

## ***How to...***

### ***kiss the Buddha***

- *The story of Horatio Mology.* -

I want to share the story of a good friend of mine.

He was a dreamer. The kind of guy who is never content with grey tar of a straight road, or square white rooms in suburban houses. He dreamt of what could be. Or – according to him – should be.

He looked at his arms, shrugged his shoulders and sighed, because they were not wings. On summer vacation he disappeared from the surface of the ocean and came up blue in the face, lamenting about his lungs not being gills.

Back in school, he threw away all triangle rulers. Because, he said, if he can't have wings then they can't have arms.

That's when I could have realised his obsession became destructive. But at the time it seemed harmless. Just three broken triangles.

For years it was silent, and on one birthday party, after a few glasses of wine, I reminded him of his early obsession with

comparing and finding all these analogies and his envy... We had a good laugh about it.

You know, when you have a good friend - or even a very good friend, since childhood - and after spending lots and lots of time together... It kind of bugs you, when you suddenly realise you don't know the person at all. But how was I supposed to know he was still following this obsession - only in a different realm?

He was not acting out, killing triangles, and wasn't making deadly efforts to vanquish the injustices of nature.

Since we are human beings, and intelligent and hosting a soul, he said, he should not let matter hold him up. If it was the nature of humans to be human, he should try to find something uniquely human to mirror, compare and imitate to advance.

Mirror, compare and imitate to advance. I looked at him blankly and needed a moment to understand he had not given up his obsession at all. Quite the contrary. He was more eager and spent more time trying to become Horatio 7.0 than ever before. Because he could easily explore the immaterial realm everywhere and any time. Like sitting in the subway, or queuing at the baker's...

Very slowly I realised why we hadn't been as close any more in the past years. It wasn't because of studying, working, family planning and all of that. (Only now I realised he had never gotten married, while my kids were already going to highschool.)

It was because he had spent his life pondering over lost opportunities, over things nature or fate had withheld from him.

“And what would that be?”, I wanted to know what he had found after such a long search.

“At first, I tried to REALLY find out what the human mind and soul and this immaterial aspect of us is”, he explained. “I read and ... lived, and tried to find the soul or conscience or ... reason and ratio.”

I thought of my two beautiful kids and that I didn't need to know EXACTLY where their soul or mind is, as long as their grades were ok. But maybe I would be able to protect them better if I knew more about it? So I got more excited about what he might have found.

“I read Kant. And I understood that we are so born into this world and stumbling through these lives, that what we call “logic” is never “pure”. It is always tainted with material residual. Because we use our logic to explain the material world.

So I realised that only as free souls, transcended from the necessities and needs of the world we are born into, we might be able to find pure existence or being.

But like wings and gills, the pure logic seemed unachievable.

And so I tried another approach and turned away from logical explanations of the world, and decided to try comparing me only with myself.”

I smiled, because I realised this was the end of his journey. By comparing himself with himself, how could he possibly end up envying another being or triangle for abilities he considered better or at least more exciting than those God had given him?

But he could...

“I looked inside, underwent psychoanalyses for years and years. I sat in meditation, trying to connect with the Buddha or Atman in me, to harmonise with the weather and the cushion I sat on, my inner child and the sage I would once be...

Until one evening I watched a TV documentary, about chimpanzee. There was this one male who searched his fur for... God knows what. He briskly stopped, without finding anything, fell on his back laughing, and then went on with his life.

At this point I realised that self exploration of humans is different.

Because we don't just stop and go on. We get hooked and continue to search and explore, without finding anything.

And I realised I had been caught in a vicious cycle for years, trying to explore myself instead of simply being myself. And so I stopped. Like that ape.”

I meanwhile stared at him with open mouth, which was kind of embarrassing to notice.

“So... you realised you had to become an ape in order to find what you had been looking for?”

“Nonsense. Do I look like an ape? – No, I realised I was human. Different. By imitating the ape, I instantly found inner harmony with myself. A state of mind, not something to analyse.

Although... as soon as I realised I was dealing with a new state of mind, I of course started to analyse that.”

“Sounds like another vicious cycle to me.”

“It was, and so I tried to not spend too much time in it, but escape from it as soon as possible.”

“No problem, I assume?”

“I started pondering over vicious cycles of self examination.”

“Good idea”, I laughed out loud. “And...?”

“I thought about cycles. Arms. Gills. Fleas, navels, logic and soul.

In short: Life.

All aspects of my search danced around me and I was so disappointed to end up with nothing, after all these years of search...  
- that I felt light from exhaustion and uplifted from desperation.

And I started dancing amongst my subjects, and the stars in the emptiness of the universe, and drifted away from creation.

And in this state of mind, I plunged into an ocean and started to breathe the milk of creation. And with one powerful flap of my fin I shot up high into the zenith of everything that had ever come into existence.

I let the winds of opportunity carry me to the colourfully opalizing edges of exploration, and I was me and me and me. Nothing else.

And I kissed the Buddha.”