

Osho Talks to Samudroprem

**Sannyas Initiation. Unpublished Darshan Diary “Eighty-Four Thousand Poems”
13 April 1980 in Chuang Tzu Auditorium, Pune, India**

This will be your new name: Swami Phil.

Phil means love.

Love is the door to the divine. It is the only way to relate oneself to the ultimate. But before you can know what love is, you have to go through many purifications. Because what is ordinarily known as love is not only love, many other things are mixed in it. It is very much polluted; it is not pure. Maybe one percent of it is love, but ninety-nine percent is something else. And that ninety-nine percent is dominating, overpowering, overwhelming. The one percent is crushed, destroyed by that ninety-nine percent. One has to drop that ninety-nine percent.

There is so much jealousy in your love, and jealousy is poison. There is so much possessiveness in your love, and possessiveness is destructive. Love is a very delicate flower. And to be possessive means throwing a rock on the flower. There is a deep desire to dominate the other. It is very unconscious, but it is there. And it is very powerful. Then love becomes just a façade and behind it you are just on an ego trip. And the same is also the case with the person with whom you are in love. So, quarrel arises, fighting arises. Both become destructive to each other. After a few experiences of love affairs, one becomes weary, tired. One starts feeling that love is the greatest nuisance in life. One starts feeling one's fingers are burnt, one starts avoiding it. That's what is happening in the West. People are going far more towards pure sex and avoiding love. Because at least pure sex does not have that much trouble, it is simple. Of course, it cannot take you to the heights, but neither does your so-called love take you to the heights. On the contrary, your so-called love takes you to such hells. Sex cannot take you to such hells either. It simply keeps you healthy, it is hygienic, healthy, normal. It keeps you a fit animal, that's all.

It has always happened in the past also: Whenever a society allows freedom for love, people become tired of love, because in the name of love so much ugliness starts happening that people start leaning more towards pure sex. It seems more convenient, more comfortable, with no risk. It can be purchased easily. It is sellable, purchasable. Love cannot be sold and cannot be purchased. It is not a commodity. Sex is a commodity; it is part of our materialistic world. Either this happens or society becomes repressive towards love and forces marriage upon people, so that they stick to one person, and that too not for love but for other reasons: for progeny, to give birth to children. So that they can take care of your properties when you are no more, and they can carry your name down the ages. Love is no more a consideration because people have become so afraid of it. People think of the family, of richness, of culture, of education, of nobility, aristocracy and all kind of things. They consult astrologers and palmists but they don't think of love at all. They avoid love. They take everything else into consideration, except love, that's what an arranged marriage is.

So, these two things happen again and again. Whenever love is free, whenever there is more freedom, society becomes tired of love. People start moving towards sex. Then sooner or later they become tired of sex too, because it is unfulfilling. Then they fall back upon the old patterns. Again, they forget the old lessons, they decide to go into marriage. This is how it moves in a vicious circle. India has completed the circle many times, because it is one of the most ancient societies. Many times, it has seen freedom of love, many times it has seen freedom of sex. Then a puritanical, repressive society, then again, a rebellion. And the same thing goes on and on. But the reason, the basic reason nobody looks for, the basic reason is not love, the basic reason is that love is mixed with other things. We have to learn to drop those other things.

Love is beautiful. Love is the greatest gift of god. But it is a raw phenomenon. It has to be polished, refined, cut. It is like a raw diamond: much has to be done before people can know its beauty and splendor. And that's my whole work here: to help you refine your raw love into a refined, polished, cultured phenomenon. So that it can become a source of upliftment for your soul. So that it can become a door to the divine.

How long will you be here?

Until the monsoon, maybe.

Hmm, do many groups.

(*Note: Osho had several name changes in his lifetime: Archarya Rajneesh, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, Osho Rajneesh, Osho; likewise Samudro was Swami Phil, Swami Sarovara, Swami Prem Sarovara and now Swami Sāmudroprem*)

Sermons in Stones. Chapter #17, Question 2

16 December 1986 pm in Bombay (Mumbai), India

BELOVED BHAGWAN (OSHO),

WHY AM I CONFUSED OVER DEVOTION AND DEPENDENCE? IN RELATIONSHIPS I FEEL AN OVERWHELMING DEVOTION TO THE OTHER BUT THEN FEEL DEPENDENT AND UNHAPPY WITHOUT THE OTHER. DO DEVOTION AND DEPENDENCE COME TOGETHER LIKE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN? HAVING TASTED THE BEAUTY OF THE PEAK OF DEVOTION I FEEL AN URGE TO ALWAYS LIVE THERE. IS DEPENDENCE THE VALLEY TO THE PEAK OF DEVOTION, AND TO BE ACCEPTED AS SUCH?

The question indicates one thing very clearly, and that is that you don't know what devotion is. Devotion and the feeling of dependence cannot exist together. The feeling of dependence arises in you when somebody enforces in a subtle slavery, particularly psychological and spiritual. Then it hurts, because these are the realms of freedom; nobody can force them upon another. Devotion is a flower of another world. It is not forced on you. Devotion is totally your act. You have responded to someone who has played on the guitar of your being. It is a love affair, and love of the highest quality.

It cannot feel dependence, because nobody is making you dependent. It can make you feel relaxed, because you have found a hand and the warmth of the hand and the love of the hand and the strength of the hand... although it is all dark all around.

Finding this hand, finding the master, you can relax. Now the journey is almost over. To have found the master - I repeat - the journey is almost over. And the master can only shower you with his love - there is no question of any power number; you cannot feel dependence.

And you are free at any moment to withdraw your devotion. Nobody is going to prevent you except the experience of devotion itself, because you have never known so many stars in your life. You have never known so many colors in your life, you have never danced, you have never been in such an ecstasy that the dance arises out of it; not out of technological knowledge, not because you know dancing. Ecstasy brings a dance which is fresh, beyond technique, beyond learning. I have never heard that anybody who has reached the point of devotion has ever fallen back - it is impossible. For what will you fall back? What have you left behind, except misery and darkness? What was your life before devotion? - Nothing but hell.

Your question is only intellectual. Intellectually, you thought that in devotion there must be dependence; you are devoted, you have to be obedient. But there is a great surprise for you....

The greatest master never gives orders. That belongs to the very lowest categories of teachers, not masters. A master simply creates a certain energy field in which you start changing, transforming. One day suddenly your old life is dropped, like a snake slipping out of its old skin. He does not even look back.

Devotion will transform you - from a thousand and one dependencies in your life towards an independent individual. Devotion can become the door for the highest liberation possible.

But people get into trouble because they're always thinking rather than experimenting.

Experiment! Experience! Then your question will have a reality about it. About such questions you can have a good conversation, but these questions are not going to help you in any way. That's why I told you from the very beginning that you don't have any experience of devotion. You know only the experience of dependence. In love, you have found dependence. In friendship, you have found dependence. In all your relationships, sooner or later you find you are caged.

In devotion you will find freedom - freedom not only from darkness, from death, but freedom from everything that you have known up to now - so that you can fly into the fresh sky, enjoying the exhilaration, the ecstasy of the new, of the novel, of the mysterious.

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Note: Osho was in Mumbai after returning from Uruguay, Crete and other places on his 'world tour.' Samudro was in England at the time and wrote this question as a letter.

The Razor's Edge. Chapter #23, Question 2

08 March 1987 in Chuang Tzu Auditorium, Pune, India

BELOVED BHAGWAN (OSHO),

IT IS STRANGE... THE CLOSER I COME TO YOU, THE MORE ORDINARY IT FEELS. IT IS A CALMNESS AND A COOLNESS AND A NOTHINGNESS, AND YET OUT OF THIS SPACE I FIND MYSELF DANCING, CLAPPING, LAUGHING, AND REJOICING WITH YOU. BUT IT FEELS SO DIFFERENT, AS THOUGH SOMETHING HAS GONE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT. AND IF I LOOK FOR WORDS TO DESCRIBE THIS NEW FEELING, I CAN ONLY SAY, "LOVE." BUT I SAY IT UNCERTAINLY, INSECURELY. OH, BHAGWAN (OSHO), WHAT IS GOING ON?

Sarovara, (Samudro) the observation that you have made is right and shows immense clarity. You are saying, "It is strange." It appears strange only in the beginning. The more you become acquainted with it, the more the strangeness will be gone.

You say, "The closer I come to you, the more ordinary it feels." It is ordinary. Do you think the stars are not ordinary? Do you think the moon is not ordinary? Do you think the roses in the garden are not ordinary? Do you think these beautiful trees are not ordinary? This whole existence is ordinary! Even to say that it is ordinary shows a desire that it should have been extraordinary.

But if everything were extraordinary, it would look very ordinary. And that is the situation. Everything is very extraordinary... but everything. Extraordinariness is the ordinary quality of existence. It is nothing special, it is simply the way things are.

So, the closer you come, the more understanding you will become. Your imagination will start dispersing, and you will know the extraordinary ordinariness of everything that surrounds you. You say, "It is a calmness and a coolness and a nothingness, and yet out of this space..." You are already feeling that this ordinariness is not what you have always thought to be the meaning of the word ordinary, because out of this ordinariness is coming calmness, coolness, nothingness. How can this ordinariness be ordinary?

"I find myself dancing, clapping, laughing and rejoicing with you. But it feels so different, as though something has gone, but I can't remember what."

Something has really gone, and it always goes in such a way that you become aware only when it is gone. And then, too, you don't know what it is that has gone. It is your ego. And because the ego is so non-substantial, when it goes it makes no sound; you don't hear its footsteps going away. It is just like your shadow: you are standing in the sun and there is a shadow; you move under the shadow of a tree and your own shadow disappears. But there is no noise, no footsteps of your shadow going away. To which direction has it gone? But something has disappeared, and that is making it different.

Your dancing, your singing, your clapping, your laughing, your rejoicing... it feels so different for the simple reason that it is happening spontaneously; it is not your doing. In these beautiful moments of dancing and singing and clapping, it is not that you are doing them, they are happening. You are just a witness, at the most. The doer, the ego, is absent; hence, the difference.

And your observation is correct, "... as though something has gone, but I can't remember what. And if I look for words to describe this new feeling, I can only say 'love.'" People think hate is against love. That is not right, because hate can be transformed into love. It is the other side of the same coin. The real enemy of love is the ego, and because the ego has disappeared, although you are not certain what has disappeared, you are feeling a new arrival, a new guest within you which you can only describe as love.

"But I say it uncertainly, insecurely." Love is such a great phenomenon. You cannot say it with certainty; it is not mathematics. And you cannot say it with security. It is so vast and so fragile. How can you be secure about it? A moment before, it was not there, and who knows what is going to happen a moment afterwards? Suddenly it has descended upon you. You are in its possession, but security is not possible and neither is certainty. And if you want to make it certain and secure, you will kill it.

A bird on the wing looks so beautiful, so representative of freedom. The whole sky belongs to it... no limits, no boundaries. You can catch the bird; you can keep it in a cage. It is the same bird in a way, but it is not the same bird because, where is its sky? Where is its freedom? Where is its joyful dance in the air? All that was alive in it is gone. It is only a faraway echo of the real bird that you had seen in the sky. It resembles it, it is a carbon copy, but it is not the original.

When love comes to you, and it comes only when the ego is absent, when love comes to you, you cannot be certain about it and you cannot be secure about it. You can only be grateful. You can only be amazed. Amazed at the generous existence, because you don't deserve it, and it has suddenly poured over you so many flowers. You never earned it. You cannot demand tomorrow, "Again you have to shower those flowers." That's why there is no certainty, no security.

Your observation is very clear, and I am happy; everybody's observation has to be so clear. You are simply in a state of awe. You are asking, "Oh, Osho, what is going on?"

It is better not to be rational about it, not to intellectualize it, not to label it. "What is going on?" I can say only that whatever is going on is tremendously beautiful. Allow it, no need to have any explanation. Experience it, no need to understand it, to explain it. Be totally possessed by it, and this total possession by love will bring a new birth to you, a new life, and a new world all around.

You are passing through the most beautiful space every meditator has to pass through. Unafraid, go dancingly into the unknown without ever being concerned where it is going to land you. If love is the guide, then you need not be worried; if the ego is the guide, then you have to be really concerned and worried. Love can take you only to the ocean. The ego always tries to go upwards, up-current, against the current.

Love goes with the current. Love is a relaxation, a rest, the peace that passeth understanding.

Don't start looking for that which is missing, it was not anything valuable, it was not your friend. That which you have lost, that something that you feel has gone, was your enemy. Say goodbye to it, and allow this new state to become more and more deep. There are depths beyond depths. There is no end to growth; there is no end to the mysteries of existence. Doors after doors go on opening. This is the infinity of the miracle of the universe. You should not be bothered about rationalizing your experiences, just drink them, and dance and sing and rejoice. And thank existence that it has been your fortune.

A Sicilian woman is standing in a crowded bus, having been shopping in the market.

Suddenly she realizes that her purse has been stolen and she begins to cry.

The bus stops and the conductor asks her, "What is wrong?"

The woman explains that in all the confusion and crush of people, her purse has been stolen.

The conductor, trying to console her, asks, "But where did you keep your purse?"

The Sicilian woman blushes and touching her lower belly says, "Here, in my underpants."

The man looks at her, amazed, and says, "And you did not realize that someone was touching you there?"

The woman replies indignantly, "Of course I did. But I thought he had good intentions!"

So, wherever you were hiding your ego, it is gone. Even if it comes with good intentions, don't let it come back in. And take care, because it will not leave you so easily. It is not that somebody has stolen it, it is just that in your totality, you dropped it. It must be looking for you, so be careful! It happens again and again: one loses the ego and the next day again it is back - and with good intentions! But you simply keep your doors closed, good intentions or no intentions. Just tell the ego, "I am finished with you." Or give it as a present to some friend, because there are a few people who will really enjoy having two egos! One is not enough for them.

(Note: in 1987, Osho was called Bhagwan, and Samudro was called Sarovara)

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