**?.Thinking of Monkeys**

1- Valerie

2- Teresa

3- Anna

4- Himerria

**Phase 1: The Root Problem of all Problems**

1

There is a story that the great spiritual leader Osho tells, a story that a monkey once came to Buddha.

2

There is a story that the great, honorable leader Osho tells, in which the monkey represents man, the monkey means the mind.

4

What about women?

1

There is a story that the great Osho tells in his book on meditation and achieving inner peace, called "The Inner Journey."

2

You can read text from the book on the Osho Online Library on osho.com.

1

It's about a man, but if it had been about a woman, it would have gone like this:

3

Once there was a woman who was plagued by her own thoughts. The more she tried to resist the constant shrill of fear and doubt and endless over-analysis, the stronger the fears and doubts and analyses became. Thoughts are stubborn. Thoughts are loud. Throw a thought away, and it will return a million and one times. The woman was tired, but the thoughts never got tired.

1

A penny for your thoughts.

4

A penny for your thighs, fat ass.

1

Once there was a woman who wanted- who needed- to clear her mind.

4

So she sought out a teacher...

2

The great and honorable teacher, Osho...

1

And the teacher replied, I will give you a mantra, that you must repeat

1, 2, and 4

five times

4

This mantra will help you find the peace you seek. But it is important to remember, while you repeat your mantra:

1, 2, and 4

not to think of monkeys.

2

Don't think about monkeys, fat ass.

3

Of course I will remember not to think of monkeys- I've never had occasion to think of monkeys before, and I don't see why I would have occasion now.

So off the woman went, off to not think about monkeys.

1, 2, and 4

But of course, the monkeys came.

4

Fatass.

**Phase 2: The Blind Eye**

*(sung/repeated)*

1

What does it mean to turn a blind eye?

To "see no evil"?

2

What does it mean to stay silent in the face of evil?

In the face of truth?

4

What does it mean to plug one's ears to the sounds of screaming?

*(scream)*

2

*(spoken)* What does the great and honorable spiritual leader Osho say on this subject?

*(sung)*

1

He talks about monkeys.

4

What monkeys?

2

Four monkeys.

3

I'm not thinking of monkeys!

(Recording)

The first monkey:

1

Don't listen to the truth. It will disturb all your consoling lies.

(Recording)

The second monkey:

2

Don't look at the truth; otherwise your God will be dead and your heaven and hell will disappear.

(Recording)

The fourth monkey:

4

Don't feel your truth. Keep your pleasures, your joys, hidden. Don't let anybody know that you are happy, because they will want to destroy that happiness. They will want to destroy you.

2

Wait- we skipped one. What about the third monkey?

**Phase 3- The Silent Sister**

1

*(whispers)* It's time for the entrances.

2

Enter Electra, mourning for her murdered father.

*(1 becomes Electra)*

4

Electra, child of the wretchedest of mothers, why with ceaseless lament do you waste away sorrowing for one long dead?

1

I waste away for what is right. I waste away for the truth.

2

And enter the sister.

3

Quiet, resigned.

2

And enter the sister, asking the question:

3

How can I bring the dead to life again?

1

Do I not live? Yes, I know, badly, but for me enough. And what do you live for, sister? For safety? For comfort?

3

My sister found me in the parlor and she said grow a spine, wake up, don't you see, do what's right.

1

Will you not join me in avenging our father? Will you not help me?

3

My sister found me in the parlor she was covered in mud

1

You may be called your father's daughter once more.

3

Covered in blood

1

You trade your soul for a full belly, for your fine tables.

3

I said I told you this would happen. I told you we would be left with nothing.

1

*You* are left with nothing, she said. I am left with righteousness. I am left with justice.

3

And I am left to pick up the pieces.

2

Exit Electra.

1

Hear no truth. Speak no truth.

2

And so she is left alone.

1

The sister who will see no truth.

3

My name is Chrysothemis, a name which means, in parts, "golden" and "order."

My name is Chrysothemis and you probably know me as a daughter, as a sister, if you know me at all. Some writers cut me out of my stories- some writers cut me out of my families. My sisters are all more famous than I am. My sisters all have louder voices.

It's hard to be a sister when all you are is a sister.

My sisters are fierce and bold.

I am neither.

I am the silent sister.

I live in the middle.

I live in a place where there is order. I live in a place against chaos.

Try to, anyway.

And I don't get admired for it.

But I also don't get killed.

What does it mean to be a pacifist in a world where pacifism does not exist?

And what if she's right? What if Electra is right?

What if pacifism is a sin?

What if it is an excuse to stand for nothing, to let evil rampage, to stay safe at the expense of your own soul?

It's always the younger sister who does the fighting.

I am the older sister. The silent sister.

I speak no truth.

But I don't get killed.

1

*(whispers)* It's time for the exit.

2

Exit the sister.

4

Exit the monkey.

**Phase 4- When Ignorance Becomes Luminous**

2

Mahatma Ghandi had a statue with him, always on his table. He loved that statue. Somebody had presented it to him; it was an ancient Chinese and Japanese symbol: four monkeys. One monkey tightly closing his eyes- the way he is holding his hands and covering his eyes shows definitively that he wants to see. That very tightness, that forced effort to keep his eyes closed, shows that he is afraid that at just the littlest opportunity, he will see. The old metaphor is: don't see anything evil. The monkey is repressing his desire to see.

4

Did you get that on osho.com?

**Phase 5- Hear no Truth**

1

Mahatma Ghandi had a statue with him, always on his table. It was an ancient Chinese and Japanese symbol: four monkeys. One monkey tightly closing his eyes. And another monkey covering his ears, blocking out the sounds of evil. There is a story that Osho tells about a monkey who smashed his hands over his ears to block out the sounds of the truth. That story is not about a woman, but if it had been, it would have gone like this:

*(song)*

**Phase 6- Chrysothemis, Richly Dressed**

2

Enter the sister, Chrysothemis, from the palace. She is richly dressed.

3

Ok, we might as well address this now. I'm richly dressed, ok? Those are the four words everyone uses to dismiss me. I'm richly dressed so I must care more about comfort and wealth than about anything important.

But look more closely at my so-called "gown." See the edges? They're frayed. They're covered in dirt. The fabric is faded, thread-bare in some places, my sleeves are torn, there are even patches under here, on my petticoat, where no one can see. I haven't had a new dress in seven years. Not since the war started. Not since Daddy left.

I'm richly dressed because I don't have any other dresses, ok? I keep this one patched, and clean, because I have nothing else to do. I sit inside, alone, all day, looking out my cracked window at the sun and the barren wasteland beneath it, and I mend my dress and I scrub my face, and I control the things I can control, because everything else around me is falling apart, and no one even knows that I exist.

So I enter. From the broken, half-palace that was once my home. I enter, and I am richly dressed. As richly dressed as I can possibly be as my body crumbles beneath.

I am the silent sister. The well-dressed sister.

I speak no truth.

But I don't get killed.

I don't get killed.

2

-the one monkey is tightly closing his eyes- but - he *wants* to see. He isn't afraid of the *seeing*. He is afraid of his *desire* to see. He isn't afraid of falling apart. He is afraid of the fact that he *wants* to fall apart.

**Phase 7- Feel no Truth**

1

The fourth monkey is different from the others. This monkey does not cover her eyes or her ears or her mouth. She covers instead the deepest parts of herself.

*(Dance section)*

1

The fourth monkey opens her mouth wide and out pours a scream, and in the scream she says, do not feel your truth. Keep your pleasures, your joys, hidden. Don't let anybody know that you are happy, because they will want to destroy that happiness.

ALL

They will want to destroy you.

**Phase 9- Thinking of Monkeys**

ALL *(in a round)*

So off the woman went, off to not think about monkeys.

Off to not think about monkeys.

Off the woman went...

Off she...

ALL *(in unison)*

But of course, the monkeys came.

2

But of course, the monkeys came. If you think of monkeys, it may be that they do not come to you. But if you try not to think of monkeys, if you want the monkeys not to come to you, they will find you. Monkeys are stubborn. Throw a monkey away, and it will return a million and one times. You will get tired. But the monkeys will never tire.

3

The truth will never tire. The truth will always find you, no matter how hard you try to hide.

1

And when the woman went back to her teacher the next day....

*(pause)*

2

Well? What happened?

1

I...I don't know.

2

What do you mean you don't know?

1

I mean...I was reading this all from the Osho Online Library on osho.com...but now it won't let me read anything. It's telling me I have to register with the website in order to continue having access.

4

Wait...yeah...I'm looking at the meditation link on the website now, and it won't give me any of the mantras anymore. It's just directing me to the osho.com store.

3

What does it mean to turn a blind eye?

2

No way, you guys, Osho is kind and generous in giving away his wisdom.

3

To shut your ears to the sounds of screaming?

1

Well, now it's asking me for my credit card information, so...

3

To bar your lips from speaking for those that cannot?

4

Wait- do we actually know who this Osho guy is?

3

What happens when we harden our hearts to the truth?

**Phase 10- Dreaming of Monkeys**

3

The morning after. I wake up. I put on my fine dress. I put up my hair and I wash my face in cold water. I walk down the hallway, one step at a time, lifting up my skirts so they won't drag in the blood. I walk outside and I look at the sun. I take a breath.

I have been here before. I have waited silently in my room while the people I love most have been killed outside my door: first my older sister, killed at the hands of my father. Then my father, killed at the hands of my mother. Finally my mother, killed at the hands of my younger sister and my brother. I have waited until their dying screams have dwindled to nothing before falling asleep on my floor. I have had to wake up, as I have woken up today, and I have had to remember how to breathe.

What could I do? My sister, my brother, my father, my mother, they were all stronger than I was. They had justice and righteousness on their side. All I have is my fear. My silence. All I ever wanted was order. All I ever wanted was for everyone to like me. But now there's no one left to like me. Now everyone is dead.

1

What does it mean to stay silent?

4

It means you don't get killed.

3

But it means you live for nothing.