



OSHO, I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT KNOWLEDGE IS USELESS. THEN WHAT IS NEEDED TO GUIDE US TO THE ULTIMATE GOAL?

Geetam, there is one good thing about your question that I appreciate: you say "I have heard you say." All the Buddhist scriptures begin in that way; that is a very sincere thing. The Christian, the Judaic, the Hindu, the Mohammedan scriptures don't begin that way, but all Buddhist scriptures begin "I have heard the Master say" because it is not a question whether the Master has said it or not, "I have heard it"; these are two different things. The Master may have said one thing, you may have heard something totally different, because between you and the Master there is a great barrier -- the barrier of the mind, prejudices, concepts, preconceived ideas. So what YOU hear is not necessarily the thing that is said.

Geetam, this is good that you say "I have heard you say." You are not saying that "YOU have said it," you are saying "I have heard.... It may be right, it may not be right; you may have said it, you may not have said it."

This has to be remembered by all of my sannyasins: whenever you are quoting me, remember, it is what you have heard. There is a possibility it may have been said, there is a possibility it may not have been said at all; something else may have been said.

And that's actually what has happened.

You say:

I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT KNOWLEDGE IS USELESS.

No, I have not said that. Knowledge is very useful -- wisdom is useless! Knowledge is needed in the marketplace, in business, in politics. Everywhere knowledge is needed -- in technology, in science -- everywhere knowledge is needed. Knowledge is very useful, utilitarian; wisdom is absolutely useless, but that's its beauty. It is not a commodity, you cannot use it in any way; you cannot sell it, you cannot purchase it. It does not belong to the utilitarian world; it is a flowering.

What use is a rose flower? What use is the song of a bird? What use is it? If you look around in existence -- the stars, the clouds, the mountains, the rivers -- what is the use of it all? It is all useless. Why are butterflies so beautiful? Why does God take so much care in painting their wings? What is the point of it all?

Remember, the outside world is the world of utility; the inside world is the world of significance, not of utility. The outside world has a totally different dimension -- there it is needed. You need bread, you need butter, you need a house, you need medicine, you need clothes, shelter; you need thousands of things. But the inner world is simply of luxury; it is not

a need, it is a joy. It is a sheer rejoicing.

If somebody asks you, "What is the use of love?" the question is unanswerable, by the very fact of its use of the word "use." Love is not a commodity; the world can go on without love -- it is already going on without it. Everything is going perfectly well; in fact, it is only when love happens that some disturbance happens. Hence all the societies are against love.

The world is going perfectly well without musicians. Who needs musicians? They will not be able to drive a train, to pilot an airplane; they are not reliable people.

I used to travel in India. One of my friends who died just a few months ago was a lover of travelling. I used to go on the fastest trains possible, because I had to cover the whole country, and he loved to travel by passenger trains which stopped at every station, every small station. The journey that could have been completed within ten hours would take four days, five days, sometimes seven days. And whenever he was with me he would insist....

One time I agreed and really it was a joy, because he knew every place where the tea was the best, where the milk was the purest, where you could get a good sweet, where you could get good apples, mangoes. In those five days of travelling with him I forgot all about where we were going -- there was no need to go anywhere! And everybody knew him -- the porters, the station-masters, the drivers -- because he was always travelling on these small trains. And at each station the train would stop for one hour, half an hour, two hours.

One small station was really a beautiful place. The whole station was surrounded by a big mango grove, hundreds of mango trees. He took me out of the station and he started climbing a tree. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "The mangoes are ripe!" And I said, "If the train leaves we will be in difficulty!" He said, "Don't be worried. Come along with me." So I went along with him. I was constantly telling him, "It is time now, the train will leave." And he said, "Don't be worried. Do you see the man above us?" One man was there. He said, "He is the driver. Unless he gets down, the train cannot move!"

I enjoyed that moment!

Life can be lived either with utility as your very style or it can be lived as a playfulness. Music, love, flowers, stars, poetry, painting, dancing, all belong to the inner world. I am not against knowledge; when you are doing something in the world use your knowledge. There, to use wisdom is foolish; there, sitting in a car and meditating is dangerous. There, you should use all your efficiency, all your knowledge, all your know-how; but you should not be confined to it. You should not become obsessed with it, you should be able to go inside. When the work is over you should be able to close the doors to the outside world and return to the inner. Then dance, sing, meditate, love, live. One should be flexible, liquid.

This misunderstanding, Geetam, is possible with me, but you can see my approach if you don't bring your own mind in. I am not telling you to renounce the world for the simple reason that you can always use your knowledge. Sitting in a cave in the Himalayas you will not be able to use your knowledge. And the outside world is as beautiful as the inside world -- if we can have both, why choose one?

My whole message is that you can eat the cake and have it too, so why go for half? Knowledge is useful in the outside world, in the inside world it is a hindrance. And the same is true about the inner wisdom: it is of immense joy inside, but don't try to use it outside. Both things have been done. The West has lived through knowledge only, hence it has lost the inner dimension, it has lost the inner flowering, it has lost contact with its own being. The East has done the reverse: thinking that knowledge is useless it has become non-scientific, non-utilitarian, so its outside world has become shrunken. It is poor, ugly, unscientific.

The West has lost contact with its own soul and the East has lost contact with its own body. And man is a dance of these two complementaries; these two are partners in the dance. These two are like two wings: you cannot fly into the sky with one wing alone, with one wing you will fall. The West has fallen, the East has fallen; both have proved to be utter failures.

We need a new kind of human being who has both wings: the wings of knowledge, science, technology, and the wings of meditation, enlightenment, love, freedom. When both wings are functioning in a deep synchronicity, in a deep togetherness, in accord and harmony, then only man is complete, total.

Knowledge is not needed for the inner world. About the inner world, you ask:

#### THEN WHAT IS NEEDED TO GUIDE US TO THE ULTIMATE GOAL?

There is no ultimate goal -- let it be clear from the very beginning. There is no goal as such, hence there is no question of there being an ultimate goal. All that is, is immediate -- let me repeat, IMMEDIATE. There is nothing ultimate anywhere; the immediacy itself is the ultimate. And there is no goal; the pilgrimage itself is the goal. Each step is the goal, each moment is the goal.

For that, knowledge is not needed because knowledge is a guidance for goals, for achievements. For that, that goal-less immediate life, innocence is needed not knowledge. Innocence, like a child, what Dionysius calls a "luminous ignorance" -- exactly that is needed; a luminous ignorance, an enlightened state of not-knowing. You always think in terms of enlightenment as if it were the ultimate in knowing -- you are wrong. Enlightenment is the ultimate state of not-knowing; it is luminous ignorance, it is childlike. The sage again becomes a child. He starts collecting colored stones, pebbles, seashells on the sea beach. He starts collecting wildflowers, for no reason at all, just for the sheer joy of it.

The Sunday-schoolteacher asked her class of youngsters if they could name any of the Ten Commandments, and the kindergarten-aged boy stood up and announced proudly, "Thou shalt not omit adultery!"

This is luminous ignorance, so innocent: "Thou shalt not omit adultery!"

The pretty young schoolteacher was concerned about one of her eleven-year-old students. Taking him aside after class one day, she asked, "Victor, why has your schoolwork been so poor lately?"

"I can't concentrate," replied the lad. "I'm afraid I have fallen in love."

"Is that so?" said the teacher, holding back an urge to smile. "And with whom?"

"With you," he answered.

"But, Victor," exclaimed the secretly pleased young lady, "don't you see how silly that is? It's true that I would like a husband of my own someday, but I don't want a child"

"Oh, don't worry," said Victor reassuringly, "I'll be careful!"

A stern father was taking his little son Johnny for a walk in the park when suddenly a honeybee settled on a rock in front of them. Just for spite, the boy smashed it with a rock, whereupon his father said, "That was cruel, and for being cruel you'll get no honey for a whole year"

Later Johnny deliberately stepped on a butterfly. "And for that, young man," said the father, "you will get no butter for a year." When they returned home, Johnny's mother was busy fixing dinner. Just as they entered the kitchen, she spied a cockroach and immediately crushed it. The little boy looked at his father impishly and said, "Shall I tell her, dad, or will you?"

The grade-school principal dropped into the new third-grade teacher's room to see how she was adjusting to her first day of school. "There IS one problem," she said. "That little boy in the first row belongs in the second grade but insists on remaining here, and he is so smart I hate to send him back."

"He can't be that smart," said the principal. "Ask him something."

The teacher called the boy forward and inquired, "What does a dog do on three legs that a man does on two legs that I do sitting down?"

"Shake hands," said the boy.

"What has a cow got four of that I have only two of?" she went on.

"Legs," the boy replied.

"What is a four-letter word meaning intercourse?" she continued.

"Talk," he answered.

The teacher turned to the principal. "Well, what should I do?"

He drew her aside and whispered, "Better promote him to the fourth grade. I missed all three questions!"

OSHO

The Goose is Out.

Chapter Two.

Second Question.