R.U is a book about YOU. I know at times it may seem to be about me, but I'm only using me to illustrate you, and ultimately of course, there's no me and there's no you. See, my thinking is, if I can show you who I am, then maybe I can show you who you are. Then once you get clear about you and start seeing the cosmic joke, then we can have a good old laugh together!

Chapter 1

I Celebrate Myself: God Is No Where, Life Is Now Here

“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! 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.”

Ancient Music in the Pines, Osho

By now, you’re probably wondering, who is this Krishna Prem guy, and why is he qualified to tell me about me? So, let me introduce you to “Gee, I am me!” Right from day one on planet Earth, I was a seeker and a rebel. I felt I was searching for something and I felt I was different, different not only from all the other kids I knew, but different also from even my own brothers and sisters. I don’t know, maybe everyone feels that way? But I definitely felt odd, like some kind of misfit. Maybe it was because I was the youngest of six children and my parents were much older than my friends’ parents, although I had a pretty normal kind of name – Michael.

I remember hearing that my eldest sister wanted to get married but my mother, who was pregnant with me at the time, embarrassingly said to her, "Could you at least wait until Michael is born?" So I was born into a family with a sister who was nineteen years older than me and a mother who was nineteen years older than her. Immediately after I was born, my eldest sister got married and went off to live her own life, while my mother found out she had breast cancer and became aware that she was going to die.

There I was, a one-year-old baby when my mother died, and my second eldest sister, Phyllis, took all the responsibility of raising me. Of course I don't have any conscious memories of my birth mother, but I do have many memories of my sister, whom I called Mom, and my wonderful loving relationship with her. But from my belly, even as a baby, even though I loved her *like* a mother, I knew she wasn't my real mother. My father, who was a wealthy man in a small town, basically a big fish in a small pond, insisted that my sister-mother stayed home and didn't go out to work, so she could cultivate a good relationship with me. So you can see how quirky the situation was; my father was my father, my mother was my sister, but my mother was also the daughter of my father! And of course, because my "parents" weren't husband and wife, they didn't behave like husband and wife, so when the going got rough, which happened a lot, they never kissed and made up or let off steam through makeup sex.

So, even though I had a comfortable childhood, I didn't have a normal upbringing; and even though I felt a certain love and caring from my sister-mother, I didn't feel that unconditional love and acceptance that only a mother knows how to give. Then when I was aged nine, my father died, and I remember feeling a tremendous sense of relief that he wasn't going to be around anymore, and that now I could be alone

with my sister-mother. My father and I had never really been close, and I think it was basically because he was trying so hard to not get in the way. But I do recall he would often look me in the eye and say, "Someday, I'm going to teach you everything I know!" That day never came.

It was only years and years later, that I thought, "My god! Perhaps, I should not have been so happy about not having parents!" Maybe other kids might have felt really upset about not having their parents around, but for me it felt somehow OK. Perhaps that's why I always thought of myself as a little strange, as a bit of a madman, because somehow I always seemed to do everything backwards in life, always seemed to look at things upside-down. I was always laughing when others were crying or seeing the humor in something quite dark. And I think that's why I started questioning life so early and why I went on this search.

As I say, right from early childhood, I was curious about life. I was always asking questions about where I came from and where everyone else came from too, for that matter. I recall when I was thirteen years old, the local rabbi kept telling me that God was Jewish, that he, the rabbi, was Jewish and that I, Michael, was Jewish too! And instead of just saying yes and keeping quiet, I kept on asking him, "But who was God before he became Jewish? But who were you before you became a rabbi?" And bypassing my questions completely, he used to answer, "That's none of your business. Just get a good education, become a lawyer and marry a nice Jewish girl." And even though I didn't like his line at all, just by trotting off to business school I was already biting the bullet.

Off I went and got a good education, did the BSc thing and duly graduated from business school. I did the whole fandango, but my god, it wasn't me. I mean, I just wasn't

interested in how the world began or the signing of the Magna Carta in the year 1512 or was it 1215? I wasn't interested in what happened hundreds or thousands or millions of years ago. I didn't care about sixteenth-century period dress or what the dinosaurs ate for lunch. I was only interested in where I came from and who I was. Deep down, I thought that everyone else was too. Don't get me wrong, I don't think education is a bad thing, I think it's only natural to want to learn about all the weird and wonderful things in this world, *and* it's only natural to want to learn about ourselves too!

I had an education problem and I had a weight problem. I had a prescription for diet pills and I would pop those diet pills and grind my teeth and take long walks and just think about life. I was interested in how I got here and who I am. I guess we all are; the longing to know who we are at the same time as we are moving forward with our education. It's quite a thing being a young man.

Many times when I would come back from India and visit my family and suggest something I learned in the East that I had never heard in the West, I had some really fun experiences. For example, I was saying to my sister Margie that in the East in the Sufi tradition we say that if a man dies with five friends, when he holds up his hand each finger represents a friend, and he holds up his hand and the Sufi master says to him, "If you leave your body having had five friends you had a successful life." And my sister Margie looked at me and said, "Your mother always said that to you." And it's cute because I never heard my sister-mother say it to me, so she must have mentioned that to me when I was a teenager in heat because obviously if she had said it to me in my first twelve years, there is a very good chance I would remember that. You know I can remember that I never learnt anything as a child. Nobody told me anything except be a child. I just did not have any sense of

being; only being young. I never had a chance to think that I was already who I am.

So, my way of dealing with my education problem and my weight problem was to just pop a few pills, go for these long walks and contemplate life. But the questioning didn't go away. The search didn't stop; it just went on and on, for years and years!

I remember when I was twenty-eight years old I left for London to be a legal drug-dealer; I became a bartender for two years before going to India. I didn't say a word to my family about going farther. Even going to Europe was a big risk in their eyes. So while I was in India, I would write postcards as if I was in London or Paris. I would then find someone who was actually going to those places, to send them home to my family, just so they wouldn't get worried or nervous.

I never heard anyone say, "I feel therefore I am," but if they did, I would also have to say, that's bullshit! And I say that from experience. For most of my life I thought my feelings were me! I thought I was moodiness incarnate, a happy-sad clown with more than my fair share of ups and downs. And at one particular time in my life I thought I was my self-loathing and self-hate. It was a miserable time, which I refer to as "my war with me," and it began when I was called up by the U.S. Army to go and fight in Vietnam.

The thing was I didn't want to fight. I couldn't find one good reason to fight, or any enemy worth fighting. In fact, the only fight I *was* willing to fight, was against my own army! So I went through that whole process they call a court-martial and it was all very difficult because I was in the U.S. Army Reserves at the time, well, at least until I was deemed insane by an army psychiatrist, and promptly thrown out. Now the Catch 22 situation here is that when you're thrown out of the U.S. Army

Reserves, you're automatically thrown into the U.S. Army. Only the U.S. Army didn't want me either because I was, after all, insane.

I went through five years of confusion while the powers that be decided what to do with me. As you can imagine, this was not a happy period of my life, and my thoughts and feelings were all over the place. I mean, I didn't want to fight anyone, but on the other hand, I wasn't thrilled about not fighting for my country either. And... I didn't want to meet the enemy, but on the other hand, maybe this enemy had something to teach me. So there I was; I didn't want the army, the army didn't want me, but I also didn't want a black mark on my record. In the end, it took five years for the army to grant me an honorable discharge, and to this day I am proud of how my papers read: "Michael Mogul is unable to adjust to the military lifestyle." You got that right guys!

So I took my papers and flew to London, England, where the only job I could get was as a bartender. There I poured drink after drink for the customers, and drink after drink for me, until before long I was happily unconscious along with everyone else in the bar. Many of my customers were really beautiful people, guys I had a lot of respect for, guys that had fought in World War II and had had half their faces blown off. You could still see the burn marks all over their bodies. And as I began to relate with them, I began to feel more and more jealous that they had been willing to fight for their country, that they had felt blessed by their country and that they were able to drink and enjoy their country, while I, on the other hand, had been unable to do what my country had asked of me.

As I talked with these guys my misery and pain went deeper and deeper until one day I couldn't handle it anymore.

So I got really, really drunk, bought a one-way ticket, and got on the first available plane to India. Well, it wasn't quite as accidental as that, because you see, when you work till two in the morning in England, generally the only places still open to go and get a bite to eat at that time are Indian restaurants. I ended up going for copious amounts of Indian meals and loving the food and loving the people, until one day, as I say, instead of going to the restaurant I just hopped on a plane!

The bartending job was at The Ship Hotel in Shepperton, a suburb of London. I was now working only nights which gave me an opportunity to make some money during the day. So I took a job as a hod-carrier, which meant that I was carrying six bricks at a time up, and sometimes down, a ladder. In a matter of weeks I became muscle-bound. I was five feet and nine inches tall when I started the job, and I was five feet and nine inches wide when I boarded the plane for India. I looked like a brick shithouse.

My first job with Osho was as one of his bodyguards. I didn't protect his body so much, but I always seemed to be carrying his chair up and down the podium where he spoke. The farther East you get, the taller five feet and nine inches is, and certainly muscles didn't exist in India because it requires a lot of hard work.

At this point Osho was calling together his disciples for meditation camps, which were held all around India, so I decided to visit Nepal for one month, in between two of these camps. The Himalayas are considered young mountains and are, in fact, still growing. Having met my first god-man in India I was overwhelmed by the absolute beauty of these baby peaks. For me being in the Himalayas was like seeing god, god's work in action. Having been a city boy all my life my definition of clean was an un-opened Coca-Cola® can in the

supermarket; I'd never seen nature *au naturel* before. I'm the kind of guy that went to the Himalayas before I visited the Rocky Mountains back home in America, again reminding you that my life lessons began by being as far away from my upbringing as possible. By now I know if I can know one rose totally, all the secrets of the universe will be revealed, but as a young man in heat I needed to freeze my ass off on the top of the world. For one month I lived on rice and beans and chai (Indian tea) and I was so delighted with life that I didn't know I had become delirious with dysentery. I completely lost all of the muscle that I had gained as a hod-carrier. The only thing that remained was the pot-belly I was born with and will die with, my little buddha-belly has been a constant in my life. When I returned to see Osho, I've never seen his eyes so big as when he saw how small my body had become. I felt I looked very cute without that extra thirty pounds slowing me down. I wasn't given the chair-carrying job again.

One thing is that it wasn't just the mountains that were so beautiful; it was also the Nepalese people; the biggest thing about them is their smile, and as one Nepalese man told me, "It takes fewer muscles to smile than to frown."

When it became time to return to Osho, I ran down the mountain all the way for twenty kilometers, sliding on the soft pebbles almost like I was skiing.

At the Ship Hotel we had a small bar upstairs for after-hours drinking. The hotel had six bedrooms and four bars and the six bedrooms were for the clients of the four bars. It reached a point where the customers went beyond their conditioning and no longer knew they were English. For twenty-five quid plus tax they could figure out who they were tomorrow morning. The difference between meditation and inebriation is awareness, but before I actually understood this, even as a

bartender I had a judgment about alcohol. When a customer got really plastered I would oftentimes guess how long it would take for him to scrape the plaster off the wall and have to be helped to bed. The difference, now that I'm a great meditator, is that I have become aware that intoxication is a birthright, that sometimes it's just great to leave the world behind you. For me, again, the difference between one too many and being aware of oneness is meditation. If I hadn't met Osho, I fully believe I would have become my own best customer. I'll drink to that.

Getting back to the point, one night before I put a customer to bed, he changed the words from the song "He's got the whole world in his hands" to "I have the whole world in my hand." It's not a big story, but I can only say I remember judging this man even though I was an atheist at the time, as being absolutely arrogant. Welcome back to Western conditioning. So you can imagine when I got to the East how shocked I was to read what Ramana Maharshi is quoted as saying, "You don't appear in the world, the world appears in you." When you are shocked in the East by a god-man, you also judge as if he is a drunkard, but you learn to trust that there is a grain of truth in this drunk.

Could it possibly be true that the world appears in you instead of you appearing in the world? I ask you this 'cause I am meditating on this still, so I can't give you any answer. But I can ask you this question, "Did you exist before your conditioning, or did you appear with your conditioning intact?" In other words who were you from age nine months before you were born to three years after you were born? Before you learnt to say "no" your parents filled you up with their fear and their untruth and their religion until there was no room for you. So ever since you were three years old, all you have ever done is agree with the stuff that filled you up in

every nook and cranny of your body, mind and spirit, or you rebelled against all of this without trusting who you are. The words meditation and medication come from the same root. You take medication to get healthy; you take meditation to get back to who you were before your parents made love. I know it'll piss you off, but you haven't had an honest moment, a naked moment, since the moment before your parents made love. You are the best robot ever created by your parents and your priests and your politicians. And if that doesn't make you feel like shit, meet me at the Ship Hotel and don't wait for me, just start drinking.

I stood on my sister-mother's doorstep, wearing orange pajamas and a string of wooden beads round my neck (which was what all disciples of Osho were wearing at that time), a beard to my knees, wild, crazy hair and my eyes aglow, looking thousands of years old – basically unrecognizable to the real world. Shitting my pants, I rang the doorbell. When my sister-mother opened the door, she first looked me up and down and then she said, "I always knew this was going to happen to you!"

This is, I imagine, what all parents say when they have a strong feeling about how their kids are going to turn out. And there I was, thinking it was going to be such a shock for her, but it wasn't, it wasn't shocking at all. You know, it's pretty hard to fool your mother, even a sister-mother. Besides, she'd always known that I wasn't interested in material things and that the only thing I'd ever been curious about was who I was and where I'd come from. In a strange way, I loved what she said to me, because it meant she really knew me.

My sister-mother explained to me that it was always difficult for her because I would never ask simple things like how much is two plus two, I would always ask where did I

come from and where was I going? And even when I became a man in the Jewish religion at thirteen, I was never satisfied with the robot answers of my teaching rabbi. In fact she herself said to me that she had a past life in Egypt. I remember laughing when she said that and asking her the same question Osho asked me, which is when are you gonna give up the past and the future for the present. Basically when Osho asked me this question my inner voice said my answer would bore the shit out of you. Isn't it funny how exciting everything is except being in the present? At least, that's the way it was for me before I met Osho.

I can imagine how surprised my sister-mother was when her only son Brian was just as bananas as me. He was born with one of his lower vertebrae missing. At age twenty-one, while he was still a senior in college, he was scheduled to have an operation on his back, followed by a full-body cast for one year. A friend of his who was a college professor came to visit Brian just hours before the operation and offered to help him relax through hypnosis. Brian was amazed how deeply relaxed he felt at the end of one hour of deep hypnosis. He got off the operating table, looked at his professor and said, "I'm going to pursue this avenue of healing." He took his college degree in psychology, got on a motorcycle and drove across the country to meet Dr. Milton Erickson, the father of modern hypnosis.

Milton Erickson had suffered from polio for years in the same area of his back that Brian was suffering. Erickson said to my brother that he would take him as his last student if Brian agreed to get a PhD in psychology and join a gym. Erickson said that without a doctorate of psychology no one would take Brian seriously and without going to a gym and building up his stomach muscles his back would not give him a chance to heal. Brian went on to become a giant in the field of self-hypnosis and also went from a ninety-pound weakling

to a Charles Atlas look-alike. Brian and Milton would often do pain-control work through hypnosis simultaneously, and thus Erickson became a friend as well as a mentor. One thing I remember distinctly is that Milton Erickson said to my brother Brian, "We can reduce your pain from one hundred percent to ten percent and that ten percent would become your guru. If your pain goes up to twenty-five percent, stop helping other people through hypnosis and remember to work on yourself." This measure still holds true after thirty-five years.

You can imagine my sister-mother when I stayed with Osho and went deep into meditation and my brother gave himself to a crackpot named Dr. Milton Erickson; one of her sons went East and one of her sons went West. By now Brian had his PhD in psychology and I had birthed Geetam Ashram in California for Osho. Geetam was the very first Osho Ashram in America. I was the founding father... with a one dollar food stamp to my name and a full heart I started the ball rolling in the states for Osho in '75. When Osho came to America in '81 Geetam was sold and I was invited to live in Oregon at Rajneeshpuram. Geetam is now called Lazy Lizard Ranch Resort is up for sale for a cool three million dollars. How money flies. But more about Geetam a little later on. And more about Brian right now. Brian was living in San Diego and would drive his motorcycle up my driveway to have dinner with me on his way to see Erickson, taking off just after midnight that same evening and riding through the night on his way to Arizona where Erickson lived. I remember he would join Erickson for breakfast and Brian always felt that Dr. Erickson wouldn't make it through the day he looked so bad. Erickson would excuse himself after breakfast to do an hour of self-hypnosis so he could get through the day, and he suggested that Brian do the same. It was amazing to Brian that Erickson would come out at nine o'clock and see clients for eight hours while Brian observed

the work. Erickson would be totally alive and giving for eight hours. At the end of the day Erickson would again collapse into near death and that's just the way he worked. I remember Brian once saying to me that Milton asked him, "What did you think of the manic depressive we worked with today?" And Brian scratched his head because he didn't know the answer and Milton said it was the first couple that he had seen that morning: the husband was manic and the wife was depressive. Brian remained a student of Erickson's until Erickson passed away.

Years later I was with Osho in Pune when I found out that my sister-mother was dying from ALS, also known as Lou Gehrig's disease. I went for a leaving darshan with Osho quite suddenly as I wanted to go home and pay my respects. I mentioned to Osho that my mother and I often chanted together, and I asked him if it would be appropriate to chant the sound of silence, AUM, with her – I wanted to have a simple chant as she was having trouble breathing. Osho said it would be much better to chant O because he said in such a sensitive period as imminent death it's better not to fake life, and to simply chant the letter O would bring amazing results, and would be more honest. So here I am now, sitting in my mother's hospital room, chanting the sound of O. She was unable to join me, but there was no question we could feel each other. It was all a bit overwhelming for me, and when the nurse came by to bathe her, I found myself alone in the adjacent bathroom. Sitting on the toilet I continued to chant O and the pain and the frustration and the love that I was feeling transformed the sound of O into the song of AUM. I composed myself, went back to my mother and just held her hand in silence. In America dying takes forever. We keep each other alive through medicine, more through medicine than through meditation. I was needed back at Geetam and my older brother

Max drove me to the airport to pick up the red-eye to LA for about ninety-nine dollars one-way. My brother suggested that even though we had insurance for my mother, everyone in the family was being asked to chip in one hundred dollars a month. I knew in my heart of hearts that there was only going to *be* one month, so I reached into my pocket when we got to the airport, and I gave my brother my last one-hundred-dollar bill. He asked if I wanted him to stay until my airplane was ready and I said if it was OK with him I'd rather be alone. As his car drove off I put out my thumb and I hitchhiked from Orlando International Airport, the home of Disney World, and headed west for Disneyland. And even though my real name was Michael Mogul, in moments like this I actually felt more like Mickey Mouse – death is so surreal. My mother's death just felt unreal. Since I didn't have any money to sleep, I hitchhiked just over three thousand miles in just over three days. My mother left her body before I had to raise another hundred dollars.

As you can see, I was always more focused on the big picture, on existence itself, rather than the little, local me. Somehow, I had always known that there was more to life than meets the eye. Unlike my father who had been happy with his little pond, I had always felt there was a much bigger pond to swim in. And I share this with you, not because you need to do what I did, suddenly drop everything and go to India to find a guru, although if the truth be told, you don't find them, they find you. That's what I did, that's what I needed, but maybe you need something different? Maybe what you need is to crawl around on the ground like a small child and just explore everything as if it's brand new. Or maybe what you need is five years of full-on therapy, or to visit the oldest, longest beard in the Himalayas and ask him to share the mysteries of the universe with you? I don't know. Only you

know what you need; only you know what works for you.

Like I say, I'm not encouraging you to be a weirdo or a dropout, just to step back a little from your everyday world and question life itself and who you really are. You don't have to do forty years in India to do that; you can do it just sitting in your armchair. You don't have to have a guru to do that, just an open mind and a sense of humor. We're all heading out and we're all heading home, and although we're all travelling on different trains, we're all going to end up in the same railway station.

Well, I have lived in many places in this world and you always have to have the gas turned on. So in Boston when the gasman comes over to turn on the gas and you get to bullshitting with him over a cup of coffee and you say, "Hey, is this your life?" and he says, "No, as a matter of fact at night I am going to Boston University to get my master's degree in art history. I would like to become a professor one day." Everyone in Boston, no matter what they are doing, is thinking about becoming a PhD. Now you go to California, to Los Angeles, and you get yourself a little place and you get the gasman in, you make him a cup of herb tea and you say, "Hey, what is going on? Is this who you are?" and he says, "Absolutely not, at night I am writing a movie script. I wanna be a writer in Hollywood and someday I wanna be a director. The best way to become a director is coming through being a writer." Aha, so you know everybody in LA is going to be an actor, is going to be a writer and if they are not everybody wants them to consider that because they have the talent at least to be a character actor.

I spent many years in Europe working and having girlfriends and in Europe when you say to somebody you are a friend of mine, they really look at you funny because to be a

friend of somebody in Europe takes a long time. They have different words for different kinds of friends and they were always shocked when I immediately referred to them as friends within days of having a cup of coffee or within moments of having a good fuck. The girl would look to me and say, "You know, you are moving too fast. It's OK that we made love but it's certainly not OK that we're friends." It's just different there. And I love it when Europeans go to America and they are walking on a crossing, lots of traffic, the light is about to turn red, they are just about to get hit by a speeding car and an absolute stranger looks at them and says, "How are you today?" My god, Europeans almost get killed when they hear that question for the first time because they are ready to speak, they are ready to give an answer. How am I? This is how I am. They have absolutely no idea that this does not mean that at all. When you ask the question as an American, you simply aren't waiting for an answer, it's just another greeting. Why say a word back? And until Europeans get used to that question they are absolutely in a gap.

And years later when I did finally return to Boston, I returned in orange pajamas which all sannnyasins at the time were wearing, and I had a beard that reached my pubic hair and I looked just absolutely wild and my eyes were aglow and I was in love, but I was broke of course and I had to go back to the States and maybe make some money and stay alive. And as you may recall, I was shitting my pants as I rang the front doorbell and my sister-mother came to the door and she looked at me and she said, "I always knew this was going to happen to you." I know that people who come to the East thinking it's a very creative gesture and when they look for a master and the master says, "You know, it's really not up to you, I was actually calling you and you are responding to my call." I loved it because somewhere the mother also always

knows, "My god, I have a strange boy in my house. He is not asking about anything except who he is, where did he come from, where is he going; does not seem at all interested in the material world. What came through me?" So that's what I really loved when she said, "I always knew this was going to happen to you," because somewhere she *was* one of the few people in my life that knew what was going to happen to me.

And I remember a very strange story. I had two sisters that did not talk to each other and I was about sixteen at the time. I had a driver's license and of course I did not own a car and sometimes both of my sisters would lend me their car because they were naughty girls and they remembered when they were sixteen how much fun it is to take a joy ride. But the only time neither one of them would lend me their car is when I wanted to visit the other sister. They just weren't in love with each other at the time. So what happened for me is I used to have to hitchhike if I was at one sister's house and I wanted to go to the other sister's house. And my most favorite time was when a girl named Elinor picked me up when I was hitchhiking and she turned out to be my first girlfriend. Now I am fifty years old and I am going to visit the two sisters and even though now they were getting along actually, they just did not have time to lend me the car.

So there I was, a fifty-year-old guy with a long beard and graying hair and now I am in maroon pajamas and I am just hitchhiking and I wanna say hello. I am not in a rush. It doesn't really make a difference and all of a sudden a thought comes into my mind. I hope Elinor picks me up. Wouldn't that be funny? Now I haven't seen her in thirty years, I don't know where she lives, I don't know what she looks like. I know that she got married at least once because she married the next boy after me and actually she left me for him. I will never forgive her even though I am fifty now, that's a terrible thing to do

Elinor. Anyway, my god, all of a sudden a station wagon with a good-looking woman and two children in the back seat, makes a U-turn and picks me up and it's Elinor! We both went into shock, we both went into laughter, we both remembered how we felt the first time we met. There was still energy in the car; of course we did not need to move on it. But it was really cute. There was still that thing that two young people have when they first meet each other. Anyway, it was freaky. By the way, I am not making any claims about being psychic by having meditation, and you don't get psychic abilities just because you meditate.

No, I am not saying that at all. It was just a coincidence and one of those moments when you just remember and you feel like sharing in a book if you ever write one. Believe it or not, she picks me up and she took me right to my sister's house, she knew exactly where I was going. It was hilarious and we had such a good laugh and of course she just got divorced and she has just started to date somebody new and I don't know what happened, we never stayed in touch after that. It was a moment, I am sure you have all had one of those.

My mother died early, my father died early. Even Phyllis, my sister-mother, died early. I will never forget it. I turned fifty years old and I was still alive and I went, "Oh my god, I am going to have to look at my life." I can remember when I met Osho, that feeling that the path of meditation is good for me because there is no way that I am going to ever outgrow being dysfunctional in a family situation. But there I am fifty; I am still alive and there I am. I had to do what we call primal: I had to look at my life from the basement up. So there is nobody in the room with me when I am doing my primal therapy that is still alive. My father is not here, my mother is not here, my sister-mother is not here; even my guru had left his body by then. I had so much to work on and not only that, but anybody

that has done primal knows how terrible it is and after a few days of primal the therapist said, "We are going to have to start all over again because your life is so mixed up and I am finally understanding how much we need to separate your two mothers so that you can see your relationship with both these women independently."

I will always remember that we were playing kids games one day, just being kids. The therapist said, "You know, you have never been a kid. Basically one of the situations in your life, especially with no parents, is that you have a memory of needing to take care of yourself even as a baby. So we will need to play and see what we can come up with when we play, maybe we can get in touch with your feelings." We were just playing with several balls of yarn. There was a big circle and my real mother was at one end of the circle, just a ball of yarn on the ground, and I was just a ball of yarn on the ground. We were just two little balls of yarn in this lifetime in one big circle. We could see a big piece of yarn that was my sister-mother separating those two balls of yarn; in fact it went from one end of the universe to the other. And that was my sister-mother and I just picked up that piece of yarn and I kind of made a little ball out of it and I threw the ball out of the circle. Now there were just these two balls of yarn and for the very first time in my life I felt my mother. Now I had no memories of her like you and I might have when we meet. In other words I did not remember anything, but all of a sudden this physical sensation came over me where I could relate with my real mother for the very first time, I could feel her for the very first time. Would you call it esoteric? Would you call it unbelievable that a son could feel his mother for the very first time even though he was fifty years old? And I know maybe you might even feel sad for me, but there was an absolute sense of joy to finally feel her. I would say that absolute sense of joy was also mixed up

with sadness but I was already past that, I never expected to experience her at all and there was a certain delight in feeling her and loving her and playing with her and experiencing her pain that she was leaving her family. Obviously I was feeling her love for my father and the wanting to relate with him as she was dying, more than she wanted to relate with me. These are all interpretations of course but the feeling was there of finally feeling oneness. You might say, "Oh poor little Krishna Prem, poor little Mikey, what a difficult time this must have been for him, this moment." But it wasn't, because I actually feel that she needed to say goodbye to more people than just to me. She had been with my father now for twenty-five years, she had had six children with him, and she was leaving. She was leaving and also she had given me over to my sister. This was my feeling and you know I could be completely wrong again, even about feeling, never mind about spirituality, but here I am, she gave me over to my sister, she did not want to get in the way of that relationship happening. I think what she might not have known is that I could never have the feeling that my sister-mother was actually my mother. I could hide behind that as kind of dessert. I always call that love dessert because I think it takes a real mother to give you a main course.

Now you could go ahead and close this book saying, "My god I am reading a book about meditation from a man that never had a mother." But you know what; you never had a mother either. You think you had a mother and you are attached to it that this woman is a mother but again I wanna remind you that there is no you to have a mother. There is no mother to have a son or a daughter. There is gratitude, there are bodies, there is life, but there is no you. I know you are not gonna believe this and you are gonna have to spend some time meditating even to find out if what I am saying is true or full of shit. But what I am saying is that you exist as a witness only,

that you exist as god only. But you are seeing and feeling this through your body.

So it's very, very simple to get identified with this body and call it "it" and protect it and take care of it and be pissed off with when life isn't treating you good, to be happy when life is treating you good. I don't know what to say. I would rather be rich and healthy than poor and sick but you can go on and on and see that I am telling the truth right now, that you need to remember the witness. That you need to see that you were here the whole time and that right now your *here-ness* is about being a man, about being a woman, about being American or wherever you're from. These are just labels that you have wanted to believe in so much that they become you. That you cannot see that you are a tree yet you feel like you are a forest. You have to get back to who you really are. So when I did this primal you might say, "Oh my god, he is on the ground crying," but basically I was on the ground celebrating. I loved reconnecting with my mother. I loved saying, "Thank you for bringing me here." I loved saying that everything that was not good in my life brought me to everything that is good in my life.

And that is being in love with the master and meditation and again you hear the cosmic joke. She just laughed back at me, "You are such an idiot, in essence it's all a joke. You need to wake up." There is no guarantee that Krishna Prem in love with the master is going to awaken any more than a housewife in New Jersey with three children just getting through the day. It can happen to anyone, anytime, anywhere.

Let's just say my job was simply to go to India and let's just say that I just walked into a bank and I have met the president of the bank and I ask him a question about money and he says, "Well, I have thirty years of experience and I can help you to invest in the right way." Well of course he is not gonna tell you

that, he has had some ups and downs and sometimes he is right and sometimes he is wrong. He is just gonna call it experience. I have had some ups and downs but this is what I learned: how to handle those ups and downs. That I am not up and I am not down. I am seeing, I am witnessing upping and downing. And I want to point out as best as I can that there is no such thing as waves, there is only the ocean waving. There is no such thing as Krishna Prem, there is only existence appearing right now as Krishna Prem. Pretty heady stuff, pretty heartfelt stuff, pretty belly stuff. Basically we need to trust ourselves. We need to be here and now.

Having no mother changes many things in your conditioning. For example, I was raised by one sister and my father, and as a child I would watch them fight and then go to separate rooms. In my world, fights didn't resolve with sex. Now some of my friends say that the best sex is after a fight. I don't know. It doesn't happen like that for me.

Everybody has their own formula about sex. Sex is sex is sex. Here's where I feel really blessed. In this life, sex has been my payoff... to the point where I have no fantasies left. And that's really a major thing for a man. So, in fact, I'm overpaid.

I fell in love with a master who is in love with women. There is simply no way I would have had so many lovers without Osho. I knew it was a blessing. All these beautiful women who came to him, it wasn't like I attracted them. *He* attracted them. In my whole life I never looked in the mirror and said, "She needs me." When I met Osho, I met five thousand Buddhas who looked like sisters to me.

One deceptive thing about me is that I *look* like a man, but I'm not so sure. Having been born into a family with so much female energy, sometimes I act like a woman. For example, when the going gets tough, I go shopping! But a long time ago

I decided I was not willing to make the same “mistake” as my father, who had a knack for creating a rival sibling every three times he made love. So, I got my tubes tied and went to bed with all of my sannyas sisters.

And through this abundance of women in my life, thanks to Osho, and through my acceptance of women as friends, I’ve reached the psychological highlight where it’s okay if I’m a bad fuck. I wish I could say that sex has dropped me. In fact, it hasn’t. And to balance this statement, I also have to say that sex is not my boss anymore either.

We’ve all heard that a man thinks about sex every three minutes, and a woman every six. Well, Krishna is up to four minutes now! As a young man I used to be hard before my female friend knocked on the door. Now I get hard after she leaves. In between these two experiences is a moment of balance. In those moments, I celebrate with a cup of tea and a cuddle.

I guess every man since midlife asks himself, “Do I miss the drive?” The answer is yes. My sexual drive is no longer a primal scream. Now sex is as much a thank you as a tension reliever.

It has taken my whole life to understand the fear around relationship – that women want a main course from a man. They want to be taken seriously. They want steak and potatoes, and all I could ever be was a friend; I could only offer tiramisu. Now I understand.

I’m in a relationship right now. Her name is Jwala, which means fire. This relationship is burning me up. It scares me. My beloved was brought up by four brothers and no father. And that’s where we regress, directly into two kids that need each other. The difference I see between sex and relationship is that relationship puts me in the unknown. Right now love helps me to live there – otherwise I’d run.

And here is a little story to keep you cool, that I wrote for *Viha Connection Magazine*. It's called "Looking for Miss Take," by Krishna Prem, also known as Mister Right.

I was not brought up to be alone. My purpose here on planet Earth, according to my family (meaning Mum), was to meet my soul mate (as long as she was Jewish), get married, and have babies in order to carry on the family name – and then naturally health, wealth, and happiness would follow. I could go on for lifetimes explaining how this scenario has a tragic ending, but I imagine you can fill in the blanks out of your own experience. No matter whether you are Mr. Right or Miss Take, love is chock-full of tragic endings.

Allow me to go deep for a moment. Love that seeks another is destined to fail. Love that finds his or her own self is destined to be love in the here and now, not in the future. In the words of Buddha, enjoyed by Osho, and stolen by me: Love yourself and watch.

When I met Osho, it was a wake-up call. He reminded me in no uncertain words to drop loneliness and to live in my aloneness. My inner voice sang out, "Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!" I walked out of this particular darshan with Osho in '75 complete unto myself. As I staggered out of his room, I bumped into his garden full of delicious women. I got confused all over again. My god, in those days there were three women for every man. Aloneness quickly took a backseat. I was able to give up my mother's concept of marriage, but my manliness was excited to the max, and my loneliness was so covered up with lust that I simply had no idea that I was not getting Osho's point.

Through the following years of trial and error I have come to the understanding that aloneness is who I am and loneliness is simply aloneness without a center. So allow me one moment

here to say, "I am sorry" to those ladies whom I loved and lost along the way from here to here. This is it.

Let me make it perfectly clear; ladies, hold up your index fingers. And gentlemen, hold up high your middle fingers. Now ladies, is there anything you would like to say to all the middle fingers on this planet? For example, "Go fuck yourself!" I, for one middle finger, can handle anything you want to say because after all is said and done, we are all fingers of one hand. And as fingers of one hand, there is no such thing as separation. We are one hand appearing as two fingers.

How does a guy like me hit the wall? After I had dated for years and years in the ashram, the commune, and finally in the Meditation Resort, and had never met Miss Right, it finally dawned on me that I must be Mister Wrong. So instead of running out to the Cappuccino Bar to make a date I found myself dancing alone at Kundalini Meditation. I could have continued blaming all the Miss Takes in the world but until I cleaned up my own act, love was just an impossible dream.

The real Miss Take was meeting my friend Jwala. We fell in love, and I absolutely did not change. This was not good enough for her. She insisted that if we actually wanted to give our love a chance, I could either have a frontal lobotomy or enroll in Primal Therapy followed by Co-Dependency and Path of Love. Or she would leave me. I broke up with her immediately. A month later, I came to my senses, begged her to come back to me, and against my better judgment agreed to embark on a crash course of therapy. In therapy I was confronted with this character KP, with his wild mood swings, and I had to look at his life and love affairs. Then I got that these cyclones are on the periphery and the real me is at the center.

What a Miss Take Jwala turned out to be! We have been together for fifteen years now. We're still not married, still making love without having children, and still growing together. We're simply being together. For me, this feeling of oneness with a beloved allowed me for the first time to experience my aloneness, not my loneliness.

For me, Osho pointed out the truth – but who gives a shit until the truth is “Who am I?” So scream away, love away, lonely away... whatever it takes to love out of your aloneness. For now, I don't know what it feels like to be a center without a cyclone, but I can say from my very center that Miss Take never felt so good. So allow me one more moment to say to Miss Take, as well as Mr. Right, that I love you until the “I” and the “you” disappear, and only love remains.

It's easier for me now to be super-conscious than sexy. In fact, as I am watching myself say all this, I can hear myself telling all the women I've been with: Thank you. And to all the women who said no: I'm coming back as a blonde Gina Lollobrigida (Osho's favorite) in my next life – I won't be as available! As one of Osho's friends who still lives in Pune, in the Resort itself, I find it difficult to use the word *super-conscious* without thinking I am competing with the master. But if super-consciousness means being aware that you've been touched by the master and his female disciples, then this does describe me, and I feel grateful.

And I also feel quite mature, even though this expression grows out of a history of being premature all my life. But who I am now is not interested in being premature or mature. Now in my life I'm always watching the point where I tip, looking for the place where I am neither one. This is what I call aloneness. Ironically, sex is not my door to enlightenment, but my door to aloneness. It is no longer a biological thing, but a way of

getting into my aloneness. Sex has helped me to be alone.

When I speak about sex to friends now, the conversation has just as much to do with the peaks and valleys of relating as to wrestling with the eternal esoteric question of tits and ass. The beloved helps me to fall in love with myself as well. And I am still thrilled to say that I didn't learn all my lessons about being a man on the football field – I'd rather touch you than touchdown!

In the introduction to the reprint of Osho's book, *The Goose Is Out*, I wrote about my evolving understanding of this famous Zen metaphor.

When I was a young man and had never been kissed, I was in love with America's favorite pastime – baseball. The score was tied eight-eight when the game was called because of darkness, and I suddenly realized I was in deep trouble on the home front.

By the time I made it home, dinner was well over. My older sister Margie met me at the front screen door and said, "Mum wants to see you in her room right away." As I struggled to get past her she whispered in my ear, "Your goose is cooked."

And even though my virgin ears had never heard this expression before, I knew exactly what she meant. Older sisters are wicked Zen Masters. Years later, long after my dream of playing baseball for the Boston Red Sox had gone up in smoke, I fell in love with another Zen Master, Osho, who gave me the same message with a slightly different twist: "Your goose is out!"

You see, there is a beautiful Zen story about a goose that's put in a bottle when it is very young. It grows up in the bottle and eventually gets too big to take out. The koan which has been driving Zen monks crazy for the past several hundred

years is: How do you get the goose out of the bottle without either killing the goose or breaking the bottle?

Now, since you are probably not a Zen monk, you may very well answer, "Who wants to get the stupid goose out of its bottle anyway?" Or, "Hey, to hell with the bottle, let's put the goose in the freezer and eat it for Thanksgiving."

Okay, I can see where you're coming from, but permit me to suggest that you may not be grasping all the implications of this deeply significant koan.

You see the goose symbolizes your consciousness, your free spirit, your ultimate reality; while the bottle represents your mind. In other words, this koan is saying that your consciousness is trapped inside the mental structures of your mind, and if you ever want to experience the ultimate freedom of pure consciousness, pure meditation, pure liberation, then you need to find a better answer to the question than serving up roast goose for dinner.

For example, let's take a look at the story of how Nansen, a very famous Zen Master, dealt with this question. The tale goes like this:

The official, Riko, once asked Nansen to explain to him the old problem of the goose in the bottle.

"If a man puts a gosling in the bottle," said Riko, "and feeds it until it is full-grown, how can the man get the goose out without killing it or breaking the bottle?"

Nansen gave a great clap with his hands and shouted, "Riko!"

"Yes, Master," said the official with a start.

"See," said Nansen, "The goose is out!"

When I first heard Osho tell this story, I got it – instant Zen.

My sister was wrong. My goose isn't cooked, my goose is out! For the longest time after this major spiritual realization I thought I was enlightened. It took me a while to realize that Osho is the one who is out, while Krishna Prem – that's me, Margie's brother – is back in the bottle every time I get my buttons pushed or strike "out" with the ladies. Osho is out. Most of the time, I am in. But I don't feel bad about it. I am in a love affair with my Master. And when I look into Osho and I see his freedom, I feel my own potential to be free – and sometimes get a taste of it, too.

On one of my trips to America, my sister Margie and I drove back to the home we grew up in. We were both "big kids" by that time – our father had long ago left his body. As we pushed open the old screen door, I turned to Margie and asked with a smile, "If Mum were alive today, how do you think she'd feel about me meditating in India, so far away from home?" Margie laughed and said, "Your goose would be cooked." This time I had the right answer. I clapped my hands and shouted, "The goose is out." She gave me a kiss on my balding head and said, "Go back to India. You're crazy!"

Soon afterwards, Margie also left her body, struck down by cancer. Her last words to me were true to her never-to-be-surrendered role of big sister: "Grow up." Funnily enough, Osho's last words to me were, "It's not my responsibility that you get enlightened. It's your responsibility." This just goes to prove that elder sisters and Zen masters never give up – fortunately.

QUESTION: OSHO, YOU SAY THE GOOSE IS OUT ALREADY. WHY DOES IT FEEL SO IMPOSSIBLE TO GRASP?

“Because it is already out! Just see the point, don’t think about it. A moment’s thought, and you have gone far away. Don’t brood about it, just see it. It is not a question of thinking about and about, going in circles, it is not a question of great intellectuality, of philosophical acumen, of logical efficiency. It is not a question of a trained mind; it is a question of an innocent heart.

Just see it! Wipe your eyes of all the tears, wipe your eyes of all the dust that has accumulated on them, and just look at existence. A leaf falling from the tree may become your enlightenment.”

Osho

As I grew up, I realized I gave up playing sports mainly because I simply forgot how to “play.” My brother Brian reminded me one day of our childhood motto: the brother who has the most fun wins. In that way there is a very good chance that everyone wins. At that moment, well into my forties, I took up the game of tennis, or as we call it at the Osho Meditation Resort, Zennis, the inner game of tennis. However, shit happens and one day, I complained to my friend, “My tennis elbow really hurts. I guess I should see a doctor.” My friend said, “Don’t do that. There’s a computer at the drug store that can diagnose anything quicker and cheaper than a doctor. Simply put in a sample of urine, and the computer will diagnose your problem and tell you what you can do about it. And it only costs ten dollars.”

I figured I had nothing to lose, so I filled a jar with a urine sample and went to the drug store. Finding the computer, I poured in the sample and deposited the ten dollars. The

computer started making some noise and various lights started flashing. After a brief pause, out popped a small slip of paper, which said the following: "You have tennis elbow. Soak your arm in warm water, avoid heavy labor. It will be better in two weeks." That evening while thinking how amazing this new technology was and how it would change medical science forever, I began to wonder if this computer could be fooled. I decided to give it a try. I mixed together some tap water, a stool sample from my dog, and urine samples from my wife and daughter. To top it off, I masturbated into the concoction. I went back to the drug store, located the computer, poured in the mixture and deposited the ten dollars. The machine again made the usual noises, flashed its lights, and printed out the following analysis:

"Your tap water is too hard. Get a water softener.

Your dog has ringworm. Bathe him with anti-fungal shampoo.

Your daughter is using drugs. Put her in a rehabilitation clinic.

Your wife is pregnant with twin girls. They aren't yours. Get a lawyer.

And if you don't stop jerking off, your elbow will never get better."

Stop!

Tell me who you are?

This is Osho's essential question; "Who am I?" and this is what he asks of you as a human being from planet Earth... not as a human doer from the big bad world.

“The question is existential; you will need an existential answer. The question is out of your being; only out of your being can the real answer come. You will have to go deep inside yourself. First ask, “Who am I?” Ask, “Who am ...I? Who am I? Who am I?” Let this question penetrate into every fiber and cell of your body and your mind. Let your whole bodymind vibrate with the question, “Who am I?” It will take months, sometimes years, but it pays. Let your whole being vibrate with one question, “Who am I?” Let this question sink so deep that whatsoever you are doing the question remains vibrating deep down, “Who am I?” Walking, eating, talking, listening, the question goes on pulsating deep, deep down, “Who am I? Who am I?” By and by the question will not be verbal, it will be just a feeling – “Who am I?” not verbal, not these words, “Who am I?” It will be just a question mark in your being, just a questioning, a quest.” Osho

Just let this quote settle, and then take a deep, satisfying breath.

I love the symbol for infinity, it reminds of a reclining 8. For me understanding this symbol changed my life. The left side of infinity represents existence appearing in me, and the right side is me as a simple human being in the world. For me, being on the left side I am a nobody – conversely, on the right side my ego lets me know that I am number one. The successful person can live on either side of infinity, for me the problem is the dot in the middle. So now I’m going to say something you’ve never heard before from a meditation teacher; that point is so small, the two sides of life can’t relate with each other. I call this dot simply your ego, I’m saying make your ego so big, make that dot so big that you can walk through your own ego. My experience is that everyone chooses which side of infinity to live on, without the courage to breath with existence and have a great life in the at the same time. You now have permission to strut your stuff. Turn the word ‘or’ into the

word 'and' – you can have your cake and eat it too.

The funny thing about the “World According to Krishna Prem” is that when you are one with existence you experience yourself as no one at all... and conversely when you are one with the world, all you do is dream about being number one. Really for me, please blow up your ego so you can move between being no one at all as a guest of existence and number one in the marketplace as a gift of your parents' conditioning so you can dance on both sides now of eternity with effortless effort... welcome to the cosmic joke and enjoy.

Again I am indicating that the universe, the good, the bad and the ugly appear in you.

“It's time to stop looking on the outside. No revolution can change society. Nobody else can transform you. Real change begins within your own consciousness. From that place of transformation everything falls into place.” Osho

“The ego can exist only if you take yourself and everything seriously. Nothing kills the ego like playfulness, like laughter. When you start taking life as fun, the ego has to die, it cannot exist anymore. Ego is illness; it needs an atmosphere of sadness to exist. Seriousness creates the sadness in you. Sadness is a necessary soil for the ego.”

Atisha's Heart Meditation, Osho

Presently I am running around our small planet leading my playshops, which I call simply "Meditating on Your Inner Lover."

What I am pointing out to you when I meet you in person is that not only are you a child of the universe, but that the universe is also appearing as a child in you. In other words, you are the universe! Just as your body and mind and heart are appearing in you, so too is the entire universe. Now more than ever you need to be responding in your everyday life instead of reacting.

This immense responsibility that you are one with the whole can actually be depressing if you take yourself seriously. And this is where meditation comes to the rescue, because as a meditator you move into a relationship with your true self that is based on the two foundations of intimacy and not knowing...

I am well aware that I am writing a light-hearted look at life at a trying time in our lives. I often ask myself if our small planet is at its most violent peak or is it that I have simply become acutely aware of man's inhumanity to man. When I am down, I often call upon this simple meditation as my sword of awareness. Thank you Atisha for bringing miracles to my miseries, and for those who don't know, Atisha was a Buddhist monk who walked amongst us a thousand years ago.

This is how Osho brought Atisha into my consciousness; "Let me remind you, in the last sutra Atisha was saying that when you take the breath in, let it become your meditation that all the suffering of all the beings in the world is riding on that incoming breath and reaching your heart. Absorb all that suffering, pain and misery in your heart, and see a miracle happen."

You are cordially invited to do this alchemical meditation every day for the rest of your life.