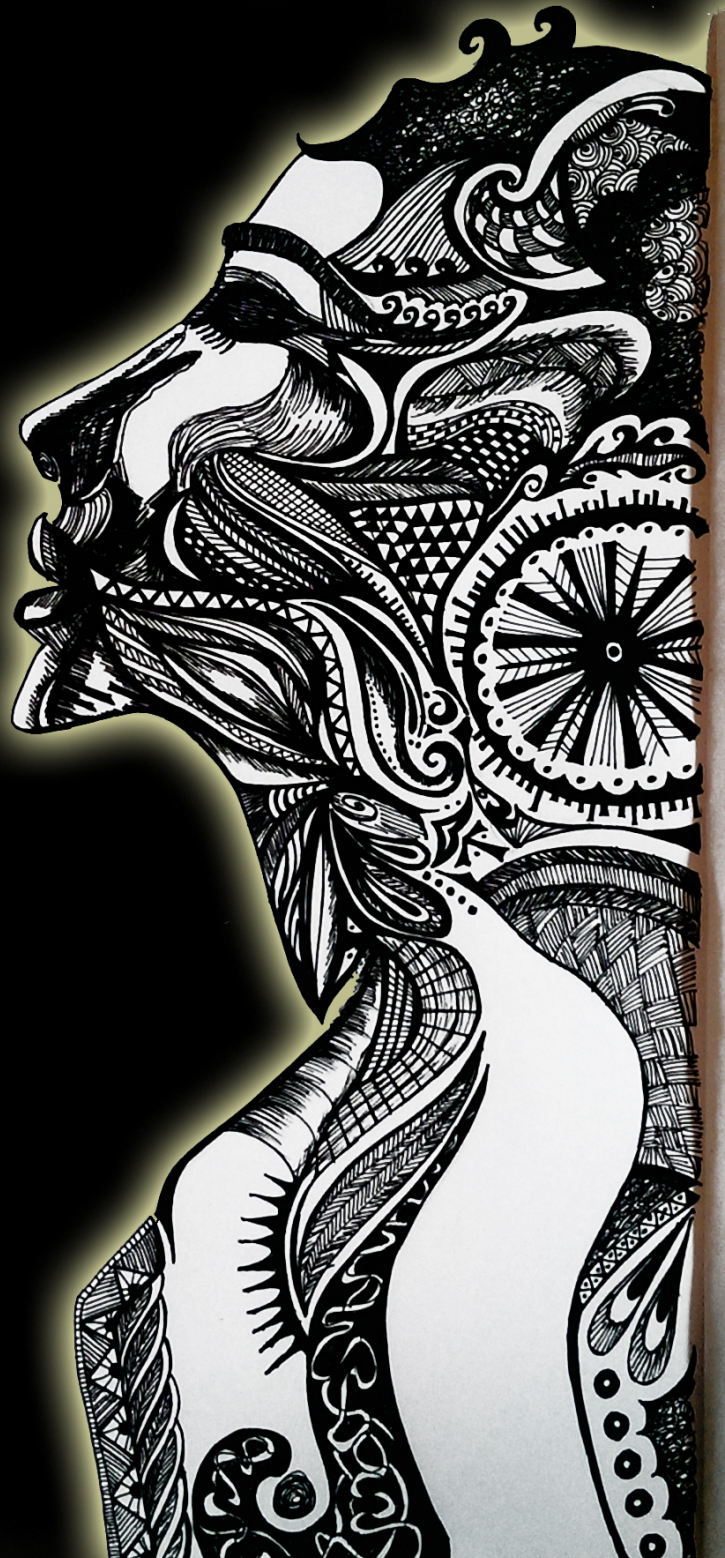


oh!!!

wo-(man-ia)

[woo-m-uh-nia] noun, abstract most of the times, raw, unadulterated, ridiculously suave

edition 2.3 - august 2015



wake up!

editorial

DIBA
YAMINI

Have you ever thought what this human existence is all about? What if we all are dreaming? Like Inception – the movie? And we have dreams within dreams. We chase them, run behind them, and finally the reality is totally different?

Since time immemorial, these questions have been haunting us. That's what has led to finding other life forms beyond the ones on our planet. And the news that is doing rounds says, that indeed there is life form existing in far galaxies, in a different universe altogether!

So, let us consider, we are indeed living in a dream. And we all are so highly sedated, or infused with a drug, that we are not able to wake up. We have been in this trance since forever, and we have completely forgotten that there exists a real world out there.

How would that world be? The real world? How would that look like? Is it free from all human struggles, sorrow and pain? Is it filled with love, the subtlety of being loved and giving love? What is the reality like?

Imagine that there is some place we really intend to be. And there are different paths towards it. The destination is one, nonetheless! Are we on that path? Or have we started loving this dream world so much, that we think we are all set wherever we are. We do not need to move out of this litter basket? Are we comfortable, amidst all the material comforts we've set for ourselves?

What if what some people who tell about enlightenment are true? Could it be possible that there is another plane of existence altogether, where we are actually meant to be? What is the way to that? Creativity? Meditation? Honesty? What is it?

The thoughts are intriguingly many, but answers are few. And there is no where else one needs to look for answers, but within.

But constantly, every single day, we should wonder...

What if we never wake up?

What if we are stuck...

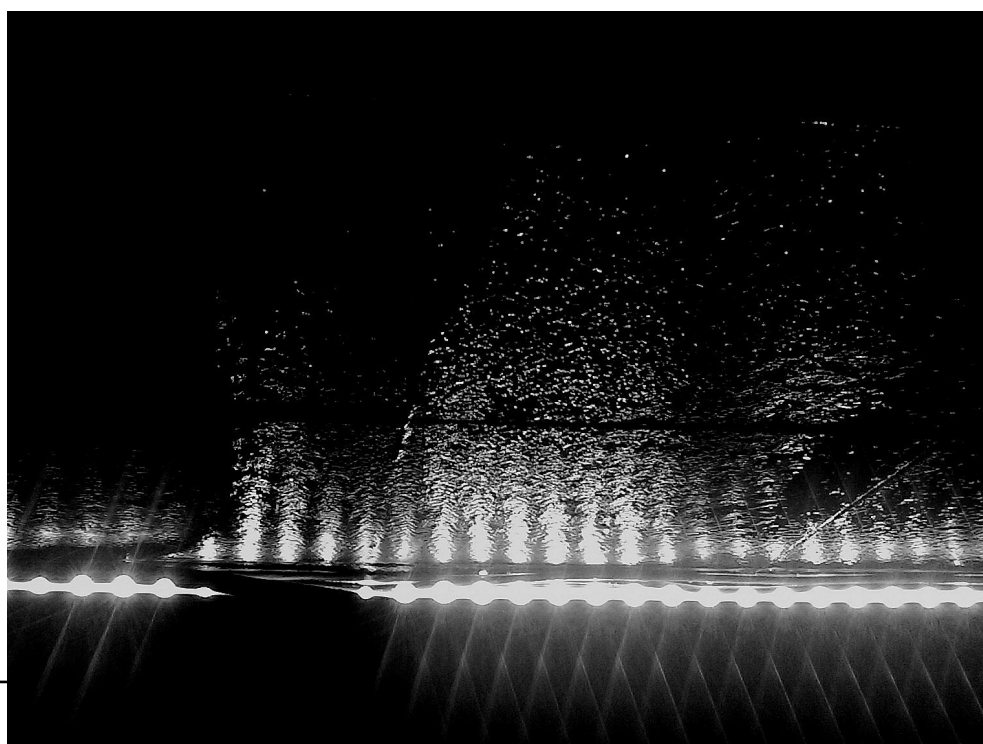
In Limbo...

And the top never stops spinning!

Happy reading..

Light and more light...

~Editors



The importance of a Guide in Spiritual Journey.

I always had my doubts about who and what God is. As a child, I had my own questions, and doubted a lot of things that were told to me. Even the spiritual Master that my family followed could not make me stick to one stream of belief. I accepted what made sense to me with logic, without anyone forcing me to do things in the name of fear, religion or superficiality.

Following is the experiment that explained the concept of spirituality to me in a very subtle and effective way.

I was asked to eat a sweet kept in a bowl. I was asked to carefully understand the taste. I did. I ate it carefully, understanding the ingredients and the taste. Then I was asked to explain how it tasted.

I started telling them...It's sweet. Syrupy... it has this Pista flavor. Then someone asked me, what do you mean by syrupy? And how sweet was it? Then I said, it's this sugary, taste. Then again I was asked, how sugary? Was there more sugar or less? I was confused how to answer these questions. Finally after a lot of this and that, I told the person who asked me about the taste, to pick up one piece and taste it himself. And that's when he said, "THAT IS SPIRITUALITY".

No matter how much I say now, in this article, or otherwise, it will not be enough, unless you take a Piece of it and Eat it. You have to experience it to understand. So, take this below explanation, as only my effort of telling you how I felt.. Because if you want to know the sweet, YOU WILL HAVE TO TASTE IT.

While diving deeper into my understanding of concept of spirituality and practice of meditation, I would like to give an analogy to the Magnet. We all know how a magnet works. The earth has a magnetic field. It is revolving around the sun in an orbit and that happens because of certain magnetic field which keeps it glued to the orbit.

Let me start with the example of SUN. Sun shines for everyone. It never says that I am going to shine only for people who follow "Art of living" or those who follow Osho, or those who follow "Asaram babu". It shines for everyone. It is unbiased. But, if we do not get out of our house, if we do not get out of the four walls, we will not be able to benefit from that sunshine and the beautiful warmth it gives, or the essential vitamin D it provides.

So if we want to get all the wonderful things from the Sun, then we have to expose ourselves to it. It cannot shine outside and keep giving us light and Vitamin D if we are sitting inside 4 walls of our house.

This means, we should be ready to accept change. Or be open to get out of our comfort zone slightly and experience other things. If it gives any comfort, if it proves beneficial, then it's great. Otherwise you can always go back within the four walls and keep doing whatever you were always doing.

Also, we all know how a magnet works. If you keep a metal near a magnet for a very long time, that metal acquires magnetic properties. After sometime, it also starts acting like a magnet. This is the basic concept we learnt in school.

Also, when the magnets that we put on our refrigerators go bad, we throw them, but if we keep the old weakened magnets near a strong magnet, it becomes strong again. How does it do that? It stays in the company of a stronger magnet, and the magnetic field around the stronger magnet induces the property in the weak magnet. Of course this doesn't happen in a matter of days or months. This process takes time. Don't you agree?

If you don't you can always google and verify this principle of science. Now if all magnets eventually lose their magnetic properties, how are these magnets ever going to work? There has to be a big, strongest perpetual magnet available somewhere. Many say that Earth is a magnet also. The core of the earth.

So now, consider, a MASTER to be the strongest magnet. How and why is he the strongest? Because, he has always been close to another strong magnet all his life, and also he has made sure, all his life, by practice that he doesn't lose his magnetic power. With this, he not only has the power to attract all the metals of positivity, but also he can make the weak magnets strong
(Here Magnetism is used just as a metaphor while I am trying to explain. Master basically has attained perfect state of regulation of mind and has reached the peak of oneness with all elements of nature.)



Any Master who knows how to regulate his mind, attain peace and be unaffected by small or big ripples, is someone who has learnt the art of meditation and perfection. Only through channeling the thoughts of the mind, can one concentrate on the existence of the soul and the bigger purpose.

Not many are fortunate enough to find a Master to guide them in their spiritual quest. But if you seek with all heart and conviction, even the Master will find his way towards the seeker to get him through his spiritual pursuit.

What is Creativity?

We have often heard about the left side and the right of the brain. People say creative people have the left part of the brain more developed than the right. I have believed that, and often thought I am a right brained person, because I am definitely not very creative.

But I have experienced a different "me" sometimes, lost in making a painting and not worried about how it will turn out. I have been pondering about the world and ended up writing. I have been drawn to old ruins and ended up clicking every nook and corner.

Creativity for me, now, is being in touch with myself. I have had phases of creative splurges and I absolutely love that. When our mind is free, so are we.

Creativity is freedom without any thoughts of rights and wrongs. People say you can't be an Architect if you don't dope, drink, smoke. Perhaps what they intend to say is, you need that nothingness to be creative. But I believe and I know, it's not necessary to artificially evoke such lightness of mind. Sometimes all we need to do is sit and NOT think about the past which could have been or the future which could be; sometimes we just don't need any thoughts.

That is when you are with yourself and both parts of your brain work to bring out the best in you! It's like everything is functioning in synergy.

We waste such a lot of time and mindspace in the what's, whys and how's of life. We think and think and snowball into sadness and self-pity. The questions should not pull us down, but lead us to intense exploration.

We hardly overthink about a happy event, overthinking is mostly negative.
Channelizing negativity brings out Creativity! Imagine what Positivity would bring out?



The Cancer Alarm

Oh Delilah,

I need to get you out of my mind!

You never existed for me. Like an important person. A person about whom I would think frequently. Make calls, once a week, and do something on birthdays. Birthday? When is your birthday? See, I don't even know that. The most important information. I never forget birthdays. Ever! But yours. I don't even know when you were born! Which year? 1989? 1988? Let me assume it to be 1989!

I remember the first time we met. You had come to my hometown, for an internship. You were a big fat combination of beauty, gentleness, kindness, innocence and I don't know..something vaguely mysterious and spiritual!

I have no clue, what was that about you that made me feel so happy and light. May be some people do that. You were one of them.

With you struggling to form sentences in Hindi and then casually slipping to English, it was a very effortless transition and everything you said sounded mellifluous, while your cousins and I gossiped around. I remember we went to St. Francis Cathedral that day. It was closed. We sat outside and you quickly prayed for a few seconds, so that no one could notice. But I did. You smiled all the way through our senseless conversations in Hindi.

You had no idea what we were talking about. Perhaps you did. Perhaps you felt left out. I am sorry if you did, but you never made us feel like you were bored.... or wanted to go to someplace else. I am sorry; you had to fit in, with us.

You made a place in my heart, Delilah in ways I could never explain. I never saw you again after Jay's marriage. That was the last time I saw you. You added me on FB, and we kept in touch for a while, and then I did not even notice that you had deleted your account on FB.

This weekend I came to know that all your folks were in town to see you. Because you were sick. Very very sick.

I am mad at you, Delilah. I don't know why! Things could have been contained, had you taken the growth on your pancreas seriously. Or rather, asked your family to do something. I



know the injections rendered you weak. You had no capacity to take immediate doses. You were feeble, and may be the shots did not work as expected and in 6 months; you were on Chemo treating your cancer which had reached stage 3!

If you ask me, I would have done anything to get you to right people. And by right people I do not mean doctors. The world out there paints a farce, about cancer and its treatment. Cancer, when detected in its 1st stage is very much containable. Did you know that? I did! But I did not know you!

The doctors gave up, after spending lakhs and lakhs of money on chemotherapy and nuclear treatment. They gave you a timeline of 6 weeks. And 6 weeks it was.

You gave up! You shouldn't have. It hurts. You know! I don't know why! I barely knew you! You are not related. You are not my friend. You are some person who crossed my path once, and your demise should not affect me. But, after you are gone I realize, how much your death has affected me. Even on ventilator, you were asking about your family, your cousins, their kids. You tried to smile, so hard, that the tube in your mouth refused to budge and caused you more pain. You all took it sportingly. Didn't you? For your husband, for your mother, your family.

What would they do without you? Time will heal. I know. It will get better. They will cope up knowing that you are not in pain anymore. You have endured a lot. I don't know whether I should be happy or guilty that I dodged the idea of seeing you in the Hospital.

But, Delilah, I need you to get out of my mind. You are in my memories like a sweet little girl of 20, smiling away, talking and looking at everything around her with those beautiful black eyes. Or maybe, just stay, in my head as long as you want! I just need you to be happy and at peace where ever you are.

If you could make such a huge difference to me, I am sure your people would miss the gem that you were, for a long long time.

RIP, little girl. You did your part!

Who am I?

I had been for an interview last weekend. As usual, the interview began with the typical question of "Tell me something about yourself". I started with my name and where I am from originally, and then I went on talking about all the organizations I have worked for and what I have done all these days as a part of my profession. The interviewer seemed to be pretty pleased with my answer. Of course, I did a good job at telling him who I was.

So when people ask, why is it necessary to study, or pursue any occupation, it is only because we tag our identity to these things, these labels, these positions and achievements that we earn over the years. Without this, no one would know us. Even today, my relatives, ask my mom, "Bangalore wali beti kaisi hai?".

Now the place also has an added role in defining me. Slowly, by the places I visit, and things I do, defines me. But who am I? Am I really an automotive Engineer? Am I an Engineer, alone? Am I a girl who went to certain convent school and was born to a certain couple?

Nope! I am not just this.

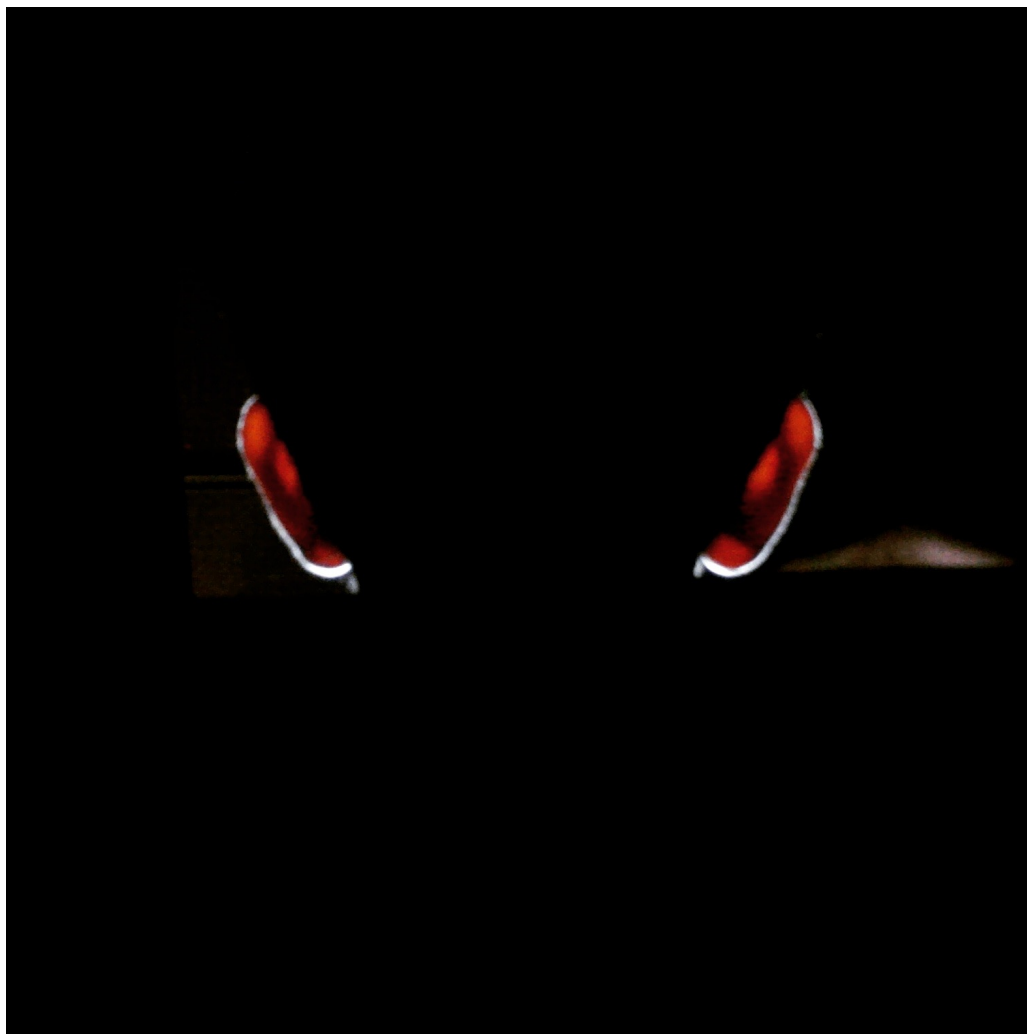
I am so much more. And why don't people know the "so much more" side of me, is it because I don't show them? No! That's not the case either. I am beyond the titles. We all are. But first, we should be able to shed that layer when we see others, only then, perhaps we can encourage them to know who we really are.

I started this practice a few days back. In my organization, I would have a certain behavior towards the higher management. I would talk in a certain way, they wouldn't see my friendly side, and I would be all sophisticated while talking to them, nodding with decent umms and ahaas. I am not uptight. I am easy. But I would act like that. On the other hand, I would be very casual with my colleagues and with my peers, exchanging political banter, and daily stories. Slowly, I started

merging these two personalities of mine. I did not want to put on a show for anyone. I wasn't being rude, nor did I need to make anyone happy. If I get a raise in my salary, it will be because of my work, not on the basis of my sophistication quotient.

So I brought this change in my behavior. I drew my lines when it came to dealing with my peers, and I stopped putting on a show with the senior management. Slowly, I felt at peace. I am shedding away the shams I was carrying. This was just a workplace experiment. I want to reach a point, where I am myself, the real me, without any fear and people should know me not by just a position I am at, or a tag I carry. I just want to be someone who cannot be described in words. You'd have to be with me, to know me, the real me! :)

Not a great deal to desire for, is it? ;)



Later, retrospectively, I wondered, is my existence merely limited to what I work as? If I detach myself from titles like "Senior Engineer in Automotive domain", what am I? I am just an engineer then. Pass out from college, without any experience added to my identity. Then what remains of me? An Electronics Engineer from XYZ College. Yes, that was my identity, seven years back. That is how I would introduce myself back then.

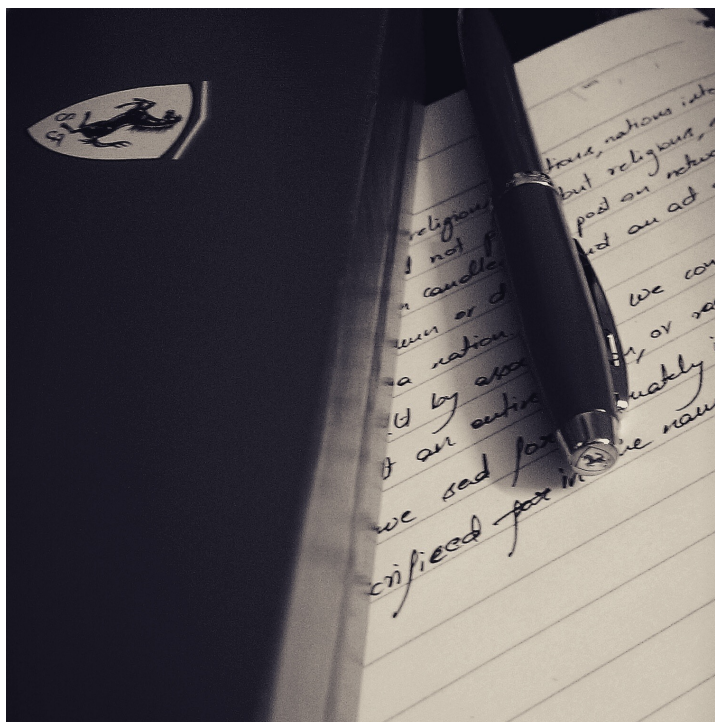
Before college, what was I? – a student from ABC convent. That was my identity. And what about the time before that, before I started going to school? I was known as the daughter of my parents. And before that, I did not exist. So this is what I have built up all these days. My identity.. Some random titles and labels?

When those answers walk your way

I have a lot of questions. Dilemmas. And I have not embraced any answers willfully, that have come my way. I think I was scared!

I always believe that the answers come to you, when you are ready. You just need to have your questions in place. I believe, we all are in one or the other stage of life, which looks like a crossroad, more often than not. There are so many choices that you could make, and yet you do not know What to do!

I came across this letter written by Hunter S. Thompson to his friend. I agree, that this letter might as well have been written to



April 22, 1958
57 Perry Street
New York City

Dear Hume,

You ask advice: ah, what a very human and very dangerous thing to do! For to give advice to a man who asks what to do with his life implies something very close to egomania. To presume to point a man to the right and ultimate goal — to point with a trembling finger in the RIGHT direction is something only a fool would take upon himself.

I am not a fool, but I respect your sincerity in asking my advice. I ask you though, in listening to what I say, to remember that all advice can only be a product of the man who gives it. What is truth to one may be disaster to another. I do not see life through your eyes, nor you through mine. If I were to attempt to give you specific advice, it would be too much like the blind leading the blind.

“To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles . . . ” (Shakespeare)
And indeed, that IS the question: whether to float with the tide, or to swim for a goal. It is a choice we must all make consciously or unconsciously at one time in our lives. So few

people understand this! Think of any decision you've ever made which had a bearing on your future: I may be wrong, but I don't see how it could have been anything but a choice however indirect — between the two things I've mentioned: the floating or the swimming.

But why not float if you have no goal? That is another question. It is unquestionably better to enjoy the floating than to swim in uncertainty. So how does a man find a goal? Not a castle in the stars, but a real and tangible thing. How can a man be sure he's not after the “big rock candy mountain,” the enticing sugar-candy goal that has little taste and no substance?

The answer — and, in a sense, the tragedy of life — is that we seek to understand the goal and not the man. We set up a goal which demands of us certain things: and we do these things. We adjust to the demands of a concept which CANNOT be valid. When you were young, let us say that you wanted to be a fireman. I feel reasonably safe in saying that you no longer want to be a fireman. Why? Because your perspective has changed. It's not the fireman who has changed, but you. Every man is the sum total of his reactions to experience. As your experiences differ and multiply, you become a different man, and hence your perspective changes. This goes on and on. Every reaction is a learning process; every significant experience alters your perspective.

When those answers walk your way (continued....)

So it would seem foolish, would it not, to adjust our lives to the demands of a goal we see from a different angle every day? How could we ever hope to accomplish anything other than galloping neurosis?

The answer, then, must not deal with goals at all, or not with tangible goals, anyway. It would take reams of paper to develop this subject to fulfillment. God only knows how many books have been written on "the meaning of man" and that sort of thing, and god only knows how many people have pondered the subject. (I use the term "god only knows" purely as an expression.) There's very little sense in my trying to give it up to you in the proverbial nutshell, because I'm the first to admit my absolute lack of qualifications for reducing the meaning of life to one or two paragraphs.

I'm going to steer clear of the word "existentialism," but you might keep it in mind as a key of sorts. You might also try something called "Being and Nothingness" by Jean-Paul Sartre, and another little thing called "Existentialism: From Dostoyevsky to Sartre." These are merely suggestions. If you're genuinely satisfied with what you are and what you're doing, then give those books a wide berth. (Let sleeping dogs lie.) But back to the answer. As I said, to put our faith in tangible goals would seem to be, at best, unwise. So we do not strive to be firemen, we do not strive to be bankers, nor policemen, nor doctors. WE STRIVE TO BE OURSELVES.

But don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that we can't BE firemen, bankers, or doctors — but that we must make the goal conform to the individual, rather than make the individual conform to the goal. In every man, heredity and environment have combined to produce a creature of certain abilities and desires — including a deeply ingrained need to function in such a way that his life will be MEANINGFUL. A man has to BE something; he has to matter.

As I see it then, the formula runs something like this: a man must choose a path which will let his ABILITIES function at maximum efficiency toward the gratification of his DESIRES. In doing this, he is fulfilling a need (giving himself identity by functioning in a set pattern toward a set goal), he avoids frustrating his potential (choosing a path which puts no limit on his self-development), and he avoids the terror of seeing his goal wilt or lose its charm as he draws closer to it (rather than bending himself to meet the demands of that which he seeks, he has bent his goal to conform to his own abilities and desires).

In short, he has not dedicated his life to reaching a pre-defined goal, but he has rather chosen a way of life he KNOWS he will enjoy. The goal is absolutely secondary: it is the functioning toward the goal which is important. And it

seems almost ridiculous to say that a man MUST function in a pattern of his own choosing; for to let another man define your own goals is to give up one of the most meaningful aspects of life — the definitive act of will which makes a man an individual.

Let's assume that you think you have a choice of eight paths to follow (all pre-defined paths, of course). And let's assume that you can't see any real purpose in any of the eight. THEN — and here is the essence of all I've said — you MUST FIND A NINTH PATH.

Naturally, it isn't as easy as it sounds. You've lived a relatively narrow life, a vertical rather than a horizontal existence. So it isn't any too difficult to understand why you seem to feel the way you do. But a man who procrastinates in his CHOOSING will inevitably have his choice made for him by circumstance.

So if you now number yourself among the disenchanteds, then you have no choice but to accept things as they are, or to seriously seek something else. But beware of looking for goals: look for a way of life. Decide how you want to live and then see what you can do to make a living WITHIN that way of life. But you say, "I don't know where to look; I don't know what to look for."

And there's the crux. Is it worth giving up what I have to look for something better? I don't know — is it? Who can make that decision but you? But even by DECIDING TO LOOK, you go a long way toward making the choice.

If I don't call this to a halt, I'm going to find myself writing a book. I hope it's not as confusing as it looks at first glance. Keep in mind, of course, that this is MY WAY of looking at things. I happen to think that it's pretty generally applicable, but you may not. Each of us has to create our own credo — this merely happens to be mine.

If any part of it doesn't seem to make sense, by all means call it to my attention. I'm not trying to send you out "on the road" in search of Valhalla, but merely pointing out that it is not necessary to accept the choices handed down to you by life as you know it. There is more to it than that — no one HAS to do something he doesn't want to do for the rest of his life. But then again, if that's what you wind up doing, by all means convince yourself that you HAD to do it. You'll have lots of company.

*And that's it for now. Until I hear from you again, I remain,
your friend,*

Hunter

Ghosts!!!



I saw one yesterday. It looked like a tiny fly. Buzzing around initially and then attacking me with this fast paced buzz and a tiny sting. I kept following its motion. I could trace it for a while, and then I lost it. I thought it had found another errand, another human to disturb so I silently took to my task and continued working. I wondered what's with flies and lights and me! They find me always. I sometimes doubt myself. Do I stink? Am I garbage? Or was it a "honey" kinda buzz bee who looked like a fly in its fast paced motion, but actually was attracted to floral components? – Me! Perhaps!

Well, as my thought process subsided I realized it had gone somewhere.. someplace else... I felt peace and silence. In my ears and head... it felt good for a while.

And then all of a sudden there came a gigantic black cloud of buzz.

Buzzzzzzzzzz... it went on. I tried to close my eyes, trying to escape from its attack. I ducked left and then right. Then covered my ears with my thumbs. Took the other 8 fingers and covered my face, but the buzzing didn't stop. It slowly touched me in places which were strictly inaccessible. My tongue started to taste weird. My eyes were closed, but something in immense white started appearing and took a different shape and my heart.... my heart thumped like it never did before.

I calmed myself and thought. There are no ghosts. There are no demons. There is no Satan. I radically framed my mind to

believe that it was only something that was buzzing around – small and inconsequential. But something told me, all these assurances were futile. Something existed outside. Something external. Something that wasn't right. I didn't like it hovering over my head like that. The constant buzz zzznnmmmmmmmm.... I wanted to kill it, but it was too fast, moving, shapeless and it was... abstract. I knew it, I knew how to tame it, but I couldn't recollect the trick.

I recollected a few documentaries that I had seen on discovery about how they caught the flies. Well, I knew the tricks, but like always when you need to recollect something, it doesn't pop up in your mind. At all the useless times, they come around as visiting thoughts and are of no use. Thoughts. Yes. Thoughts. I slowly decided to calm myself down and let thought power work.

I uncovered my ears, believing that the fly, which had become huge, won't enter my ears. I slowly exposed my face trusting that it won't sting me either. I kept my hands on my knee, took a deep breath and sat quietly. I absorbed the buzzing which had increased magnanimously now but I did not let it bother me. There were no stings. Slowly I felt everything shrink. The noise, the surroundings, my breath and my thoughts. The ghost entered within me and rested. Like it had found a haven. Peacefully. The buzz sounded more like breaths. And the stings were mere goosebumps now.

I shouldn't let out my demons so often, I decided. They should rest within me. That's where they stay safe!

Virgin Feelings

"I lostttttt itttttt", he said.

"I hope its the right person", she tried to reaffirm the statement.

"Well, there is nothing right and nothing wrong, you know"

"Yes I do. Especially when a great human like you is philosophizing"

He gave his usual sarcastic smile.

"You seem to be at peace with yourself now", she looked at him.

"Yes, the ultimate thing lies within. It's for you to decide what gives you peace, and what worries you"

"Ya, right. How does it feel like?" she curiously enquired.

"It's like, it had always been there, forever, and now it is not. The chances that it will come back are nil", he laughed at his

own statement.

"You know it can, and you can lose it again", she spoke as-a-matter-of-fact.

"I don't want it back. It feels wonderful, trust me. You should try it sometime."

"Really, but I chose to retain it until I find the right person", she said.

"There is nothing right and nothing wrong, sweetheart...", he went on.

She wondered why it is so difficult falling in love with someone... The little pumping organ keeps finding a refuge other than its own.... Kinda complicated.. she thought.

"I wish to lose it too.... - my heart", she said candidly.

He started laughing... and laughed till he cried his eyes out.

With Love

Obscurities creep up time and again...

Whenever I tend to start liking one particular emotion, I am seldom left to enjoy it and soon there's a new emotion that I am supposed to deal with.

But every emotion - negative or positive good or bad, at a time, is beautiful in itself.

Again i find myself in a halfway house, recreating an imaginary situation - the conversation of the heart and the mind, a situation everyone can relate to.

Mind : How beautiful were the times when I walked on the grass so green, with you holding my hand.

Heart : Emotion - Affection

Mind : The way you talked to me about life. The way we mocked losers who didn't know what Life was.

Heart : Emotion - cheerfulness.

Mind : The exact moment when you told me that you loved talking to me and I extracted the best out of you.

Heart : Emotion - jubliation

Mind : Everytime when you called me by stupid names and how those made no sense then but makes so much sense now.

Heart : Emotion - contentment

Mind : Everytime when thoughts were many, expressions few

Heart : Emotion : apprehension

Mind : Whenever time flew and I found myself having nothing.

Heart : Emotion - hysteria

Mind : When I realised we existed on two different planes, separated by immeasurable distance

Heart : Emotion - Anguish

Mind : The recurrent flow of thoughts that affected the present

Heart : Emotion - Guilt

Mind : The attempt to take charge of life

Heart : Emotion - Optimism

Mind : Analysis of all of the above and the future

Heart : Emotion - Flurry of all of the above

But there is something that the heart has always been trying to tell the mind...

That all of it is beautiful - The negative emotion, the positive one, the great and the not-so-great one. It all defines our life, everytime we stop and analyse. Then the mind follows its own course and the heart, it's own.

But when the two collaborate and respond together, there's just one way of dealing with the thought in the mind and just one emotion.

Mind: Another event in life.

Heart: Emotion - Love.

That's why, I say, even hurt, pain, loss, and all the related emotions are as beautiful as love, bliss, joy, pleasure and contentment. They are all equally awesome. Feel every bit of it.

Osho Gyaan!

Question – *Osho, when this question arises — who am i? — i get very afraid. Is there something to be said about it?*

by **Osho**: – Prem Dada, THIS QUESTION MAKES EVERYBODY AFRAID. It is nothing exceptional; it is absolutely the case with everybody. Whoever wants to go deep into the question, into the quest, of “Who am I?” is bound to feel fear at a certain point. Why? Because there comes a point where you cross the boundary of the ego and enter into the world of egolessness. That point is the point of great fear — because it looks like death. And, in fact, it is a kind of death: the ego disappears.

And up to now that has been your identity. Up to now that’s what you have been thinking you are. And suddenly it starts evaporating. A great fear grips the heart: “I am dying!” because your identity is dying. You are not really dying; in fact, you are being born. It is a rebirth, it is a true birth. It is like the seed dying into the soil. The seed must be feeling afraid, nervous, trembling. How can the seed trust that once he is gone there will be a great tree and great flowering? The seed will not be there to witness it; no seed has ever witnessed it, so how can this seed believe and trust?

And the same happens with the ego: the ego cannot trust that there is anything more than itself. And the ego is dying, and the ego starts breathing its last, and you become afraid. Many people turn back from that point, rush back out.

This is going to happen to every meditator. Hence, Dada, your question is significant, very significant. Every meditator has to encounter this situation, this challenge. Many times people come to the point from where they would have entered into God, but they could not risk, they could not gather courage. They became afraid, scared; they rushed out.

You have to take the risk. And I tell you, from my own experience, it is not death. Yes, it is a death to the ego, but the death of the ego is the birth of the soul. You will die as a drop, but you will be born as the ocean. It is worth it.

You will be dying only as a limited being, as a defined being, and you will be born as undefined, undefinable. Yes, you will disappear, with all your neurosis, psychosis, with all your tensions, anxieties, anguishes: you will disappear with all your problems, worries; you will disappear as you have known yourself up to now. But your disappearance is only a change of garments, and you will be getting closer to your reality, deeper into your reality. You will get more rooted into being. That’s the whole search!

You ask me: WHEN THIS QUESTION ARISES — WHO AM I? — I GET VERY AFRAID.

It is natural. It is a good sign that you are coming closer to the boundary. You may be standing exactly on the boundary; that’s why whenever the question arises, immediately you become afraid. Feel blessed that you are so close to the boundary from where a totally new world and a totally new life can have a start. Just one single step... and you will be a new man, and you will be an original man. Just a single step, and all the garbage that the society has dumped on you will have dropped, and you will be just a pure consciousness. You will have wings! Now you are just crawling on the earth... and then you will be able to soar high towards the sun.

To be with a Master simply means to learn trust, to learn the art of risking, to learn the ways of adventuring into the unknown. Yes, the sea is uncharted, and it is dangerous to leave the shore, but it is only the people who leave the shore who taste something of immortality. It is only the people who take the risk of going into danger who really live; others only pass through life, but they really don’t live. Others only vegetate; others only move through empty gestures.

So now this is a very decisive moment for you. You can go back, you can cling to your identity, or you can go ahead, not looking back at all. Be courageous! I can only say this much: that the same has happened to me, the same fear — it is human. I had also gone back and forth. To cross this line is really difficult. But sooner or later, one decides — because going and coming back does not help. And once you have come so close to the line, you cannot be satisfied with your ordinary life any more. So you can go out, but there you will find everything has become meaningless. Now you will be in a dilemma.

And this is the work of a Master: to create the dilemma. The without becomes meaningless, and the within seems to be dangerous. To live the ordinary life again becomes impossible, and to take the jump into the new also seems impossible. But sooner or later, one decides to take the jump — because what is the point of clinging to something that has become meaningless, which has lost all significance! How long can you cling to it?

The Master waits, the Master remains patient. He allows you to go back and forth, he goes on watching that you are shunting in and out. But he knows one thing: that every day the outer will go on losing its significance more and more. One day it will be utterly useless, absurd, to be there. And as the outer loses significance, the inner will become more and more magnetic — simultaneously the process happens. And one day it becomes irresistible — one has to cross the line. And that day is the greatest day in a human being’s life, when you drop your old identity and enter into the unknown — you have encountered God, you have come home.

Friends with Benefits

Very correctly someone has said "In everyone's life, at some time, our inner fire goes out. It is then burst into flame by an encounter with another human being. We should all be thankful for those people who rekindle the inner spirit. "

I have always thought, a friend is always supposed to help you find yourself, when you are lost. Rest everyone is something else.

But we use "Friends" for so many different kind people

1. Who lends you money
2. Who accompanies you for movies
3. Who has lunch with you at work
4. Who goes with you to a Toastmaster meeting
5. Who sits next to you at work
6. Who carools with you
7. Who goes for meditation with you

But, do these people really help you in time of distress, do they understand you in and out?

Ofcourse someone who is really close to you, knows you, lights that fire in you when it goes out, that one friend is the BEST amongst all the good ones.

And this relationship is out of the world. They are like parents you selected for yourself, or a sibling you've never had, or a confidante who always wished to have.

After watching Dil Chahta Hai, I learnt one of the biggest lessons of my life. Every relationship has a limit, and if it is crossed, the relationship is ruined. That limit should always be respected. And similarly, in friendship too, there is a limit, which we all should respect, else, it really doesn't go the way, it could have.

A topic of discussion has always been, whether a guy and a girl can be friends. Someone whom I know, always emphasized that a guy and girl can never be friends.

I always believed that, as long as you respect the limit of "Friendship", you can remain friends even with a guy or vice versa. But the moment, when you bring in physical attraction into picture, you have crossed the limit and your thoughts have taken you to the place from where there is no coming back. No matter how much you try, you can never let that thought subside, and the friendship develops into something else. It is not just friendship alone. It is clubbed with attraction, leading to infatuation and usually concluded as love.

Then Friends, get the benefits, and in most cases, the guy and the girl get married and have a happy ending, otherwise, it ends on a bad note.

That limit, of friendship, if maintained, makes life really really

simple.

So, I wish I could tell that one person who always kept telling me that a guy and a girl can never be friends, that yes, they can be, if things are kept the way they are supposed to be.

Lately, most of us, have friends with benefits. We kill our emotions, and feelings and convince ourselves that a particular person is just a friend, with xyz benefits. It is a mutual understanding and things go on pretty smoothly.

I have always wondered how does this concept work? Because I am someone who doesn't use her brain to think. I just feel things from my heart.

Do you know anyone who are friends with benefits? How does the concept work? Does the conscience remain clear, is not getting attracted so easy, when there are such pretty things around?

Benefits! It's a positive word, but with a lot of negative repercussions hidden!



Friendship is beautiful. I wish it remained the way it is supposed to be. The way Krishna and Sudama had.

cover speaks

Wake Up!

Life is more than just the routine. The outside world is a farce! to feel complete we have to look within only then can our being shine bright because now its aware of the truth and its path. Ego, Fear and all negativities are replaced by love, love for self, love for others and love for the entire universe. The woman on the cover is waking up to the truth and the mysteries and to herself! When will we?

Because Onion Matters!

d: marathi bhi gender problem
tha
y: N ye sala french me bhi
y: Sabme hai
d: English is best
y: Hau.. Na respect na gender..
Na kuch
d: U dunno onion ladki hai ki
ladka
y: Spanish me ladki
d: Har language me onion ka
gender kyu change karre
y: 😂
d: Hindi me ladki
y: Pyaaz hindi me kya gender
hua?
y Pyaaz sadh gaya
d: Pyaaz kati hai

d: Ladki nai ladka hai
d: Rakhi hai
y: Ladka. Hai
y: Bhindi sad gai.. Pyaaz sad
gaya
d: Pyaaz bhi sadti
d: Bhindi toh girl hi lagti
y: Par pyaaz ko action de na..
d: Wo apne aap rakhi hai toh
y 1 pyaaz kata hai..
d: Pyaaz ugg gai
y: Ek pyaaz rakha hai
y Pyaaz ugg gaya
d: Nahi meri toh ladki hai
d: Bachpan se
y: Mera ladka baba pyaar
d: Wt a typo
y: Abe hara pyaaz bolti ya hari
pyaaz
d: Hari 😊

And Potato too....

d: Aalu ladka hai
y: Pyaaz*
d: N spanish me ladki
y: Alok ladka hai
d: Poor papa
y: Aloo*
y: Hau... Spanisj me ladki
d: Imagin papa is ladki
d: Alok toh ladka hi hai
y: Typo
d: Mast karri tu aaj

choli ke peeche

while learning espanol...

d: I vl nevr use caballo
y: Caballo
y: 🐎
d: Yes
y: Hmm
d: And onion kya tha
y: Cerveza
d: No no
y: C se hi tha kuch
d: Ya somtyn lik horse
y: Cavayyo is horse and
y: Cevoyya
y: Cebolla
y: Cebolla
d: Duh
d: Mai bolna yehi chah rahi
thi
d: D horse is screwin my
onion

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PS: We have read the comments and taken up a few pointers too. How much we follow and stay in our senses, is all up to the rotation and revolution of the earth! We are unapologetic, but we sincerely respect feedbacks and we couldn't have been more thankful! :)

So keep 'em coming.

Until Next time:

Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!
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Help spread the love with Diba and Yamini :)