Zarathustra: A God That Can Dance

Commentaries on Friedrich Nietzsche's Thus Spoke Zarathustra

Talks given from 26/03/87 pm to 07/04/87 pm

English Discourse series

CHAPTER 1

Prologue part 1

26 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART 1

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA WAS THIRTY YEARS OLD, HE LEFT HIS HOME AND THE LAKE OF HIS HOME AND WENT INTO THE MOUNTAINS. HERE HE HAD THE ENJOYMENT OF HIS SPIRIT AND HIS SOLITUDE AND HE DID NOT WEARY OF IT FOR TEN YEARS. BUT AT LAST HIS HEART TURNED - AND ONE MORNING HE ROSE WITH THE DAWN, STEPPED BEFORE THE SUN AND SPOKE TO IT THUS:

GREAT STAR! WHAT WOULD YOUR HAPPINESS BE, IF YOU HAD NOT THOSE FOR WHOM YOU SHINE!

YOU HAVE COME UP HERE TO MY CAVE FOR TEN YEARS: YOU WOULD HAVE GROWN WEARY OF YOUR LIGHT AND OF THIS JOURNEY, WITHOUT ME, MY EAGLE AND MY SERPENT.

BUT WE WAITED FOR YOU EVERY MORNING, TOOK FROM YOU YOUR SUPERFLUITY AND BLESSED YOU FOR IT.

BEHOLD! I AM WEARY OF MY WISDOM, LIKE A BEE THAT HAS GATHERED TOO MUCH HONEY; I NEED HANDS OUTSTRETCHED TO TAKE IT.

I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE IT AWAY AND DISTRIBUTE IT, UNTIL THE WISE AMONG MEN HAVE AGAIN BECOME HAPPY IN THEIR FOLLY AND THE POOR HAPPY IN THEIR WEALTH.

TO THAT END, I MUST DESCEND INTO THE DEPTHS: AS YOU DO AT THE EVENING, WHEN YOU GO BEHIND THE SEA AND BRING LIGHT TO THE UNDERWORLD TOO, SUPERABUNDANT STAR!

LIKE YOU, I MUST GO DOWN - AS MEN, TO WHOM I WANT TO DESCEND, CALL IT.

SO BLESS ME THEN, TRANQUIL EYE, THAT CAN BEHOLD WITHOUT ENVY EVEN AN EXCESSIVE HAPPINESS!

BLESS THE CUP THAT WANTS TO OVERFLOW, THAT THE WATERS MAY FLOW GOLDEN FROM HIM AND BEAR THE REFLECTION OF YOUR JOY OVER ALL THE WORLD!

BEHOLD! THIS CUP WANTS TO BE EMPTY AGAIN, AND ZARATHUSTRA WANTS TO BE MAN AGAIN.

THUS BEGAN ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWN-GOING.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE is perhaps the greatest philosopher the world has known. He is also great in another dimension which many philosophers are simply unaware of: he is a born mystic.

His philosophy is not only of the mind but is rooted deep in the heart, and some roots even reach to his very being. The only thing unfortunate about him is, that he was born in the West; hence, he could never come across any mystery school. He contemplated deeply, but he was absolutely unaware about meditation. His thoughts sometimes have the depth of a meditator, sometimes the flight of a Gautam Buddha; but these things seem to have happened spontaneously to him.

He knew nothing about the ways of enlightenment, about the path that reaches to one's own being. This created a tremendous turmoil in his being. His dreams go as high as the stars but his life remained very ordinary - it does not have the aura that meditation creates. His thoughts are not his blood, his bones, his marrow. They are beautiful, immensely beautiful, but something is missing; and what is missing is life itself. They are dead words; they don't breathe - there is no heartbeat.

But I have chosen to speak on him for a special reason: he is the only philosopher, from East or West, who has at least thought of the heights of human consciousness. He may not have experienced them; he certainly has not experienced them. He also thought of becoming a man again. That idea, of descending from your heights into the marketplace, descending from the stars to the earth, has never happened to anybody else.

He has something of Gautam Buddha, perhaps unconsciously carried over from his past lives, and he has something of the Zorba. Both are incomplete. But he is the only proof that Buddha and Zorba can meet; that those who have reached to the highest peaks need not remain there.

In fact, they should not remain there. They owe something to humanity; they owe something to the earth. They have been born amongst human beings; they have lived in the same darkness and in the same misery. And now that they have seen the light, it becomes obligatory that they should come back to wake up those who are fast asleep; to bring the good news - that darkness is not all, that unconsciousness is our choice.

If we choose to be conscious, all unconsciousness and all darkness can disappear. It is our choice that we are living in the dark valleys. If we decide to live on the sunlit peaks, nobody can prevent us because that is also our potential.

But the people who have reached to the sunlit peaks completely forget about the world they are coming from. Gautam Buddha never descended. Mahavira never descended. Even if they have made efforts for humanity to wake up, they have shouted from their sunlit peaks.

Man is so deaf, so blind that it is almost impossible for him to understand people who are talking from higher stages of consciousness. He hears the noise but it does not bring any meaning to him.

Nietzsche is unique in this sense. He could have remained an extraordinary, very superhuman philosopher, but he never forgets for a single moment the ordinary human being. It is his greatness. Although he has not touched the highest peaks, and he has not known the greatest mysteries, whatsoever he has known, he is longing to share with his fellow human beings. His desire to share is tremendous.

I have chosen to speak on a few fragments which may be helpful to you, for your spiritual growth. Nietzsche himself had chosen Zarathustra to be his spokesman. Something about Zarathustra has also to be understood. Amongst thousands of great mystics, philosophers, enlightened people, Nietzsche has chosen as his spokesman, a very unknown person, almost forgotten to the world - Zarathustra.

The followers of Zarathustra are limited only to a small place - Bombay. They had come to Bombay from Iran when Mohammedans forced Persians either to be converted into Mohammedanism, or to be ready to be killed. Thousands were killed; millions, out of fear, became Mohammedans; but a few daring souls escaped from Iran and landed in India.

They are the Parsees of Bombay - perhaps the smallest religion in the world. And it is amazing that Nietzsche was so interested in Zarathustra that he wrote the book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. These fragments are from that book.

He chose Zarathustra for the same reason that I chose him: Zarathustra, amongst all the religious founders, is the only one who is life-affirmative, who is not against life, whose religion is a religion of celebration, of gratefulness to existence. He is not against the pleasures of life, and he is not in favor of renouncing the world. On the contrary, he is in absolute support of rejoicing in the world, because except for this life and this world, all are hypothetical ideologies. God, heaven and hell, they are all projections of the human mind, not authentic experiences; they are not realities.

Zarathustra was born at a time, twenty five centuries ago, when all over the world, there was a great renaissance: In India, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Goshalak, Sanjay Bilethiputta, Ajit Keshkambal, and others, had reached to the same peak of awakening; in China, Confucius, Mencius, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu and many others; in Greece, Socrates, Pythagoras, Plotinus, Heraclitus; and in Iran, Zarathustra.

It is a strange coincidence that suddenly, all over the world, there came a flood of consciousness and many people became awakened. Perhaps enlightenment is also a chain reaction - when there are enlightened people they provoke the same revolution in others.

It is everybody's potential. One just needs a provocation, a challenge; and when you see so many people reaching to such beautiful heights of grace, you cannot remain where you are. Suddenly a great urge arises in you: "Something has to be done. I am wasting my life while others have reached the very destiny, have known all that is worth knowing, have experienced the greatest blissfulness and ecstasy... and what am I doing? - collecting seashells on the beach."

Out of all these people, Zarathustra is unique. He is the only one who is not against life, who is for life; whose god is not somewhere else; whose god is nothing but another name for life itself. And to live totally, to live joyously and to live intensely, is all that religion is based on.

I feel a deep empathy, affinity, with Zarathustra. But perhaps because he was life-affirmative and not life-negative, he could not gather many followers. It is one of the strange things about human beings: anything that is easy, they cannot accept as worthy of being the goal - the goal has to be very difficult and arduous.

Behind it is the psychology of the ego. The ego always wants something impossible, because only with the impossible can it exist. You will never be able to fulfill desire, and the ego will go on pushing you towards more and more - more greed, more power, more money, more austerities, more spirituality, more discipline. Wherever you find "more", remember, that is the language of the ego. And there is no way to satisfy the ego; it is always asking for more.

Zarathustra's whole approach is exactly the same as Chuang Tzu: "Easy is right. Right is easy." And when you are utterly relaxed, at ease, at home, so relaxed that you have even forgotten that you are at ease; that you have forgotten that you are right - you have become so utterly innocent like a child, you have arrived. But ego has no interest in this. This whole process is something like the suicide of the ego; hence, religions which have been giving the ego difficult tasks, arduous paths, unnatural ideals, impossible goals - they have attracted millions of people.

Zarathustra's followers can be counted on the fingers. Nobody has bothered about Zarathustra, until, after almost twenty-four centuries, Nietzsche suddenly picked up on him. Nietzsche was against Jesus Christ, and he was against Gautam Buddha - but he was for Zarathustra.

It is something very significant to understand. The man who was against Jesus Christ, against Gautam Buddha Why should he be for Zarathustra? - because Nietzsche also has the same attitude and approach towards life. He has seen all these religions, great religions, creating more and more guilt in humanity; creating more and more misery, wars, burning people alive; talking all kinds of nonsense for which no proof at all exists, for which they don't have any evidence at all; keeping the whole of humanity in darkness, in blindness, because their teachings are based on belief - and belief means blindness.

There is no belief which is not blind. A man with eyes does not believe in light, he knows it - there is no need to believe. Only the blind man believes in light because he does not know it. Belief exists in ignorance, and all the religions - with a few exceptions like Zarathustra and Chuang Tzu who have not been able to create great followings or great traditions - are all for belief. In other words, they are all for blindness.

Nietzsche was against them - symbolically. As far as the East is concerned, he chose Gautam Buddha as the symbol and as far as the West is concerned he chose Jesus Christ as the symbol. He

was against these people for the simple reason that they were against life; they were against people enjoying the simple things; people living playfully, laughingly; people having a sense of humor, not seriousness; people loving songs and music; and people capable of dance and love.

Nietzsche was attracted to Zarathustra because he could see that this man alone, out of the whole past, was not against life, was not against love, was not against laughter.

In these fragments, you will see tremendously meaningful statements which can become the foundation of a life-affirmative religion. I am all for life. There is nothing for which life can be sacrificed. Everything can be sacrificed for life. Everything can be a means towards life, but life is an end unto itself.

Listen very carefully, because Friedrich Nietzsche writes in a very condensed form. He is not a writer, he writes aphorisms: anybody could have written a whole book but Nietzsche will write only one paragraph. So condensed is his writing, that unless you are very alert in listening, you may miss. It is not to be read like a novel.

These are almost like the sutras of the Upanishad. Each single sutra, and each single maxim, contains so much, has so many implications. I would like to go into all the implications so that you do not misunderstand Nietzsche because he is one of the most misunderstood philosophers in the world. And the reason for his being misunderstood is that he wrote in such a condensed form - he never explained; he never went into detailed explanations about all the possible implications.

He is a very symbolic man, and the reason why he was so symbolic is that he was so full of new insights that there was not time enough to explain. He could not write treatises, and he had so much to share and to give, and life is so small.

Because his work was so condensed and crystallized, people in the first place did not understand him; in the second place, if they ”understood”, they misunderstood. In the third place, they found him unreadable; they wanted everything to be explained. Nietzsche was not writing for children, he was writing for mature people, but maturity is so rare: the average mental age is not more than fourteen, and with this mental age, Nietzsche is certainly going to be missed. He is missed by his opponents, and he is missed by his followers, because both have the same mental age.

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA WAS THIRTY YEARS OLD, HE LEFT HIS HOME AND THE LAKE OF HIS HOME AND WENT INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

It has to be explained to you that Gautam Buddha left his palace when he was twenty-nine years old. Jesus started his teachings when he was thirty years old; Zarathustra went into the mountains when he was thirty years old. There is something significant about the age of thirty, or nearabout, just as at the age of fourteen, one becomes sexually mature. If we take life as it has been taken traditionally, that it consists of seventy years... those who have watched life very deeply have found that every seven years, there is a change, a turning.

The first seven years are innocent. The second seven years, the child is very much interested in enquiring, in questioning - curiosity. After the fourteenth up to the twenty-first year, he has the most powerful sexuality. The highest peak of sexuality, you will be surprised to know, is nearabout

eighteen or nineteen years. And humanity has been trying to avoid that period by providing educational programs, colleges, universities - keeping boys and girls apart. That is the time when their sexuality and their sexual energy is at the highest point.

In those seven years, from fourteen to twenty-one, they could have experienced sexual orgasm very easily. Sexual orgasm is a glimpse which can create in you the urge to find more blissful spaces, because in sexual orgasm two things disappear: your ego disappears, your mind disappears, and time stops - just for a few seconds.

But these three are the important things. Two things disappear completely; you are no more ”I” - you are, but there is no sense of the ego. Your mind is there but there are no thoughts, just a deep stillness. Suddenly, because the ego disappears and the mind stops, time stops, too. To experience time, you need changing thoughts of the mind; otherwise, you cannot experience the movement of time.

Just think of two trains, moving into empty space, together, with the same speed. Whenever you look out of the window at the other train - which has the same window and the same number of compartments - you will not experience that you are moving. Neither will the passengers in the other train experience that they are moving.

You experience movement because, when your train is moving, the trees are standing, the houses are standing, they are not moving. Stations come and platforms come and pass. It is because on both sides things are static, that against them, in relativity, you can feel your train moving.

Sometimes you may have experienced a very bizarre thing: your train is standing on the platform, and another train is standing by the side. Your train starts moving; you are looking at the other train, and it seems as if it has started moving; unless you look towards the platform, which is standing still. Movement is a relative experience.

When mind is not having any thoughts, you are in an empty sky; time stops because you cannot judge time without movement - you are not there, mind is not there, time is not there... only a tremendous peace and a great relaxation.

My own understanding is that it was the sexual orgasm that gave the first idea to people about meditation, because a few geniuses must have tried: ”If we can stop thoughts, if we can drop the ego and if the mind is not there, time disappears; then there is no need for any sexual orgasm.” You can have the same orgasmic experience alone and it is no more sexual - it becomes a spiritual experience.

Sexual orgasm must have given the first idea that the same experience is possible without sex; otherwise, there is no way how man could have found meditation. Meditation is not a natural phenomenon. Sexual orgasm is a natural phenomenon but all societies prevent their children from experiencing it. Nobody says anything about it. This is a strategy, a very dangerous strategy, a criminal act against the whole of humanity, because the children who are deprived of having sexual orgasm, will never be able to feel the urge for meditation; or their urge will be very weak; they will not risk anything for it.

So up to the age twenty-one, sex reaches to its peak, if it is allowed, as it was allowed in Gautam Buddha's life. All the beautiful girls of his kingdom were given to him; he was surrounded by all the beautiful girls; he knew deep experiences of orgasm.

Then from twenty-one to twenty-eight, the other seven years, one searches, because sexual orgasm is biological. Soon you will lose the energy and you will not be able to have the orgasm. Secondly, it is dependent on somebody else, a woman, a man; it is destructive of your freedom; it is at a very high cost. So if a man grows very naturally - is allowed to grow naturally - from twenty-one to twenty-eight, he will search and seek ways and means, of how to transcend physiology, biology, and yet remain capable of moving into deeper orgasmic experiences.

From twenty-eight to the age thirty-five, all these people - Gautam Buddha, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Jesus - all have moved in higher planes of being. And just not to be bothered, not to be hindered by people, not to be distracted, they moved into the mountains - into aloneness. According to me, it was not against life - they were simply searching a silent space where there were no distractions and they could find the greatest orgasmic experience... what William James has called "the oceanic orgasm," in which you completely disappear into the ocean of existence -
just like a dewdrop slipping from a lotus leaf into the ocean.

So the age thirty is not just incidental. All great seekers have left in the search between twenty-eight and thirty-five. That is the period of seeking, searching - searching something that is not of the body, but of the spirit.

HERE HE HAD THE ENJOYMENT OF HIS SPIRIT AND HIS SOLITUDE AND HE DID NOT WEARY OF IT FOR TEN YEARS. He remained in the mountains for ten years. His solitude, silence, peace, became deeper and deeper, and he was full of bliss; although he was alone, he was not weary of it.

BUT AT LAST HIS HEART TURNED - AND ONE MORNING HE ROSE WITH THE DAWN, STEPPED BEFORE THE SUN, AND SPOKE TO IT THUS This is where Zarathustra takes a new path. Mahavira remained in his solitude. Buddha remained in his aloneness, and the people who were watching, saw something had happened, something beyond their conceptions. These people were transformed; they had become luminous; they were radiating joy; they had a certain fragrance; they had known something; their eyes had a depth that was not there before; and their faces had a grace that was a totally new phenomenon.

A very subtle misunderstanding happened: the people who were watching thought that because these people went into the mountains, they had renounced life; hence, renouncing life became a fundamental thing in all the religions. But they had not renounced life.

I would like to write history completely from the very scratch, particularly about these people, because I know them from my own insight - I don't have to be bothered about facts, I know the truth. These people had not gone against life: they had gone simply for solitude; they had gone for being alone; they had just gone away from distractions.

But the difference between Gautam Buddha and Zarathustra is that Gautam Buddha - once he had found himself - never declared, "Now there is no need for me to be a recluse, to be a monk. I can come back and be an ordinary man in the world."

Perhaps it needs more courage than going out of the world; coming back to the world needs more courage. Going uphill is arduous, but very gratifying. You are going higher and higher and higher, and once you have reached to the highest peak, it needs tremendous courage to come back downward into the dark valleys which you had left, just to give the message to people: ”You need not remain always in darkness. You need not remain always in suffering and in hell.”

This downward journey may even be condemned by those people whom you are going to help. When you were going upward, you were a great saint, and when you are coming downward, people will think perhaps you have fallen, you have fallen from your greatness, from your height. It certainly needs the greatest courage in the world, after touching the heights of the ultimate, to be again ordinary.

Zarathustra shows that courage. He is not worried about what people will say, that he will be condemned, that they will think that he has fallen from heights, that he is no more a saint. His concern is more to share his experience with those who may be ready, receptive, available - they may be few.

AND ONE MORNING HE ROSE WITH THE DAWN, STEPPED BEFORE THE SUN, AND SPOKE TO IT THUS:

GREAT STAR! WHAT WOULD YOUR HAPPINESS BE, IF YOU HAD NOT THOSE FOR WHOM YOU SHINE!

The implication of this statement is great. Zarathustra is saying that the birds are happy because the sun has risen; the flowers are happy because the sun has risen; the whole planet seems to be happy, awake, full of energy, full of hope for the coming day - the sun has risen.

He is indicating in this statement that the sun also must be happy because so many flowers have blossomed, so many birds are singing. If there were no birds and no flowers, and there was nobody waiting for it, the sun would have been sad.

The implication is clear: we are all interconnected: the whole existence is interconnected. Even the smallest blade of grass is connected with the greatest star in the sky. Those connections are not visible.

It is known that if the sun does not rise one day, all life from the planet will disappear. Without the sun’s heat and life-giving energy, nothing can remain alive here. But the mystics have always indicated about the other possibility too: if the whole of life disappears from the earth, the sun will not rise - for whom?

Zarathustra is saying, ”I am full of joy, full of peace. Now, I need somebody to receive it, I am overburdened. I have to share it, otherwise, even blissfulness will become too heavy.” Even blissfulness can become painful if unshared.

GREAT STAR! WHAT WOULD YOUR HAPPINESS BE, IF YOU HAD NOT THOSE FOR WHOM YOU SHINE!

YOU HAVE COME UP HERE TO MY CAVE FOR TEN YEARS: YOU WOULD HAVE GROWN WEARY OF YOUR LIGHT AND OF THIS JOURNEY WITHOUT ME, MY EAGLE AND MY SERPENT.

Zarathustra has two symbols: the eagle and the serpent. The serpent represents wisdom, and the eagle represents courage to fly into the unknown without any fear. He had with him the eagle and the serpent. One needs to be as conscious, as wise, as intelligent as possible; and one needs also the courage to go on entering into the unknown and finally into the unknowable. The jump into the unknowable is the jump into the godliness of existence.

'BUT WE WAITED FOR YOU EVERY MORNING, TOOK FROM YOU YOUR SUPERFLUITY AND BLESSED YOU FOR IT.' Whatever you have given to us was superfluous to you, you had too much of it; you were burdened with it. You wanted somebody to share it and we have taken from your superfluous abundant energy, overflowing energy, and we have blessed you for it.

BEHOLD! I AM WEARY OF MY WISDOM... In the same way as you are weary of your light and you want somebody to share it, I am weary of my wisdom - it is too much. I cannot contain it anymore; I have to find someone to share. I have to unburden myself.

This is such a great insight - that even wisdom can become a burden. Zarathustra is absolutely right.

... LIKE A BEE THAT HAS GATHERED TOO MUCH HONEY; I NEED HANDS OUTSTRETCHED TO TAKE IT.

I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE IT AWAY AND DISTRIBUTE IT, UNTIL THE WISE AMONG MEN HAVE AGAIN BECOME HAPPY IN THEIR FOLLY...

This can be said only by someone who has known. An ordinary person who is simply learned, who has borrowed knowledge, cannot even conceive the idea.

Nietzsche is saying, through Zarathustra: "I am going amongst men to share, to distribute and to unburden myself of my wisdom until the wise among men have again become happy in their folly."

The truly wise man is not serious; he is playful, because he understands that the whole of existence is playful. The truly wise man may appear to people somewhat crazy, foolish, because ordinary humanity has a fixed idea of the wise man - that he is serious, that he cannot be playful, that he cannot laugh, that he cannot dance.

These things are for foolish people; and Zarathustra is saying, "I will go on sharing my wisdom until the wise amongst men have become so wise that they can accept even things which look foolish to the ordinary man."

... AND THE POOR HAPPY IN THEIR WEALTH. As far as the inner wealth is concerned, the poor man is as endowed by nature as any rich man. The rich man is too engaged with the outside world and perhaps may not find the way or the time to enter inwards. But the poor man is in a fortunate condition: He has nothing to be engaged with on the outside; he can close his eyes and

go in. Zarathustra is saying that unless the wise are so wise that even foolishness becomes just playfulness, and the poor are so happy as if they have found the greatest treasure

TO THAT END, I MUST DESCEND INTO THE DEPTHS: AS YOU DO AT THE EVENING, WHEN YOU GO BEHIND THE SEA AND BRING LIGHT TO THE UNDERWORLD TOO, SUPERABUNDANT STAR!

LIKE YOU, I MUST GO DOWN - AS MEN, TO WHOM I WANT TO DESCEND, CALL IT.

SO BLESS ME THEN, TRANQUIL EYE, THAT CAN BEHOLD WITHOUT ENVY, EVEN AN EXCESSIVE HAPPINESS!

BLESS THE CUP THAT WANTS TO OVERFLOW, THAT THE WATERS MAY FLOW GOLDEN FROM HIM AND BEAR THE REFLECTION OF YOUR JOY OVER ALL THE WORLD!

BEHOLD! THIS CUP WANTS TO BE EMPTY AGAIN, AND ZARATHUSTRA WANTS TO BE MAN AGAIN.

This is the rare quality of Zarathustra. There have been thousands of men who wanted to be supermen - who wanted to be Buddhas, Jainas, Christs, Avataras - but Zarathustra, alone in the whole of history, wants to be a man again. Seeing the heights, seeing the depths, knowing the ultimate solitude, being full of wisdom, he wants to go down and be just a man amongst men - not anybody superior.

THUS BEGAN ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWN-GOING. This "down-going" of Zarathustra is so unique and so significant that unless every wise man has the same courage, humanity's destiny cannot be changed.

If all the Gautam Buddhas and all the Jesus Christs, all the Moseses and all the Mohammeds, had come back to humanity just as men, they would have given dignity to humanity; they would have given great courage to humanity - they would have become sources of great inspiration. But they are far above; the distance is so great that it creates discouragement. Not only they, but their disciples have been trying in every possible way to create more and more distance.

For example, Jesus was born out of a virgin girl: it is a discouragement to the whole of humanity because you are born out of sin, and only Jesus is not born out of sin. If he is the only begotten son of God, then who are you? - you are not even cousins.

Why is God so miserly that he should have only one son? Did he believe in birth control? The Christians are against it. At least one daughter was a must But to dishonor womankind, God cannot have a daughter, nor has he a wife; but he has a son. His son walks on water; you cannot do it. He brings dead people back to life; you cannot do that. He is crucified but he comes back again - resurrection; you cannot manage that.

Naturally, the distance is too great. You are a mere human being; he is a god. At the most, you can worship him. He is a humiliation to you. He is a great insult to the whole of humanity. And all these miracles are fictitious. Nobody has ever done those miracles, but just to create the distance between you and Jesus, their followers have gone to extreme lengths.

Mohammed dies, but not like an ordinary man. In fact, he does not die in the way people die - he simply goes directly alive to heaven. And not only he alone, he is riding on his horse, so the horse also goes directly into paradise. It is no ordinary horse - it is Hazrat Mohammed's horse. You cannot think of yourself belonging to the same category.

Mahavira never perspired. In the hot summers of India - and particularly in Bihar, on dusty roads - he was moving naked for forty-two years, and he did not perspire! It is possible only if his body was not covered with skin but with plastic - because the body is covered with skin and the skin breathes and perspiration is a very necessary process for your survival; otherwise you will die.

Perspiration is a protection. When it is too hot, your body pores start bringing water out of the body so that the heat gets engaged in evaporating your perspiration and it does not increase your temperature; your temperature remains the same. If the body does not perspire, your temperature will go on rising higher and higher. And you don't have much of a range - between ninety-eight degrees and one hundred and ten. Just twelve degrees more and Mahavira would have popped out; he could not have stayed alive. But just to make a difference, he did not take a bath; there was no need; when he did not perspire, there was no need for taking a shower.

A snake bites him and instead of blood, milk comes out I was speaking at a Jaina conference and just before me, a Jaina monk had spoken. He had praised all these miracles of Mahavira and when I spoke, I said, "These were not miracles. Just a little thinking will make it clear that milk can come out from the feet only if, instead of blood, milk is circulating in Mahavira's body. But for fortytwo years, milk circulating would have become curd, would have become butter, would have even become ghee. It remained milk! Fresh milk came out!

"The other possibility is that just as milk comes from a woman's breast... but the breast has a subtle mechanism to transform blood into milk. This was also possible, if you insist that Mahavir had all over his body milk-creating systems."

But this is nonsense. And yet everybody Gautam Buddha is born while his mother is standing up and it can be tolerated because it is not much of a problem. Perhaps the mother was a little crazy or something; otherwise, when the child is being born, the mother must be lying on the bed - not standing. But one can accept that maybe the woman was crazy. But Gautam Buddha is himself born standing; he falls on the ground - standing. That, too, sometimes happens. Ordinarily, the head comes first but once in a while a child is born with feet first.

If the story stops there, it is feasible, but it will not make a great impression on you.

But Buddha walked seven feet; a newly-born child, in fact, cannot stand, but he walked seven feet. And not only walked, after seven feet he looked at the sky and declared, "I am the greatest buddha, the greatest enlightened man, past, present, future."

Now these are great discouragements: you cannot manage these things. In the first place, you are already born. You can try next time, but this life is gone. This life you cannot become an awakened person, so just practice for the second life. Remember it, exactly what has to be done.

But all these things, these fictions have a certain purpose. The purpose is to make these people so far away from human beings that you can, at the most, worship them, but you cannot even dream that the same experience can happen to you.

What Zarathustra did should be done by every enlightened person. Every enlightened person should come back to the world; he owes it to the world; he is indebted to humanity; he is born a human child; and he cannot be forgiven for creating myths around himself, or letting other people create myths around him, so that he becomes something impossible.

Zarathustra is more human, more lovable and one can see his point in coming back to humanity. He has gathered so much wisdom, so much honey, he wants to share it - to distribute it. He wants himself to be empty again, because now he knows that the more he gives, the more existence will go on pouring into him. He can go on emptying himself and still he will have an abundance to share.

A man who is in authentic love with humanity; a man who affirms life, is not condemnatory, is not negative, does not make anybody feel guilty. On the contrary, he helps everybody: ”Whatever I have got, is hidden within you, too.” His coming down is nothing but to encourage those who are ready, those who are in need of some guidance, those who want to know the path, those who want to experience their innermost treasure.

For the benefit of the coming humanity, Zarathustra should be more and more understood. He is more of a blessing than anybody else.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 2

Prologue part 2

27 March 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART 2

ZARATHUSTRA WENT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ALONE, AND NO ONE MET HIM. BUT WHEN HE ENTERED THE FOREST, AN OLD MAN, WHO HAD LEFT HIS HOLY HUT TO LOOK FOR ROOTS IN THE FOREST, SUDDENLY STOOD BEFORE HIM. AND THE OLD MAN SPOKE THUS TO ZARATHUSTRA:

'THIS WANDERER IS NO STRANGER TO ME: HE PASSED BY HERE MANY YEARS AGO. HE WAS CALLED ZARATHUSTRA; BUT HE HAS CHANGED.

‘THEN YOU CARRIED YOUR ASHES TO THE MOUNTAINS: WILL YOU TODAY CARRY YOUR FIRE INTO THE VALLEYS? DO YOU NOT FEAR AN INCENDIARY’S PUNISHMENT?

‘YES, I RECOGNIZE ZARATHUSTRA. HIS EYES ARE CLEAR, AND NO DISGUST LURKS ABOUT HIS MOUTH. DOES HE NOT GO ALONG LIKE A DANCER?

‘HOW CHANGED ZARATHUSTRA IS! ZARATHUSTRA HAS BECOME - A CHILD, AN AWAKENED-ONE: WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW WITH THE SLEEPERS?

‘YOU LIVED IN SOLITUDE AS IN THE SEA, AND THE SEA BORE YOU. ALAS, DO YOU WANT TO GO ASHORE? ALAS, DO YOU WANT AGAIN TO DRAG YOUR BODY YOURSELF?’

ZARATHUSTRA ANSWERED: ‘I LOVE MANKIND.’

‘WHY,’ SAID THE SAINT, ‘DID I GO INTO THE FOREST AND THE DESERT? WAS IT NOT BECAUSE I LOVED MANKIND ALL TOO MUCH?

‘NOW I LOVE GOD: MANKIND I DO NOT LOVE. MAN IS TOO IMPERFECT A THING FOR ME. LOVE OF MANKIND WOULD DESTROY ME.’

ZARATHUSTRA ANSWERED, ‘WHAT DID I SAY OF LOVE? I AM BRINGING MANKIND A GIFT.’

‘GIVE THEM NOTHING,’ SAID THE SAINT. ‘RATHER TAKE SOMETHING OFF THEM AND BEAR IT WITH THEM - THAT WILL PLEASE THEM BEST; IF ONLY IT BE PLEASING TO YOU!

‘AND IF YOU WANT TO GIVE TO THEM, GIVE NO MORE THAN AN ALMS, AND LET THEM BEG FOR THAT!’

‘NO,’ ANSWERED ZARATHUSTRA, ‘I GIVE NO ALMS. I AM NOT POOR ENOUGH FOR THAT.’

THE SAINT LAUGHED AT ZARATHUSTRA AND SPOKE THUS:

‘SEE TO IT THAT THEY ACCEPT YOUR TREASURES! THEY ARE MISTRUSTFUL OF HERMITS, AND DO NOT BELIEVE THAT WE COME TO GIVE.

‘OUR STEPS RING TOO LONELY THROUGH THEIR STREETS. AND WHEN AT NIGHT THEY HEAR IN THEIR BEDS A MAN GOING BY LONG BEFORE THE SUN HAS RISEN, THEY PROBABLY ASK THEMSELVES: WHERE IS THAT THIEF GOING?

‘DO NOT GO TO MEN, BUT STAY IN THE FOREST! GO RATHER TO THE ANIMALS! WHY WILL YOU NOT BE AS I AM - A BEAR AMONG BEARS, A BIRD AMONG BIRDS?’

‘AND WHAT DOES THE SAINT DO IN THE FOREST?’ ASKED ZARATHUSTRA.

THE SAINT ANSWERED: ‘I MAKE SONGS AND SING THEM, AND WHEN I MAKE SONGS, I LAUGH, WEEP, AND MUTTER: THUS I PRAISE GOD.

‘WITH SINGING, WEEPING, LAUGHING, AND MUTTERING I PRAISE THE GOD WHO IS MY GOD. BUT WHAT DO YOU BRING US AS A GIFT?’

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HEARD THESE WORDS, HE SALUTED THE SAINT AND SAID: ‘WHAT SHOULD I HAVE TO GIVE YOU!

‘BUT LET ME GO QUICKLY, THAT I MAY TAKE NOTHING FROM YOU!’ AND THUS THEY PARTED FROM ONE ANOTHER, THE OLD MAN AND ZARATHUSTRA, LAUGHING AS TWO BOYS LAUGH.

BUT WHEN ZARATHUSTRA WAS ALONE, HE SPOKE THUS TO HIS HEART: ‘COULD IT BE POSSIBLE! THIS OLD SAINT HAS NOT YET HEARD IN HIS FOREST THAT GOD IS DEAD!’

ZARATHUSTRA HAD gone to the mountains in search of aloneness. In the crowd you can find yourself lonely, but never alone.

Loneliness is a kind of hunger for the other. You are missing the other. You are not enough unto yourself - you are empty. Hence everybody wants to be in the crowd, and weaves around himself many kinds of relationships just to deceive himself, to forget that he is lonely. But that loneliness erupts again and again. No relationship can hide it. All relationships are so thin and so fragile. Deep inside you know perfectly well that even though you are in the crowd, you are amongst strangers. You are a stranger to yourself too.

Zarathustra and all the mystics have gone to the mountains in search of aloneness. Aloneness is a positive feeling, the feeling of your own being and the feeling that you are enough unto yourself - that you don't need anyone.

Loneliness is a sickness of the heart.

Aloneness is a healing.

Those who know aloneness have gone beyond loneliness forever. Whether they are alone or with people, they are centered within themselves. In the mountains they are alone, in the crowd they are alone, because this is their realization: that aloneness is our nature. We have come into the world alone and we will be leaving the world again alone.

Between these two alonenesses, between birth and death, you are still alone; but you have not understood the beauty of aloneness, and hence you have fallen into a kind of fallacy - the fallacy of loneliness.

To discover one's aloneness one has to go out of the crowd. Slowly, slowly as he forgets the world, all his awareness becomes concentrated on himself, and there is an explosion of light. For the first time he comes to know the beauty and the blessing of being alone, the tremendous freedom and the wisdom of being alone.

Zarathustra used to carry a serpent and an eagle while he was living in the mountains. The serpent, in the East, has always represented wisdom. The greatest wisdom is to go on slipping out of the past, without clinging to it, just like a serpent slips out of his old skin and never looks back. His movement is always from the old to the new.

Wisdom is not the collection of the past; wisdom is the experience of the constantly renewing life.

Wisdom does not gather the dust of memories; it remains like a clean mirror, reflecting that which is - always fresh, always new, always in the present.

The eagle is a symbol of freedom. Alone it goes across the sun, far away in the boundless sky, with no fear. Wisdom and freedom are two aspects of the same coin.

Living for ten years in the mountains, Zarathustra attained the ecstasy of being alone, the purity of being alone, the independence of being alone - and this is where he is unique amongst other

awakened people: When they discovered, they remained in their heights. Zarathustra starts ”downgoing,” going back to the crowd.

He has to deliver the message to humanity that you are suffering unnecessarily; you are being dependent unnecessarily; you are creating all kinds of imprisonments for yourself - just to feel safe and secure. But the only security and the only safety is in knowing yourself, because then even death is impotent. It cannot destroy you.

Zarathustra is going downwards from the mountains to tell the people that wisdom is not synonymous with knowledge; in fact, knowledge is just the opposite of wisdom. Wisdom is basically innocence. Knowledge is ego, and wisdom is the disappearance of the ego. Knowledge makes you full of information. Wisdom makes you absolutely empty, but that emptiness is a new kind of fullness. It is a spaciousness.

He is going to the people to tell them that wisdom brings freedom. There is no other freedom - political, economical, social, all those freedoms are fake. The only authentic freedom is of the soul, which can become an eagle and go into the unknown and the unknowable without any fear.

Because he has attained this state of ultimate consciousness, he wants to share it. The uniqueness about him is that he still loves mankind. There is no condemnation about the sleeping people, the blind people. There is tremendous compassion for them. He is going downwards because he loves life. He is not against life.

This small dialogue with an old saint who lives in the forest is very significant. It contains much which may not be apparent, but we will try to discover it as deeply as possible.

ZARATHUSTRA WENT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ALONE, AND NO ONE MET HIM. BUT WHEN HE ENTERED THE FOREST, AN OLD MAN, WHO HAD LEFT HIS HOLY HUT TO LOOK FOR ROOTS IN THE FOREST, SUDDENLY STOOD BEFORE HIM. AND THE OLD MAN SPOKE THUS TO ZARATHUSTRA:

‘THIS WANDERER IS NO STRANGER TO ME. HE PASSED BY HERE MANY YEARS AGO. HE WAS CALLED ZARATHUSTRA; BUT HE HAS CHANGED.’

The old saint could see the change; although it is the same man, it is not the same energy; it is the same man, but it is a totally different individual. He has gone into the mountains as ignorant and he is coming out of the mountains as the wisest man possible. He has gone there asleep; he is coming back awakened. He has gone through a transformation.

When he went to the mountains, he was just a mortal, and when he comes out of the mountains, he has attained immortality. Now he is full of joy, full of peace, showering blessings all around him. He is overflowing with love, with compassion.

‘THEN YOU CARRIED YOUR ASHES TO THE MOUNTAINS:’ You were nothing but a corpse. And you had carried your ashes to the mountains. ‘... WILL YOU TODAY CARRY YOUR FIRE INTO THE VALLEYS?’ The transformation has been so radical - instead of being ashes, he is now fire. He has gone as darkness, now he is aflame.

‘DO YOU NOT FEAR AN INCENDIARY’S PUNISHMENT?’ This is significant to note. The old saint is saying, ”Are you not afraid, going back to the blind people, with eyes? Going to the dead, full of life? Going to the asleep, awakened?”

When you had come from them, you were one of them. Now you are totally different. Don’t you think you are taking a risk? They will punish you. They will not forgive you. Your blissfulness is too much; they will not be able to tolerate it.

It is a strange fact: we can tolerate people’s misery, however deep it is. We have a certain enjoyment when others are miserable, because when they are miserable, you are higher than them. You can show sympathy and you can rejoice in the fact that you are not so miserable. Hence, no miserable person has ever been crucified, ever poisoned, ever stoned to death.

But to be blissful amongst miserable people is dangerous, because you are a height and they feel offended. You can see and they cannot. It is unbearable. They are dead and you are alive. You have to be punished. You have gone astray from the crowd. Are you not afraid of the punishment?

‘YES, I RECOGNIZE ZARATHUSTRA. HIS EYES ARE CLEAR, AND NO DISGUST LURKS IN HIS MOUTH. DOES HE NOT GO ALONG LIKE A DANCER?’

The eyes are very symbolic. They are part of your body, but they are also windows of your soul. As your soul becomes silent, peaceful, joyous, your eyes attain a depth, a clarity, a purity, an innocence. They become so transparent that you can see into the very soul of the man.

‘HIS EYES ARE CLEAR, AND NO DISGUST LURKS IN HIS MOUTH.’

If you look at people, they are disgusted with the whole of life and you cannot blame them. What have they got? Their whole life is nothing but a long-drawn-out tragedy. It is sickness unto death. They go on breathing, they go on living, they go on hoping. But those hopes always remain hopes. Their dreams are never fulfilled.

As they grow older, they see their hopes shattering, more and more. It is natural that they will be full of disgust with this whole business of life. They had never asked to be born, they have never asked that they should be given a heart which feels, which needs warmth, which needs love.

They have never asked that they should be given a soul that longs for the ultimate heights of joy and ecstasy. They suddenly find themselves, and all that has been given to them by existence remains unfulfilled. They are truly angry.

One of the most significant novelists, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, in his great novel BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, has one character who says, ”I have only one relationship with God, and that is that of disgust. I am angry, and if I can meet Him, the only thing I am going to do is to give Him the ticket back, and ask Him to find the way out of life. It is a cruel joke. He gives us so many desires, so many longings... and there is no opportunity to fulfill them. There is not even any hope in the future.” Everybody is born with great enthusiasm, and everybody dies just frustrated.

The old saint says, ”Now I don’t see any disgust, any agony; instead I see ecstasy: he goes along like a dancer...” You had come to the mountains dragging yourself somehow, carrying your own corpse on your shoulders, and now: DOES HE NOT GO ALONG LIKE A DANCER?

The transformation has happened. The man has realized himself. The man has drunk from the sources of the divine. ‘HOW CHANGED ZARATHUSTRA IS. ZARATHUSTRA HAS BECOME - A CHILD...’ That is the greatest change in life - to be a child again: ‘... AN AWAKENED-ONE: WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW WITH THE SLEEPERS?’

The question of the saint is the question of all the saints of the world, all the buddhas, all the mystics, all the awakened ones. You have become a child, you are awakened: What do you want now with the sleepers? You are an absolute stranger to them. They will punish you, they may kill you. Your very presence will become a danger to their sleep, a danger to their misery, a danger to their blindness.

‘YOU LIVED IN SOLITUDE AS IN THE SEA, AND THE SEA BORE YOU. ALAS, DO YOU WANT TO GO ASHORE? ALAS, DO YOU WANT AGAIN TO DRAG YOUR BODY YOURSELF?’ Have you forgotten the day you had come to the mountains? Do you want to be the same old self again? Why are you going downwards, leaving your sunlit peaks? You know in the valleys there is darkness alone? What is the purpose of your going?

ZARATHUSTRA ANSWERED, ‘I LOVE MANKIND.’ In those three words is contained Zarathustra’s whole philosophy: ”I love mankind. I love life. I had not renounced the world. I had not come to the mountains as an anti-life escapist. I had come to the mountains to find myself, my aloneness, my freedom, my wisdom. I have found it.

”Now there is no need for me to remain on the heights. On the contrary, I am so full that I need people to share with. I want to share my love, I want to share my wisdom, I want to share my freedom. I am too overloaded - I am overflowing.”

‘WHY,’ SAID THE SAINT, ‘DID I GO INTO THE FOREST AND THE DESERT? WAS IT NOT BECAUSE I LOVED MANKIND ALL TOO MUCH?’ The saint says, ”I have also gone into the mountains, into the forest because I also loved mankind all too much, that has become a slavery, and that has become a dependence, and that was bringing only misery to me and nothing else.”

But there is a difference. He loved mankind ”all too much” when he was ignorant, when he himself was asleep. Zarathustra loves mankind when he is fully awake, when he is enlightened. The love of the unawakened is nothing but lust. Only the awakened knows the beauty and the spirituality, and the divinity of love. It is no longer a bondage.

The love of the awakened gives you freedom.

The love of the unawakened is that of a beggar’s love: he wants you to love him, he wants to get more and more love.

The love of the awakened is just the reverse. It is the love of an emperor. He wants to give to you - he has so much, such an abundance. It is giving, it is sharing without any desire to be rewarded and without any desire to get anything in return.

The saint said, ‘NOW I LOVE GOD. MANKIND I DO NOT LOVE.’ In this statement is contained the whole attitude of all the so-called religions. They have been creating a division that if you love mankind you cannot love God. The Old Testament God says, ”I am very jealous. If you love me, you cannot love anyone else.”

But that is the attitude of almost all religions. Either you can love this world; then you have renounced the other world If you love man, you have forgotten God. You can choose. If you love God, you will have to withdraw your love from mankind. In fact, you will have to hate mankind, you will have to hate life, you will have to hate all the pleasures of life. This idea of religions is very monopolistic. God wants the love in your heart in its totality. He cannot tolerate any competitor.

'NOW I LOVE GOD: MANKIND I DO NOT LOVE. MAN IS TOO IMPERFECT A THING FOR ME. LOVE OF MANKIND WOULD DESTROY ME.' Through the old saint, the whole religious attitude of anti-life, anti-joy, anti-pleasure is condensed. Why cannot you love mankind? - because mankind is too imperfect a thing. God is perfect.

'LOVE OF MANKIND WOULD DESTROY ME.' The reality is, that love in its purity, in its spiritual flowering, does not make any distinction. It loves, not because you are worthy, it loves not because you are perfect, it loves not because you are God - true love loves for love's sake. The object of love is irrelevant. You are so full of love that you go on sharing with those who are imperfect. And in fact they need more. Those who are unworthy, in fact they need more. Those who are undeserving, in fact they need more.

The perfect God has no need of your love - the perfect God is only a hypothesis, it is only in your mind. You have never come across him; otherwise, a man who goes on looking for imperfections will find imperfections in God, too.

Have you ever thought about it? If God suddenly appears in front of you, will you not be able to find imperfections in Him? - you will find imperfections in Him too. Perhaps He is not as beautiful as you had imagined. Perhaps He looks Chinese, or perhaps He is a Negro, or perhaps He is a Negro woman! Perhaps He is too old, too ancient: there is no freshness around Him, but only a stinking oldness; for centuries He has been there.

There are so many hypothetical conceptions of God. Some believe He has four hands. Do you think four hands will look right? And some think He has one thousand hands. A man with one thousand hands will be perfectly useful to be kept in a museum, but to love Him... and if He gives you a hug - with one thousand hands. Once you can get out of His hug, you will never think of God again.

There are conceptions of God with three faces. It will be curious to see Him, but a man with three faces will not look beautiful. And who knows what kind of faces those are?

The perfection of God is in your mind, because God is only a mind projection. And you can love God very easily, because there is no God, so there is no problem.

To love a woman or to love a man... there are problems. Your likings differ; your preferences differ. You want to go to the movie, and your wife insists on not going to the movie; she has a headache.

Once it was asked of Henry Ford: "How did you go on becoming richer and richer and richer; what was the motivation?" He said, "To tell you the truth, I wanted to see whether I can earn more than my wife can expend, and I have to accept that I am a failure."

With the other person there are problems. You want to sleep and your husband snores. What can you do with this husband who is just sleeping by your side, snoring? And he is helpless

also. Thousands of methods have been tried to prevent snoring. The latest is a bag, electrically engineered, hanging over the husband's mouth. The moment he snores, the bag immediately falls on his face, and then he wakes up - would you let him sleep the whole night or not? - because whenever he snores, the bag comes immediately over his nose and mouth, and closes them.

You have a wife whose body smell you cannot tolerate

With God everything is beautiful because neither you have to sleep with Him - let Him snore - nor do you have to live with Him - if His body stinks, let it stink. It is a pure hypothesis in your mind.

But to be in contact with real human beings is a totally different experience. It is a fire test for your love. It is very easy to love God; it is very difficult to love man. It costs nothing to love God; it needs tremendous understanding to love a man.

So those who have escaped into the forest and the mountains, and are projecting an idea of God and love that God, have chosen a very easy kind of life. Their love is not going to grow, because it has no challenges.

The old saint is speaking, almost in essence, of the whole approach of all religions: "Love of mankind will destroy me. Man is too imperfect a thing for me." This is egoistic. He thinks himself to be perfect and mankind is too imperfect a thing. Of course a perfect man can only love a perfect God - and God is just your hallucination. If you persist, you may see the God of your conception: it is nothing but a dream seen with open eyes - it is hallucinatory. There is nobody in front of you, but your own idea has hypnotized you.

That's why a Christian will see Jesus and a Buddhist will see Buddha and a Hindu will see Krishna. Even by mistake a Christian never sees Buddha or Krishna. Even by mistake Krishna never comes to a Christian, Christ never comes to a Hindu - because these people don't exist. They are part of your mind; you create them. THE BIBLE says God created man in His own image. I say unto you: man creates God in his own image.

ZARATHUSTRA ANSWERED, 'WHAT DID I SAY OF LOVE? I AM BRINGING MANKIND A GIFT.'

Love is always a gift; otherwise it is abstract poetry. 'WHAT DID I SAY OF LOVE? I AM BRINGING MANKIND A GIFT.' The old saint is saying very significant things: "Give them nothing, because they never forgive those people who give them anything."

Socrates gave people an immensely valuable method to find truth: the Socratic dialogue. But what did mankind do to him? - poisoned him.

The old saint has some truth when he is saying, 'GIVE THEM NOTHING. RATHER TAKE SOMETHING OFF THEM AND BEAR IT WITH THEM - THAT WILL PLEASE THEM BEST; IF ONLY IT BE PLEASING TO YOU!'

It is part of human psychology that you want to be a giver; you don't want to be a receiver. But there are things which you have to receive. There is no way for you to give them because you don't have them.

What can you give to Gautam Buddha or to Jesus Christ or to Zarathustra? You are a beggar, but still the psychology is that you have to give them something, and that will make you happy. They may give you tremendous treasures, but you will never forgive them, because they are the givers and you are the receivers. You are a beggar. How can you forgive someone who has made you a beggar?

I have a friend who was born poor, but was adopted by one of the richest families in India. He is a very generous man - he has made all his relatives rich, comfortable. He goes on giving to friends, to relatives, even to strangers. But he confessed to me once, while traveling with me in the train: ”I have always wanted to ask you something, but I could not gather courage to expose myself. I have given to all my relatives who were poor, and now they are rich people. I have given to my friends, I have given even to strangers who have asked; I have never said no to anybody - I have so much that I can go on giving. But they are all angry at me; they talk against me.”

I said, ”It is very simple: have you ever allowed them to give something to YOU?”

He said, ”I don’t need anything.”

I said, ”That explains everything. But small things... for example, you can phone a friend to whom you have given money, a factory, and made a rich man, and say: ’Just passing by your house I saw beautiful roses in your garden. Will you bring a few roses to me?’ And the friend’s attitude towards you will change.

”You are sick: you can phone somebody and say: ’I am lying in bed, with a bad headache and fever, and a great desire has arisen in me for you, that you should be close to me. Just come here, hold my hand and sit by my side.’ That will be enough.

”You have many cars, but you could have told any of your relatives: ’I need your car for one day.’ You don’t have to use it. Just keep it in the garage and by the evening return it. But your relative or your friend will think he can also give something to you. He is also needed.”

He said, ”I will try, although I am very reluctant. I have made them whatsoever they are. Why should I ask anything? I have roses in my garden. I have my own cars, and their cars I have given to them; their houses I have given to them.”

I said, ”It is up to you. It is your ego that is hurting them all - that you are the giver, and they are always the receiver. If you want to change their attitude towards you, you have to become in some way a receiver. Let them enjoy for some moments the ego of giving.”

He tried, and next time when he met me, he said, ”It works, it works miracles! I had never seen... those people are so happy with me. They are talking about my generosity. Now that I am taking things from them, I have become generous; otherwise they were always saying, ’He is just an egoist; he has given to us not because we needed anything, he has given just to humiliate us!”

The old saint is right: ‘GIVE THEM NOTHING. RATHER TAKE SOMETHING OFF THEM AND BEAR IT WITH THEM - THAT WILL PLEASE THEM BEST; IF ONLY IT BE PLEASING TO YOU! AND IF YOU WANT TO GIVE TO THEM, GIVE NO MORE THAN AN ALMS, AND LET THEM BEG FOR THAT!’

His advice is very significant and based on deep psychological truths. Just give them alms. Don't give them too much. Give them enough so that they start wanting more. Then they will always be wagging their tail around you. Give them only when they beg, and they will be happy with you, because you have not reduced them to beggars. They themselves have begged. It is not your fault; they cannot be angry with you.

But a man like Zarathustra cannot do that. 'NO,' ANSWERED ZARATHUSTRA, 'I GIVE NO ALMS. I AM NOT POOR ENOUGH FOR THAT.' A great statement: I AM NOT POOR ENOUGH FOR THAT. To reduce somebody to begging, and to give in such little amounts that it creates the desire for more in them, shows my poverty. I am not poor enough for that.

I have abundance: abundance of love, abundance of peace, abundance of truth, abundance of wisdom, abundance of freedom, and these things cannot be given in parts. They can be given only as a whole. You cannot cut truth into pieces. You cannot cut love into fragments. Either you give or you don't give. But if you give, you have to give it wholeheartedly, with totality. It does not matter even if they crucify you; it does not matter if they become irritated and annoyed with you.

THE SAINT LAUGHED AT ZARATHUSTRA AND SPOKE THUS: 'SEE TO IT THAT THEY ACCEPT YOUR TREASURES!' - because they have been always rejecting them. Deep down they want the treasures, but when somebody comes to give them, they reject them. There is a joy in rejecting: why have you rejected Buddha or Mahavira or Jesus? By rejecting, you have shown them: "You may have the treasure, but we are not so poor to accept it. You may be rich in having it. We are rich, more rich than you, in rejecting it."

The old man's advice is based on great wisdom. 'SEE TO IT THAT THEY ACCEPT YOUR TREASURES! THEY ARE MISTRUSTFUL OF HERMITS, AND DO NOT BELIEVE THAT WE COME TO GIVE.

'OUR STEPS RING TOO LONELY THROUGH THE STREETS. AND WHEN AT NIGHT THEY HEAR IN THEIR BEDS A MAN GOING BY LONG BEFORE THE SUN HAS RISEN, THEY PROBABLY ASK THEMSELVES: WHERE IS THAT THIEF GOING?

'DO NOT GO TO MEN, BUT STAY IN THE FOREST! GO RATHER TO THE ANIMALS!'

I have loved this advice of the old saint, because animals are innocent: they will not reject you, and they will not be annoyed with you, and they will not crucify you.

I would just like to add to it: Go to the animals, go to the trees - they are more sensitive. Man has become almost insensitive, and the higher the value, the more insensitive he is. He understands only the language of money, power, prestige. He has forgotten the language of love, the language of joy, the language of dance.

'WHY WILL YOU NOT BE AS I AM - A BEAR AMONG BEARS, A BIRD AMONG BIRDS?'

'AND WHAT DOES THE SAINT DO IN THE FOREST?' ASKS ZARATHUSTRA.

THE SAINT ANSWERED, 'I MAKE SONGS AND SING THEM, AND WHEN I MAKE SONGS, I LAUGH, WEEP, AND MUTTER: THUS I PRAISE GOD.

‘WITH SINGING, WEEPING, LAUGHING, AND MUTTERING I PRAISE THE GOD WHO IS MY GOD. BUT WHAT DO YOU BRING US AS A GIFT?’

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HEARD THESE WORDS, HE SALUTED THE SAINT AND SAID: ‘WHAT SHOULD I HAVE TO GIVE YOU! BUT LET ME GO QUICKLY, THAT I MAY TAKE NOTHING FROM YOU!’ AND THUS THEY PARTED FROM ONE ANOTHER, THE OLD MAN AND ZARATHUSTRA, LAUGHING AS TWO BOYS LAUGH.

Zarathustra said, ”What should I have to give to you? You sing, you create songs, you are joyous. In your aloneness you are absolutely happy. What can I give to you? Let me go, I am afraid I may take something from you, and I am already too much burdened with songs, with blissfulness. We both are burdened. You have chosen to live with the bears as a bear; to live with the birds as a bird; to live with the trees as a tree. I have chosen to go back to man, and to live as a man. I have nothing to give to you. You have got it.” They understood each other, and the old man and Zarathustra, laughing as two boys, parted from one another.

BUT WHEN ZARATHUSTRA WAS ALONE, HE SPOKE THUS TO HIS HEART: ‘COULD IT BE POSSIBLE! THIS OLD SAINT HAS NOT YET HEARD IN HIS FOREST THAT GOD IS DEAD!’

This is something to be understood by anybody who is in search of truth, in search of religiousness, in search of spiritual growth: that God is only a hypothesis. It is only a way of saying that God is dead - God has never been alive. It is just to satisfy man’s curiosity that the cunning minds have invented the idea of God. It is not a revelation, it is just imagination, and forced by conditioning for centuries.

But in his heart he said: Could it be possible that such a beautiful old man who makes songs and sings, who lives with birds and trees and animals, has not yet heard in his forest that God is dead? - that he is still talking of loving God?

With Zarathustra and with Friedrich Nietzsche I agree totally. Just my expression is different. I want to say that God has never been alive; there has never been any God. God is an invention out of fear, or out of greed, or out of frustrations in life. God is the invention of those who were not able to learn the art of life.

And because they could not dance, they started condemning dance. In fact they themselves were crippled because they could not live. Life needs alertness, intelligence, patience, tolerance. Because they could not create these qualities in themselves, they created the idea that life is something wrong: it has to be renounced. But you cannot renounce anything unless there is something bigger to get by your renunciation. So God is the greatest projection of greed: Renounce the world, and you can get God. Renounce the world and you can get paradise.

These are the inventions of the escapists, of the crippled, of the retarded; of those who have not been able to learn the art of love, the art of living, who don’t know how to sing, who don’t know how to dance. Naturally, one who does not know how to dance will condemn dance. One who does not know how to sing will condemn singing. That is a defense measure to hide one’s crippledness, to hide one’s ignorance.

God is the creation of the unwise, not of the wise. It is the creation of the slaves, not of those who love freedom.

Zarathustra is immensely in love with life and all that life provides. He is the only mystic with immense affirmation of life. There is no place for renouncing anything - life is a gift of existence. Learn to enjoy it! Relish in it! Dance with the trees, and dance with the stars. Love without jealousy. Live without competition. Accept everybody without judgment. And then there is no need for any God. And there is no need for any paradise.

We can transform this very earth into a divine existence. Our very life can become the expression of godliness.

I am all for godliness because godliness is a quality you can learn, you can grow. God is just a dead idea. The sooner it is dropped, the better, because it unnecessarily wastes your time.

Millions of people are praying around the earth, not knowing that there is nobody to hear their prayers. Millions are worshiping stone statues. If they cannot love living human beings, how is it possible for them to love stone statues? But stone statues are comfortable. They don't create any trouble. You can do anything you want: you can pour water over them or milk over them, you can offer them rotten coconuts, and they will not even object. You can say anything in any language, right or wrong, to the stone statue, it does not matter.

Love needs the other to be living, alive. But then you have to learn the art.

It is one of the stupidities that no university in the world teaches people the art of living, the art of loving, the art of meditating. And I think anything else is far lower than love, life, meditation, laughter. You may be a great surgeon, you may be a great engineer, you may be a great scientist - still you will need a sense of humor, still you will need the art of love, still you will need the art of living, still you will need all these great values in your life.

But you will be surprised: I teach only these things - love, life, laughter, and as a background for all these, meditation - but the government of India is not willing to accept this school as an institution of education. They would accept it as an institution of education, if I was teaching geography, history, chemistry, physics - the mundane things of life.

I don't say that they should not be taught, but they should not be the only education. They should be a lower kind of education, and each university should have a higher faculty of education where you are taught real values of life... because geography cannot make you a better man, nor can history make you a better lover, nor can chemistry make you meditative.

All that is being taught in the universities cannot give you the sense of humor. You cannot laugh, you cannot dance, you cannot sing. Your life becomes almost like a desert.

Zarathustra would like your life to be a garden where birds sing, where flowers blossom, where trees dance, where the sun comes with joy. Zarathustra is absolutely for life, and that is the reason why he does not have many followers. The poisoners, the destructive people, have millions of followers. And a unique teacher and a unique mystic whose whole message is love and life, has got the smallest religion in the world.

Zarathustra's religion should be the only religion. All other religions should be buried in the cemeteries, because except for life there is no God, and except for love there is no prayer.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 3

Prologue part 3

27 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART 3

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA ARRIVED AT THE NEAREST OF THE TOWNS LYING AGAINST THE FOREST, HE FOUND IN THAT VERY PLACE MANY PEOPLE ASSEMBLED IN THE MARKET SQUARE: FOR IT HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT A TIGHT-ROPE WALKER WOULD BE APPEARING. AND ZARATHUSTRA SPOKE THUS TO THE PEOPLE:

I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN. MAN IS SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE OVERCOME. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OVERCOME HIM?

ALL CREATURES HITHERTO HAVE CREATED SOMETHING BEYOND THEMSELVES: AND DO

YOU WANT TO BE THE EBB OF THIS GREAT TIDE, AND RETURN TO THE ANIMALS RATHER THAN OVERCOME MAN?

WHAT IS THE APE TO MEN? A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT. AND JUST SO SHALL MAN BE TO THE SUPERMAN: A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT.

YOU HAVE MADE YOUR WAY FROM WORM TO MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS STILL WORM. ONCE YOU WERE APES, AND EVEN NOW MAN IS MORE OF AN APE THAN ANY APE.

BUT HE WHO IS THE WISEST AMONG YOU, HE ALSO IS ONLY A DISCORD AND HYBRID OF PLANT AND OF GHOST. BUT DO I BID YOU BECOME GHOSTS OR PLANTS?

BEHOLD, I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN.

THE SUPERMAN IS THE MEANING OF THE EARTH. LET YOUR WILL SAY: THE SUPERMAN SHALL BE THE MEANING OF THE EARTH!

I ENTREAT YOU, MY BROTHERS, REMAIN TRUE TO THE EARTH, AND DO NOT BELIEVE THOSE WHO SPEAK TO YOU OF SUPERTERRESTRIAL HOPES! THEY ARE POISONERS, WHETHER THEY KNOW IT OR NOT

ONCE BLASPHEMY AGAINST GOD WAS THE GREATEST BLASPHEMY, BUT GOD DIED, AND THEREUPON THESE BLASPHEMERS DIED TOO. TO BLASPHEME THE EARTH IS NOW THE MOST DREADFUL OFFENCE AND TO ESTEEM THE BOWELS OF THE INSCRUTABLE MORE HIGHLY THAN THE MEANING OF THE EARTH.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

EVERY STATEMENT of Zarathustra is so pregnant with meaning that it is almost impossible to bring out all the implications, to open up all the mysteries hidden in it. And it becomes more difficult because he is absolutely against any tradition, any orthodoxy, any past. Ordinarily, our statements can be interpreted in the light of the past. They contain the past. They are conclusions of the past.

With Zarathustra, the situation is just the opposite. His statements contain the future, and the future is vast, the future is multidimensional. We can say definite things about the past because it is dead.

About the future, we can only say probabilities, possibilities, potentialities because the future is open. It has yet to happen, and there is no possibility to predict it - that's its beauty, that's its unknowability, that's its grandeur.

Looking at the future, you can feel only a deep awe, a wonder, a surprise. In each nook and corner, so many treasures are hidden that unless you come to them, there is no way to say anything about them.
Gautam Buddha is simple, so is Jesus, so is Mahavira - they are all conclusions of the past.

Zarathustra is a prophecy for the future.

This should be remembered: that he is the most unpredictable mystic in the whole history of man. WHEN ZARATHUSTRA ARRIVED AT THE NEAREST OF THE TOWNS LYING AGAINST THE FOREST, HE FOUND IN THAT VERY PLACE MANY PEOPLE ASSEMBLED IN THE MARKET SQUARE: FOR IT HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT A TIGHT-ROPE WALKER WOULD BE APPEARING.

Man is so miserable, that he wants to forget his misery in any kind of entertainment, howsoever stupid it may look to those who have a little intelligence. All our games are childish, but millions of people are so interested in them, as if they are going to give them a new life, a transformed being, as if they are going to take away their misery, their dark night of the soul.

If it is announced that a tightrope walker is appearing, thousands of people will assemble, just to see somebody walking on a tightrope - as if these people don't have anything significant to do in their lives; as if they don't know what to do with the time that existence has given them.

Zarathustra found this assembly. Certainly, these were not the people who deserve a Zarathustra and his message, but these are the only kind of people all over the earth - there is no other kind. Hence, ZARATHUSTRA SPOKE THUS TO THE PEOPLE... without bothering whether they deserved it, whether they would even be able to comprehend what he is saying.

He is like a raincloud, so burdened with wisdom that he wants to rain anywhere. He wants to empty himself. The riches of his joy, his silence, his blissfulness have become so heavy that he needs anybody to share them. The question is not whether they deserve it or not. Certainly, this was not the assembly to hear him; but a raincloud even rains on stones, rocks, on infertile land. The raincloud cannot discriminate; his whole problem is how to unburden himself.

The first sentence that he uttered contains his whole philosophy, his whole religion: I

TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN.

Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him? Nobody has said it so pointedly, so clearly that man has to transcend himself; that he has to go beyond himself; that man is something that should be overcome. You should not be satisfied by just remaining man. You should move beyond all that is human. Everything that is within you belongs to man.

To be a superman means dropping your mind, dropping your ideologies, dropping your instincts, dropping your intelligence, moving totally beyond all your conceptions about man. The superman is his teaching; and his insight about it is derived from a very natural phenomenon.

ALL CREATURES HITHERTO HAVE CREATED SOMETHING BEYOND THEMSELVES That's the whole theory of evolution: every creature has produced something beyond itself. The apes have created man. You cannot even conceive that they are your forefathers. The distance is so much; the transcendence is so great.

Scientists say life began in the oceans, with a fish. From the fish to man, every creature has been giving birth to something that transcends him. But suddenly, coming to man, the whole evolution has stopped. Man simply gives birth to another man.

AND DO YOU WANT TO BE THE EBB OF THIS GREAT TIDE, AND RETURN TO THE ANIMALS RATHER THAN OVERCOME MAN?

WHAT IS THE APE TO MEN? A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT. AND JUST SO SHALL MAN BE TO THE SUPERMAN: A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT.

YOU HAVE MADE YOUR WAY FROM WORM TO MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS STILL WORM.

In fact, the whole of evolution from the fish to man is still within you. It has left its footprints in your consciousness. Every child in the nine months of mother's womb, passes through all the stages that humanity has passed, from fish to man.

We have all the tendencies which prove that, even if Darwin is not found to be right biologically, psychologically he cannot be refuted. Your mind still carries the monkey; your behavior is still below human; your humanity is not skin-deep - just a little scratch and you will find the gorilla coming out. Just a little humiliation, and you are ready to kill or to be killed. You are carrying all the violence of all the animals; you are carrying all the instincts of all the animals.

ONCE YOU WERE APES, AND EVEN NOW MAN IS MORE OF AN APE THAN ANY APE. Because apes have not created world wars - they are simple beings. They are not piling up nuclear weapons to commit a global suicide. Man's violence seems to be unlimited.

BUT HE WHO IS THE WISEST AMONG YOU, HE ALSO IS ONLY A DISCORD AND HYBRID OF PLANT AND OF GHOST. BUT DO I BID YOU BECOME GHOSTS OR PLANTS?

Even the wisest amongst you behave in moments of weakness like fools, idiots. The idiot is not very far away; he is just hiding behind you; a little provocation and he comes out and takes you over. Your mastery is so superficial; it can be destroyed so easily.

Even the wisest amongst you is a discord; is not a harmony; is not an organic unity; is not an orchestra. There are so many voices, a big crowd, that everybody is carrying within himself. Have you not observed the crowd within? How many people live inside you? How many faces do you have? Perhaps you have not even counted; perhaps there are too many to be counted.

When a Sufi mystic went to his master, renouncing the world, his family and friends, the family and the friends and the whole village came to see him go. Perhaps they might not see him again - he was going on a long pilgrimage to find a master. Their eyes were full of tears.

He tried to console them and he said to them, "Now you should go back. This is the boundary of our town, the river. Now let me be alone. Don't delay me."

He reached the mountains and when he entered the hut of his master, the master looked at him and said, "You can come in, but alone." He looked to both sides; there was nobody else. He said, "I am alone."

The master said, "Don't look sideways. Look inside. I can see a crowd, a crowd of your friends, your relatives, your family, your neighbors - full of tears in their eyes. Just leave them outside. Until you are alone, don't enter, because I can deal only with individuals, not with mobs, not with crowds."

The man closed his eyes and was surprised. All the people that he had left far behind, were still there in the mind - their memories, their images. He went out and had to remain outside for three months, just sitting by the side of the door where people used to leave their shoes. Having nothing else to do, he would polish their shoes while they were meeting with the master.

But his desire and longing were sincere. Polishing the shoes of the visitors for three months, slowly, slowly, the crowd dispersed. And one day, the master came out, took his hand in his hands, and invited him in. The master said, "Now there is no need to wait outside. You are alone and our work can begin."

”Even the wisest,” says Zarathustra, ”are nothing but a crowd - not a single voice but so many voices, a marketplace, contradicting each other, no harmony, no accord.”

BEHOLD, I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN.

THE SUPERMAN IS THE MEANING OF THE EARTH. LET YOUR WILL SAY: THE SUPERMAN SHALL BE THE MEANING OF THE EARTH!

I ENTREAT YOU, MY BROTHERS, REMAIN TRUE TO THE EARTH

What does he mean by superman? - exactly what I mean by the new man. I have dropped the word ”super” for a certain reason. It can be misunderstood: it has been misunderstood. It gives the idea that the man who is going to succeed you will be superior. It humiliates you. And perhaps that is the reason why the superman has not arrived, because who wants to be inferior? If the superman is going to make you a laughingstock, perhaps that is the basic reason why man has not only not tried to go beyond himself, he has done everything to prevent anyone going beyond himself.

Perhaps man crucifies Jesus for a certain reason: Jesus was an insult to humanity. He poisons Socrates, perhaps not knowing exactly why, but I can see that the very presence of Socrates is embarrassing to him, the very height of Socrates, the clarity, the intelligence; in every way the superiority is unbearable.

The crowd cannot tolerate: Socrates has to be destroyed. He makes millions of people feel inferior. It is not that he wants you to feel inferior, he wants you to become as superior as he is. But it is in the very nature of things: neither he wants you to feel inferior nor are you devoid of the longing to be superior. The reality is such that when there is a Socrates, or a Jesus, or a Mansoor, you suddenly feel yourselves pygmies.

Zarathustra is right: WHAT IS THE APE TO MEN? A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT. AND JUST SO SHALL MAN BE TO THE SUPERMAN A LAUGHING-STOCK OR A PAINFUL EMBARRASSMENT?

In my understanding, this is the reason why man has not listened to all those people who could have helped him to a greater, more joyful, more truthful, more authentic, more poetic and more beautiful existence.

I have dropped the word superman very deliberately. I call the coming man, ”the new man.” It does not carry any connotation of superiority; it does not humiliate you. It simply declares the arrival of the new. Words are not just words, they are going to make impressions on you.

Just like Zarathustra, I say unto you: I teach the new man.

My new man is exactly the superman of Zarathustra but I will not call him the superman. That is a wrong word and it has been a great hindrance in the progress of humanity, in many ways.

Adolf Hitler got the idea of superman from Friedrich Nietzsche, from Zarathustra. Adolf Hitler was not a man of great intelligence or a man of great understanding. He was almost a retarded human

being, insane. But the word superman in the hands of Adolf Hitler became the second world war - it killed six millions of people.

Zarathustra would have never thought, nor would Nietzsche have ever conceived, that their philosophy would fall into the hands of a madman; nor of course, that he could interpret it according to his own understanding.

To him, the superman is a super-warrior, a super-soldier, a man of steel. He declared that the Nordic Germans were going to be the race of the coming superman; that they were going to rule over the world. In fact, it is the privilege of the superman to rule over all those who are inferior.

Strange fate of the word superman! In the hands of a madman, it became something which Zarathustra would have never dreamt.

The German race was privileged to rule over the whole world for the simple reason that it was superior; it was going to be the womb of the superman. The superman was the salt of the earth, the superman was the meaning of the earth.

The same word, superman, was used by Sri Aurobindo in India, and the meaning changes completely. In Sri Aurobindo's hand, the superman becomes the immortal man, physically immortal. Spiritually, man has always been told, that he is immortal. Sri Aurobindo gave his own interpretation: "I am working to find the right discipline, the right methodology to transform you into the physically immortal." And the people who were most afraid of death became his disciples.

Just as a tree can be known by its fruits, a master can be known by his disciples.

I have been in contact with many followers of Sri Aurobindo, and one of my friends was in Sri Aurobindo's ashram when he died. I had been arguing with him that this was simply nonsense, that physical immortality was not possible. To be physically immortal, you would have to change the whole program of the cells of the body and there are seven million cells in the body which have the whole program. Even scientists are not able to find a way to change their program.

If we can change their program, then perhaps things can be different. For example, if you want immortality, then man should stop at a certain age and should not grow beyond that - he should remain always young and never become old. If he becomes old, then the next step is the grave.

I told my friend, "You can see Sri Aurobindo is old and soon he will be dying. But this is a beautiful argument, because if he does not die, at least for the time being he goes on living, and his idea remains without being refuted. But if he dies, then with whom are you going to argue? - with the dead body that you used to say was physically immortal? But the person who is dead does not care, he is no more there."

One day, Sri Aurobindo died, and my friend sent me a telegram saying: "Don't be deceived by the newspaper reports. He has not died. He has gone deep into samadhi. He has gone so deep inside himself that now there is no need to breathe, no need for heartbeats. He has gone to look for the final touches of his methodology that will make people immortal."

They kept his body for three days - waiting, singing, praying and hoping that he was not dead, but after three days, the body started stinking. Then they became afraid that to keep the body now was dangerous. People would start spreading the news that the body was stinking, that the man was dead.

The believers were so blind that they immediately put his body into a marble grave, and they still continued to believe that he is working hard inside the grave to find out the secret formula. The Mother, who was in charge of his ashram, really lived for almost a century. That was a proof. Even at that age, she was playing tennis, going to swim but one day she also died.

My friend came, very frustrated. I said, ”What is the problem? Your belief is not absolute; otherwise, instead of one man, one man and one woman - both are going into their graves to find out the secret of physical immortality. And naturally a woman also needs to know because, who knows, there may be different secrets for man and for woman. There is no need to be frustrated.”

He said, ”You are making a laughingstock of me. You have always been against and now you are telling me that I should go back, that those two persons have been deceiving.”

I said, ”They were not deceiving you, you were deceived, that is true, and you were deceived because of your own fear of death.”

I know many followers who are now frustrated because they had gone there to become superman; and superman in Sri Aurobindo’s philosophy means ”physically immortal,” a god in the body. Words can be given any kind of meaning. I have dropped that word completely because both Adolf Hitler and Sri Aurobindo contaminated it completely.

I use a very neutral term: the new man. That was originally the meaning of Zarathustra, that man should not stop where he is. He has many more possibilities to grow, he has not come to the end of the street - there is a long journey ahead. I would like to change this much: the new man is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: the new man shall be the meaning of the earth.

What is the new man? - A man who has dropped all conditions forced upon him from the past; who has dropped all knowledge that is borrowed; who is in search of his own truth, of his own being. His religion is individual, no more an organization, no more a crowd, no more a collectivity. His religion is not synonymous with social morality. His religion can be reduced to a single word, meditation - a state of no-mind, in which he can experience the essential core of his being, which is immortal, which is eternal.

Thousands of possibilities open as you enter into your own subjectivity. You start being showered by absolutely new experiences, you cannot even dream about them. You don’t have words for them, you don’t have images for them: ecstasy, blissfulness, peace that passeth understanding, a living silence - not the silence of the graveyard but the silence of a garden. A silence which is also a song. A silence which has a music in it, a soundless, music, and an overflowing love in all directions, not addressed to anybody.

Just like a fountain, you have so much, and all your sources are bringing more and more love to your being that there is no other way than to shower it - without being concerned whether it reaches

the deserving ones or the undeserving, whether it reaches the saints or the sinners, without any discrimination. A compassion arises because now you know you are part of the whole - to destroy anything is to destroy something of you, to kill anyone is to kill your own part.

The new man will not be higher or holier than you, he will be totally different from you - there is no question of comparison.

You are only a seed.

The new man will be the flower.

It will be your dignity, not your humiliation. You are only potential - it will be your actualization. You are dormant - it will be dancing and alive. It will be your fulfillment. It will be totally different from you and yet it will be your very essence. It will be your glory; it will be your fragrance.

The new man can bring a new humanity, a new world, a new earth.

Zarathustra says, "'I entreat you, my brothers..." In his mind there is no question of superiority. Gautam Buddha cannot address you as "my brothers." Neither can Mohammed address you as "my brothers," nor can Mahavira address you as "my brothers," nor can Jesus. They are so holy and so sacred - so high. How can they call you their brothers?

I am reminded of my first encounter, which started a lifelong friendship with Morarji Desai. We both were invited by a Jaina monk, Acharya Tulsi, to address a big conference. Morarji Desai was, at that time, finance minister of India, under Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the prime minister.

Before addressing the great crowd that had gathered, almost fifty to sixty-thousand people, Acharya Tulsi wanted to meet with the guests separately. There were thirty persons invited from all over India.

Acharya Tulsi was sitting on a high podium and all the guests were sitting on the ground. Morarji Desai was just sitting by my side. And as he came in and sat by my side, I could feel the vibe of anger. I could not understand why he should be angry - what is the problem? - but soon it became clear that there was a problem. As soon as all the guests had come, before Acharya Tulsi could say anything, Morarji Desai said, "Before anything else has to be discussed here, I want to ask two questions. My first question is that, when I came in..."

Traditionally, in the East, we great each other with folded hands. That is a very significant greeting; it means, I bow down to the god within you. It is not so mundane as shaking hands; I call shaking hands mundane because its origin is out of fear. You have to shake hands to show that your right hand is not carrying any weapon, to make the other person clear that your intentions are friendly. It is just to be safe and secure. Folding both your hands and bowing down your head is a recognition of your dignity.

Morarji Desai said, "I did the namaskar" - that's what it is called - "but you did not reply. On the contrary, you raised your one hand, which means 'I bless you.' I am not your disciple and I don't want anybody's blessings. I was your guest; you insulted me.

”Secondly, why are you sitting on a high podium? This is not a meeting that you are going to address. This is just a friendly introduction to the guests. You should have sat with us. I want answers to these two things. Only then can anything else be discussed.”

There was a great silence. It became very awkward. And Acharya Tulsi had no answers although, if he had been a man of a little understanding, the answer was so simple - he could have folded his hands: But a Jaina monk is not allowed to do that. He cannot be respectful to ordinary human beings, he is a holy man. You can touch his feet. He cannot even respect you as his equal. Otherwise, the answer was very simple: he could have stepped down from the podium and sat with us. There was no need to say anything, just to step down from the podium, sit with us, fold his hands, and Morarji Desai’s question was answered.

Such is the stupidity even of your great religious leaders. Acharya Tulsi is a great religious leader of a particular Jaina sect.

Seeing that the situation had become very awkward, I asked Acharya Tulsi, ”Although the question has not been asked of me - the question has been asked of you, but you don’t seem to have the answer - I have the answer. If you are ready, I can answer Morarji Desai.” He was very happy to somehow change the atmosphere that Morarji Desai had created and I said to Morarji Desai also: ”You have not asked me. If you are ready to listen to me, I can answer you but I need your permission too.”

He said, ”It does not matter. I want the answer. Whoever can give the answer is welcome.”

I told him, ”Morarji Desai, twenty-nine other guests have come before you. Everybody was in the same situation, but nobody raised the question. I want to know why you raised the question. Certainly, your ego is hurt; otherwise, what is wrong in receiving the blessings? He is an egoist; he cannot fold his hands with respect towards you. You cannot receive his blessings; they become insults to you. You both are egoists - and just look at the roof!”

There was a big spider. I said, ”That spider is sitting higher than Acharya Tulsi. If just sitting on a higher podium makes one holier, then that spider seems to be the greatest saint here. Acharya Tulsi is stubborn and stupid; otherwise, he should have come down. Even now there is time, he can come down. You both belong to the same category.

”If you were also sitting on the podium, you would never have asked the same question. I know perfectly well you sit on podiums while many people are sitting on the ground. You have never asked, ’Why am I sitting on the podium?’ It is not that Acharya Tulsi is sitting on the podium, the question is really why are you not also sitting on the podium? Neither he has courage to come down, nor you have courage to go up.”

I said, ”Now we can start the discussion, leaving aside these two persons. If they don’t want to participate, the door is open.”

Since then, he has been angry with me. While he was prime minister, he was phoning almost three times a week to the chief minister of Maharashtra, early in the morning, at six o’clock, saying ”Do something - Osho’s work should be stopped; his ashram should be somehow destroyed. Create legal problems - do anything that you can.”

This was reported to me by the chief minister himself: ”What can I do? Three, four times every week, at six o’clock, I hear the phone. I know it is about you and your ashram. Whether he sleeps or not, whether he goes on the whole night thinking about you and your ashram It seems that if your ashram is destroyed, India will have no problems at all; you are the only problem.”

He created as many problems as possible. He is no longer prime minister, but bureaucracy goes on carrying whatever he started - in so many courts, in so many ways.

Zarathustra is very special in this way. He calls: ”I entreat you, my brothers ” That’s what he said to the old saint while coming down to the world. ”I am going to mankind, I love mankind. I want to become a man again. I don’t want to remain a monk forever. It was good to be alone. It was a great experience to be in silence for ten years, but now my cup is overfull and I want to share - I am going down to be a man again.”

I ENTREAT YOU, MY BROTHERS, REMAIN TRUE TO THE EARTH. This is such a pregnant statement. Remember it, because all the religions are teaching just the opposite: Betray the earth, renounce the earth, renounce the world. To be in the world is to be a sinner; to renounce it, one becomes a saint.

Zarathustra is saying, REMAIN TRUE TO THE EARTH, AND DO NOT BELIEVE THOSE WHO SPEAK TO YOU OF SUPERTERRESTRIAL HOPES! - of heaven, of paradise and of all kinds of pleasures that will be available there if you renounce the earth. The only condition is to renounce the earth and its pleasures; and there, faraway in the sky, angels are waiting to welcome you.

All the religions have made every possible pleasure available to the saints in heaven. The same pleasures that are condemned here are made available millionfold. One cannot conceive the illogicality of it, the insanity of it.

Mohammedanism condemns alcohol and gives the hope that those who renounce alcohol, will have, in paradise, rivers of alcohol. It is not available in bottles: you can swim in it, you can drown in it, you can drink. There is no prohibition; no license is needed; you don’t have to pay any money.

Beautiful women are available who are always young. They have been young so long that one is afraid that their youth is so old; it cannot be fresh, it will be stinking. For millions of years, they have remained stuck at the age of sixteen, they don’t grow.

Here, woman is condemned by all religions as the source of sin, as the source of bondage. And in the other world, the same woman is made available and the same is true about all pleasures.

Zarathustra is absolutely right. Do not believe those who speak to you of superterrestrial hopes; they are poisoners, whether they know it or not.

My heart feels so immensely happy, just thinking that twenty-five centuries ago, a man was capable of saying, that they are poisoners - all the priests, all the so-called religious people. They have only poisoned humanity. They have destroyed humanity’s joys, its laughter, its dance - they have crippled everybody.

ONCE BLASPHEMY AGAINST GOD WAS THE GREATEST BLASPHEMY, BUT GOD DIED, AND THEREUPON THESE BLASPHEMERS DIED TOO. TO BLASPHEME THE EARTH IS NOW THE MOST DREADFUL OFFENCE AND TO ESTEEM THE BOWELS OF THE INSCRUTABLE MORE HIGHLY than the meaning of the earth. There is only one blasphemy, according to Zarathustra, and that is blasphemy against the earth and the earthly joys, earthly pleasures.

He is one of the most realistic, pragmatic and practical philosophers the world has ever known. He loves the earth, and he loves all that the earth contains. He has made the earth sacred; and he is alone - a category in himself.

I am in total agreement with Zarathustra because this is my insight too - that unless you are capable of enjoying this moment, here-now, you will not be able to enjoy, ever, anything, anywhere else; because the other moment is going to be born out of this moment. The other world - if there is any other world - is going to be an extension of this world, a continuity. If something is good here, it is going to be good there; and if something is wrong here, it is going to be wrong everywhere in the whole universe. This is a simple, logical, rational approach to life.

Beware of the poisoners. The problem is that they are your leaders - in politics, in religion, in society, in education, everywhere poisoners are your leaders. Beware of them. Beware of your leaders. They are blind and they are leading other blind people. They have brought the whole world to this dangerous situation; they have brought the whole world almost to the point of a global suicide. The whole credit goes to your religious, your political, your philosophical leaders.

It is still time. If anything has to be renounced, renounce the poisoners.

Anybody who is against the earth, is against you, because you are sons and daughters of the earth. Just as the trees are, just as the birds are, this earth is your mother; and anything that grows on this earth is your family.

To make this whole world a big family, an ocean of love, is the only religion I can think of. All else that has been talked about as religion is hypocrisy.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 4

Prologue part 4

28 March 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART 4

WHAT IS THE GREATEST THING YOU CAN EXPERIENCE? IT IS THE HOUR OF THE GREAT CONTEMPT. THE HOUR IN WHICH EVEN YOUR HAPPINESS GROWS LOATHSOME TO YOU, AND YOUR REASON AND YOUR VIRTUE ALSO.

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY HAPPINESS? IT IS POVERTY AND DIRT AND A MISERABLE EASE. BUT MY HAPPINESS SHOULD JUSTIFY EXISTENCE ITSELF!'

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY REASON? DOES IT LONG FOR KNOWLEDGE

AS THE LION FOR ITS FOOD? IT IS POVERTY AND DIRT AND A MISERABLE EASE!'

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY VIRTUE? IT HAS NOT YET DRIVEN ME MAD! HOW TIRED I AM OF MY GOOD AND MY EVIL! IT IS ALL POVERTY AND DIRT AND MISERABLE EASE!

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY, 'WHAT GOOD IS MY PITY? IS NOT PITY THE CROSS UPON WHICH HE WHO LOVES MAN IS NAILED? BUT MY PITY IS NO CRUCIFIXION!'

HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN THUS? HAVE YOU EVER CRIED THUS? AH, THAT I HAD HEARD YOU CRYING THUS!

IT IS NOT YOUR SIN, BUT YOUR MODERATION THAT CRIES TO HEAVEN, YOUR VERY MEANNESS IN SINNING CRIES TO HEAVEN!

WHERE IS THE LIGHTNING TO LICK YOU WITH ITS TONGUE? WHERE IS THE MADNESS, WITH WHICH YOU SHOULD BE CLEANSED?

BEHOLD, I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN: HE IS THIS LIGHTNING, HE IS THIS MADNESS!

MAN IS A ROPE, FASTENED BETWEEN ANIMAL AND SUPERMAN - A ROPE OVER AN ABYSS.

A DANGEROUS GOING-ACROSS, A DANGEROUS WAYFARING, A DANGEROUS LOOKINGBACK, A DANGEROUS SHUDDERING AND STAYING-STILL.

WHAT IS GREAT IN MAN IS THAT HE IS A BRIDGE AND NOT A GOAL; WHAT CAN BE LOVED IN MAN IS THAT HE IS A GOING-ACROSS AND A DOWN-GOING.

I LOVE THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW HOW TO LIVE EXCEPT THEIR LIVES BE A DOWN-GOING, FOR THEY ARE THOSE WHO ARE GOING ACROSS.

I LOVE THE GREAT DESPISERS, FOR THEY ARE THE GREAT VENERATORS AND ARROWS OF LONGING FOR THE OTHER BANK.

I LOVE THOSE WHO DO NOT FIRST SEEK BEYOND THE STARS FOR REASONS TO GO DOWN AND BE SACRIFICES: BUT WHO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES TO THE EARTH, THAT THE EARTH MAY ONE DAY BELONG TO THE SUPERMAN.

I LOVE HIM WHO LIVES FOR KNOWLEDGE AND WHO WANTS KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE DAY THE SUPERMAN MAY LIVE. AND THUS HE WILLS HIS OWN DOWNFALL

I LOVE HIM WHO LOVES HIS VIRTUE: FOR VIRTUE IS WILL TO DOWNFALL AND AN ARROW OF LONGING

I LOVE HIM WHO DOES NOT WANT TOO MANY VIRTUES. ONE VIRTUE IS MORE VIRTUE THAN TWO, BECAUSE IT IS MORE OF A KNOT FOR FATE TO CLING TO

I LOVE HIM WHO IS ASHAMED WHEN THE DICE FALL IN HIS FAVOUR AND WHO THEN ASKS: AM I THEN A CHEAT? - FOR HE WANTS TO PERISH.

I LOVE HIM WHO THROWS GOLDEN WORDS IN ADVANCE OF HIS DEEDS AND ALWAYS PERFORMS MORE THAN HE PROMISED: FOR HE WILLS HIS OWN DOWNFALL.

I LOVE HIM WHO JUSTIFIES THE MEN OF THE FUTURE AND REDEEMS THE MEN OF THE PAST: FOR HE WANTS TO PERISH BY THE MEN OF THE PRESENT.

I LOVE HIM WHO CHASTISES HIS GOD BECAUSE HE LOVES HIS GOD: FOR HE MUST PERISH BY THE ANGER OF HIS GOD.

I LOVE HIM WHOSE SOUL IS DEEP EVEN IN ITS ABILITY TO BE WOUNDED, AND WHOM EVEN A LITTLE THING CAN DESTROY: THUS HE IS GLAD TO GO OVER THE BRIDGE

I LOVE ALL THOSE WHO ARE LIKE HEAVY DROPS FALLING SINGLY FROM THE DARK CLOUD THAT HANGS OVER MANKIND: THEY PROPHESY THE COMING OF THE LIGHTNING AND AS PROPHETS THEY PERISH.

BEHOLD, I AM THE PROPHET OF THE LIGHTNING AND A HEAVY DROP FROM THE CLOUD: BUT THIS LIGHTNING IS CALLED SUPERMAN.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra continues to talk to the audience, which consists only of the blind and the deaf and the heartless. But his love and his compassion is such that he does not ask them to be worthy to understand him.

I am reminded of Bodhidharma, a man of the same height of consciousness as Zarathustra. He remained sitting before a wall, facing the wall, keeping his back towards the audience for nine years. People would come, but he would talk to the wall; people would ask questions, but he would answer to the wall.

The emperor of China, Wu, was very much puzzled with this strange man. He asked him, ”Why do you face the wall? this is absolutely unheard of. You are talking to the people; you should face them.” Bodhidharma had tears in his eyes, and still facing the wall he said, ”I have talked for many years to many people, facing them, but I have always found I am talking to the wall. They hear, but they don’t listen. They appear to understand, but they only misunderstand.”

And particularly a man like Zarathustra or Bodhidharma is bound to be misunderstood, because they are absolutely non-compromising with your lies, with your beliefs. Their truth is going to shatter you completely. To protect yourself, either you don’t hear what they are saying or you interpret it in such a way that it does not disturb you. You will be extremely surprised that modern research has found that almost ninety-eight percent is being censored out - only two percent reaches to you.

Zarathustra is saying tremendously significant statements which can become the foundation of a new humanity, but he has to be understood with great sympathy. He has to be heard not only by your mind, but by your being too. Unless every cell of your body is thrilled by what he is saying, you will not understand him.

Do not depend only on the mind: mind - rather than understanding - always creates misunderstanding, because mind has already its own prejudices. It clings to its prejudices. It allows in only those things which support its prejudices; otherwise it does not allow them in. Or even if by chance they have entered in, it interprets them, dilutes them, destroys their fire, takes their living quality. They become just hypotheses, they lose their reality, they cannot transform you.

Only a truth that reaches to your heart alive, dancing, is capable of taking you beyond your present state of consciousness. In these statements there are thousands of gems spread all over, but one needs to be a jeweler to understand them.

An old fable of Aesop is: A farmer is returning home with his donkey, and finds by the side of the road, perhaps the biggest diamond in existence, but the poor fellow has no idea that it is a diamond. He has heard the word, but he has never seen one. Still it is shining so beautifully in the sunrays, that he thinks, it is a beautiful stone and I have never given anything to my poor donkey. He will enjoy it very much. So he ties the stone around the neck of the donkey.

As they move on, a jeweler approaching on his horse is so shocked: he has never seen such a great diamond, and that too tied on a donkey's neck. He stops his horse and asks the owner of the donkey, "How much will you take for it?" The farmer said, "It is a stone; perhaps one rupee will be enough."

But greed is such, that the jeweler, knowing it is worth millions of rupees, says, "You are asking too much just for a stone. I will give you eight annas, half a rupee." The farmer thought for a moment, and then he said, "Then let my donkey enjoy it. I am not selling it."

As chance will have it, by great coincidence, another jeweler comes by in his chariot, and almost has a heart attack when he sees He asked the owner, "How much is the price?" Now the owner started becoming a little alert: The stone seems to be precious. He said, "Two rupees will do." Just the poor man's imagination; two rupees are too much.

The first jeweler has gone slowly, just a little bit, hoping that the farmer will think that eight annas, half a rupee, just for a stone is too much. He will agree, he just needs a little time.

But when he saw a chariot standing there, he rushed to the place and he asked the farmer, "Remember I was the first to enquire the price of the stone? I am ready to give you one rupee." The other jeweler said, "I am ready to give him two rupees." And there was a contest; the owner was simply listening. They were talking numbers that he could not understand.

Finally the farmer said, "Don't unnecessarily waste your time; I have decided not to sell it. I don't understand your numbers, but one thing is certain: I have to go to the marketplace and seek a few more opinions about the stone. The stone is not an ordinary stone, that much is certain, and I am very grateful to both of you."

The first man said, "But you are foolish. We are ready to give lakhs of rupees." The farmer laughed, and said to his donkey, "Have you listened? Who is foolish? I was selling it at one rupee, and I was not aware that it is something so precious. Then he said to the jeweler, "I am a poor man, you are a jeweler, you know exactly how much is the value, and still you did not agree to give me just one rupee. Who is foolish? I was ignorant of the fact that it has any value, but you were perfectly aware, and still you wanted to save half a rupee."

They both tried. They said, "We will not conflict. We will purchase it together." He said, "Now it is too late. I have become aware so I am going to the market, and I will ask all the jewelers. First, I will have to find out how much this stone is worth, and then I will think whether I want to sell it or let my donkey enjoy it."

People like Zarathustra, in each of their words, are giving you gems of immense value. But it depends on your understanding, intelligence, alertness; otherwise you will hear them just like

anybody else talking. Remember the same words have different values when they come from different mouths. When an ignorant man speaks, he may be using the same words, but they are empty: They don't have any value. When a man like Zarathustra speaks, the same words immediately become so valuable, because the man behind the word is the meaning of the word. His experience is the content of the word.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST THING YOU CAN EXPERIENCE? It is almost impossible to imagine Zarathustra's answer. He says, IT IS THE HOUR OF THE GREAT CONTEMPT - the contempt for your ignorance, the contempt for your hate, the contempt for your jealousy, the contempt for your mundane life, the contempt for all the animal instincts within you. In short, the contempt for yourself is the greatest experience you can experience. And only those who have gone beyond humanity are the people who have contempt for everything that man consists of.

It is all rotten: your beliefs are rotten; your ideologies are dead; your religions are nothing but imprisonments; your philosophies are just castles in the air.

What do you have? Your life has not produced, has not been creative of something that can make the universe more beautiful, more valuable. You are just a burden on the earth, unnecessarily occupying space, unnecessarily stopping somebody else who may have been a creator, who may have been a Zarathustra.

It hurts for the first time when you hear it: that the greatest thing you can experience is the hour of the great contempt, the hour in which even your happiness grows loathsome to you. What is your happiness?... so mundane, so ordinary, so repetitive: there is nothing great in it. But nobody thinks about what his happiness consists of. Somebody's happiness is good food, somebody's happiness is sexuality, somebody's happiness is accumulation of money, somebody's happiness is fame, somebody's happiness is power.

Jayesh was telling me the other day that one of his friends was writing a book on Indira Gandhi, and remained for many months to watch her life, to ask her questions. One day when they were both alone, he asked a simple question, and he was shocked when he heard the answer; you will also be shocked.

His question was, "We have been discussing great problems - philosophical, political, social, religious, educational - and today I want you to answer me a simple thing. What is your hobby in life?"

That moment in Indira Gandhi's life must have been of tremendous honesty and sincerity. One cannot expect politicians to be sincere, but there are moments. One becomes tired of insincerity, tired of dishonesty, tired of hypocrisy. She was alone and forgot that she was a politician, and answered, "My only hobby is power." But then she must have recognized immediately what she had said. She implored the man, "This is off record, it is just a personal chit-chat: You cannot put it in the book you are writing." The politician is back.

Somebody's happiness is power: power over people, domination, destruction. What are the constituents of your happiness? If you watch intelligently, you will be full of contempt. And your reason Everybody thinks that he is a very rational being. But have you ever thought that you

have so many superstitions which are a solid evidence of the absence of reason, not the presence of reason.

A man of reason cannot have a belief in God. Do you believe in God? A man of reason cannot believe in heaven and hell. Do you believe? A man of reason cannot be a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, because these are different kinds of superstitions. Their differences are not based on any valid evidence. Their differences are so stupid that if you have reason, you will not be able to believe that millions of people are living with these superstitions, believing that they are rational.

In my university, there was a department for yoga, because the vice-chancellor was very much interested in yoga. He thought that he is being very rational, far ahead of his time, because he was the first to introduce yoga as a department in his university. No other university in the whole world had a yoga department. He bragged about it.

One day I could not resist the temptation and I said, ”Enough is enough. I have heard you bragging about this yoga department and you think you have done a great rational service to humanity. Now I want rational proofs. All kinds of distortions of the body, how they are going to help man’s spiritual growth? What relationship is there? And if spiritual growth happens through these distortions, then the head of the department of yoga, who knows all yoga exercises to perfection, he should be a giant like a Gautam Buddha, or a Mahavira.

”But he is a stupid man. He is a proof that all those distortions of the body do not help spiritual growth; perhaps they destroy spiritual growth.” And I have reasons to believe that they destroy. Standing on your head for hours is going to destroy your very fragile brain cells, because so much blood will be coming to the mind, like a flood. And your small head has millions of cells, so tiny and so fragile.

Animals have not been able to develop intelligence, for the simple reason their head and their body is in the same horizontal line. Too much blood runs through their head and does not allow the delicate framework of a brain to develop. Because man is standing on his feet, blood has to go against gravitation towards the head, so a very small amount reaches. That is enough for the nourishment of those cells. It is not a flood, it is just the right proportion.

I asked him, ”Do you use a pillow when you sleep, or not?”

He said, ”I use a pillow, but what does that have to do with yoga?”

I said, ”It does have something to do with it. It keeps your head intact from the flood that will come if it was horizontal with the body. You cannot sleep without a pillow, for the simple reason that the flood is so much it keeps you awake. Your mind cannot be at rest.”

I said, ”You stop bragging about it; otherwise I will start speaking against it in the university. And I know the man you think is a spiritual teacher who heads the department.”

By chance I had come to know him. I was going to New Delhi in a train and at a midway junction the compartment was disconnected from the first train, and was connected to another train that went to

New Delhi. We both were travelling. I was in the compartment and he was to catch the compartment at the junction. I had got off, because the train was going to be there for one hour, so I could take my bath, my breakfast and a little walk.

When I came back to my compartment, what did I see? He had removed my bed, had spread his own bed, and was pretending to be fast asleep. The train was crowded, and there was not even a space to sit. But because I was coming from the original place from where the train starts

I said, ”This is great.” I shook him, but he would not open his eyes. I said to him, ”Remember, it is only difficult to wake up a man if he is awake. If he is asleep, it is not a difficult problem. And soon you will repent.”

I took all his luggage out of the compartment on to the platform. Still he managed... thinking that I cannot be so unkind to him. We were professors in the same university. But I told him, ”You have been ungraceful. You should have asked my permission before you removed my bed. I will see how long you can sleep, because now there are only ten minutes more, and the train will leave, and all your luggage is on the platform.”

Now he became fidgety, and as he heard the first whistle, he jumped up. I said, ”What happened to your great sleep? I was thinking you are in samadhi!”

He said, ”This is very mischievous of you.”

I said, ”You started the game, and I believe in tit for tat.”

But he would not get out. He called a porter from the window, and asked him to bring the luggage in. But I told the porter that ”I will pay you double. Just keep that luggage on the platform.”

The porter said, ”Of course, whoever pays me more.” And finally the third whistle, and the train started moving and the yogi jumped out to take his luggage. Meanwhile, I folded his bed and threw it on the ground and I was fast asleep. He was very angry, and although I was fast asleep he started saying to me, ”This is not good.”

I said, ”Listen, I am fast asleep. You are not supposed to talk to a fast-asleep man. You have learnt your lesson!”

I told the vice-chancellor, ”This stupid man you think is a saint, has some spirituality: he is not even intelligent.

”Because by a very strange coincidence, the train In India everything is possible - only on the platform will the lights come on, and as the train leaves the platform, the lights will disappear, the electricity will be gone. The yoga teacher was sitting on his luggage, because there was no other place. Once I hit on his head in the darkness, and he said, ”Who is hitting me?” And when the lights came on, he enquired again.

I said, ”Why should anybody hit you, unless you have done something wrong.”

He said, ”I have been sitting on my suitcases.”

I said, ”We will see, it is still a long journey and the whole night is ahead.”

A woman was sitting on the upper berth. When the light went off again, I started pulling her saree. So she started screaming, ”Somebody is pulling my saree.”

I said, ”It is nobody. It is this man who is sitting in front of you.” And I put the saree in his hands, and he was such an idiot, that he took it.

He said, ”What is it?” Then the station came, and the whole compartment was against him: ”Throw this man out. He is pretending to be a saint, and pulls the saree of a poor woman who is sitting here.”

I said, ”Now you know that you must be doing something wrong; that’s why somebody was hitting you.”

He went to the bathroom, and I told the two people who were sitting on both sides of him, ”This man has to be thrown out some way, because this is absolutely against Indian culture. In the West it is okay, but in India a monk who pretends to be a celibate and is pulling the saree of a woman cannot be tolerated.” So they said, ”What should be done?”
I said, ”You do one thing: when he sits down you press him from both sides.”

They said, ”That’s a good idea.”

In the darkness the yogi started shouting, ”Two people are pushing me from both sides.” And at that very moment I hit him again, and he said, ”Just forgive me, I will change compartments.”

As the light came on again at another station, he asked the people who were sitting by his side, ”Why were you pushing me?” They said, ”Strange, you seem to be a man of imagination. Why should we push you?” And he said, ”Somebody hit me again on the head.”

I said, ”It is your yoga that has led you into hallucinations.”
He said, ”I want to go out of this compartment. I want to change compartments.” I

said, ”You cannot.”

He said, ”Why?”

I said, ”The whole compartment is agreed on the point that you should be punished the whole night. You can go out, but your luggage we will not allow you to take out.”

And of course he could not leave his luggage, so the whole night all kinds of things were done to him, and in the morning I told him, getting out at New Delhi station, ”You created the game. If you had not pretended... if you had told me that you are tired and you want rest, I would have moved my bed - but you threw it down. And I don’t believe that if you do something wrong in this life, you will be punished in another life. I believe: cash payment! You have been punished enough. Never do such a thing again.”

He said, ”I will never do it again. Just do me one favor: don’t talk about it back in the university.”

I said, ”That I cannot do. I never give any promises. And this whole night has been so juicy, that I am really in a hurry to go back to the university and tell the vice-chancellor and tell all those idiots who are learning yoga exercises from you.”

Not a single yogi in the centuries past has created anything, has discovered anything, has shown any genius.

Just look at what your reason is, and you will feel a contempt for your reason. It is full of blind beliefs, unproved hypotheses, unexperienced faith. Without any proof, without any argument, you are carrying your religion, your philosophy; and you call it reason? It is a thing you should have great contempt for. And for your virtue also.

What is your virtue? Almost everybody thinks he is virtuous. Because you have given some alms to a beggar, you are virtuous? Have you ever thought, in the first place why beggars exist? You exploit and create beggars, and then you give just a small portion - and you become a great virtuous man.

What is your virtue? You don’t have anything to give really; you don’t have love, you don’t have joy, you don’t have any blissfulness: what can you give? All that you have is money, and money is soaked with the blood of those same people. It is a strange game: first make them beggars - then give them alms; and you are virtuous. Give something to an orphanage, and you are virtuous. And most probably that orphanage is having your children, produced by prostitutes. You produce those orphans. You talk against prostitution - if you ask people you will not find a single person who is in favor of prostitution - then why do prostitutes exist? Who goes there?

Poor people cannot go - they don’t have the money. It is the rich people, the middle class people who can afford to go. The middle class people have to go to the prostitutes. The rich class people don’t go there. They have created a new class of prostitutes:call-girls. You just dial their number, and they will be available at your place. And all these people are against prostitutes.

Your priests have been found, all over the world, exploiting sexually, and abusing sexually, small children. Many of them have been jailed. And it does not mean that those who have not been caught are not doing something of the same kind. Most of your monks, saddhus, nuns, sadhvis - are either homosexuals or lesbians, and they are talking against sex, talking about celibacy, but it is only talk.

What is your virtue? You will feel a great contempt for it. It is hypocrisy. It is not virtue.

Zarathustra is very strong.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST THING YOU CAN EXPERIENCE? IT IS THE HOUR OF THE GREAT CONTEMPT. THE HOUR IN WHICH EVEN YOUR HAPPINESS GROWS LOATHSOME TO YOU, AND YOUR REASON AND YOUR VIRTUE ALSO.

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: ‘WHAT GOOD IS MY HAPPINESS?’ IT IS POVERTY AND DIRT AND A MISERABLE EASE. Just look closely, what is your happiness? What are the situations which make you happy? And you will feel a great contempt for them.

BUT MY HAPPINESS SHOULD JUSTIFY EXISTENCE ITSELF! Zarathustra says, ”My happiness is not of miserable ease, of dirt, of poverty. My happiness springs from my own being. It justifies existence.” Your happiness does not arise from yourself. Your name comes up in a lottery and you are happy. What does it prove? Only your poverty. Only a poor man can be happy because a lottery came up in his name.

Anything that comes from outside and makes you happy makes you also a slave, makes you also dependent. What kind of happiness is it that destroys your freedom, that destroys you?

Leo Tolstoy has a beautiful story: A poor tailor used to purchase a ticket every month for the lottery. He had been doing it for twenty years but the lottie never came up in his name. His family, his friends got tired, and told him, ”Why do you waste money? You are so poor, but the ticket has to be purchased. It has become almost a religious ritual.”

But one day the miracle happened. A black limousine came to the poor tailor’s shop and a man came out with a big bag - the tailor had won the lottery! He could not believe it, but he had to believe it when the money was delivered to him.

He was so happy. He locked the door of his shop and threw the key in a well, because now what is the point. He has so much money, he can live his whole life comfortably, enjoying all that is available in the world. But he was not aware that money goes very fast - in prostitutes, in alcohol, in gambling. All kinds of things that he had never imagined, he went through. He lost his health and within two years all the money was gone.

He came back to his shop. People said, ”What happened? You look so old!” He said, ”That goddamned lottery that destroyed my health, that took me to places where I should never have been. But what can you do with money? It is a constant temptation. All is lost; Please help me to find my key.” Some young man went into the well, searched for his key; the key was found, he opened his shop, started his work.

But just out of old habit, he still continued to purchase one ticket every month. Now people said, ”Why are you doing it? It has not been a blessing to you, it has been a curse.” He said, ”I know, and I know that it is not going to happen again; and I don’t want it to happen again.” They said, ”This is strange, then why do you go on purchasing the ticket?” He said, ”If I don’t purchase the ticket, the whole month I feel something is missing. It has become my lifelong habit. I am addicted, so don’t prevent me from purchasing the ticket. You know, for twenty years nothing happened, and I cannot think I have twenty more years to live. Those two years have destroyed me completely.”

But when miracles happen, they happen in a chain. Next year, again the black limousine came, and he said, ”My God! Now I am finished.” The people said, ”You need not do all those things.” He again locked the door, threw the key into the well and he said, ”Now there will be no need to take it out, because I don’t think I can survive. The first lottery almost finished me - seventy-five percent, and this one will finish the remaining twenty-five percent.”

Such is the unconsciousness of man. Again the same round of prostitutes, of drinking alcohol, of gambling What is your happiness? Is it a blessing?

Just a few days ago, I was informed that in America almost one million people suffer from a headache when they make love, and for the next two days the migraine remains. But the strangest thing is they go on doing the same thing again and again, knowing perfectly well that migraine will come, and for two days they will have to suffer. They don't enjoy sex, they cannot; it is a curse to them, but the stupidity, the insanity, the unawareness, leads them. After two, three days, when the migraine is gone, they start feeling again an urge - they have forgotten. Perhaps they have started hoping that it may not happen again. Their whole life is a proof that it has been happening again and again.

What is your happiness? Unless your happiness comes from within you, just as flowers come from the inner juices of the tree If your happiness is a flower of your being, it justifies existence. All your so-called happiness of power, and money, and prestige is just a migraine.

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY REASON? DOES IT LONG FOR KNOWLEDGE AS THE LION FOR ITS FOOD?

IT IS POVERTY AND DIRT AND A MISERABLE EASE!' An authentic, reasoning man is always in search of truth. Reason is the hunger for truth. Is your reason a hunger for truth? Is your reason a thirst for truth? Are you ready to sacrifice everything to find the truth? Just as the lion goes in search of food, reason goes in search of truth, in search of wisdom. Any other reason is nothing but dirt, poverty, and a miserable ease.

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY VIRTUE? IT HAS NOT YET DRIVEN ME MAD!'

A virtuous man cannot compromise with the lies of the society. A virtuous man will destroy the causes, not the symptoms. He will not be satisfied and comfortable by giving donations to a few institutions.

Anando was seeing a chartered accountant in Bombay who has a charitable trust - tax exempt. The trust is for providing food for stray dogs, so he goes in his car, with food for the dogs. Those stray dogs are in the poor sections of Bombay, where hungry boys and girls are standing - and he is feeding the dogs! He is thought to be a very virtuous, a very charitable man. What kind of virtue is this? And he feels great pride that he is the only one who takes care of the stray dogs.

Humanity is going to die. Half of this country is going to starve to death by the end of this century; but he is immensely happy that he is taking care of stray dogs. The poor boys are standing there with their big bellies and thin limbs, hungry, hoping that somebody will give something to them. But his virtue, his charity, does not include them. He has found a good way to feel himself a pious man, a religious man.

The same man is ready to take any kind of bribe. In fact, all that virtue is a very minimum part of all the bribes that he accumulates. Taking bribes is not a problem: because, he is making absolute arrangements in the otherworld by feeding the dogs.

Is your virtue just a cover-up of all your sins, of all your unvirtuous acts, of all your inhuman behavior to human beings?

THE HOUR WHEN YOU SAY: 'WHAT GOOD IS MY PITY? IS NOT PITY THE CROSS UPON WHICH HE WHO LOVES MAN IS NAILED? BUT MY PITY IS NO CRUCIFIXION!'

Jesus Christ is crucified, but none of his popes, in two thousand years, has been crucified, and they are his representatives. Yes, they have a golden cross hanging around their neck on a golden chain. What a great capacity to deceive yourself! Your neck has to be on the cross, not the cross hanging on your neck; and that too of gold.

Jesus was only thirty-three years old, a young man and a carpenter's son, accustomed to carrying big logs and wood from the forest to his father's shop. He was given such a big and heavy cross that he fell three times before he reached to the destination. It was not made of gold. There were soldiers around him, lashing him when he fell: "Get up! Take the cross on your shoulders, and move."

If your compassion, your pity, is just a comfortable idea, you should feel contempt for it.

The pope runs a bank; Jesus was a beggar. The pope's bank has been found guilty of changing black money into white - millions of dollars - that is its whole business, and those millions of black dollars, changed into white money, are coming from the sale of heroin and other drugs. The pope goes on giving sermons against drugs, and the whole Vatican is supported by the money that comes from the drug sales.

The Italian government has issued an arrest warrant for the director of the pope's bank. But they cannot enter the Vatican, because that eight square mile area is considered to be an independent country. It is in the middle of Rome. The man who was the head of the bank was only a bishop. Rather than handing him over to the police he has been promoted. Now he has become an archbishop; and the pope is hiding him. The Italian police cannot enter into the Vatican, and the business continues.

The pope goes on preaching around the world that religious people should not take part in politics, and he sent one hundred million dollars to a party in Poland to fight against the communists. If that is not taking part in politics, then what is taking part in politics? Man is such a deceiver; not only deceiving others, he deceives himself.

Zarathustra is right: if you look into those qualities for which you feel proud, you will feel contempt, and that is the greatest thing that can happen to a man, because only after that contempt will you make some effort to go beyond man, towards the superman.

HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN THUS? HAVE YOU EVER CRIED THUS? AH, THAT I HAD HEARD YOU CRYING THUS! Deep down, however clever and cunning you may be, you ARE aware that your virtue is false, your religion is a formality, your morality is a social mannerism, your honesty is just a facade.

IT IS NOT YOUR SIN, - and this is a great statement - IT IS NOT YOUR SIN, BUT YOUR MODERATION THAT CRIES TO HEAVEN, YOUR VERY MEANNESS IN SINNING CRIES TO HEAVEN! He is saying that the superman will be total in every one of his acts. Totality will be his joy and his reward. What you call sin is not the problem, but your moderation. You sin, but halfheartedly. You cannot even sin with your totality. You cannot even be sincere in your sin.

Zarathustra is against what you have heard Confucius teaching: the golden mean. Confucius is more a social and political thinker: Never go to the extreme, always remain in the middle. But

remaining in the middle, you will never be able to live anything in its totality. The insight of Zarathustra is: if you can live your life of sin in totality it will disappear. It is your moderation that causes it to go on lingering your whole life. It is your hypocrisy that does not allow it to be experienced, because the experience itself will be such you will not repeat it. But because you are halfhearted, the incomplete experience goes on urging you to complete it. Every incomplete experience has the tendency for completion.

IT IS NOT YOUR SIN, BUT YOUR MODERATION THAT CRIES TO HEAVEN, YOUR VERY MEANNESS IN SINNING CRIES TO HEAVEN!

There has been a prohibition for alcohol, but all bureaucrats, all top-ranking officials, all so-called political leaders were drinking without any problem. They have power - the prohibition is for others; nobody can prevent them. This is meanness.

Every political leader exploits his country. He promises the country that he is going to do great things. Those promises are never fulfilled.

On the other hand, he goes on filling his treasury with as much money as possible. Those who give money are favored by licenses, by new permissions to make factories. Those who don't give money are arrested, their houses are searched, and just a small loophole is enough to torture them.

Man's meanness is tremendous: One of the prime ministers of India, Indira Gandhi, forced people like Jay Prakash and thousands of others into jail. It was the jail that killed him, because he could not get the right treatment. His kidneys were not functioning, and he was released only when it was certain that now no cure is possible. But at his funeral, Indira Gandhi was present, Rajiv Gandhi was present, Sanjay Gandhi was present. The funeral was almost official. All great leaders and all great officers and generals of armies were present: and they were the real killers of the man.

When Morarji Desai came into power - he was in jail in Indira Gandhi's time - his whole effort was to force Indira into jail. Are these children? Have they any intelligence and wisdom? And now, even today, the same policy continues. Kirloskar, one of the industrialists of Poona, was arrested and kept five days in jail. And the reason was that he is a relative of Morarji Desai. His daughter is married to Desai's son.

Ramakrishna Bajaj's factories and all his offices were raided because he did not contribute to Rajiv Gandhi's election fund. He was a follower of Jay Prakash and he was against Indira Gandhi. Now those people are being tortured. Of course, they always find some legal jargon to torture people. But meanness is the real sin. One should be clean of all meanness, and that will become a transcendence.

WHERE IS THE LIGHTNING TO LICK YOU WITH ITS TONGUE? WHERE IS THE MADNESS, WITH WHICH YOU SHOULD BE CLEANSED? One needs almost to be so extreme, if he to transcend this ugly humanity, that people will call him mad. They have called Gautam Buddha mad, they have called Jesus mad, they have called Socrates mad. Anybody who is not part of the crowd insanity, who goes beyond it, is condemned by the crowd as mad. But such madness is the only way to be cleansed.

BEHOLD, I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN: HE IS THIS LIGHTNING, HE IS THIS MADNESS!...

MAN IS A ROPE FASTENED BETWEEN ANIMAL AND SUPERMAN - A ROPE OVER AN ABYSS. Man is not a being, but a process - not a being, but a becoming. A dog is born a dog, and dies a dog. It is not absolutely so with man.

Gautam Buddha is born as a man and dies as a god. But to attain to this state, one has to be the lightning that burns all that is rotten in you, and one has to be mad enough to go beyond all the hypocrisies, all the mannerisms, all the facades that man has created to remain where he is without growing.

MAN IS A ROPE FASTENED BETWEEN ANIMAL AND SUPERMAN - A ROPE OVER AN ABYSS.

A DANGEROUS GOING-ACROSS, A DANGEROUS WAYFARING, A DANGEROUS LOOKINGBACK, A DANGEROUS SHUDDERING AND STAYING-STILL.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a going-across and a down-going.

Man is not static: he is change, and that is what is beautiful in him. Man is not dead but alive - that is what is lovable in him. He has to go across from animal to superman. He has also to gather courage to go down from his high peaks of being a superman, to give the message and the joy and the dance to all those who are left behind, who have become static and who are not moving, and who are not changing.

I LOVE THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW HOW TO LIVE, EXCEPT THEIR LIVES BE A DOWNGOING, FOR THEY ARE THOSE WHO ARE GOING ACROSS.

One of Zarathustra's greatest contributions is this: that once you have reached to the point of enlightenment, to the point of awakening, you should not remain there. That is too selfish - you should come back. Because millions of people are there; perhaps their thirst is asleep, perhaps they are not aware of their hunger. You have to provoke them and challenge them, and you have to guide them and you have to show them the path: how they can also go across, how they can also change from the animal to the superman.

I LOVE THE GREAT DESPISERS, FOR THEY ARE THE GREAT VENERATORS AND ARROWS OF LONGING FOR THE OTHER BANK. THESE WOR+DS SHOULD BE WRITTEN IN GOLD: I LOVE THE GREAT DESPISERS, FOR THEY ARE THE GREAT VENERATORS AND ARROWS OF LONGING FOR THE OTHER BANK. A man who has no longing to go beyond, no longing to climb the Everest of consciousness is not worthy to be called a man.

I LOVE THOSE WHO DO NOT FIRST SEEK BEYOND THE STARS FOR REASONS TO GO DOWN AND TO BE SACRIFICES: BUT WHO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES TO THE EARTH, THAT THE EARTH MAY ONE DAY BELONG TO THE SUPERMAN. You have been told by all the religions that to sacrifice yourself to attain the kingdom of God. Zarathustra says, "Sacrifice yourself to the earth that the earth may one day belong to the superman." Become the herald of the coming morning. Make the way for the superman to happen.

I LOVE HIM, WHO LIVES FOR KNOWLEDGE AND WHO WANTS KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE DAY THE SUPERMAN MAY LIVE. AND THUS HE WILLS HIS OWN DOWNFALL. A man who wants the

superman is certainly wanting that the man should disappear: the man should disappear into the superman.

I LOVE HIM WHO LOVES HIS VIRTUE: FOR VIRTUE IS WILL TO DOWNFALL AND AN ARROW OF LONGING I LOVE HIM WHO DOES NOT WANT TOO MANY VIRTUES. ONE VIRTUE IS MORE VIRTUE THAN TWO, BECAUSE IT IS MORE OF A KNOT FOR FATE TO CLING TO.

One should be one-pointed, a single arrow with your whole energy. Only then you can pass the dangerous abyss between animal and superman. Many virtues are not needed.

Zarathustra says, I conceive only one virtue: the longing for transcendence, the longing for the beyond. The longing not to remain man, but to go beyond man, to become God.

I LOVE HIM WHO IS ASHAMED WHEN THE DICE FALL IN HIS FAVOUR AND WHO THEN ASKS: AM I THEN A CHEAT? - FOR HE WANTS TO PERISH. It is not a great virtue to be successful, successful as a man, because success needs all kinds of meanness, all kinds of fallacies, all kinds of false promises. Success needs violence. The successful man is not a man of love, is not a man of compassion.

The truly compassionate man, the truly loving man is ready to dissolve himself, so that something great may arise. He wants to become the manure for the roses to grow.

I LOVE HIM WHO THROWS GOLDEN WORDS IN ADVANCE OF HIS DEEDS AND ALWAYS PERFORMS MORE THAN HE PROMISED: FOR HE WILLS HIS OWN DOWNFALL.

I LOVE HIM WHO JUSTIFIES THE MEN OF THE FUTURE AND REDEEMS THE MEN OF THE PAST: FOR HE WANTS TO PERISH BY THE MEN OF THE PRESENT.

I LOVE HIM WHO CHASTISES HIS GOD BECAUSE HE LOVES HIS GOD: FOR HE MUST PERISH BY THE ANGER OF HIS GOD.

I LOVE HIM WHOSE SOUL IS DEEP EVEN IN ITS ABILITY TO BE WOUNDED, AND WHOM EVEN A LITTLE THING CAN DESTROY: THUS HE IS GLAD TO GO OVER THE BRIDGE.

He is not afraid of death, because he knows, unless the seed dies the plant will not grow. Unless the seed dies there will not be any flowers. He is ready to die. In this courage he is capable to go gladly over the bridge, which is dangerous.

The journey of transcendence is dangerous. You will be disappearing and something new will come into existence. You will be sacrificing yourself for the new to arrive, but this sacrifice is a great bliss, because you are a creator - you have become a womb for the new, and for the great.

I LOVE ALL THOSE WHO ARE LIKE HEAVY DROPS FALLING SINGLY FROM THE DARK CLOUD THAT HANGS OVER MANKIND: THEY PROPHESY THE COMING OF THE LIGHTNING AND AS PROPHETS THEY PERISH.

BEHOLD, I AM THE PROPHET OF THE LIGHTNING AND A HEAVY DROP FROM THE CLOUD: BUT THIS LIGHTNING IS CALLED Superman.

Zarathustra is saying that the prophet proclaims about the future, stakes everything for the future, dies for the future, so that this planet can become a paradise; so this humanity need not be mean, need not be anymore full of things which have to be condemned; so that this humanity becomes pure and innocent.

Just as at the beginning of the rains the clouds come - they herald only the beginning of the rain and the lightning.

Zarathustra says, ”I am the prophet of the lightning. I want you to be aware that soon the superman will be appearing. Be ready to receive him.

The only way to receive him is to be ready to sacrifice yourself.”

This lightning is called superman, because this lightning is the beginning of a new season, of a new climate. The earth will become green, and the dead trees will become alive, and the naked branches will be with foliage, and there will be flowers all around.

I have told you that my word for the superman is the new man, because the word superman carries in it the idea of superiority. In existence nothing is superior and nothing is inferior - things are only unique, and different.

The new man will be different and unique. The new man will not be serious, the new man will have a sense of humor, the new man will not be tense and anxious, and full of anguish; instead he will be full of joy. The new man will be able to dance and sing and play and be a small child.

The new man is the hope for the whole of humanity.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 5

Prologue part 5

28 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART 5

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HAD SPOKEN THESE WORDS HE LOOKED AGAIN AT THE PEOPLE AND FELL SILENT. THERE THEY STAND (HE SAID TO HIS HEART), THERE THEY LAUGH: THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME, I AM NOT THE MOUTH FOR THESE EARS.

MUST ONE FIRST SHATTER THEIR EARS TO TEACH THEM TO HEAR WITH THEIR EYES? MUST ONE RUMBLE LIKE DRUMS AND LENTEN PREACHERS? OR DO THEY BELIEVE ONLY THOSE WHO STAMMER?

THEY HAVE SOMETHING OF WHICH THEY ARE PROUD. WHAT IS IT CALLED THAT MAKES

THEM PROUD? THEY CALL IT CULTURE, IT DISTINGUISHES THEM FROM THE GOATHERDS.

THEREFORE THEY DISLIKE HEARING THE WORD 'CONTEMPT' SPOKEN OF THEM. SO I SHALL SPEAK TO THEIR PRIDE.

SO I SHALL SPEAK TO THEM OF THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE MAN: AND THAT IS THE ULTIMATE MAN.

AND THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA TO THE PEOPLE:

IT IS TIME FOR MAN TO FIX HIS GOAL. IT IS TIME FOR MAN TO PLANT THE SEED OF HIS HIGHEST HOPE.

HIS SOIL IS STILL RICH ENOUGH FOR IT. BUT THIS SOIL WILL ONE DAY BE POOR AND WEAK; NO LONGER WILL A HIGH TREE BE ABLE TO GROW FROM IT.

ALAS! THE TIME IS COMING WHEN MAN WILL NO MORE SHOOT THE ARROW OF HIS LONGING OUT OVER MANKIND, AND THE STRING OF HIS BOW WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO TWANG!

I TELL YOU: ONE MUST HAVE CHAOS IN ONE, TO GIVE BIRTH TO A DANCING STAR. I TELL YOU: YOU STILL HAVE CHAOS IN YOU.

ALAS! THE TIME IS COMING WHEN MAN WILL GIVE BIRTH TO NO MORE STARS. ALAS! THE TIME OF THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE MAN IS COMING, THE MAN WHO CAN NO LONGER DESPISE HIMSELF.

BEHOLD! I SHALL SHOW YOU THE ULTIMATE MAN.

‘WHAT IS LOVE? WHAT IS CREATION? WHAT IS LONGING? WHAT IS A STAR?’ THUS ASKS THE ULTIMATE MAN AND BLINKS.

THE EARTH HAS BECOME SMALL, AND UPON IT HOPS THE ULTIMATE MAN, WHO MAKES EVERYTHING SMALL. HIS RACE IS AS INEXTERMINABLE AS THE FLEA; THE ULTIMATE MAN LIVES LONGEST.

‘WE HAVE DISCOVERED HAPPINESS,’ SAY THE ULTIMATE MEN AND BLINK.

THEY HAVE LEFT THE PLACES WHERE LIVING WAS HARD: FOR ONE NEEDS WARMTH.
ONE STILL LOVES ONE’S NEIGHBOUR AND RUBS ONESELF AGAINST HIM: FOR ONE NEEDS WARMTH.

SICKNESS AND MISTRUST COUNT AS SINS WITH THEM: ONE SHOULD GO ABOUT WARILY. HE IS A FOOL WHO STILL STUMBLES OVER STONES OR OVER MEN!

A LITTLE POISON NOW AND THEN: THAT PRODUCES PLEASANT DREAMS. AND A LOT OF POISON AT LAST, FOR A PLEASANT DEATH.

THEY STILL WORK, FOR WORK IS ENTERTAINMENT. BUT THEY TAKE CARE THE ENTERTAINMENT DOES NOT EXHAUST THEM.

NOBODY GROWS RICH OR POOR ANY MORE: BOTH ARE TOO MUCH OF A BURDEN. WHO STILL WANTS TO RULE? WHO OBEY? BOTH ARE TOO MUCH OF A BURDEN.

NO HERDSMAN AND ONE HERD. EVERYONE WANTS THE SAME THING, EVERYONE IS THE SAME: WHOEVER THINKS OTHERWISE GOES VOLUNTARILY INTO THE MADHOUSE.

‘FORMERLY ALL THE WORLD WAS MAD,’ SAY THE MOST ACUTE OF THEM AND BLINK.

THEY ARE CLEVER AND KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED: SO THERE IS NO END TO THEIR MOCKERY. THEY STILL QUARREL, BUT THEY SOON MAKE UP - OTHERWISE INDIGESTION WOULD RESULT.

THEY HAVE THEIR LITTLE PLEASURE FOR THE DAY AND LITTLE PLEASURE FOR THE NIGHT: BUT THEY RESPECT HEALTH.

'WE HAVE DISCOVERED HAPPINESS,' SAY THE ULTIMATE MEN AND BLINK.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

THESE WORDS OF Zarathustra have always struck me very deeply for the simple reason that each of the statements seems to be my own, as if not Zarathustra's, but I am speaking, because whatever he is saying is my experience, too.

I have been speaking for almost three decades. I had started with a great hope for the whole of humanity. Slowly, slowly humanity itself has destroyed it. Now, I only hope for a small fraction of humanity: I call them "my people."

Talking to millions of people has been such a painful experience, so unexpected and so shocking, because people have ears but they do not listen. At the most, they hear. They have to hear because they have ears. But for listening, something more is needed - a silent mind behind the ears, a receptive mind, non-interfering, non-judging.

Then hearing becomes listening. It does not mean that you have to agree with what you listen to, nor does it mean that you have to disagree. When the wind blows through the pine trees, do you agree or disagree? - you simply listen. When the water comes down from the mountains, dancing and singing, the sound of water is heard by you but do you agree with it or disagree with it?

The same is true about the inner experience; you are not expected to agree or disagree. If you simply listen with a silent mind, that which is true will be immediately recognized; that which is untrue, will also be immediately recognized. This recognition has nothing to do with the mind; this recognition comes from your very being.

You know the truth; you have forgotten it.

When you listen, suddenly the memory arises; that which was asleep becomes awake.

Suddenly, there is a rapport. It is not a question of agreeing; it is a question of discovering within yourself the same truth that you have heard. And if nothing stirs in you, nothing awakes in you, that means whatever you have heard has no content in it, has no life in it, it is untrue.

This will give you an idea that there are two kinds of experiencing truth: one is only logical, when the mind agrees with the argument. It is bound to be very superficial because another argument, finer and sharper, may destroy the first argument and the agreement disappears; that which you had thought to be true, is no more true.

The second is totally different. It is not a logical, intellectual, rational agreement. It is a rapport between two beings. Suddenly, a recognition arises in you: "This is my truth, too. I have not been awake about it - that's another matter - but now I have been provoked, challenged." Then it is not an agreement with me, it is your own truth. No argument can destroy it, because no argument has proved it. No logic can make even a dent in it, because logic has not been the cause of its finding.

Speaking to millions of people, it was becoming more and more clear that I am talking to the walls: there is nobody who is listening. At the most, a few people are hearing but most of them are so full of their own prejudices, so full of unproven thoughts, they have so many beliefs without any basis in existence, that whatever you say to them is lost in the crowd of beliefs, ideas, religions, philosophies.

When they report about you, they say something absolutely different. Whatever you had said, has gone through such a distortion, so much has been left out, so much has been added to it; it has taken a totally new color, a new meaning which was not intended. So either they don't listen at al, or even if they manage to hear, it creates only misunderstanding, not understanding.

For listening, one needs a discipline of being silent, of being in the moment, of putting aside one's mind with all its garbage - making a way for whatever you are listening to. If it is true, bells will start ringing in your heart; if it is not true, nothing will happen within you. This is a different kind of knowing: through the heart, not through the mind. This is the only true way that one can understand. It is because of this fact, that all these statements are so absolutely mine, and I don't feel they were said by a man twenty-five centuries ago.

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HAD SPOKEN THESE WORDS, HE LOOKED AGAIN AT THE PEOPLE AND FELL SILENT. His falling silent shows his sadness; shows the hopelessness of man; shows the unintelligence of the crowd.

THERE THEY STAND (HE SAID TO HIS HEART), THERE THEY LAUGH: THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME, I AM NOT THE MOUTH FOR THESE EARS.

MUST ONE FIRST SHATTER THEIR EARS TO TEACH THEM TO HEAR WITH THEIR EYES?

In fact, masters have been doing exactly that: shattering your ears, shattering your mind, so that you can hear from your eyes - so that you can understand from your heart.

A great philosopher had come to Gautam Buddha to discuss truth. This was a traditional thing in the East; philosophers used to move around the land, challenging other philosophers for open discussions. Those were beautiful days, in a way; those were the days of real freedom of thought. Every kind of philosophy, every possible conception of existence was respected, discussed - and not with antagonism. The discussion was only a means to discovery; it was done with great love, with great friendship. The one who was defeated in the discussion, naturally became the disciple of the victorious.

The philosopher, Maulunkputta, had defeated many, many philosophers throughout the country. His great desire was to defeat Gautam Buddha, because that was the greatest name in those days. He had come with five hundred disciples and those five hundred disciples were five hundred philosophers that he had defeated. He challenged Gautam Buddha:"I want to discuss truth." Gautam Buddha said to him, "You are welcome, just a few preliminary things have to be settled. One is, do you know the truth; otherwise, how are you going to discuss it?"

Such was the sincerity of people that Maulunkputta said, "I do not know truth; I am a seeker." Buddha said, "I also used to be a seeker. Now I am no more - only truth is. Do you want to discuss truth, still - with truth itself? And how will you discuss? I am feeling compassionate towards you.

My suggestion is: sit by my side for two years in silence - just drinking my presence, feeling my presence, absorbing my presence. For two years you are not even to speak a single word, and after two years you can start your discussion."

It was a strange condition: two years he has to sit in silence. But he was an authentic seeker, not just a thinker, but one who wanted to realize truth - not as a logical conclusion but as an existential realization.

He agreed. And that very moment, a disciple of Gautam Buddha, Mahakashyapa, sitting under a tree, started laughing, almost madly. Maulunkputta could not understand. He said to Gautam Buddha, "What has happened to this man? Suddenly, without any reason he started laughing." Buddha said, "You can ask him yourself."

Mahakashyapa said to Maulunkputta, "If you really want to ask the question, ask now. After two years, you will have found the answer. Who will ask the question? You will have disappeared. This man is dangerous. I had also come to discuss with him and he played the same trick with me. Sitting two years silently by his side, I disappeared. Now, I am the truth, but discussion is impossible. I laughed because I thought: again, he is at his old tricks; that poor fellow will sit two years, thinking that after two years there is going to be a great discussion. I still tell you: that if you are interested in discussing, this is the moment."

But Malunkputta agreed with Buddha and he said, "Whatever Gautam Buddha is saying is relevant. I don't know anything about truth; how can I discuss it? Let me sit for two years. I have wasted fifty years roaming around the country, discussing with thousands of people, arguing and arguing; and what is in my hands? - they are empty. I have wasted fifty years; I can risk two years more. And the very presence of Gautam Buddha, his silence, his serenity, his fragrance... a subtle aura around him which is almost tangible, makes me sure that he cannot deceive me, that he cannot deceive anyone."

Two years he waited in silence; but in two years, he disappeared. His mind became so silent that he forgot even to count months, days, weeks. When two years had passed, he was not aware that two years had passed. It was Gautam Buddha who said, "Maulunkputta, have you forgotten our agreement? Two years have passed. This very day, two years ago, you came to me. According to the agreement, I am now ready to discuss; you can ask the question."

Instead of asking the question, there were tears of joy in his eyes and he put his head on Gautam Buddha's feet and he said, "Please, forgive me. Mahakashyapa was right. I have fallen in such a rapport with you, that now there is no need for me to ask anything, or for you to answer anything. I know you exactly in your innermost being. I have seen your light and I have seen your love and I have experienced your truth. The most amazing thing is that when I experienced them, suddenly inside me, the same experiences started flowering.

"Your truth was only a triggering point; it triggered something in me and I became aware of my own truth - and they are the same. Please forgive me. I was ignorant, egoistic, even to have the idea of discussing truth with you - truth cannot be discussed, but in silence it can be experienced."

MUST ONE FIRST SHATTER THEIR EARS TO TEACH THEM TO HEAR WITH THEIR EYES?

MUST ONE RUMBLE LIKE DRUMS AND LENTEN PREACHERS? OR DO THEY BELIEVE ONLY THOSE WHO STAMMER?

THEY HAVE SOMETHING OF WHICH THEY ARE PROUD. WHAT IS IT CALLED THAT MAKES THEM PROUD? THEY CALL IT CULTURE, IT DISTINGUISHES THEM FROM THE GOATHERDS.

Everybody in the whole world is proud of one thing: his culture. I have been condemned by so many countries, so many governments, so many churches, but the reason has been always the same - that I am dangerous to their culture. Twenty-one countries have made it a law that I cannot enter their land. The reason? - that I can destroy their culture, their morality, their religion. And it seems to be such an idiotic idea that on the one hand, they claim their culture is four thousand years old - in India, they claim their culture is ninety thousand years old; they have made a culture in ninety thousand years - and a single man can destroy it.

I have been deported from countries where I was only a tourist for three weeks, or four weeks. In Greece I was there for four weeks only. Two weeks had already passed and I had not left my house in those two weeks. I am so blissful to be just by myself; in my own room is the whole universe. But the archbishop of the oldest Christian church in the world, the Greek Orthodox Church, threatened the government, threatened me, threatened my host in whose house I was staying, on a small island... he threatened that if I was not immediately removed from Greece, he was going to burn my house - me and the people who were staying with me would be burned alive.

And the reason? - I am a danger to their culture. A tourist who is going to stay two weeks more and who is not going to go out of his house, is capable of destroying a culture which has been there for two thousand years. Is such a culture worth saving? Is it not simply rotten? Even a small push and the whole palace of playing cards will fall down. You have created it in two thousand years, and you are afraid of two weeks.

Everybody around the world is proud of his culture. But what is your culture? Zarathustra is right: THEY CALL IT CULTURE, IT DISTINGUISHES THEM FROM THE GOATHERDS. It is nothing much; it is just an invention of man’s ego. You may be speaking a different language, you may be wearing a different kind of clothes, you may be making a different kind of architecture, you may be having a different kind of music - but there is nothing to be proud of: Even the nomads, who are wandering in the deserts, have their own culture and they are as proud as anybody else.

When Marco Polo reached China, he wrote in his diary, that the Chinese people could not be called human beings; they seemed to be a subhuman species. What was the reason? Small things... Chinese eat snakes. In fact, once you cut off the head of the snake, it is just pure vegetable because the poison is only in the mouth, in a small gland. Once the mouth is chopped off, you have pure vegetable. And the Chinese consider it one of the delicacies. But Marco Polo could not believe it - man eating snakes. Certainly, they must be subhuman.

And what did the Chinese think about Marco Polo? They had heard of the West, but he was the first western man to enter China. There are books of that time, still available, which show that China was highly cultured, in a sense in which Western countries were far behind.

China had the printing press, China had paper currency, which are very latest developments in the world. Only a highly developed society can conceive that carrying hundreds of rupees in gold or

silver is an unnecessary burden. There is no need. You can carry a one-thousand-rupee note in your pocket; it has no weight. The government promises that whenever you want, you can come to the treasury and take one thousand golden rupees. It is a promissory note; it is easier to carry, easier to exchange. You can carry thousands of rupees with you, but not in gold coins or silver coins.

When the Chinese saw Marco Polo, the contemporary writers in China wrote about him, ”We have heard that man is evolved from monkeys - now we believe it. Marco Polo is just a monkey.”

Every culture has its own pride but every culture is nothing but a certain style of life that the crowd has developed, and every culture destroys the individual. It forces everybody to be similar to others; to have the same belief system; to have the same god; to go to the same temple; to have the same holy scripture; to have the same moral code; the same etiquette, same manners - it reduces the uniqueness of the individual. It makes him a cog in the wheel. So whatever the culture is, it is a murder of the individual, it is different ways of murdering the individual. There is nothing to be proud of.

The world where the individual is not destroyed, but supported in his uniqueness, will be the world according to Zarathustra, the world of the superman. The superman cannot be a part of a crowd. The superman can only be just himself, in his absolute naturalness, uncompromising, respectful of others but not allowing anybody else to humiliate him.

Zarathustra thought in his heart: THEREFORE THEY DISLIKE HEARING THE WORD ‘CONTEMPT’ SPOKEN OF THEM. SO I SHALL SPEAK TO THEIR PRIDE.

Up to now, he was saying that man, as he is, has nothing in him which needs to be honored. The only great thing is to transcend this kind of humanity and this kind of mankind which is full of competition, full of violence, full of war, full of jealousy, full of cruelty. This man is contemptible; this man is not honorable.

But he thought: ”If I go on speaking, they are not going to understand me at all. I should drop the word ”contempt” because they are very proud of themselves, although there is nothing in them to be proud of. Everything is ugly inside; they are but hypocrites; they don’t show that ugliness; they go on hiding it - that is their culture. I should speak to their pride. Perhaps they may be able to listen.

He finds a device. He is going to say the same thing, he is going to indicate the same path, but if people are so foolish, why not use their pride. At least, they will be able to understand and ready to listen.

SO I SHALL SPEAK TO THEM OF THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE MAN: AND THAT IS THE ULTIMATE MAN. You are not the most contemptible man, the ultimate man. The words look beautiful, THE ULTIMATE MAN. But if you think about it, the ultimate man means that all that is ugly in you has come to its full growth; that you cannot be more ugly than the ultimate man - you are just the beginning, a movement towards the ultimate man.

AND THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA TO THE PEOPLE: IT IS TIME FOR MAN TO FIX HIS GOAL. These things people like - their minds are goal-oriented. Everybody is brought up in such a way that he becomes an achiever: achieve more in any field you are, reach to the top.

IT IS TIME FOR MAN TO FIX HIS GOAL. IT IS TIME FOR MAN TO PLANT THE SEED OF HIS HIGHEST HOPE. Perhaps these words may be heard. He is using the language of man's pride: of goal, of hope. That's how everybody is living; for some goal: he wants to be the most famous man in the world; he wants to be the richest man. He wants to be the most powerful man. Everybody has Alexander the Great inside him, in different ways.

HIS SOIL IS STILL RICH ENOUGH FOR IT. BUT THIS SOIL WILL ONE DAY BE POOR AND WEAK; NO LONGER WILL A HIGH TREE BE ABLE TO GROW FROM IT. So don't waste time: Fix your goal; make your hope clear; focus your whole energy on the goal with absolute hope because the soil is still rich - soon it will not be possible. It will become weak and poor, and then no longer will a high tree be able to grow from it. And that's what everybody wants - to be the highest tree, reaching to the stars.

ALAS! THE TIME IS COMING WHEN MAN WILL NO MORE SHOOT THE ARROW OF HIS LONGING OVER MANKIND... And now, in an indirect way, he comes to his point: ALAS! THE TIME IS COMING WHEN MAN WILL NO MORE SHOOT THE ARROW OF HIS LONGING OVER MANKIND... Again, he is saying, "Transcend mankind," but he has changed his words... AND THE STRING OF HIS BOW WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO TWANG!

I TELL YOU: ONE MUST HAVE CHAOS IN ONE, TO GIVE BIRTH TO A DANCING STAR. I TELL YOU: YOU STILL HAVE CHAOS IN YOU.

He is saying exactly the same thing: but a man of tremendous intelligence If you are not very alert, you will think he is saying totally different things: only his words are different; his meaning is the same.

I TELL YOU: YOU STILL HAVE CHAOS IN YOU. Rather than saying that you are a chaos, contemptible, he is saying that stars are born only out of chaos. One must have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star. But you are only to be a chaos, just a womb, to give birth to a dancing star.

For what he was calling the superman, man has to be just a womb, so that the superman is born. Man has to be just an arrow, but the target is the superman.

ALAS! THE TIME IS COMING WHEN MAN WILL GIVE BIRTH TO NO MORE STARS. ALAS! THE TIME OF THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE MAN IS COMING, THE MAN WHO CAN NO LONGER DESPISE HIMSELF. Zarathustra is an immensely wise man. If you cannot understand his language, he will speak your language, but will make you experience his meaning.

THE TIME OF THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE MAN IS COMING, THE MAN WHO CAN NO LONGER DESPISE HIMSELF.

BEHOLD! I SHALL SHOW YOU THE Ultimate Man.

'WHAT IS LOVE? WHAT IS CREATION? WHAT IS LONGING? WHAT IS A STAR?' THUS ASKS THE ULTIMATE MAN AND BLINKS.

The ultimate man is the death of mankind. Now there is no question of any love, no question of any creativity and no question of giving birth to stars. The ultimate man has forgotten the very language of transcendence. He will think that he is the goal of the whole existence; he will think that he has arrived, the journey is finished.

Zarathustra is saying: ”The idea that I have arrived is suicidal. Life is a pilgrimage.” In fact, there is no goal to it. You are always arriving and arriving and arriving, but you never arrive. All goals are just to keep you moving, growing. All goals are like the horizon which seems so close, just a few miles away. You think you can reach it, but you cannot ever reach it, because it is only an appearance.

The earth and the sky meet nowhere. The moment you reach to the point where the horizon was, the horizon will have receded farther away. The distance between you and the horizon will always remain the same, without any change. And this is the beauty of life, that it goes on growing, and it knows no end; that it goes on living and knows no death - that it is eternity.

But this eternity is possible only if man’s longing always goes beyond himself, that he is always thinking: How to transcend? How to be farther away from the animal, and closer to God, if there is any God? That’s why Zarathustra has said, ”Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the superman. He is a bridge and you should not make your house on the bridge - the bridge is to be passed over.”

One of the great emperors of India, Akbar, had a great dream which remained unfulfilled. But it is good to have great dreams, even if they remain unfulfilled. In fact, only small dreams can be fulfilled; the greater the dream, the lesser is the possibility of its fulfillment.

He wanted to create a new capital for India, the most beautiful city in the world, unique in every manner. The whole city was to be a piece of art; not just one palace, but a whole city of palaces. He started working on it when he was very young. Thousands of workers, architects, stonecutters, continued to work for fifty years to make the city.

It is still there, incomplete; it’s name is Fateh-pur Sikri. It is a ghost city - nobody has ever lived there because it was never complete. Akbar died and his successors thought it too costly a dream. Akbar almost emptied his whole treasury and they were not interested.

You enter the city through a bridge which passes over a beautiful river, and Akbar wanted some beautiful sentence welcoming people who would be entering the city. There was only one entrance. He asked his people to look into books, into scriptures of all the religions and finally they found in Zarathustra the sentence:” Man is only a bridge; one should not make his home on it; it is something to be passed over”. In Fateh-pur Sikri, this is the first sentence that welcomes you.

The ultimate man asked, ‘WHAT IS LOVE?’ He knows what money is, he knows what power is, he knows what respectability is, but he does not know what love is.

He asks: ‘What is creation?’ He knows technology, he knows science, he knows nuclear weapons, he knows how to destroy the whole of humanity - but he does not know what creativity is.

THUS ASKS THE ULTIMATE MAN, AND BLINKS.

THE EARTH HAS BECOME SMALL, AND UPON IT HOPS THE ULTIMATE MAN, WHO MAKES EVERYTHING SMALL. HIS RACE IS AS INEXTERMINABLE AS THE FLEA: THE ULTIMATE MAN LIVES LONGEST. Why does the ultimate man live longest? - because he has forgotten that there is much more to life. He has stopped; he has stopped growing; he has stopped dreaming; he has stopped hoping; he has no future, he is already a corpse - that's why he lives longest.

Obviously, the dead man cannot die again. The ultimate man is the death of man, that's why he lives longest. He is only a corpse, without love, without music, without songs, without dances, without creativity. Nowhere to go; he is simply stuck. There is only the grave and no possibility of resurrection. If this man, this mankind, does not listen to Zarathustra, what he had been telling twenty-five centuries ago is going to be true soon.

THE EARTH HAS BECOME SMALL Man has become immensely powerful as far as destruction is concerned.

In fact, people only talk about words like "love," but they do not know the meaning. They have never loved. Their hearts have never known the spring that is called love. They know marriage; they know how to produce children, but love is not the technique of reproducing children. Animals can do it without any love; man is also doing it without any love. Because to know love... it is not enough just to be born, love has to be learnt, it is an art. As an animal, man does not inherit it. It is not something biological. Sex you need not learn; it comes as a package deal. But love is something like meditation, is something like prayer. It is not necessarily the case that you will be acquainted with them. You may live without love, without meditation, without prayer, and you may die without ever tasting anything of these experiences.

Man has become immensely productive through technology and science; but his creativity is disappearing. Who cares about creativity? It is costly, takes too much time. When cars can be produced on an assembly line... the Ford factory manufacturing cars, produces one car every minute; those cars just go on moving on the assembly line, one by one, all exactly similar - who bothers about uniqueness?

The creative man is no longer valuable in the marketplace. The productive man is valuable and the difference between the two is great. The productive man is only a technician; the creative man is a genius.

'WE HAVE DISCOVERED HAPPINESS,' SAYS THE ULTIMATE MAN AND BLINKS. What is their happiness? They have all the money, all the power, all the prestige - Is that happiness?

THEY HAVE LEFT THE PLACES WHERE LIVING WAS HARD: FOR ONE NEEDS WARMTH. ONE STILL LOVES ONE'S NEIGHBOUR AND RUBS ONESELF AGAINST HIM: FOR ONE NEEDS WARMTH. But that is not love.

SICKNESS AND MISTRUST COUNT AS SINS WITH THEM: ONE SHOULD GO ABOUT WARILY. HE IS A FOOL WHO STILL STUMBLES OVER STONES OR OVER MEN! The day man stops committing mistakes, he will stop learning.

Only machines don't commit mistakes; they are perfect, in a way.

The ultimate man will be just a robot. He will do everything efficiently, without stumbling on stones or on man; without committing a mistake, ever. But such a man has lost his humanity.

It is through mistakes that you explore new areas of life; it is through mistakes that you mature; it is through mistakes that you become wise; it is through mistakes that mankind has evolved.

But if we stop committing mistakes, then know that the ultimate man has arrived - he will be a robot. He will live longest, but live without love, live without song, live without dance - his life will be worse than death.

A LITTLE POISON NOW AND THEN: THAT PRODUCES PLEASANT DREAMS. The ultimate man will discover drugs... they are being discovered.

A LITTLE POISON NOW AND THEN: THAT PRODUCES PLEASANT DREAMS. AND A LOT OF POISON AT LAST, FOR A PLEASANT DEATH.

THEY STILL WORK, FOR WORK IS ENTERTAINMENT. BUT THEY TAKE CARE THE ENTERTAINMENT DOES NOT EXHAUST THEM.

It is becoming a problem already. These words of Zarathustra are so true to our century that it seems his insight into the future is tremendous. Man is being replaced by machines. More and more work is being done by machines. Great philosophers in the world are concerned that soon, all work will be done by the machines. Then what is man supposed to do? And it is dangerous to keep millions of men without any work.

People ordinarily think that when they retire, they will rest and relax and enjoy. But when they really retire, they find rest is impossible, relaxation is impossible, because their whole life they have been practicing restlessness, anxiety, tension, anguish. Now suddenly, just because they are retired, their bodies cannot change their old habits, sixty-year old habits.

It is not an accident that old people become irritable or annoyed over small things. It is very difficult for children to live with old people, for the new generation to live with the older generation. The gap is not only of time, not only of knowledge, the gap is that the old man has nothing to do; and his whole life he has been doing something or other. Now he is looking all around to do something, and there is nothing left for him to do.

This whole energy that was involved into work, becomes a problem to him, a burden. He wants to release it, it becomes anger; it becomes irritation; it becomes condemnation of everybody. And the great thinkers in the world are of the opinion that we will have to provide old people with some kind of work, just for their entertainment. It may not be useful. Perhaps one group of old people makes something, another group of old people, the next day, demolishes it. But it is just for their entertainment.

And old age is becoming longer; in Europe, to be eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, is not rare. In the Soviet Union, particularly in one part, in the Caucasus, there are people, thousands, who have passed one hundred and fifty years of age. And there are a few hundreds who have even reached the age of one hundred and eighty. They are still working in the fields, in the

orchards, in the gardens - they demand work. You cannot retire a man who is going to live to one hundred and eighty years, when he is sixty. He has lived only one-third of his life; two-thirds are still there, remaining empty. You will have to give him some work.

There are even proposals by economists that the people who are ready to be unemployed should be paid more for their readiness to be unemployed; they should be paid more than those who ask for employment because you can't have both, employment and greater pay. You can choose. Because some poor fellow is going to suffer an empty life - he needs compensating for it. It has never even been conceived by the past economists that the unemployed would be paid more than the employed.

Work is going to be taken over by machines, because they do it better, more efficiently, more quickly. Where one thousand people were needed, just one machine can manage. Where ten thousand people were needed, just one computer can manage the whole thing. But what about those one thousand or ten thousand people? Zarathustra is saying that these people would like to die.

There are movements around the world, in advanced countries, where old people are demanding a constitutional right to commit suicide - and you cannot say they are wrong. They say, "We have lived enough and now to go on dragging ourselves is unnecessary torture. We want to go to rest in our graves. We have seen everything, we have experienced everything. Now, there is nothing for us to hope or to dream or to desire. Tomorrow is empty and frightens us - it is better to die."

Hence, there is a movement and I am in support of it: the movement for euthanasia. Every government should provide, in every hospital, facilities for people who want to die. Perhaps you can make a limit. After eighty years, if somebody wants to die, you should make beautiful arrangements in the hospital so he can rest, invite his friends, meet with his friends, old colleagues, listen to great music, listen to novels or poetry, see the best films, because this is the last month.

Why unnecessarily harass people? Just give them an injection which takes them deeper and deeper into sleep, which turns finally into death. I am absolutely certain, governments will have to yield to it, and medical science will have to yield to it, because it seems so absolutely human that if someone has lived enough - his children have become old, his children are sixty, they are getting retirement - now it is time.

You are not free to be born but at least you should be given the freedom to die, to choose the date and the time. It should become part of our basic human rights.

NOBODY GROWS RICH OR POOR ANY MORE: BOTH ARE TOO MUCH OF A BURDEN. WHO STILL WANTS TO RULE? WHO OBEY? BOTH ARE TOO MUCH OF A BURDEN. For the ultimate man, everything becomes a burden. He simply wants to die.

NO HERDSMAN AND ONE HERD. EVERYONE WANTS THE SAME THING And it is happening, everybody wants the same thing; you can see it happening. Suddenly, a fashion arises about having a certain style of hair and you will see thousands of people are having the same style. Suddenly, a fashion arises for certain clothes and thousands of people are using the same clothes. Designers are continuously working to create new fashions because factories need to produce; otherwise, they would be empty. How can the workers be paid?

New soaps, new cigarettes... and nothing is new in them. Perhaps only the container is new, the color is different, but it becomes the fashion. It has been calculated that every fashion has an average life of three years. After three years, people start getting bored, they want something new.

This is not happiness. This is a desperate search for happiness but in wrong directions.

... EVERYONE IS THE SAME: WHOEVER THINKS OTHERWISE GOES VOLUNTARILY INTO THE MADHOUSE.

Just think a little differently from people and they become suspicious of you; something is wrong; you are crazy. Be part of the crowd and you are accepted as sane. The crowd may be insane, that is not the point. You simply be part of the crowd, behave the way they are behaving. Exceptions are not allowed. Individualities are not allowed. Individuals are being forced into madhouses. This is the ultimate man.

‘FORMERLY, ALL THE WORLD WAS MAD,’ SAY THE MOST ACUTE OF THEM AND BLINK.

THEY ARE CLEVER AND KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED: SO THERE IS NO END TO THEIR MOCKERY. THEY STILL QUARREL, BUT THEY SOON MAKE UP - OTHERWISE INDIGESTION WOULD RESULT.

THEY HAVE THEIR LITTLE PLEASURE FOR THE DAY AND THEIR LITTLE PLEASURE FOR THE NIGHT: BUT THEY RESPECT HEALTH.

Health should be a natural thing. One should not even be aware of it. That is the oldest definition of health: when you are not aware of your body at all. You are aware of your head only when you have a headache; otherwise, what is the need of being aware of the head? You are aware of your stomach when either you have a stomach-ache or you are pregnant; otherwise, what is the need of being aware of your stomach.

Only sickness makes you alert. But around the world, there is so much consciousness about health: health foods, health clinics, natural food. This means we are desperately in search of something that will make us happy. We are miserable in our wealth, we are miserable in our education, we are miserable in a world full of all kinds of gadgets and toys.

‘WE HAVE DISCOVERED HAPPINESS,’ SAY THE ULTIMATE MEN AND BLINK.

The ultimate man, according to Zarathustra, is the full growth of all that is ugly in you and this ultimate man has to be avoided. He is coming; he is coming very forcibly. He is very close.

This ultimate man can be stopped only by one thing: if we can create a new man, a man deeply rooted in meditation; a man who has moved from the head to the heart; a man whose priority is no more logic, but love; a man who does not care to be rich on the outside, but is immensely interested in the inner treasures of our being - in short, a man who is fully awakened, enlightened, a man who is aware of a godly existence and is so overfull of joy that he wants to share it.

Unless we create the new man, the ultimate man is coming. The ultimate man is the death of mankind.

The new man can prevent that death. The new man can give you a new life, a new space to move, a new dimension, a new sense of direction. It is going to be inward. For thousands of years, we have been moving outward. We have gone too far away from ourselves.

It is time we should come back home and have a look inside our own beings, because within our own being is all that we are looking for outside. We will not find it on the outside, it is not there. It is here.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 6

Prologue part 6

29 March 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

PROLOGUE PART SIX

FOLLOWING HIS SPEECH ABOUT THE ULTIMATE MAN, ZARATHUSTRA REALIZES THAT THE PEOPLE HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD HIM, FOR THEY NOW CRY OUT TO HIM FOR THE ULTIMATE MAN, TELLING HIM HE CAN HAVE THE SUPERMAN.

WHILE HE PONDERS ON THIS, THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER BEGINS HIS ACT - WALKING ACROSS A ROPE SUSPENDED HIGH ABOVE THE PEOPLE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BETWEEN TWO TOWERS.

WHEN HE REACHES THE MID-POINT, SUDDENLY A FIGURE DRESSED AS A BUFFOON APPEARS FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS, AND PROCEEDS TO FOLLOW THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER, SHOUTING OUT AND ABUSING HIM. HE MAKES TO JUMP OVER THE TIGHTROPE WALKER, WHO LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS, LANDING QUITE CLOSE TO WHERE ZARATHUSTRA IS STANDING.

ZARATHUSTRA STAYS WITH THE DYING MAN LONG AFTER EVENING HAS COME AND THE CROWD DISPERSED.

LATER IN THE NIGHT THE MAN DIES, AND ZARATHUSTRA DETERMINES TO LEAVE THE TOWN, AND BURY THE BODY WITH HIS OWN HANDS. HE MEETS WITH THE BUFFOON, WHO

TELLS HIM HE IS HATED IN THE TOWN; THAT IT IS GOOD THAT HE IS LEAVING; AND WITH SOME GRAVEDIGGERS, WHO MAKE FUN OF HIS CARRYING A CORPSE.

AFTER HAVING SOUGHT FOOD FROM AN OLD MAN ALONG THE WAY, ZARATHUSTRA FINDS HIMSELF IN THE FOREST, AND HAVING LAID DOWN HIS DEAD COMPANION, FINALLY SLEEPS. HOURS LATER, HE AWAKENS

AND THEN HE SPOKE TO HIS HEART THUS:

A LIGHT HAS DAWNED FOR ME: I NEED COMPANIONS, LIVING ONES, NOT DEAD COMPANIONS AND CORPSES WHICH I CARRY WITH ME WHEREVER I WISH.

BUT I NEED LIVING COMPANIONS WHO FOLLOW ME BECAUSE THEY WANT TO FOLLOW THEMSELVES - AND WHO WANT TO GO WHERE I WANT TO GO.

A LIGHT HAS DAWNED FOR ME: ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE, BUT TO COMPANIONS! ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT BE HERDSMAN AND DOG TO THE HERD!

TO LURE MANY AWAY FROM THE HERD - THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME. THE PEOPLE AND THE HERD SHALL BE ANGRY WITH ME: THE HERDSMEN SHALL CALL ZARATHUSTRA A ROBBER.

I SAY HERDSMEN, BUT THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE GOOD AND THE JUST. I SAY HERDSMEN: BUT THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE FAITHFUL OF THE TRUE FAITH.

BEHOLD THE GOOD AND THE JUST! WHOM DO THEY HATE MOST? HIM WHO SMASHES THEIR TABLES OF VALUES, THE BREAKER, THE LAWBREAKER - BUT HE IS THE CREATOR

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS, NOT CORPSES OR HERDS OR BELIEVERS. THE CREATOR SEEKS FELLOW CREATORS, THOSE WHO INSCRIBE NEW VALUES ON NEW TABLES.

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS AND FELLOW-HARVESTERS: FOR WITH HIM EVERYTHING IS RIPE FOR HARVESTING. BUT HE LACKS HIS HUNDRED SICKLES: SO HE TEARS OFF THE EARS OF THE CORN AND IS VEXED.

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS AND SUCH AS KNOW HOW TO WHET THEIR SICKLES. THEY WILL BE CALLED DESTROYERS AND DESPISERS OF GOOD AND EVIL, BUT THEY ARE HARVESTERS AND REJOICERS

I WILL NOT BE HERDSMAN OR GRAVEDIGGER. I WILL NOT SPEAK AGAIN TO THE PEOPLE: I HAVE SPOKEN TO A DEAD MAN FOR THE LAST TIME.

I WILL MAKE COMPANY WITH CREATORS, WITH HARVESTERS, WITH REJOICERS: I WILL SHOW THEM THE RAINBOW AND THE STAIRWAY TO THE SUPERMAN

THUS BEGAN ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWN-GOING.

IT IS NOT only Zarathustra who is disappointed in man as he is. Almost everyone who has gone within his own self, has known the reality, has experienced the beauty of consciousness, has been disappointed in people.

It is a long, long tradition that people are deaf - and almost dead. They go on living because they don't have the courage to commit suicide. They go on breathing because it is beyond their control, they cannot stop it; otherwise the masses of the world are just a dead weight on the planet.

The masses have not contributed anything to the growth of consciousness, to the growth of the human soul. They have not contributed anything towards making a temple of God on the earth - although they have made thousands of temples and synagogues and churches and mosques. But they are not making them as the abode of a rejoicing religion; they are making them as the citadels of anti-life preachers - citadels of cowards and escapists. They have organized religions just to prevent... so that religion disappears from the world, because religion can exist only in the individual, never in the collective.

Do you have any organizations of love? - Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism? Love is simply individual; so is prayer, because prayer is nothing but the most purified form of love. Love is towards another individual; prayer is towards the whole existence.

To destroy religion, the most clever and cunning way has been to organize it, to give religion a priesthood, to give religion a fixed holy scripture. Life never remains fixed, it goes on moving; and you go on carrying a dead scripture which has lost all relevance to reality. You go on listening to the priests - who do not speak out of their experience, who are simply parrots repeating what the tradition has given to them. Religion is always fresh and new. To make it old and ancient is to kill it. This has to be understood very clearly - only then Zarathustra may be able to reach to your heart.

FOLLOWING HIS SPEECH ABOUT THE ULTIMATE MAN, ZARATHUSTRA REALIZES THAT THE PEOPLE HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD HIM...

One of my friends, an old man, but he loved me tremendously There were only two men in India who were called Mahatmas, 'great souls' - one was Mahatma Gandhi and another was this old man, Mahatma Bhagwandin. He once said to me, "If you are understood, know well, you must not be saying the truth. If you are misunderstood, there is a possibility that perhaps you have uttered the truth." It is a strange fate that misunderstanding by the people should become the definition of truth. But he was right. People have been living in lies for centuries. So whenever somebody realizes the truth, it is bound to be misunderstood.

... FOR THEY NOW CRY OUT TO HIM FOR THE ULTIMATE MAN. He was talking about the ultimate man to condemn humanity. It was a very philosophical way of saying to man, "If you go on growing the way you are, you will become the ultimate man, and the ultimate man is the most contemptible thing possible. And it is time that rather than moving towards the ultimate man, you should change your path towards the superman."

The superman is not a continuity with you. The ultimate man is only the fulfillment of all your ignorance, all your jealousies, all your anger, hatred. All that is ugly in you will come to its climax - that is the ultimate man. The ultimate man is your continuity. He was condemning the ultimate man to make you aware that there is still time to prevent the ultimate man.

The superman is not a continuity with you - he is discontinuous. You simply disappear with all your ugly desires and give place to a new man, to a new humanity. But the people have misunderstood Zarathustra, as they have always misunderstood. Now they are asking him, ”Give us the ultimate man.”

They think that the ultimate man is the highest evolved man. The ultimate man is just the most degraded, the most spiritually sick, the last man - because he will lose any interest in creativity, in love, in prayer. The ultimate man has come to the dead end of the street, although he will feel that he has reached the goal and he has found happiness. But his happiness is going to be more miserable than your misery. He is simply your magnified form. Zarathustra’s idea was not to condemn you directly, because that hurts your ego and you stop listening. It is better, he thought, to condemn your magnified form so that you can see clearly where you are going, where you are going to land - you are going to land in a graveyard. But just not to hurt your pride, he used a beautiful word for it: the ultimate man. But people still misunderstood him.

First they misunderstood him because he was using the word ”contempt” for humanity. He changed the word; it was going against their pride. He used a word that is an indirect attack, but his approach remains the same; and the people also remain the same in their ignorance. Now they are crying out to him for the ultimate man, ”Give us the ultimate man!” Telling him he can have the superman,

”You can have the superman; we want the ultimate man.”

WHILE HE PONDERS ON THIS, THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER BEGINS HIS ACT - WALKING ACROSS A ROPE SUSPENDED HIGH ABOVE THE PEOPLE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BETWEEN TWO TOWERS.

WHEN HE REACHES THE MIDPOINT, SUDDENLY A FIGURE DRESSED AS A BUFFOON APPEARS FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS AND PROCEEDS TO FOLLOW THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER, SHOUTING OUT AND ABUSING HIM. HE MAKES TO JUMP OVER THE TIGHTROPE WALKER, WHO LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS, LANDING QUITE CLOSE TO WHERE ZARATHUSTRA IS STANDING.

ZARATHUSTRA STAYS WITH THE DYING MAN LONG AFTER EVENING HAS COME AND THE CROWD DISAPPEARED. LATER IN THE NIGHT THE MAN DIES, AND ZARATHUSTRA DETERMINES TO LEAVE THE TOWN, AND BURY THE BODY WITH HIS OWN HANDS. HE MEETS WITH THE BUFFOON, WHO TELLS HIM HE IS HATED IN THE TOWN; THAT IT IS GOOD THAT HE IS LEAVING; AND WITH SOME GRAVEDIGGERS, WHO MAKE FUN OF HIS CARRYING A CORPSE.

He has done no harm to the people; but to tell the truth has always been an invitation for people to hate you. Nobody wants to know the truth, because it shatters their lies - and their whole life consists of lies; it is based on lies.

Every child is fed all kinds of lies with the mother’s milk. Naturally the man of truth is going to be hated. He is a disturber. You are feeling very comfortable with your lies, and suddenly he comes and creates doubts in you, disturbs your faith. You lose the old confidence - it is natural that you will hate this man.

P. D. Ouspensky, one of George Gurdjieff's best disciples, who made Gurdjieff known all over the world, otherwise Gurdjieff would have died absolutely unknown... perhaps known to a few people. He wrote a book, IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS, and dedicated the book to George Gurdjieff. The dedication is beautiful. The book is about Gurdjieff's teachings; its subtitle is FRAGMENTS OF AN UNKNOWN TEACHING. In the dedication he says, "To George Gurdjieff, the disturber of my sleep."

But it is very difficult not to hate these kind of people, who disturb your sleep, your comfortable lies, your convenient lies, your consolations.

The buffoon and a few gravediggers laugh at him. They have always laughed. Whatever they cannot understand... they cannot even accept the fact that they have not understood it, because that will show their ignorance. By laughing, they are pretending that they understand everything. You are simply being stupid, talking of things which go against the tradition, against the orthodoxy, against conventions. You are simply being stupid, telling people things which are going to disturb their comfortable life.

Is it a comfortable life?, or a comfortable death? Is it sleep that these people like Zarathustra disturb?, or is it your death? - because sleep is a miniature death. The man of truth wants you not only to be disturbed in your sleep, but to be disturbed in your death. Only disturbance may wake you up.

But people love convenience. Who cares about truth or lies? Very few people are interested in knowing the truth, at the cost of losing their old comfort. And you cannot blame them either, because they don't know that comfort is not blissfulness, that convenience is not ecstasy, that somehow just to drag yourself from the cradle to the grave is not life.

AFTER HAVING SOUGHT FOOD FROM AN OLD MAN ALONG THE WAY, ZARATHUSTRA FINDS HIMSELF IN THE FOREST, AND HAVING LAID DOWN HIS DEAD COMPANION, FINALLY SLEEPS. HOURS LATER, HE AWAKENS

AND THEN HE SPOKE TO HIS HEART THUS:

A LIGHT HAS DAWNED FOR ME: I NEED COMPANIONS, LIVING ONES, NOT DEAD COMPANIONS AND CORPSES WHICH I CARRY WITH ME WHEREVER I WISH.

BUT I NEED LIVING COMPANIONS WHO FOLLOW ME BECAUSE THEY WANT TO FOLLOW THEMSELVES - AND WHO WANT TO GO WHERE I WANT TO GO.

A LIGHT HAS DAWNED FOR ME: ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE BUT TO COMPANIONS!

I was saying to you last night that Zarathustra comes so close to my heart for the simple reason, that his experiences are exactly my experiences. I don't want any followers either; I don't want any believers, I don't want a crowd. I have dropped the idea of being concerned about humanity - they are not going to listen. It is a hopeless task. And wasting my time with those who cannot even understand is a great wastage, because the same time can be given to those few who can be fellow travelers, who can be companions.

Why does he think he needs companions - not believers, but friends; and living ones? Because the world is so full of dead people. Most people die long before their actual death. People die nearabout the age of thirty, although their actual death may happen nearabout eighty. For fifty years they appear to be alive, but there is no life in them, no song in them, no dance in them. Why they are living, they know not.

Who are they? - they have never asked the question. Why they are here, from where they have come, to where they are going - they will tell you, ”Don’t raise such questions, because they disturb our peace. And it does not matter from where we come and to where we are going.” They have no interest in discovering the meaning of life, the significance of their own being. They have no interest in their own roots or in their own flowers.

The hippies used to say a very significant thing: never believe a man beyond the age of thirty, because most people die at thirty. There was some fragment of truth in it. It is very rare to find a man living at the time of actual death. It is possible only if you go on growing, if you go on discovering, if you go on loving, if you go on singing, if you go on dancing; if you never lose interest, if existence remains always a wonder to you, and you have the eyes of an innocent child, so full of wonder that each and every thing is a mystery to you. Then you will live to the very end of this life; not only will you live to the very end of this life - such a man knows no death.

Death happens only to dead people.+ If a man has been alive, full of juice, full of youth, his last breath is only the death of the body. His consciousness, which is so alive, goes on dancing into another form on a higher level. He knows no death; he knows death as a freedom from a prison. He was confined in a small body which was going to be sick, which was going to be old, and now he is free from it and he is moving into a fresh and new body. And if this aliveness comes to its ultimate expression, he is not going to be confined in any body anymore, he will be part of the universal life - formless, infinite, and eternal. This is our real home: eternal immortality, universal existence.

But millions of people are concerned only with trivia. They are in the majority, in a big majority; and that majority helps them to remain dead, because they find everybody else is just like them. That is the reason why they don’t like strangers, they don’t like outsiders like Zarathustra. They are not the same as the crowd. They create suspicion. They create doubt about their own life, about their own style, about what they are doing. But the majority is doing the same thing: it is a great confirmation that whatever you are doing must be right - because the whole world is doing it.

But all the evolution that has happened - it is not much, but whatever evolution has happened in consciousness - the credit for it goes to a few strangers like Zarathustra, a few outsiders who risked their life to be hated, to be condemned, to be misunderstood, to be laughed at. They are the only people who are the very salt of the earth - without them humanity would have remained part of the animal kingdom. The little difference that has arisen between you and the animals is the contribution of these outsiders, whom you have rewarded greatly: by crucifying them, by stoning them to death, by poisoning them

I NEED COMPANIONS, LIVING ONES, NOT DEAD COMPANIONS AND CORPSES WHICH I CARRY WITH ME WHEREVER I WISH.

What are the believers? They may be believing in one religion or in another - they are not companions. In fact a Christian will feel that it is sacrilegious to feel himself a friend of Jesus.

Jesus is God; they are poor human beings. A Hindu will not be able to conceive of himself as a companion of Krishna or Rama. He can worship them, but he cannot dance with them.

Why is Zarathustra interested in companions? Because no man of his caliber, of his consciousness, would like to reduce you to blind followers, to blind worshipers - it is simply disgusting. He wants friends, fellow travelers in the search of truth.

BUT I NEED LIVING COMPANIONS WHO FOLLOW ME... not because following is going to give them truth, they follow me ... BECAUSE THEY WANT TO FOLLOW THEMSELVES. This is a very significant statement: They are not following me blindly, they are following me with clear insight that this is the way to follow themselves.

You are here. Nobody is a follower here, everybody is a fellow traveler. You are all together, not because you believe in a certain theology, religion, philosophy, but because you are all interested in the search for truth. That is the only binding thing between you; otherwise, you are all individuals.

There is no contract, there is no savior; all are searching, and it is helpful to search together. Things become simpler. Somebody may find something and may make it available to all, somebody may find something else... and existence is so full of treasures that you can all find treasures and share them with each other - this is companionship.

All the religions have depended on believers. Zarathustra gives a new insight: believers are dangerous. They are not seekers, they are not searchers; they are simply believing in someone who pretends to be their savior. He will find the truth; they have only to believe in him. Truth is not found that way. Everybody has to seek and search.

Yes, seekers can have a togetherness, but it is a togetherness only of friendship. Nobody is trying to mold you according to certain ideals. You are accepted as you are, you are loved as you are; you are nourished by all the companions, with their friendship, with their tenderness. You are all encouraged by everybody else. Alone you may get discouraged, because the search is in the area of the unknown, and finally the search will be in the area of the unknowable. It is good to have companions. There will be dark nights.

I am reminded of a very famous Persian song in which there are a few lines which say, ”The night is dark, sing a little loudly, dance a little more madly; one does not know when the dawn will come.” But when you are so many you can help even those who are weaker, with your strength. You can sing loudly and you can dance madly, because who knows how long the night is going to be dark? Who knows when the dawn will come?

AND WHO WANT TO GO WHERE I WANT TO GO. It is not following. Zarathustra is saying, ”I am a seeker of truth and I will find companions who also want to seek, to search.” Among the Sufis there is a small sect which is called the Seekers: that is their name. They are all companions. And in this unknown world, in this mysterious existence, it is better to have companions with you. One can be lost, but companions can manage even to find the lost one.

A LIGHT HAS DAWNED FOR ME: ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE - he has dropped the hope of transforming humanity - but only to companions.

After twenty-five centuries I have come to the same conclusion: that I will speak only to sannyasins - that is my name for companions - that I will not speak to the people. It is sheer wastage. Time is precious and very limited, and I would like to devote my whole energy to those who are ready to go into the search; who have not gathered to see a rope walker, who have not gathered for entertainment.

One of my friends met Krishnamurti just three days before he died. He reported to me that Krishnamurti was very sad and the only thing he said was, "I worked hard to reach people, but rather than transforming them I have simply spent my own energy, just like a river getting lost in a desert. The people who have been listening to me have thought it not more than good entertainment. The very word entertainment hurts me - that my whole life has been the life of an entertainer."

And it seems so. He died and there has not been even a small stir anywhere, all over the earth. A man who lived for ninety years and has been serving humanity since he was twenty-five - and it seems he has been dead for centuries. Nobody thinks about him, nobody is concerned that he needs at least some homage. He was one of the greatest giants of this century, but the Nobel Prize committee never even considered his name - because he was not a politician.

In the beginning he was also trying to reach to the people. But he was opposed by churches, by religions, condemned by all the priests; slowly, slowly he dropped the idea of humanity.

He had a few people, in a few cities of the world. In India he used to visit only New Delhi, Bombay, Varanasi and Rishi Valley, where he has one of his schools - just four places; and the same was true around the world. In these places almost the same people heard him for thirty years, forty years, fifty years Still it is very saddening that people who heard him for fifty years continually have not changed a little bit. He could not manage to find the companions. He tried his best. But humanity is becoming more and more adamant, more and more sleepy, drugged, more and more dead. It is becoming very difficult to wake people up.

ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT BE HERDSMAN AND DOG TO THE HERD! Even five hundred years before Jesus Christ, Zarathustra had a far greater insight. Jesus was continually saying, "I am the shepherd and you are all my sheep." This is a humiliation. It does not appear right on the lips of Jesus, but he repeats it continually.

He escaped from Judea. There was not any resurrection - because he was never dead. The Jewish cross is the most painful way of killing a man, because a man dies, drop by drop. A healthy man will take at least forty-eight hours, hanging on the cross, before he dies. And Jesus was only thirty-three years old - healthy and young; after six hours his body had to be brought down.

That was a conspiracy between one of Jesus' rich followers and the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate: that Jesus should be crucified on Friday - and make it as late as possible, because Jews stop all kinds of work at sunset. Their sabbath, their holy day, begins, and when the holy day is there, nothing can be done. So it was postponed. They tried to gain some time. In the afternoon he was crucified, and by the evening he had to be brought down, because now he would have to be crucified again.

He was alive, although he had fallen into a kind of coma, so much blood had flowed out of his body. A Roman soldier was guarding the cave, and everything was arranged that he should be removed

from the cave. It would take a few days for him to be healed - but take him out of Judea, so he is beyond the power of the Jews.

In his youth he had been to India. There are records in the Buddhist monastery in Ladakh that he had visited Ladakh, and he had remained in the monastery for few months, to understand Buddhism. When he had to leave Judea he thought of Kashmir again. He lived to be one hundred and twelve years old in Kashmir, in a small village. I remembered it, because the village is still called the ”village of the shepherd”: Pahalgam - that is the Kashmiri translation of the ”village of the shepherd.” Still his grave is there, with Hebrew inscriptions. His name is not ”Jesus” on the grave, but ”Joshua,” which was his actual name, given by his parents. ”Joshua” is Hebrew. It became ”Jesus” when Christian gospels were translated into Greek.

Greeks have given you two things: they changed the name ”Joshua” into ”Jesus” and they also changed - they had to change, whenever you translate from one language to another, changes happen - ”messiah” into ”Christ.” Jesus Christ himself never heard that he would be known as ”Jesus Christ,” in the whole world. He knew his name was Joshua and he was the messiah of God. ”Christ” is a Greek word for ”messiah.”

Jesus had never thought himself, that he was a Christian. He could not have thought about it. He had no knowledge even of Hebrew - he was uneducated. He spoke a language, Aramaic, which is a primitive kind of Hebrew, used by villagers.

Nobody amongst his followers ever said to him, ”Is it right that you should call yourself the shepherd and reduce us from human beings to sheep?” But in a way he was right: the crowds of humanity are nothing but crowds of sheep.

Lions move alone. Kabir has a statement: ”Lions and saints never move in a crowd. They are enough unto themselves.” Only sheep - full of fear, afraid to be alone - live in a crowd, move in a crowd. Have you ever seen a crowd of sheep moving? They don’t even leave spaces between two sheep, they are rubbing each other’s bodies. It is warm and cozy, and it gives them a certain protection. Each sheep thinks, ”I am not alone. There are thousands of others with me.”

Five hundred years before Jesus, Zarathustra says, ZARATHUSTRA SHALL NOT BE HERDSMAN AND DOG TO THE HERD! He wants only to be a companion, a friend. TO LURE MANY AWAY FROM THE HERD - THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME. He has come from the mountains to lure many away from the herd, from the crowd of people - THAT’S WHY I HAVE COME. THE PEOPLE AND THE HERD SHALL BE ANGRY WITH ME - obviously. I know it by my own experience. The whole world is angry with me, and their anger has a logic behind it. I am taking a few courageous people out of their herds, out of their folds.

The German government is the most angry. In their parliament they even discussed it, that once German young men and women go to this dangerous man, something happens to them: they come back totally changed. ”In the first place, many of them never come back. In the second place, if they come back they are no more part of our crowd. They are no longer Christians, they are no longer Germans.”

THE PEOPLE AND THE HERD SHALL BE ANGRY WITH ME: THE HERDSMAN SHALL CALL ZARATHUSTRA A ROBBER. He is absolutely right. Just a few days ago, it was reported to me that

the American government has finally succeeded in putting my name on the wanted list of criminals with Interpol - the International Police. Now I am a ”wanted criminal.”

I am not hiding - but it is just to make every government antagonistic to me. There is no crime that I have committed, but any government seeing my name among the ”wanted criminals” - those are the international criminals - will immediately stop me if I ever want to enter their country. Interpol cannot do anything - because I have not done anything. But just the name on the list will help the American government to convince other governments that the man is an international criminal.

If to help people to become lions instead of sheep is a crime, I am a criminal. If to help people to be just human beings - not Christians, not Jews, not Hindus - is a crime, I am an international criminal. And all the religions will agree, because nobody wants their sheep to be taken away from the fold. I am a robber.

No country wants nationality to be condemned. I am against nationality, because it is one of the worst things that has happened in the world. I want a world without nations. Nationality is not something to be glorified; it is the cause of all the wars, all the bloodshed. Naturally, all the nations will agree I am an international criminal.

Zarathustra’s insight is immense: I SAY HERDSMEN, BUT THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE GOOD AND THE JUST. I SAY HERDSMEN: BUT THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE FAITHFUL OF THE TRUE FAITH.

BEHOLD THE GOOD AND THE JUST! WHOM DO THEY HATE MOST? HIM WHO SMASHES THEIR TABLES OF VALUES, THE BREAKER, THE LAWBREAKER - BUT HE IS THE CREATOR

The British parliament decided that I cannot enter England because I don’t believe in any kind of law. The American government has been telling every other government that I am a law breaker.

But those laws are the reason that thousands of people are behind bars. They should be in the hospitals, in the psychiatric wards; they need treatment, they need loving tenderness. It is the society which is responsible for making them murderers or rapists or thieves - but nobody punishes the society. The victims are punished. Why should a man rape if all the societies were not so much obsessed with sex and its repression?

It is the religions and the societies who are against sex, which are causing all kinds of perversions. The rapist is one of the perversions. The man needs psychiatric help, not a punishment in a jail, because in jail he will become more perverted.

America has just accepted that thirty percent of prisoners in the jails are homosexuals; and whenever a government accepts anything, multiply it by three. If they say thirty percent, that means ninety percent. Not less than that. And they are enforcing that no homosexuality should happen in the jails; otherwise, their jail term will be lengthened. And the prisoners have raised their voices, ”It is none of your business.”

If two persons are willing to have a relationship and you don’t allow women in the men’s ward Women have a separate jail, men have a separate jail. Let men and women be together in the same

jail and homosexuality will disappear. But to force people... and one day they will be out of jail; after ten years repression of their sexuality they will not be in control. They will rape - and then again the law will throw them into jail. And it is the jail that created the rapist. It is a vicious circle.

You think it is the criminals who made the law necessary? Or is it the law which needs criminals; otherwise, all the judges, all the advocates, all the attorneys will be out of employment? They both need each other. The business goes on perfectly well. Criminals are needed for judges to be judges, for great advocates and experts of law to earn immense money; to have jailers and a great staff to control the prisoners.

Somewhere the vicious circle has to be broken; the causes should be removed. And if still somebody is found committing a crime for which no reasonable cause exists, there is no need to send him to the court. He needs careful psychological treatment. Something is wrong - either in his chemistry, or in his biology, or in his mind - which is treatable.

Perhaps the rapist has more hormones of sexuality than ordinary people; this has been suggested by psychologists. All that is needed is that his extra hormones should be removed - or antibodies which can nullify the extra hormones in his body should be injected. When he commits a rape, he commits it almost under compulsion; he cannot resist, he cannot control himself.

Yes, I am not a blind follower of law. Laws were made in the past. We have to live in the present. And we will have to live in the future. And there are so many stupid laws which make man commit crimes.

There is a certain limit in India. If your profits go beyond that limit, then you have to pay one hundred percent taxation. Now why should one work hard to create so much profit that one hundred percent will be taken by the government as tax? If he has the capacity to produce that profit, naturally he will not show it in his books. It is the government who is forcing the man to commit a crime. One hundred percent taxation cannot be supported on any grounds. In fact, the man who produces that much profit should be rewarded by the government, rather than punished.

My logic is very clear. If a man produces a certain amount of profit, he should be given a hundred percent reward on it. That will become an incentive for other people to create more and more profit. In a poor country we need more profit, we need more productivity.

And these are not the only laws. There are conventions of the society which function almost like laws. You cannot go against the conventions. Even today, in Hindu society, the lowest and the poorest strata called sudras, untouchables, are not allowed to read the religious scriptures. That would be breaking the conventional law of the society. Strange, you want people to be religious, you want people to be honest, sincere, truthful, moral, and you don't allow them even to read the scriptures.

And if some sudras revolt against it, their whole villages are burnt, along with living people. Even today, almost every alternate day, there are reports from different parts of the country that a sudra village has been burnt. It is easy, because sudras cannot live in the city. They have to live outside the city, and they are so poor they cannot have houses made of concrete and steel. Their houses are made of grass. Just a single man with a lighted torch runs through the village putting fire to every house, and finishes the whole village.

Laws that are against human evolution, laws that are inhuman, laws that make a society poor, laws that go against scientific discoveries should be dropped. Because Zarathustra is right: these law breakers are the only creators. Only they sacrifice themselves for humanity to be a little better.

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS, NOT CORPSES OR HERDS OR BELIEVERS. THE CREATOR SEEKS FELLOW-CREATORS, THOSE WHO INSCRIBE NEW VALUES ON NEW TABLES.

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS AND FELLOW-HARVESTERS: FOR WITH HIM EVERYTHING IS RIPE FOR HARVESTING. BUT HE LACKS HIS HUNDRED SICKLES: SO HE TEARS OFF THE EARS OF CORN AND IS VEXED.

THE CREATOR SEEKS COMPANIONS AND SUCH AS KNOW HOW TO WHET THEIR SICKLES. THEY WILL BE CALLED DESTROYERS AND DESPISERS OF GOOD AND EVIL, BUT THEY ARE HARVESTERS AND REJOICERS.

It is absolutely unbelievable that twenty-five centuries ago insights of such tremendous value were possible to a man.

The crowd, the people, will condemn all the rebels, all the rebellious spirits, as destroyers. But to create, one has to destroy. Unless you destroy the false, you cannot create the real. Unless you destroy the ugly, you cannot create the beautiful. Unless you destroy the lies, you cannot make place for the truth. The creators have always been called DESTROYERS AND DESPISERS OF GOOD AND EVIL. And who decides what is good and what is evil? Who has the right to decide it? In different societies, different things are thought to be good; different things are thought to be evil.

I used to move around India. I came up against many strange conventions. In Rajasthan there is a tribe of nomads; these are the forefathers, the original tribe, from which gypsies in Europe branched off. The gypsies are from Rajasthan. They still speak Hindi - of course with a few distortions. They have been called gypsies, because first they reached Egypt and remained in Egypt, and from Egypt they moved to Europe. Because of Egypt they became ”gypsies.” But now it is well established their language is Rajasthani Hindi, their stories are about Rama and Krishna. Their original home is Rajasthan, and in Rajasthan the nomads still exist.

They have a strange idea: whenever a young man is to be married, he has to prove how many times he has been jailed for theft - that is a qualification. If a young man has not been a thief and has not been jailed, it is very difficult for him to find a wife. Who is going to give his daughter to this good-for-nothing?

In my own home town I had a friend, a Marwadi. They also come from Rajasthan, they are the richest people in India. I used to go to his home and when the time of his marriage came, I became aware of a strange convention. A boy in a Marwadi family gets the most beautiful wife according to a certain rule: how many times his family has been bankrupt. Because Marwadis are very clever - so whenever they have enough money and prestige, they simply go bankrupt.

Of course in that same place they cannot stay any longer. They move to other parts of the country. And they have the money, they are not really bankrupt. Each bankruptcy means a great deal of

money So the parents of the daughter enquire, ”How many times has your family been bankrupt?” – that is a criterion whether you are rich enough or not.

What is good and what is evil? As far as conventions in the world are concerned they have all grown out of the unconscious mind of man. The real criterion of good and evil is only one - and that is possible if you are fully conscious: only the fully awakened and enlightened person knows what is good and what is bad. And how does he know it? The enlightened person cannot do anything bad; that is just impossible for him. So that which is impossible for the enlightened man to do is bad, and that which he enjoys doing is good. Except that, all other criteria are arbitrary.

Humanity will know what is good and bad only when millions of people are awakened. In your deep sleep and unconsciousness, you cannot decide what is good and what is bad; you simply carry the old heritage. But according to Zarathustra, these people who will be despised, who will be hated, who will be called destroyers are really the harvesters and rejoicers.

I WILL NOT BE HERDSMAN OR GRAVEDIGGER. I WILL NOT SPEAK AGAIN TO THE PEOPLE: I HAVE SPOKEN TO A DEAD MAN FOR THE LAST TIME.

I WILL MAKE COMPANY WITH CREATORS, WITH HARVESTERS, WITH REJOICERS: I WILL SHOW THEM THE RAINBOW AND THE STAIRWAY TO THE SUPERMAN.

THUS BEGAN ZARATHUSTRA’S DOWN-GOING.

My definition of religion is not renunciation of the world, but rejoicing in the world. The world is an opportunity to rejoice. Only idiots, cowards, renounce it. Those who are intelligent, those who are brave enough, rejoice in it. Rejoicing should be the foundation of all true religion - not renouncing, but rejoicing.

Zarathustra is a life-affirmative mystic. Enjoy life. Squeeze from every moment its whole juice, because it is a gift of God, a gift of existence, and to renounce it is simply going against existence, going against God.

There are difficulties in the world, but the difficulties are because you are not intelligent enough to solve them. And by escaping from the world you will not become intelligent; you will become even more retarded.

An authentic religion will make people more intelligent, more conscious, more rejoicing. A life of song and dance is the only religious life.

... Thus spake Zarathustra.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 7

Of the three metamorphoses

29 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE THREE METAMORPHOSES

I NAME YOU THREE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPIRIT: HOW THE SPIRIT SHALL BECOME A CAMEL, AND THE CAMEL A LION, AND THE LION AT LAST A CHILD.

THERE ARE MANY HEAVY THINGS FOR THE SPIRIT, FOR THE STRONG, WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT IN WHICH DWELL RESPECT AND AWE: ITS STRENGTH LONGS FOR THE HEAVY, FOR THE HEAVIEST.

WHAT IS HEAVY? THUS ASKS THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT, THUS IT KNEELS DOWN LIKE THE CAMEL AND WANTS TO BE WELL LADEN.

WHAT IS THE HEAVIEST THING, YOU HEROES? SO ASKS THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT, THAT I MAY TAKE IT UPON ME AND REJOICE IN MY STRENGTH.

IS IT NOT THIS: TO DEBASE YOURSELF IN ORDER TO INJURE YOUR PRIDE?...

OR IS IT THIS: TO DESERT OUR CAUSE WHEN IT IS CELEBRATING ITS VICTORY? TO CLIMB HIGH MOUNTAINS IN ORDER TO TEMPT THE TEMPTER?...

OR IS IT THIS: TO LOVE THOSE WHO DESPISE US AND TO OFFER OUR HAND TO THE GHOST WHEN IT WANTS TO FRIGHTEN US?

THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT TAKES UPON ITSELF ALL THESE HEAVIEST THINGS: LIKE A CAMEL HURRYING LADEN INTO THE DESERT, THUS IT HURRIES INTO ITS DESERT.

BUT IN THE LONELIEST DESERT THE SECOND METAMORPHOSIS OCCURS: THE SPIRIT HERE BECOMES A LION; IT WANTS TO CAPTURE FREEDOM AND BE LORD IN ITS OWN DESERT.

IT SEEKS HERE ITS ULTIMATE LORD: IT WILL BE AN ENEMY TO HIM AND TO ITS ULTIMATE GOD, IT WILL STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY WITH THE GREAT DRAGON.

WHAT IS THE GREAT DRAGON WHICH THE SPIRIT NO LONGER WANTS TO CALL LORD AND GOD? THE GREAT DRAGON IS CALLED ‘THOU SHALT’. BUT THE SPIRIT OF THE LION SAYS ‘I WILL!’

‘THOU SHALT’ LIES IN ITS PATH, SPARKLING WITH GOLD, A SCALE-COVERED BEAST, AND ON EVERY SCALE GLITTERS GOLDEN ‘THOU SHALT’.

VALUES OF A THOUSAND YEARS GLITTER ON THE SCALES, AND THUS SPEAKS THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL DRAGONS: ‘ALL THE VALUES OF THINGS - GLITTER ON ME.

‘ALL VALUES HAVE ALREADY BEEN CREATED, AND ALL CREATED VALUES - ARE IN ME. TRULY, THERE SHALL BE NO MORE ”I WILL”!’ THUS SPEAKS THE DRAGON.

MY BROTHERS, WHY IS THE LION NEEDED IN THE SPIRIT? WHY DOES THE BEAST OF BURDEN, THAT RENOUNCES AND IS REVERENT, NOT SUFFICE?

TO CREATE NEW VALUES - EVEN THE LION IS INCAPABLE OF THAT: BUT TO CREATE ITSELF FREEDOM FOR NEW CREATION - THAT THE MIGHT OF THE LION CAN DO.

TO CREATE FREEDOM FOR ITSELF AND A SACRED NO EVEN TO DUTY: THE LION IS NEEDED FOR THAT, MY BROTHERS.

TO SEIZE THE RIGHT TO NEW VALUES - THAT IS THE MOST TERRIBLE PROCEEDING FOR A WEIGHT-BEARING AND REVERENTIAL SPIRIT

ONCE IT LOVED THIS ‘THOU SHALT’ AS ITS HOLIEST THING: NOW IT HAS TO FIND ILLUSION AND CAPRICE EVEN IN THE HOLIEST, THAT IT MAY STEAL FREEDOM FROM ITS LOVE: THE LION IS NEEDED FOR THIS THEFT.

BUT TELL ME, MY BROTHERS, WHAT CAN THE CHILD DO THAT EVEN THE LION CANNOT? WHY MUST THE PREYING LION STILL BECOME A CHILD?

THE CHILD IS INNOCENCE AND FORGETFULNESS, A NEW BEGINNING, A SPORT, A SELFPROPELLING WHEEL, A FIRST MOTION, A SACRED YES.

YES, A SACRED YES IS NEEDED, MY BROTHERS, FOR THE SPORT OF CREATION: THE SPIRIT NOW WILLS its own WILL, THE SPIRIT SUNDERED FROM THE WORLD NOW WINS ITS OWN WORLD.

I HAVE NAMED YOU THREE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPIRIT: HOW THE SPIRIT BECAME A CAMEL, AND THE CAMEL A LION, AND THE LION AT LAST A CHILD.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra divides the evolution of consciousness into three symbols: the camel, the lion, and the child.

The camel is a beast of burden, ready to be enslaved, never rebellious. He cannot ever say no. He is a believer, a follower, a faithful slave. That is the lowest in human consciousness.

The lion is a revolution. The beginning of the revolution is a sacred no.

In the consciousness of the camel there is always a need for someone to lead and someone to say to him, ”Thou shalt do this.” He needs the Ten Commandments. He needs all the religions, all the priests and all the holy scriptures because he cannot trust himself. He has no courage and no soul and no longing for freedom. He’s obedient.

The lion is a longing for freedom, a desire to destroy all imprisonments. The lion is not in need of any leader; he is enough unto himself. He will not allow anybody else to say to him, ”Thou shalt,” - that is insulting to his pride. He can only say, ”I will.” The lion is responsibility and a tremendous effort to get out of all chains.

But even the lion is not the highest peak of human growth. The highest peak is when the lion also goes through a metamorphosis and becomes a child. The child is innocence. It is not obedience, it is not disobedience; it is not belief, it is not disbelief - it is pure trust, it is a sacred yes to existence and to life and to all that it contains.

The child is the very peak of purity, sincerity, authenticity, receptivity, and openness to existence. These symbols are very beautiful.

We will go into the implications of these symbols as Zarathustra describes them, one by one.

I NAME YOU THREE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPIRIT: HOW THE SPIRIT SHALL BECOME A CAMEL, AND THE CAMEL A LION, AND THE LION AT LAST A CHILD.

THERE ARE MANY HEAVY THINGS FOR THE SPIRIT, FOR THE STRONG, WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT IN WHICH DWELL RESPECT AND AWE: ITS STRENGTH LONGS FOR THE HEAVY, FOR THE HEAVIEST.

Zarathustra is not in favor of the weak, in favor of the so-called humble. He is not in agreement with Jesus that ”Blessed are the meek,” that ”Blessed are the poor,” that ”Blessed are the humble for they shall inherit the kingdom of God.”

Zarathustra is absolutely in favor of a strong spirit. He is against the ego, but he is not against pride. Pride is the dignity of man. Ego is a false entity and one should never think of them as synonymous.

The ego is something that deprives you of your dignity, that deprives you of your pride, because the ego has to depend on others, on the opinion of others, on what people say. The ego is very fragile. The opinion of people can change and the ego will disappear into the air.

I am reminded of a great thinker, Voltaire. In the days of Voltaire, in France, it was customary - a long, long tradition - that if you can get anything from a genius, just a piece of cloth, it will help you to find your own talents, if not to make you a genius yourself.

Voltaire was so much honored and respected as a great thinker and philosopher that he needed police protection even for his morning walk. Or if he was going to the railway station police protection was needed. The police protection was needed because people will crowd around and start tearing his clothes. There were times he reached home almost naked, with scratches on his body, blood oozing, and he was very much disturbed by the fame and the great name.

He wrote in his diary, ”I used to think to be famous is something great. Now, I know it is a curse. And somehow I want again to be ordinary, anonymous; that nobody recognizes me, that I can pass by and nobody will take any note of me. I am tired of being famous, of being a celebrity. I have become a prisoner in my house. I cannot even go for a walk when the sky is so colorful and the sunset is so beautiful. I am afraid of the crowd.”

The same crowd has made him a great man.

After ten years, in his diary he notes with great depression and sadness: ”I was not aware that my prayers would be heard.” Fashions change, people’s opinions change. Somebody is famous today, tomorrow nobody remembers him. Somebody is not known today and tomorrow, suddenly rises to the heights of fame.

And it happened in the case of Voltaire. Slowly, slowly, new thinkers, new philosophers arrived on the horizon; particularly, Rousseau took the place where Voltaire used to be once; and people forgot about Voltaire. People’s memories are not very reliable.

Opinions change just like fashions. Once he was fashionable, now somebody else has become fashionable. Rousseau was against every idea of Voltaire; his fame destroyed Voltaire completely. Voltaire’s prayer was fulfilled: he became anonymous. Now, no police protection was needed. Now, nobody even bothered to say, ”Hello” to him. People had completely forgotten. Only then he realized that to be a prisoner was better. ”Now I am free to move anywhere but it hurts. The wound goes on becoming bigger and bigger - I am alive and it seems people have thought that Voltaire is dead.”

When he died, only three and a half people followed him to the graveyard. You will be surprised, why three and a half? Because three were people and his dog can be counted only as half. The dog was leading the procession.

Ego is a by-product of public opinion. It is given by them to you; they can take it away. Pride is a totally different phenomenon. The lion has pride. The deer in the forest - just look - has a pride, a dignity, a grace. A peacock dancing or an eagle flying far away in the sky - they don’t have egos, they don’t depend on your opinion - they are simply dignified as they are. Their dignity arises from their own being. This has to be understood, because all the religions have been teaching people

not to be proud - be humble. They have created a misunderstanding all over the world, as if being proud and being an egoist are synonymous.

Zarathustra is absolutely clear that he is in favor of the strong man, of the courageous man, of the adventurer who goes into the unknown on the untrodden path without any fear; he is in favor of fearlessness. And it is a miracle that a man of pride and only a man of pride - can become a child.

The so-called Christian humbleness is just ego standing on its head. The ego has gone upside down, but it is there, and you can see in your saints that they are more egoist than ordinary people are. They are egoists because of their piousness, of their austerities, of their spirituality, of their holiness, even of their humbleness. Nobody is more humble than them. The ego has a very subtle way of coming in from the back door. You may throw it out from the front door - it knows that there is a back door, too.

I have heard that one night, in a pub, a man was drinking too much and making too much nuisance, throwing things, hitting people, shouting, abusing them and asking for more and more drinks.

Finally, the pub owner told him, ”This is enough. For tonight, you will not get any more drinks.” And he told his servants to throw him out of the front door.

Although he was completely drunk, even in his drunkenness he remembered there was a back door. Groping in the dark, he came from the back door and ordered one drink.

The owner said, ”Again? I have told you that tonight you will not get any drink.”

The man said, ”This is strange. Do you own all the pubs of the city?”

The ego knows not only the back door - it can come even through the windows. It can come in even by removing a small tile from the roof. You are so vulnerable as far as ego is concerned.

Zarathustra is not a teacher of humbleness, because all teachings of humbleness have failed. He teaches the dignity of man. He teaches the pride of man and he teaches the strong man, not the weak, the poor and the meek. Those teachings have helped to keep humanity at the stage of the camel. Zarathustra wants you to go through a metamorphosis. The camel has to change into a lion, and he has chosen beautiful symbols, very meaningful and significant.

The camel, perhaps, is the most ugly animal in the whole existence. You cannot improve upon its ugliness. What else can you do? It is such a distortion. It seems as if it is coming directly from hell.

To choose the camel as the lowest consciousness is perfectly right. The lowest consciousness in man is crippled; it wants to be enslaved. It is afraid of freedom because it is afraid of responsibility. It is ready to be loaded with as much burden as possible. It rejoices in being loaded; so does the lowest consciousness - being loaded with knowledge, which is borrowed. No man of dignity will allow himself to be loaded with borrowed knowledge. It is loaded with morality which has been handed over by the dead to the living; it is a domination of the dead over the living. No man of dignity will allow the dead to rule him.

The lowest consciousness of man remains ignorant and unconscious, unaware, fast asleep - because it is continuously being given the poison of believing, of faith, of never doubting, of never saying no. And a man who cannot say no has lost his dignity. And a man who cannot say no... his yes does not mean anything. Do you see the implication? The yes is meaningful only after you are capable of saying no. If you are incapable of saying no, your yes is impotent, it means nothing.

Hence, the camel has to change into a beautiful lion, ready to die but not ready to be enslaved. You cannot make a lion a beast of burden. A lion has a dignity that no other animal can claim; he has no treasures, no kingdoms; his dignity is just in his style of being - fearless, unafraid of the unknown, ready to say no even at the risk of death.

This readiness to say no, this rebelliousness, cleans him of all the dirt that the camel has left - all the traces and the footprints that the camel has left. And only after the lion - after the great no - the sacred yes of a child is possible.

The child says yes not because he is afraid. He says yes because he loves, because he trusts. He says yes because he is innocent; he cannot conceive that he can be deceived. His yes is a tremendous trust. It is not out of fear, it is out of deep innocence.Only this yes can lead him to the ultimate peak of consciousness; what I call godliness.

THERE ARE MANY HEAVY THINGS FOR THE SPIRIT, FOR THE STRONG, WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT IN WHICH DWELL RESPECT AND AWE: ITS STRENGTH LONGS FOR THE HEAVY, FOR THE HEAVIEST.

WHAT IS HEAVY? THUS ASKS THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT, THUS IT KNEELS DOWN LIKE THE CAMEL AND WANTS TO BE WELL LADEN. For the camel, for the lowest kind of consciousness, there is an intrinsic desire to kneel down and to be laden with as much load as possible.

WHAT IS THE HEAVIEST THING, YOU HEROES? SO ASKS THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT, THAT I MAY TAKE IT UPON ME AND REJOICE IN MY STRENGTH. But to the strong man, to the lion in you, the heaviest takes on a different meaning and a different dimension - THAT I MAY TAKE IT UPON ME AND REJOICE IN MY STRENGTH. Its only joy is its strength. The camel's joy is only to be obedient, to serve, to be a slave. IS IT NOT THIS: TO DEBASE YOURSELF IN ORDER TO INJURE YOUR PRIDE?

OR IS IT THIS: TO DESERT OUR CAUSE WHEN IT IS CELEBRATING ITS VICTORY? TO CLIMB HIGH MOUNTAINS IN ORDER TO TEMPT THE TEMPTER?

OR IS IT THIS: TO LOVE THOSE WHO DESPISE US AND TO OFFER OUR HAND TO THE GHOST WHEN IT WANTS TO FRIGHTEN US?

THE WEIGHT-BEARING SPIRIT TAKES UPON ITSELF ALL THESE HEAVIEST THINGS: LIKE A CAMEL HURRYING LADEN INTO THE DESERT, THUS IT HURRIES INTO ITS DESERT.

The lowest consciousness of man knows only a life of the desert. Where nothing grows, where nothing is green, where no flower blossoms, where everything is dead and, as far as you can see, it is vast graveyard.

BUT IN THE LONELIEST DESERT THE SECOND METAMORPHOSIS OCCURS: THE SPIRIT HERE BECOMES A LION. There are moments, even in the life of those who are groping in darkness and unconsciousness, when just like a lightning, some incident wakes them up and the camel is no more a camel: a metamorphosis, a transformation happens.

Gautam Buddha left his kingdom when he was twenty-nine years old and the reason: a sudden lightning, and the camel became a lion.

When he was born, all the great astrologers of the kingdom were called, because he was the only son of the great emperor, and he was born when the emperor was getting old. It was his life-long prayer, life-long desire to have a child; otherwise, who is going to succeed him? His whole life he has been fighting, invading and creating a vast empire. For whom? There was great rejoicing when Gautam Buddha was born and he wanted to know, in detail, the future of the child.All the great astrologers assembled in the palace. They discussed for hours and the king was asking again and again, ”What is your conclusion? Why is it taking so long?”

Finally, the youngest Because all the old ones were feeling very embarrassed. ”What to say?” The situation was such... they were all in agreement. But the youngest stood up and he said, ”These are old people and they don’t want to say anything that may hurt you. But somebody has to break the ice.

”You have a very strange child. His future cannot be predicted definitely, because he has two futures. For hours we have been discussing which one is heavier; they both are of equal weight. We have never come across such a child.”

The king said, ”Don’t be worried. You tell me exactly but tell me the truth.” And the astrologer said, with everybody’s agreement, ”Either your child will become the greatest emperor the world has ever known, a chakravartin, or, he will renounce the kingdom and will become a beggar. That’s why we were delaying, and we were not finding what words to say to you. Both possibilities have equal weight.”

The king was very much puzzled and he asked, ”Can you advise me? Is there some way that he does not renounce the world and become a beggar?” They suggested all kinds of measures; particularly, that he should not become aware of sickness, old age, death, sannyasins. He should be kept in such a way... almost blind to these realities, because anything can trigger the idea of renouncing the world. The king said, ”Don’t be worried. That much care I can take.”

Three great palaces were made for him for different seasons, so he never felt the heat or the cold or too much rain. All kinds of comforts were arranged. The gardeners were ordered: ”He should not be allowed to see a dead leaf, a flower that is withering away, so in the night, clean the garden completely of all old flowers, old leaves. He should remain only aware of youth, of young flowers.” He was surrounded by all the beautiful girls of the kingdom as he became of age. His whole time was nothing but pleasure, entertainment, music, dancing, beautiful women - and he had not seen anybody sick.

It was at the age of twenty-nine... there used to be an annual affair, a kind of youth festival, and the prince had to inaugurate it; he had been inaugurating it for years; roads were closed, people had

to keep their old men and women behind doors. But this year The story is very beautiful: up to now, it seems to be a historical thing. Beyond this point something of mythology enters into it, but the mythology is more important than the historical facts.

The story is, that the gods in heaven You must be made aware that Jainism and Buddhism don't believe in one god, they believe that every being is going to be a god, finally. Zarathustra will agree with them: to be a god is everybody's potential. How long he takes depends on him, but that is his destiny. And millions of people have reached to that point: they don't have physical bodies, they live in eternity, in immortality.

The gods in heaven became very much disturbed that almost twenty-nine years have passed; a man who is supposed to be a great, enlightened being is being prevented by his father. To be a great emperor is meaningless, in comparison to becoming the greatest awakened man in history, because that will raise the consciousness of humanity and the whole universe.

I say this is non-historical but mythology is more significant, because it shows that the whole existence is interested in your growth, that existence is not indifferent to you. And if you are very close to blossoming, existence will be ready to bring your spring as soon as possible. Existence has a vested interest in your becoming awakened because your awakening is going to awaken many people.

And as a general rule, the whole consciousness of humanity will be affected by it. It will leave its imprint of grandeur on every intelligent human being. Perhaps it may create the longing for the same in many, perhaps the seed may start sprouting. Perhaps that which is dormant will become active, dynamic.

That's why I say this mythological part is far more significant than the historical facts. It may be pure story, but it is tremendously symbolic.

The roads were closed, so the gods decided that one god would appear first as a sick man, coughing, by the side of the golden chariot in which Gautam Buddha was going to inaugurate the annual youth festival. Buddha could not believe what had happened to this man. So much care had been taken of him; the greatest physicians of the day had been taking care of him; he had not known any disease and he had not known anyone around him to be sick.

Another god entered into the charioteer, because Buddha asked the charioteer, "What has happened to this man?" The god answered from the charioteer's mouth: "This happens to everybody. Sooner or later, man starts becoming weak, sick, old." When he was saying this they saw an old man - another god - and the charioteer said, "Look, that is what happens to everybody. Youth is not eternal. It is ephemeral."

Buddha was very shocked. Just then they saw a third party of gods, carrying a dead man, a corpse, going to the funeral grounds, and Buddha said, "What has happened to this man?" And the charioteer said, "After old age, this is the end. The curtain falls. This man is dead."

Just behind that procession was coming a red-robed sannyasin and Buddha said, "Why is this man wearing red clothes, shaven head and looks very joyous, very healthy, has a shine in his eyes and a certain magnetism? Who is he? What has happened to him?"

The charioteer said, ”This man, seeing sickness, disease, old age, death, renounced the world. Before death comes, he wants to know the truth of life - whether life is going to survive after death or death is all, and everything finishes. He is a seeker of truth. He is a sannyasin.”

This was like a lightning. Twenty-nine years of his father’s efforts simply disappeared. He told the charioteer, ”I am not going to inaugurate the youth festival, because where disease happens and death happens, what is the point of being young for few years? Somebody else can do it.

You turn back.” And that very night, he escaped from the palace in search of truth.

The camel has changed into a lion. The metamorphosis has happened. Anything can trigger it, but one needs intelligence.

BUT IN THE LONELIEST DESERT THE SECOND METAMORPHOSIS OCCURS: THE SPIRIT HERE BECOMES A LION; IT WANTS TO CAPTURE FREEDOM AND BE LORD IN ITS OWN DESERT.

IT SEEKS HERE ITS ULTIMATE LORD: IT WILL BE AN ENEMY TO HIM AND TO ITS ULTIMATE GOD...

Now his search is for his ultimate godliness. Any other god will be an enemy to him. He is not going to bow down to any other god, he is going to be a lord unto himself. That is the spirit of the lion - absolute freedom certainly means freedom from god, freedom from so-called commandments, freedom from scriptures, freedom from any kind of morality imposed by others.

Certainly, there will arise a virtue, but that will be something coming from your own still, small voice. Your freedom will bring responsibility, but that responsibility will not be imposed on you by anyone else:... IT WILL STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY WITH THE GREAT DRAGON.

WHAT IS THE GREAT DRAGON WHICH THE SPIRIT NO LONGER WANTS TO CALL LORD AND GOD? THE GREAT DRAGON IS CALLED ‘THOU SHALT’. BUT THE SPIRIT OF THE LION SAYS ‘I WILL!’ Now there is no question of anybody else ordering him. Even God is no longer anybody he has to obey.

Zarathustra, somewhere, has a great statement: ”God is dead and man is for the first time free.” With God being there, man can never be free. He can be politically free, he can be economically free, he can be socially free, but spiritually, he will remain a slave and he will remain just a puppet.

The very idea that God created man destroys all possibility of freedom. If he has created you, he can uncreate you. He has put you together, he can take you apart. If he is the creator, he has every possibility and potentiality to be a destroyer.

You cannot prevent him. You could not prevent him from creating you, how can you prevent him from destroying you? It is because of this that Gautam Buddha, Mahavira and Zarathustra, three great seers of the world, have denied the existence of God.

You will be surprised. Their argument for denying God is a very strange argument, but very significant. They say, ”While God is there, man has no possibility of becoming totally free.”

Man's freedom, his spiritual dignity, depends on there being no God. If God is there, then man will remain a camel, worshiping dead statues, worshiping somebody he has not known, somebody who has never been known by anybody - just a pure hypothesis. You are worshiping a hypothesis. All your temples and churches and synagogues are nothing but monuments raised in honor of a hypothesis which is absolutely unproved, without any evidence. There exists no argument for God's existence as a person who created the world.

Zarathustra uses very strong language. He is a man of strong language. All authentic men have always been of strong language. He calls God, "the great dragon."

WHAT IS THE GREAT DRAGON WHICH THE SPIRIT NO LONGER WANTS TO CALL LORD AND GOD? THE GREAT DRAGON IS CALLED 'THOU SHALT'. All religious scriptures are included in these two words: "Thou shalt." You should do this and you should not do this. You are not free to choose what is right. It has been decided by people who have been dead for thousands of years for all the coming future, what is right and what is wrong.

A man who has a rebellious spirit - and without a rebellious spirit, the metamorphosis cannot happen - has to say: No, I will. I will do whatever my consciousness feels to be right, and I will not do whatever my consciousness feels to be wrong. Except my own being, there is no other guide for me. Except my own eyes, I am not going to believe in anyone else's eyes. I am not blind, and I am not an idiot.

I can see. I can think. I can meditate and I can find out for myself what is right and what is wrong. My morality will be simply the shadow of my consciousness.

'THOU SHALT' LIES IN ITS PATH, SPARKLING WITH GOLD, A SCALE-COVERED BEAST, AND ON EVERY SCALE GLITTERS GOLDEN 'THOU SHALT.'

VALUES OF A THOUSAND YEARS GLITTER ON THE SCALES, AND THUS SPEAKS THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL DRAGONS: ALL THE VALUES OF THINGS - GLITTER ON ME.

ALL VALUES HAVE ALREADY BEEN CREATED, AND ALL CREATED VALUES - ARE IN ME. TRULY, THERE SHALL BE NO MORE "I WILL"!' THUS SPEAKS THE DRAGON.

All the religions, all the religious heads are included in the dragon. They all say, that all values have been created, there is no need for you to decide anymore. Everything has been decided for you by wiser people than you. There is no need of "I will."

But without "I will" there is no freedom. You remain a camel, and that's what all the vested interests - religious, political and social - want you to be; just camels; ugly, without any dignity, without any grace, without any soul, just ready to serve, very willing to be slaves. The very idea of freedom has not happened to them. And these are not philosophical statements. These are truths.

Has the idea of freedom ever happened to the Hindus, or the Christians, or the Buddhists, or the Mohammedans? No. They all say with one voice: "Everything has been decided already. We have simply to follow. And those who follow are virtuous and those who don't follow will fall into the hell-fire for eternity."

MY BROTHERS, WHY IS THE LION NEEDED IN THE SPIRIT? WHY DOES THE BEAST OF BURDEN, THAT RENOUNCES AND IS REVERENT, NOT SUFFICE? Zarathustra is saying that your so-called saints are nothing but perfect camels. They have said yes to the dead traditions, dead conventions, dead scriptures, dead gods, and because they are perfect camels, imperfect camels worship them.

Naturally.

TO CREATE NEW VALUES - EVEN THE LION IS INCAPABLE OF THAT: BUT TO CREATE ITSELF FREEDOM FOR NEW CREATION - THAT THE MIGHT OF THE LION CAN DO.

The lion cannot create himself new values but he can create the freedom, the opportunity in which new values can be created. And what are the new values?

For example, the new man cannot believe in any discrimination amongst human beings. That will be a new value: All human beings are one, in spite of their color, in spite of their race, in spite of their geographies, in spite of their histories. Just being human is enough.

The new value should be: There should be no nations at all because they have been the cause of all wars.

There should be no organized religions, because they have been preventing individual search. They go on handing over to people ready-made truths, and truth is not a toy, you cannot get it ready-made. There is no factory that manufactures it and there is no market where it is available. You will have to search for it in the deepest silences of your own heart. And except you, nobody else can go there. Religion is individual - this is a new value.

Nations are ugly, religious organizations are irreligious, churches and temples and synagogues and gurudwaras are just ridiculous. The whole existence is sacred. The whole existence is the temple. And wherever you sit silently, meditatively, lovingly, you create a temple of consciousness around you. You need not go anywhere to worship because there is nobody higher than your consciousness to whom you owe any worship.

TO CREATE FREEDOM FOR ITSELF AND A SACRED NO EVEN TO DUTY: THE LION IS NEEDED FOR THAT, MY BROTHERS.

You have been told continuously that duty is a great value. In fact, it is a four-letter, a dirty word. If you love your wife because it is your duty, then you don't love. You love your duty, you don't love your wife. If you love your mother because it is your duty, you don't love your mother. Duty destroys all that is beautiful in man - love, compassion, joy. People even laugh because it is their duty.

I have heard that in one office the boss used to call all the people, just before the office day began, into his room. He knew only three jokes, and every day he will tell one joke, and it was, of course, absolutely necessary that everybody laughs. It was a duty. And they were bored with those jokes because they have heard them thousands of times, but still they would laugh as if they were hearing it for the first time. One day, when he told the joke, everybody laughed - only a girl who was a typist did not laugh.

The boss said, ”What is the matter with you? Did you hear the joke or not?” She said, ”The joke? I am resigning from this post. I have joined some other office. Now it is no longer a duty for me to laugh at a joke that I have heard at least ten thousand times. Let all these idiots laugh, because these poor fellows still have to remain in this office.”

Teachers want students to respect them because it is their duty. I was a professor and the education commission of India invited a few professors from all over India to participate in a conference in New Delhi on important issues which were becoming more and more troublesome in every educational institute.

The first was: that students don’t pay any respect to the professors. Many professors spoke on it, saying, ”Something has to be done urgently. Because unless there is respect, the whole educational system will fall apart.”

I could not understand what kind of discussion this was because not a single person had objected or argued on the point. I was the youngest person and I was called because the chairman of the education committee, D. S. Kothari, had heard me while he was visiting a university. He was one of the prominent scientists of India. I was very junior and it was a conference of old, senior people.

But I said, ”It seems I have to speak on this subject because all these professors are insisting on one thing, that every student has a duty to be respectful towards the teacher, and none of them has said that the teacher has to be deserving of respect. My own experience in the university is that not a single professor is worthy of any respect. And if students are not being respectful, to impose it as a duty will be absolutely ugly and fascist. I am against it. I would like the commission to decide that teachers should be worthy and deserving, and respect will follow automatically.

”Whenever there is someone who is beautiful, people’s eyes immediately recognize the beauty. Whenever there is someone who has some character, some dignity, people simply respect. It is not a question of demanding or making it a rule, that every student should respect.

”The university is not part of your armies. The university should teach every student to be free, to be alert, to be conscious. And the whole burden is on the professors to prove themselves worthy of it.”

They were all angry with me. D. S. Kothari told me after the conference, ”They were very angry with you and they were asking me, why did you call him? knowing perfectly well that he cannot agree on any point with anybody and anyway, he is so junior and this is a conference of senior professors.”

I told D.S. Kothari, ”They are senior professors but not a single one of them was able to answer my question that I had raised, ‘Why you should hanker for respect?’ In fact, only people who don’t deserve respect desire that they should be respected. People who deserve respect get it. It is simply natural. But to make it a duty is ugly.”

Zarathustra is right:

TO CREATE FREEDOM FOR ITSELF AND A SACRED NO EVEN TO DUTY: THE LION IS NEEDED FOR THAT TO SEIZE THE RIGHT TO NEW VALUES - THAT IS THE MOST TERRIBLE PROCEEDING FOR A WEIGHT-BEARING AND REVERENTIAL SPIRIT.

ONCE IT LOVED ‘THOU SHALT’ AS ITS HOLIEST THING: NOW IT HAS TO FIND ILLUSION AND CAPRICE EVEN IN THE HOLIEST, THAT IT MAY STEAL FREEDOM FROM ITS LOVE: THE LION IS NEEDED FOR THIS THEFT.

BUT TELL ME, MY BROTHERS, WHAT CAN THE CHILD DO THAT EVEN THE LION CANNOT? WHY MUST THE PREYING LION STILL BECOME A CHILD?

THE CHILD IS INNOCENCE AND FORGETFULNESS, A NEW BEGINNING, A SPORT, A SELFPROPELLING WHEEL, A FIRST MOTION, A SACRED YES.

YES, A SACRED YES IS NEEDED, MY BROTHERS, FOR THE SPORT OF CREATION: THE SPIRIT NOW WILLS its own WILL, THE SPIRIT SUNDERED FROM THE WORLD NOW WINS its own WORLD.

I HAVE NAMED YOU THREE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPIRIT: HOW THE SPIRIT BECAME A CAMEL, AND THE CAMEL A LION AND THE LION, AT LAST A CHILD.

The child is the highest peak of evolution as far as consciousness is concerned. But the child is only a symbol; it does not mean that children are the highest state of being. A child is used symbolically because it is not knowledgeable. It is innocent, and because it is innocent it is full of wonder, and because its eyes are full of wonder, its soul longs for the mysterious. A child is a beginning, a sport; and life should be always a beginning and always a playfulness; always a laughter and never seriousness.

A FIRST MOTION, A SACRED YES. Yes, a sacred yes is needed, but the sacred yes, can come only after a sacred no. The camel also says yes but it is the yes of a slave. He cannot say no. His yes is meaningless.

The lion says no! But he cannot say yes. It is against his very nature. It reminds him of the camel. Somehow he has freed himself from the camel and to say yes naturally reminds him again - the yes of the camel and the slavery. No, the animal in the camel is incapable of saying no. In the lion, it is capable of saying no but is incapable of saying yes.

The child knows nothing of the camel, knows nothing of the lion. That’s why Zarathustra says: ”A child is innocence and forgetfulness...” His yes is pure and he has every potential to say no. If he does not say it, it is because he trusts not because he is afraid; not out of fear, but out of trust. And when yes comes out of trust, it is the greatest metamorphosis, the greatest transformation that one can hope for.

These three symbols are beautiful to remember.

Remember that you are where the camel is, and remember that you have to move towards the lion, and remember that you have not to stop at the lion. You have to move even further, to a new beginning, to innocence and to a sacred yes; to a child.

The real sage again becomes a child.

The circle is complete - from the child back to the child. But the difference is great. The child, as such, is ignorant. He will have to pass through the camel, through the lion, and come back again to the child; and this child is not exactly the old child, because it is not ignorant. It has moved through all the experiences of life: of slavery, of freedom, of an impotent yes, of a ferocious no, and yet it has forgotten all that. It is not ignorance but innocence. The first child was the beginning of a journey. The second childhood is the completion of the journey.

In India, in the days when Zarathustra was writing these statements in Iran, the UPANISHADS were being written, which have the same understanding. In the UPANISHADS, the brahmin is one who comes to know the ultimate reality. Not by birth is anybody a brahmin, but only by knowing the brahm, the ultimate reality, one becomes a brahmin; and another name of brahmin in the UPANISHADS is, dwij, twice born. The first birth is of the body and the second birth is of the consciousness.
The first birth makes you human, the second birth makes you a god. ...

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 8

Of the despisers of the body and the joys and the passions

30 March 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

YOU SAY ‘I’ AND YOU ARE PROUD OF THIS WORD. BUT GREATER THAN THIS - ALTHOUGH YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE IN IT - IS YOUR BODY AND ITS GREAT INTELLIGENCE, WHICH DOES NOT SAY ‘I’ BUT PERFORMS ‘I’.

WHAT THE SENSE FEELS, WHAT THE SPIRIT PERCEIVES, IS NEVER AN END IN ITSELF. BUT SENSE AND SPIRIT WOULD LIKE TO PERSUADE YOU THAT THEY ARE THE END OF ALL THINGS: THEY ARE AS VAIN AS THAT.

SENSE AND SPIRIT ARE INSTRUMENTS AND TOYS: BEHIND THEM STILL LIES THE SELF. THE SELF SEEKS WITH THE EYES OF THE SENSE, IT LISTENS TOO WITH THE EARS OF THE SPIRIT.

THE SELF IS ALWAYS LISTENING AND SEEKING: IT COMPARES, SUBDUES, CONQUERS, DESTROYS. IT RULES AND IS ALSO THE EGO'S RULER.

BEHIND YOUR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, MY BROTHER, STANDS A MIGHTY COMMANDER, AN UNKNOWN SAGE - HE IS CALLED SELF. HE LIVES IN YOUR BODY, HE IS YOUR BODY.

THERE IS MORE REASON IN YOUR BODY THAN IN YOUR BEST WISDOM. AND WHO KNOWS FOR WHAT PURPOSE YOUR BODY REQUIRES PRECISELY YOUR BEST WISDOM?...

OF JOYS AND PASSIONS

MY BROTHER, IF YOU HAVE A VIRTUE AND IT IS YOUR OWN VIRTUE, YOU HAVE IT IN COMMON WITH NO ONE.

TO BE SURE, YOU WANT TO CALL IT BY A NAME AND CARESS IT; YOU WANT TO PULL ITS EARS AND AMUSE YOURSELF WITH IT.

AND BEHOLD! NOW YOU HAVE ITS NAME IN COMMON WITH THE PEOPLE AND HAVE BECOME OF THE PEOPLE AND THE HERD WITH YOUR VIRTUE!

YOU WOULD DO BETTER TO SAY: 'UNUTTERABLE AND NAMELESS IS THAT WHICH TORMENTS AND DELIGHTS MY SOUL AND IS ALSO THE HUNGER OF MY BELLY.'

LET YOUR VIRTUE BE TOO EXALTED FOR THE FAMILIARITY OF NAMES: AND IF YOU HAVE TO SPEAK OF IT, DO NOT BE ASHAMED TO STAMMER.

THUS SAY AND STAMMER: 'THIS IS MY GOOD, THIS I LOVE, JUST THUS DO I LIKE IT, ONLY THUS DO I WISH THE GOOD.

'I DO NOT WANT IT AS A LAW OF GOD, I DO NOT WANT IT AS A HUMAN STATUTE: LET IT BE NO SIGN-POST TO SUPEREARTHS AND PARADISES.

'IT IS AN EARTHLY VIRTUE THAT I LOVE: THERE IS LITTLE PRUDENCE IN IT, AND LEAST OF ALL COMMON WISDOM.

'BUT THIS BIRD HAS BUILT ITS NEST BENEATH MY ROOF: THEREFORE I LOVE AND CHERISH IT - NOW IT SITS THERE UPON ITS GOLDEN EGGS.'
THUS SHOULD YOU STAMMER AND PRAISE YOUR VIRTUE

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

ZARATHUSTRA IS ALONE amongst the great teachers of the world who is not against the body, but for the body. All the other teachers are against the body, and their reasoning is that the body is a hindrance in the growth of the soul, the body is a barrier between you and the divine. This is sheer nonsense.

Zarathustra, perhaps, is the sanest teacher we have known. He will not have anything to do with any kind of nonsense; his approach is pragmatic and scientific. And he is the first to teach the body, to teach humanity that unless you love the body, and unless you understand the body, you cannot grow spiritually. The body is the temple of your soul.

It serves you your whole life without asking anything in return. And it is ugly to condemn it, because all these condemners of the body are born out of the body. They are condemning the body through the body. They are living their life through the body, and yet humanity has accepted a very dangerous ideology: the split between the body and the soul - not only the split, but their polar oppositeness,

that you have to choose either the body or the soul. It is part of a bigger philosophy: matter and spirit. Body is matter and soul is spirit. And all these body condemners, body despisers, have become focused on one ideal: that the world consists of two things, matter and spirit.

But now we know not only logically, not only through experience, but through scientific evidence also, that there is only one entity; whether you call it matter or you call it spirit, does not matter. Body and soul, matter and energy, are one and the same. Existence is not a duality; it is an organic whole.

But there was a fundamental reason to condemn the body: that was their way of praising the soul, that was their way of praising immaterial energy. It would have been a little difficult without condemning the body and matter. Condemn the body - it gives you a good background for praising the soul. Condemn the world and you can praise God. But they never saw a very obvious fact, that they themselves are preaching continuously that God created the world. If God created the world, then the world is nothing but an extension of God, His creativity;

it cannot be His enemy.

Zarathustra has a very clear insight and nobody that far back, twenty-five centuries ago, was able to see that the body has a wisdom of its own. You come across it every moment, but still the old conditioning is so heavy that it does not allow you to recognize the wisdom of the body.

For example, your eyes are continuously blinking. They could have been left just as your ears are, always open. But the body has a wisdom, a deep intelligence - eyes are so delicate, they need continuous cleaning. And when the eyelid comes down, goes up, it is helping the body to remain, through the eyes, absolutely clean. And there are glands which have water in them. When you cry and weep it comes in tears, but when your eyelids are blinking, the same liquid cleanses any dust that may have accumulated on the most delicate part of your body.

Eyes are almost the windows of your soul. Immense care is taken, by the body, of the eyes. And this is just an example. All the basic necessities of the body are not left to you; you are not that reliable.

By ”you” I mean your mind. Breathing is not at all dependent on the mind. It would have been dangerous, because the mind is not so alert. It can forget, and if it forgets to breathe, you will be dead. When you are asleep, who is going to breathe? The mind is in deep sleep, but the body continues to breathe.

Even if the mind is removed completely, it will not affect your life process. I have seen a woman who was in a coma for nine months, but she was breathing perfectly. The heartbeats, the digestion of food, the distribution of the digested food to different parts of the body - it is being done almost like a computer. And it is a very intricate and complex process. There are so many vitamins... which vitamin has to go to which part of the body? - the body knows it and fulfills the need. It is not left to you. There are vitamins which are needed for the brain. Only those vitamins will be carried by the blood to the brain.

Your blood has two kinds of cells: white and red. Whenever you get wounded, your mind cannot do anything, but your body immediately takes over the situation. The white cells run immediately to the place where you are wounded. It is so mysterious and so amazing, because those white cells will gather on the wound and will not allow the red cells to go out of the body. They will be protective.

The body heals itself. Now even medical science accepts it, that the doctor, the medicine and everything that we can do is just to help the healing process of the body, but the basic healing is done by the body itself. We can support - but if the body is not ready to heal itself, all our support fails.

If the whole process that goes on inside the body has to be performed by machines, you will need for a single body a factory so big that you cannot imagine it. It will take one square mile of factory to do all the functions that your body is doing so silently, in such a small space.

The body goes on renewing itself. After every seven years you are a new person, without knowing it. Not a single old cell in your body is there; they have been replaced by new cells. Before they become too old, and can become destructive, they are removed. Your blood is continuously taking out your dead cells and bringing new cells, taking out carbon dioxide, which can become a cause of death if it accumulates in you, and goes on replacing it with oxygen, which is your life. And this all goes on so silently, no noise is made. Still almost all the religions condemn the body, saying that the body is the source of sin.

The body is the source of your whole life. Now what you make of it, that depends on you. You can be a sinner, you can be a saint. The body neither seduces you to be a sinner, nor encourages you to be a saint. Whoever you are, a sinner or a saint, the body continues its own work. Its own work is so vast, it has no time for any other thing. Zarathustra has tremendous respect for the body, because it is the beginning of your being. From the body you can move to the being.

But if the body is condemned, renounced, tortured, which has been done for centuries, then you cannot go to your being. You become unnecessarily involved, entangled, in a fight with the body. Your whole energy is destroyed in this antagonism. The body should be accepted lovingly, thankfully, gratefully, and it can become a stepping stone to your being. In fact that is the intention of nature.

Zarathustra says, YOU SAY ‘I’ AND YOU ARE PROUD OF THIS WORD. BUT GREATER THAN THIS - ALTHOUGH YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE IN IT - IS YOUR BODY AND ITS GREAT INTELLIGENCE, WHICH DOES NOT SAY ‘I’ BUT PERFORMS ‘I.’

YOU SAY ‘I’... Have you ever observed that your I goes on changing twenty-four hours a day? In the evening your I decides that, ”I am going to get up early in the morning, five o’clock, to meditate.” It is your decision, the decision of your I. But when the alarm clock goes, someone inside you which is now pretending to be your I says, ”It is such a beautiful morning, just a little more sleep, it is so cozy ” You turn over, pull your blanket over, and wake up as usual at nine o’clock. And you never have thought about it: that the same I that has determined to wake up at five, cannot cancel it.

Your I is not a single thing; it is a crowd of many Is - almost like a wheel and its spokes. Every spoke has its time when it comes on the top, and then it speaks as if it is your authentic I” You promise and you never fulfill it. You cannot be one I - integrated. You are many Is as far as your mind is concerned.

George Gurdjieff used to say that a very rich man had a palace and many servants. He was going on a holy pilgrimage; it may take two years, three years - his return was not certain.

He told his servants, ”Remember, I can come any day. I may not complete the pilgrimage, so you are not to become lazy. The house has to remain ready for me every day - clean, tidy ” And they all said they would do their best.

But three years passed, and slowly, slowly the servants became lazy. For a few days there was enthusiasm to clean, perhaps he may be coming. But then three years passed, which was the longest time - and he was not back. Perhaps he is dead, perhaps he has become a renunciate. He is not going to come back

And the cleaning of the house and everything slowly, slowly stopped. But the servants decided that by turn one servant should remain on the main gate, because you can see from the main gate faraway on the road: ”If his chariot is coming then inform us inside, immediately we will do everything that is needed. Otherwise, what is the point of cleaning the house?” So by turn they were standing at the main gate.

The house was so beautiful and so unique, and in a lonely part amongst hills and forests, that whenever some traveler came across it, he would ask the servant who was on the gate, ”Who is the owner of this house?”

And they all believed, deep down they wanted to believe - this is one of the human weaknesses, whatever you want to believe you start believing it - they had come to believe that the master is never going to be back. So the servant on the gate would say, ”It belongs to me. I am the owner of the house.”

But the travelers were confused, because when they came back on the same route, somebody else was at the gate, and they would ask, ”Who is the owner of this house?” And he would say, ”Who is the owner of this house? I am the owner of this house.” Gurdjieff used to tell that story, that each servant in turn became the owner of the house. And exactly the same is the situation of your I. There are many Is in you. If you watch carefully, you can see there are many Is in you, but only one I is predominant at a certain time. That I says, ”I love you and I will love you forever. Others have also loved, but they love only in life. I will love you, beloved, even when I am dead.”

And the next moment, the great lovers are fighting and throwing things at each other. What happened? What happened to the great love? It is a well-known fact that lovers can die for each other, and lovers can also kill each other. It cannot be the work of the same I.

If you are alert you will become aware that there is a queue of Is behind you. One I wants to say this, another I wants to say that, another I wants to do this - and they are never in agreement. There is a continuous inner fight going on: ”Who is the owner of the house?”

Because we live in unconsciousness we never become aware of it. Zarathustra is right when he says that you say very proudly, I - but your I is nothing compared to the great intelligence of your body, which never says I, but really performs all the functions which are supposed to be done by the I.

WHAT THE SENSE FEELS, WHAT THE SPIRIT PERCEIVES, IS NEVER AN END IN ITSELF. BUT SENSE AND SPIRIT WOULD LIKE TO PERSUADE YOU THAT THEY ARE THE END OF ALL THINGS: THEY ARE AS VAIN AS THAT.

You know your senses have been deceiving you many times. It is not only that in a desert, in the hot sun, you are deceived by a mirage.

You are thirsty. That plays a fifty percent role in creating the mirage. And because the sands are hot, and the sunrays are returning back, they create the other fifty percent. Their returning back creates the illusion of something like water, because of the ripples. The ripples are so mirror-like that even if there are trees they will be reflected in them. Then it becomes absolutely certain to the thirsty person that the water is nearby. Trees are there, and they are reflected in the water, but as you reach near the mirage there is no water at all. It was just sunrays reflecting back, creating a mirror in which the trees were reflected.

But it is not only in a desert. In your everyday life your senses are deceiving you, and every sense says, ”Whatever is my experience is the reality.”

It happened once... I was standing in the garden of the library in a city where I used to study. One man came, tapped on my shoulder, and said, ”It has been years I have not seen you.”

I looked at the man; I had never seen the man. I said, ”You must be mistaken. Perhaps somebody else looking like me may have been your friend, but I don’t know you at all.”

He said, ”I am very sorry, but you look so exactly like my friend.”

I said, ”I am sorry that I look like him, but what can I do about it? I am helpless.”

The same day, I was in the market and the same man came and again tapped on my shoulder and said, ”You are a strange fellow. In the morning I tapped on some innocent person thinking that you were standing there by the side of the library.”

I said, ”I am the same man who was standing by the library, and this is the second time you have tapped me. But I said, ”There is no problem: the third time be alert, because I don’t think your friend is here in the town. You have not seen him for years.”

He said, ”I have not seen him for years.”
Then I said, ”Remember, the third time if you see him, first ask him, and then...” He

said, ”But you look so similar.”

I said, ”Again, I can say the same thing: that I am helpless, and I don’t know your friend.”

But he said, ”My eyes cannot deceive me so much - and twice in a day.”

And I told him, ”Remember, the third time I will slap you if you... because this tapping on my shoulder is too much.”

He said, ”No, I will never... even if the real one is there, first I will ask.”

And after four, five days, I was coming out of the university and the man looked at me and said, ”Great, because of you I have been tapping on another person.”

I said, ”Do you want me to live in the city or leave? I am the same person!” He

said, ”But you look so similar.”

I said, ”Again the same thing.”

You watch, and you will find your senses are not so certain, and their claims are vain. You hear things which have not been said. You see things which don’t exist. You believe in concepts which are absolutely irrational. But the body is absolutely innocent, never deceives you. It is always authentic.

SENSE AND SPIRIT ARE INSTRUMENTS AND TOYS: BEHIND THEM STILL LIES THE SELF, - the being. Zarathustra accepts only two realities in you: the body and the being. Between the two - the senses, the mind, the ego - they are all false entities. If you want to reach your being, begin with the body, because those are the only two realities; or perhaps one reality. Your body is the outer side of the being, and your being is the inner side of your body.

THE SELF SEEKS WITH THE EYES OF THE SENSE, IT LISTENS TOO WITH THE EARS OF THE SPIRIT.

THE SELF IS ALWAYS LISTENING AND SEEKING: IT COMPARES, SUBDUES, CONQUERS, DESTROYS. IT RULES AND IS ALSO THE EGO’S RULER.

The self, or the being, is your real master. And if your self uses your senses, your mind, as instruments, it is perfectly right. But things are very upside down in man. We have completely forgotten the master, and the servants are pretending to be the masters; and each servant says that whatever is his experience is true.

As an instrument it is perfectly good - but the master must be using it. If the master is not using it, and the situation is that the instruments are using the master Your mind pretends to be the master. It is only a servant; its function is to serve your being. But being is completely forgotten. That is the misery of humanity.

BEHIND YOUR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, MY BROTHER, STANDS A MIGHTY COMMANDER, AN UNKNOWN SAGE - HE IS CALLED SELF. HE LIVES IN YOUR BODY, HE IS YOUR BODY. This is such a beautiful statement, and so true. He lives in your body, he is your body. Your being and your body are not separate, they are two sides of the same coin. But because the body was condemned, the self was also condemned. Mind became the master.

In the condemnation of the body, the being was automatically condemned, and a false entity - that which is only instrumental - has been ruling humanity. You are being ruled by your mind. Mind should serve you. It should not rule you.

THERE IS MORE REASON IN YOU BODY THAN IN YOUR BEST WISDOM. AND WHO KNOWS FOR WHAT PURPOSE YOUR BODY REQUIRES PRECISELY YOUR BEST WISDOM?...

MY BROTHER, IF YOU HAVE A VIRTUE AND IT IS YOUR OWN VIRTUE, YOU HAVE IT IN COMMON WITH NO ONE.

I have been telling you again and again that the more you become an individual the more you become unique, and in your uniqueness is hidden your celebration.

Zarathustra says, ”If you have a virtue, and it is your own virtue, not taught by others but discovered by yourself, you have it in common with no one, it will be unique. It will be simply your signature. It will be as unique as your fingerprints. Nobody else can have it in the world.”

Nature never repeats. Even when you see things similar, they are only similar, but they are not the same.

Just look at a tree and watch each leaf, and you will be surprised - each leaf has its own individuality; no other leaf is exactly like it.

Go to the beach. Find seashells, and no two seashells will be exactly the same. Or find colored stones - no two colored stones will be the same.

The creativity of existence is enormous. It never repeats. You have heard the saying, ”History never repeats,” but I say to you that that is not true. History repeats, only existence never repeats.

History repeats, because it is in the hands of unconscious people. Unconscious people cannot be unique.

It happened once, a man purchased a painting by Picasso. It was one million dollars, and he wanted to be sure that it was an authentic Picasso, not a fake - because there are on the market fake paintings which look exactly alike. Unless you are an experienced critic, it is impossible for you to see any difference. So he consulted a man who was an expert, particularly about Picasso’s paintings. He told him, ”Don’t be worried. About this painting I can be absolutely sure, because I was staying at Picasso’s house when he made this painting; so I am an eyewitness too. You need not worry. Your one million dollars have not gone to waste.”

But the man said, ”I would like you to come with me to Picasso himself. I want Picasso’s opinion also.” He said, ”There is no problem.” They went to Picasso’s house. Picasso was sitting with his girlfriend. He looked at the painting and said, ”It is fake.” The critic said, ”What are you saying? I was present when you made it.” And the girlfriend also said, ”This is too much. I was also in the house when you were painting it.”

Picasso said, that ”I have not said that I have not painted it, but it is fake.” They all looked at Picasso - has he gone mad? He said, ”You will not understand. The reality is, one man wanted to have a painting and I had no idea coming into my mind, so I simply painted an old painting of mine. You can go into a museum in Paris and you will find it there. I simply painted the same painting again. So although I have painted it, it is not authentic, it is a copy. And whether the copy is made by me or by somebody else does not matter. A copy is a copy. It is fake.”

Existence never copies itself. It is always new and always fresh.

TO BE SURE, YOU WANT TO CALL IT BY A NAME AND CARESS IT; YOU WANT TO PULL ITS EARS AND AMUSE YOURSELF WITH IT.

AND BEHOLD! NOW YOU HAVE ITS NAME IN COMMON WITH THE PEOPLE AND HAVE BECOME ONE OF THE PEOPLE AND THE HERD WITH YOUR VIRTUE!

YOU WOULD DO BETTER TO SAY: 'UNUTTERABLE AND NAMELESS IS THAT WHICH TORMENTS AND DELIGHTS MY SOUL AND IS ALSO THE HUNGER OF MY BELLY.'

A very strange statement. He says the moment you try to make your virtue acceptable by society, you moderate it here and there, it loses its truth. You become part of the herd; you are no more a unique individual. And you can see it down the ages.

Never again another Zarathustra.
Never again another Gautam Buddha.

Never again another Jesus Christ.

And still millions of people are trying to be carbon copies of these people. They are destroying themselves. If you are not unique, you have missed the opportunity of your life. You have missed your growth.

Gautam Buddha is beautiful. Zarathustra is beautiful. But you pretending to be Zarathustra, you posing as a Gautam Buddha, will be only acting. Perhaps you can do it even better, because Gautam Buddha was not acting; he has not rehearsed. His life was spontaneous. You can rehearse as many times as you want; you may even improve on the image of Gautam Buddha, but still you will be fake. You will be a hypocrite.

Zarathustra says, YOU WOULD DO BETTER TO SAY: 'UNUTTERABLE AND NAMELESS IS THAT WHICH TORMENTS AND DELIGHTS MY SOUL ' It delights my soul because it is my own growth, and it torments because I cannot express it. '... AND IS ALSO THE HUNGER OF MY BELLY.'

It is not only the hunger of my soul, it is also the hunger of my belly.

He wants you to remember that your body and your being are so one, that the longing of your being will become the longing of your body, and the hunger of your body will become the hunger of your being. They are only two names, but not two separate entities.

LET YOUR VIRTUE BE TOO EXALTED FOR THE FAMILIARITY OF NAMES: AND IF YOU HAVE TO SPEAK OF IT, DO NOT BE ASHAMED TO STAMMER. Whenever one finds a unique virtue in his being, he is bound to stammer, because all that is great in man is inexpressible. At the most you can stammer, but you can never be satisfied that what you have said is exactly what you have experienced.

THUS SAY AND STAMMER: 'THIS IS MY GOOD, THIS I LOVE, JUST THUS DO I LIKE IT, ONLY THUS DO I WISH THE GOOD.' Whether it is truth, or beauty, or good, it has to be your own, it has

to have roots in your very being. Otherwise you will remain part of the crowd. And that is the most ugly thing in the eyes of Zarathustra: to be part of the crowd, to be just a cog in the wheel, to be just a number. To be a number in the crowd takes away your dignity, your honor, your pride.

Have you ever thought, that in the armies people are given numbers? And when a soldier dies, on the board of the office appears the writing, ”Number 13 died.” It makes such a difference, because number 13 has no children, number 13 has no wife waiting for him, number 13 has no old mother to see at least once more his face. Number 13 has no father, no friends. When you read on the board, ”Number 13 has died” it does not strike you, it does not hurt you. But if the name of the man was there, it would have had a totally different impact on you, because you knew the man. You know his wife is waiting, his children will become orphans, his old mother and father will become beggars.

It is a very cunning strategy to give soldiers numbers. A number is replaceable; another recruit will become number 13. But nobody else can replace the man who was number 13. Numbers can be replaced, but human beings cannot be replaced. In a crowd you become a number, you lose your originality, you start imitating others, you start doing things like everybody else.

Zarathustra says, ”Remember, unless it is my good, it is not good enough. If it is not my experience of truth, it is just a hypothesis in which you can believe, but it cannot dispel your darkness. Just by believing in light, your darkness will not disappear. You need real light, your light. Only then darkness can disappear.

I DO NOT WANT IT AS A LAW OF GOD. I DO NOT WANT IT AS A HUMAN STATUTE: LET IT BE NO SIGN-POST TO SUPEREARTHS AND PARADISES. Zarathustra is a rebel, and only a rebel can be a truly religious person. He is saying, ”I don’t want it as a law of God - because to follow laws is to lose your freedom. It has to be my law, it has to arise in my consciousness. It has to be a flower of my own being. Then only it has beauty, and freedom.”

He does not want his virtue because it will lead him to paradise - virtue in itself is paradise. Those who are virtuous because they are desirous of the pleasures of paradise are simply greedy. They are not virtuous - they don’t know what virtue is.

Virtue is a reward unto itself.

When you love, do you want reward also? Love is a reward unto itself. When you are truthful, do you want a reward? Being truthful - what reward can be more than that? But all the religions have been giving people false ideas: be truthful, be good, be moral, and you will be immensely rewarded in the other world. These greedy people try to be virtuous, try to be good, try to be truthful - not that they love truth, not that they enjoy virtue. They are using these as stepping stones for the pleasures of paradise.

My own understanding is exactly the same: that anything authentic that arises in you is a reward in itself. You don’t want anything more. It is more than enough. It is such a joy, such blissfulness to be good, to be helpful, to be compassionate, to be kind. It is such a joy to share, not to give alms.

Zarathustra is right when he says, ”I will not give alms; I am not that poor. I will share, because I am rich enough.” Only beggars give alms to other beggars. Bigger beggars give alms to smaller

beggars; these bigger beggars are keeping an eye on the pleasures of paradise. It is simply business, it is not giving unconditionally; and to give unconditionally, and to rejoice in it, is a paradise itself.

IT IS AN EARTHLY VIRTUE THAT I LOVE: THERE IS LITTLE PRUDENCE IN IT, AND LEAST OF ALL COMMON WISDOM. You have been told again and again by pedagogues, by preachers, that love is something not of the earth, but Zarathustra loves the earth too much. He has no desire and no greed for any other world, and he has no fear of any hell. He wants this earth to be as beautiful, as loving, as divine as possible, because for him matter and spirit are not two. Matter is only condensed energy. It is a form of energy, but not something different.

IT IS AN EARTHLY VIRTUE THAT I LOVE Don't think about love, or about beauty, or about truth as if these flowers cannot blossom on the earth. They can blossom on the earth. They have blossomed on the earth. Their very life is rooted in the earth. It is the earth that supplies all their juice, all their color, all their fragrance.

Zarathustra is a pagan.

BUT THIS BIRD HAS BUILT ITS NEST BENEATH MY ROOF: THEREFORE I LOVE AND CHERISH IT - NOW IT SITS THERE UPON ITS GOLDEN EGGS.

THUS SHOULD YOU STAMMER AND PRAISE YOUR VIRTUE. It is very difficult to say exactly, in words, the vast and enormous experience of love, or good, or beauty. But don't be worried that you will be simply stammering. Stammer!

BUT THIS BIRD HAS BUILT ITS NEST BENEATH MY ROOF It may be love, it may be good, it may be the experience of the divine... but the divine is not against the earth; the divine is also a growth in the earth. Because the BIRD HAS BUILT ITS NEST BENEATH MY ROOF: THEREFORE I LOVE AND CHERISH IT. I am not concerned with faraway worlds - they are only vain dreams of cunning people to exploit humanity. NOW IT SITS THERE UPON ITS GOLDEN EGGS. When love arises in you, it is just like a bird sitting on its golden eggs. Everything is within you, and everything belongs to the earth.

The earth is the temple.

Not only beautiful flowers grow on it, not only tall trees grow on it, but a man like Zarathustra, or Gautam Buddha, or Jesus, is also growing on the same earth. They are the pride of the earth.

THUS SHOULD YOU STAMMER AND PRAISE YOUR VIRTUE.

He is immensely unique in not condemning the earth - on the contrary, praising it. It is the mother of all. If we had understood the earth as the mother of all, even of great values, we would have treated the earth in a different way. We have destroyed it. We have almost poisoned it. We have broken its ecological unity. We have disturbed its environment. And now with nuclear weapons we are ready to destroy it. And it is the source of all that is beautiful, and all that is great.

The earth is sacred.

Nobody else has been so courageous to say the truth. Zarathustra's courage is great, and he speaks as if he is our contemporary. Twenty-five centuries have not made any difference - because those earth-condemners are still there. The religions which are against the body are still there. If Zarathustra is understood, there should not be any condemnation of the earth, but a deep reverence for the earth, and all that grows on the earth.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 9

Of live and love and of war and warriors

30 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF LIFE AND LOVE

WHAT HAVE WE IN COMMON WITH THE ROSEBUD, WHICH TREMBLES BECAUSE A DROP OF DEW IS LYING UPON IT?

IT IS TRUE: WE LOVE LIFE, NOT BECAUSE WE ARE USED TO LIVING BUT BECAUSE WE ARE USED TO LOVING.

THERE IS ALWAYS A CERTAIN MADNESS IN LOVE. BUT ALSO THERE IS ALWAYS A CERTAIN METHOD IN MADNESS.

AND TO ME TOO, WHO LOVE LIFE, IT SEEMS THAT BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP-BUBBLES, AND WHATEVER IS LIKE THEM AMONG MEN, KNOW MOST ABOUT HAPPINESS.

TO SEE THESE LIGHT, FOOLISH, DAINTY, AFFECTING LITTLE SOULS FLUTTER ABOUT - THAT MOVES ZARATHUSTRA TO TEARS AND TO SONG.

I SHOULD BELIEVE ONLY IN A GOD WHO UNDERSTOOD HOW TO DANCE.

OF WAR AND WARRIORS

WE DO NOT WISH TO BE SPARED BY OUR BEST ENEMIES, NOR BY THOSE WHOM WE LOVE FROM THE VERY HEART. SO LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH!

MY BROTHERS IN WAR! I LOVE YOU FROM THE VERY HEART, I AM AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF YOUR KIND. AND I AM ALSO YOUR BEST ENEMY. SO LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH!...

YOU SHOULD BE SUCH MEN AS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR AN ENEMY - FOR your ENEMY. AND WITH SOME OF YOU THERE IS HATE AT FIRST SIGHT.

YOU SHOULD SEEK YOUR ENEMY, YOU SHOULD WAGE YOUR WAR - A WAR FOR YOUR OPINIONS. AND IF YOUR OPINION IS DEFEATED, YOUR HONESTY SHOULD STILL CRY TRIUMPH OVER THAT!

YOU SHOULD LOVE PEACE AS A MEANS TO NEW WARS. AND THE SHORT PEACE MORE THAN THE LONG.

I DO NOT EXHORT YOU TO WORK BUT TO BATTLE. I DO NOT EXHORT YOU TO PEACE, BUT TO VICTORY. MAY YOUR WORK BE A BATTLE, MAY YOUR PEACE BE A VICTORY!

ONE CAN BE SILENT AND SIT STILL ONLY WHEN ONE HAS ARROW AND BOW; OTHERWISE ONE BABBLES AND QUARRELS. MAY YOUR PEACE BE A VICTORY!

YOU SAY IT IS THE GOOD CAUSE THAT HALLOWS EVEN WAR? I TELL YOU: IT IS THE GOOD WAR THAT HALLOWS EVERY CAUSE.

WAR AND COURAGE HAVE DONE MORE GREAT THINGS THAN CHARITY. NOT YOUR PITY BUT YOUR BRAVERY HAS SAVED THE UNFORTUNATE UP TO NOW

THUS LIVE YOUR LIFE OF OBEDIENCE AND WAR! WHAT GOOD IS LONG LIFE? WHAT WARRIOR WANTS TO BE SPARED?

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

ZARATHUSTRA IS A lover of life, and without any conditions. His approach to life is unique to himself. And because it is so unique it has to be understood very silently, without any prejudice, because he is speaking against all your prejudices; he is speaking against all your religions; he is speaking against all the values that you have thought are great.

When somebody speaks against everything that you have believed in, your mind stops listening; it becomes afraid, it closes, it becomes defensive. It is afraid; perhaps you have been wrong, and perhaps the man who is speaking against you may be right - it hurts your ego.

So the first thing I want to say to you is: Put your prejudices aside. That does not mean that you have to agree with Zarathustra; that simply means, before any agreement or disagreement give him a chance to make his standpoint clear to you. Then it is your freedom to accept him or not to accept him.

My own experience is that if you can listen to him silently, you will be amazed that although he is speaking against all your traditions, all your conventions, all your so-called great teachers, still, he has some tremendous truth in whatever he is saying. And that truth will be revealed in your silence, without any difficulty.

Once you have listened to him, it is almost impossible to disagree with him because he is saying the truth, although the truth goes against the beliefs of the crowd. Truth always goes against the beliefs of the crowd.

The truth is individual, and the crowd does not care about truth. It cares about consolation; it cares about comfort. The crowd does not consist of explorers, adventurers, people who go into the unknown, fearless - risking their whole lives to find the meaning and the significance of their lives, and the life of the whole of existence. The crowd simply wants to be told things which are sweet to hear, comfortable and cozy; without any effort on their part, they can relax in those consoling lies.

It happened... the last time I went to my hometown was in 1970. One of my old teachers, with whom I always had a very loving relationship, was on his deathbed, so the first thing I did, was go to his house.

His son met me at the door and told me, ”Please, don’t disturb him. He is just on the verge of death. He loves you, he has been remembering you, but we know that your very presence may take away his consolations. And at the moment of death, do not do this to him.”

I said, ”If it was not the moment of death I would have listened to your advice - I have to see him. Even if before he dies, he drops his lies and consolations, his death will have a value even greater than his life had.”

I pushed the son aside. I went in the house. The old man opened his eyes, smiled, and he said, ”I was remembering you and at the same time I was afraid. I heard that you were coming to the town, and thought that perhaps before I die, I might be able to see you one time more. But at the same time there was great fear, as meeting with you can be dangerous!”

I said, ”It is certainly going to be dangerous. I have come at the right time. I want to take away all your consolations before you die. If you can die innocent, your death will have a tremendous value. Put aside your knowledge, because it is all borrowed. Put aside your God, because it is only a belief, and nothing more. Put aside the idea of any heaven or hell, because they are only your greed and your fear. Your whole life, you have remained clinging to these things. At least before you die, gather courage - now you have nothing to lose!

”A dying man cannot lose anything: death is going to shatter everything. It is better you drop your consolations by your own hand and die innocently, full of wonder and enquiry; because death is the ultimate experience in life. It is the very crescendo.”

The old man said, ”I was afraid, and now you are asking me the same thing. I have worshiped God my whole life, and I know it is only a hypothesis - I have never experienced it. I have prayed to the skies, and I know no prayer has been ever replied - there is no one to reply to it. But it has been consolatory in the sufferings of life, in the anxieties of life. What else can a helpless man do?”

I said, ”Now you are no more helpless, now there is no question of any anxiety, no suffering, no problems; they belong to life. Now life has slipped out of your hands, maybe a few minutes more you will linger here on this shore. Gather courage! Don’t encounter death as a coward.”

He closed his eyes, and he said, ”I will try my best.”

His whole family gathered; they were all angry with me. They were high caste brahmins, very orthodox, and they could not believe that the old man had agreed with me. Death was such a shock that it shattered all his lies.

In life you can go on believing in lies; but in death you know perfectly well that boats made of paper are not going to help in the ocean. It is better to know that you have to swim, and you don't have any boat. Clinging to a paper boat is dangerous, it may prevent you from swimming. Rather than taking you to the further shore, it may become the cause of your drowning.

They were all angry but they could not say anything. And the old man, with closed eyes smiled and said, "It is unfortunate that I never listened to you. I am feeling so light, so unburdened. I am feeling so fearless; not only fearless but curious to die and to see what is the mystery of death."

He died, and the smile remained on his face. He died not as a camel; he died as a child.

Within those few moments, all the steps from camel to the lion, from lion to the child happened so quickly. It was not a question of time.

The metamorphosis of which Zarathustra is speaking is a question of intense understanding.

Listen to his words, because these are not ordinary words: these are words of a man who knows life from its very roots, and of a man who is uncompromising, of a man who will not accept any lie, howsoever comfortable, howsoever consolatory it may be.

These words are words of a soul which knows freedom. These words are like the roar of a lion. These words are also the stammering of a child, utterly innocent. These words are not out of knowledge, they are not coming from the head - they are coming directly from his being.

If you can listen to them in silence and with deep sympathy, falling into a kind of rapport, only then, there is a possibility to understand this strange man, Zarathustra.

It is easy to understand Jesus; it is easy to understand Gautam Buddha. It is far more difficult to understand Zarathustra because nobody has spoken like him. Nobody could have spoken like him because they all were in search of followers.

He was not in search of followers. He was in search of companions, of friends, of fellow travelers. He was not in search of believers: he will not say something just so that it appeals to you, just so that it fits with your prejudiced mind. He will say only that which is true to his experience. Even if nobody agrees with him; even if he has to go alone, and he finds no companions and no fellow travelers, still, he is going to say only the truth, and nothing but truth.

WHAT HAVE WE IN COMMON WITH THE ROSEBUD, WHICH TREMBLES BECAUSE A DROP OF DEW IS LYING UPON IT? Have you seen in the early morning sun, a rosebud with a dewdrop shining with the soft rays of the sun, almost like a pearl... and the rosebud is dancing in the wind?

He is asking, WHAT HAVE WE IN COMMON WITH THE ROSEBUD, WHICH TREMBLES BECAUSE A DROP OF DEW IS LYING UPON IT? There is no meaning, no purpose, in the sense

purpose is understood in the marketplace. But the rosebud is immensely joyful - the dewdrop and the rising sun and the morning breeze. The moment is precious - it is a moment of dance.

This dance is not going to bring money; this dance is not going to bring fame; this dance is not going to make the rosebud respectable. This dance is not for anybody else to see; it is not waiting for an audience to applaud. This dance is a value in itself; it is a joy, purposeless, meaningless. It is not a commodity.

That is what is common between us and the rosebud. We should also rejoice in the moment. We should also dance in the sun, in the wind, in the rain. And the dance in itself is the reward. You should not ask, ”For what?” We have forgotten all intrinsic values and Zarathustra is reminding us that values are not outside us, they are intrinsic.

When I was a student in the university, I used to wake up early, three o’clock in the morning. The university where I was, was surrounded by mountains, and at three o’clock in the night the roads were empty, no traffic. I used to run for miles. Slowly, slowly students started asking, ”What is the purpose of it?”

I said, ”Purpose? It is so joyous to be in the wind, in the silent night full of stars, no traffic on the road; the trees are fast asleep on both sides of the road. It was a fairyland, and to dance with the wind ”

A few became interested, just out of curiosity, ”One day at least, I am going to come.” Slowly, slowly a group of almost two dozen students started dancing on those roads. The manager of the university canteen approached me and he said, ”I will not take any money from you for your food, for your milk, for your tea - even for your guests. But stop what you have started! These twenty boys used to eat two, three chapatis at the most; now they are eating twenty chapatis. You will kill me; I am a poor contractor: now twenty boys are eating almost the food that was enough for two hundred students. Have mercy on me.”

I said, ”It will be very difficult for me to prevent them, because they have tasted the joy.”

But he said, ”Something has to be done, otherwise I will go bankrupt. You think of my children, of my wife, of my old parents.”

I said to him, ”You come with me to the vice-chancellor, because I cannot prevent them. In fact, their number is going to grow, because they are spreading the news to everybody: ‘We have been idiots, wasting the most significant time in sleeping; and dancing under the stars in the early morning breeze is so beautiful that we have never known any other experience so ecstatic. Health is just a by-product of it. We are feeling our intelligence become sharper, but that too is a by-product. We are not going for this morning dance in the dark to sharpen the intellect or to have a better body, a more athletic body.’ ”

I had to explain to the vice-chancellor that this poor contractor was in a difficulty, and he should take care that the budget that has been given to him will be enough; and these twenty dancing students are not going to remain twenty!

The vice-chancellor said, ”But this is going to be difficult. If you turn on the whole university, not only will this contractor go bankrupt, but the whole university will go bankrupt. Twenty chapatis each student!”

I said, ”But what can I do?”

He said, ”But what is the purpose of it all?”
I said, ”You come one day, because it is a purposeless activity.”

He said, ”I am coming tomorrow.”

And I told the contractor, ”You also come.”

And they both joined us, and they said, ”My God, it is really beautiful. This silence, these stars, no traffic on the road, no fear of anybody watching you You can just dance like a small

child.”

The vice-chancellor said to the contractor, ”I will make arrangements. You will not go at a loss, don’t be worried. I can understand that those who have tasted cannot be prevented.”

Once in a while, the vice-chancellor used to join us. And when the vice-chancellor joined us and a few professors, it became prestigious.

I used to go, whenever it was raining, on a lonely street; and soon a few people started going with me, without any umbrella - just enjoying the rain.

The vice-chancellor said to me, ”Now you are creating more trouble. Soon the man who takes care of the laundry will be here. From where do you get these ideas? The rain has been happening every year. I have been here for ten years, and nobody has gone into the rain before; and you are spreading the idea that going into the rain is such an ecstatic experience.”

I said, ”You come one day.”
He said, ”You are a great salesman! I am not going to come because I know you must be right.”

But he came. I said, ”What happened?”

He said, ”I could not resist the temptation that perhaps I am missing something. My whole life I have never been just going under the rain, under the clouds, under the lightning.”

He was old, but he enjoyed it so much. He hugged me, he took me to his home, and he said, ”You are a little crazy, there is no doubt about it; but your ideas are significant. But please, don’t spread this new idea in the university; otherwise, students will leave the classes, and go into the rain.”

It was so beautiful, because all around the university there were hills, tall trees, and no traffic at all. It was outside the city, and dancing with the rain and with the wind...

There is no reason for life. That's what is in common with the rosebud. Gautam Buddha will not say that; neither will Mahavira, nor Jesus, nor Moses. They will all give you reasons, goals, purposes; because that is what appeals to your mind.

IT IS TRUE: WE LOVE LIFE, NOT BECAUSE WE ARE USED TO LIVING - not just as a habit - BUT BECAUSE WE ARE USED TO LOVING.

The emphasis has to be remembered. We love life, not because we are used to living. You cannot say, "I have been alive for seventy years, now it has become an old habit - that's why I go on living, that's why I want to continue living, because to drop old habits is very difficult."

No, life is not a habit. You love life, not because you have become accustomed to living, "but because we are used to loving."

Without life there would not be any love. Life is an opportunity: the soil where the roses of love blossom.

Love in itself is valuable; it has no purpose; it has no meaning. It has immense significance; it has great joy; it has an ecstasy of its own - but those are not meanings. Love is not a business where purposes, goals, matter.

THERE IS ALWAYS A CERTAIN MADNESS IN LOVE.

And what is that madness? The madness is because you cannot prove why you love. You cannot give any reasonable answer for your love. You can say you do a certain business because you need money; you need money because you need a house; you need a house because how can you live without a house?

In your ordinary life, everything has some purpose, but love - you cannot give any reason. You can simply say, "I don't know. All I know is that to love is to experience the most beautiful space within oneself." But it is not a purpose. That space is not cerebral. That space cannot be converted into a commodity. That space is again a rosebud, with a dewdrop on top of it shining like a pearl. And in the early morning breeze and in the sun, the rosebud is dancing.

Love is the dance of your life.

Hence those who don't know what love is have missed the very dance of life; they have missed the opportunity to grow roses. That's why, to the worldly mind, to the calculative mind, to the computer mind, to the mathematician, to the economist, to the politician, love appears to be a kind of madness.

THERE IS ALWAYS A CERTAIN MADNESS IN LOVE. BUT ALSO THERE IS ALWAYS A CERTAIN METHOD IN MADNESS.

This statement is so beautiful, so remarkable. Love appears to others, who have never experienced it, as madness. But to those who know love, love is the only sanity. Without love, a man may be rich, healthy, famous; but he cannot be sane, because he does not know anything of intrinsic values. Sanity is nothing but the fragrance of roses blossoming in your heart. Zarathustra has a great insight

when he says, ”But this madness, the madness known as love, is always with a certain method, it is not ordinary madness.”

Lovers don’t need psychiatric treatment. Love has its own method. In fact, love is the greatest healing force in life. Those who have missed it have remained empty, unfulfilled. The ordinary madness has no method, but the madness called love has a certain method in it. And what is that method? It makes you joyous, it makes your life a song, it brings great grace to you.

Have you watched people? When somebody falls in love there is no need for him to declare it. You can see in his eyes a new depth has arisen. You can see in his face a new grace, a new beauty. You can see in his walk a subtle dance. He is the same man, but yet he is not the same man. Love has entered his life, spring has come to his being, flowers within his soul have blossomed.

Love makes immediate transformations.

The man who cannot love cannot be intelligent either; cannot be graceful either; cannot be beautiful either. His life will be simply a tragedy.

AND TO ME TOO, WHO LOVE LIFE, IT SEEMS THAT BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP BUBBLES, AND WHATEVER IS LIKE THEM AMONG MEN, KNOW MOST ABOUT HAPPINESS.

It will hit you hard if you don’t put your prejudices aside, because all the religious teachers have been telling you, ”Your life is futile because it is nothing but a soap bubble. Today it is there, tomorrow it is gone. Your life in this world, in this body, is not of any worth because it is momentary. Its only use is that you can renounce it. And by renouncing it you can attain to virtue in the eyes of God.”

A strange ideology! But it has been for centuries dominating the human mind without ever being challenged. Particularly in the East, the world is illusory, and why is it illusory? - because it is changing; anything that changes is of no use, is worthless. Only the permanent, that which always remains the same, is significant. And you cannot find anything in the world that always remains the same.

Naturally, people like Adi Shankara, who has influenced India the most - all the Hindu monks that you see in India are followers of the Shankara His whole approach is based on the emphasis that the world is an illusion, because it is impermanent. ”Seek the permanent and renounce the impermanent.” More or less, that is the attitude of all the religions of the world.

Nietzsche, following Zarathustra, is the only contemporary who raises a great question that the idea of permanence may be just an idea because there is nothing which seems to be permanent. Except change, everything changes - unless you want change to be the god, because that is the only permanent thing in the world. You cannot find anything else which can even give a hint of a permanent god.

Zarathustra is very strange. His insight is very clean and clear. He says, WHO LOVE LIFE, because life is a changing thing. It is every moment a flux. When you came into this Chuang Tzu Hall you were another person; when you leave this Chuang Tzu Hall you will not be the same person. You only appear to be the same.

In these two hours, so much changes in you; it is just like in two hours the Ganges has been taking so much water, miles down... although it appears still the same, it is not the same water that was there two hours before.

Heraclitus would have agreed with Zarathustra, but he was not aware of Zarathustra's existence. He is the only Western philosopher who says that life is a flux, a river. And remember, you cannot step in the same river twice - because it will not be the same.

AND TO ME TOO, WHO LOVE LIFE, IT SEEMS THAT BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP BUBBLES, AND WHATEVER IS LIKE THEM AMONG MEN, KNOW MOST ABOUT HAPPINESS.

The people who know most about happiness are those who are in rapport with the changing life, who can even love soap bubbles, shining in the sun, creating small rainbows. These are the people who know most of happiness.

Your saints know only misery - just look at their faces. It seems life has disappeared from them - they are dead fossils. Nothing changes in them; they live a life of ritual and they are condemners of everything that changes.

Why is pleasure condemned? - because it is changing. Why is love condemned? - because it is changing. Why have these religions created marriage in place of love? It is because marriage can be given at least an illusory permanency through laws, through conventions, through society, through fear of losing respect, through fear of what will happen to our children. So they have managed to make marriage something permanent. That's why all the old religions are against divorce, because divorce again exposes marriage as something not permanent - it can be changed.

For thousands of years, small children were married. There are even cases on record where children were married who were not even born, who were in their mother's womb. Two families will settle, that if a child is a boy and another child is a girl, then the marriage is settled.

In India even now, seven-year-old, eight-year-old children are married, although it is against the law. But it is not against convention. Why so much hurry to marry children who are not even aware what marriage means, what is happening. The reason is that before they become young and love arises in their hearts, marriage should have happened. So when love arises in their hearts they already have a wife - the wife has already a husband. It is to destroy love that child marriage was propagated all over the world.

It is not a coincidence that marriage creates more misery in the world than anything else, because it destroys the only possibility of happiness, the happening of love. The heart never dances; people live and die without knowing love. Birth is not in your hands; death is not in your hands. Only love was your freedom: that too society has destroyed.

These are the only three things which can be major incidents of your life: birth, love and death.

Birth you cannot control - your own birth; nobody asks you, you just find yourself one day born. And the same happens with death - it does not ask you either, "Are you ready? I am coming tomorrow." - no advance notice; just suddenly it comes, and you are dead.

Only love is the freedom standing between these two. That too, society has tried to snatch away from you, so that your whole life becomes just a mechanical routine.

TO SEE THESE LIGHT, FOOLISH, DAINTY, AFFECTING LITTLE SOULS FLUTTER ABOUT - THAT MOVES ZARATHUSTRA TO TEARS AND TO SONG. He is saying, that seeing soap bubbles, seeing butterflies, seeing rosebuds dancing in the wind - seeing such light, non-serious, you could even call them foolish, dainty, affecting little souls flutter about - that is what moves Zarathustra to tears and to song. His tears are of joy, that life is so alive that it cannot be permanent - only dead things can be permanent. The more lively a thing is, the more changing it is. This changing life all around brings tears of joy to Zarathustra, and brings songs to be sung.

And he makes his central statement: I SHOULD BELIEVE ONLY IN A GOD WHO UNDERSTOOD HOW TO DANCE. He doesn't need any other argument; he doesn't need any other evidence, any other proof. All he wants is to know: Can your god dance? Can your god love? Can your god sing? Can your god run after butterflies? Can your god gather wildflowers and enjoy, with tears and songs? Then he is ready to accept such a god, because such a god will be truly representative of life, such a god will be nothing but life itself.

The coming statements are even more difficult to digest. It needs good digestion;

Zarathustra is for strong souls. He is not for the weak and the impotent. He does not make it a quality to be meek, to be humble. Those are not qualities in his tremendously significant vision; but to be strong, to be proud of your being, to have dignity, freedom, the qualities of the lion, the qualities of the child; but never to have the qualities of a beast of burden. He is not for the patience of the camel. He is absolutely against those who are readily available to be enslaved.

WE DO NOT WISH TO BE SPARED BY OUR BEST ENEMIES, NOR BY THOSE WHOM WE LOVE FROM THE VERY HEART. SO LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH!

MY BROTHERS IN WAR! I LOVE YOU FROM THE VERY HEART, I AM AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF YOUR KIND. AND I AM ALSO YOUR BEST ENEMY. SO LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH!...

YOU SHOULD BE SUCH MEN AS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR AN ENEMY - FOR YOUR ENEMY.

This has been my experience, that when you choose a friend you need not be very cautious - anybody will do. But when you choose your enemy, you have to be very cautious, because the enemy has to be someone with the best qualities possible. Because you are going to fight with him. And whenever you fight with someone, slowly, slowly you become exactly like your enemy.

Never choose the wrong enemy; otherwise, even in your victory, you will be defeated because you will have to learn the same strategies, the same cunningness, as your enemy; otherwise you cannot fight with him.

Choose the enemy who is wise, and to fight with him you have to be wise. Choose your enemy who is intelligent, because to fight with him you have to be intelligent. Choose your enemy remembering perfectly that, fighting with him you will become like him. Whether you are defeated or you are victorious is secondary. The primary concern should be the choice of the right enemy.

And without the enemy, you don't have a challenge. This will look very strange, because all the religions, and all the so-called philosophers have been teaching you, "Don't have any enemies." But that will take away all challenge to growth, all challenge to be stronger, to be great in war, to be clever, to be alert of the opportunities.

Zarathustra is not against war; that's where he differs from Gautam Buddha and Mahavira. It is for you to remember that it was only after Mahavira and Gautam Buddha, two great teachers, the highest quality teachers, that India started falling down. It should have been otherwise. After Buddha and Mahavira, India should have risen higher - that would have been logical; this seems to be very illogical that India's fall begins with Gautam Buddha and Mahavira.

Indians have become so cowardly that they cannot even think retrospectively of what caused India's fall. In the times of Gautam Buddha, India was known all over the world as a Golden Bird. It was so rich, so intelligent, so civilized, so cultured and the West was still in the state of barbarity.

What happened? Suddenly, India started falling down. If you listen to Zarathustra, you can see the reason. Both Gautam Buddha and Mahavira taught India non-violence - no war, but peace. But peace is a very delicate phenomenon. People were very much ready for it, not because they have understood Gautam Buddha or Mahavira, but because it was a good consolation to their cowardliness.

Peacefulness is a beautiful word to cover up your impotence.

No war seems to be a good defense, and the ultimate result was that small tribes of barbarious people, who were thousands of years behind India, conquered India - butchered people, raped the women, burned cities. India remained with the consolation: We are peaceful people, we are non-violent people, we cannot fight.

For two thousand years, India remained a slave, not of one country, but of many countries. Whoever wanted to conquer was welcome. Such a vast country, remaining a slave for two thousand years, is unprecedented in the whole history of the world. There was no resistance; people behaved the way Zarathustra describes the camels. They sat down, and they asked to be loaded, and they felt it a great happiness that they were carrying the heaviest load. The camel who was carrying the heaviest load became the hero. And India became poor; it lost its guts.

Zarathustra has to be understood very deeply: he's not saying that you have to be violent, he's not saying that you have to kill, and he's not saying that you have to destroy. That would be a misunderstanding. That misunderstanding happened to Adolf Hitler. These were the sentences which created the second world war, but Adolf Hitler could not understand the delicate and the subtle meaning of Zarathustra.

Zarathustra is saying that you need not be aggressive, you need not be destructive, but you have to be always prepared. If you want peace, your bow and arrow should be ready.

He's not saying that you start killing. He's saying that if worst comes to worst, the enemy should not be left to destroy you, to rape your women, to destroy your property, to take away your dignity, to make you slaves.

MY BROTHERS IN WAR, I LOVE YOU FROM THE VERY HEART. I AM, AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, OF YOUR KIND.

If one really wants to be non-violent, one should be a warrior, one should be a samurai, one should know the art of swordsmanship, and one should know archery - not to kill anyone, but just to protect one's dignity, one's freedom; it is such a simple logic.

But India has not understood even now. Nobody blames our ideology of non-violence for making us weak, defenseless, vulnerable. It has taken away our very force and strength to resist against anyone who wants to enslave us.

AND I AM ALSO YOUR BEST ENEMY. That sentence will make it clear. On the one hand, he says:

MY BROTHERS IN WAR! I LOVE YOU FROM THE VERY HEART, I AM AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF YOUR KIND. I am a warrior, and still I want to say to you: AND I AM ALSO YOUR BEST ENEMY, because I am not aggressive. Remember, I am a warrior. To put it differently, one has to be a nonaggressive warrior; only then, can one protect his dignity, and his freedom.

SO LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH!...

YOU SHOULD BE SUCH MEN AS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR AN ENEMY You should be always preparing as if you are looking for the enemy - FOR your ENEMY. AND WITH SOME OF YOU THERE IS HATE AT FIRST SIGHT.

In the beginning, your being a warrior will have some color of hate in it, but that is your weakness. One has to be a warrior without any hate. One has to be a warrior just as a sport, with the sportsman's spirit - not to fight because of hate, but to fight for the sheer joy. The challenge should not go unreplied.

YOU SHOULD SEEK YOUR ENEMY, YOU SHOULD WAGE YOUR WAR - A WAR FOR YOUR OPINIONS. And it is not only the ordinary war in which you fight with arms; you should also seek your enemy for your opinions.

I have been around the world, challenging all kinds of prejudices, challenging all kinds of opinions which according to me are nothing but lies - ancient lies. But the world has become completely without warriors; nobody will accept the challenge. On the contrary, they will close the doors of their country, they will not let me in - these are the cowards.

I have come to their country - I am alone. Their church has the whole country behind it; and the government behind it, the army and all the weapons with them. I am empty handed, I have just my understanding of truth, and I want to discuss with those people who have been dominating those countries for thousands of years. But they are such cowards that rather than accepting my challenge, they pressurize their governments, their parliaments to pass laws that I cannot enter their country.

It was not so in the past - particularly in this country. Mystics used to move around the country challenging anybody who had opposite opinions, for a public discussion. And those discussions were not with any hatred, they were full of reverence for each other, respect for each other. They

were not to prove that I am right and you are wrong. Instead, they were a search, together, to know what truth is.

Truth is not mine, and cannot be yours. But it is possible that my opinion may be closer to truth, and your opinion may not be so close; or your opinion may be closer to truth, and my opinion may not be so close.

These discussions around the country raised the level of consciousness and intelligence of people. People heard their great thinkers wrestling with each other, with subtle logic. The whole atmosphere was freedom of expression, and freedom to convince others, or to be convinced by others. It is truly the real war: the war of opinions. The war with arms is ugly, is animal; but the war between opinions, philosophies, religions is to raise the whole of humanity higher.

But people have become so impotent in every direction that if you say anything that goes against somebody's prejudice, immediately he goes to the court. He does not come to me; he goes to the court: "My religious feeling is hurt".

Almost all the time, there are at least a dozen cases going on all over the country against me. Just now in Kanpur, they have put a case against me in the court - ten Christian associations together - that I have hurt their feelings, because in one of my statements I said, "THE BIBLE is a pornographic book."

Now those people don't understand that in the court, they will look idiots. There are five hundred pages, not less than that, in the whole BIBLE, which are pornographic. I am sending those five hundred pages to my advocate, so that there is no need to argue. He can just present those pages, and ask these people, "Are these pornographic, or not?"

If these are not pornographic, then nothing can be pornographic, and if these are pornographic, then THE HOLY BIBLE is the most unholy book in the world, and it should be banned in every country.

But it is not only about THE BIBLE, the same is the case with Hindu PURANAS - so ugly, so obscene. Fortunately, nobody reads them.

But I am not so fortunate; these are not good times for the intellectual growth of humanity. If any statement hurts your religious feeling, first look into your religious book - I am not hurting your religious feeling: your BIBLE is. I am simply quoting from THE BIBLE. The Christians should burn The Bible, because it is hurting their religious feelings.

If your religious feeling is hurt, that shows only a weakness. You should have courage enough to argue. They should have written articles against me, but they cannot, because they know that in THE BIBLE, there are pornographic portions. They should have challenged me for a public discussion; and I was ready for a public discussion in Kanpur - in their churches.

For me, it is not a problem at all - I just have to open their own BIBLE... at random, I can open and read. There is no need to remember which pages - the pornography is spread all over it. But even to say something, howsoever truthful it may be, immediately they go to the court. What kind of camels? They want the law to support them, they don't have any logic to support them. One goes to the court only when he has no means of supporting himself intelligently.

I have been speaking my whole life. I have never been heard. And so much is written against me - lies and condemnations without any foundation in truth. But I have not gone to any court; I can answer those people myself. Once anybody goes to the court against me, then I make it a point to hit him harder, and more often until he's completely silent.

The world needs warriors of intelligence, and if your opinion is defeated, your honesty should still cry triumph over that. Don't be worried even if your opinion is defeated, at least your honesty will be your triumph.

YOU SHOULD LOVE PEACE AS A MEANS TO NEW WARS. You should not become a pacifist, because to become a pacifist is to become victim to those who do not believe in pacifism. You should love peace, but you should always be ready for new wars. Those wars need not happen, but you should not relax your bow, and you should not forget your arrows. Your swords should not collect dust. You should be ready always for war, ordinary war, or intellectual war; but your readiness should be there. Your very readiness will give you a beauty, and a grace.

AND THE SHORT PEACE MORE THAN THE LONG. The longer the peace, the more one relaxes, the more one starts thinking that there is going to be no war. One should be aware that war can be any moment on any level.

I DO NOT EXHORT YOU TO WORK BUT TO BATTLE. I DO NOT EXHORT YOU TO PEACE, BUT TO VICTORY. MAY YOUR WORK BE A BATTLE, MAY YOUR PEACE BE A VICTORY!

ONE CAN BE SILENT AND SIT STILL ONLY WHEN ONE HAS ARROW AND BOW; OTHERWISE, ONE BABBLES AND QUARRELS. MAY YOUR PEACE BE A VICTORY.

YOU SAY IT IS THE GOOD CAUSE THAT HALLOWS EVEN WAR?

Zarathustra is certainly a man of tremendously great insights.

YOU SAY IT IS THE GOOD CAUSE THAT HALLOWS EVEN WAR? I TELL YOU: IT IS THE GOOD WAR THAT HALLOWS EVERY CAUSE.

It is not the good cause of communism, democracy, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, God - these are "good causes" for which people have been warring for thousands of years.

But Zarathustra says that it is not the good causes that make the wars holy, that make the wars crusades; on the contrary, it is the good war, a war which is an art in itself, that hallows every cause.

In fact, I am against nuclear weapons, atomic weapons, bombs, because these are ugly things; they don't make men warriors. A nuclear missile can destroy the whole country - there is no question of any fight. We should drown all these weapons in the Atlantic. We should move back to swords, and teach people swordsmanship. We should move back to the bow and arrow, because that gives dignity to man, an athletic beauty to man; and it is not destructive.

It has been found, particularly in Japan where they have developed swordsmanship with meditation and archery also with meditation, that if two swordsmen who are both deeply meditative are fighting,

they can go on fighting for hours - nobody will be killed. They both have the same intuitive sense. Before the other attacks, your sword will be ready to protect you.

It has happened many times in the history of Japan, that equal meditators fighting with swords have not been able to defeat anyone; but both have been victorious, because both have shown the art, and their intuition; and the same is with archery.

Those are human means because they dignify you. Bombs - nuclear and atomic, and others - can be dropped even by a plane without a pilot; the plane can be controlled by remote controls. The plane will come to the target, drop the bombs, and return to its airport. But this is sheer destructiveness, stupid destructiveness. It is not war: it is pure violence; it is a suicide which should be avoided.

Wars should not be condemned: the weapons that we have developed should be condemned. War as such, is an art, like any other art: painting, music, dance, architecture; so is archery, swordsmanship, wrestling.

If peace reigns over the world - no battle, no war, no challenge - human beings will become pygmies; then there is no possibility for the metamorphosis. Then camels will become even uglier, and will forget completely that they have a possibility to become lions.

WAR AND COURAGE HAVE DONE MORE GREAT THINGS THAN CHARITY.

In fact, just like Zarathustra, I hate charity because the basic idea of charity is ugly; it humiliates human beings. But Christianity has made it so prominent that even other religions, who had never thought about it, are following. They have to, because charity has become almost equivalent to religiousness.

But charity has not created anything great in the world, that is true. How many orphans of Mother Theresa have proved to be geniuses? How many orphans have become musicians? How many orphans have proved to be scientists? How many orphans have proved, in any dimension of life, their dignity?

In fact, from the very beginning their dignity has been taken away, they are orphans; their souls have been killed. Rather than having charity, it is better not to have orphans. And orphans can be prevented; there is no need for orphans. Poverty can be prevented; there is no need to throw alms to the poor.

First, you make the poor, and then you give charity to the poor; it is such a great deception. All the richest people of the world have their own trusts and foundations for charity. On the other hand, they go on exploiting people; otherwise, from where does their super-richness come?

For example, perhaps you may have never thought about this: the Nobel Prize is being given to people who create peace, who serve the poor, who create great literature, or scientific inventions - and with each Prize goes almost one quarter million dollars. But do you know from where this money has come? The man in whose name the Nobel Prize is being given earned the whole money in the first world war by creating weapons. He was the greatest weapon manufacturer in the world.

By his weapons, millions of people were killed. And with all the money that he accumulated, he created a foundation, a charity, and now every year just from the interest on the money, all the Nobel Prizes are given. The original money remains in the bank, just the interest... and nobody bothers that this money is blood-soaked. And the name of Nobel has become one of the greatest names in history.

Charity is a strange game: First you cripple people and then you help them. First you destroy their environment, their ecology, and then from the same people, who have been destroying the ecology of the earth, comes the money for charity.

The pope goes on teaching against birth control. And it is only the poor people who create more children; rich people don't create more children, because they have other enjoyments in life. The poor man has nowhere else to go when he comes back home, because everywhere - if he goes to a disco, or a restaurant, or a movie - money is needed. Only sex is his entertainment which is free.

He creates dozens of children; the pope goes on telling people that to prevent children is an act against God; and then poverty goes on growing; then charity is needed; then these poor people cannot afford They leave their children by the side of the road. All the orphans that Mother Theresa goes on collecting are from the streets of Calcutta. People simply leave their children on the street - even a one-day-old baby.

Mother Theresa's seven hundred sisters, sisters of charity, go on collecting these babies. Mother Theresa goes on around the world collecting funds to raise these orphans. And then these orphans will produce more children - strange games.

Poverty can be prevented. Anything that needs charity should be prevented - charity is an ugly concept.

Sharing is another thing.

You share with your equals.

Charity means degrading the other person.

Zarathustra is right: WAR AND COURAGE HAVE DONE MORE GREAT THINGS THAN CHARITY. NOT YOUR PITY BUT YOUR BRAVERY HAS SAVED THE UNFORTUNATE UP TO NOW

THUS LIVE YOUR LIFE OF OBEDIENCE AND WAR! WHAT GOOD IS LONG LIFE? WHAT WARRIOR WANTS TO BE SPARED?

Long life is not the goal. Even if you have a small life, have it in its totality, have it in its intensity - make it a song, make it a dance. Just the length of life is absolutely meaningless. The depth of life has intrinsic value.

These are statements which will go against your prejudices. First you will have to understand them before your prejudices start distorting them, disturbing them, changing their color, interpreting them. Keep your prejudices away; first, try to understand what he means. And once you have understood, you will not think that he is for war. He is not for violence, he is not for destruction.

But he does not want man to lose the qualities of the warrior. He does not want man to become a coward. He does not want man incapable of accepting challenges in life, whether they are of war or of intellectual opinions.

Man should be ready always: his sword should be sharp, and his intelligence should be sharp too.

Then only, there can be peace; when everybody is so intelligent, so artful, and so ready to die, though not to be enslaved: then only the world will know a peace which will not be the peace of the graveyard. It will be the peace of a beautiful garden, where birds sing, and flowers blossom, and a cool breeze comes.

Life, not death, should be your goal, and a life which is enriched by love; a life which is ready for any emergency; a life one can live dangerously without any fear.

First try to understand Zarathustra, and let his meaning go deeper into your being. Then you can allow your prejudices to come in, and you will find your prejudices are empty.

Zarathustra may be alone, but truth is with him: You may be with the whole world, but truth is not with you.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 10

Of the new idol and of the flies of the marketplace

31 March 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE NEW IDOL

THERE ARE STILL PEOPLES AND HERDS SOMEWHERE, BUT NOT WITH US, MY BROTHERS: HERE THERE ARE STATES

THE STATE IS THE COLDEST OF ALL COLD MONSTERS. COLDLY IT LIES, TOO; AND THIS LIE CREEPS FROM ITS MOUTH: 'I, THE STATE, AM THE PEOPLE.'

IT IS A LIE! IT WAS CREATORS WHO CREATED PEOPLES AND HUNG A FAITH AND A LOVE OVER THEM: THUS THEY SERVED LIFE.

IT IS DESTROYERS WHO SET SNARES FOR MANY AND CALL IT THE STATE: THEY HANG A SWORD AND A HUNDRED DESIRES OVER THEM.

WHERE A PEOPLE STILL EXISTS, THERE THE PEOPLE DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE STATE AND HATE IT AS THE EVIL EYE AND SIN AGAINST CUSTOM AND LAW

A FREE LIFE STILL REMAINS FOR GREAT SOULS. TRULY, HE WHO POSSESSES LITTLE IS SO MUCH THE LESS POSSESSED: PRAISED BE A MODERATE POVERTY!

ONLY THERE, WHERE THE STATE CEASES, DOES THE MAN WHO IS NOT SUPERFLUOUS BEGIN: DOES THE SONG OF THE NECESSARY MAN, THE UNIQUE AND IRREPLACEABLE MELODY, BEGIN.

OF THE FLIES OF THE MARKETPLACE

FLEE, MY FRIEND, INTO YOUR SOLITUDE: I SEE YOU STUNG BY POISONOUS FLIES. FLEE TO WHERE THE RAW, ROUGH BREEZE BLOWS!

FLEE INTO YOUR SOLITUDE! YOU HAVE LIVED TOO NEAR THE SMALL AND PITIABLE MEN. FLEE FROM THEIR HIDDEN VENGEANCE! TOWARDS YOU THEY ARE NOTHING BUT VENGEANCE.

NO LONGER LIFT YOUR ARM AGAINST THEM! THEY ARE INNUMERABLE AND IT IS NOT YOUR FATE TO BE A FLY-SWAT

I SEE YOU WEARIED BY POISONOUS FLIES, I SEE YOU BLOODILY TORN IN A HUNDRED PLACES; AND YOUR PRIDE REFUSES EVEN TO BE ANGRY.

THEY WANT BLOOD FROM YOU IN ALL INNOCENCE, THEIR BLOODLESS SOULS THIRST FOR BLOOD - AND THEREFORE THEY STING IN ALL INNOCENCE.

BUT YOU, PROFOUND MAN, YOU SUFFER TOO PROFOUNDLY EVEN FROM SMALL WOUNDS; AND BEFORE YOU HAVE RECOVERED, THE SAME POISON-WORM IS AGAIN CRAWLING OVER YOUR HAND.

YOU ARE TOO PROUD TO KILL THESE SWEET-TOOTHED CREATURES. BUT TAKE CARE THAT IT DOES NOT BECOME YOUR FATE TO BEAR ALL THEIR POISONOUS INJUSTICE!

THEY BUZZ AROUND YOU EVEN WITH THEIR PRAISE: AND THEIR PRAISE IS IMPORTUNITY. THEY WANT TO BE NEAR YOUR SKIN AND YOUR BLOOD

AND THEY ARE OFTEN KIND TO YOU. BUT THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PRUDENCE OF THE COWARDLY. YES, THE COWARDLY ARE PRUDENT!...

BECAUSE YOU ARE GENTLE AND JUST-MINDED, YOU SAY: 'THEY ARE NOT TO BE BLAMED FOR THEIR LITTLE EXISTENCE.' BUT THEIR LITTLE SOULS THINK: 'ALL GREAT EXISTENCE IS BLAMEWORTHY.'

EVEN WHEN YOU ARE GENTLE TOWARDS THEM, THEY STILL FEEL YOU DESPISE THEM; AND THEY RETURN YOUR KINDNESS WITH SECRET UNKINDNESS.

YOUR SILENT PRIDE ALWAYS OFFENDS THEIR TASTE; THEY REJOICE IF YOU ARE EVER MODEST ENOUGH TO BE VAIN

HAVE YOU NOT NOTICED HOW OFTEN THEY BECAME SILENT WHEN YOU APPROACHED THEM, AND HOW THEIR STRENGTH LEFT THEM LIKE SMOKE FROM A DYING FIRE?

YES, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE A BAD CONSCIENCE TO YOUR NEIGHBOURS: FOR THEY ARE UNWORTHY OF YOU.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

THE CROWD OF people, although their numbers are many, is far weaker than a single authentic individual. The crowd have believed themselves to be just sheep, not human beings.

The individual declares his dignity and his pride, and he does not want to be just a mechanical part of humanity. He wants to contribute to the world some beauty, some joy, some ecstasy. He is not a beggar; and the only way not to be a beggar is to share your love, your overflowing compassion, your intelligence, your wisdom, your enlightenment.

But the crowd, as is always the case, tries to be strong against these individuals in cunning ways. The weak man is always cunning - the cunningness is his defense. And the greatest cunningness that the crowd has propagated is the creation of the state. Then the state protects the mob, the retarded, the dead, the weak, the futile.

Anybody who has any insight into human affairs will be against the state, because the state is a symbol of man's slavery.

Although the state goes on saying, "I am the servant of the people," the reality is just the opposite. These servants become the masters because they have power, they have the whole bureaucracy, they have weapons. And all this power is being used against those few individuals who are rebellious - rebellious against the untrue, rebellious against the dead tradition, rebellious against all kinds of superstitions.

The day I entered America, the first question that was asked of me was, "Are you an anarchist? If you are an anarchist, you cannot enter America."

I said, "I am something more."

The immigration officer looked puzzled, because according to the instructions of the government, there is no way to prevent a person who is something more than an anarchist.

I said, "Anarchism is out of date."

But from that very first day my conflict with the American government started. Such a great power is afraid of a man who is an anarchist. And what hypocrisy that they go on saying that everybody has freedom of thought, freedom of expression

Anarchism is also an ideology. Anarchism simply says that the state is not needed, that it is one of the greatest calamities, created by the weak against strong individuals; but the whole progress has happened through those strong individuals.

There is certainly a need for a kind of functional organization, but it should not be more than functional; it should not give status and power to the people who are in the government.

Just the other day I saw a picture of a great scholar, who is thought to be one of the best as far as the Hindu VEDAS and the UPANISHADS are concerned, Pandit Ravi Shankar. And he is bowing down to president Zail Singh and receiving a reward. For Zail Singh, Sanskrit is Greek and Latin. Even Hindi he does not know. English he has heard, but he does not understand. He knows only Punjabi - and has no guts.

While he was president thousands of Sikhs were killed, the sanctity of their holy temple was destroyed, but he did not raise his voice. In fact he was made the president only because he is without courage, without intelligence.

I felt sorry for Pandit Ravi Shankar. He should not have accepted that reward; and bowing down to a man who knows nothing he has also exposed himself - that his knowledge is only verbal. He may be clever as far as language and grammar are concerned, but he knows nothing as far as the meaning of the VEDAS and the UPANISHADS is concerned.

The UPANISHADS were created by very dignified people. They never went to the emperors, the emperors had to go to their hermitages in the forest if they wanted to see them, to meet them. The emperors had to make the appointment.

But the state has become a power, and you can put any idiot in any great post and he becomes respectable, he becomes powerful. As far as he himself is concerned, he is nobody. The moment his post is gone, people forget all about him. Do you hear anything about Nixon? There was a day when he was the most powerful man in the world, and today the same man has become anonymous. The man himself has no integrity, but the state gives him power. Rather than making him the servant of the people, it makes these people the masters of the land.

Zarathustra is absolutely against the state. That does not mean that there should not be any functional organization. By functional organization I mean just like the railways; they have their president but nobody knows who he is; and there is no need to know. Or the post office; there is a postmaster general, but nobody knows who the guy is, and there is no need.

The prime ministers and the presidents should be in the same category. They should be paid, because they are serving the country, but they should not become as if they are conquerors, as if they possess the country and they are the owners of the country.

Zarathustra says, THERE ARE STILL PEOPLES AND HERDS SOMEWHERE, BUT NOT WITH US, MY BROTHERS: HERE THERE ARE STATES

THE STATE IS THE COLDEST OF ALL COLD MONSTERS, because it is a vast bureaucratic mechanism. You go into any office of the government and you will see on every table, big piles of files. Dust has gathered on them. And an ordinary clerk will behave with you as if you are nobody, just because the file in which you are concerned... perhaps your business has been stopped, perhaps your house has been occupied, perhaps somebody has taken over your land. But the file will go on moving as slowly

I was reading that Albert Einstein found that light travels fastest. I enquired of my scientific colleagues in the university, ”Can you tell me, has anybody discovered, what travels the slowest?”

They said, ”We never even thought about it.”

I said, ”I have discovered it. It is the files in the government offices. Light travels the fastest, and the files must be darkness, they travel the slowest. It takes years from one table to another table. And to reach from Poona to New Delhi - if they reach in your lifetime, it is too quick.”

One of my friends - he was an old man, but I had many old men as my friends - he was ninety years old, and he had a court case that had been going on for seventy years. When he was twenty the case started.

All the magistrates that tried his case died. All the advocates that were fighting for him or against him, died. The British government that started the case disappeared! But the case continues.

The strangest thing is that the case was started by the British government because he had written a history of India not agreeing with the British historians, because the British historians were writing lies and hiding truths. They were making exaggerated statements about the treatment that was given to them by the Indians and they were omitting completely what treatment they had been giving to the Indians - how many people they had killed. In fact they were the invaders, and if a few Indians resisted it was perfectly human. They were the criminals.

He had written a history pointing out the facts, and the British government was angry. They had started a case against him, against the publisher, against the printer, against the editor - the case was against four persons. Three of them died. The case was started in the Supreme Court when it used to be in Calcutta. It moved to New Delhi, the capital changed, and so many Supreme Court judges died, retired. He was telling me ”I am the only survivor.”

I said, ”When is the case going to finish? Now that India is free, you should be respected, honored, that when the country was under slavery you had the courage to state the facts and face the government and the court.”

But even under a government which is no longer of foreigners, the case continues.

He said, ”The case has become so complicated that even the Indian government, although now they are not against it, cannot withdraw the case - there is no way to solve it.”

This is how bureaucracy works. Now he is dead, and the file has been closed. And he was right that ”The file will not be closed unless I am dead.”

Seventy years for an ordinary case against a book! The state pretends to be the servant of the people, but that is simply hypocrisy. It becomes the master of the people, the owner of the people, AND THE CROWD IS WILLING.

Only a few individuals who have some dignity will fight the state, will propagate the idea that there should be no state at all. In this century Nietzsche, Prince Kropotkin and Leo Tolstoy, three persons, were absolutely for a world without states.

And states are so much afraid, that I was told by the immigration officer that ”If you are an anarchist, you cannot enter America.”

I said, ”Why should a great power be afraid of a single man, even if he is an anarchist? Anarchists are not terrorists, they are pure thinkers. But the fear is that what they say is true; the liars may have nuclear weapons in their hands - still they are liars - and deep down they are impotent.”

And twenty-five centuries earlier Zarathustra is saying, THE STATE IS THE COLDEST OF ALL COLD MONSTERS. COLDLY IT LIES... Every government lies, and every government is caught sooner or later lying. And still nobody makes it a point that governments should not be believed, because again and again they are caught lying.

The presidents and the prime ministers and the ministers all take oath before they enter their office, the oath that they will stand for truth, and only for truth. But it is almost impossible to find any politician who is not lying. Of course they lie with such a face that it seems perhaps they are saying the truth. But lies cannot remain forever hidden. Sooner or later they are discovered. They don't have long life.

COLDLY IT LIES, TOO; AND THIS LIE CREEPS FROM ITS MOUTH: 'I, THE STATE, AM THE PEOPLE.' The state is not the people. The state is only a servant of the people, and should behave like the servant of the people.

But the smallest government servant behaves as if he has all the powers of the world. This has to be taken away from these people. This power makes many people hungry, greedy, they are ready to do anything to gain power. They are ready to sell their souls just to be in power.

IT IS A LIE! - that the state is the people. IT WAS CREATORS WHO CREATED PEOPLES AND HUNG A FAITH AND A LOVE OVER THEM: THUS THEY SERVED LIFE. The real lovers of people are the creators; creators in different dimensions - painters, and poets, and singers and dancers and sculptors.

These are the real people who have power, because they participate in creation, and they shower people with their creativity and with their love. They create in people a desire, a longing, also to be creators. They create trust in people.

The real history should count only their names. But the real history has never been written. History counts the names of those who have not created anything, but only destroyed; the killers and the murderers.

IT IS DESTROYERS WHO SET SNARES FOR MANY AND CALL IT THE STATE: THEY HANG A SWORD AND A HUNDRED DESIRES OVER THEM.

WHERE A PEOPLE STILL EXISTS, THERE THE PEOPLE DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE STATE AND HATE IT AS THE EVIL EYE, AND SIN AGAINST CUSTOM AND LAW...

A FREE LIFE STILL REMAINS FOR GREAT SOULS. TRULY, HE WHO POSSESSES LITTLE IS SO MUCH THE LESS POSSESSED. PRAISED BE A MODERATE POVERTY!

This is significant to understand. The more you possess, the more you are possessed, because you become a slave of your own possessions. Use things, but don't possess them. There is no need to possess them.

I had a very beautiful garden in Jabalpur. I myself had worked in that garden. My neighbor was a principal of a college, and he was very jealous of my roses. I told him, "Your jealousy is sheer

foolishness, because you can enjoy my roses as much as I can enjoy them. They are not my possessions. I can enjoy the moon, you can enjoy the moon. The moon is not possessed by me or by you."

But there are people who cannot enjoy anything unless they possess it. And there is a fundamental law: You can possess dead things, but the moment you start possessing living beings - your wife, your husband, your children - you start killing them. You start poisoning them, because to possess a child is to destroy his freedom, to possess a wife is to destroy her freedom.

Freedom is the very soul of humanity.

Zarathustra does not praise poverty. He is very particular about his words, he says, PRAISED BE A MODERATE POVERTY. What is moderate poverty? All the religions are for poverty. The poor are the blessed. They are hungry and starving, and you are saying that they should inherit the Kingdom of God.

Zarathustra says, PRAISED BE A MODERATE POVERTY! Not a poverty that destroys you, not a poverty that keeps you starved, hungry. And if everyone is willing to be happy with the moderate things necessary for life, there will be no poverty and there will be no richness. They exist together.

Many of my sannyasins when they come for the first time to India are surprised, seeing that on the one hand there are so many rich people Perhaps the richest man in the world was the Nizam of Hyderabad. He had so many diamonds that almost seven warehouses were full of diamonds. He had so many that there was no way to count them, they were weighed on scales, not counted. Once a year they were spread on his vast palace terraces, many terraces. I have been to the palace, I have seen the terraces. They were all spread on the terraces just to have some sunlight, once a year.

The man who is the caretaker of the palace now, told me that when the diamonds were spread on the terraces all the terraces were full and the diamonds were almost two feet thick on the terraces. Nobody has ever calculated how rich he was.

So on the one hand you will find very rich people, and on the other hand you will find beggars, who have nothing.

"A moderate poverty" is a beautiful concept. Nobody should be so rich that money lies unnecessarily in his basement; he cannot use it.

And nobody should be so poor that he has to die because of his poverty. A moderate poverty will bring, without enforcement, a certain equality as far as money is concerned.

Zarathustra, perhaps, is the first man in history who is talking about communism and about anarchism. There should not be classes of the rich and the poor, and there is no need for a government so powerful that it can destroy any individual.

ONLY THERE, WHERE THE STATE CEASES, DOES THE MAN WHO IS NOT SUPERFLUOUS BEGIN: DOES THE SONG OF THE NECESSARY MAN, THE UNIQUE AND IRREPLACEABLE MELODY, BEGIN

Only where the state ceases, comes into existence the necessary man, the unique, with all his song and melody. The state goes on killing uniqueness.

Powerful people cannot tolerate somebody who has no power and yet is respected by millions of people. They understand only the language of power, they don't understand the language of love, they don't understand the language of creativity. They don't understand that a song is more powerful than any nuclear weapon, that a poet is more powerful than any president, because the poet creates and the president can only destroy.

The poet does not claim domination over anybody; he simply shares his heart, his melody, his songs. He is really an emperor. He may be nobody as far as the power elites are concerned, but he reaches to the very heart of humanity. The presidents will be forgotten, the prime ministers will be forgotten, but the song of a poet, the music of a musician, will go on echoing down the corridors of time. It belongs to eternity.

I am reminded about one of the emperors of India, Akbar. In his life - AKBAR NAMAH is his autobiography - he was very interested in all kinds of creative people. In his court he had the greatest poets of the country, the wisest people of the country, the great singers, the great musicians, the great dancers. His court must have been one of the richest courts that any emperor ever had.

His court musician was Tansen, and it was thought that Tansen had never been surpassed. His music was magic, had a hypnotic power, and Akbar could not be satisfied even listening to him every day.

Late in the night, one day when he was leaving the palace, Akbar said to Tansen, "Tansen, I have never told you, but the idea has arisen in me many times... I cannot conceive anybody to be a better musician than you; it is just inconceivable. But forgive me... the idea arises in me, that if your teacher is alive, I would like to see him who has taught you music, with whom you went through this discipline. Who knows, your teacher may be a greater musician - although I cannot conceive in what way he can be greater than you."

Tansen said, "My teacher is alive and you may not be able to conceive of it, but I am just dust under his feet. I cannot even think of comparing myself with him. The distance is so great."

Akbar became very excited, he said, "Call him to the court, we will welcome him, we will reward him, there will be a celebration!"

Tansen said, "That is a difficult thing because he is a sannyasin and he lives just very close to the palace by the side of the Yamuna river in a small hut. His name is Haridas, and he never sings, never plays, unless it happens spontaneously; not on demand. So it is very difficult.

"If you really are interested, then we will have to sit by the side of his hut early in the morning, three o'clock, because that is the time when he wakes up, takes a bath in the river; and then - he has a small statue of the goddess of wisdom - before the statue he plays. There is no other audience at that time. "And you will have to hide behind the hut, in the trees, because if he becomes aware that somebody is listening he may not sing, he may not play on his instruments. He is a crazy man!"

But who has ever heard that great creators can be other that crazy? They have a certain madness, they are not sane people in the eyes of the world.

Akbar was so excited that he said, ”Tonight we will go. You don’t go home. Sleep here, and at three o’clock we will be by the side of the hut.”

An emperor, a great emperor - he ruled over the whole of India - went to listen to music as a thief! And when he heard it, Tansen could not believe it, tears were flowing from Akbar’s eyes, just of joy and ecstasy.

When they returned Akbar said to Tansen, ”If your music is magic, Haridas’ music is a miracle. But why is there so much difference? Up to now I used to think it is inconceivable that anybody can be a greater musician than you. Now I am thinking you stand nowhere. That poor sannyasin, your master, has something that is very elusive - but it stopped my thinking. I forgot all about time. I forgot that I am a great emperor.

”Those few moments have been the greatest momemts in my life. What is the reason that you cannot reach to those heights?”

The answer has to be remembered. Tansen said, ”It is very simple. I sing, I play on instruments, to get something from you. I am a beggar. There is greed in me. Music I am selling; I sing because I want to get something. He is singing because he has got something. He is an emperor. His song is coming out of his fullness of heart, not out of hungry greed.

”His music is born out of his abundant love; for no other reason, for sheer joy, just the way fragrance comes from flowers. It is not for sale, that is what makes the difference.

”I am a great technician. I have learned his whole technique, there is no flaw in my technique. But my heart is empty. I have not known that ecstasy, I have not experienced that being, I have not been touched by the divine.

”He is absolutely mad. He is drunk with the divine, and the music is not through any effort, but something spontaneously coming out of him. That’s why we cannot demand it.”

FLEE, MY FRIEND, INTO YOUR SOLITUDE: I SEE YOU STUNG BY POISONOUS FLIES. Jealousy and competition and a desire to be powerful and a desire to have some name, some fame, a desire to dominate; these are the poisons.

Zarathustra says, FLEE, MY FRIEND, INTO YOUR SOLITUDE: I SEE YOU STUNG BY POISONOUS FLIES. FLEE TO WHERE THE RAW, ROUGH, BREEZE BLOWS!

Flee to the natural, flee to the spontaneous. FLEE INTO SOLITUDE. YOU HAVE LIVED TOO NEAR

THE SMALL AND PITIABLE MEN. FLEE FROM THEIR HIDDEN VENGEANCE! TOWARDS YOU THEY ARE NOTHING BUT VENGEANCE.

Every creator, whether he creates paintings or statues or music or dance, creates a revengefulness in the small people, in the crowd. And to remain too near to the small is dangerous. Their smallness,

their petty mind, can be contagious. And to be surrounded by their vengeance can be destructive of your creativity, of your greatness.

NO LONGER LIFT YOUR ARM AGAINST THEM! THEY ARE INNUMERABLE AND IT IS NOT YOUR FATE TO BE A FLY-SWAT

I SEE YOU WEARIED BY POISONOUS FLIES, I SEE YOU BLOODILY TORN IN A HUNDRED PLACES; AND YOUR PRIDE REFUSES EVEN TO BE ANGRY.

I have known the small man. The whole multitude consists of the small man, all over the world. It is good that Zarathustra says, AND YOUR PRIDE REFUSES EVEN TO BE ANGRY. His insight is so psychologically true. Gautam Buddha is also not angry, but nobody has pointed out the fact that he is not angry because of his pride.

What is the meaning of being angry with small people? They are doing what they can do - their vengeance, their revengefulness. They can kill Jesus, they can poison Socrates. And it has been thought that because Gautam Buddha has attained to a state where it does not matter whether he is insulted, humiliated, it is out of his silence and peace that there is no anger.

But perhaps Zarathustra is more right - it is just the pride of the great man. You cannot pull him down to your level and make him angry. He will not fight with you, because you are too many, and he will not even be angry with you because you are pitiable, you are sick and pathological. You need all his compassion, even though you are doing every kind of harm to him.

Zarathustra seems to be more psychologically right, that it is the pride of the creator not to be angry.

THEY WANT BLOOD FROM YOU IN ALL INNOCENCE, THEIR BLOODLESS SOULS THIRST FOR BLOOD - AND THEREFORE THEY STING IN ALL INNOCENCE.

BUT YOU, PROFOUND MAN, YOU SUFFER TOO PROFOUNDLY EVEN FROM SMALL WOUNDS; AND BEFORE YOU HAVE RECOVERED, THE SAME POISON-WORM IS AGAIN CRAWLING OVER YOUR HAND.

YOU ARE TOO PROUD TO KILL THESE SWEET-TOOTHED CREATURES. BUT TAKE CARE THAT IT DOES NOT BECOME YOUR FATE TO BEAR ALL THEIR POISONOUS INJUSTICE!

THEY BUZZ AROUND YOU EVEN WITH THEIR PRAISE: AND THEIR PRAISE IS IMPORTUNITY. THEY WANT TO BE NEAR YOUR SKIN AND YOUR BLOOD...

AND THEY ARE OFTEN KIND TO YOU. BUT THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PRUDENCE OF THE COWARDLY. YES, THE COWARDLY ARE PRUDENT!...

BECAUSE YOU ARE GENTLE AND JUST-MINDED, YOU SAY: ‘THEY ARE NOT TO BE BLAMED FOR THEIR LITTLE EXISTENCE.’ BUT THEIR LITTLE SOULS THINK: ‘ALL GREAT EXISTENCE IS BLAMEWORTHY.’

Whenever there is a great creator the crowd feels deeply hurt about its inferiority. And because of that inferiority, it is ready to take revenge in the name of morality, in the name of culture, in the name

of religion - which are all false excuses, because Socrates was not destroying the culture, was not destroying the morality of the young people, was not destroying religion.

On the contrary people like Socrates are the founders of religiousness, of true culture, of authentic morality. But he has offended the small man. He is too high, and his presence is a continuous reminder that you are inferior.

There is a proverb in India that ”Camels don’t like to go near mountains”; that’s why they have chosen to live in the deserts where they are the mountains. By the side of a mountain, the camel will feel very inferior. To avoid the feeling of inferiority, mountains have to be removed, deserts have to be created. Life is a very complex experience.

The sannyasins’ commune in America was in a desert. That desert was for sale for fifty years and nobody purchased it, because what will you do with a desert? We wanted a vast land just to be far away from the crowd of small people; and that desert was perfectly good, because the closest American town was 20 miles away. But why did America become so annoyed with us?

I was not moving around America provoking people against anybody. My people were so much engaged in creating the commune, enjoying their life - it was moderate poverty, there was no hope that we will become super-rich, even to survive was enough. But we managed to make even the desert yield something for us to survive.

We were producing enough for 5,000 people there and thousands of others who were coming every month, and going, and for 20,000 people on every festival. We were absolutely harmless to America. But the problem is that the very existence of the commune started creating an inferiority complex in the politicians - that they have not been able to do in fifty years what we have managed to do in five years. And we didn’t have all the means to do it, but only intelligence and labor. But we put our hearts into it, and even the desert became compassionate. It became green, it became an oasis.

Our success was the problem, if we had failed we would have remained in America. If we had failed, those politicians would have felt very good. They would have said to each other, ”We knew it, that in that desert, nobody could succeed.”

But our success became our failure - because we succeeded, and our success was going higher and higher and the politicians became so much afraid. Afraid of what? - Afraid of their own inferiority complex.

They destroyed the commune, and recreated the desert. What we had turned into an oasis is now again a desert, and they are happy. Strange logic, but not so strange if you go deep into it. And I have been watching the whole process: The politicians who had become great - just because they were against the commune the whole of Oregon supported them - if they had asked me, I would have advised them that ”Our existence is absolutely necessary here for your being in power. The day we are gone, you are gone too.”

But that needs tremendous intelligence to understand. The two men, Governor Atiyeh and Attorney General Frohnmeyer, had become everyday news in America just because they were trying in every way to destroy the commune.

They succeeded. They had the power and they had with them all the small people with their vengeance. But because the commune was demolished, neither Governor Atiyeh is anymore governor - he has been defeated - nor Attorney General Frohnmeyer is anymore Attorney General, he has been defeated. They were living on our blood. The small people were supporting them because they were against us. Now they are useless. They must be repenting that which they have done. They have destroyed not the commune - but themselves.

And the vengeance you can see. Just a few days ago a sannyasin went to see what is the situation there, and he reported to me ”I could not believe my eyes. They have destroyed the commune. All the sannyasins have left, they were forced to leave. But our symbol of two birds was left there, because it was fixed into marble.”

He could not believe the vengeance of people. They have shot those birds! Now there are bullets in those birds; they could not even tolerate that symbol. They were not living birds, they unnecessarily wasted their bullets. But you can understand the vengeance.

EVEN WHEN YOU ARE GENTLE TOWARDS THEM, THEY STILL FEEL YOU DESPISE THEM; AND THEY RETURN YOUR KINDNESS WITH SECRET UNKINDNESS.

YOUR SILENT PRIDE ALWAYS OFFENDS THEIR TASTE; THEY REJOICE IF YOU ARE EVER MODEST ENOUGH TO BE VAIN

HAVE YOU NOT NOTICED HOW OFTEN THEY BECAME SILENT WHEN YOU APPROACHED THEM, AND HOW THEIR STRENGTH LEFT THEM LIKE SMOKE FROM A DYING FIRE?

YES, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE A BAD CONSCIENCE TO YOUR NEIGHBOURS: FOR THEY ARE UNWORTHY OF YOU

The small man is ninety-nine point nine percent, the great man is only once in a while. But all the progress and all the evolution and all that is beautiful in life and in the world is created by those few great men who can be counted on fingers.

The small man has not contributed anything. He is just a burden. And I would like my people not to be small, not to be a burden, but to be creators, contributors, making life a little more beautiful, a little more juicy, a little more loving, a little more musical.

Zarathustra is right when he says, ”I can believe only in a God who can dance.” I

would like to add, ”If you can dance, you become a God unto yourself.”

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 11

Of the friend

31 March 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE FRIEND

OUR FAITH IN OTHERS BETRAYS WHEREIN WE WOULD DEARLY LIKE TO HAVE FAITH IN OURSELVES. OUR LONGING FOR A FRIEND IS OUR BETRAYER.

AND OFTEN WITH OUR LOVE WE ONLY WANT TO LEAP OVER ENVY. AND OFTEN WE ATTACK AND MAKE AN ENEMY IN ORDER TO CONCEAL THAT WE ARE VULNERABLE TO ATTACK.

‘AT LEAST BE MY ENEMY!’ - THUS SPEAKS THE TRUE REVERENCE THAT DOES NOT VENTURE TO ASK FOR FRIENDSHIP.

IF YOU WANT A FRIEND, YOU MUST ALSO BE WILLING TO WAGE WAR FOR HIM: AND TO WAGE WAR, YOU MUST BE CAPABLE OF BEING AN ENEMY.

YOU SHOULD HONOUR EVEN THE ENEMY IN YOUR FRIEND. CAN YOU GO NEAR TO YOUR FRIEND WITHOUT GOING OVER TO HIM?

IN YOUR FRIEND YOU SHOULD POSSESS YOUR BEST ENEMY. YOUR HEART SHOULD FEEL CLOSEST TO HIM WHEN YOU OPPOSE HIM

HE WHO MAKES NO SECRET OF HIMSELF EXCITES ANGER IN OTHERS: THAT IS HOW MUCH REASON YOU HAVE TO FEAR NAKEDNESS. IF YOU WERE GODS YOU COULD THEN BE ASHAMED OF YOUR CLOTHES!

YOU CANNOT ADORN YOURSELF TOO WELL FOR YOUR FRIEND: FOR YOU SHOULD BE TO HIM AN ARROW AND A LONGING FOR THE SUPERMAN.

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED YOUR FRIEND ASLEEP - TO DISCOVER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE? YET YOUR FRIEND'S FACE IS SOMETHING ELSE BESIDE. IT IS YOUR OWN FACE, IN A ROUGH AND IMPERFECT MIRROR

ARE YOU PURE AIR... AND BREAD AND MEDICINE TO YOUR FRIEND? MANY A ONE CANNOT DELIVER HIMSELF FROM HIS OWN CHAINS AND YET HE IS HIS FRIEND'S DELIVERER.

ARE YOU A SLAVE? IF SO, YOU CANNOT BE A FRIEND. ARE YOU A TYRANT? IF SO, YOU CANNOT HAVE FRIENDS.

IN A WOMAN, A SLAVE AND A TYRANT HAVE ALL TOO LONG BEEN CONCEALED. FOR THAT REASON, WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP: SHE KNOWS ONLY LOVE.

IN A WOMAN'S LOVE IS INJUSTICE AND BLINDNESS TOWARDS ALL THAT SHE DOES NOT LOVE. AND IN THE ENLIGHTENED LOVE OF A WOMAN TOO, THERE IS STILL THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK AND LIGHTNING AND NIGHT, ALONG WITH THE LIGHT.

WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP: WOMEN ARE STILL CATS AND BIRDS. OR, AT BEST, COWS.

WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP. BUT TELL ME, YOU MEN, WHICH OF YOU IS YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP?

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN one of the subjects most ignored by almost all the philosophers. Perhaps we take it for granted that we understand what it means; hence we have remained ignorant about its depths, about its possibilities of growth, about its different colors, with different significances.

Zarathustra has spoken on the subject with great insight. The most important thing to remember is: one needs friends because one is incapable of being alone. And as long as one needs friends, one cannot be much of a friend - because the need reduces the other to an object. Only the man who is capable of being alone is also capable of being a friend. But it is not his need, it is his joy; it is not his hunger, not his thirst, but his abundance of love that he wants to share.

When such a friendship exists, it should not be called a friendship, because it has taken on a totally new dimension: I call it ”friendliness.” It has gone beyond relationship, because all relationships are bondages in some way or other - they make you a slave and they enslave others. Friendliness is simply the joy of sharing without any conditions, without any expectations, with no desire that something should be returned - not even gratefulness.

Friendliness is the purest kind of love.

It is not a need, it is not a necessity:

It is sheer abundance, overflowing ecstasy.

Zarathustra says, OUR FAITH IN OTHERS BETRAYS WHEREIN WE WOULD DEARLY LIKE TO HAVE FAITH IN OURSELVES.

A man who believes in others is a man who is afraid to believe in himself. The Christian, the Hindu, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the communist - nobody is courageous enough to have faith in his own being. He believes in others. And he believes in those who believe in him.

It is really ridiculous: your friend needs you, he is afraid of his aloneness; you need him, because you are afraid of your aloneness. Both are afraid of aloneness. Do you think your being together means your alonenesses will disappear? They will be simply doubled, or perhaps multiplied; hence all relationships lead into more misery, into more anguish.

The same is true about faith. Why do you believe in Jesus? - can't you believe in yourself? Why do you believe in Gautam Buddha? - can't you believe in yourself? And have you ever thought about the implication? - if you cannot believe in yourself, how can you believe in your belief in Gautam Buddha? Fundamentally, it is your belief. Gautam Buddha has nothing to do with it.

If you cannot believe in yourself you cannot believe in anyone, you can only deceive. It is easier to deceive if you have somebody else as an object of faith, but it is your faith - the faith of a man who is hollow, the faith of a man who knows nothing about himself, the faith of a man who lives in utter darkness and unconsciousness, the faith of a faithless man. It is a worldwide disease, because everybody believes in somebody else. Even Jesus believes in God - he is also not bold enough to believe in himself.

You believe in Jesus, who cannot believe in himself; he believes in God. Of course we don't know in whom God believes but he must believe in someone. It seems to be an infinite chain of unbelievers, of faithless people, hoping that perhaps the other may satisfy their emptiness. But nobody can satisfy your emptiness.

You have to encounter your emptiness.

You have to live it, you have to accept it.

And in your acceptance is hidden a great revolution, a great revelation.

The moment you accept your aloneness, your emptiness, its very quality changes. It becomes just its opposite - it becomes an abundance, a fulfillment, an overflowing of energy and joy. Out of this overflowing, if your trust arises it has meaning; if your friendliness arises it is significant; if your love arises it is not just a word, it is your very heart.

Zarathustra is right when he says, OUR FAITH IN OTHERS BETRAYS WHEREIN WE WOULD DEARLY LIKE TO HAVE FAITH IN OURSELVES. OUR LONGING FOR A FRIEND IS OUR BETRAYER. The desire to have faith in someone betrays only one thing: you are too poor, too empty, too unconscious. And this is not the way to change your situation; this is simply the way to a false consolation.

You don't need consolation; you need a revolution, you need a transformation of your being. You have to come to terms with yourself - that is the first step in having the right trust, the right friendship, the right love. Otherwise all your relationships - of love, of friendship, of faith - are nothing but betrayals. You are exposing yourself and declaring that you are empty, unworthy, undeserving.

If you cannot love yourself, who is going to love you?
If you cannot be a friend to yourself, who is going to be a friend to you? If

you cannot trust in yourself, who is going to trust you?

AND OFTEN WITH OUR LOVE WE ONLY WANT TO LEAP OVER ENVY. Our deceptions are very deep, our cunningness very subtle. We give beautiful names to ugly things; that is our oldest strategy.

In India, when somebody dies, and people take him to the funeral ground, it is called mahayatra - the "great journey." The man has died, but the people are deceiving themselves with a beautiful word: the "great journey." They are trying to hide the reality of death behind a curtain. Basically they are afraid of their own death.

I have been, in my childhood, to many funerals - I loved going to the funeral processions. My father was worried; he said, "You don't understand that the man who has died was not our relative, was not our neighbor, was not even acquainted with us - he was a stranger. And nobody has invited you to go to his funeral rather than going to school."

I said, "I have learnt in funerals much more than I have learnt in my school." And many things became clear to me, even from my very childhood. People in a funeral procession never talk about death - never! I have never heard them talk about death. They talk about everything else: about movies, about politics, about a thousand-and-one things except death, which they are carrying on their shoulders.

And I was amazed - when the dead body is burning on the funeral pyre, people are sitting not facing it, but keeping their back towards it. And they become divided into small groups, because they have to be there for three, four hours, so that the body is burnt completely, and in these three, four hours all kinds of gossip I used to move from one group to another. I was just looking for someone who was talking about death - but I have never found anyone.

They are not sitting silently either, because silence is dangerous. They are keeping themselves engaged in talking about something or other. They are creating a barrier of words between themselves and the death that is so close. The man who has talked to them yesterday is burning in the fire; they will never see him again.

It is customary, in the parts where I was born, that before the dead man's body is set on fire somebody important in the locality speaks some beautiful words about the dead man - in his praise. And all those words are false, because I had known that man and the qualities that were being attributed to him were simply fictitious.

I have asked many so-called respectable men who were speaking, ”Have you even thought that whatever you are saying is lies?” And I have received the same answer again and again, that you cannot speak anything bad about a dead man. You can speak lies, but you have to praise him.

It happened once... a man died who was one of the greatest nuisances in the village. He had been harassing everybody, was indebted to everybody; from wherever he took anything, he would never pay. The whole village was against him. He had been punished, he had been to jail two, three times, but he never changed his style of life. He was a parasite; and he was a very strong man, so people were afraid

I had gone to his funeral, and I was wondering who was going to speak now in praise of him and what qualities they were going to attribute to the dead man. There was dead silence - nobody was standing up to speak. Finally people told the mayor of the town, ”Unless something is spoken in his favor, in his praise, the fire cannot be put into the funeral pyre, so what is the point of waiting? We all know... say something, say anything, but the convention has to be fulfilled.”

The mayor was a very beautiful man - he was a very creative and talented person. He had written a few very beautiful stories, on which films have been based, so he was well-known all over the country. Basically and professionally, he was a legal expert.

I was sitting by his side and he told me, ”Do you have any idea?” He knew me - we used to discuss strange subjects together.

I told him, ”I have one idea.”

He said, ”Then it is better you speak.”

I said, ”No, because I am not a respectable man. You are the mayor - you speak. I will give you the hints.”

He said, ”But I cannot conceive... I am a fiction writer, but even I cannot conceive what to say about this man. It will be an absolute lie - and even to utter it, I will feel embarrassed.”

I said, ”Don’t feel embarrassed; you say one thing, that compared to his other four brothers who are still alive, he was an angel.”

He said, ”That’s good. And that is true! You are not lying, there is no question of fiction.” And this was the truth; his other four brothers were even more dangerous. They were younger, stronger

He stood up and said, ”He was an angel ” Everybody looked at him: What is he saying? Even a lie has to be limited! For a moment he looked around and then he said, ”... compared to his four brothers who are still alive.” And people clapped! It was true - it was not a lie. And I have never seen clapping when somebody is being burnt.

The mayor, coming back home, told me, ”You saved the situation! But you are a strange boy; you go to almost all the funerals as if you don’t have anything else to do.”

I said, ”We all have to go one day - before that I want to learn about death as much as I can. And I am also learning about people’s psychology: they are trembling inside, but laughing, joking, gossiping - just to avoid the consciousness that everybody’s death is your death. Everybody’s death is a signal that you should be ready: your time may be coming any moment.”

But we have always given, in all languages, beautiful words to hide realities.

When you say, ”I love someone,” do you really understand what you are saying? Do you know exactly what love is? More is the possibility that it is only lust which you are calling love. If you tell somebody, ”I am lusting for you...” it will be true, but the woman will report immediately to the police station. But when you say, ”I love you,” then the woman walks, but her feet do not touch the earth; and it is the same! Just a beautiful word covering an ugly reality.

AND OFTEN WITH OUR LOVE WE ONLY WANT TO LEAP OVER ENVY. AND OFTEN WE ATTACK AND MAKE AN ENEMY IN ORDER TO CONCEAL THAT WE ARE VULNERABLE TO ATTACK.

It is a very strange coincidence that neither Machiavelli nor Friedrich Nietzsche could ever have imagined that their grandchildren were going to be my sannyasins. Friedrich Nietzsche’s granddaughter is here, Machiavelli’s great-granddaughter is my sannyasin - she has been here. Both will agree with Zarathustra.

Machiavelli’s statement will make it clear to you. He says the best defense is to attack. Don’t wait until somebody else attacks you - then you are already too late. If you feel vulnerable to being attacked, then it is better to attack first. Never be on the defensive side. To be on the defensive side is to be almost half defeated.

The same is the understanding of Friedrich Nietzsche, from another viewpoint: The people who attack are the people who are afraid of being attacked. It is out of fear that they attack, because they are suspicious, they know their weakness, they know their vulnerability, they know they can be attacked. It is out of this fear, out of this weakness that they attack. Such are the strange ways of human psychology.

You ordinarily think, when somebody attacks, that he must be very powerful, that it is out of power that he is attacking. That is not true: it is out of weakness, out of inferiority, that he does not want to give you a chance And attacking first certainly makes him stronger, because the attacked thinks, ”Perhaps he is stronger, more powerful; otherwise he would not have attacked.”

AND OFTEN WE ATTACK AND MAKE AN ENEMY IN ORDER TO CONCEAL THAT WE ARE VULNERABLE TO ATTACK.

‘AT LEAST BE MY ENEMY!’ - THUS SPEAKS THE TRUE REVERENCE, THAT DOES NOT VENTURE TO ASK FOR FRIENDSHIP. Have you ever asked anybody, ”At least be my enemy?” I don’t think anybody asks anybody to be his enemy. You certainly ask people, ”Be my friend.” But from where do enemies come? Nobody wants them, nobody asks for them, still there are more enemies than there are friends.

Perhaps when you ask somebody, ”Be my friend,” it is just out of fear, that if you don’t ask him to be your friend he can turn into your enemy. But what kind of friendship will this be? And friends go on turning into enemies every day. In fact to make a friend is the beginning of creating an enemy.

Nietzsche is saying it will be more respectful, more reverent - if you feel that somebody can be your enemy, then it is better to ask him, ”At least be my enemy!” Be truthful. It will make you stronger.

Truth always makes a person strong - truth has such an abundance of strength. But we depend on lies. We are continuously making friendships, moving in the societies, in the clubs, creating acquaintances. It is called ”socializing,” but it is really a defense measure. You are making friends in the high circles of society, with the powerful people, so that you can feel at ease, so that they will not be antagonistic to you. But it makes no difference; it simply weakens you. And it makes your friendship a false thing, a social formality.

Yes, I say Nietzsche is right: if you guess that somebody is going to turn out to be your enemy, then it is better to invite him, ”Please, be my enemy!” Give him a good shock. For hours he will not be able to figure it out - what does it mean? - because it is never asked. But you have made an honest statement, and it will make you stronger, nourished. Every sincere act and every honest word is going to make you more and more strong.

IF YOU WANT A FRIEND YOU MUST ALSO BE WILLING TO WAGE WAR FOR HIM: AND TO WAGE WAR, YOU MUST BE capable OF BEING AN ENEMY. These are the implications: if you want a friend, naturally you are agreeing on one point - that his enemies will be your enemies. Otherwise what is the meaning of friendship?

If you want a friend you must also be willing to wage war for him. You must be ready, because friendship means you are committing yourself, means that you will be on his side in good days, in bad days, in moments of joy, in moments of sadness, in times of glory and in times of failure - but you will be by his side, just like a shadow. To wage war you must be capable of being an enemy. And if you are afraid and a coward and you cannot be an enemy, then forget the idea of being a friend - they both go together. Either you have to drop both or you have to accept both.

Gautam Buddha will help you to understand. He is reported to have said, ”I am no one’s friend, because I don’t want to be anybody’s enemy.” To be a friend means to have a readiness to be an enemy to those who are inimical to your friend.

Buddha is right when he says, ”I cannot be a friend, because I don’t want to be an enemy” - I am simply out of it. I am indifferent to friendship and I am indifferent to enmity.

And one thing is very significant: Zarathustra says, YOU SHOULD HONOUR EVEN THE ENEMY IN YOUR FRIEND, because your friend can turn into an enemy any day, any moment, because friendship and enmity are two poles of the same energy. They are complementary, they are not contradictory. That is why the enemy can become your friend, the friend can become your enemy.

YOU SHOULD HONOUR EVEN THE ENEMY IN YOUR FRIEND. The friend can become an enemy only if, potentially, the enemy exists in him. And you should be able to honor that potential enemy too; only then have you accepted your friend in his totality. That’s why friendship is not a game for children to play. It is something very mature because it needs great understanding.

CAN YOU GO NEAR TO YOUR FRIEND WITHOUT GOING OVER TO HIM? You will have to trespass; only by trespassing can you go near to your friend. But nobody wants to be trespassed

on, that's where friendship starts turning into enmity. It is a strange phenomenon: to be close you have to trespass; if you don't trespass you remain distant - friendship remains only social.

To be close you have to trespass, but to trespass on anybody is to annoy him, is to irritate him, because you are forcing him to give his secret to you. You are forcing him to be nude and naked before you, and there is every possibility that your trespass will be the beginning of enmity.

IN YOUR FRIEND YOU SHOULD POSSESS YOUR BEST ENEMY. YOUR HEART SHOULD FEEL CLOSEST TO HIM WHEN YOU OPPOSE HIM

HE WHO MAKES NO SECRET OF HIMSELF EXCITES ANGER IN OTHERS. Zarathustra's understanding of man's psychology seems to be far ahead of any Sigmund Freud.

HE WHO MAKES NO SECRET OF HIMSELF EXCITES ANGER IN OTHERS: THAT IS HOW MUCH REASON YOU HAVE TO FEAR NAKEDNESS! Why are people so much offended by your nakedness? In almost every country, to expose your nakedness is a crime. But it is strange... you are not doing any harm to anybody if you are standing naked in the middle of the road. Of course, not in Poona, because this city has the most perfect camels that you can find in the whole world, and to be naked before camels is not good.

But anywhere, why does your nakedness offend people? Just contemplate on it. You have not done anything to them. If you have taken your clothes off - those are your clothes - why should they be so offended that they make it a crime? The reason is, your nakedness is also their nakedness. Exposing yourself naked, you have exposed them also as naked. By being naked you have reminded them that inside their clothes they are also naked - that is what irritates them.

Just the other day Neelam was telling me One of my sannyasins, an old sannyasin and very understanding and very rare, is Siddhi, from a very rich industrialist family. She was telling Neelam that her husband's elder brother, who is one of the most important industrialists of Maharashtra And he knows me personally; I used to stay in his home in Ahmednagar when his father was alive - his father was the speaker of the Maharashtra assembly - and since then Siddhi has known me, her whole family knows me. He came to Poona, so Siddhi must have asked him, "Why don't you come to listen to Osho?"

He said, "I can come to listen to Osho, but I will have to keep my eyes closed, because whatever Osho is saying is significant, but I cannot look at any of his male disciples holding some woman's hand; I cannot look at any woman not properly dressed."

Now he must be nearabout sixty-five or more - what is the fear? He is not coming to listen to me because he is afraid to see some woman not "properly clad"; nakedness is far away

And what does he mean by "properly clad"? - because people have different definitions of "properly clad." For a Mohammedan, unless a woman's face is covered, she is not "properly clad." You cannot see a Mohammedan woman's face. The Mohammedan woman loses the radiance in her face, her beauty, because her face never comes into contact with the sun's rays - it is always covered with a black veil. You can see only her two eyes, from two holes.

What is being properly clad, and why should anybody be worried about it? It must be something repressed in himself - perhaps a deep desire to see the woman naked. So if the woman is not properly clad, the desire can become strong. It is his own repressed sexuality for which he is condemning somebody else.

The somebody else is not responsible for it - it is your religion which is responsible, it is your monks who are responsible, it is you who have not been intelligent enough to live your life more naturally.

IF YOU WERE GODS YOU COULD THEN BE ASHAMED OF YOUR CLOTHES. Such a sentence should be written in gold - particularly on every street of Poona.

If you were gods, then you would be ashamed of your clothes; then hiding anything would be untrue to existence; then exposing yourself totally would show your trust, show your love, show that you don't have any poisonous snakes hiding within you - that your heart is that of a child, innocent and pure and fragrant.

YOU CANNOT ADORN YOURSELF TOO WELL FOR YOUR FRIEND: FOR YOU SHOULD BE TO HIM AN ARROW AND A LONGING FOR THE SUPERMAN. If you are truly a friend, then what can you do for him? What will your relationship, what will your friendship, what will your love contribute to your friend? Zarathustra says, YOU SHOULD BE TO HIM AN ARROW AND A LONGING FOR THE SUPERMAN. If you can create the urge in him to transcend himself and to become an arrow towards the stars, then you have fulfilled your love and your friendship. Other than that everything is mundane.

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED YOUR FRIEND ASLEEP - TO DISCOVER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE? It is a very good exercise, and because I have been traveling for many years around the country, I have had so much opportunity to watch people sleeping; otherwise, it is very difficult to enter into somebody's bedroom to watch them sleep, but in the railway train

And it is a revelation: the face that was looking so gentlemanly, so nice, so cultured, in sleep becomes so ugly - because the mask disappears. Obviously when you are asleep you cannot go on holding your mask, you cannot go on looking into the mirror in the middle of the night, again and again putting your lipstick back on. It starts flowing with your saliva on your face

Watching a man asleep you will be puzzled, because the eyebrows are not true, the redness of the lips is not true. Is there anything true in the face or is everything false? Sleep reveals that which you go on hiding when you are awake.

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED YOUR FRIEND ASLEEP - TO DISCOVER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE? YET YOUR FRIEND'S FACE IS SOMETHING ELSE BESIDE. IT IS YOUR OWN FACE, IN A ROUGH AND IMPERFECT MIRROR. Seeing these sleeping people, it is impossible that you will not become aware, at a point, "perhaps this is my face too." They are mumbling in their sleep, they are saying irrelevant things, using obscene words. They are not in their consciousness - consciousness keeps a facade, a false face. But you will become aware that this is your face also.

ARE YOU PURE AIR... AND BREAD AND MEDICINE TO YOUR FRIEND? MANY A ONE CANNOT DELIVER HIMSELF FROM HIS OWN CHAINS AND YET HE IS HIS FRIEND'S DELIVERER. You

are yourself a slave, but you pretend to be a deliverer to your friend. And the same is true about your so-called saviors: they themselves are not saved, but they are ready to save the whole world.

Jesus insists continuously, ”I am the savior, and if you believe in me nothing else is needed. You will be saved, saved from hell, saved from any pain and anguish and darkness.” And millions and millions of Christians still go on consoling themselves that on the last day of judgment Jesus will come with his father, God, and point out who are his sheep; they will be saved and taken into paradise. And the remaining ones...? And the remaining ones, who will number millions of times more, will be thrown into the abysmal depths of hellfire - for eternity!

Even in the twentieth century, at the very end, millions of people are still believing that all that they need to do is to believe in Jesus - that he is the only begotten son of God - and then they can go on doing anything they want, they will be saved. Very cheap - just believe.

The first night when I was forced into the jail in America The other prisoner in my cell must have been a very devout Christian. He had THE BIBLE on his bed, and kneeling down on the ground, he put his head on THE BIBLE very piously. And just above THE BIBLE there were all kinds of pornographic pictures, cut out from magazines, that he had pasted all over the wall.

I watched the whole thing, and when he had finished his prayer, I asked him, ”Who has put these pictures here? They are really beautiful.”

He said, ”I have done it - do you like them?”

I said, ”They are so beautiful. I am also a pious man.” That made him a little suspicious, when I said, ”I am also a pious man.” He said, ”What do you mean by that?”

I said, ”Can’t you see the contradiction? You are praying to God, putting your head on THE BIBLE, kneeling down on the ground, hoping that you will be saved ”

He said, ”Certainly I will be saved. I am a believer in God, I am a believer in Jesus Christ.”

And I said, ”What about these pornographic pictures?”

He said, ”That does not matter. Once you believe in Jesus, you are saved.” I

said, ”Perhaps that’s why... how many times have you been in jail?”

He said, ”This is only the fourth time.”

”And what kind of crimes have you been committing?”

He said, ”All kinds. But I always pray in the morning and in the night - jail or no jail. These are small things. My belief in Jesus is absolute; he cannot go against his promise.”

I said, ”Do you have any guarantee? If he does not appear on the last judgment day, you will be in trouble. If all these naked girls appear and they say, ’He is our follower. He has been kneeling before us every morning, every evening ’”

He looked at me. He was angry; he said, ”It seems you are not a Christian.”

I said, ”I am a Christian; otherwise, why should I bother about you? But you are bowing down before these naked girls in different pornographic, obscene pictures. All these girls will appear on the last judgment day and I will be there, you remember, as an eyewitness.”

He said, ”My God! I have heard about you, I have seen you on television, and they say, perhaps rightly, that you are a dangerous man. Forgive me, but don’t mention these pictures on the last day.”

I said, ”You take them down.”

He said, ”That’s a little difficult. I cannot pray twenty-four hours a day, and that is my only entertainment - cutting them from magazines, putting them all over And not that I alone am doing it, all the cells in the prison are full of pornographic pictures.” The jail provides all these magazines for the prisoners and the jail also provides THE BIBLE. The next day when the jailer came I asked him, ”You are providing both these things for these poor inmates of the jail, can’t you see the contradiction?”

He said, ”Nobody ever pointed out the contradiction.”

I said, ”Do you need that somebody should point it out? You cannot see it yourself?”

He told me, ”You come with me into the office. There we can discuss it, not before the prisoners - you can provoke them.”

I said, ”I am not provoking them against THE BIBLE, I am provoking them against these ugly pictures that are all over the walls. You come round every day and you see all this happening, and you are silent about it. I will expose you also to the media when I get out.”

He said, ”Don’t do that!”

I said, ”That’s what that prisoner was saying to me, ’Don’t do that on judgment day.’”

Your mind is so much fragmented - you go on doing all kinds of things. In the day somehow you keep yourself together; in the night it becomes very difficult.

I have heard: A man’s wife... and almost all wives watch their husbands a little bit in the night, particularly if they are talkative husbands, if they talk at night. That night the man was saying again and again, ”Sophia, darling Sophia ”

The wife could not control herself - she woke him up and asked, ”Who is this Sophia?”

He said, ”Sophia? - it is the name of a horse, and I am thinking of betting on the horse race.”

The wife was not convinced - no wife is ever convinced of what the husband says - so she looked for other evidence. In his diary there was Sophia’s name and phone number! In the morning she brought the diary, and she said, ”Just now the horse phoned, and I said, ’He is asleep - just give your number.’ So this is the number: you can reply to the horse.”

Zarathustra saying, ”Watch your friends while they are asleep”... is not only about your friends, it is basically about you. And only an honest man, sincere to the core, can be the same while he is awake or he is asleep. If he is a joyous man, even in his death his face will show the same radiance, the same joy - what to say about sleep?

One should be one piece. That gives you strength; that gives you a totally different kind of power - a power that is not destructive but creative.

ARE YOU A SLAVE? IF SO, YOU CANNOT BE A FRIEND. There are people who are not aware of their deep tendency to be slaves. They want to be enslaved, because while they are enslaved all their responsibilities are taken by the person who enslaves them.

Unless you are ready to take all the responsibilities of life something in you will always want to be a slave, because only the slave is free of responsibilities. But a slave cannot be a friend - he is searching for a master, not a friend. And the same is true from the other side.

ARE YOU A TYRANT? IF SO, YOU CANNOT HAVE FRIENDS. Because you are in search of slaves, you are not in search of friends. And anybody who has dignity is not going to be enslaved in the name of friendship.

IN A WOMAN, A SLAVE AND A TYRANT HAVE ALL TOO LONG BEEN CONCEALED. The responsibility goes to the man. Zarathustra has not mentioned it. Perhaps he still thinks of himself only as a man - he has not transcended the duality of man and woman. He talks about women as a man; hence he takes no responsibility. Otherwise for much that is wrong in women, the responsibility goes to the man.

IN WOMAN, A SLAVE AND A TYRANT HAVE ALL TOO LONG BEEN CONCEALED. Man has forced her. He has made her almost a doll - just a showpiece. He has not given her the same respect that he asks from her to be given to him. He has forced her to be spiritually a slave, and naturally there has been in women, for thousands of years, a burning desire for revenge.

It comes out in small ways: she tortures the husband, nags him, is continuously bitchy. But the responsibility, I want you to remember, is man’s. The woman has not been given freedom. You have made her a slave, and she wants to get out of that slavery, but you have broken all the bridges around her. You have not allowed her to be educated, you have not allowed her free movement in society, you have not allowed her financial freedom... and you have kept her continuously pregnant. You have used her. You have not given her the respect a human being deserves - naturally there is vengeance.

And she takes her vengeance in her own ways: she tortures you, she makes your life a hell. You have made her life a hell; she makes your life a hell. Your ways and her ways are different, but the ultimate outcome is that you both live in a hell.

FOR THAT REASON, WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP: SHE KNOWS ONLY LOVE. Woman is not capable of friendship because she is not free. Her individuality is not recognized, her independence is not respected - how can she be a friend?

Zarathustra on this point is wrong, when he says she knows only love. If she cannot even know friendship, how can she know love? She knows only lust. And she hates the man for the same reason, because she knows perfectly well that all these sweet words ”darling” and ”honey” and ”I love you” are nothing but prefaces for lust. Naturally she reacts in her own way - that she has a headache. You are saying ”darling” and ”honey,” and she is saying she has a headache. She has her own ways to torture you - you have tortured her enough.

Zarathustra is wrong on this point, and his being wrong is because he identifies himself with manhood. He is not different in that way from Buddha or Mahavira or Jesus - they are all identified with the manhood; the woman is a subhuman species.

IN A WOMAN’S LOVE IS INJUSTICE AND BLINDNESS TOWARDS ALL THAT SHE DOES NOT LOVE. Zarathustra does not understand women. Perhaps he has not known the depths of a woman’s heart. It is not true that in a woman’s love is injustice and blindness.

Still woman’s love is more insightful than anything else in her. Her logic has been destroyed by man. Her intelligence has been spoiled by man. Only her love... although every effort has been made down the centuries so that she simply remains a useful instrument for man’s sexuality, still her love has remained intact. And that is the only hope for woman’s liberation. That is the only hope for women to attain, for the first time in history, their dignity, their uniqueness, their spiritual growth. They are in no way inferior to any man.

But this is the problem: it is very difficult for even men like Gautam Buddha and Zarathustra to rise above their manhood. The woman remains something of the lower, not belonging to the height of man. She remains somewhere down in the dark valleys.

I cannot accept Zarathustra on that point. If there is anything alive in woman, in spite of man’s continuous violence against her, it is her love. Her love is in her eyes, her love is her whole being.

And he says, AND IN THE ENLIGHTENED LOVE OF A WOMAN TOO, THERE IS STILL THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK AND LIGHTNING AND NIGHT, ALONG WITH THE LIGHT. The responsibility again is of the man. A man and a woman can remain at peace only when their equality and their uniqueness become an accepted phenomenon. Then friendship can flower. Then the night and the unexpected attack will disappear.

Woman has been driven almost crazy by man. It is a great miracle that she has survived amongst a society in which all the religions are man-made, all the governments are man-made, all the laws are man-made, all the societies are man-made, all the educational systems are man-made. How has the woman survived? That is a miracle.

As far as I understand, this miracle has been possible because of her love. Even though man has mistreated her, she has still loved him. Even though she has been enslaved and chained, she has remained a mother, a sister, a beloved, a daughter.

Her survival, against so much attack on her personality, is possible only because existence needs her more than it needs man. Existence has been protective of woman because woman is the mother, from where all life flows. It is through her love that life can still sing, can still dance, that there is still some beauty and still some grace left in the world.

Women constitute half of the population of the world. If they are liberated, given their basic birthrights, the world will go into a tremendous metamorphosis - which it needs tremendously. Woman has been prevented from contributing anything, except children. She can contribute so much, and its quality will be totally different. It will have more beauty, it will have more aliveness, it will have more love, it will have more juice.

WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP: WOMEN ARE STILL CATS AND BIRDS. OR, AT BEST, COWS. On this statement I condemn Zarathustra. This kind of statement is available in all the religious scriptures. Here Zarathustra has completely forgotten... and nobody has condemned him for the simple reason that only men read, women have been prohibited for centuries even from reading; they don't know what is written in the scriptures about them.

Chinese scriptures don't accept that women have any soul. The ancient Chinese law, which was prevalent up to this century, allowed the husband even to murder his wife. It was not considered a crime because the wife was only a thing, just like furniture, and if you want to destroy your chair it is not a crime.

But women were not allowed to read these scriptures - only men were writing them and men were reading them. Up to now we have lived in a man-made world, which is absolutely wrong about women. Neither has woman been explored, nor has she been considered.

WOMAN IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP. BUT TELL ME, YOU MEN, WHICH OF YOU IS YET CAPABLE OF FRIENDSHIP? A certain sanity comes back to Zarathustra, because he was talking against woman... and he must have remembered at the end that he is saying that the woman is not capable of friendship - but what about man? He is a sincere man in that way, that he made the point: But tell me, you men, which of you is yet capable of friendship?

... Thus spake Zarathustra.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 12

Of the thousand and one goals

1 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

NO PEOPLE COULD LIVE WITHOUT EVALUATING; BUT IF IT WISHES TO MAINTAIN ITSELF IT MUST NOT EVALUATE AS ITS NEIGHBOR EVALUATES.

MUCH THAT SEEMED GOOD TO ONE PEOPLE SEEMED SHAME AND DISGRACE TO ANOTHER: THUS I FOUND. I FOUND MUCH THAT WAS CALLED EVIL IN ONE PLACE WAS IN ANOTHER DECKED WITH PURPLE HONOURS

A TABLE OF VALUES HANGS OVER EVERY PEOPLE. BEHOLD, IT IS THE TABLE OF ITS OVERCOMINGS; BEHOLD, IT IS THE VOICE OF ITS WILL TO POWER.

WHAT IT ACCOUNTS HARD IT CALLS PRAISEWORTHY; WHAT IT ACCOUNTS INDISPENSABLE AND HARD IT CALLS GOOD; AND THAT WHICH RELIEVES THE GREATEST NEED, THE RARE, THE HARDEST OF ALL - IT GLORIFIES AS HOLY.

WHATEVER CAUSES IT TO RULE AND CONQUER AND GLITTER, TO THE DREAD AND ENVY OF ITS NEIGHBOR, THAT IT ACCOUNTS THE SUBLIMEST, THE PARAMOUNT, THE EVALUATION AND THE MEANING OF ALL THINGS

MAN FIRST IMPLANTED VALUES INTO THINGS TO MAINTAIN HIMSELF - HE CREATED THE MEANING OF THINGS, A HUMAN MEANING! THEREFORE HE CALLS HIMSELF: ‘MAN’, THAT IS: THE EVALUATOR.

EVALUATION IS CREATION: HEAR IT, YOU CREATIVE MEN! VALUATING IS ITSELF THE VALUE AND JEWEL OF ALL VALUED THINGS.

ONLY THROUGH EVALUATION IS THERE VALUE: AND WITHOUT EVALUATION THE NUT OF EXISTENCE WOULD BE HOLLOW. HEAR IT, YOU CREATIVE MEN!

A CHANGE IN VALUES - THAT MEANS A CHANGE IN THE CREATORS OF VALUES. HE WHO HAS TO BE A CREATOR ALWAYS HAS TO DESTROY.

PEOPLES WERE THE CREATORS AT FIRST; ONLY LATER WERE INDIVIDUALS CREATORS. INDEED, THE INDIVIDUAL HIMSELF IS STILL THE LATEST CREATION

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN CREATORS AND LOVING MEN WHO CREATED GOOD AND EVIL. FIRE OF LOVE AND FIRE OF ANGER GLOW IN THE NAMES OF ALL VIRTUES.

ZARATHUSTRA HAS SEEN MANY LANDS AND MANY PEOPLES: ZARATHUSTRA HAS FOUND NO GREATER POWER ON EARTH THAN THE WORKS OF THESE LOVING MEN: THESE WORKS ARE NAMED ‘GOOD’ AND ‘EVIL’.

TRULY, THE POWER OF THIS PRAISING AND BLAMING IS A MONSTER

HITHERTO THERE HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND GOALS, FOR THERE HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND PEOPLES. ONLY FETTERS ARE STILL LACKING FOR THESE THOUSAND NECKS, THE ONE GOAL IS STILL LACKING.

YET TELL ME, MY BROTHERS: IF A GOAL FOR HUMANITY IS STILL LACKING, IS THERE NOT STILL LACKING - HUMANITY ITSELF?

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE between men and other animals is that of values. No animal lives according to values; he lives blindly, not knowing why. His life force is unconscious of itself. Many men also live in the same way. They only look like men, but they have not yet transcended the animal. The transcendence of the animal is indicated by the values. But values can be of two types: one that is imposed upon you from the outside, thou shalt; and one that arises in your own being, I will.

The first kind of value is just a hypocrisy. It is a strategy to make you believe that you have transcended the animals; but in fact you have even fallen below the animals. The animals are at least natural; you are not even natural. Your values distort your nature, distort your simplicity, distort your innocence - but they give you a false notion that you are a man.

The second kind of values are the authentic values. But for them, you have to avoid any kind of imposition from the outside, and you have to allow your own inner being and its still, small voice.

The beginning of man is in the trust that he shows in his own inner voice.

Zarathustra is talking about values in these statements: NO PEOPLE COULD LIVE WITHOUT EVALUATING; BUT IF IT WISHES TO MAINTAIN ITSELF IT MUST NOT EVALUATE AS ITS NEIGHBOR EVALUATES. Everybody has to be himself, not a carbon copy of his neighbor - although the whole crowd in the world, because of its immense majority, destroys the individual and makes him just a carbon copy.

This whole thing goes on in the name of good intentions. Your parents, your priests, your leaders, your so-called saints are all doing one thing; they are not allowing you the freedom to be just yourself, and find your own values. They give you ready-made concepts - what is right, what is wrong, what is good, what is evil. They decide for you, and while you let them decide your life and your live's values you are not yet a man. You are just a slave.

The greatest slavery is of the spirit.

They are not binding your bodies and they are not imprisoning your bodies, but they are putting chains on your soul - and that is the worst slavery in the world. And it becomes even worse than it would have been, because the chains are of gold. And the chains of gold convince you that they are not chains but ornaments, that your society is making you richer, that your society is making you better. But chains are chains, whether they are made of steel or of gold. The chains of gold are worse, because there is a possibility of your clinging to them, and forgetting that they are your chains.

With all good intentions, the people who think they love you, the people who think it is their duty to make a man of you, are really the destroyers. Beware of the neighbors. Gather courage to be an outsider; be strong enough to be a stranger - but remain yourself. You are bound to be a stranger if you remain yourself, because then you will find a totally different category of values to live by, to live for - not the dead values that are being imposed on you. The values imposed by your neighbors, by your society, simply create a split in you.

Your own being needs assertion, expression. Your own heart wants to sing its own song. But even that is not allowed. You have to sing the songs of others. They are not a nourishment, and they are not a fulfillment; and they will never bring contentment to your life.

MUCH THAT SEEMED GOOD TO ONE PEOPLE, SEEMED SHAME AND DISGRACE TO ANOTHER: THUS I FOUND. I FOUND MUCH THAT WAS CALLED EVIL IN ONE PLACE WAS IN ANOTHER DECKED WITH PURPLE HONOURS. He is saying that values are not something universal. Every society has created its own values according to its own needs, but those values were created thousands of years ago. Needs have changed; values have remained.

That is why it is very difficult to find a contemporary human being. You cannot be contemporary if you are not moving with the times, but you are lagging thousands of years behind. Life does not stop for you; it goes on moving into new spaces, and your values remain dead, unmoving, and every generation goes on giving the same set of values to another generation. And you never think your misery is caused by many factors. One of the most basic factors is that your values are not in tune with the time, your values are not harmonious with existence - they are not contemporary.

All the religions, all the cultures, all the civilizations belong to the past. They should be dead by now, and we should have taken them to the graveyard - of course with respect. But those dead corpses

are moving amongst us; not only moving amongst us - they are dominating us. They have become absolutely absurd and irrelevant. But they are ancient, and you have been told, "Whatever is ancient is right."

The truth is just the contrary: the older the thing is the more is the possibility of its being wrong, because it was conceived in the childhood days of humanity, and now humanity has come to maturity. Your spirits are in such a ridiculous state - as if a mature young man is still wearing a small child's clothes. Those clothes will not only be ugly, they will be too much of an imprisonment; his movement will become difficult. Your clothes have to change as you grow: your values are the clothes of your soul. They have to change - every day, every moment. Hence, only individuals can have values... living, breathing, with a heartbeat. Societies can only carry corpses, because the individual has the future and the society has only the past. Just a few examples will help you.

In China, for thousands of years, it was thought beautiful that women should have small feet. But to keep them small, they had to put on young baby girls' iron shoes. Those iron shoes crippled the girl; her body went on growing, but her feet remained small. At a certain age the shoes were removed. It was thought that the more highly cultured you were Your women would be almost unable to walk, the feet were so small.

In royal families the women could not even move - they were carried; and it continued for thousands of years, such a stupid idea. The feet have to be in proportion to the body and they have to grow according to nature, not according to your idea of what beauty is. It took a long time for intelligent people to fight against it: that this is crippling the women. They cannot move, they cannot work - of course, their small feet look very dainty, but a woman is not in the world just to have dainty feet.

The situation has been the same all around the world, in different ways, because all these societies have developed separately. The world has become one for the first time; people have come closer and seen each other. And that has created the doubt: "What we have been calling values, were not values, because there are millions of other people who have never thought about those values. They have their own ideas."

Howsoever painful, howsoever unnecessary, only the individual can find, through being more conscious, an insight into what is good and what is not good. And he has to live accordingly; whether it suits the society or not, cannot be the concern or the consideration.

I have been around the world and I was surprised that even in the so-called advanced countries stupid ideas, superstitions, are still pretending to be values; even though they have become dangerous. For example, on Christian holy festivals, friends sit around the dining table celebrating, and they drink from the same cup of alcohol. The cup moves from one hand to another. Even now, when it has become an established fact that your saliva is one of the most dangerous things, it can infect you with the disease, AIDS - which has no cure. But it is their tradition, and it is a holy rite. They will not listen to medical science, they will listen to the dead past.

Just a single man who has AIDS can spread it to many people, and those others will start spreading it in different ways. Kissing should be prohibited; that is also dangerous, because AIDS does not infect people only by sexual intercourse, it infects in many ways. There are even experts who suspect that the AIDS virus can spread through your breathing, and certainly it spreads through your tears, through your perspiration. Any liquid that comes out of the body can carry the virus.

The values should change. But people cling to the past, and cling so blindly that you cannot believe In India, they have worshiped the cow for centuries. Nothing is wrong, it is just an innocent stupidity. But once you move in a direction of stupid ideas, there is no end to where you will stop.

The Hindus, on special occasions, drink what they call PANCHAMRIT, ”five nectars.” They have given a beautiful name to it, but if you hear what the five nectars are, you will be shocked. Those five nectars are five things coming out of the cow’s body: cowdung, urine, milk, curd, butter. They will mix them all - and it has become a holy drink. Nobody even asks the question, ”What is holy in it?” - not even a man of the caliber of Mahatma Gandhi.

One of his disciples... and the disciple was not an ordinary man, he had renounced his post as a professor in a university to be with Mahatma Gandhi; his name was Professor Bhansali. He defeated all the holy men in India. He became the holiest man, and by a very simple strategy: for six months he lived only on cow dung and cow urine, and even Mahatma Gandhi praised him as one of the great saints.

This man is utterly insane. He should be sent to a psychiatric hospital rather than worshiped. What contribution has he given to the world? What is great in eating cow dung and drinking cow urine? Just all that you need is a retarded mind. All that you need is a solidly idiotic approach towards life. But because other followers of Mahatma Gandhi could not do this, he became unique.

Just look around at your values, which make you pious, which make you religious, which make you holy, which make you virtuous. Have they any validity, any rationality, any intuitiveness, any support for your consciousness? Or is it just that the rotten scriptures of the past - written by uneducated, uncultured, uncivilized people - are dominating you through them?

A TABLE OF VALUES HANGS OVER EVERY PEOPLE. BEHOLD, IT IS THE TABLE OF ITS OVERCOMINGS; BEHOLD, IT IS THE VOICE OF ITS WILL TO POWER. And all these values that a certain society accepts, are nothing but will to power. Now Professor Bhansali has not done anything that can be called spiritual. It has not given him any awakening, any enlightenment, it has not given him any realization of his own self; but it has given him great power. In Mahatma Gandhi’s ashram there were two great men; one was Mahatma Gandhi, the other was Professor Bhansali. The visitor first will go to Mahatma Gandhi to touch his feet, and then they will go to Bhansali, to touch his feet.

People can be persuaded to do anything, meaningful or meaningless, if they see that their instinct for will to power is satisfied. They can do anything - almost unbelievable.

The Jaina monks and Jaina nuns cannot use modern toilets. Obviously, they are not mentioned in their scriptures. On the contrary, their scriptures say, ”You should not defecate or urinate in water.” That was good, twenty-five centuries ago; otherwise you will pollute the water, and people have to drink the same water. But this is how human stupidity is: they cannot use the modern toilet because it has water in it. And in a big city like Bombay you cannot go out of the city, so what are they doing? They are urinating in buckets, defecating in buckets; and in the night, when everybody is asleep, they are throwing all that garbage and crap on the street. These are the holy men of the Jainas, and the holy women.

The Jaina monks and Jaina nuns cannot take a shower; they cannot even clean their teeth, they cannot use any mouthwash. The idea was that to clean your teeth, to have your mouth washed, to have a shower is decorating your body; and Jainism is against the body - the body is your enemy. It is so difficult to come close to Jaina monks and Jaina nuns, because they stink: it is disgusting. And to talk to them... I had to tell them, ”Please, keep as long a distance as possible,” because even their breath is foul. The air that comes from their mouth is sickening, and their whole body, which has been accumulating layers of perspiration and dust, is obviously nauseating.

But this is thought by the Jainas to be a great spiritual value. These people have renounced their bodies; they are no more servants of the body. It is ugly, but hallowed by the tradition. The community of the Jainas is cultured, civilized, educated, rich, but they cannot change it. These tables of values are unchangeable. You cannot improve on your scriptures: they are the final word.

No word can be final, because tomorrow will bring new things in life, tomorrow will bring new experiences to life. If you are intelligent you will have to change your values and your lifestyle. Only idiots can go on carrying dead corpses. And when you are carrying so many dead corpses you cannot be alive yourself - you become just another corpse amongst the dead.

WHAT IT ACCOUNTS HARD IT CALLS PRAISEWORTHY: Whatever is thought to be hard is called by people praiseworthy. Nobody bothers whether that hardness is of any value, or not. Somebody is standing on his head, and people praise him because it is hard. Somebody is walking on a tightrope stretched between two towers, and it is praiseworthy. It enhances nothing, but this is how values have been created.

WHAT IT ACCOUNTS HARD IT CALLS PRAISEWORTHY; WHAT IT ACCOUNTS INDISPENSABLE AND HARD IT CALLS GOOD. Strange definitions. I have seen one man in Varanasi who has been standing for years with one hand raised. His hand has become almost like a dead branch, thin, just bones. All the blood has gone, in accord with gravitation, into the body. Now, even if he wants to bend it, he cannot; it has become stiff. People go to worship him.

I inquired, ”What is the quality that you are worshiping.”

They said, ”Quality? For almost 12 years he has been keeping one of his hands up towards the sky.”

But I said, ”That simply shows that man is mad. This is not the way to keep your hands - he has killed his hand.”

But it is hard - you cannot do it - and it becomes a value. And if something is indispensible, then it becomes good too.

In Mahatma Gandhi’s ashram, mosquito nets were not allowed because that is luxury. Mosquitos must have been happy, but what about the poor inmates of the ashram? It was impossible to sleep. There were so many mosquitos, that even in the daytime it was impossible to sit without being bitten all over. Gandhi has discovered a very ingenious idea, that you should spray kerosene oil on you face, on your hands, or anything that is exposed, because the mosquitos are more intelligent than man; they smell the kerosene, and they don’t come close to you. But how can you sleep with that smell?

Mahatma Gandhi's son, Ramdas, was very close to me. I used to go to Wardha - the ashram was outside Wardha - and Ramdas once invited me: "Why don't you come and be with us for few days?"

I said, "I can come, but what about the mosquitos? I cannot use kerosene oil on my face and on my hands, and you know I am allergic to smell." Even if I was not allergic to smell, this stupid act I could not think of as an austerity, as something good - although it was indispensible. Those who wanted to live in the ashram, they had to use it.

I said, "In the daytime I can be there. But in the night I cannot stay in your ashram."

But even in the day it was so difficult. I told Ramdas of my experience in Sarnath near Varanasi. Sarnath is the place where Gautam Buddha gave his first sermon, but he came only once to Sarnath. For forty-two years he was travelling, going through the same city twenty times, twenty-five times, because he had chosen only a small area of Bihar The very word "Bihar" means "where Gautam Buddha walked around."

I was staying in Sarnath - which has one of the most beautiful Buddhist temples, in memory of his first sermon - with a Buddhist monk, one of the most learned Buddhist monks I have come across, Bhikkhu Jagdish Kashyap. He was the director of the Pali institute which studies and does research work on Gautam Buddha and his works. Even in the day we had to sit inside the mosquito nets. He will sit in his mosquito net, I will sit in my mosquito net.

I said, "It looks very awkward," and I told Jagdish Kashyap, "Now I know why Buddha never came back to Sarnath."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Simple, because he had no mosquito net, and the Sarnath mosquitos are, in my experience, the biggest."

But strange superstitions go on living for no reason at all. In Calcutta I have seen a very strange scene. I had to tell my chauffeur to stop, I wanted to see what was happening. There were almost one hundred beds lined up by the side of the street.

I said, "Who is going to sleep here on the street?"

The chauffeur said, "You may not know: the Jainas cannot kill any insects; and the parasites which grow in the beds, bed-bugs, they cannot kill them. Out of compassion they put their beds here, and they pay anybody one rupee a night if he sleeps on them, because those bed-bugs have to be fed." This is charity!

And I said, "What about those poor people who sleep here?"

He said, "They sleep here by their own will. We are not responsible for that." The poor people are sleeping there; in the morning they get one rupee, and the whole night they cannot sleep. The bed-bugs must be feeling very, very grateful to Mahavira, and to the whole Jain mythology. But it is thought to be a good, virtuous act.

AND THAT WHICH RELIEVES THE GREATEST NEED, THE RARE, THE HARDEST OF ALL - IT GLORIFIES AS HOLY. One Christian saint remained on a pillar in Alexandria, a twenty foot high pillar, for almost seven years. He never came down from there, he stood on the pillar, sat on the pillar, slept sitting on the pillar. It was dangerous, and just because it was so dangerous he became a great saint. Thousands of pilgrims were coming to pay their respects to him. Now, around the pillar, there stands a very beautiful cathedral in memory of the saint. But the saint did nothing. He only sat on the pillar for seven years. Certainly it was difficult - and it was stupid. How can it make you holy? Otherwise we should make pillars in every city, and people should sit on the pillars for their whole life, and the whole world becomes a holy place.

But anything that is very rare, and hardest of all, is glorified as holy. In Russia, before the revolution, there was a Christian sect which used to cut off their genitals... every Christmas time, piles of genitals, blood flowing all over, and people touching their feet - they have done a great thing. Women were not to be left behind, but they don't have genitals to cut off, so they started cutting off their breasts. Many women cut off their breasts; and they also became holy.

After the revolution it was prevented, and it took years for the communist government to make it a crime. That which was holy became criminal. That sect disappeared by and by. In these seventy years I don't think that it has survived; but once it was one of the holiest sects in Russia - and all that they were doing was only an idiotic act.

It was done in the name of celibacy. But perhaps nobody thought that sexuality is in your mind, not in your genitals; that is why you can dream about it. Your genitals are only extensions of your mental state. The center of sex is in the mind; that is why you enjoy pornography. Your genitals cannot see pornography, they cannot even grope! It is your mind which is the seat of your sexuality, so even if you cut off your genitals it does not mean you will not think of sex again. My own understanding is, you will think of sex more than anybody else. It will become your obsession - but it will remain in your mind.

WHATEVER CAUSES IT TO RULE AND CONQUER AND GLITTER, TO THE DREAD AND ENVY OF ITS NEIGHBOR, THAT IT ACCOUNTS THE SUBLIMEST, THE PARAMOUNT, THE EVALUATION AND THE MEANING OF ALL THINGS

MAN FIRST IMPLANTED VALUES INTO THINGS TO MAINTAIN HIMSELF - HE CREATED THE MEANING OF THINGS, A HUMAN MEANING! THEREFORE HE CALLS HIMSELF: 'MAN', THAT IS: THE EVALUATOR.

EVALUATION IS CREATION: HEAR IT, YOU CREATIVE MEN! VALUATING IS ITSELF THE VALUE AND JEWEL OF ALL VALUED THINGS.

But this valuation should come from your own awareness. It should serve something beautiful, something good, something human. It should bring into the world something of the divine. Otherwise you go on doing things believing that they are good, that they are holy. But anybody without any prejudice can see that they are simply stupid, and stupidity is not a value. Man has to create values. Freedom is a value, love is a value, joy is a value, creativity is a value.

Anything that enhances life and gives meaning to life, anything that makes life more liveable, more loveable, anything that makes life a glory, a splendor, that gives life a taste of godliness - that is

good. But that kind of valuation has to come out of individual experience, out of individual meditation, individual consciousness; it cannot be imposed by the society, by the past.

ONLY THROUGH EVALUATION IS THERE VALUE: AND WITHOUT EVALUATION THE NUT OF EXISTENCE WOULD BE HOLLOW. HEAR IT, YOU CREATIVE MEN!
A CHANGE IN VALUES - THAT MEANS A CHANGE IN THE CREATORS OF VALUES.

You have to go on changing, for higher values.

For example, the woman has not been accepted down the ages as an equal to man. The day man accepts the woman with respect, and gives her dignity back to her, it will be a great value.

Creators of many things which are not of much utilitarian use... for example, a man playing on a bamboo flute is not of much use. But his songs, his music, can stir in your heart something that was fast asleep, can wake up your own musical self. But rather than respecting a flute player, you respect a scientist who creates nuclear weapons. Anything that is destructive should be condemned: It is a dis-value. And anything that creates for life more joy, should be accepted, respected, appreciated.
A dancer is far more valuable than a man who creates atomic energy to destroy Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The dancer can create an urge in you to dance - can make your life richer.

HE WHO HAS TO BE A CREATOR ALWAYS HAS TO DESTROY. The old values have to be destroyed if you want higher values to be created. To create anything you have to destroy much. You have to destroy the superstitions, you have to destroy the theologies, you have to destroy the religions, if you want the whole of humanity to be religious, to be spiritual, to be meditative, to be loving.

If you want the whole of humanity as one, then the old value of nationality has to be destroyed. It has been praised for centuries: Nationality is a great value; and the politicians have been trying to make it even a greater value than religiousness or spirituality. The nations have to be destroyed, because they are only man-made lines on the map. They don't exist on the earth. All these divisions amongst humanity don't allow freedom of movement, freedom of marriages, between one nation and another. It is an established fact that marriages should happen between unrelated people. Then children will be more beautiful, more intelligent, stronger, and their life will be longer.

Cross-breeding is being used with animals, and now cross-breeding is being used with trees. In the Soviet Union there are many fruits which were not created in those six days when God created the world, and they are far sweeter, far more delicious, because now it is man By cross-breeding the trees, a new fruit comes into being.

You must have seen beautiful dogs; they are not created by nature, they are created by cross breeding. Now bulls are being brought from New Jersey to create more milk-producing cows, because Jersey cows are the best milk-producing cows.

You are being scientific about animals and about trees, but you are very unscientific about human beings, and you can see the result of it. For example, in Europe, all the royal families go on marrying amongst themselves. They cannot marry a commoner, so just a few families are continually marrying

amongst themselves. You can see that from these royal families not a single genius is born, not a single talented person is born, but only retarded people. Have you looked at the picture of the Prince of Wales? Just the face shows retardedness. Have you seen the picture of Queen Elizabeth of England? Can you call her beautiful? And they all suffer from diseases which they go on giving to each other.

Humanity has known the fact for thousands of years. That is why we prevent marriage between brother and sister, because the same blood will not create enough tension, enough challenge. It may create a child, but it will be simply a dodo. But even to marry in your own caste is marrying somebody who must have been, a few generations back, your cousin, your sister, your brother. People should marry as far away as possible, and if we can discover some day, on some other planet, human beings, then inter-planetary marriages will be the most scientific thing.

PEOPLES WERE THE CREATORS AT FIRST; ONLY LATER WERE INDIVIDUALS CREATORS. INDEED, THE INDIVIDUAL HIMSELF IS STILL THE LATEST CREATION. He is not yet complete. It is my effort with my people to make you all individuals, and I consider it the greatest creativity: to create individuals. Because the individual is the crown of the whole of evolution.

... IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN CREATORS AND LOVING MEN WHO CREATED GOOD AND EVIL. FIRE OF LOVE AND FIRE OF ANGER GLOW IN THE NAMES OF ALL VIRTUES.

ZARATHUSTRA HAS SEEN MANY LANDS AND MANY PEOPLES: ZARATHUSTRA HAS FOUND NO GREATER POWER ON EARTH THAN THE WORKS OF THESE LOVING MEN: THESE WORKS ARE NAMED ‘GOOD’ AND ‘EVIL’.

It is easy to understand that ”good” is a great value created by loving human beings. It will take a little more intelligence to understand that evil is also created. In existence there is no evil, no good. For example, the people who are creating nuclear weapons are also creative, but creative of evil. And that will be a great day, when we stop creating evil and the whole energy of man’s creativity creates only the good, only the beautiful, only the divine.

TRULY, THE POWER OF THIS PRAISING AND BLAMING IS A MONSTER...

HITHERTO THERE HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND GOALS, FOR THERE HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND PEOPLES. ONLY FETTERS ARE STILL LACKING FOR THESE THOUSAND NECKS, THE ONE GOAL IS STILL LACKING.

YET TELL ME, MY BROTHERS: IF A GOAL FOR HUMANITY IS STILL LACKING, IS THERE NOT STILL LACKING - HUMANITY ITSELF?

This is a tremendous insight and understanding of Zarathustra. There are thousands of goals, because humanity is divided into thousands of pieces; there is not one goal for the whole of humanity. He has raised a very pertinent question. If there is still not one goal for the whole of humanity, then can you say that humanity itself exists?

Indians exist, Chinese exist, Negroes exist, Europeans exist, Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians exist; but one humanity is just a word. And unless there is one humanity there cannot be one goal. They will come both together, simultaneously.

I repeat his words: Yet tell me, my brothers: If a goal for humanity is still lacking, is there not still lacking - humanity itself?

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 13

Of love of one's neighbor

2 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR

YOU FLEE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR AWAY FROM YOURSELVES AND WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A VIRTUE OF IT: BUT I SEE THROUGH YOUR 'SELFLESSNESS' DO I EXHORT YOU TO LOVE OF YOUR NEIGHBOR? I EXHORT YOU RATHER TO FLIGHT FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR AND TO LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT!

HIGHER THAN LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR STANDS LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT MAN AND OF THE MAN OF THE FUTURE; HIGHER STILL THAN LOVE OF MAN I ACCOUNT LOVE OF CAUSES AND OF PHANTOMS.

THIS PHANTOM THAT RUNS ALONG BEHIND YOU, MY BROTHER, IS FAIRER THAN YOU; WHY DO YOU NOT GIVE IT YOUR FLESH AND BONES? BUT YOU ARE AFRAID AND YOU RUN TO YOUR NEIGHBOR

YOU INVITE IN A WITNESS WHEN YOU WANT TO SPEAK WELL OF YOURSELVES; AND WHEN YOU HAVE MISLED HIM INTO THINKING WELL OF YOU, YOU THEN THINK WELL OF YOURSELVES

ONE MAN RUNS TO HIS NEIGHBOR BECAUSE HE IS LOOKING FOR HIMSELF, AND ANOTHER BECAUSE HE WANTS TO LOSE HIMSELF. YOUR BAD LOVE OF YOURSELVES MAKES SOLITUDE A PRISON TO YOU

I DO NOT TEACH YOU THE NEIGHBOR BUT THE FRIEND. MAY THE FRIEND BE TO YOU A FESTIVAL OF THE EARTH AND A FORETASTE OF THE SUPERMAN. I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND AND HIS OVERFLOWING HEART. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND HOW TO BE A SPONGE IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED BY OVERFLOWING HEARTS.

I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND IN WHOM THE WORLD STANDS COMPLETE, A VESSEL OF THE GOOD - THE CREATIVE FRIEND, WHO ALWAYS HAS A COMPLETE WORLD TO BESTOW. AND AS THE WORLD ONCE DISPERSED FOR HIM, SO IT COMES BACK TO HIM AGAIN, AS THE EVOLUTION OF GOOD THROUGH EVIL, AS THE EVOLUTION OF DESIGN FROM CHANCE.

MAY THE FUTURE AND THE MOST DISTANT BE THE PRINCIPLE OF YOUR TODAY: IN YOUR FRIEND YOU SHOULD LOVE THE SUPERMAN AS YOUR PRINCIPLE.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

ZARATHUSTRA HAS MANY original insights. Just a single, original insight could have made him one of the greatest men that has ever lived, but he has so many, about each and everything. His vision is not of the ordinary. Perhaps that is the reason why people have forgotten him.

He has been giving tremendous insights and truths, but they have passed over people's heads. It seems very easy to understand when Jesus says: "Love your neighbor as yourself." There is nothing original in it. Buddha has said it, Mahavira has said it. There is not anything that you cannot understand. With Zarathustra, you have to be very silent, remembering that you are encountering an utterly unique person who speaks to the depths of your very being, of which you are not aware.

He is not a moral teacher in the usual sense; he is a perfect master. He is not interested in the trivia; his interest is in transforming you into a new man. The world is too burdened with the small man. He wants the whole of humanity to have wings for the heights, to have courage to go deep down in the earth to find water for its roots.

Zarathustra expects too much, but whatever he expects is possible. He exposes man too much, but whatever he says is absolutely true. It may hurt you, it may destroy your old conceptions, it may destroy you - because only upon your destruction can this new man arrive.

His each word is a seed. If you allow it to settle in your heart, you will never be the same man again.

Zarathustra is the most potential man the world has ever known. It has known great men, and many of them, but they were in a certain way still understandable. They used your language, they used your prejudices. Rather than giving you a new light they have supported you as you are. You call them great because they have supported you, they have made you comfortable with yourself. Zarathustra creates discomfort, discontent, because without a great discontent the superman is not possible. Your other great men have been teaching you to be contented, to be desireless.

Zarathustra teaches you a divine discontent, and a longing for the stars. And I agree with him absolutely, that unless you have a longing for the stars, you cannot grow, and you cannot become your true self; you cannot achieve your potential to its fullness. Hence, listen to his words, not just as words, but as seeds.

Zarathustra says, YOU FLEE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR AWAY FROM YOURSELVES. Nobody has said that before him, and nobody has said it with exactly the same emphasis even after him. And it is such a great truth, that once you have understood it, you will see how blind we are. We are not even aware of what we are doing or why we are doing it.

YOU FLEE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR AWAY FROM YOURSELVES. It is not for the love of the neighbor; it is just the emptiness of yourself.

You want somehow to remain engaged, because to be alone, unengaged... a great fear of one's aloneness, a great fear of one's emptiness, a great fear of one's darkness, and finally the ultimate fear of death, grips everybody. To avoid all these, one has to avoid coming home. Keep yourself engaged. It does not matter in what.

I have heard that one morning, as the archbishop of New York entered the church, he could not believe his eyes. There stood a young man, looking almost like Jesus. The archbishop had a suspicion that perhaps he's nothing more than a hippy, but he became greatly troubled and asked the young man, "Who are you and what are you doing here?" The young man smiled and said, "Have you not recognized me? You are my representative here, and you don't even recognize your master. I am Jesus Christ. Just taking a look round, seeing how things are going." The archbishop started trembling. Who knows, perhaps he is Jesus Christ - there is no way to be certain about it. He said, "I am coming in just a minute." From the other room he phoned to the Vatican, to the pope, saying, "I am in a great trouble. There is a man here who looks exactly like Jesus Christ, and he says also that he IS Jesus Christ, and that he has come to have a look around the world, to see how things are going. What am I supposed to do?" There was a silence for a minute, and the pope said, "You have created trouble for me. Nobody knows whether he is Jesus, or just a hippy playing a joke on you. You do one thing: inform the police. And second thing, look busy."

The archbishop said, "The first thing I can understand - informing the police. What do you mean... what is the purpose of looking busy?" He said, "That will keep you from trembling. Do anything. Start arranging furniture, one book from here to there, one file from this place to that place, but look very busy until the police arrive. Then let the police settle the matter."

You go to your neighbor, you get married, you want children, you want friends. But have you watched? - it is just being busy to somehow avoid yourself, to not come into contact with yourself. So do anything stupid. Go to see a movie, go to a sermon in the church, go to the circus, to any restaurant, but keep yourself busy, from the morning till you fall asleep. And in sleep, also keep yourself busy with your dreams; never leave a gap in which you have to face yourself. And to face yourself is the essence of meditation.

People ask, how to meditate? They should simply ask how not to get busy, and they should start cutting out the trivia in which they are continuously wasting their life - out of one hundred percent you will find ninety-five percent of your business is utterly useless and stupid - and then you will have enough time to see yourself, to face yourself in different aspects, to encounter yourself as deeply as possible.

Of course, you will be alone - and that is the fear.

You cannot take a friend with you. In your inner privacy you cannot take anybody, not even God, even if there is a God; you cannot take him into your inner privacy. That is your privilege. That is your grandeur - that your privacy is intact. Nobody can trespass on it.

But you have to be courageous, understanding, alert, because you will be facing things in yourself which you have been hiding from others, and slowly, slowly, from yourself. You will come across monsters which you have pushed aside in yourself; you will come across many repressions. It is not a very beautiful experience; it is bitter. But one has to do it to find one's center.

Zarathustra is saying, YOU FLEE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR AWAY FROM YOURSELVES AND WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A VIRTUE OF IT: BUT I SEE THROUGH YOUR 'SELFLESSNESS'. Have you ever seen through your selflessness? All your selflessness is phony. It has to be phony - one cannot do anything selflessly. But centuries have accumulated in your mind, which have been telling you to be selfless and, at the same time, they are giving every incentive, every motive, to be selfless.

Man is so blind that he cannot see a simple fact. If you are selfless you will be rewarded in heaven. What kind of selflessness is this? If you are selfless, you will be respected by the society, honored by awards, what kind of selflessness is this? It is pure business. And when you are doing selfless things, perhaps you are still escaping from yourself.

Once a man came to me. He had been with Mahatma Gandhi for many years. It was Mahatma Gandhi who encouraged him to go to the aboriginals who live in the forest and the mountains, and to open schools for them. His whole life he had devoted to opening schools, and collecting money and donations from people.

Just by accident he came to ask me for donations. I said, "Donation? For what?" He said, "I have been working for almost fifty years in teaching the aboriginals. I open schools - they need books, they need clothes, they need teachers. It is a selfless job. Mahatma Gandhi himself encouraged me to do this public service." I said, "The people who are already educated - do you think anything great is happening in them? Do you think they have become better men? In fact, the aboriginals are far more innocent, childlike... no theft, no rape.

"One of my friends, who was a collector told me that he could not believe it, when one aboriginal came and said to him, 'Arrest me, I have committed a murder.' They are so innocent that if you have committed a murder And he said, 'Although there was no intention, one thing led to another - we were fighting, and I pushed him from the mountain, and the poor fellow died. I feel sorry for him, but I have committed murder. There is no eyewitness; except me, nobody knows it. And in my parts, in the forest, there is no police station, so I had to come almost one hundred and fifty miles to report.'"

I asked this man, "If he was educated, do you think he would have come to report that he has committed a murder, when there is no eye witness, when there is no police for one hundred and fifty miles? These aboriginals... you think you are doing a selfless service - you are destroying them."

I have been with the aboriginals. They are perhaps the only people in the world - very small tribes left here and there - who don't dream. They have a strange ritual that will look absurd to you: if somebody dreams, he reports immediately to the chief of the tribe, "I have dreamt this." If he has dreamt that he has beaten somebody, he has to take some food, some flowers, to the man, as an

apology: "Just excuse me. In the dream last night I have beaten you." The man knows nothing, because he was not present in the dream.

I have asked those aboriginals, "What is the point of this?"

They said, "It does not matter whether he has beaten that man or not, but he has the desire; otherwise, from where did the dream come? And the desire is enough to require an apology."

These simple human beings... they don't have any prostitution, they cannot have it, their social structure is such that after a boy or a girl becomes mature, thirteen, fourteen They have in the middle of their poor village just straw huts, but made so beautifully and so clean, with so much love and art; nothing valuable in them. Just in the middle of the town they have a big hut. After a boy and girl become sexually mature, they cannot sleep in their own homes, they have to sleep together in the hall in the middle of the village. And they have to find their partners, their friends. The only law they have is that you should not be with any girl more than three days, or any girl should not be more than three days with a boy. No sexual inhibition. So almost every boy comes in contact with every girl of the village. Every girl comes to know every man of the village. Then it is up to them to decide with whom they would like to live their whole life. They don't know any divorce.

Because every woman and every man has known each other, they have chosen the best person possible. They cannot find anyone better. They have found the person with whom they fall in rapport. There is no divorce, there is no prostitution.

And all the missionaries are trying to convince them that this institution, where boys and girls live together, is immoral. In fact, it is one of the most moral institutions - it should exist everywhere. You are choosing a life partner, and you are not given any chance to be with many people, so that you can choose. Your choice remains so stupid, because some girl has a long nose, or some girl has beautiful hair, or some boy is very polite, very nice.

But these are not the things which can keep you together for your whole life. You have to know each other in every possible way. And it is not that one man and one girl can meet only once; one time they can remain three days together. If again they meet, and they want to be together, they can be together again for three days.

I asked one of the old men, "Why three days?"

He said, "It is our experience that after three days some kind of attachment starts growing. To change after three days keeps our whole community free of jealousy."

You need not be jealous of anybody. You know perfectly well your husband has been with hundreds of girls, your wife has been with hundreds of boys - you are one of them. There is no question of jealousy, there is no question of quarrelling. There is no necessity to dig into each other's past: With whom you have been? Am I the first person you have loved?

A strange idea exists all over the civilized countries: every girl wants to be the only one - for what? Every young man wants to be the only one she has loved. This kind of love is bound to create jealousy. This kind of love is bound to create divorce. This kind of love, if forced, is bound to create

prostitutes - just for a change. Otherwise you are boring each other - every day, twenty-four hours a day. Everybody has a limit, then he is bored.

There comes a time when it brings a nervous breakdown. In their tribes there are no psychiatrists, no psychoanalysts. And even if any psychoanalyst comes, there is nobody who is going to be his patient, because they don't have any dreams to be analyzed, they don't have any quarrels and fights with their spouses to be settled.

I was amazed to see that aboriginals don't commit suicide. They don't have much to live for - not the luxuries, not the palaces - but every night the whole tribe dances. Their food consists of the minimum; undernourished they are, but their spirits soar high: on the full moon night, the whole night they will dance and sing.

I asked the man, "What is your teaching going to do for them? You are poisoning them. You can go to your universities where your well-educated people are. What are they doing? In what way have they become a better species?"

He was very shocked. He said, "I have been they working for fifty years with the idea that I am they doing a selfless service. But perhaps you are right."

I said, "You are not doing a selfless service. You are simply escaping from yourself. This whole service is just an engagement; and in the name of public service, it is easy, respectable - here and hereafter. Have you ever meditated? You have been fifty years in the forest, in the mountains. Have you given any time to yourself?" He said, "I have been working my whole time to create more schools, to find more teachers, to find more students, to cultivate culture and civilization in them."

I said, "Do you think you are cultured, you are civilized? Are you certain about it?"
He said, "Somebody should have told me before. I have wasted my whole life. Now I'm seventy-five." I

said, "It is better to be late than never. At least you drop this word 'selflessness'".

This is one of the words that all the religions are poisoning people with. And people get caught in the net, because they themselves want to forget themselves. In a selfless service... it seems to be the most virtuous way, religious way, respectable way, to forget oneself.

To forget oneself is the only sin in the world.

To remember oneself is the only virtue.

Right is Zarathustra when he says, ... BUT I SEE THROUGH YOUR 'SELFLESSNESS'.

DO I EXHORT YOU TO LOVE OF YOUR NEIGHBOR? I EXHORT YOU RATHER TO FLIGHT FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR AND TO LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT!

Your neighbor is nothing but part of the same crowd that you are. Your neighbor is not different from yourself. He follows the same religion, he speaks the same language, he follows the same morality,

the same values, he follows the same idea of God. He goes to the same temple to pray. He's nothing but another copy of yourself.

Zarathustra is saying, I EXHORT YOU RATHER TO FLIGHT FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR AND TO LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT! - because only the distant can become a possibility of your growth, a possibility of your metamorphosis, a possibility of transformation. The neighbor is nothing but a mirror - you see your own face, and feel perfectly satisfied. He's as cunning as you are, he's as angry as you are, he's as greedy as you are, he's as sexual as you are, as competitive as you are, as jealous, envious, violent, as you are. Look towards a faraway star, towards... LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT.

HIGHER THAN LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR STANDS LOVE OF THE MOST DISTANT MAN AND OF THE MAN OF THE FUTURE. The statement of Jesus, "Love your neighbor", is too ordinary. But Zarathustra's statement to love the most distant is certainly a great challenge for everyone who is still alive, who has not become a fossil, a Christian, a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Jaina - these are all fossils. They have died long ago; just their dead bodies go on breathing, living. Somehow they have forgotten how to stop breathing.

Have you observed the fact that people die less at the age of ninety, even less at the age of one hundred, still less at one hundred and twenty, still less at one hundred and fifty? - they become senile; they forget completely how to die. You will not find anybody who dies at the age of two hundred. By that time he has completely forgotten how to stop breathing, how to stop the heartbeat - he goes on and on.

Somebody was asking me about Morarji Desai. I said, "It is very difficult, he has been senile for many years. It will just be an accident if he dies. He cannot die a natural death."

HIGHER STILL THAN LOVE OF MAN I ACCOUNT LOVE OF CAUSES AND OF PHANTOMS. Higher still than love of man, Zarathustra accounts love of causes, and love of distant dreams. That which is a dream today, that which is only a cause within you, can become a realization tomorrow. Never stop: always go on looking forward for better causes, for higher dreams. Be a good dreamer. Be a good fighter for good causes, for causes which are unpopular, for which the masses will never support you. The masses support themselves, and their way of life is almost fixed. Your forefathers lived the same way, their forefathers lived the same way. They go on repeating the same thing, again and again. Anything strange, and they immediately become antagonistic. Anything new immediately becomes unpopular. Love the unpopular causes, and love distant dreams. That is far better than loving man.

THIS PHANTOM THAT RUNS ALONG BEHIND YOU, MY BROTHER, IS FAIRER THAN YOU; WHY DO YOU NOT GIVE IT YOUR FLESH AND BONES? Give to your dreams, your flesh and your bones. Give to your causes, your life.

BUT YOU ARE AFRAID AND YOU RUN TO YOUR NEIGHBOR. But rather than living a life that can be called truly human, almost touching the divine, you become afraid because you are left alone. The coziness of the crowd is no longer with you. The support of the crowd is no longer with you.

But to stand alone has a joy of its own. To stand alone like an Everest has a height and has a reach into the highest. But people want to be amongst photocopies of themselves. There they feel at ease

- no challenge, no fight, no struggle, no crucifixion. Just be a sheep; never try to become a lion. This is how for thousands of years man has lived, and it has become habitual.

YOU INVITE IN A WITNESS WHEN YOU WANT TO SPEAK WELL OF YOURSELVES. AND WHEN YOU HAVE MISLED HIM INTO THINKING WELL OF YOU, YOU THEN THINK WELL OF YOURSELVES. This game goes on: I praise you, you praise me. Naturally it is a simple bargain; everybody is praising everybody else. This they call sociability. They meet in clubs; they make Rotary Clubs and Lions Clubs. All those clubs are nothing but sheep clubs, but nobody has the guts to call them their real name.

Everybody is praising each other. Everybody is saying that you are so beautiful, so generous, so intelligent, so charitable, so religious, and hoping that the same compliments will be returned to him. And they are returned, and everybody goes home very happy. This stupidness is so spread all over humanity that nobody raises a question.

It happened... Dr. Radhakrishnan was one of the presidents of India. Before he became a president he was a vice-chancellor, and before he became a vice-chancellor he was a professor. Because a professor, a teacher, had become the president, his birthday was celebrated all over India, particularly in religious institutions - schools, colleges, universities - as a teachers' day.

In my university also, a great celebration was made. The vice-chancellor spoke in golden words about Dr. Radhakrishnan, that it is a glory to every teacher, a dignity to every teacher, that a teacher has become the president of the country, and many other prominent professors spoke. I could not tolerate it any longer. I was not supposed to speak, for the simple reason they knew that I am not reliable; what I will say may disturb the whole thing. But I stood up and I said, "Without me speaking this celebration will not be complete." So the poor vice-chancellor, although his face became pale, invited me to speak. I said, "This is such an absurdity that has been told to you by so many people, from the vice-chancellor, from all the deans, from all the senior professors. Cannot you see a simple thing, that a teacher has become a politician? It is a degradation; it is not respect. A teacher does not find himself dignified as a teacher - he wants to become the president of the country. This is not a teachers' day. I will call the day 'teachers' day' when a president resigns and joins a school and starts teaching there. That will be the teachers' day.

The logic is so simple - that he respects teaching, and loves teaching, more than being a president.

The vice-chancellor and the professors who were sitting on the stage were so shocked, because all the students, the whole crowd, clapped. They were agreeing with me. Just these few idiots were not clapping. I said, "You should start clapping. Can't you see, everybody is clapping, and you look so stupid not clapping." And you will be surprised - they started. What else to do? And when they started, then the students started dancing and clapping.

I said, "Now the celebration is complete; otherwise, what celebration was it? And you have been praising a man who was serving the British government - he never fought for India's freedom. He was a professor in Calcutta University, and he stole a student's thesis, the whole thesis. He was one of the examiners, and he went on delaying, saying, 'I am going through it.' Meanwhile, he managed to have it published in England, in his name. And when it was published, then he returned the thesis to the university.

"The student was a poor student, but still he went to the high court. But he was such a poor man The case was in the high court for a few months, and Radhakrishnan had not a single word to say, because page after page, chapter after chapter, were verbatim exactly the same as the thesis.

"His whole strategy was that the book had been published before; but the university knew that the thesis has been given to him before the publication of his book. It was certain that he was going to be punished for it. It was such an ugly act. He gave ten thousand rupees to the student - and he was such a poor man, that he thought that it was better to withdraw the case. The case was withdrawn, but that does not make any difference.

"This man has used bribes to become the vice-chancellor; and the whole of India knew about the case, the whole of India knew about his bribery. And still they were praising him as if he was a sage."

When I raised these questions, all their faces fell, and the vice-chancellor uttered to the man sitting by his side, "I was afraid of this from the very beginning. That's why I had not invited him to speak. But I never thought that he should have been prevented from coming into the conference."

I said, "If you have any answer, you can give the answer. This man has not been a teacher, but a thief. And if he becomes a politician, it is not a credit to the profession of the teachers, it is a discredit. If he has still any sense, he should resign and become a teacher again."

But this is how things are. The vice-chancellor has to praise him. After the meeting he told me, "It is not good for you. They will take revenge." I said, "I am ready for every revenge, but I am not ready to say things which are absolute lies." He said, "But I cannot say it. He has appointed me as vice-chancellor of this university." This way, things go on. He has appointed him as vice-chancellor, so he has to praise him. The whole society lives in a subtle kind of hypocrisy, in a conspiracy. One has to be courageous enough to stand alone. And he was right, that I would be taken into all kinds of revengeful situations; they have happened, they are still continuing to happen. My whole life they will continue to take revenge just because I am not ready to compromise with the hypocrisy that society has decided to live with.

But it gives me immense joy that I am not part of a crowd, and I don't want my people to be part of a crowd. Even if you have to sacrifice your whole life, it is more joyful than to be a slave. It is better to be on the cross than to be a slave of unconscious, fast-asleep people.

ONE MAN RUNS TO HIS NEIGHBOR BECAUSE HE IS LOOKING FOR HIMSELF. Alone, one tends to forget who one is. Your name, your profession, your qualifications, your degrees, your beauty, your strength, your respect - alone one tends to forget all this, because all these are false things surrounding you. But when you go to the neighbor he reminds you, he compliments you, you compliment him. You both rejoice that you have found yourself - he has found himself.

One emperor had gone to see Nan-in, a Zen master, and he had brought for him a very valuable robe, studded with diamonds, worthy of a king, and made of the costliest material that was possible in the country. After visiting Nan-in, when he was going, the emperor offered him the robe, saying, "Don't refuse; it is just a present from me." He said, "I can take it, but I cannot use it, because there are no neighbors around. What is the point? Moreover, the deer will laugh, the peacocks will giggle: 'Look at this old fellow. In old age he has gone insane.' So, please take it back. I have accepted it

- you take it back. It is needed in the crowd. They will compliment you for it, they will praise you, they will say what a beautiful thing it is. But here in the forest I live amongst wild animals and they are all naked. Sometimes I even hear them giggling at my clothes and saying, 'What kind of animal is he? When everybody is naked, why you are so afraid of the rain, so afraid of the sun, so afraid of the wind? You could enjoy.'"

ONE MAN RUNS TO HIS NEIGHBOR BECAUSE HE IS LOOKING FOR HIMSELF, AND ANOTHER BECAUSE HE WANTS TO LOSE HIMSELF. When you are in anxiety, anguish, trouble, life seems to be dark and a failure, you want to go to the neighbor somehow to lose all your anxiety with a few drinks, a good chitchat, gossiping, whose wife has run off with whom, whose husband is chasing after whose wife. One wants to lose oneself because the anxiety is too much.

YOUR BAD LOVE OF YOURSELVES MAKES SOLITUDE A PRISON TO YOU - because you don't love yourself. That's why your solitude appears almost like a prison, and you want to get out of it. Run in any direction, do anything, but don't be alone.

Solitude is the most beautiful experience, the most glorious treasure that you have, but you have never explored it, because you have never loved yourself. Nobody has told you to love yourself. Love your mother, love your father, love your brother, love your sister, love your wife, love your children... except yourself.

Jesus says, "Love your neighbor as you love yourself." But his understanding is not very big, because who loves oneself? "Love your enemy as you love yourself, " - but who loves oneself? He has no teaching for that - first love yourself.

Zarathustra is a great psychologist: I DO NOT TEACH YOU THE NEIGHBOR BUT THE FRIEND. And the difference is great. The neighbor is accidental; it happens that he is your neighbor. The friend is a conscious choice. It is not accidental; you have chosen it.

MAY THE FRIEND BE TO YOU A FESTIVAL OF THE EARTH AND A FORETASTE OF THE SUPERMAN. Love the friend so much that the very friendship becomes a festival, and in your friendship is born the superman. Love is the fire that purifies the gold, that purifies ordinary human beings into superman.

I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND AND HIS OVERFLOWING HEART. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND HOW TO BE A SPONGE IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED BY OVERFLOWING HEARTS. He is saying an immensely important thing: that you should learn to be like a sponge, not begging for love, but when love comes, overflowing, you are capable of absorbing it. Not asking for it. He is not telling you to become a begging bowl, which almost all so- called lovers are - begging bowls: "Give me more love, a little more " It is almost like two blind beggars standing before each other with their begging bowls. "Give me something, I am hungry." But they can't see that the other is also hungry, with a begging bowl.

I have heard: two astrologers used to meet everyday at a crossroads, from where they went, in different directions, for their work. But at the crossroads they used to show each other their hands, saying "Just tell me how today will be." He himself is an astrologer; he is going to predict people's futures. The other is also an astrologer, the same business, but both will ask each other, "Just look at my hand, my hand lines, what do they say? How is the day going to be, successful or not?"

Don't be a beggar. Be like a sponge.

I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND IN WHOM THE WORLD STANDS COMPLETE. Friendship is the highest quality of love, where love transcends biology, physiology, chemistry, hormones, where love only becomes a spiritual phenomenon.

I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND IN WHOM THE WORLD STANDS COMPLETE, A VESSEL OF THE GOOD - THE CREATIVE FRIEND, WHO ALWAYS HAS A COMPLETE WORLD TO BESTOW.

AND AS THE WORLD ONCE DISPERSED FOR HIM, SO IT COMES BACK TO HIM AGAIN,
AS THE EVOLUTION OF GOOD THROUGH EVIL, AS THE EVOLUTION OF DESIGN FROM CHANCE.

MAY THE FUTURE AND THE MOST DISTANT BE THE PRINCIPLE OF YOUR TODAY: IN YOUR FRIEND YOU SHOULD LOVE THE SUPERMAN AS YOUR PRINCIPLE.

Love can become an alchemical process. If you love someone, it transforms the other person.

In my village there was one man who was a well- known thief. He used to call the jail his home. He was a jailbird; almost half his life he was in jail. But when he was released from jail, he would come directly to see me. Of course my father was worried, my teachers were worried, and they said that this friendship is not good, this man is dangerous.

I said, "The friendship you are afraid of is a double-edged sword. Only time will show whether my love changes him or his love changes me. It is a question of who loves more." They said, "It is difficult to argue with you, but we say that he is a confirmed criminal, and he cannot drop his habits." I said, "Who is trying to change him? Who is trying to get him to drop his habits? I love him as he is. I have never said a single word about his stealing, about his being imprisoned. I'm not concerned about that, that is his business. But the man is beautiful. And the man is very reliable, very trustworthy."

They said, "You will not listen, until he corrupts you."
I said, "Somebody is going to be corrupted, either him or me, but give it a chance."

One day he said to me, "You never say anything about my stealing."

I said, "That is your way of life. You are master of your own life. If you have chosen to steal, I have no wish to interfere in it."

He said, "You never even say that I go to jail. Nobody in the whole village is ready even to be friendly with me, because it is dangerous. The police may see that I was standing with him, talking with him. He may get into some trouble."

I said, "Don't be worried about that. In trouble I am going to get! My ways of getting into trouble may be different - your ways are different - but trouble is going to be there. So completely forget about trouble. I love you, I trust you." There were tears in his eyes, and he said, "It is just because of you that many times I prevent myself from stealing. In the jail I only remember you, that there is

someone outside, that somebody must be remembering me; otherwise, the outside world does not exist for me. And it is only a question of a few months. I will manage. Soon I will be out, and next time I am not going to steal."

I said, "That is up to you. But never for a moment think that I am preventing you, because in my conception, if love cannot give freedom, it is not love. If love interferes in the life of the beloved, of the friend, of the lover, then it is not love. I simply love you as you are; you should not try to change yourself because of my love." But slowly, slowly, his stealing dropped.

The people were amazed. One of my teachers, who had been very insistent that he would make me a thief, was absolutely astonished when two years passed and he did not steal, and he did not go to jail. My teacher called me and said, "I am sorry; perhaps I don't know that love has a power of its own."

In the university, one of the students, who was my colleague for two years, murdered somebody. He was caught and jailed. Years after, when I became a professor, the governor was very much interested in me, so he wanted me to go to the central jail every Sunday to talk to the prisoners, to help them to meditate. And there I met that young man who had murdered somebody. He was trying to hide in the crowd of other prisoners, but I went directly inside the crowd.

The superintendent was preventing me, saying, "These are dangerous people. You should not go amongst them."

I said, "They may be dangerous - they cannot be dangerous to me. I have not done any harm to anybody." And I got hold of the boy and I told him, "This is not good that you should hide. I have specially come to see you. When the governor asked me, I remembered only you, that I will be able to see you again."

He said, "I was feeling so ashamed. I betrayed you, your love, your friendship. I am not ashamed of the murder - the man I murdered needed it! I am ashamed that I betrayed your love and your trust."

I said, "Forget about it. You have not betrayed anything. I love you as much as I loved you before - perhaps more, because you had to pass through such a torturous ordeal."

I went there every Sunday, and after six or seven weeks the superintendent told me, "There has been a strange change in the man you always meet before you talk to everybody. Before, he was the most dangerous person here. He was always creating trouble, always problems; he was always beating, hurting somebody. But during these seven weeks, something has happened to him. He is meditating. Others only meditate when you come, every Sunday, but he meditates every day."

Within a year, he was a totally different man, and the superintendent recommended that he should be released; otherwise it was a life sentence.

He asked me, "I am recommending him to be released. If you can put a word into the governor's ear it will help immensely; otherwise, he will not believe that a man who has been sentenced for his whole life can be released. He has served almost six, seven years, but that is nothing."

I told the governor that I had a friend there, and told him the whole story. I said, "The superintendent wants him to be released. I would love that he is released, because that will create a great incentive and encouragement in the other prisoners. And you yourself would love to see that man. This whole year he has been meditating - whenever he had time he was meditating."

He was released, and I asked him, "What has happened in your meditations?" He said, "Now I feel perhaps it was good that I murdered. If I had not murdered, I would have never come so close to you. In my meditations I was so close to you, I could hear your heartbeat. And strangely, the meditations transformed all my energy. That which was violence became love, that was anger became compassion; and I was not even concerned that for the whole of my life I have to live in the jail

"In fact I was happy to have no worries of life, no responsibilities of life. Just do your work the whole day, and meditate. I was reading your books, meditating, and slowly, slowly, a group of meditators was formed. We were reading together, discussing together. Out of jail I feel a little lost, because for this one year it has become almost a temple to me. And on the outside, it is just the ugly marketplace I had left before."

Love has a chemical quality to transform people's energies. It changes the person you love; it changes you simultaneously.

He says, I TEACH YOU THE FRIEND IN WHOM THE WORLD STANDS COMPLETE, A VESSEL OF THE GOOD - THE CREATIVE FRIEND, WHO ALWAYS HAS A COMPLETE WORD TO BESTOW. Love creates in people creative energies. And you must have watched, if you have fallen in love with someone, suddenly you become creative.

You want to create something for the beloved - and this is ordinary love.

If your love is out of your meditations, you would like to create poetry, music, sculpture, painting, a garden. All whole energies will take a shift from being destructive towards creativity.

If the people in the world knew only one religion, love, the world would be paradise.

AND AS THE WORLD DISPERSED FOR HIM, SO IT COMES BACK TO HIM AGAIN, AS THE EVOLUTION OF GOOD THROUGH EVIL, AS THE EVOLUTION OF DESIGN FROM CHANCE.

MAY THE FUTURE AND THE MOST DISTANT BE THE PRINCIPLE OF YOUR TODAY.

Your eyes should be fixed on the distant and the future, and this should be your principle today. It will pull you to heights unknown, to spaces untraveled before, to experiences you had not even dreamt about.

IN YOUR FRIEND YOU SHOULD LOVE THE SUPERMAN AS YOUR PRINCIPLE.

Love so totally that the friend has to become a superman.

Love so totally that it leaves no possibility for the friend to be less than superman.

And his love towards you will transform you, also. It is a simultaneous process, it is a synchronicity.

Zarathustra is right: don't be bothered about the neighbor. Be concerned about a friend, and create as much love as you are capable of. And the more you create love, the more you will find you are capable of.

There is no limit, no boundary, for your being loving - you can love infinitely.

And if you can shower somebody with your love totally, you are going to change him - and his being, and his soul.

His emphasis moving from the neighbor - neighbor means the crowd - to the friend is significant: the friend means "the chosen one." The neighbor is accidental; the friend has to be looked for, searched for. And the principle should be: Look for a man who has the capacity to fulfill the distant goal of being a superman.

There are so many people... just nobody has loved them so much that they have become their ultimate actualities. Nobody cared about them, nobody showered love on them so that they can blossom. Your love should be a spring to them.

This world needs not neighbors but friends - friends who love but don't interfere, friends who love but have no conditions, friends who love but leave you absolutely independent.
A world full of love and friendship should be the goal. Less than that is not going to save humanity. ...

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 14

Of the way of the creator

3 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE WAY OF THE CREATOR.

MY BROTHER, DO YOU WANT TO GO APART AND BE ALONE? DO YOU WANT TO SEEK THE WAY TO YOURSELF? PAUSE JUST A MOMENT AND LISTEN TO ME.

‘HE WHO SEEKS MAY EASILY GET LOST HIMSELF. IT IS A CRIME TO GO APART AND BE ALONE’ - THUS SPEAKS THE HERD.

THE VOICE OF THE HERD WILL STILL RING WITHIN YOU. AND WHEN YOU SAY: ‘WE HAVE NO LONGER THE SAME CONSCIENCE, YOU AND I’, IT WILL BE A LAMENT AND A GRIEF.

FOR SEE, IT IS STILL THIS SAME CONSCIENCE THAT CAUSES YOUR GRIEF: AND THE LAST GLIMMER OF THIS CONSCIENCE STILL GLOWS IN YOUR AFFLICTION.

BUT YOU WANT TO GO THE WAY OF YOUR AFFLICTION, WHICH IS THE WAY TO YOURSELF? IF SO, SHOW ME YOUR STRENGTH FOR IT AND YOUR RIGHT TO IT!

ARE YOU A NEW STRENGTH AND A NEW RIGHT? A FIRST MOTION? A SELF-PROPELLING WHEEL? CAN YOU ALSO COMPEL STARS TO REVOLVE ABOUT YOU?

ALAS, THERE IS SO MUCH LUSTING FOR EMINENCE! THERE IS SO MUCH CONVULSION OF THE AMBITIOUS!...

ALAS, THERE ARE SO MANY GREAT IDEAS THAT DO NO MORE THAN A BELLOWS: THEY INFLATE AND MAKE EMPTIER.

DO YOU CALL YOURSELF FREE? I WANT TO HEAR YOUR RULING IDEA, AND NOT THAT YOU HAVE ESCAPED FROM A YOKE.

ARE YOU SUCH A MAN AS OUGHT TO ESCAPE A YOKE? THERE ARE MANY WHO THREW OFF THEIR FINAL WORTH WHEN THEY THREW OFF THEIR BONDAGE.

FREE FROM WHAT? ZARATHUSTRA DOES NOT CARE ABOUT THAT! BUT YOUR EYE SHOULD CLEARLY TELL ME: FREE FOR WHAT?

CAN YOU FURNISH YOURSELF WITH YOUR OWN GOOD AND EVIL AND HANG UP YOUR OWN WILL ABOVE YOURSELF AS A LAW? CAN YOU BE JUDGE OF YOURSELF AND AVENGER OF YOUR LAW?

IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE ALONE WITH THE JUDGE AND AVENGER OF ONE'S OWN LAW. IT IS TO BE LIKE A STAR THROWN FORTH INTO EMPTY SPACE AND INTO THE ICY BREATH OF SOLITUDE.

TODAY YOU STILL SUFFER FROM THE MANY, O MAN SET APART: TODAY YOU STILL HAVE YOUR COURAGE WHOLE AND YOUR HOPES.

BUT ONE DAY SOLITUDE WILL MAKE YOU WEARY, ONE DAY YOUR PRIDE WILL BEND AND YOUR COURAGE BREAK. ONE DAY YOU WILL CRY: 'I AM ALONE!'

ONE DAY YOU WILL NO LONGER SEE WHAT IS EXALTED IN YOU; AND WHAT IS BASE IN YOU, YOU WILL SEE ALL TOO CLOSELY; YOUR SUBLIMITY ITSELF WILL MAKE YOU AFRAID, AS IF IT WERE A PHANTOM. ONE DAY YOU WILL CRY: 'EVERYTHING IS FALSE!'

THERE ARE EMOTIONS THAT SEEK TO KILL THE SOLITARY; IF THEY DO NOT SUCCEED, WELL, THEY MUST DIE THEMSELVES! BUT ARE YOU CAPABLE OF BEING A MURDERER?...

YOU COMPEL MANY TO CHANGE THEIR OPINION ABOUT YOU; THEY HOLD THAT VERY MUCH AGAINST YOU. YOU APPROACHED THEM AND YET WENT ON PAST THEM: THAT THEY WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

YOU GO ABOVE AND BEYOND THEM: BUT THE HIGHER YOU CLIMB, THE SMALLER YOU APPEAR TO THE EYE OF ENVY. AND HE WHO FLIES IS HATED MOST OF ALL

AND BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THE GOOD AND JUST! THEY WOULD LIKE TO CRUCIFY THOSE WHO DEVISE THEIR OWN VIRTUE - THEY HATE THE SOLITARY.

BE ON YOUR GUARD, TOO, AGAINST HOLY SIMPLICITY! EVERYTHING WHICH IS NOT SIMPLE IS UNHOLY TO IT: AND IT, TOO, LIKES TO PLAY WITH FIRE - IN THIS CASE, THE FIRE OF THE STAKE.

AND BE ON YOUR GUARD, TOO, AGAINST THE ASSAULTS YOUR LOVE MAKES UPON YOU! THE SOLITARY EXTENDS HIS HAND TOO QUICKLY TO ANYONE HE MEETS.

TO MANY MEN, YOU OUGHT NOT TO GIVE YOUR HAND, BUT ONLY YOUR PAW: AND I SHOULD LIKE IT IF YOUR PAW HAD CLAWS, TOO

YOU MUST BE READY TO BURN YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN FLAME: HOW COULD YOU BECOME NEW, IF YOU HAD NOT FIRST BECOME ASHES?...

GO APART AND BE ALONE WITH MY TEARS, MY BROTHER. I LOVE HIM WHO WANTS TO CREATE BEYOND HIMSELF, AND THUS PERISHES.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

CREATIVITY IS PERHAPS the only existential religion. The moments of creativity are the moments when you are one with the universe. In a way you are lost, you are no more your old ego; in another way you have found yourself for the first time.

Only the creator knows the depths of life and the heights of love. Those who do not know the dimension of creativity remain unaware of what true religion is. True religion is not worship. True religion is not contained in the scriptures. True religion consists only of one thing: when you participate with the creator, howsoever small your participation may be. It has a significance, because only you can do it, and nobody else can do it.

God is not a person somewhere - God is only a collective name of the whole creative energy of the universe. The moment you are creative you are part of it, and the people who are not creative remain separate from the flow of existence. And the people who are destructive are not only separate, but they are against existence. They are the real sinners.

The only virtue worth calling virtue is creativity. What you create does not matter, but it should enhance life, beautify existence, make living more joyous, the song a little more juicy, the love a little more glorious - and the life of a creator starts becoming part of eternity and immortality.

Zarathustra is talking about the way of the creator. Millions of people live, but they don't create anything. And it is one of the fundamentals of life that unless you create - it may be a painting, a song, a dance - you cannot be blissful, you will remain in misery. Only creativity brings to you your dignity. It helps you to blossom in your fullness.

MY BROTHER, DO YOU WANT TO GO APART AND BE ALONE? The creator cannot be part of the crowd. The creator has to learn to be alone, to go apart, to learn the beauty of solitude, because only in that space your potential starts changing into actuality.

DO YOU WANT TO SEEK THE WAY TO YOURSELF? The way of the creator ultimately leads you to yourself, because you are going away from the crowd, away from the mass - you are going into aloneness.

A painter is absolutely alone in his vision.

A dancer is absolutely alone in his dance.

One of the great dancers, Nijinsky, was asked once, ”You dance before big audiences - don’t you feel nervous?” He said, ”As far as I am concerned, I feel nervous, but only to the point before the dance starts. Once I am in my dance I am absolutely alone, there is nobody else. Not only do others disappear, a moment comes sometimes, and that is the greatest moment, when I myself disappear - only the dance remains.”

This has been observed about Nijinsky, by scientists, that there were some moments when he would jump so high that it was not physically possible, because of gravitation. And more amazing was the part when he would come down: he would come down so slowly - just as if a leaf is falling slowly towards the earth; there is no hurry. That, too, gravitation does not allow: gravitation pulls things forcibly.

He was asked about this and he said, ”It is a mystery to me. Whenever I try, it never happens, because I am there. Perhaps I am the weight on which gravity works. When I forget myself completely, suddenly it is there - I am just a watcher as you are a watcher, full of wonder. I don’t know how it happens.”

Perhaps the ego is the heaviest thing in you. In the moment when Nijinsky felt that he himself had disappeared - only the dance was there, the dancer no more - he touched on the same experience as Zarathustra or Gautam Buddha or Lao Tzu, but from a very different dimension. His dance became a mystic experience.

PAUSE JUST A MOMENT AND LISTEN TO ME.

‘HE WHO SEEKS MAY EASILY GET LOST HIMSELF. IT IS A CRIME TO GO APART AND BE ALONE’ - THUS SPEAKS THE HERD.

The crowd hates those people who want to be individuals, who want their own way, who want their own style of life. The herd wants you to be just one of them. Your separation reminds them of their inferiority, and it is not surprising that the herd has always been against the individual.

Jesus was not crucified because he was saying anything against Judaism. He was born a Jew, he lived a Jew, he died a Jew, and all that he was saying was contained in the Jewish scriptures. There is not a single thing that can be pointed to as being against Judaism. Why did this young man have to be crucified? What was his crime?

His crime was that he was going alone; he was establishing himself as an individual; he was not following the crowd; he had made his own footpath. He was not on the superhighway with everybody, behaving in the same way, talking about the same things, living the same life.

There is a very clear-cut psychology behind it: All those who suffer from inferiority want to be with people who are the same as they are; then they can forget their inferiority. But anybody who does not suffer from inferiority stands alone, needs no coziness of the crowd, no support of the people, finds himself ”enough unto himself” - becomes a dangerous reminder that you are hollow within yourself and you are trying somehow to lose yourself in the crowd.

The herd is going to say to any creator, ”He who seeks may easily get lost himself. Don’t move away from the crowd.”

THE VOICE OF THE HERD WILL STILL RING WITHIN YOU. AND WHEN YOU SAY: ‘WE HAVE NO LONGER THE SAME CONSCIENCE, YOU AND I’, IT WILL BE A LAMENT AND A GRIEF. The creator has to depart.

One great Dutch painter, van Gogh, wanted to be a painter. He belonged to a poor family. The family said, ”We cannot afford it.” The father worked in a coal mine. But van Gogh was absolutely certain that that was his destiny; it was not a question of affording or not affording - he was going to be a painter. The family renounced him. His younger brother would pay him just enough for seven days, every Sunday, to eat and to find a shelter. Three days he would fast, and four days he would eat. He had to fast three days to purchase paints, canvasses, for his paintings.

His paintings were so ahead of time - the genius is always ahead of time - that in his whole life not a single painting was sold. Now only two hundred paintings have survived, and each painting is worth more than one million dollars - and the man lived in utter poverty, just like a beggar.

His brother thought that he must be suffering deeply a great pain and agony, that nobody understands his painting. People laughed at his paintings. He was a new beginning in the world of paintings - a pioneer. And the pioneer is always laughed at; a creator who is not repeating the past, but bringing in the future, is bound to be misunderstood.

His brother told a friend, ”I will give you the money; at least purchase one of his paintings. He will feel happy that at least one person understands his paintings.” The man had no sense about paintings, but he went. Van Gogh was very happy, and showed him this painting, that painting, but the man said, ”Any will do. Don’t waste my time; here is the money.” It was a shock. The man did not even look at the paintings: ”Any painting will do - you just take the money and give me the painting.”

Van Gogh said, ”These paintings are not for sale, and tell my brother not to waste money unnecessarily. This is not your money, because I can see you don’t have any sensitivity. You have been sent by my brother just to give me some consolation. Just get out of this place! My satisfaction is not in my paintings being sold; I am utterly content in creating them.”

The creator’s joy is in creation itself; there is no other reward. And the moment you start thinking of any reward beyond your act, you are only a technician, not a creator.

The crowd is bound to be afraid of such people because they don’t follow the social morality, they don’t follow the social norms. They are no longer part of the herd. They have no obligation to go to your church, to read your holy books. They have found their own religion, and their religion is their creativity. The herd cannot understand it and tries to persuade them: ”It is better you come back. Don’t go alone. You can be lost.”

THE VOICE OF THE HERD WILL STILL RING WITHIN YOU. AND WHEN YOU SAY: ‘WE HAVE NO LONGER THE SAME CONSCIENCE... no longer the same ”I” - I don’t belong to you; you are just cogs in the wheel. I am an individual and I want to live my life according to my own inner voice, not to be dictated, dominated, manipulated by others.

FOR SEE, IT IS STILL THIS SAME CONSCIENCE THAT CAUSES YOUR GRIEF: AND THE LAST GLIMMER OF THIS CONSCIENCE STILL GLOWS IN YOUR AFFLICTION. There WILL be problems. All the great painters, poets, singers, musicians, have either gone mad or have even committed suicide. Their madness is simply because everybody thinks they are abnormal.

Van Gogh has fallen in love with one of his faraway cousin-sisters. There was nothing wrong in it, but he was a poor man, and on top of it he was a painter. Nobody liked his paintings, nobody could even understand what he is painting - nor could he explain.

He used to say, ”It is strange, nobody asks the trees ‘What is your meaning?’ Nobody asks the flowers, ‘What is your purpose?’ The flower is just beautiful! To be beautiful is enough; no other purpose is needed. My painting is a flower. Why should you ask me the meaning, the purpose? It is not a commodity, it is a creative act. Just as nature creates, I am also part of nature. It is also a creation of nature.”

He proposed to the girl. She could not believe that he would dare to do such a thing. Everybody thought that he was abnormal. It was evening the sun had set, and they were sitting by the light of a beautiful candle. The girl simply joked. She said, ”Do you really mean you love me? Then keep your hand on the flame of the candle as long as I want. That will be a proof.” Van Gogh put his hand on the candle and burnt his hand. The girl could not believe... she removed the candle. Now it is absolutely certain that the man was mad.

Love is one thing, but you don’t have to give such proofs, and anybody who can give such proofs can be dangerous. Her father told him never to come to his house again. Van Gogh said, ”But what wrong have I done? Your girl has asked me to give proof of my love. I can give proof even by my death. My love is greater than my life.” Although he was saying tremendously meaningful words, he was pushed aside and the doors were closed.

His brother loved him very much, and he felt deep compassion for him; he was not harming anybody. Still, everybody seemed to be against him. The only thing that he was doing was not following the crowd. His father wanted him to go to a Christian seminary where he could learn to be a Christian priest, and he said, ”Priest? I want to be a painter. I am not mad enough to be a priest.” His father was ready to give him money to be a priest, but he was not ready to give him money to be a painter or to send him to a painting school. His brother felt deeply for him. He asked a prostitute, ”In his whole life” - Van Gogh was thirty - ”he has never known love. It would be very kind of you... I will give you the money... you pretend to love him.” The prostitute was willing; it was her profession, and there was no problem. She met him as if by accident and started talking to him about his paintings, saying they were great...”And by the way,” she said, ”you are so beautiful.” Nobody had ever said that. Van Gogh said, ”What do you think is beautiful in me?” Even the prostitute was in difficulty to say what was beautiful in him - Van Gogh was not a very beautiful man. She said, ”I love your ears” - finding nothing else.

In the middle of the night, van Gogh came with both his ears - he had cut them off and put them in a packet - and offered those two ears to the woman, and he said, ”In my whole life somebody has loved something in me. I want to offer them to you; you can have them.” Blood was coming from both the ears... the woman freaked out. She thought that he was really mad. What more proof do you need?

He was forced into a madhouse where he lived for one year. But the paintings that he did in the madhouse are his best, because there was no question of food, shelter, clothes; everything was provided by the madhouse. Those are the two hundred paintings that have survived.

The psychiatrist and other experts in the madhouse found that he was not mad; he was simply not normal. The whole day he would paint, from morning till evening - not even a coffee break, and he would eat at night. They said, ”He was a little abnormal, but not dangerous to anybody.” He was released, and after after a few days he committed suicide; but it was not a suicide. He wrote a letter to his brother: ”The painting I wanted to paint, I have painted.”

He wanted to paint the sun as nobody had ever painted it. For one year continuously he painted, painting only the sun in all its moods, in all its different colors - in the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening, at sunset - hundreds of paintings. And when he was satisfied that he had done what he wanted to do, then there was no need to live. His life was to create something that he had created - now he was utterly fulfilled. ”So please don’t think of it as a suicide. It is not a suicide. Just, now I don’t have any reason to live. Forgive me, I am not part of the crowd where people go on living for no reason at all.”

If you think about it yourself, you will find his point significant: Are you living for some meaning? Are you living for some creativity? Are you living to make life more beautiful? Are you going to contribute something to existence? If not, then why go on unnecessarily burdening the earth?

It was not a suicide; it was a great insight of a creator who could not live without creating. Creating was his life, and because it was fulfilled, life had no more meaning for him.

Naturally, such people live with a great affliction. BUT YOU WANT TO GO THE WAY OF YOUR AFFLICTION. - still, they want to go to the way of their affliction - WHICH IS THE WAY TO YOURSELF?

It is painful, it is condemned, you become a laughingstock, but still you want to go to yourself.

IF SO, SHOW ME YOUR STRENGTH FOR IT AND YOUR RIGHT TO IT! To be a creator one needs strength - the strength of a lion, not the slavery of a camel.

ARE YOU A NEW STRENGTH AND A NEW RIGHT? A FIRST MOTION? A SELF-PROPELLING WHEEL? CAN YOU ALSO COMPEL STARS TO REVOLVE ABOUT YOU?

ALAS, THERE IS SO MUCH LUSTING FOR EMINENCE! THERE IS SO MUCH CONVULSION OF THE AMBITIOUS!

The creator is not ambitious and he is not lusting for eminence. Those who are ambitious and who are lusting for eminence are only third-rate people: they may be composers, but they are not creators. A creator has no intention of being famous, has no intention of being respectable. His whole energy is involved in only one thing: his creation.

All the old, great pieces of art... for example, we don’t know who was the architect of the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful architecture in the whole world. We don’t know who created Khajuraho,

a temple which has statues which are incomparable in beauty. Seventy temples were destroyed by Mohammedans; thirty were saved because they were deep in the forest.

Each temple has thousands of statues; the people who created them have not even signed their names - they were fulfilled by creating them.

We don't know who created the UPANISHADS, the most beautiful statements about the ultimate experiences of man. They thought themselves simply vehicles, mediums of existence, only instrumental to the creativity of existence - they never thought that they were the creators. It is ugly even to sign your name.

And you see the masses... they have not created anything, but in every public toilet they have signed; in movie houses they have engraved their names on the seats. Such a desire that your name should remain after you are gone, such a desire to be eminent, to be ambitious, is not part of a creative soul, it is part of the mundane and the mediocre.

ALAS, THERE ARE SO MANY GREAT IDEAS THAT DO NO

MORE THAN A BELLOWS: THEY INFLATE AND MAKE EMPTIER.

DO YOU CALL YOURSELF FREE? I WANT TO HEAR YOUR RULING IDEA, AND NOT THAT YOU HAVE ESCAPED FROM A YOKE.

He is making a very important distinction which very few people realize. He is saying: ARE YOU SUCH A MAN AS OUGHT TO ESCAPE A YOKE?

Millions of people have a deep desire to be slaves, because slavery has some compensations: you are free of all responsibility; you need not bother about yourself - somebody else is your master. And this kind of slavery exists in many forms. There are seven hundred million Catholics who believe that Jesus is their savior. Do you think it is different from slavery? To be saved by somebody else, you cannot be a man of freedom. It is the same situation for others too. Hindus believe that Krishna will come and deliver them from darkness, ways of sin

But what are you for? Don't you have a soul? Don't you have a consciousness? Can't you get out of darkness yourself? Somebody has to come and bring light to you? And do you understand the implication? If somebody saves you, he can push you back. If somebody else brings the light, he can take the light away. It is not your light. Unless something grows within you - the freedom, the light, the love - you cannot rely on it. You are bound to be a slave, and you will have to pay for it. And the payment is not small: you will have to pay for it with your very soul.

ARE YOU SUCH A MAN AS OUGHT TO ESCAPE A YOKE? THERE ARE MANY WHO THREW OFF THEIR FINAL WORTH WHEN THEY THREW OFF THEIR BONDAGE. Their only worth was their bondage; they were useful only as slaves - the moment they are freed they don't know what to do.

It happened in the Bastille, in France, in the French revolution... the Bastille was the greatest prison in France and it was for the prisoners who were sentenced for life, so their handcuffs and their chains

had no keys. They were not going to be opened; they would die with them. They would live with them and they would die with them. And there were three or four thousand prisoners in the Bastille.

Revolutionaries thought that it would be a great joy for those poor people to be freed. So they went to the Bastille People were living in dark holes, somebody for thirty years, somebody for forty years – somebody has even lived there for seventy years; he was ninety years old. And when they heard about freedom they did not want it, they refused. They said, "We have become so accustomed to the darkness, to dirtiness, to inedible food - to all kinds of indignities. We are beaten; we are not treated like human beings, but in fifty years we have become accustomed to it. And now to begin life again in the outside world is too much of a task. Forgive us and just leave us as we are."

But revolutionaries are revolutionaries. They would not listen: they cut off their handcuffs; they cut off their chains; they freed them against their will; they threw them out of the jail. And you will be surprised to know that by the evening half of them came back, asking to be allowed in, because they could not sleep without their handcuffs and without their chains - it felt like something was missing - just as you cannot sleep without your pillow, a child cannot sleep without his teddy bear. Fifty years, seventy years... those chains were no longer chains, they had become part of their bodies. The revolutionaries could not understand, but they had to give them back their chains. The prisoners were immensely happy; they went into their dark holes and slept peacefully.

The whole day had been a day of torture. Their eyes had become weak; they could not see... the glaring sun. The gap between them and the people outside had become so big, they could not understand what was happening. In fifty years so much had changed. And who was going to give them food? Who was going to give them employment? Who was going to give them their destroyed dignity?

Nobody was ready to give employment to a man who had been fifty years in jail for a life sentence. Already he was seventy years or eighty years old - almost a corpse. For seventy years he had not taken a bath; he was stinking. People avoided them; nobody wanted even to talk with them. Naturally, they came back home, and they told the revolutionaries, "Now this is our home, and this is going to be our grave too."

Your worth may be your slavery. Zarathustra is saying, "Before you throw your yoke, think twice; perhaps that is your worth." Before you throw off your bondage, wait; give a little thought.

FREE FROM WHAT? ZARATHUSTRA DOES NOT CARE ABOUT THAT! These words should be remembered carefully. FREE FROM WHAT? ZARATHUSTRA DOES NOT CARE ABOUT THAT! BUT YOUR EYE SHOULD CLEARLY TELL ME: free for what? Not from, but for: unless you have a for, it is better to remain as you are.

In this country, forty years of freedom, and I have been asking people like Jaiprakash, Ramamanohar Lohia, great leaders of the revolution in this country, "You are continually saying that we have to be free from the British Empire, but I never hear anybody saying for what? Freedom FROM... I understand, but you don't have a program for when you are free; what are you going to do?" And that's what happened. Freedom from the British Empire happened, but for forty years what has India done? It has had no program.

Even today it does not know what to do with the freedom - kill each other? Mohammedans killing Hindus, Hindus killing Mohammedans over trivial matters - fight and kill. But in forty years there has been no creativity. In forty years this country has gone down more than it has ever been.

People have only been producing children, and each child brings more poverty. When the country became free, there were four hundred million people; now there are nine hundred million people. In forty years, five hundred million people have been added. The poverty has grown immensely. By the end of this century, for the first time in the history, India will be the most populated country. China will be defeated for the first time. It is going to be beyond one billion people.

The earth is so exploited it cannot yield more. Forests are cut, rains are disturbed, seasons are no longer the same, and no politician has the guts to say All the religions are against birth control. If you say anything against birth control you will lose the election; to be elected is more important than facing the fact that by the end of this century, half of the country will be dying from starvation and hunger - just like Ethiopia.

Ethiopia is a small country - still, one thousand people are dying every day. In India, when the process of hunger and starvation starts, for every two persons, one person is going to die - five hundred million people will die. And what kind of life will it be when you are surrounded by corpses? There will be nobody to even take those corpses to the funerals to burn them. And when so many people die, millions of diseases will spread. It will be beyond the capacity of anyone to save the remaining living ones. But no politician will even hint about it.

We are always thinking to be free from something, but never thinking what we are going to do out of our freedom. FREE FROM WHAT? ZARATHUSTRA DOES NOT CARE ABOUT THAT! BUT YOUR EYE SHOULD BE CLEARLY TELLING ME: FREE for WHAT?

CAN YOU FURNISH YOURSELF WITH YOUR OWN GOOD AND EVIL AND HANG UP YOUR OWN WILL ABOVE YOURSELF AS A LAW? Are you capable of becoming a law unto yourself?

If not, then you cannot be a free man. Can you create values for yourself of good and evil? Otherwise, you have to follow the ten commandments.

CAN YOU BE JUDGE OF YOURSELF AND AVENGER OF YOUR LAW?

Are you capable of being a judge and even punishing yourself if you do something wrong? Otherwise your freedom will be simply committing suicide. It was better that you were a slave. Somebody else was taking care that you did not commit wrong; somebody was taking care that you did right. Somebody was taking care about the law, about values.

A man who wants to be totally free - and a creator needs to be totally free - has to find enough strength in himself to create values, to judge himself; if need be there, to punish himself.

IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE ALONE WITH THE JUDGE AND AVENGER OF ONE'S OWN LAW. IT IS TO BE LIKE A STAR THROWN FORTH INTO EMPTY SPACE AND INTO THE ICY BREATH OF SOLITUDE.

TODAY YOU STILL SUFFER FROM THE MANY, O MAN SET APART: TODAY YOU STILL HAVE YOUR COURAGE WHOLE AND YOUR HOPES.

BUT ONE DAY SOLITUDE WILL MAKE YOU WEARY, ONE DAY YOUR PRIDE WILL BEND AND YOUR COURAGE BREAK. ONE DAY YOU WILL CRY: 'I AM ALONE!' One needs tremendous strength to be alone, but without being alone you are not really a human being.

Your dignity consists in being alone.

ONE DAY YOU WILL NO LONGER SEE WHAT IS EXALTED IN YOU; AND WHAT IS BASE IN YOU, YOU WILL SEE ALL TOO CLOSELY; YOUR SUBLIMITY ITSELF WILL MAKE YOU AFRAID, AS IF IT WERE A PHANTOM. ONE DAY YOU WILL CRY: 'EVERYTHING IS FALSE!'

It has happened to many people - those who have called the world an illusion, maya, false. The basic reason was not philosophical; the basic reason was psychological. These were the people who lived in solitude. Living in solitude needs so much strength to keep yourself sane. Your sanity depends on the crowd.

Many experiments have been done: If you are put in a solitary cell... that seems to be the greatest punishment in a jail. Nobody is torturing you, you are just put in a solitary cell - dark, and you alone. Soon you start losing your intelligence, your strength. After three weeks you start seeing illusions, hallucinations. You start talking to those hallucinations and you also answer from their side, and there is nobody.

The people who created the philosophy of maya, the philosophy of the world as illusion, are the people who lived too long in solitude. These were the monks living in the Himalayas, far away in the mountains. They lost contact with humanity and all they had that was given by the humanity. Slowly, slowly all that disappeared. They were so alone, they started creating a hallucinatory companion or a crowd around themselves. They knew it was false, but they also knew it was needed. It was this experience that created the philosophy that everything is false.

To be alone and remain sane, one thing is absolutely needed: that in your aloneness you should also be a creator. If you are not a creator, you will go insane. If you are a creator, even in your solitude you will be able to maintain your intelligence - not only maintain, but bring it to its fullest expression.

THERE ARE EMOTIONS THAT SEEK TO KILL THE SOLITARY; IF THEY DO NOT SUCCEED, WELL, THEY MUST DIE THEMSELVES! BUT ARE YOU CAPABLE OF BEING A MURDERER? - murderer of your own illusions, murderer of your own emotions. In your aloneness you will desire your friends, you will desire your wives, your husbands, you will desire your children, you will desire a thousand and one things that you have never thought about. And these desires will kill you; these emotions will kill you, unless you are able to kill them. That is why Zarathustra is asking, "Are you capable of being a murderer of your own emotions?"

YOU COMPEL MANY TO CHANGE THEIR OPINION ABOUT YOU; THEY HOLD THAT VERY MUCH AGAINST YOU. YOU APPROACHED THEM AND YET WENT ON PAST THEM: THAT THEY WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU. People never forgive anyone who surpasses them. That's

why humbleness has been so much praised by the crowd, humility has been so much praised by the herd. When Jesus says, ”Blessed are the humble and the meek,” he is speaking the language of the herd. The herd wants you to be humble. The herd wants you to be lower than they are, to be meek, to be submissive, to be surrendering. If you pass them in any way, they will never forgive you.

The only people they have not forgiven are those who stand like Himalayan peaks, so high above them, like Socrates, or Al Hillaj Mansoor, or Gautam Buddha, or Krishna. It is very difficult for the crowd to forgive these people. Socrates they poisoned, Mansoor they killed; so many attempts were made on Gautam Buddha’s life. And the same remains true about all authentic, superior human beings amongst us.

It is not that they are different from us - we have not developed our superiority; we have not developed our being. We are also potentially as great as any Gautam Buddha, but we have not taken the trouble. And when somebody takes the trouble, sharpens his being, brings his genius to flowering, it hurts us. We cannot forgive.

YOU GO ABOVE AND BEYOND THEM: BUT THE HIGHER YOU CLIMB, THE SMALLER YOU APPEAR TO THE EYE OF ENVY. AND HE WHO FLIES IS HATED MOST OF ALL

AND BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THE GOOD AND JUST! THEY WOULD LIKE TO CRUCIFY THOSE WHO DEVISE THEIR OWN VIRTUE - THEY HATE THE SOLITARY.

BE ON YOUR GUARD, TOO, AGAINST HOLY SIMPLICITY! EVERYTHING WHICH IS NOT SIMPLE IS UNHOLY TO IT: AND IT, TOO, LIKES TO PLAY WITH FIRE - IN THIS CASE, THE FIRE OF THE STAKE.

The people who have been praising holy simplicity - remember, they are dangerous, because anything that is not simple seems to them unholy. All great creativity is unsimple; it is complex.

To be simple is not a great virtue; any idiot can do it. But to be a mathematician of the caliber of Albert Einstein is a very complex phenomenon.

You cannot forgive these people. The small people never try their own talents, because it is arduous; it needs work and continuous refinement.

Once a great musician was asked - because in India classical music is one of the most complex things, one of the most subtle, and even the masters don’t stop practicing - and it was a great master who was asked, ”If you don’t practice one day, what will happen?” He was practicing six to eight hours every day. He said, ”If I don’t practice one day, I will notice the difference: it will no longer be of the same depth; it will not go to the same height. Nobody else will notice it.

”But if I don’t practice two days, then the critics of music will be aware that something is missing, it is not the same. And if I don’t practice for three days, then even lovers of music will start noticing that something is missing.”

Eight hours a day for years a man practices and plays music that is almost not of this world; creates out of sound such silence, such sweetness; touches your heart to its deepest point. It needs patience and effort. It is not simplicity: it is one of the most complex things.

One of my friends, Dr. Ramamanohar Lohia, went to see Albert Einstein, who had given him an appointment. He reached exactly on time, but Einstein's wife told him, "You will have to wait a little, and I cannot say how long this little is going to be, because he is in his bathtub. And once he is in his bathtub, then sometimes two hours, sometimes four hours, sometimes six hours... and we are not allowed to disturb him, so please excuse me. You wait, you take tea, and you relax. He can come any moment."

It took exactly six hours for Albert Einstein to come out of his bathroom, and he asked Ramamanohar Lohia, "Have you come so late... six hours?" The wife said, "He has not come late; he has been waiting for six hours, but you were in your bathtub." Ramamanohar could not understand what was going on.

Albert Einstein explained, "Whenever I am in my bathtub playing with soap bubbles, nobody is allowed to disturb me, because all my theories about the stars I have discovered playing with my soap bubbles in the bathroom. Completely undisturbed, knowing that nobody can disturb me, just being playful with the soap bubbles, my mind functions at its best and I forget the time completely. So just forgive me. You are fortunate that I have come early."

Anything that is of great value is going to be complex. The greater the value, the greater is going to be the complexity. But the people who have been praising holy simplicity are bound to condemn it as unholy complexity.

AND BE ON YOUR GUARD, TOO, AGAINST THE ASSAULTS YOUR LOVE MAKES UPON YOU! THE SOLITARY EXTENDS HIS HAND TOO QUICKLY TO ANYONE HE MEETS.

TO MANY MEN, YOU OUGHT NOT TO GIVE YOUR HAND, BUT ONLY YOUR PAW: AND I SHOULD LIKE IT IF YOUR PAW HAD CLAWS, TOO

YOU MUST BE READY TO BURN YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN FLAME: HOW COULD YOU BECOME NEW, IF YOU HAD NOT FIRST BECOME ASHES?...

GO APART AND BE ALONE WITH MY TEARS, MY BROTHER. I LOVE HIM WHO WANTS TO CREATE BEYOND HIMSELF, AND THUS PERISHES.

To create something beyond yourself means you have to disappear. Only when you are absent can something greater than you be present in you. When all your false personality is dropped, your real individuality arises.

He is simply making you aware of three things: one, without being a creator you are not religious; without being a creator you are not really alive; without being a creator you are not free. Your creativity brings freedom, strength, intelligence, consciousness; but it also brings dangers of which he is making you aware.

It is the path for the courageous, for those who want to live dangerously, because there is no other way to live.

Cowards only exist; only the brave live.

The greatest bravery and strength is needed when you transcend yourself. You will have to become a flame in which you are burnt to ashes, and a new being, a new man - what Zarathustra calls the superman - arises out of you.

Creativity is the way to yourself and to your superman. Unless a man finds his superman, he has lived in vain.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 15

Of justice

3 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF JUSTICE

WHEN YOU HAVE AN ENEMY, DO NOT REQUITE HIM GOOD FOR EVIL: FOR THAT WOULD MAKE HIM ASHAMED. BUT PROVE THAT HE HAS DONE SOMETHING GOOD TO YOU.

BETTER TO BE ANGRY THAN MAKE ASHAMED! AND WHEN YOU ARE CURSED, I DO NOT LIKE IT THAT YOU THEN WANT TO BLESS. RATHER CURSE BACK A LITTLE!

AND SHOULD A GREAT INJUSTICE BE DONE YOU, THEN QUICKLY DO FIVE LITTLE INJUSTICES BESIDES. HE WHO BEARS INJUSTICE ALONE IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD.

DID YOU KNOW THIS ALREADY? SHARED INJUSTICE IS HALF JUSTICE. AND HE WHO CAN BEAR IT SHOULD TAKE THE INJUSTICE UPON HIMSELF.

A LITTLE REVENGE IS MORE HUMAN THAN NO REVENGE AT ALL. AND IF THE PUNISHMENT BE NOT ALSO A RIGHT AND AN HONOUR FOR THE TRANSGRESSOR, THEN I DO NOT LIKE YOUR PUNISHMENT.

IT IS MORE NOBLE TO DECLARE YOURSELF WRONG THAN TO MAINTAIN YOU ARE RIGHT, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU ARE RIGHT. ONLY YOU MUST BE RICH ENOUGH FOR IT.

I DO NOT LIKE YOUR COLD JUSTICE; AND FROM THE EYE OF YOUR JUDGES THERE ALWAYS GAZES ONLY THE EXECUTIONER AND HIS COLD STEEL.

TELL ME, WHERE IS THE JUSTICE WHICH IS LOVE WITH SEEING EYES TO BE FOUND?...

HOW COULD I BE JUST FROM THE VERY HEART? HOW CAN I GIVE EVERYONE WHAT IS HIS? LET THIS SUFFICE ME: I GIVE EVERYONE WHAT IS MINE.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

ONE OF THE most significant sayings of Jesus is: ”If someone slaps you on one side of your face, give him your other side too.”

Zarathustra would not agree with this. And the reason he would not agree is immensely important: If somebody slaps you and you give him the other side of your face also to be slapped, you are reducing his humanity. You are becoming a saint and turning him into a sinner; you are making him embarrassed; you are becoming ”holier than thou.” It is an insult; it is not respect towards humanity.

Zarathustra would like you to hit back and remain human - not become holy. That way you are not insulting the other. That way you are showing equality, ”I belong to you; you belong to me. I am in no sense higher than you; you are in no sense inferior to me.”

This is a strange way of looking at things. But certainly Zarathustra has a point to be remembered. The point basically is that all so-called holy men are egoists, even in their humbleness, in their humility. They have nothing but contempt for human beings. Deep down they know you are all sinners; you are not even worthy of their anger - they don’t value you in any way equal to themselves.

Zarathustra is very human and he does not want to fulfill your so-called spiritual egoism. Ninety-nine percent of your saints are saints, so that they can call you sinners; their whole joy is not in being a saint, but in being able to call you all sinners, to reduce everybody - to destroy everybody’s dignity is their innermost joy.

Zarathustra’s eyes certainly go deeper than anyone’s into every human relationship. He says, WHEN YOU HAVE AN ENEMY, DO NOT REQUITE HIM GOOD FOR EVIL: FOR THAT WOULD MAKE HIM ASHAMED. Something evil has been done to you; you have an enemy - do not do good in response to his evil. That’s what all the religions have been teaching you. And superficially, their teaching looks very profound: you are doing good even when the other person is doing evil to you.

But why are you doing good? What is the psychology behind it? Deep in your unconscious are you not enjoying the fact that you have made the other person embarrassed? And can this in any sense be called spiritual? Embarrassing the other... it would have been far better that you had done the same as had been done to you. That would not have embarrassed him and that would not have given you a nourishment to your ego.

BUT PROVE THAT HE HAS DONE SOMETHING GOOD TO YOU. Rather than answering his evil with good, Zarathustra advises, ”Accept his evil and prove that he has done something good to you.” This is a totally different approach to life; certainly far more profound than any religion has ever reached.

If you can prove to the person that he has done something good to you, you have not only avoided doing evil to him, you have avoided him feeling embarrassed because you have done something

good to him. On the contrary, by proving that he has done good to you, you have raised his status in his own eyes. Perhaps this may create the possibility that his enmity disappears.

It is very difficult to remain an enemy of a person who goes on proving your evil acts as good, as beneficial, as a blessing to him. He is very strange - his approach to life is strange, but his strangeness may change you. What the religions have been teaching does not seem to change anybody.

I have heard about a Christian missionary who was continually repeating this statement of Jesus in his sermons: ”Give the other cheek, even if you have been slapped.” One man stood up and slapped the missionary. This had never happened before, and he has been preaching his whole life. A discussion followed, but this did not help; he was full of anger, enraged. But in front of the crowd he had to prove that he followed what he preached. So he gave his other cheek, reluctantly, hoping that this idiot did not hit him again. But that man was also not an ordinary man - he slapped him on the other cheek even harder!

Then, immediately there was a tremendous change in the missionary; he jumped on the man and started hitting him. The man said, ”What are you doing? It is against your teaching!” The missionary said, ”Forget all about teaching. because it was only about the other cheek. After the other cheek there is no teaching. I am free now! I follow Jesus Christ up to the point of his words - I don’t have a third cheek!”

Gautam Buddha made a statement which shows the futility of such teachings. He said, ”Forgive at least seven times.” Seven times are more than enough, and a man who can forgive seven times would have gone through a transformation; otherwise how can one forgive seven times? But a man stood up and he asked, ”What about the eighth time? I want to be sure. Seven times I will manage, but what about the eighth time? Am I free?”

Gautam Buddha could not believe his own ears, could not believe his own eyes. He said, ”You have completely misunderstood me. Forgive me, I will make it seventy-seven times.”

The man said, ”It makes no difference. I’m a wrestler. I can even tolerate seventy-seven times. What about after that? You can give me any number, but the question remains the same - what after that?”

If the question remains, then the man has not given forgiveness even at the first time. He is simply following a ritual, and collecting more and more anger, more and more rage for the moment when all the times that Buddha has said to be forgiving are finished - then he is going to see to this fellow.

Seeing the situation Buddha said, ”I take my statement back. I will not say seven times, I will not say seventy-seven times. I simply say, ‘Forgive.’ I was wrong to give you numbers. I don’t give you any numbers; just forgive.”

But Zarathustra’s approach is not to forgive, because if you forgive someone he is not going to forgive you - ever. If you hit him back you are equal; the thing is finished. But when you have forgiven, the experience remains incomplete. You have embarrassed the man; he cannot forgive you. You have created a greater enemy by your forgivingness. Nobody except Zarathustra has looked from this

angle of vision - that the real point is to destroy enmity, not to create it. Neither Jesus nor Buddha were able to give you a key to transform enmity.

Zarathustra says, ”If you really want an enemy to disappear - and instead of enmity a friendship - then prove to him that he has given you a great benefit, something valuable, and you are so greatful to him that you do not have words to express it.” He will feel puzzled, because it was not his intention, but he will see one thing certainly: that the other side is not an egoist, a pious egoist, but a very simple and lovable man.

BETTER TO BE ANGRY THAN MAKE ASHAMED! Everybody has been teaching you not to be angry, but whenever you are not angry you are making the other ashamed. He has fallen below; you have risen above - you are so compassionate!

Friedrich Nietzsche who has written this book THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA on the teachings of Zarathustra, says in one of his statements that Jesus, even at the last moment on the cross, was a great egoist, because his last prayer was, ”Father, forgive all these people, because they know not what they are doing.” In his last prayer too he was praying only one thing: ”I know, and nobody else knows, all these are ignorant people, forgive them.”

Zarathustra would say he is making them ashamed; what more can be... When they have crucified a man and at the last moment he is praying for them, ”Forgive them, they know not what they are doing.” Still he remains the knower and others remain ignorant - subhuman beings.

Zarathustra cannot forgive Jesus. He is behaving like all so-called holier-than-thou men. Even in his death he cannot forget that. His last words represent his whole life. And perhaps that is the reason why he was crucified. People could not forgive him; he was making them ashamed on every point - they had to destroy him. In his crucifixion he was also responsible, as much as the people who had crucified him.

BETTER TO BE ANGRY THAN MAKE ASHAMED! AND WHEN YOU ARE CURSED, I DO NOT LIKE IT THAT YOU THEN WANT TO BLESS. RATHER CURSE BACK A LITTLE! Remain human! His insistence is very clear: you are human, remain human. He does not expect you to become a saint, a holy man, that when people are cursing you, you are expected to bless them.

AND SHOULD A GREAT INJUSTICE BE DONE TO YOU, THEN QUICKLY DO FIVE LITTLE INJUSTICES BESIDES. Remain the way humanity functions. Don’t go against nature. AND SHOULD A GREAT INJUSTICE BE DONE TO YOU, THEN QUICKLY DO FIVE LITTLE INJUSTICES BESIDES. HE WHO BEARS INJUSTICE ALONE IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD.

Friedrich Nietzsche, a great follower of Zarathustra... when he became mad and was put into a madhouse, when he had forgotten everything, he could not even recognize his own sister who had been taking care of him his whole life. She had not married, just to take care of him, because he was alone and there was nobody else to take care of him. But one thing he never forgot, even in his madness: whenever he used to sign anything, first he would write: ”AntiChrist Friedrich Nietzsche.” That ”AntiChrist” he never forgot, so deep was his feeling against Jesus and his teachings.

Why was he so against Jesus? For the simple reason that this man said, ”I am the only begotten son of God; I am the shepherd: you are my sheep. All that you need to do is to believe in me, and

I will save you - deliver you from all your bondage, darkness, misery, hell." He was proving himself to be God. Nietzsche could not forgive that. That is the greatest ego a man can have; and so pious that nobody objects, and so beautiful that one never becomes aware of its ugliness.

HE WHO BEARS INJUSTICE ALONE IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD. That's what Jesus was doing. He is reported to have said, "I am dying to save the whole of humanity. I am carrying this cross to deliver you from all your sufferings." Nobody seems to be delivered, nobody seems to be saved; in fact he himself could not save himself. Right is Zarathustra when he says: HE WHO BEARS INJUSTICE ALONE IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD.

DID YOU KNOW THIS ALREADY? SHARED INJUSTICE IS HALF JUSTICE. If injustice is done to you, do injustice in return. It is shared injustice; it is almost half justice. If the whole justice is not possible, let it be half at least. But unshared it is just pure injustice, one-sided.

But the great teachers of humanity are telling you, "You should be humble, you should be meek, you should not be angry, you should be forgiving." It is where Zarathustra stands alone - a totally unique individual with a unique approach.

AND HE WHO CAN BEAR IT SHOULD TAKE THE INJUSTICE UPON HIMSELF. If injustice happens to you and you don't want to return it, then rather than complaining that injustice has been done to you, if you are capable enough, you should take it on yourself that you have been "injusticed," - not that injustice has been done to you. You have done it; you are responsible. But don't in any way destroy the dignity of the other human being.

A LITTLE REVENGE IS MORE HUMAN THAN NO REVENGE AT ALL. AND IF THE PUNISHMENT BE NOT ALSO A RIGHT AND AN HONOUR FOR THE TRANSGRESSOR, THEN I DO NOT LIKE YOUR PUNISHMENT... IF YOUR PUNISHMENT BE NOT ALSO A RIGHT AND AN HONOUR FOR THE TRANSGRESSOR, THEN I DO NOT LIKE YOUR PUNISHMENT. Your punishment should be an honor to the punished; it should not be destructive to his self. It should make him stronger, it should be respectful, it should be an honor. He deserved it and it should be proportionate.

IT IS MORE NOBLE TO DECLARE YOURSELF WRONG THAN TO MAINTAIN YOU ARE RIGHT, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU are RIGHT. That gives dignity to you. That does not take away anybody's dignity, and it gives honor to you. In your own eyes you start having a respect, a love for yourself.

ONLY YOU MUST BE RICH ENOUGH FOR IT. It needs really a very rich soul to punish somebody in such a way that the punished feels honored by you. It is a very rare phenomenon, but there are moments when it happens.

I have told you many times about a Zen monk. On a full moon night a thief enters into his house. It is a small cottage, far away from the village. The door is open, because in the house there is nothing for which the door has to be closed. The Zen master has nothing but a blanket that he uses in the day to cover his body and the same he used in the night to sleep. He was awake by the side of the window, lying down and looking at the full moon rising. It was a beautiful, very silent and quiet night.

As the thief entered tears came to the eyes of the master. Tears because there was nothing in the house. And the poor fellow had come from a faraway village. Something had to be done immediately

and had to be done in such a way that the thief would not feel embarrassed, that he would not feel insulted. On the contrary, he should feel honored.

He lit a small candle, and covering himself in the blanket, he entered behind the thief. Inside the house, two, three rooms farther away was the thief. When the thief saw him coming he became very afraid. The master said, ”Don’t be afraid. In fact I have been living in this house for thirty years and I have looked into every nook and corner and there is nothing; I am immensely sorry. You have honored me, because thieves go to rich people’s houses, to kings’ houses, palaces - who comes to us poor people? You are the first thief - unprecedented. You are such an honor to me. In my life for the first time, I am feeling like a rich man.”

The thief became even more afraid as this man seemed not to be in his senses - what was he saying? The master said, ”Just one thing, you will have to make a contract. I have not found anything in this house; this is utterly rotten. But I can help you; you are new. You may not be able to go through all the house, the basement. I will take you everywhere. But remember: if anything is found, fifty:fifty.”

The thief said, ”My God, this man is the owner of the house.” Even in that strange situation the thief started laughing. The master also laughed and he said, ”Okay, if you want a little more you can have sixty - sixty:forty - because the real work is yours; I am just a guide. But the reality is, there is nothing - for thirty years I have been searching. It will be a real waste of time. My suggestion is that the night is not gone too far; you can still find some rich man’s house, and I don’t have any share in it, any commission on it. You just have to accept one condition.”

The thief said, ”A condition? What condition?” The master said, ”You just take my blanket, because I don’t have anything else to give to you. You may never come again. Who knows what happens tomorrow. But you cannot reject it; it is a present. You are not stealing it; I am giving it to you.”

The master was standing naked. It was a cold night; he was shivering, and the thief could not figure out what to do. He could not reject it. The Zen Master had tears in his eyes and he said, ”If you want to come again, just inform me two, three days ahead. I can beg, I can collect something for you. I am feeling so poor. You cannot reject the blanket, it is my whole possession. I am giving you my all.”

The thief somehow wanted to get out; he had never encountered such a man. He took the blanket and ran out. And the master shouted, ”Listen!” He had never heard such an authoritative voice: ”Close the door! And before you close the door learn a little manners. I have presented you a gift and you have not even thanked me. Say, ‘Thank you’ because it may help you later on.” So the thief said, ”Thank you, Sir,” closed the door and ran away.

After two years he was caught in another robbery; and in that robbery the blanket was found with him. That blanket was famous. Everybody knew that it belonged to the master and for two years they had not seen it with him. So the judge said, ”That will be a very decisive factor. If the master can say that this blanket is his and you have stolen it, then I don’t need any other witnesses, I don’t need any other evidence, no argument; I will just give my judgment.”

The master was called into the court. The judge asked, ”Do you know this thief?” The master said, ”Thief? You must be in some misunderstanding, he is a man of great manners. When I presented

him this blanket of mine he said to me, ‘Thank you, Sir,’ and closed the door. He is such a gentleman. You should not call any gentleman a thief.”

The judge could not think what to do. And the master said, ”He cannot be a thief. I can be a witness for him. He is one of my old friends. For two years we have not been able to meet.” Because of the Zen master - and he was respected so much - the thief was released. There had been no chance of his release. Outside the court, he fell at the feet of the master and said, ”Now I am coming with you.”

The master said, ”I wanted you to stay over even that night, but you were in such a hurry you ran away; such a hurry that you had forgotten even to close the door; in such a hurry you had forgotten even to say, ‘Thank you, Sir.’ Now do you see? I told you it may help you some time later on. Learn manners! And as far as I am concerned, I’m immensely happy with you. You have honored me; otherwise who comes to a poor man’s hut? If you are coming with me you are welcome.”

The whole life of the thief changed. He became one of the master’s most enlightened disciples. And the whole metamorphosis consisted of a simple thing: that the master honored him in a situation where everybody else would have insulted him; gave him the dignity that is due to every man - it does not matter what his profession is - whether he is a thief or a doctor or an engineer; those are just professions. It makes no difference to the dignity of humanity.

I DO NOT LIKE YOUR COLD JUSTICE; AND FROM THE EYE OF YOUR JUDGES THERE ALWAYS GAZES ONLY THE EXECUTIONER AND HIS COLD STEEL.

TELL ME, WHERE IS THE JUSTICE WHICH IS LOVE WITH SEEING EYES TO BE FOUND?

Unless justice is based and rooted in love it is already injustice. All our courts are so cold - there is no love, no compassion, no understanding. There is just the letter: dead; the law: dead; the judge: dead; and everything dead is deciding about the living. And everything is being decided about the past.

A man may have stolen, but that is a past act, it does not mean that a thief cannot be a saint in the future. A man can change this very moment. His tomorrow is open; it is not encroached upon by his yesterdays. Our whole justice has taken it for granted for centuries that there is no tomorrow. Yesterdays are enough to decide about a man, and all yesterdays are dead.

What does it mean? It means the dead part of your life is being decisive about your living future. It will not allow you freedom. It will become your chains and your imprisonment - it can become even your death.

A small act cannot define the whole man, but that’s how it is being done, and done with such coldness. The judge reads the judgment about somebody being sentenced for his whole life, or being sent to the gallows. There is not even a tear in his eyes - no consideration that the man may have a wife, may have children, may have an old mother, old father. He may be the only earning member of the family; he may be the only hope.

Sending him to the gallows is not going to put anything that has gone wrong, back right; it is going to create more wrong. The children will become beggars, thieves; the wife may have to become a

prostitute; in their old age the father and mother may have to work just to earn enough for their bread and butter.

A small act, perhaps done in a very momentary, sentimental, emotional state, perhaps without any intentions... it certainly happened, that the person killed somebody. But it happened in such rage and anger, that that rage and anger should not be decisive about his whole life; and not only his, but that of his children, his wife, his parents, his children's children Now that small act will be decisive for centuries.

As long as generation after generation live, that act will change their lives in a certain direction. This is very cold, unloving; it is not justice - it is really revenge of the society. The judge is nothing but the executioner in the service of society. Anybody who goes against the rules and regulations of society... the judge, the police, the army, and the law are all there to destroy that man. That man has been disobedient; that man has been rebellious; that man has done something which the herd has decided is unlawful.

You can look into the eyes of your judges and THERE ALWAYS GAZES ONLY THE EXECUTIONER AND HIS COLD STEEL.

TELL ME, WHERE IS THE JUSTICE WHICH IS LOVE WITH SEEING EYES TO BE FOUND?

Without love, without a heart, you cannot see the whole complexity of a person's life. A small act is going to be decisive about a long life. You are closing the doors of the future; you are not giving him an opportunity to change - you are not allowing him just one chance more. Love is always ready to give a chance, an opportunity.

But those cold eyes of your judges know only dead laws and they follow their laws without bothering at all that the law was not made so that man should be sacrificed for it. The law was made to serve man; not man to serve law. The law can be changed - the law was man-made.

Man was a creation of God and we are behaving with the creation of God with such stupidity and such blindness that it is amazing that there is no revolt against our laws, against our courts, against our constitutions. The crowd just goes on following them, perhaps afraid that if you say something you will fall apart from the crowd and your neck will be in danger.

I was in jail for twelve days. I had three attorneys, the best in America, and the government also had the best attorneys, because it was a case of a single individual against the whole government of America. But my attorneys were continually persuading me not to say a single word. I said, "But this is strange. You are here to help me."

They said, "We know that if you say anything, you will get into more trouble. You may be absolutely right, you are right, but those judges are dead, and they know only what is written in their law; they will not listen to you. In fact, their judgments are already made, and we are trying somehow to persuade them.

"If you start talking, then this fight can continue for years. We are afraid for your life, because in these twelve days we have become perfectly aware that if the government cannot win the case, they

will kill you. If you are going to win the case you cannot come out of the jail alive. You can come out of the jail - that has been made clear to us - if you lose the case."

They said, "Just have mercy on us and have mercy on your lovers around the world; just for their sakes you simply remain silent. Whatever has to be said, we will say, and we will say only what they want to be said. We want to avoid conflict, because in the conflict we know, and they know, that you have every chance of winning. And they have no chance of winning, because they have no evidence of any crime against you - and that is their problem. Their problem is that they have arrested you illegally without any arrest warrant. They have not given you bail."

Without proving any reason why... even the attorney general of America accepted it in the court in his final statement: "We have not been able to give any reason why bail should not be provided." Yet bail was not provided.

They called my attorneys and they made it clear to them: "Things are very clear. The government in no case wants to be defeated because it is going to be an international defeat of the greatest power in the world by a single individual - the government cannot tolerate it. So it is up to you. We cannot talk to Osho because he would not understand how things happen behind the scenes.

"The judgment is already made and if you want to argue, if you want a trial, then you should be aware - you should not say to us later on, 'You did not make us aware of it' - that the case may go on for ten years, for fifteen years, for twenty years. It is in our hands how long to prolong it. And twenty years torture One thing you should remember is that Osho can leave jail alive only if you lose the case. The government is in no circumstances going to lose the case. If the government loses the case, then Osho loses his life."

So my attorneys were continually persuading me, "Don't speak a word. Just let us somehow manage. We want you to be quickly out of jail and from jail directly to the airport. So within fifteen minutes you are out of America. We don't even want you in America to rest for the night, because they may come in the middle of the night and arrest you for some other reason. They have arrested you without any reason; they can arrest you again."

I said, "This is very unjust, because I see their argument is so idiotic that I don't even need you - I can fight directly, without knowing your law. There is no need to know your law; I know my innocence and that's enough!"

But neither would they allow me to speak nor would they argue. They allowed the government attorneys to take up the whole day with unnecessary argument, just wasting time. But that's what they had agreed upon: "You will remain silent and you will not argue, so it appears as if they are winning the case."

They had not a single thing against me, and when I left America they themselves accepted in a public press conference, "We had no case against Osho. Our priority was to demolish the commune.

We did not want to keep Osho in jail, because that would have made him a martyr; so we wanted him somehow to get out of jail and to get out of America. Because if he was present it was difficult to destroy the commune."

The whole day the judge was sitting, I could see he was not listening to anything; half the time he was almost asleep. The judgment had already been given from the top; it had come from Washington. He just had to read it; he just had to pass the right amount of time, so that it did not look too abrupt. My attorney had seen the judgment before it was brought to the court. They had agreed upon it: ”We will not argue.” There seems to be no justice in the world.

Going around the world has been a great experience for me. In the name of justice and government, anger, brutality, revengefulness, envy, jealousy... everything is hidden behind it; it is utterly cold. No respect for the individual, no respect for life. Only one thing is determinative, and that is society should be allowed to take revenge against the individual. And society, of course, knows no love - it has no heart.

HOW COULD I BE JUST FROM THE VERY HEART? HOW CAN I GIVE EVERYONE WHAT IS HIS? LET THIS SUFFICE ME: I GIVE EVERYONE WHAT IS MINE. To be just from the heart... this is the only way for each individual. I can give everyone what is mine; I cannot give what is his. This has to be understood.

I have told you many times: The master gives you that which is yours already; and the master takes away from you that which has never been yours. That which is false in you he takes away and that which is real he gives an opportunity to grow, to blossom. The master can give what is his - his ecstasy, his love, his joy, his abundance of life; but he can give only that which is his. That does not mean possessions; possessions are not ours. We have come into the world naked and we will leave this world naked again - possessions belong to the world.

But our spirit... when we are born we come with thousands of potentialities. They are only seeds; hence you cannot see them. Given the right opportunity, the right effort, the right soil, they can all blossom. And you can share your joy, your blissfulness, your benediction as much as you want, because the sources are infinite.

Unless a man has such love and such blissfulness he is not worthy of being a judge. We have still to wait for a humanity where, in the colleges of law, not only law is taught, but people are encouraged to be more silent, to be more loving, to be more peaceful, to be more understanding, to be more compassionate. To give people just dead letters of the law is dangerous. Into the hands of the blind you are giving so much power. Before you give power give them love, so that power can never be misused. It is only love that can prevent power from being misused. Love is the greatest value; law is the lowest.

But it is a misery and an utterly unfortunate state that law has become the highest thing, and love is completely ignored. There is no place for love as far as law is concerned, or as far as the temples of justice, or the courts are concerned.

A great revolution is needed which transforms every law according to the laws of love. Justice should be just a shadow of love, not revengeful but respectful. It is possible; it has been possible in the lives of individuals; it is possible one day in the life of the whole of society.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 16

Of voluntary death

4 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF VOLUNTARY DEATH

MANY DIE TOO LATE AND SOME DIE TOO EARLY. STILL THE DOCTRINE SOUNDS STRANGE: ‘DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME.’

DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME: THUS ZARATHUSTRA TEACHES.

TO BE SURE, HE WHO NEVER LIVED AT THE RIGHT TIME COULD HARDLY DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME! BETTER IF HE WERE NEVER TO BE BORN! - THUS I ADVISE THE SUPERFLUOUS.

BUT EVEN THE SUPERFLUOUS MAKE A GREAT THING OF THEIR DYING; YES, EVEN THE

HOLLOWEST NUT WANTS TO BE CRACKED.

EVERYONE TREATS DEATH AS AN IMPORTANT MATTER: BUT AS YET DEATH IS NOT A FESTIVAL. AS YET, MEN HAVE NOT LEARNED TO CONSECRATE THE FAIREST FESTIVALS.

I SHALL SHOW YOU THE CONSUMMATING DEATH, WHICH SHALL BE A SPUR AND A PROMISE TO THE LIVING.

THE MAN CONSUMMATING HIS LIFE DIES HIS DEATH TRIUMPHANTLY

TO DIE THUS IS THE BEST DEATH; BUT THE SECOND BEST IS: TO DIE IN BATTLE AND TO SQUANDER A GREAT SOUL.

BUT EQUALLY HATEFUL TO THE FIGHTER AS TO THE VICTOR IS YOUR GRINNING DEATH, WHICH COMES CREEPING UP LIKE A THIEF - AND YET COMES AS MASTER.

I COMMEND TO YOU MY SORT OF DEATH, VOLUNTARY DEATH THAT COMES TO ME BECAUSE I WISH IT.

AND WHEN SHALL I WISH IT? - HE WHO HAS A GOAL AND AN HEIR WANTS DEATH AT THE TIME MOST FAVORABLE TO HIS GOAL AND HIS HEIR

MANY A ONE GROWS TOO OLD EVEN FOR HIS TRUTHS AND VICTORIES; A TOOTHLESS MOUTH HAS NO LONGER THE RIGHT TO EVERY TRUTH.

AND EVERYONE WHO WANTS GLORY MUST TAKE LEAVE OF HONOUR IN GOOD TIME AND PRACTISE THE DIFFICULT ART OF - GOING AT THE RIGHT TIME

I WISH PREACHERS OF SPEEDY DEATH WOULD COME! THEY WOULD BE THE FITTING STORM AND SHAKERS OF THE TREES OF LIFE! BUT I HEAR PREACHED ONLY SLOW DEATH AND PATIENCE WITH ALL 'EARTHLY THINGS'.

IF ONE ONLY REMAINED IN THE DESERT AND FAR FROM THE GOOD AND JUST! PERHAPS HE WOULD HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE AND LEARNED TO LOVE THE EARTH - AND LAUGHTER AS WELL!...

THAT YOUR DEATH MAY NOT BE A BLASPHEMY AGAINST MAN AND THE EARTH, MY FRIENDS; THAT IS WHAT I BEG FROM THE HONEY OF YOUR SOUL.

IN YOUR DEATH, YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR VIRTUE
SHOULD STILL GLOW LIKE A SUNSET GLOW AROUND THE

EARTH: OTHERWISE YOURS IS A BAD DEATH.

THUS I WANT TO DIE MYSELF, THAT YOU FRIENDS MAY LOVE THE EARTH MORE FOR MY SAKE; AND I WANT TO BECOME EARTH AGAIN, THAT I MAY HAVE PEACE IN HER WHO BORE ME.

TRULY, ZARATHUSTRA HAD A GOAL, HE THREW HIS BALL: NOW MAY YOU FRIENDS BE THE HEIRS OF MY GOAL, I THROW THE GOLDEN BALL TO YOU.

BUT BEST OF ALL I LIKE TO SEE YOU, TOO, THROWING ON THE GOLDEN BALL, MY FRIENDS! SO I SHALL STAY ON EARTH A LITTLE LONGER: FORGIVE ME FOR IT!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

DEATH IS THE most misunderstood phenomenon. People have thought of death as the end of life. That is the first, basic misunderstanding.

Death is not the end, but the beginning of a new life. Yes, it is an end of something that is already dead. It is also a crescendo of what we call life, although very few know what life is. They live, but they live in such ignorance that they never encounter their own life. And it is impossible for these people to know their own death, because death is the ultimate experience of this life, and the beginning experience of another. Death is the door between two lives; one is left behind, one is waiting ahead.

There is nothing ugly about death; but man, out of his fear, has made even the word, death ugly and unutterable. People don't like to talk about it. They won't even listen to the word death.

The fear has reasons. The fear arises because it is always somebody else who dies. You always see death from the outside, and death is an experience of the innermost being. It is just like watching love from the outside. You may watch for years, but you will not come to know anything of what love is. You may come to know the manifestations of love, but not love itself. We know the same about death. Just the manifestations on the surface - the breathing has stopped, the heart has stopped, the man as he used to talk and walk is no more there: just a corpse is lying there instead of a living body.

These are only outer symptoms. Death is the transfer of the soul from one body to another body, or in cases when a man is fully awakened, from one body to the body of the whole universe. It is a great journey, but you cannot know it from the outside. From outside, only symptoms are available; and those symptoms have made people afraid.

Those who have known death from inside lose all fear of death. Instead of death being an ugly and fearful thing, it changes into one of the purest, most silent, and most sublime experiences. You experience yourself for the first time without your prison, the body, an experience of absolute freedom... unhampered, uncaged.

This kind of death can be known in many ways. One is the usual way - but then you will not be here to report about it. You are gone. You have experienced, but the experience has also gone with you. Fortunately, there are other ways in which you can experience exactly what death is, and yet remain alive.

Love is one. In total love, when you are not holding anything back, a kind of death happens. You are no more body, you are no more mind, you are pure spirit.

In meditation, the same experience happens of bodilessness, mindlessness, and yet of absolute consciousness, of absolute aliveness.

That's why lovers never feel afraid of death.

If a lover feels afraid of death, that indicates he has not known love. The meditators never feel afraid of death. If the meditator feels afraid of death it means he has not gone deep into meditation.

There is only one depth that has to be touched, whether through love or through meditation or through creativity. The depth is that you are no longer your physical body, and you are no longer your mental body either - just a pure awareness, a pure sky without any clouds, unbounded. Even

a simple glimpse into it and death becomes a glorious experience. Zarathustra has a few very important things to say about it.

MANY DIE TOO LATE AND SOME DIE TOO EARLY. STILL THE DOCTRINE SOUNDS STRANGE: 'DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME.' When he is saying, MANY DIE TOO LATE, he means they go on living meaninglessly, without any joy, without any song. Nothing blossoms in their life. It seems that they have simply forgotten how to die. They go on living, although life has no juice for them, no excitement, no ecstasy. But they are not brave enough to let the body drop.

They live unnecessarily. They live like a burden on the earth. They live like parasites, uncreative, and not only uncreative but destructive, because they cannot live, they don't know how to live. They are very jealous of those who are still singing, still dancing, still loving. They condemn all those who are living.

The people who die too late are the condemners. They become saints, they become priests, they become holy, not because they are holy but because they are unable to live, and they don't know how to die: they are in a limbo. And they have to find some excuse. And their excuse becomes a condemnation of the whole world.

It is known about a Greek philosopher, Zeno, that he used to teach people that life is useless, meaningless, futile: the only intelligent thing a man can do is to commit suicide.

Hundreds of his disciples committed suicide. He lived a long life himself; he died when he was over ninety. Somebody asked before he died, "How come your whole life you have been preaching to people that the only intelligent thing is to commit suicide? Why have you lived so long?"

Zeno said, "I had to; otherwise, who would have told people that life is useless, meaningless. It was a torture to me, but still I went on living, just to save people from this meaningless, futile existence." Great excuse! For himself to live, he finds an excuse.

Remember it as a criterion: Whoever condemns life is crippled; has not developed a heart, has no roots; no flowers blossom in his being, and he cannot accept it that he is at fault. His revenge against life becomes renunciation. All the religions have been teaching,"Renounce life." Who are these people who teach, "Renounce life?" They are the people who are not capable of living life, who don't know the art of life.

... AND SOME DIE TOO EARLY. Zarathustra does not mean that they actually die, he means that they go on living a posthumous life: they die at thirty and they are buried at seventy. For all those forty years, nothing happens in their life: it is utterly empty, a desert, where nothing grows and nothing is green. Not even a stream runs through their life with its songs, with its sounds. They are absolutely barren. Nothing is created by them, they don't mother anything - a painting, poetry, music or dance.

This is posthumous life. They died at thirty. The day you stop loving, the day you stop creating, the day you stop growing - in a metaphysical sense, you are dead. In a physical sense you may go on breathing, but your breathing cannot be synonymous with life. It is only vegetation: cabbages and cauliflowers, and the world is so full of cabbages and cauliflowers.

Zarathustra says, STILL THE DOCTRINE SOUNDS STRANGE; ‘DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME.’ One who has lived rightly, intensely and totally, is bound to die at the right time. His death is nothing but a ripening, a harvest. His death is nothing but a fulfillment.

He lived so much, he loved so much, he used all his energy in being creative, he enjoyed so much, that a point comes where he wants to rest. His cup of life is full. There is no need to go on lingering on the earth. He has come to the place where he was destined to come.

DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME, can be understood only by those who live, and live totally, without any inhibitions, naturally; not according to dead scriptures, but according to the living sources of their own being. They certainly reach a tremendous ecstasy of fulfillment; their death is a completion - the circle has become complete. Their death has brought them back to another birth.

Unless you die at the right time, you will never experience the beauty of death. It will remain only a prejudice, an opinion, what you have heard people say about it. But you don’t have your own personal experience.

DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME: THUS ZARATHUSTRA TEACHES. For Zarathustra, death is the actualization of your whole potential. Now there is no point of being in the body. You can die joyously, with a smile on your face, with a tremendous mystery in your eyes. Your death will not be felt as untimely; almost 99.9 percent of deaths are untimely, either too late, or too early.

The day Gautam Buddha died, early in the morning he said to his disciples, ”It is more than enough. It is time for me to leave.” They could not understand what he meant; perhaps he meant to leave for another place. Buddha said, ”You don’t understand, I mean I am going to leave the body. Find a beautiful place. I have lived beautifully, amongst the mountains, and with the trees and with the wild animals and the meditators.”

He looked all around and he saw two saal trees, which are very beautiful trees, and very tall. They were almost like twins, standing side by side. Buddha said, ”That place seems to be right. I will die there, just between these two saal trees.”

The way he says it seems to be that death is simply a decision for him. For a man who has lived fully, death becomes a decision: it is up to him. Death does not come to him; he himself makes his body available for death.

It is painful when death comes to you and takes away your body, and all your things are incomplete - your children are not grown up, your daughter was going to be married, your business was not going well. Death has knocked on your door, and you cannot welcome him. Even emperors cannot welcome death, because there is so much still to be invaded, conquered. Greed knows no limits. It goes on asking for more and more. That’s why death seems to be such an enemy.

But to a man like Gautam Buddha it is simply a choice. He went between those two saal trees, sat there, and said to his disciples, ”You will never see me again. This body has lived to its fullest; it needs to be retired; it needs to go into ultimate rest. But before I drop it, if you have any question, you should ask it. You may meet another awakened person... when and where is unpredictable.”

But the disciples were crying. This was not a time to ask questions, and they said, ”You have been answering for forty-two years, you have answered all our questions. You just relax, don’t be worried about us. You have shown us the path and we will follow it.”

The story is beautiful: Buddha closed his eyes and said, ”I have taken the first step - I am no more the body.” And then, ”I have taken the second step - I am no more the mind. I have taken the third step - I am no more the heart. I have taken the fourth step - I have entered into my consciousness.” That very moment his breathing stopped, his heartbeat stopped. This is a totally different kind of death - so easy and so relaxed, so fulfilled, so grateful to existence.

These are the same steps as those of meditation. That’s why I said, if you meditate you can experience death without dying: you can come back. It is a passage from the body to the mind, to the heart, to the being.

Gautam Buddha died at the right time. But how many people can say that they are dying at the right time? It is never the right time. On all the graves you will find the inscription: ”He died untimely.”

You will not find a single grave with the inscription, ”This man died timely.” Nobody would like that; even the dead person would stand up and say, ”This is not right. You are condemning me to say that I died at the right time. I am dying and you are making a laughing stock of me.” But truthfully, dying at the right time is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is part of a long series of events in your life.

TO BE SURE,HE WHO NEVER LIVED AT THE RIGHT TIME COULD HARDLY DIE AT THE RIGHT TIME! You are alive. It is difficult to say anything about your death, whether you will die at the right time or not. But are you alive at the right time? Or are you continually missing the train? You always reach the platform when the train is gone; you see the last compartment leaving the platform.

You are always either late, or too early, but never exactly at the right moment. The reason is that your mind either lives in the past Those who live in the past, in their memories, in all that dust that they have left behind on the road, they are always late. To be late becomes their routine, because they cannot be in the present, and to be at the right time means to be in the present.

Then there are people who are living in the future. They are always planning for the tomorrows, what they are going to do tomorrow. They are always ahead of time. They have already missed the right time.

This state of being in the past or in the future is so unconscious that almost everybody is divided into these two categories: the past-oriented and the future-oriented. It is very rare to find someone in the present, here, now.

Only a person who lives every now, without being hindered by past or present or future, who simply lives in this very moment, not with an effort because the moment is very small - a slight effort and you are no more in it Unless you live very relaxedly you cannot live in the now.

To live relaxedly, each moment of your life becomes so rich because you are totally there, every moment, with all your love, with all your intelligence, with all your being. Such a small moment

becomes overflowing with your intelligence, with your love, with your very being. It becomes such a contentment.

The secret is known; it is an open secret. You know that you always get only one single moment at a time. You don't get two moments or three moments. If you can live one moment totally, you know the whole secret of life, because always you have only one moment, and you know how to live it.

This kind of life is the only right life, and this kind of life can have a crescendo of a right death. Right death has to be earned by right living.

But people are wandering everywhere - in the past, in the future, in memories, in dreams - just missing this small point that this present is the only life you have got. You cannot live your past, it is no more. You cannot live your future, it is not yet. Live that which is the only possibility: the present. In fact, past, future and present are divisions of our mind. Time knows only one tense and that is present. It is always present. Time knows only one place, and that is here. It is always now; it is never then.

Those who don't live at the right time cannot die at the right time either, because life and death are not separate. Either death will be an end of an unfulfilled life, of frustration, of despair, of anguish; or it will be a fulfillment of joy, of love, of gratitude, of prayer to the whole existence.

BETTER IF HE WERE NEVER TO BE BORN! than not to learn the art of living, than not to reach to the right point of death.

Zarathustra says, BETTER IF HE WERE NEVER TO BE BORN! - THUS I ADVISE THE SUPERFLUOUS. Those who don't know life and don't know death, are superfluous. They should not have been born; they have unnecessarily taken the trouble of being born. If you are born, if you are given the opportunity, then use it to its fullest.

BUT EVEN THE SUPERFLUOUS MAKE A GREAT THING OF THEIR DYING; YES, EVEN THE HOLLOWEST NUT WANTS TO BE CRACKED. In fact, the more superfluous a man is, the greater the noise he makes: he wants to make his dying a great thing. He has missed life; only death has remained.

I was very friendly with one chief minister, the first chief minister of Madhya Pradesh, an old man. He told me that his only prayer to God was that he should die as the chief minister.

I said, "What will you gain by that? Death is death, whether you die as a beggar or as a chief minister."

He said, "You don't understand. If I die as a chief minister my death will be celebrated as a royal state thing. There will be a few days of holiday; flags will be flown in my honor; my body will be carried on an army tank; and I will receive my last salutes from the soldiers."

I said to him, "It seems you have missed life; otherwise, who bothers when you are dead, whether your body gets salutes from soldiers, respects from flags, a royal reception, a week's holiday in the government offices. What does it matter to you?"

I have always remembered, although he became very old, he insisted on remaining the chief minister; and he remained the chief minister and he died as the chief minister. That was all that he was born for - to die as a chief minister, and all those eighty-five or ninety years in between were just empty.

These are the superfluous - the presidents, the prime ministers. Have you ever thought about what is happening to Nixon, and what will happen to Ronald Reagan when he is no longer the president? He cannot be the president again; he has already lost it. People have forgotten Richard Nixon; people will forget Ronald Reagan. Once a person is in a prestigious post he clings to it; he does not want to be forgotten.

You will be surprised to know: Before the Russian revolution the prime minster of Russia was a man named Karensky. He escaped when the revolutionaries took over the country and he lived in New York running a grocery store. He died in 1960, and up to 1960 nobody ever bothered that this grocery store owner, a poor man, was once one of the great prime ministers of one of the mightiest empires, Russia. Only when he died, a small news item appeared in the newspapers: ”Karensky, who was the prime minister before the Russian revolution, has died.” Only his death made people aware that he was alive all this time.

The superfluous man has no intrinsic value to his life. That’s why he needs something else to give it value - his money, his power, his prestige, something from the outside. Nothing from the outside can make your life richer; nor can it make your death richer. Only the inner, your interior being, your subjectivity, has the power to make your life a dance, and your death the last and the final and the greatest dance.

EVERYONE TREATS DEATH AS AN IMPORTANT MATTER: BUT AS YET DEATH IS NOT A FESTIVAL. Perhaps I am the only person, after the twenty-five centuries since Zarathustra, who has made death a festival. Only my people celebrate death; otherwise everywhere it is a mourning. Everywhere it has to be a mourning, because a life unfulfilled, unlived, a wastage What is there to celebrate?

But if your life has been of love, of creativity, of sharing, of joy, if you have not left any part of your being unlived, your death needs to be a ceremony, a festival.

AS YET, MEN HAVE NOT LEARNED TO CONSECRATE THE FAIREST FESTIVALS.

I SHALL SHOW YOU THE CONSUMMATING DEATH, WHICH SHALL BE A SPUR AND A PROMISE TO THE LIVING.

THE MAN CONSUMMATING HIS LIFE DIES HIS DEATH TRIUMPHANTLY.

Death should be a triumph, a victory, a coming home. But for that you have to transform your whole life. You have to live differently - not like a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan - but like a natural human being, without any fear and without any greed.

Let this moment be enough unto itself. Don’t sacrifice it for something else in the future, and don’t waste it in remembering sweet past memories.

Create this moment as sweet and as beautiful as you can; and this way, moment to moment, your life will become a garland of flowers.

And when the garland is complete it is time for death, a death which is a ceremony which is a festival - ”the fairest of festivals.”

TO DIE THUS IS THE BEST DEATH; BUT THE SECOND BEST IS: TO DIE IN BATTLE AND TO SQUANDER A GREAT SOUL. If you cannot be the highest possibility in you, if you cannot be a fulfillment unto yourself, then the second best, Zarathustra suggests, is that at least you can be a warrior.

The word warrior has lost its old meaning. Now there are no warriors; there are people who will come like a thief on the plane and drop bombs and escape. These cowards are not warriors.

Scientific technology has destroyed in man so much that it is almost incalculable: for example, the warrior has disappeared; it is no more needed. Machines can do better jobs, and now, even nuclear weapons don’t need a pilot. Just Ronald Reagan or his chimpanzee can push the button; the button is in the White House and a certain missile will start moving, carrying with it death for millions.

In the past the warrior was a dignified human being. He was in every way himself a piece of art. His swordsmanship or his archery gave him a certain discipline, gave him a certain flexible body - strong and yet flexible.

You can see in the forest, in the deer, how beautiful their bodies are. You will not find a single deer who is fat and ugly, not a single deer who is an American. In America there are thirty million people who are dying because of their fatness, and they go on still eating - they are addicted to food. But you will not find a single deer... they all look alike.

The warriors were something of the same - their bodies were worth seeing. They took care of their bodies, they took care of their discipline, and just to be a warrior they needed a certain meditation: to be alert, to be constantly aware because any moment ... a small fault and you are finished. They were moving on the razor’s edge; their balance was something to be seen. But those warriors have disappeared. Now war is an ugly affair; now war is pure destruction; it does not give any value to humanity.

But the warrior, for thousands of years has given dignity, honor, to his body, to his mind, to his being, because he has to be absolutely alert, no thoughts can be allowed. He cannot go into the past, he cannot move into the future, he has to be in the present. It is because of this that in Japan, swordsmanship and archery became methods of teaching meditation. There is no need to learn meditation separately - just learn archery and you will become a meditator; just a slight difference.

One German professor, Herrigel, was learning archery in Japan. He was the best archer in Germany. But in Japan, archery is not simply archery, it is a meditative process. The German was puzzled, because his idea was that you are a great archer if you are always hitting the bull’s eye, and he was one hundred percent successful.

But his master would say, ”No, the basic thing is missing. We are not concerned with the bull’s eye; we are not concerned that your arrow always reaches the target; we are concerned with you.

You should not do anything. You should let the arrow move on its own accord. You should only provide the situation and then wait, and let it happen."

This was impossible for the German mind to understand: how can it happen if you don't pull the bow, if you don't do something, and you just stand there with your bow and arrow, how is it going to happen? And even if it happens, it is not going to hit the target. There you can see the difference between the West and the East. The Western mind is more concerned with the target, and the Eastern mind is more concerned with the archer, the warrior.

The master said to him many times, "Forget about the target. Even if you miss it, it will do. First I have to fix YOU."

Herrigel said, "What else can I do? I am the best archer in my country."

The master said, "You may be the best archer in your country, but here you are just amateur." Three years, and he could not get the point. It was difficult to get it. Finally, tired, he told his master, "Tomorrow I am leaving." The master said, "I am sorry for you, but before leaving tomorrow, come back, have tea with me, and then you can go."

When he came to take tea with him, he was teaching some other disciples archery. So he sat on the bench and just watched. For the first time, it was none of his concern. For the first time, he was relaxed; otherwise his tension had been there, day in, day out, he was thinking, how to let it happen? But today he was sitting in the morning sun, in the garden of the master, relaxed, watching. He saw the master showing other disciples how they have to allow the arrow to go towards the target: they are not to force it, they have simply to let it go.

The master took the bow. Herrigel was not tense, he was not concerned, he was leaving, so he could see more clearly that the master was standing there, absolutely relaxed. As the arrow left the bow he could see his hands - there was no tension. He could see his face - there was sheer grace. And out of the blue he could see what is meant by "let it happen."

Spontaneously, he stood up, took the bow and arrow from the master's hand - the master did not even ask what he is doing - and, without bothering about the target, held the bow and the arrow in a very relaxed and graceful attitude... the happening. It reached the target. The master said, "Great, you have done it. You were not the doer; you allowed it to happen."

Harrigel writes in his diary: "The difference was so great. If I had left one day before, I may not have known the beauty of what my master was telling me for three years untiringly. I was getting tired, but he was not tired - every day the same thing. But it was my fault. I was tense and my whole concern was to hit the target, and his whole concern was that I should be in a grace, in a relaxed state. I was his target."

The master was immensely happy: "At least after three years you managed to do it."

Herrigel said, "I have not managed anything. I just saw you. I never looked at you. You were everyday teaching me. I was in my mind thinking all the time, how?, but it is not a question of how. Because I was so anxious to do it, I could not do it. "Today there was no anxiety, the mind was silent, and I saw you for the first time - what grace, what beauty."

In Japan, swordsmanship and archery have become methods of learning meditation. The warrior in the past was a beautiful human being, with a body as beautiful as a wild animal's; with agility and with great art.

Zarathustra is remembering that if you cannot die as a sage, then at least die as a warrior. That is the second best death.

BUT EQUALLY HATEFUL TO THE FIGHTER AS TO THE VICTOR IS YOUR GRINNING DEATH, WHICH COMES CREEPING UP LIKE A THIEF - AND YET COMES AS MASTER.

I COMMEND TO YOU MY SORT OF DEATH, VOLUNTARY DEATH THAT COMES TO ME BECAUSE I WISH IT.

But if you are not a master of your life, then how can you be the master of your death?

It is a well-known fact in the East that most great sages announce their death beforehand, and people have misunderstood it: people think that they are predicting, but it is not prediction. They know that they have come to fulfillment and there is no more in life and there is no more to be discovered - their journey is complete.

Their declaration, "After seven days, or after three days, or tomorrow, I am going to die," is because they are capable of wishing their death. It is not a prediction. But the whole of the East has been in this confusion: they think it is a prediction. It is not a prediction at all: they could linger, if they wanted, a little more, but they don't want to overdo anything. When something is done to its completion, even the last touches are completed, then it is time to leave, it is time to say goodbye to the earth.

AND WHEN SHALL I WISH IT? - HE WHO HAS A GOAL AND AN HEIR WANTS DEATH AT THE TIME MOST FAVORABLE TO HIS GOAL AND HIS HEIR

MANY A ONE GROWS TOO OLD EVEN FOR HIS TRUTHS AND VICTORIES; A TOOTHLESS MOUTH HAS NO LONGER THE RIGHT TO EVERY TRUTH.

AND EVERYONE WHO WANTS GLORY MUST TAKE LEAVE OF HONOUR IN GOOD TIME AND PRACTISE THE DIFFICULT ART OF - GOING AT THE RIGHT TIME

I WISH PREACHERS OF SPEEDY DEATH WOULD COME! THEY WOULD BE THE FITTING STORM AND SHAKERS OF THE TREES OF LIFE! BUT I HEAR PREACHED ONLY SLOW DEATH AND PATIENCE WITH ALL 'EARTHLY THINGS'

IF ONE ONLY REMAINED IN THE DESERT AND FAR FROM THE GOOD AND JUST! PERHAPS HE WOULD HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE AND LEARNED TO LOVE THE EARTH - AND LAUGHTER AS WELL!...

THAT YOUR DEATH MAY NOT BE A BLASPHEMY AGAINST MAN AND THE EARTH, MY FRIENDS: THAT IS WHAT I BEG FROM THE HONEY OF YOUR SOUL.

IN YOUR DEATH, YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR VIRTUE SHOULD STILL GLOW LIKE A SUNSET GLOW AROUND THE EARTH: OTHERWISE YOURS IS A BAD DEATH.

THUS I WANT TO DIE MYSELF, THAT YOU FRIENDS MAY LOVE THE EARTH MORE FOR MY SAKE; AND I WANT TO BECOME EARTH AGAIN, THAT I MAY HAVE PEACE IN HER WHO BORE ME.

TRULY, ZARATHUSTRA HAD A GOAL, HE THREW HIS BALL: NOW MAY YOU FRIENDS BE THE HEIRS OF MY GOAL, I THROW THE GOLDEN BALL TO YOU.

BUT BEST OF ALL I LIKE TO SEE YOU, TOO, THROWING ON THE GOLDEN BALL, MY FRIENDS! SO I SHALL STAY ON EARTH A LITTLE LONGER: FORGIVE ME FOR IT!

Zarathustra is incomparable in many of his insights. This can be one of the greatest lessons: that if you want a glorious death, not an ugly and contemptible one, you should start living from this very moment. Totality should be your concern: living totally, burning your torch of life from both ends together. By the time you feel fulfilled, you will be able to die totally. You will not cling to life.

I have seen many people die. They die like beggars, clinging; they don't want to die because they have not lived yet, and death has come. But when there was life, they wasted it. Now that death has knocked on their doors they have become aware of the wastage of life.

But a man who has lived totally will open the doors, will welcome death, because death is not your enemy. It is simply a change of house: from one body into another, from one form into another or, ultimately, from form to the formless life that surrounds the earth. A religious man not only lives religiously, he dies religiously. A man of art lives artfully, and lives not only artfully, but dies too with great art.

One Zen master was asking his disciples - his time of death had come - and he said, "Before I go I want to discover some unique way to die. You know me. I don't want any repeating, copying, being just a follower of somebody. Tell me, is there some way that I can die uniquely?"

One man suggested, "Perhaps you can die sitting in a lotus posture?" But others said, "Many sages have died sitting in a lotus posture, so that is not new." Somebody said, "You can die standing." And they were talking as if it was just a playfulness - it should be playfulness - but one man objected. He said, "I know about a sage who died standing."

Then somebody else suggested, "Then there is only one way. You stand on your head! Die standing on your head, I don't think anybody has done that before." The master said, "That seems to be good, so goodbye fellows." And he stood on his head, and died.

Now the disciples were at a loss. They knew what to do with a dead body when the dead body was lying on the bed, but they had no precedents of a man standing on his head, and dead. "What should we do with him? And if he was so unique, the old fellow should have told us also what we should do afterwards."

Somebody suggested, "His elder sister is also a great master. She is a nun, lives in the nearby monastery. It is better to call her because we may do something inappropriate, and that doesn't seem right to do something inappropriate to your own master when he is dead."

Somebody ran; and the sister, older than the man, came with great anger and she was shouting from the door, ”He has been a nuisance all his life, never behaved the way people are expected to behave. But at least I never thought that in dying also he will be a nuisance. Where is he?” So the crowd gave way to her, and she told him, ”Bokoju, you idiot! You have become enlightened, but you don’t forget your mischievousness. Get down from this posture and lie down on the bed in a proper way.”

Bokoju had to; an elder sister cannot be disobeyed. The people could not believe it. They had checked in every way - his breathing had gone, his heart had stopped. He came back and he lay down on the bed and he said to his sister, ”Okay, you can go now, I will die in a proper way.”

The sister went away, and he died in a proper way. They again checked. It was exactly the same: no breathing, no heartbeat. The man must have been waiting at the fourth stage, knowing or watching from that depth what his disciples would do now. And seeing them in a great dilemma, he must have enjoyed it immensely.

To die in such a beautiful way, as if you are playing, should be a simple thing for all those who have lived perfectly and totally. Bokoju made death also a beautiful experience, not only for himself but for others too.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 17

Of the bestowing virtue, part 1

4 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE BESTOWING VIRTUE PART 1

TELL ME: HOW DID GOLD COME TO HAVE THE HIGHEST VALUE? BECAUSE IT IS UNCOMMON AND USELESS AND SHINING AND MELLOW IN LUSTRE; IT ALWAYS BESTOWS ITSELF.

ONLY AS AN IMAGE OF THE HIGHEST VIRTUE DID GOLD COME TO HAVE THE HIGHEST VALUE. GOLD-LIKE GLEAMS THE GLANCE OF THE GIVER THE HIGHEST VIRTUE IS UNCOMMON AND USELESS,

IT IS SHINING AND MELLOW IN LUSTRE: THE HIGHEST VIRTUE IS A BESTOWING VIRTUE.

TRULY, I DIVINE YOU WELL, MY DISCIPLES, YOU ASPIRE TO THE BESTOWING VIRTUE, AS I DO

YOU THIRST TO BECOME SACRIFICES AND GIFTS YOURSELVES; AND THAT IS WHY YOU THIRST TO HEAP UP ALL RICHES IN YOUR SOUL.

YOUR SOUL ASPIRES INSATIABLY AFTER TREASURES AND JEWELS, BECAUSE YOUR VIRTUE IS INSATIABLE IN WANTING TO GIVE.

YOU COMPEL ALL THINGS TO COME TO YOU AND INTO YOU, THAT THEY MAY FLOW BACK FROM YOUR FOUNTAIN AS GIFTS OF YOUR LOVE.

TRULY, SUCH A BESTOWING LOVE MUST BECOME A THIEF OF ALL VALUES; BUT I CALL THIS SELFISHNESS HEALTHY AND HOLY

OUR MIND FLIES UPWARD: THUS IT IS AN IMAGE OF OUR BODIES, AN IMAGE OF AN ADVANCE AND ELEVATION.

THE NAMES OF THE VIRTUES ARE SUCH IMAGES OF ADVANCES AND ELEVATIONS.

THUS THE BODY GOES THROUGH HISTORY, EVOLVING AND BATTLING. AND THE SPIRIT - WHAT IS IT TO THE BODY? THE HERALD, COMPANION, AND ECHO OF ITS BATTLES EAND VICTORIES.

ALL NAMES OF GOOD AND EVIL ARE IMAGES: THEY DO NOT SPEAK OUT, THEY ONLY HINT. HE IS A FOOL WHO SEEKS KNOWLEDGE FROM THEM.

WHENEVER YOUR SPIRIT WANTS TO SPEAK IN IMAGES, PAY HEED; FOR THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING.

THEN YOUR BODY IS ELEVATED AND RISEN UP; IT ENRAPTURES THE SPIRIT WITH ITS JOY, THAT IT MAY BECOME CREATOR AND EVALUATOR AND LOVER AND BENEFACTOR OF ALL THINGS.

WHEN YOUR HEART SURGES BROAD AND FULL LIKE A RIVER, A BLESSING AND A DANGER TO THOSE WHO LIVE NEARBY: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING.

WHEN YOU ARE EXALTED ABOVE PRAISE AND BLAME, AND YOUR WILL WANTS TO COMMAND ALL THINGS AS THE WILL OF A LOVER: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING

WHEN YOU ARE WILLERS OF A SINGLE WILL, AND YOU CALL THIS DISPELLER OF NEED YOUR ESSENTIAL AND NECESSITY: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING.

TRULY, IT IS A NEW GOOD AND EVIL! TRULY, A NEW ROARING IN THE DEPTHS AND THE VOICE OF A NEW FOUNTAIN!

IT IS POWER, THIS NEW VIRTUE; IT IS A RULING IDEA, AND AROUND IT A SUBTLE SOUL: A GOLDEN SUN, AND AROUND IT THE SERPENT OF KNOWLEDGE.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

MAN HAS ALWAYS thought about the meaning of virtue, but no man has ever brought the dimension that Zarathustra brings to the world of virtues. Virtue has always been preached by the religions as a m eans to reward, as a means to heaven, as a means to become a favorite of God, of existence.

But all these religions have given virtue an extrinsic meaning, a meaning that comes from outside, not a meaning that grows from within. Zarathustra brings a meaning to the word virtue intrinsically,

just the way flowers blossom, and are connected deep down with roots, deep into the earth. They are not separate; the earth may not show the colors and the perfume, the beauty; but it is all hidden in it and becomes expressed in the flowers. The seed of virtue is within you, it has nothing to do with any reward. It is a reward unto itself. It is not a means to anything , it is an end in itself.

Zarathustra has to be understood very deeply, because this understanding will change your whole concept of a religious life, of a spiritual revolution, of a new man who will be religious but without religions; who will be religious but without any objectives; whose religiousness will be just a fragrance of his innermost being. And his virtue will be to share it, to bestow it over the whole existence.

Zarathustra asks his disciples, TELL ME: HOW DID GOLD COME TO HAVE THE HIGHEST VALUE? BECAUSE IT IS UNCOMMON AND USELESS AND SHINING AND MELLOW IN LUSTRE. IT ALWAYS BESTOWS ITSELF. The things that he is saying about gold are true about the highest virtues of truth, of beauty, of good, of love.

Contemplate on each single point that he is making: it is uncommon, it is unique, it is rare. The moment a virtue becomes common, it ceases to be a virtue. Its being uncommon, its being a rarity, its being something unique is its very nature. If everybody in the world is truthful, truth will not be a virtue anymore. Who will call it a virtue?

If being compassionate was a common quality of human beings, compassion would disappear from the list of great virtues. In other words, virtues are of the individual, not of the common crowd.

And secondly, it is useless. Zarathustra's insight into things is so clear, so transparent, so uncompromising, that he has the courage even to say that virtues are useless. Because anything that is useful, is only a means to something else. The useful is always the means, never the end.

Love cannot be a means to anything. The moment you make your love a means to something, it is no longer love. Love has to remain useless to keep its beauty, its joy, its fragrance. The moment it becomes a means, a staircase to reach somewhere, to attain some end, then the end becomes significant; love becomes insignificant in comparison to the end.

Hence, love cannot have any end to it - neither can truth, nor good. To say that they are useless shocks many people, because you think love should be the greatest, most useful thing. Truth must be the most useful thing. But you don't understand the mechanics of life's workings - anything useful falls down into the lower category of means. The end is always useless.

Religions have been discussing for centuries, but it is strange that not a single man in the whole history has asked, "What is the use of God?" If love has to be useful, if truth has to be useful, if good has to be useful, if beauty has to be useful, then what is the use of God? God must be the most useless thing in the world.

It will hurt the so-called religious people; but fortunately, there is no God, and nobody needs to be hurt. But if there was a God, he was bound to be useless, utterly useless, just good for nothing - because he will be the end of all, but means for none. For a man like Zarathustra, virtue is in the place of God: to be virtuous is to be religious. But for ordinary religions, to be virtuous means that you are using it to reach God, to attain self-realization, to enter into paradise.

But for Zarathustra, useless is not a word of condemnation. What is the use of a rose flower? You say, ”It is beautiful”, but what is the use of beauty? What is the use of a beautiful sunset, when the clouds in the sky become so psychedelic, so colorful - as if the whole horizon has become poetic? The birds are returning home... what could be the use of such a beautiful sunset? There is no use at all. And the artist has known it down the ages. Hence, he has said, ”Art for arts sake”. It is an end unto itself.

And thirdly, it is SHINING AND MELLOW IN LUSTRE, IT ALWAYS BESTOWS ITSELF. It is luminous, it does not need anything to decorate it, it is utterly self-sufficient, overflowingly joyful, aglow with blissfulness, for no other reason than just being itself.

Zarathustra starts his statement by asking the disciples, why gold has come to have the highest value? And he gives three reasons: It is uncommon, it is useless, it is self-luminous.

ONLY AS AN IMAGE OF THE HIGHEST VIRTUE DID EGOLD COME TO HAVE THE HIGHEST VALUE. It is just symbolic. The people who have known the highest virtue in life were finding a symbol to express it. Gold satisfied a little bit as an expression, as an indication of the highest value.

GOLD-LIKE GLEAMS THE GLANCE OF THE GIVER. And the man who bestows his virtues over others, who gives his inner riches, shares himself with others, his eyes gleam, gold-like. They have a shine, a luminosity which has no comparison.

THE HIGHEST VIRTUE IS UNCOMMON AND USELESS, IT IS SHINING AND MELLOW IN LUSTRE: THE HIGHEST VIRTUE IS A BESTOWING VIRTUE.

TRULY, I DIVINE YOU WELL, MY DISCIPLES, YOU ASPIRE TO THE BESTOWING VIRTUE, AS I DO

YOU THIRST TO BECOME SACRIFICES AND GIFTS YOURSELVES: AND THAT IS WHY YOU THIRST TO HEAP UP ALL RICHES IN YOUR SOUL.

Perhaps, no one has pointed it out the way Zarathustra is pointing it out - why people go on the search for truth or search for self. All the great teachers of mankind have been calling people to search: Who are you? Know thyself. But for what?

Zarathustra has the answer. Know your riches, know your treasures, so that you can share, so that you can bestow them over others. Find oneself just for sharing, because the moment you share yourself you transcend ordinary humanity, you become a superman.

The ordinary man is greedy, he is a beggar. He goes on accumulating, he never gives; he does not know the language of giving, or the joy of giving. He’s very poor - he knows only the very trivial pleasure of getting. In getting, even if you get the whole world, your pleasure will be trivial; and in giving, you may give only a rose flower, your joy will be that of an emperor.

Giving, perhaps is the most blissful experience in the world; and when you give yourself, when you give something from your innermost being, you truly give.

YOU THIRST TO BECOME SACRIFICES AND GIFTS YOURSELVES: AND THAT IS WHY YOU THIRST TO HEAP UP ALL RICHES IN YOUR SOUL.

YOUR SOUL ASPIRES INSATIABLY AFTER TREASURES AND JEWELS, BECAUSE YOUR VIRTUE IS INSATIABLE IN WANTING TO GIVE.

The whole religious endeavor, the whole spiritual pilgrimage, the whole discovery of oneself, is for a simple reason: that unless you know yourself, you cannot give. How can you give that which is unknown to you? And the miracle is, the moment you know yourself you cannot resist the temptation of giving. It comes with the finding; immediately you want to shout to the whole world, ”I have found the source of life, come and share with me”.

Whenever you experience something of the beyond, you cannot contain it within yourself. It is just impossible, it is not in the nature of life.

The greater is your inner achievement, the greater will be the desire to give. You will be puzzled in the beginning - your thirst was great to find the source of life; but now you know, your desire to share is even greater.

And the mystery that you will encounter is: the more you give, the more you have it; the less you give, the less you have it. If you don’t give, you will lose track of it. You can keep it in your possession only by sharing, by sharing without holding anything back, emptying yourself. And existence takes care; as you are emptying yourself, from unknown sources of your life existence is pouring fresher juices, fresher riches - you are never empty. Your fullness becomes infinite, but it becomes infinite only by giving infinitely.

YOU COMPEL ALL THINGS TO COME TO YOU AND INTO YOU, THAT THEY MAY FLOW BACK FROM YOUR FOUNTAIN AS GIFTS OF YOUR LOVE.

There is no other religion in the world. All other religions are fake, all other religions are simply substitutes to deceive people. The only religion is the religion of love. And when you have found infinite sources within you, your love demands to share with those who are worthy, with those who are unworthy, without any discrimination, because love knows no discrimination.

It is only the poor who discriminate. The richer your soul is... discrimination becomes impossible. Then it is not a question of whether somebody is worthy or unworthy: to you all that matters is that there is somebody to receive. And you are grateful to the person who receives, not vice versa. You are not hoping the person will be grateful to you because you have given something to him.

In the East, there has been a tradition, very strange The Buddhist monks or Jaina monks or Hindu monks... these are the three religions born in India, which have the flavor of the East. When you give food or clothes to a monk - because monks are beggars, they don’t possess anything - whatever they need, they beg When the sun sets they should not possess anything: tomorrow will take care of itself. Such is their trust, that if up to now life has taken care there is no reason why tomorrow it will not take care. By the evening, they are absolutely possessionless; in the morning whatever they need, they beg.

The strange tradition that I was going to tell you about is that when you give something to a monk, then you have to give him something more. That something more is called your gratefulness, because the monk received your gifts. He could have refused. Because he has received your food, you have to offer him something else to show your gratitude, that you came to my house, you begged food of me - you accepted my food. I was not deserving enough to give, and particularly, to you. Still you were generous enough to receive, so please, as a symbol of my thankful-ness, receive something more.

When I first became aware of this, it looked very strange. Ordinary logic will say that the monk has to be thankful; you have given him food, you have given him clothes, you have given him medicine, or anything that he needed - he should be thankful. But on the contrary, the tradition is that you should be thankful, and not just verbally, you have to give something symbolically, to show your gratitude.

That very ancient idea has a relevance to what Zarathustra is saying. You share yourself, you share your love - do not discriminate, who are you to discriminate? Existence does not discriminate. You should not pretend to be wiser than existence itself. All that you can do is show your gratitude, too, because he allowed you to share your being with him, he allowed your raincloud to shower on him. It is up to you to be grateful to the thirsty earth, to the rose bushes; they have made you richer by receiving. And as you are giving from your innermost sources, you will find new waters are coming and filling your cup; your cup is never empty. TRULY, SUCH A BESTOWING LOVE MUST BECOME A THIEF OF ALL VALUES. Love is enough, all other values can become shadows to it.

SUCH A BESTOWING LOVE MUST BECOME A THIEF OF ALL VALUES; BUT I CALL THIS SELFISHNESS HEALTHY AND HOLY. Perhaps, after twenty-five centuries since Zarathustra, I am the only man who has used the word selfishness as the foundation of all spirituality. Otherwise, all the religions have been talking about selflessness. And nobody bothers how you can be selfless; you don’t even know what your self is. You have never entered into yourself.

One of the great Christian missionaries, Stanley Jones, used to come to India; six months in India, and six months in the West - that was his every-year routine. And I had many chances... because he used to stay very close by where I was teaching in a university, and we often met on our morning walks, or on our evening walks. The one thing that was continuously a question mark between us two was that he continually said that compared to Christianity, all Eastern religions are selfish, because their emphasis is on meditation; and meditation means going inwards, in your aloneness, to the very center of your being, while Christianity teaches you to go to the poor.

In your meditation, you will not find the poor, and start opening hospitals; you will not find orphans, and start opening orphanages; you will not find the sick - so what will you do inside? The real work is outside. There are poor people, there are hungry people, there are sick people, there are starving people, there are orphans, there are prostitutes... and there are so many problems. And surrounded with all these problems, you teach people to meditate, to go within yourself? This is selfishness.

The first time when he said this to me I listened, and I remained silent. He asked, ”What is the matter? Why you are not answering me? Do you agree with me, or disagree with me?”
I said, ”The question of agreement does not arise. I was just being silent. I was feeling sad for you.” He

said, ”What? You are feeling sad for me?”

I said, ”Yes, because what you call altruistic work, selfless service, is sheer nonsense. Because the man who does not know himself, he himself is an orphan - an orphan in the spiritual sense. He has not yet found his roots in existence, he’s still a mortal body. He does not know anything about the eternal spirit. And unless he knows himself, and knows the immense treasures contained therein, he cannot be of any help to anybody.”

So I told Stanley Jones, ”Remember, never again say that meditation is selfishness. Meditation is the only way. Through being selfish, a moment comes... your whole life becomes selfless. But it happens only by being totally centered within yourself, and then you have compassion, and you have love, and then you can do whatever you want to do.

The poor will be there, the sick will be there, the orphans will be there; and now you can help them in some way. But first, save yourself. You are drowning, and you are trying to save others - and you call it authentic religion. I call it simply nonsense.”

”Selfishness”, says Zarathustra, ”is healthy and holy”, because only out of selfishness everything that is beautiful, creative, loving, grows. And then, whatever you do, you don’t want any reward for it, you don’t want any heaven, any paradise, any God; you don’t want anything in reward. It is a reward unto itself. It is not a means to anything else. And unless your life becomes a reward unto itself, you are not religious. This can be the definition of a religious man: a man whose life has become a reward unto itself - selfish, healthy and holy.

OUR MIND FLIES UPWARD: THUS IT IS AN IMAGE OF OUR BODIES, AN IMAGE OF AN ADVANCE AND ELEVATION.

THE NAMES OF THE VIRTUES ARE SUCH IMAGES OF ADVANCES AND ELEVATIONS.

THUS THE BODY GOES THROUGH HISTORY, EVOLVING AND BATTLING. AND THE SPIRIT - WHAT IS IT TO THE BODY? THE HERALD, COMPANION, AND ECHO OF ITS BATTLES AND VICTORIES.

Our values are our flights, far away flights into the unknown: our flights into our own consciousness. And our inner world is not smaller than the outer space. We are exactly at the midpoint: on the outside is infinite space, on the inside there is also infinite space. Don’t be worried about how in such a small body there can be infinite space. It is not contained in the body, it only touches the body - the center of the body. And then, it is beyond the body, it goes on spreading to no limit. Our center is the center of outer and inner existence. And the higher is our flight, the purer becomes our body, because the greater becomes our spirit - the body goes almost as if gold is passing through fire. It becomes purer and purer.

Even the body becomes a great value: innocence, peace, serenity, beauty, grace - so many treasures open up in the body, too.

ALL NAMES OF GOOD AND EVIL ARE IMAGES: THEY DO NOT SPEAK OUT, THEY ONLY HINT.
All words about spiritual values are just hints. Don’t hold onto the words as if they are realities. They are hints, almost the way I can point to the moon with my finger - but don’t catch hold of my finger. My finger is not the moon. Although my finger was pointing to the moon, it was only a hint.

In one of the temples of Japan, there is no statue of Gautam Buddha in the temple. Instead of a statue there is a finger pointing to a far away moon. It is a temple of its own kind, because Buddha is nothing but a finger pointing to the moon. Don't go on worshiping the finger - that will not help. Look at the moon where the finger is pointing. Forget the finger, forget the scriptures, forget the masters, forget all your religions; just try to find out what they are hinting at, and you will be surprised to find that thousands of fingers are pointing at the same moon.

And the followers of these fingers are fighting and killing each other. Mohammedans killing Christians, Christians killing Jews, Hindus killing Mohammedans; and nobody bothers that you are fighting for fingers. The fingers may be different, but the moon is the same. The angles of the fingers may be different, because people were standing in different places at different times, in different ages. How can Krishna point exactly the way Jesus is pointing? How can Buddha point in the same way Zarathustra is pointing?

And it is possible, somebody may be a left-handed person. You will kill all those leftists, these idiots; the whole world is believing in right-hand fingers, and these are believing left-hand fingers! Right is somehow right, and left is wrong.

You will be surprised, ten percent of people are left handed. It is not a small percentage, but they have been forced, from the very beginning, to use the right hand. Because use the left hand, and you will be a laughing-stock everywhere, you will feel embarrassed everywhere, in school, in your whole life. So, they have been forced, and they have learned to write with their right hand; but if they were left to nature, ten percent of the people in the world would have been writing with their left hand. And certainly, out of ten masters, at least one master would have been pointing to the moon with the left hand.

THESE IMAGES DO NOT SPEAK OUT, THEY ONLY HINT.

HE IS A FOOL WHO SEEKS KNOWLEDGE FROM THEM. The person who seeks knowledge from these indications in the scriptures, in words, in statues is a fool. The search has to be withinwards, because they are all pointing - that the kingdom of God is within you. And unless you go inwards, unless you close your eyes and relax your mind, unless your heart, your mind, your body all become a synchronicity, a harmony, a deep accord - you will not be able to hear the still small voice within you.

And that voice is nobody else's voice, it is your own. And remember, only the truth that is your own, liberates. Anybody else's truth always becomes a bondage.

WHENEVER YOUR SPIRIT WANTS TO SPEAK IN IMAGES, PAY HEED: FOR THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING.

THEN YOUR BODY IS ELEVATED AND RISEN UP; IT ENRAPTURES THE SPIRIT WITH ITS JOY, THAT IT MAY BECOME CREATOR AND EVALUATOR AND LOVER AND BENEFACTOR OF ALL THINGS.

The past has been an utter failure, because we created so-called religious people, but we could not create the creators. And unless a religious person contributes to the world through some creativity,

he has not known the ecstasy of his being; otherwise, he would have shared it in a thousand and one ways - perhaps in music, perhaps in dance, perhaps in song, perhaps in poetry. But he would have uttered it; it would have overflowed him.

In my vision, the creators are more religious than the people who go to the churches, to the temples, to the mosques, the people who do long fasts, the people who torture their bodies, the people who go through many kinds of austerities: these are a little bit crazy type of people - off center. If the whole world becomes religious in their way, you will find it turning into a madhouse. It has almost turned!

Just the other day, I was telling you about Vincent Van Gogh, the famous Dutch painter, who could not sell a single painting in his life, because nobody could understand the beauty of his paintings. He was too far ahead of his times. And just today, Anando brought me a newsclipping about one of his paintings of flowers, which has broken all the records up to now. It has been sold for forty million dollars. Van Gogh died in poverty, and finally became mad, because he had not enough to eat.

Rather than eating, he preferred to paint. So whatsoever he could get, he would not eat, he would purchase paint, canvasses. And he would paint, hungry, the whole day in the hot sun, standing when he was painting. The hot sun and hunger drove him to madness. When he was released from the madhouse after one year - because all that he needed was rest, good food - he painted his last painting, and committed suicide. He was only thirty-three.

And he wrote a letter to his brothers, ”Don’t think that I am committing suicide. I am not an escapist, but the reason that I am leaving this world is that I cannot manage both my body and my paintings. I have prolonged as long as it was possible; moreover, I have painted the painting that I wanted to paint. I am dying completely fulfilled, with no regret, with no complaint.”

And now, in that news cutting, in front of his painting there are iron bars - because now it is worth forty million dollars - and two constables standing with loaded guns to protect the painting, and nobody gave even bread and butter to the painter.

I will call Van Gogh a saint, because life mistreated him as badly as you can conceive. Yet in his last letter he has no complaint, no grudge; and he’s dying utterly fulfilled, because whatever he wanted to do he has done. He contributed some beauty to the world. He has contributed it whether people understand it or not. ”That is not my business; that is their problem.” After one hundred years, now his paintings are being searched out, because each painting has become so valuable, that even the greatest painters are left far behind. This is the record: no painting has been sold up to now for forty million dollars. And it is a painting only of roses. You will not give forty million dollars for real roses.

But in his whole life - I have read all his letters, that’s all that he has written - there is not even a single place where he is angry, or condemnatory, or in any way saying anything against the world. Again and again he says, ”I can understand. If they cannot see beauty in my paintings, what can they do? Neither I can do anything, nor they can do anything.

”I have come before my time; my paintings will have to wait for my people to come. When my people are here, perhaps they will recognize then, if my paintings survive.”

No museum was ready to take those paintings free. People were ashamed; his friends were ashamed, because he used to give his friends his paintings, these same paintings "... just to keep, because I don't have enough space. I live in a small room, I cannot pay more rent, and I don't have a space to keep all my paintings. So, just hang it on your wall." People would hang it on their wall, and the moment he was gone they would throw it in their basement. "Anybody who comes here will think we are mad because we cannot say what this painting means."

All two hundred paintings have been found in people's basements, in strange places. And a great search goes on, because he has painted thousands of paintings and distributed them to people, because he had no place to keep them.

I will call this man a saint who lives the life of sacrifice; but sacrifice not to some hypothetical god, sacrifice not to some wooden statue, but sacrifice to share his joy, and his beauty, and his vision, and his dreams. If the contemporary people cannot understand it, he is ready to wait. He will not be here, but somebody, somewhere in the future will understand it, will rejoice in it; and that is a good enough reward.

Such trust in one's own creativity, such trust that someday there will be someone who is going to understand him - he cannot remain misunderstood forever - can only be a quality of a saint, a true sage.

WHEN YOUR HEART SURGES BROAD AND FULL LIKE A RIVER, A BLESSING AND A DANGER TO THOSE WHO LIVE NEARBY: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING. Zarathustra is saying a tremendously significant thing. WHEN YOUR HEART SURGES BROAD AND FULL LIKE A RIVER, A BLESSING AND A DANGER TO THOSE WHO LIVE NEARBY. A man like Zarathustra is a blessing only to very few people; only for those who are courageous enough to come close to him, who are courageous enough to go with him into the unknown, on the untrodden path, against tradition, against orthodoxies, against conventions, against the crowd.

But to most of the people it is a danger. The very presence of a man whose heart is overflowing like a river, with love, is a danger. His love can drown you, his love can destroy your ego. To be close to such a person is to lose your boundaries, your identity.

That's why such people are hated so much; so much that Socrates has to be poisoned. He must have become a great danger to the people of Athens. What danger can he be? His love, his truth, his individuality, his overflowing bliss is as dangerous as a flood. Perhaps in a flood there is a possibility that you can swim out; but once you are caught in the flood of love, you cannot swim out.

Down the ages, people who have been really a blessing have been thought to be curses. Only very few people, courageous, intelligent, with guts, ready to risk, and ready to go on an adventure in deep trust and love, knew their blessings; the others knew only their danger. And it is better to destroy such dangerous people, because they can create chaos in the whole society.

But the chaos created by a man like Zarathustra, Socrates, or Jesus is a chaos out of which stars are born, is a chaos out of which man reaches to higher peaks of evolution. The old is destroyed, and the new is born. It is a chaos to be welcomed. But even now, the situation remains exactly the same.

WHEN YOU ARE EXALTED ABOVE PRAISE AND BLAME, AND YOUR WILL WANTS TO COMMAND ALL THINGS AS ETHE WILL OF A LOVER: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING

WHEN YOU ARE WILLERS OF A SINGLE WILL, AND YOU CALL THIS DISPELLER OF NEED YOUR ESSENTIAL AND NECESSITY: THAT IS WHEN YOUR VIRTUE HAS ITS ORIGIN AND BEGINNING.

TRULY, IT IS A NEW GOOD AND EVIL! TRULY, A NEW ROARING IN THE DEPTHS AND THE VOICE OF A NEW FOUNTAIN!

IT IS POWER, THIS NEW VIRTUE: IT IS A RULING IDEA, AND AROUND IT A SUBTLE SOUL: A GOLDEN SUN, AND AROUND IT THE SERPENT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Love is his central theme, is his God; and love is the beginning and the origin of all virtue, and love is the essential need of everyone, to dispel darkness and ignorance.

Love is a new morality, a new good, a new God.

TRULY A NEW ROARING IN THE DEPTHS AND THE VOICE OF A NEW FOUNTAIN.

IT IS POWER, THIS NEW VIRTUE: IT IS A RULING IDEA, AND AROUND IT A SUBTLE SOUL: A GOLDEN SUN, AND AROUND IT THE SERPENT OF KNOWLEDGE.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 18

Of the bestowing virtue, part 2

5 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE BESTOWING VIRTUE PART 2

HERE ZARATHUSTRA FELL SILENT A WHILE AND REGARDED HIS DISCIPLES LOVINGLY. THEN HE WENT ON SPEAKING THUS, AND HIS VOICE WAS DIFFERENT:

STAY LOYAL TO THE EARTH, MY BROTHERS, WITH THE POWER OF YOUR VIRTUE! MAY YOUR BESTOWING LOVE AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE SERVE TOWARDS THE MEANING OF THE EARTH! THUS I BEG AND ENTREAT YOU

A HUNDRED TIMES HAS SPIRIT AS WELL AS VIRTUE EXPERIMENTED AND GONE ASTRAY. YES, MAN WAS AN EXPERIMENT. ALAS, MUCH IGNORANCE AND ERROR HAS BECOME BODY

IN US! NOT ONLY THE REASON OF MILLENNIA - THE MADNESS OF MILLENNIA TOO BREAKS OUT IN US. IT IS DANGEROUS TO BE AN HEIR.

WE ARE STILL FIGHTING STEP BY STEP WITH THE GIANT CHANCE, AND HITHERTO THE SENSELESS, THE MEANINGLESS, HAS STILL RULED OVER MANKIND.

MAY YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR VIRTUE SERVE THE MEANING OF THE EARTH, MY BROTHERS: AND MAY THE VALUE OF ALL THINGS BE FIXED ANEW BY YOU. TO THAT END YOU SHOULD BE FIGHTERS! TO THAT END YOU SHOULD BE CREATORS!

THE BODY PURIFIES ITSELF THROUGH KNOWLEDGE; EXPERIMENTING WITH KNOWLEDGE IT ELEVATES ITSELF

PHYSICIAN, HEAL YOURSELF: THUS YOU WILL HEAL YOUR PATIENT TOO. LET HIS BEST HEALING-AID BE TO SEE WITH HIS OWN EYES HIM WHO MAKES HIMSELF WELL.

THERE ARE A THOUSAND PATHS THAT HAVE NEVER YET BEEN TRODDEN, A THOUSAND FORMS OF HEALTH AND HIDDEN ISLANDS OF LIFE. MAN AND MAN'S EARTH ARE STILL UNEXHAUSTED AND UNDISCOVERED.

WATCH AND LISTEN, YOU SOLITARIES! FROM THE FUTURE COME WINDS WITH A STEALTHY FLAPPING OF WINGS; AND GOOD TIDINGS GO OUT TO DELICATE EARS.

YOU SOLITARIES OF TODAY, YOU WHO HAVE SECEDED FROM SOCIETY, YOU SHALL ONE DAY BE A PEOPLE: FROM YOU, WHO HAVE CHOSEN OUT YOURSELVES, SHALL A CHOSEN PEOPLE SPRING - AND FROM THIS CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE SUPERMAN.

TRULY, THE EARTH SHALL YET BECOME A HOUSE OF HEALING! AND ALREADY A NEW ODOUR FLOATS ABOUT IT, AN ODOUR THAT BRINGS HEALTH - AND A NEW HOPE!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Man is an experiment - an experiment of existence to reach to the heights of consciousness and to reach to the depths of the very sources of life. Man should be understood only in this way. You are not born complete. All other animals are born complete; a dog is born a dog and will die a dog. Man can be born a man and can die as a Gautam Buddha. Between birth and death no other animal evolves, except man.

Once this is recognized in your heart - that you are an experiment of existence - you bestow upon yourself the greatest dignity possible. Then you cannot go on living in a mechanical, robot-like fashion. You have to move - move towards the stars. You have to progress, and your progress knows no limits.

You are a pilgrimage without any goal; a pilgrimage from eternity to eternity. Because your reality is not just on the outside - the outside is very superficial - your authentic evolution is going to be inner. Your journey is inwards. Hence, your being an experiment finally turns into being an experience. We experiment with things which are outside us. Science is experimental. We experience things which are inside our being. Religion is experiential. Man has to do both. He has to be an experiment in the hands of existence, and he has also to become an experience in his own right, in his own subjectivity.

These words of Zarathustra are too important to be forgotten. Each single word has to become a vibration within you; not just a memory, but a living opening towards vaster fields, towards greater skies.

Zarathustra is not a priest, he is a scientist of the soul. His religion does not consist in worshiping, his religion consists in transformation - the symbol of his religion is fire. The symbol of fire is significant, it is the only thing that defies gravitation. It does not go low-wards; it always goes upwards.

But the same fallacy has happened to those who think as followers of Zarathustra. Rather than becoming a flame, moving upwards into the higher realms of consciousness, they have become worshipers of fire. Worship is a very cunning device; it leads people astray.

If a scientist starts worshiping his instruments, do you think there will be any progress? If a painter starts worshiping paints and canvasses, do you think there is going to be any creativity? A musician worshiping the instruments of music will not be able to bring great music to the world.

But this has happened as far as religion is concerned. People are worshiping, and they think worship is religion. Worship is not religion. You have gone astray, clinging to the symbols still in the temples of Zarathustra. The fire has been kept alive for twenty-five centuries but nobody becomes a fire himself, so that all that is rubbish in you can be burned and only the gold, pure gold, can be saved.

Zarathustra was talking about the highest value, of love. Love to him is synonymous with God, but not in the same way as it is with Jesus. With Jesus God comes first, love comes second. Jesus says, ”God is love.” It indicates that love is one of the attributes of God, but he may have many other attributes. God is not only love, just love; he is many more things.

With Zarathustra love comes first; love is God because love is the highest value. And just to change those words makes such a tremendous difference that it looks unbelievable. If love is God, then God becomes an attribute of love - and what is God except creativity? Love being creative is all that religion is about.

He has defined the highest value in an absolutely unique way. First, that it is not common - so whatever you think about love cannot be the love Zarathustra is talking about. Your love is very common. Your love is only a name; behind it is nothing but biological lust. Your love is not a value, but a degradation, a bondage - not a freedom. It brings misery and anguish in your life, not blissfulness, not silence, not serenity, not godliness. Unless love brings these qualities it remains common. According to Zarathustra the first important thing about the highest value is, it has to be unique, very rare.

Secondly, it has to be useless. To understand the second point is a little bit difficult, because we have all been taught in the philosophies of utility. Anything that is useless, how can it be the highest value? It cannot even be called a value.

But Zarathustra’s meaning is clear. He is saying: Love cannot be a means to another end. You cannot use it. You can live it, you can be it, but you cannot use it for any purpose, for any goal, for any end; you cannot reduce it into a means. That’s what he means when he says the highest value is the end of all other values, but itself is useless - because there is nothing higher than this to which it can become a means. It is an end unto itself.

And thirdly, that it does not need any outside support to make it valuable; it shines from its own inner center. It is luminous. It bestows beauty upon itself. It is absolutely independent.

After talking about the highest value, HERE ZARATHUSTRA FELL SILENT A WHILE AND REGARDED HIS DISCIPLES LOVINGLY. Whenever something profound is uttered it has to be followed, of necessity, by silence. That silence gives it more depth, more meaning, more profundity.

HERE ZARATHUSTRA FELL SILENT A WHILE. Masters are not orators. They are not practicing a particular kind of art of speaking, they are trying to transfer their experience to their disciples. Hence they use words and they also use wordless silences. More often their truth has to be found in the gaps, when they fall silent.

When you have heard a profound truth and the master becomes silent, suddenly words disappear and the presence of the master fills your heart. Something transpires in those silent moments, which nobody has ever been able to say, and nobody will ever be able to say. That transfer is possible only when the master is silent and the disciples are silent. Where two silences meet you experience the highest value; you experience love.

HERE ZARATHUSTRA FELL SILENT A WHILE AND REGARDED HIS DISCIPLES LOVINGLY. In that silence there was nothing but a love radiating from the master and penetrating the hearts of the disciples. Nothing was said but everything was understood. And he was happy, and looked at the disciples lovingly, because the silence has not been empty; the disciples have been able to receive it, to become pregnant with it.

THEN HE WENT ON SPEAKING THUS, AND HIS VOICE WAS DIFFERENT. Just a moment before he fell silent he was speaking about the highest value and its qualities. It was more a philosophical statement; more verbal, more in the words of the words - but now his voice is different. He is not speaking to an anonymous crowd, he is speaking to those who love him; he is speaking to those who can fall silent with him, who can be in a state of meditation with him.

Now his words and his voice have a difference - they are not dry, they have become more juicy; they are not philosophical, they have become more poetic. He does not have to give any argument to these disciples; he has given them the experience itself. Now he can talk to them without argumentation, without logic. Now he has the freedom even to be irrational - because all that is great in life is irrational. And he is immensely pleased.

Just as a disciple needs a master, perhaps the master needs the disciple even more. The disciple is groping in darkness, he is empty, he is not burdened. The master is overflowing; he wants to share, and he is in a hurry to find those who are capable of being receptive, open - who are capable of communion.

STAY LOYAL TO THE EARTH. That is one of the fundamentals of Zarathustra, he is against all religions. They say, ”Remain loyal to heaven; remain loyal to God, who is far away beyond the clouds.” Zarathustra’s insistence is: STAY LOYAL TO THE EARTH, MY BROTHERS, WITH THE POWER OF YOUR VIRTUE! - with your love. Be loving to the earth. Sow the seeds of love on the earth.

The question is not for you to enter into some paradise in the skies. On the contrary, the question is how to transform this earth into paradise. It has all the potential. Just an awakening about the potential of the earth, about the potential of the people on the earth, and there will be no talk about any heaven or any paradise or any God. Man can become complete, fulfilled unto himself.

This earth is our home, it is our mother; that is why he calls his disciples ”my brothers”. Neither Krishna, nor Mohammed, nor Moses, nor Buddha has ever called their disciples ”my brothers”. They were far away, holy men, and you were far below, earthly, worldly. What relationship can exist between you and them? Certainly it cannot be the relationship of brothers.

MAY YOUR BESTOWING LOVE AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE SERVE TOWARDS THE MEANING OF THE EARTH! The earth is searching through you for its own meaning. You are the highest

evolved part of the earth. Have you ever considered? - your body is earth, your brain is earth, your heart is earth. You are the highest flowering, a great metamorphosis. There seems to be no connection between the earth and your eyes, but your eyes are nothing but the eyes of the earth. It is an effort of the earth to see. Your ears are an effort of the earth to hear the music.

MAY YOUR BESTOWING LOVE AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE SERVE TOWARDS THE MEANING OF THE EARTH! THUS I BEG AND ENTREAT YOU

A HUNDRED TIMES HAS SPIRIT AS WELL AS VIRTUE EXPERIMENTED AND GONE ASTRAY. YES, MAN WAS AN EXPERIMENT. ALAS, MUCH IGNORANCE AND ERROR HAS BECOME BODY IN US!

This single sentence, YES, MAN WAS AN EXPERIMENT, makes Zarathustra one of the greatest scientists of your inner being. Man is not a complete being; man is a becoming. You see the trees - they are beings, they are following a fixed program. They will live so long, each spring they will yield flowers and fruits - everything is fixed about them. They only grow old, they never grow up.

All animals are the same; they grow old. It is only in man that there is a distinction: he can grow old just like animals and trees, or he can grow up - in consciousness, in love, in gratitude, and can bring to the earth the meaning it has been searching for... searching for the meaning it has reached up to man.

But A HUNDRED TIMES HAS SPIRIT AS WELL AS VIRTUE EXPERIMENTED AND GONE ASTRAY. And the reason why the experiments have failed, is that nobody recognized that we are experiments of the earth. All the religions started renouncing the earth, and that is where they went wrong. They were sons and daughters of the earth and they started renouncing the earth; and it was the earth who had brought them to this level of life and consciousness. Zarathustra would like you to remain loyal to the earth so that the experiment cannot go astray.

NOT ONLY THE REASON OF MILLENNIA - THE MADNESS OF MILLENNIA TOO BREAKS OUT IN US. It is not only the reason of the millions of years that have passed that we get in heritage. We also get in heritage the MADNESS OF MILLENNIA.

All that has gone wrong in millions of years also comes to us as our heritage. And one has to be very alert to sort out what is wrong in the traditions, in the orthodoxies, in the religions of the past, and find the point from where other experiments have gone astray. You cannot blindly follow the paths, otherwise you will also go wrong.

IT IS DANGEROUS TO BE AN HEIR, because in heritage you get everything: the rationality and the madness too, the successes and the failures too. And the difficulty is: successes are very few and failures are many. Sanity is very rare and madness is very common. Almost ninety-nine percent of your heritage is insane. It is because of that heritage that humanity remains miserable, cannot get free from the ancient bondage - because it thinks that it is our heritage, slavery is our heritage. Chains become ornaments and imprisonments become our homes.

To be religious one needs to be a rebel.

To be religious one needs fire to burn all that is false, to burn all that is superfluous, to burn all that is not essential and to save only that which is very small, from where you can move in the right direction.

WE ARE STILL FIGHTING STEP BY STEP WITH

THE GIANT CHANCE AND HITHERTO THE SENSELESS, THE MEANINGLESS, HAS STILL RULED OVER MANKIND. Our greatest problem is why the experiment has not succeeded, why man has always proved a failure, why man has not proved himself to be the salt of the earth, the meaning and the significance.

Just a little intelligence and it is not difficult to find. HITHERTO THE SENSELESS AND MEANINGLESS HAS STILL RULED OVER MANKIND. Just watch your own life and watch the life of the people around you. How much is senseless? How much is meaningless? And that senselessness and meaninglessness predominates.

In one of the Indian religions, Jainism, there are two sects. Their differences are so senseless and meaningless - but they go on fighting for them. As an example, I will tell you: One of their differences is that their twenty-fourth tirthankara, twenty-fourth messiah, Mahavira, lived naked. The difference is that one sect said, ”It is a historical fact that Mahavira lived actually naked.” And the other sect says, ”He only appeared naked because he has got clothes from God which are transparent. So he was not naked, he only appeared naked.”

Now, as far as anybody is concerned he was naked, whether he was actually naked or was using some absolutely transparent clothes... what difference does it make? But that created a rift. And both the religions, for twenty-five centuries, have been fighting with each other. Do you call it reasonable, sensible, or just stupid?

Another problem is whether Mahavira meditated with closed eyes or open eyes. An intelligent man should be concerned, what his meditation was. What does it matter whether he meditated with open eyes or with closed eyes? What matters is meditation.

I was talking to a Jaina monk and I said, ”You both are wrong.”

He said, ”What do you mean?”

I said, ”I’m going to create a third sect. He meditated with blinking eyes,” which seems to be more natural. So, for a second open, for a second closed.

But they cannot worship the same statue of Mahavira. If the eyes are closed then one sect can worship it; the other sect can worship it only by putting false eyes over the statue’s eyes. Then it is good, everything is good. But they will worship only with the open eyes.

And I told the Jaina monk, ”I know Mahavira perfectly well; he blinked, just as you blink. So you both are right. For a second he was with closed eyes, for a second he was with open eyes. He was not blind. Don’t force the idea that he kept his eyes closed forever. And don’t force the contrary idea, that he kept his eyes open forever, because that is not in the nature of things.” The eyelids are

not uselessly given to you. Your eyes are the most delicate part of your body, they need constant cleaning. Not even a small piece of dust should settle on them; it can be destructive. Your eyelids are doing exactly what the wipers on the windshield of a car do, just cleaning.

But whatsoever the case, the fight is so stupid. People get engaged in these fights and forget the essential. And it is not only one religion, the same is the case with all the religions of the world. Their conflicts are so trivial.

For example, Mohammedans have two sects: Sia and Sunni. And the difference They both believe in the prophet Mohammed; they both believe in the holy KORAN; they both believe in the God preached by the holy KORAN, they both believe in the kaaba; they both believe that every Mohammedan, at least once in his life, must go for a pilgrimage to the kaaba; so on all essential things that make a Mohammedan, they are in agreement. But they are continually killing each other.

Mohammed had a son and Mohammed had a daughter, and naturally, a son-in-law. And that is the problem: who succeeded Mohammed, the son or the son-in-law? But what does it matter? You are neither the son nor are you the son-in-law. Whoever succeeded him, it is the same religion. You are in absolute agreement about the religion - now who succeeded Mohammed, A, B, C, does not matter, should not matter.

But for fourteen centuries Sias and Sunnis have been killing each other. And they become so much involved in these trivial matters they forget all about religion, they forget all about evolution, they forget all about inner growth - there is no time! First they have to settle these stupid things, which cannot be settled, there is no way to settle them now.

MAY YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR VIRTUE SERVE THE MEANING OF THE EARTH, MY BROTHERS: AND MAY THE VALUE OF ALL THINGS BE FIXED ANEW BY YOU. The value has to be fixed anew constantly, as times change. Life is a flux; just like a river it goes on moving. It remains fresh and clean only through movement. Stop the movement of the river and it becomes dirty. The movement is the cleansing process. This is another point where man's experiments have gone astray; they become fixed.

What Confucius said cannot be changed. Everything has changed. But the values given by Confucius remain the same - that creates a dichotomy in man's mind. If he follows life, which is natural, then he goes against the fixed value. If he follows the fixed value, he goes against life. You have created a dilemma for every man. The fixations of values have destroyed humanity and the whole experiment of evolution.

One should be alert each moment to die to the past and be born anew, so one remains, fresh, clean, flowing; otherwise - all the religions have stopped at some point; life has gone far away from them, but they are not willing to change.

When Galileo discovered that the earth goes around the sun, not vice versa, it was against THE BIBLE. THE BIBLE simply reports the ordinary illusion we see because we are standing on the earth, and the earth is so vast we cannot see its movement. Everything is moving together. But we can see the sun rising in the morning, setting in the evening, so it is the common understanding that the sun goes around the earth. That is reported in THE BIBLE. It is a common man's, a layman's view.

Galileo was a scientist. With instruments, with higher mathematics he figured out that humanity has lived with a wrong concept: the sun does not go around the earth - the earth goes around the sun. Immediately he was called into the court of the pope. He was old, seventy-five or eighty years old, one of the greatest scientists the world has known. And the pope ordered him: "You change your book, because THE BIBLE is written by God himself, and you cannot be wiser than God. Write in your book that the sun goes around the earth; otherwise, all your books will be burnt and you will be burnt alive. You are a heretic. You are creating a religious idea."

He said, "Religion has nothing to do with it. Whether the sun goes around or the earth goes around, what concern is it of religion? You can still meditate the same; you can still meditate, pray, dance, sing - whatever your religion teaches you. My statement will not make any difference to you."

But the pope said, "My order is final. You are spreading fallacies." Galileo I love, because of his sense of humor. He said, "Then it is perfectly good. I will change it and in the footnotes I will write, 'Although I have changed the statement according to the order of the pope, neither the earth reads my book, nor the sun reads my book.' And I'm sorry: the earth will still go around the sun. There will be no change. My book cannot make any change."

These are the people who have stopped. Even today, Christianity preaches that the earth is flat. Now we have airplanes and rockets moving around the earth, and it is not an assumption, but an actual experience that it is a globe, not flat. You can start a journey from here, and if you go directly and go on going, finally you will come to the same point again. If the earth was flat, somewhere you would fall off the earth into the empty sky, but because the earth is round you cannot fall; you will come back full circle.

But Christianity is not ready to change its concepts. And all the religions have similar concepts; they have stopped thousands of years ago. Zarathustra is saying: "Renew your values always. To that end you should be fighters!" And if a fight is needed against the fixed values, be fighters. "To that end you should be creators and create new values," - values which are contemporary, values which are supported by the latest discoveries, the latest experiments in science, in psychology, in every other field. Only then man can go on without being stuck somewhere; his evolution can be unhindered.

THE BODY PURIFIES ITSELF THROUGH KNOWLEDGE; EXPERIMENTING WITH KNOWLEDGE IT ELEVATES ITSELF

PHYSICIAN, HEAL YOURSELF: THUS YOU WILL HEAL YOUR PATIENT TOO. LET HIS BEST HEALING-AID BE TO SEE WITH HIS OWN EYES HIM WHO MAKES HIMSELF WELL.

This is great advice to those who want human consciousness to reach to its highest possible peaks. The first thing is: "Physician heal thyself." You should be completely free of all superstitions, all senseless dead pasts, you should be new every moment. This will be your health. And this will help people: seeing you, seeing your awareness, seeing your love, seeing your compassion, seeing your blissfulness will be the proof that others are wrong and they have to change. It is not a question of arguing; it is a question of presenting your life in the new light, so those who are standing in darkness can see that they are standing in darkness, and THAT IS THE CAUSE OF THEIR MISERY AND THEIR SICKNESS.

THERE ARE A THOUSAND PATHS THAT HAVE NEVER YET BEEN TRODDEN, A THOUSAND FORMS OF HEALTH AND HIDDEN ISLANDS OF LIFE. This is where anybody who has intelligence will fall in love with Zarathustra. He is so different from other teachers of religion.

Mahavira says, ”I have said the last word; now there is no more to be discovered. All that has to be discovered about human consciousness I have discovered. There will not be a twentyfifth TIRTHANKARA.” Gautam Buddha says the same thing. Mohammed says, ”There have been prophets before me, but after me there will be no prophets, because I have brought all knowledge; now nothing is any longer hidden.”

Zarathustra has a very different approach, very humble. THERE ARE A THOUSAND PATHS THAT HAVE NEVER YET BEEN TRODDEN, A THOUSAND FORMS OF HEALTH AND HIDDEN ISLANDS OF LIFE. MAN AND MAN’S EARTH ARE STILL UNEXHAUSTED AND UNDISCOVERED.

He does not want to be the last word. On the contrary he wants to be the beginning, and leaves everything open. ”Go on changing as you come into new spaces. You don’t have to be in agreement with me, because there are thousands of paths which are untrodden, and there are thousands of islands on the earth and in the inner being of man which are not yet discovered. So don’t remain clinging to me - move on!”

He is saying, ”I teach you movement. I don’t give you a fixed doctrine; I only give you an impetus, an incentive, a challenge.” A real master is always a challenge: challenge for new discoveries, challenge for new unknown spaces, challenge for faraway stars. He simply gives encouragement. He helps you to be on the wing, and leaves the whole sky open for you.

WATCH AND LISTEN, YOU SOLITARIES! FROM THE FUTURE COME WINDS WITH A STEALTHY FLAPPING OF WINGS; AND GOOD TIDINGS GO OUT TO DELICATE EARS.

YOU SOLITARIES OF TODAY, YOU WHO HAVE SECEDED FROM SOCIETY Be careful about these words: YOU SOLITARIES OF TODAY, YOU WHO HAVE SECEDED FROM SOCIETY, YOU SHALL ONE DAY BE A PEOPLE: FROM YOU, WHO HAVE CHOSEN OUT YOURSELVES, SHALL A CHOSEN PEOPLE SPRING - AND FROM THIS CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE SUPERMAN.

It is unfortunate that it has not happened yet. Still You are solitaries today; my name for solitaries is sannyasins. Still you are few. Twenty-five centuries have past, but the words of Zarathustra sound as if they are being spoken today.

YOU SOLITARIES OF TODAY, YOU WHO HAVE SECEDED FROM SOCIETY, YOU SHALL ONE DAY BE A PEOPLE. Twenty-five centuries ago he was hoping - and it is still a hope. I am still hoping that you will not remain few. I have even started calling you ”my people”.

FROM YOU, WHO HAVE CHOSEN OUT YOURSELVES, SHALL A CHOSEN PEOPLE SPRING - AND FROM THIS CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE SUPERMAN.

TRULY, THE EARTH SHALL YET BECOME A HOUSE OF HEALING! AND ALREADY A NEW ODOUR FLOATS ABOUT IT, AN ODOUR THAT BRINGS HEALTH - AND A NEW HOPE! I can

simply repeat his words, because they are as true today as they were twenty-five centuries ago. It is very saddening; it is unfortunate, but perhaps he came too early, ahead of his time. Every genius comes early, but Zarathustra seems to have come too early.

Perhaps now is the time that we can make this earth a temple of healing - not only of the body but of the soul too, a holy place where everybody is whole, not split, not schizophrenic.

AND ALREADY A NEW ODOUR FLOATS ABOUT IT. It is still very small, but it is there in the hearts of many intelligent and courageous people. A longing for a greater life, for a higher life, for a better life has already arisen. Perhaps the spring is very close. Perhaps we have come at the right time.

AN ODOUR THAT BRINGS HEALTH - AND A NEW HOPE! We want this hope to become a reality; it has remained a hope too long. It is time that the dream is realized and if we cannot realize this dream, then there is no future for humanity.

This gives me great hope, because the mad crowd has come close to a global suicide. And now there will be only two alternatives: either transform yourself into a new man, the superman, or get ready to disappear from this earth. And I don't think that man wants to die. I don't think that trees want to die or the birds or the animals. I don't think that life wants to commit suicide.

Hence, most probably, it will choose to transform itself and give birth to the superman, and drop this whole arrangement that politicians around the world are making ready for you, for committing suicide. Now the forces of life and the forces of death are confronting each other. The forces of life are fragile, just like an odor in the air. And the forces of death are very strong.

Still, death cannot win over life. Hate cannot win over love. The ugly cannot win over the beautiful.

It was a hope for him; to me it is coming more and more close to being a reality. You may be the fortunate ones to see the dream transformed into a fact. You may be the witness to the birth of the superman.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 19

Of the bestowing virtue, part 3

5 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE BESTOWING VIRTUE.PART THREE

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HAD SAID THESE WORDS HE PAUSED LIKE ONE WHO HAS NOT SAID HIS LAST WORD; LONG HE BALANCED THE STAFF DOUBTFULLY IN HIS HAND. AT LAST HE SPOKE THUS, AND HIS VOICE WAS DIFFERENT:

I NOW GO AWAY ALONE, MY DISCIPLES! YOU TOO NOW GO AWAY AND BE ALONE! SO I WILL HAVE IT.

TRULY, I ADVISE YOU: GO AWAY FROM ME AND GUARD YOURSELVES AGAINST

ZARATHUSTRA! AND BETTER STILL: BE ASHAMED OF HIM! PERHAPS HE HAS DECEIVED YOU.

THE MAN OF KNOWLEDGE MUST BE ABLE NOT ONLY TO LOVE HIS ENEMIES BUT ALSO TO HATE HIS FRIENDS.

ONE REPAYS A TEACHER BADLY IF ONE REMAINS ONLY A PUPIL. AND WHY, THEN, SHOULD YOU NOT PLUCK AT MY LAURELS?

YOU RESPECT ME; BUT HOW IF ONE DAY YOUR RESPECT SHOULD TUMBLE? TAKE CARE THAT A FALLING STATUE DOES NOT STRIKE YOU DEAD!

YOU SAY YOU BELIEVE IN ZARATHUSTRA? BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS ZARATHUSTRA? YOU ARE MY BELIEVERS: BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE ALL BELIEVERS?

YOU HAD NOT YET SOUGHT YOURSELVES WHEN YOU FOUND ME. THUS DO ALL BELIEVERS; THEREFORE ALL BELIEF IS OF SO LITTLE ACCOUNT.

NOW I BID YOU LOSE ME AND FIND YOURSELVES; AND ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE ALL DENIED ME WILL I RETURN TO YOU.

TRULY, WITH OTHER EYES, MY BROTHERS, I SHALL THEN SEEK MY LOST ONES; WITH ANOTHER LOVE I SHALL THEN LOVE YOU.

AND ONCE MORE YOU SHALL HAVE BECOME MY FRIENDS AND CHILDREN OF ONE HOPE: AND THEN I WILL BE WITH YOU A THIRD TIME, THAT I MAY CELEBRATE THE GREAT NOONTIDE WITH YOU.

AND THIS IS THE GREAT NOONTIDE: IT IS WHEN MAN STANDS AT THE MIDDLE OF HIS COURSE BETWEEN ANIMAL AND SUPERMAN AND CELEBRATES HIS JOURNEY TO THE EVENING AS HIS HIGHEST HOPE: FOR IT IS THE JOURNEY TO A NEW MORNING.

THEN MAN, GOING UNDER, WILL BLESS HIMSELF; FOR HE WILL BE GOING OVER TO SUPERMAN; AND THE SUN OF HIS KNOWLEDGE WILL STAND AT NOONTIDE.

‘ALL GODS ARE DEAD: NOW WE WANT THE SUPERMAN TO LIVE’ - LET THIS BE OUR LAST WILL ONE DAY AT THE GREAT NOONTIDE!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

IT IS ALMOST impossible to find in the long history of mankind another man with so many dimensions, so many insights, so wise and yet so human, as Zarathustra. His ordinariness is absolutely extraordinary. His humanness is so pure that one can say it is even superior to any divineness.

He is certainly capable of declaring, ”All gods are dead”; in fact, they have never been living. He declares a god has to be created. Just look at the totally new insight of this man. God has always been the creator - and he is declaring that we have to create god, and the name of the god is going to be superman. It is going to be our creation.

Each statement today is so pregnant with meaning that one cannot believe that a man can condense so much meaning in such small and simple statements. I would like you to meditate over each statement, because each statement carries a complete philosophy of life. Its implications are tremendous and far-reaching. Even after twenty-five centuries, Zarathustra still remains ahead of us. He is not part of past history, he is someone who is going to be born in the future, because we are not yet his contemporaries.

We have not been able to transcend the meanness, the animality, of our so-called humanity. And we have not been able to take even a single step towards the superman, which for him is the very

meaning of the earth, the very salt of the earth - which is going to be our greatest creation, which is our new god. Not the old god who created the world, but a new god, which we are going to create with our own consciousness.

WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HAD SAID THESE WORDS HE PAUSED LIKE ONE WHO HAS NOT SAID HIS LAST WORD. Perhaps the last word can never be said. Even if somebody succeeds in saying the first word, it is more than enough. And Zarathustra has succeeded in saying the first words of a new life, of a new man, of a new earth. But there is always a deep desire, a great longing not only to say the first words but to say the last, too.

Hence, after saying these words... HE PAUSED LIKE ONE WHO HAS NOT SAID HIS LAST WORD - but he will pause again and again to the very end. The last word cannot be said. It is simply impossible to bring the last word so low, in the dark valleys where human beings live, in the language which is created for mundane affairs, in the words which are good in a marketplace but become absolutely meaningless in the deep silences of the heart.

But this is a longing that has been carried down for centuries by all the mystics, by all the poets, by all the musicians, by all the creative souls. They have all died in a deep discontent, because they have not been able to say the last word.

When India's great poet, Rabindranath Tagore was dying He was as successful as one can be, as famous as one can be, as great a poet as the world has ever known. Shelley is considered to be one of the greatest poets of the world, for a single reason he has written two thousand songs, which can be transformed into music. Rabindranath has written six thousand songs which can be transformed into a far deeper, far more profound music. Not only can they be transformed into music, he has created new dimensions in music itself which had never existed before.

Naturally, one of his old friends sitting by his bedside told him, "Don't look so sad, there is no need for tears in your eyes. You have completed your life, you have lived so fully and so fruitfully. Say goodbye to life with joy and gratitude."

Rabindranath said, "Gratitude? Who has told you that I have completed my job, that I have lived my life? I have certainly come to sing a song, and in the effort of singing that song I have composed six thousand songs - they are my failures, because I could not sing that song. Again I tried and again I tried. Each time there was a song, and people loved them so I never told anybody that these are my failures, these are not my milestones of success.

And when you praise them, it hurts me.

"And just before you came I was praying to God 'What kind of joke is this? You gave me the capacity, you gave me the potential, you gave me the longing - and my whole life I have been preparing - and when it seems everything is ready and I can sing my song, you have sent death to knock on my doors. Is it your compassion?' "

Rabindranath died with the statement, "I have not been able to sing the song that I had come to sing. I tried my best, but each time something was missing."

Perhaps perfection is not possible in existence. That's why the last word cannot be spoken. Or perhaps the pause itself is the last word; the silence, the depth of the silence. If one can understand it, one has heard the last word - but nobody has been able to utter it. It does not come to the lips. It is too divine, too sacred, and lips are so mundane.

LONG HE BALANCED THE STAFF DOUBTFULLY IN HIS HAND. Just visualize Zarathustra, with his staff in his hand, in a deep pause - he has said many beautiful things, immensely valuable - and his balancing his staff in his hand indicates his inner state. He is trying to say, or not to say, "Is it possible to say? Or am I longing for the impossible?"

AT LAST HE SPOKE THUS, AND HIS VOICE WAS DIFFERENT. This is the second time that it is reported that his voice was different. The first time his voice was different was when he talked about love as the ultimate value and looked in silence at his disciples with great tenderness and lovingness.

His voice had changed. It had become more of the heart, and less of the mind. It forgot logic, it remembered only love. He did not give any argument any more, rather his presence itself became the only argument.

He was love, his value was intrinsic. He was as useless as the beauty of the starry night, or the beauty of a lotus flower, or the music that you hear when the wind passes through the pine trees. And he was self-luminous: his light was not coming from anywhere else. His light was coming from his deepest being, like a fountain, radiating and showering on others. That was the first time his voice changed.

This is the second time, and his voice was again different because, if one can move from the head to the heart, one can still move deeper: from the heart to the being. The head is very rational, convincing - but refutable. The heart is irrational, illogical - but irrefutable. The being is beyond both. It is neither rational nor irrational; it is supra-rational. There is no question of refutation or no refutation - it is self-evident. So the statements that are coming are self-evident statements from the deepest part of Zarathustra's being.

I NOW GO AWAY ALONE, MY DISCIPLES! YOU TOO NOW GO AWAY AND BE ALONE! SO I WILL HAVE IT. For the first time he has changed his mode of address. He used to address the same people as "my brothers"; now he says "my disciples." It is a great change, calling other people brothers. Because we are born of the same earth, sustained by the same sky, nourished by the same stars, we are brothers. But that does not make a deep bridge, it is simply stating a fact.

But things have changed in the meantime. While he was talking about the highest value and its qualities the brothers went through a metamorphosis. Now they are listening to him as a master, they have recognized him. He is no longer a stranger, no longer just one of the crowd. It has dawned in their consciousness that by accident they are blessed to have found a master; and he has read in their eyes the change.

When you look at someone as a master, your eyes radiate so much love that the love people are accustomed to knowing is left far behind. The ordinary, biological love becomes almost a contempt. The moment you have known, and your eyes are filled with the love for a master Falling in love

with a beautiful body is one thing; it is very superficial. Falling in love with a beautiful being has an additional depth, immeasurable.

Hence the change: I NOW GO AWAY ALONE... and hence these words and this decision that I NOW GO AWAY ALONE, MY DISCIPLES! YOU TOO NOW GO AWAY AND BE ALONE! I am not just saying ”go away,” because you can go away and not be alone. You can go away from me and be amongst the crowd. I have taken you away from the crowd, now I want you even to leave me. I want you to be acquainted with your aloneness, its beauty, its exquisite blissfulness, its ecstasy. I will be going away; you too now go away and be alone.

And now he speaks the way a master speaks: SO I WILL HAVE IT. Just little changes in words, and worlds change. Zarathustra in the beginning used to say, ”I beg you to understand it.” Now he is ordering, ”This has to be this way. I am going alone, you have to be alone.”

TRULY, I ADVISE YOU... and this statement is superb. No other statement in the whole history of mysticism, in all the philosophies and all the religions can be compared with it.

TRULY, I ADVISE YOU: GO AWAY FROM ME AND GUARD YOURSELVES AGAINST ZARATHUSTRA! - because I can become an imprisonment to you. I can become your spiritual slavery. You can start depending on me.

And he is very severe. GUARD YOURSELVES AGAINST ZARATHUSTRA, AND BETTER STILL BE ASHAMED OF HIM! PERHAPS HE HAS DECEIVED YOU. He is breaking all the bridges. He is making the way clear for you to be absolutely alone, because other than experiencing your aloneness, there is no religion, there is no meditation, there is nothing which is of any value.

The authentic master always remembers not to come in the way. He is the last barrier. It is easy to renounce your riches, it is easy to drop out from your family, your husband, your wife, your mother, your children. The most difficult thing is to go away from the master. That is the last barrier.

But every master who is worth the name creates devices. The disciple cannot manage it by himself, he is too new on the path. The master has to give him courage, courage enough so that he can even leave the master, and move into total aloneness.

THE MAN OF KNOWLEDGE MUST BE ABLE NOT ONLY TO LOVE HIS ENEMIES That’s what Jesus says, ”Love your enemies.” It has been thought to be a very pregnant, meaningful statement, but it is ordinary, mundane. Any ordinary moral teacher can say, ”Love your enemies”.

Zarathustra is made of a different mettle, he says, THE MAN OF KNOWLEDGE MUST BE ABLE NOT ONLY TO LOVE HIS ENEMIES, BUT ALSO TO HATE HIS FRIENDS. That’s why he is saying, Guard yourself against your greatest friend, Zarathustra. AND BETTER STILL: BE ASHAMED OF HIM! PERHAPS HE HAS DECEIVED YOU.

ONE REPAYS A TEACHER BADLY IF ONE REMAINS ONLY A PUPIL. The master wants you to be a master, not to remain a disciple. Any master who wants you to remain a disciple forever is not a master, is fake, and is exploiting in the name of spirituality and creating a kind of bondage and slavery in people’s beings. A true disciple, one day, repays the master by becoming a master.

That does not mean any disrespect. It is the greatest respect possible. The disciple has fulfilled the longing of the master.

AND WHY, THEN, SHOULD YOU NOT PLUCK AT MY LAURELS?

YOU RESPECT ME; BUT HOW IF ONE DAY YOUR RESPECT SHOULD TUMBLE? TAKE CARE THAT A FALLING STATUE DOES NOT STRIKE YOU DEAD!

YOU SAY YOU BELIEVE IN ZARATHUSTRA? BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS ZARATHUSTRA? YOU ARE MY BELIEVERS: BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE ALL BELIEVERS?

A man of the quality of Zarathustra does not want believers. The world is full of believers.

Zarathustra wants people who are ready to change totally. Belief changes no one. It simply becomes a part of your memory, it does not touch your being. It does not in any way change your actions. It does not give a new quality to your life, it does not bring the superman into being.

He is right: ”Do not believe in me. Understand me! And through that understanding let the revolution happen in you.” Just a belief is too cheap, it is a deception. The whole world is living in deceptions.

Just the other day I was informed that in Greece thousands of acres of land belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, and the prime minister of Greece wants to divide that land among the poor people. The church, and particularly the same Archbishop who wanted to burn me alive, is protesting very strongly.

The government has taken a survey, and the survey is so revealing - and perhaps it may be the same situation, more or less, in every country: ninety-four percent of people are baptized in the Greek Orthodox Church, and only four percent of people ever go into the church. Ninety percent of the people are simply deceiving themselves. They are believers, but their belief is not even enough to take them every Sunday to the church; what to say of the long pilgrimage from man to superman?

OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS ZARATHUSTRA? Only a man of great importance can say that. YOU ARE MY BELIEVERS: BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE ALL BELIEVERS?

The world has remained the same for thousands of years. Man has not moved a single inch as far as consciousness is concerned. What use is believing? It is time we should start some other way of relating to men like Zarathustra, not through belief. You have believed in Buddha, you have believed in Mahavira, you have believed in Krishna, you have believed in Jesus, you have believed in a thousand others. But your belief has not made any change in you.

Zarathustra wants not belief, but an authentic revolution in your being. If you have understood him, you will not believe. You will go on the search for the truth. You will go in search, within yourself, for the source of life and love. If you have loved Zarathustra, his love can only be shown - not by believing in him - but by bringing his dream into reality, by bringing the superman on the earth,

by disappearing as man and creating a superman in your place.

All the beliefs have done only one thing: they have given false identities to people. Without being crucified you can become a Christian; without going through the long process of meditations you can become a Buddhist. Without doing anything you can start believing, and deceive yourself that you have done everything that was needed for your spiritual growth.

And belief has done a second thing: it has created as much bloodshed on the earth as possible. Rather than bringing more love into the world, it has brought more hate. Rather than creating superman, it has created sub-human beings; beings who have even fallen below man.

Just a few days ago in Palestine... because there is so much starvation, soon it is going to become another Ethiopia. And the politicians are not concerned about the starvation, their whole concern is how to destroy Israel, because Israel used to be part of Palestine, and they want to claim it back - it cannot be given to the Jews - it is a Mohammedan country. So their politicians are fighting, creating all kinds of terrorist acts and nobody is worried about their own country, that people are dying.

And people have asked that they should be given permission to eat human flesh because food is so scarce, and corpses are so easily available because terrorists are killing people. And you will be surprised, the religious authorities of Palestine have agreed that if you get a corpse, you can eat it. Today it is a corpse, tomorrow it will be a living man. What difference is there?

Once you allow human flesh to be eaten... today there are so many corpses because terrorists are killing people. But tomorrow there will be shops, and they will have professional killers, because human flesh will have to be sold as food. And who is going to prevent them if people start killing other people, just for the sake of eating?

This is not only Palestine. This is going to happen even in a country like India - it has happened. In the great famine of Bengal, even mothers have eaten their own children, and other mothers, who were not able to gather courage to eat their children, sold them, knowing perfectly well that they will be eaten by somebody else; and they can purchase somebody else's children with the money. It is difficult to kill your own child, somebody else can do it. You can kill somebody else's child; a simple arrangement.

But can you say these people are growing into a better humanity? Is there any effort being made anywhere in the world? By the end of this century, cannibalism will be a widespread phenomenon. It is a well-known fact, cannibals say that no flesh is more delicious than human flesh. Once you have eaten human flesh, then no flesh can be compared to it. It is a delicacy.

What have our beliefs done? They have made us Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians. They have divided us into races. They have destroyed a simple idea of one earth, one humanity, one family. Zarathustra is right. WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE ALL BELIEVERS?

YOU HAD NOT YET SOUGHT YOURSELVES WHEN YOU FOUND ME. Zarathustra can be meaningful to you if by meeting him you start a search for yourself. In no other way has he any importance for you. YOU HAD NOT YET SOUGHT YOURSELVES WHEN YOU FOUND ME. You were not searching for yourself; you had not found yourself when you found me. Now, if you relax with the belief, in the words of Zarathustra, "When are you going to find yourself?"

Now Zarathustra and his words will become the barrier. And Zarathustra wants to become a search for you, a challenge for you, an adventure for you.

THUS DO ALL BELIEVERS; THEREFORE ALL BELIEF IS OF SO LITTLE ACCOUNT.

NOW I BID YOU LOSE ME AND FIND YOURSELVES; AND ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE ALL DENIED ME WILL I RETURN TO YOU. He gives them a great promise; Only when you have all denied me and found yourself will I return to you.

TRULY, WITH OTHER EYES, MY BROTHERS, I SHALL THEN SEEK MY LOST ONES; WITH ANOTHER LOVE I SHALL THEN LOVE YOU. Do you notice the change? Again, he calls them brothers.

TRULY, WITH OTHER EYES, MY BROTHERS, I SHALL THEN SEEK MY LOST ONES; WITH ANOTHER LOVE I SHALL THEN LOVE YOU. Now with a new meaning he will call them brothers, because they will be masters in their own right, just as he is a master. The word will be the same, but the meaning will be totally different. First it was only a formality, a factuality. Now it will be a reality of a high order. When the master calls his disciple ”my brother,” he recognizes that you have found yourself. That’s why he is saying, ”with other eyes I will see you.”

AND ONCE MORE YOU SHALL HAVE BECOME MY FRIENDS AND CHILDREN OF ONE HOPE: AND THEN I WILL BE WITH YOU A THIRD TIME, THAT I MAY CELEBRATE THE GREAT NOONTIDE WITH YOU.

This is Zarathustra’s great hope for humanity. He calls it the great noontide.

AND THIS IS THE GREAT NOONTIDE: IT IS WHEN MAN STANDS AT THE MIDDLE OF HIS COURSE BETWEEN ANIMAL AND SUPERMAN AND CELEBRATES HIS JOURNEY TO THE EVENING AS HIS HIGHEST HOPE:

FOR IT IS THE JOURNEY TO A NEW MORNING... to a new day, to a new birth, the birth of the superman.

THEN MAN, GOING UNDER, WILL BLESS HIMSELF; FOR HE WILL BE GOING OVER TO SUPERMAN; AND THE SUN OF HIS KNOWLEDGE WILL STAND AT NOONTIDE.

‘All gods are dead: now we want the Superman to live’ - LET THIS BE OUR LAST WILL ONE DAY AT THE GREAT NOONTIDE!

This is not only his hope. It is the hope of all great dreamers, of all great visionaries, of all great souls who can see the ugly reality of man and who can also see the immensely beautiful potential hidden in this ugly reality; who can see the animal, and who can see also, hidden inside you, a god.

But people start believing. Belief has been no help. Now action is needed, and a single action - a readiness to die in all your ugly qualities, and to give birth to yourself in the values of truth, of love, of compassion, of creativity. The past was ruled over by a god who created the world. Let our future be that of creating a god from our own consciousness.

This will be the noontide, the great noontide of Zarathustra's dreaming. When it will come is difficult to predict. But one thing is certain, that it will have to come, because man cannot remain forever ugly; only a cousin to the animals. He has to reach to the stars. He has to go beyond himself. And only in this going beyond lies the true religion.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 20

On the blissful islands

6 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

ON THE BLISSFUL ISLANDS

ZARATHUSTRA HAS RETURNED TO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE HE LIVES A SOLITARY EXISTENCE FOR MANY YEARS - UNTIL ONE MORNING HE HAS A DREAM.

FILLED WITH NEW RESOLVE AND AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO SHARE HIS WORDS WITH HIS FRIENDS, ZARATHUSTRA SPEAKS THUS: BEHOLD, WHAT ABUNDANCE IS AROUND US! AND IT IS FINE TO GAZE OUT UPON DISTANT SEAS FROM THE MIDST OF SUPERFLUITY.

ONCE YOU SAID ‘GOD’ WHEN YOU GAZED UPON DISTANT SEAS; BUT NOW I HAVE TAUGHT YOU TO SAY ‘SUPERMAN’.

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION; BUT I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO REACH NO FURTHER THAN YOUR CREATING WILL.

COULD YOU CREATE A GOD? - SO BE SILENT ABOUT ALL GODS! BUT YOU COULD SURELY CREATE THE SUPERMAN.

PERHAPS NOT YOU YOURSELVES, MY BROTHERS! BUT YOU COULD TRANSFORM YOURSELVES INTO FOREFATHERS AND ANCESTORS OF THE SUPERMAN: AND LET THIS BE YOUR FINEST CREATING!

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION: BUT I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO BE BOUNDED BY CONCEIVABILITY.

COULD YOU CONCEIVE A GOD? - BUT MAY THE WILL TO TRUTH MEAN THIS TO YOU: THAT EVERYTHING SHALL BE TRANSFORMED INTO THE HUMANLY-CONCEIVABLE, THE HUMANLY-EVIDENT, THE HUMANLY-PALPABLE! YOU SHOULD FOLLOW YOUR OWN SENSES TO THE END!

AND YOU YOURSELVES SHOULD CREATE WHAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO CALLED THE WORLD: THE WORLD SHOULD BE FORMED IN YOUR IMAGE BY YOUR REASON, YOUR WILL, AND YOUR LOVE! AND TRULY, IT WILL BE TO YOUR HAPPINESS, YOU ENLIGHTENED MEN!...

BUT TO REVEAL MY HEART ENTIRELY TO YOU, FRIENDS: IF THERE WERE GODS, HOW COULD I ENDURE NOT TO BE A GOD! THEREFORE THERE ARE NO GODS.

I, INDEED, DREW THAT CONCLUSION; BUT NOW IT DRAWS ME.

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION: BUT WHO COULD IMBIBE ALL THE ANGUISH OF THIS SUPPOSITION WITHOUT DYING? SHALL THE CREATOR BE ROBBED OF HIS FAITH AND THE EAGLE OF HIS SOARING INTO THE HEIGHTS?...

I CALL IT EVIL AND MISANTHROPIC, ALL THIS TEACHING ABOUT THE ONE AND THE PERFECT AND THE UNMOVED AND THE SUFFICIENT AND THE INTRANSITORY

BUT THE BEST IMAGES AND PARABLES SHOULD SPEAK OF TIME AND BECOMING: THEY SHOULD BE A EULOGY AND A JUSTIFICATION OF ALL TRANSITORINESS

ALL FEELING SUFFERS IN ME AND IS IN PRISON: BUT MY WILLING ALWAYS COMES TO ME AS MY LIBERATOR AND BRINGER OF JOY.

WILLING LIBERATES: THAT IS THE TRUE DOCTRINE OF WILL AND FREEDOM. ...

THUS ZARATHUSTRA TEACHES YOU.

ZARATHUSTRA IS A mine of original thoughts and extraordinary insights.

God has always been the creator of the world. Zarathustra wants to show that the very idea of a creator of the world destroys our freedom. We become creatures, and anything that is being created can be uncreated. It all depends on a whimsical God. The very hypothesis, the very supposition of God, is so absurd that it seems inconceivable how mankind could have lived with the idea for thousands of years.

The hypothesis of God creates more problems than it solves. It solves nothing - and a hypothesis is needed to solve problems. The hypothesis of God has only created a jungle of problems - all the theologies, all the religions, all the temples, churches, synagogues. And they are all based on such an irrational hypothesis - not only irrational, but inconceivable too.

For example, according to Christianity, God created the world exactly four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ was born. How have they managed to discover this figure - four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ - is anybody's guess, because there could not have been any eyewitness. The very idea of there being an eyewitness means the world was already there.

God must have created the world without any witness. Then who is the man, and what right has he to bring this number of four thousand and four years? On what grounds? Christianity has not given any grounds. There is no possibility to give any grounds, and naturally the question arises of what God was doing before that? - because it is a very short period: from today it is only six thousand years. In the vast expanse of eternity, six thousand years mean nothing.

According to scientific calculations, even this earth is four billion years old, our sun perhaps sixteen billion years old. And our sun is not the oldest star in the galaxy, nor the biggest; it is only a mediocre star.

And against every belief, there have been discovered cities underneath the earth which are certainly seven thousand years old. And there have been found on the Himalayas, fossils of sea animals - which is a very strange thing. What were sea animals doing on the Himalayas? And they are nearly eighty thousand years old.

The conclusion is that eighty thousand years ago, where the Himalayas are today, there was an ocean. In some cataclysmic change the Himalayas arose, and the ocean went downwards. But many animals died in that cataclysm, and their dead bodies remained on the Himalayan peaks; otherwise, there is no way for them to reach there, they cannot come out of the ocean.

In China there has been found fifty-thousand-year-old human bodies, almost intact, because they were covered in snow, and the snow has never melted; it has preserved them.

In spite of all scientific evidence we cannot conceive the beginning of the world. In fact the very idea of the beginning seems to be stupid, because how can something begin when there is nothing? It means out of nothing something begins, and suddenly, for no reason at all. At a certain point of time, the creation begins.

The hypothesis of God has not helped in any way to make life more explainable. But nobody except Zarathustra has proposed a counter-hypothesis: ”Forget about the god that created the world. He does not exist.”

God is not in the past, God has to be created in the future, God has to come as a crescendo of human consciousness, as the highest peak of human life, human awareness, human spirit. Each human being is carrying the seed of God. This seems to be more scientific, more in tune with the theory of Charles Darwin, the theory of evolution... God in the beginning is the most evolved phenomenon? God can only be in the end, the most evolved phenomenon, not in the beginning. God can be the ultimate purity, truth, love; the ultimate harmony and silence.

Zarathustra gives the greatest challenge ever given, when he says, ”We have to create God.” His name for God is ”superman.”

ZARATHUSTRA HAS RETURNED TO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE HE LIVES A SOLITARY EXISTENCE FOR MANY YEARS, UNTIL ONE MORNING HE HAS A DREAM. Human evolution owes everything to the dreamers, to the poets, to the mystics, to the visionaries... people who will be thought by their contemporaries crazy, eccentric, insane, because they are talking about things which have not happened yet. But their far-seeing eyes, their clarity of vision, has seen them. Someday, somewhere in the future, they are going to become realities; right now they are only dreams.

And remember, these dreams are not the dreams of Sigmund Freud and his psychoanalysis. Sigmund Freud never came across any mystic, any visionary, any poet, so he knows only the dreams of the sick, psychologically disturbed, pathological people. And he has fallen into a very human fallacy. He thinks these are the only dreams that happen in the world.

Naturally, in his experience he has come to know only sick people. A mystic will not go to Sigmund Freud for psychoanalysis, nor will a poet go, nor will a creator go. People go whose minds are deeply split, repressed, retarded; people who have not been able to live their lives fully - the unlived parts of their lives become their dreams.

These are not the true dreamers. Zarathustra is, Gautam Buddha is, Lao Tzu is. They have nothing to repress, they don't have any inhibitions, they live their life moment to moment with totality; hence, no residue remains in their unconscious to become dreams. Their unconscious is a pure silence. Out of this silence, once in a while, they see the future, they see something happening far away.

Zarathustra was living a solitary existence in the mountains, until one morning he has a dream.

FILLED WITH A NEW RESOLVE - the dream filled him with a new resolve - AND AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO SHARE HIS WORDS WITH HIS FRIENDS, ZARATHUSTRA SPEAKS THUS:

BEHOLD, WHAT ABUNDANCE IS AROUND US! AND IT IS FINE TO GAZE OUT UPON DISTANT SEAS FROM THE MIDST OF SUPERFLUITY.

ONCE YOU SAID 'GOD' WHEN YOU GAZED UPON DISTANT SEAS; BUT NOW I HAVE TAUGHT YOU TO SAY 'SUPERMAN'.

The distant destiny that once you used to call God was only an empty word, because it was not related in any way with you. There was no bridge between you and God. It was an image created by your fear. You felt alone in this vast universe, and you wanted a father-figure.

It is not strange that everywhere God is called "father." In fact, we have all been brought up by fathers, protected, safe and secure. The idea of father has become a fixation in our mind, and we know this father is mortal - either he is dead or he is going to be dead. And then you will be left unprotected, without any security, with nobody to look up to. It is because of this fear, and for this security, that man has created "God the Father."

Two small boys were playing and a bishop passed by. One boy was a Christian, and he said to the bishop, "Good morning, father." The other boy was a Jew. He stood there wondering, and when the

bishop was gone he said to the boy, ”You are strange people. This man has no wife, no children, he is a celibate, and you call him ‘father’. You can be stupid - you are just a child - and call him father; but he accepts it; and he has not fathered anything in the world.”

But it is the same sort of security: the priest becomes the father, the God becomes the father. There are even people like the Germans... their country becomes ”fatherland.” In the whole world, every country is a motherland except Germany. Perhaps it is below their egoistic attitude of being the most superior race in the world, having the birthright to rule over every other human being. Certainly, their country has to be not a woman, but a man. This is the male chauvinistic attitude.

But we are not alert. These things go on happening around us. Just the other day I was informed... because I don’t read; for ten years I have not read anything, any book, any newspaper, any magazine; only if my secretary comes across something, which I must be made aware of, she informs me.

Just four or five years ago they found a screening system by which it can be scientifically known whether the child in the mother’s womb is a boy or a girl; because the boy gives a different kind of vibration from the girl, and the machine simply reads the vibrations.

Just in Bombay - and it is spreading over all the third world countries - just in Bombay, women are going through that screening process, and if it is found that it is a girl and not a boy, then they go for abortion. Ninety-seven percent of abortions are of girls. Man is so stupid that he doesn’t understand a simple arithmetic. If ninety-seven percent of girls are to be killed, then the world will be much too full of men. It will create all kinds of sexual perversions, prostitution, homosexuality; or we may have to find scientific ways for people’s sexuality.

But nobody is bothered that this is very ugly, and if it is happening, the result will come soon, within a decade, all over the world, and then it will be too late. Even in the twentieth century, man remains crude, primitive, wants the woman only to be a slave; and this is the last step - it is pure murder.

I am not against abortion, but nature keeps a balance. The same balance should be kept in abortions. It is the duty of the doctors and the hospitals that if fifty girls are aborted, then fifty boys should be aborted; otherwise, you are creating a great problem for the coming days. Ugly diseases are bound to spread.

But for centuries, man has been doing things which should not have been done. God has overruled humanity, and God is nothing but an idea. For this idea, millions of people have died; they killed each other, crusades upon crusades - Mohammedans killing Hindus, Christians killing Jews.

You can see it in India; Gautam Buddha influenced the whole country, but once he was dead, all the Buddhists simply disappeared. In the East, India is the only country which has no Buddhists. What happened? - Either they were killed, burnt alive, or they had to escape from India to Tibet, to Sri Lanka, to Japan, to China, to Korea, to Thailand, to faraway lands, just to survive. The whole of Asia is Buddhist, except India, and Buddhism was born in India. Is it not amazing?

Indians go on bragging, ”This is the country of Gautam Buddha.” And what have you done with the Buddhists? Even in the temple, which was raised in the memory of Gautam Buddha’s enlightenment

in Bodhgaya, a brahmin who is not a buddhist, is the priest. For centuries his family, generation after generation, has supplied the priest. Now they are the owners of the temple and the land.

Buddhists have been killed: it was such a massacre that not even a priest was available for the memorial temple that was raised for Buddha. Buddha's whole effort was against brahminism, his revolution was against brahminism - and a brahmin is the priest in his temple.

Zarathustra is right: Don't any longer call that distant vision God. That word has done enough harm. Let us say the superman - because superman is your growth. God is absolutely unrelated to you; superman is your heights, your depths, superman is your spring.

Superman is absolutely rooted in man, it will grow out of man. Hence, superman is not a hypothesis, it is a tremendously significant vision of man's growth, a challenge for a pilgrimage. Move out of your smallness, move out of your meanness, move out of your hate, of your jealousies; and you will find yourself turning into a superman. Superman is nothing but you, refined, purified, fulfilled, using your intelligence in its totality.

Zarathustra is not talking a new theology. He is talking about the science of man.

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION; BUT I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO REACH NO FURTHER THAN YOUR CREATING WILL. Drop all such suppositions. A supposed God is a false God.

I am reminded In my school days in the arithmetic class, all the problems in arithmetic are "suppose " The very first day I came into conflict with the teacher. I said, "Why should I suppose?"

He looked at me and said, "I have taught thousands of students, and I am just going to be retired; nobody has ever said, 'Why should I suppose?' This is arithmetic."

I said, "Whatever it is, the question remains: you are asking me to suppose something, but why should I suppose - unnecessarily creating a problem - and then I have to solve it! I withdraw myself from the very beginning. I don't suppose!"

He said, "Then you cannot learn arithmetic."

I said, "Most probably I will never need mathematics. Talk something of reality... supposition? Everything is supposition." But the whole of theology is just a supposition - arithmetic is more honest, they use the word "suppose." Theology is more dishonest. It does not say, "Suppose there is a God"; it says, "There is a God."

Zarathustra says, "Your supposition should not go further than your creating will." You have forgotten that you can create, that you have a will. Find it out, bring it forth, make it a reality. To you it may appear a supposition in the beginning, but to me it is a reality.

That's why he is saying, I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO REACH NO FURTHER THAN YOUR CREATING WILL. That's enough. The work of your supposing is finished.

COULD YOU CREATE A GOD? Certainly nobody has ever asked this. People have been asking whether God created us. Zarathustra is asking, COULD YOU CREATE A GOD? If you can create a god, then god becomes a reality. If you cannot create a god, that god remains a supposition.

And we have been tortured by this supposition long enough. We have been enslaved by a hypothesis for thousands of years. Unless we destroy this hypothesis, man can never stand on his own feet. He can never be free. How can you be free? If you are just created by God, you are a puppet. Once he thought to create you - it was a whimsical idea. In the first place there was no need to create - or was there any need? He created you as a whim. But you cannot depend on such a whimsical person, he must be getting tired. One day he can destroy everything that he has created.

If you are just a creature then there is no point of talking about enlightenment, no point of talking about your realization, no point of talking about love, of freedom. You don't matter any more. If God is a reality, you become false. It is a great choice to be made: either you choose yourself, or you can choose God; but choosing God means committing suicide as human beings.

COULD YOU CREATE A GOD? - SO BE SILENT ABOUT ALL GODS! BUT YOU COULD SURELY CREATE THE SUPERMAN. And that which you can create will bring joy to you, will make a god of you, because you will become a creator. This is a totally different approach. You are not to go in search of God - you will not find Him. You have to become a god. And to become a god means to create something higher than you, better than you, superior to you, which surpasses you in every way.

PERHAPS NOT YOU YOURSELVES, MY BROTHERS! BUT YOU COULD TRANSFORM YOURSELVES INTO FOREFATHERS AND ANCESTORS OF THE SUPERMAN: AND LET THIS BE YOUR FINEST CREATING! Perhaps you yourself cannot create the superman, but you can create the situation. You can start the work. Perhaps after four generations the work will be completed - the superman will have arrived. You can at least be forefathers and ancestors of the superman - AND LET THIS BE YOUR FINEST CREATING!

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION: BUT I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO BE BOUNDED BY CONCEIVABILITY. He is infinitely a sensible man. He says, "Your supposing should be bounded by conceivability." You cannot even conceive God. If you try to figure out, "What do you mean by God?", nothing will arise in your mind; or something will arise, which has been told to you from your very childhood, forced in your mind.

Just in front of my house there used to be a temple, a beautiful temple. My father once said to me "I know, if I say to you 'Come with me to the temple,' then it is impossible. That's why I am not inviting you. I am not saying 'Come with me.' I am leaving it up to you. It is a beautiful temple, it has a very beautiful statue of god - believe in it or not. But what is the harm to come and see?"

I said, "Okay, I am coming, but then don't be angry with me."

He said, "Why should I be angry, I should be very happy that you are coming."

Then he prostrated himself before the god, and I laughed and he was angry and I said, "I have told you before that you will be angry."

He said, "But why did you laugh?"

I said, "You are prostrating yourself before a god, and I have seen rats pissing over the god. I am a constant visitor, but I don't come when people come in the morning. I come in the afternoons when

there is nobody. This place is so silent, I can almost forget the world. I sit here silently, I enjoy; and I have seen rats running over the statue, pissing over the statue; and you are asking me why I am laughing?

”A god who cannot protect himself from the rats is not going to protect you! Just get up. If the rats see it, what will they think of me? You are my father.”

He said, ”Never come with me!”

I said, ”I have not come with you; you seduced me to come with you, you tricked me, and I warned you not to become angry because I knew that was going to happen.”

How many temples are there on the earth, of how many religions? And how many different kinds of gods have they imagined? And they will not even see the stupidity of their imagination. In India you will find thousands of gods. In this part of the land, Ganesha, the elephant god, is worshiped most. Even the very well-educated, professors in the university, and the vice-chancellors, they also worship it - and nobody ever thinks at all.

I would like to tell you the story of Ganesh, just to make it clear He is supposed to be the son of Shiva, one of the Hindu trinity of gods. The Hindu god has three faces, it is called trimurti, just like the Christian trinity: one is Brahma who creates the world, the other is Vishnu who maintains it, and the third is Shiva who destroys it. This elephant god, Ganesha, has the body of a man, of a very ugly man because his belly is so big that he is all belly; and on top of it he has an elephant’s head.

The story is: Shiva has gone out, and his wife Parvati was taking a bath. It seems she has taken a bath only once in her life, because she collected all the dust from her body and made Ganesha. This elephant god is made by collecting all the dust... I have always wondered how thick the layer of dust was, that she must have been carrying on her body. Just playfully taking a bath, cleaning her body, she collected the dust and made a statue of it. And because she is a goddess she breathed life into him. This is how he became the son of Parvati and Shiva - although Shiva has no contribution in it; he was not even aware that he has a son.

She told Ganesha, ”You sit outside and don’t let anybody come in. If somebody comes, tell him, ‘My father is out. Come some other time.’” At that time he did not have the head of an elephant. But as chance would have it, Shiva himself came; and he prevented him with his sword, this little boy, and said, ”Don’t come in, my father is out. Come some time later on.”

Shiva could not believe it: ”Who is this fellow? Preventing ME!” He became so angry he took away the sword and cut off the head of the child, and went in and asked Parvati, ”Who is that boy?”

She said, ”What happened?” He said, ”I have finished him.” She said, ”You don’t know, he was your son.” And then she explained the whole thing, and she started throwing a tantrum: ”Bring my son back!”

So he went out to look for the head... where the head has gone. They used to live on the Himalayas, so it must have rolled down somewhere into some valley, into pieces; just the boy was sitting without the head. So he ran around, found a small boy elephant; he cut off his head and glued that head on Ganesha.

These kinds of foolish things... and for thousands of years people go on worshiping.

God is beyond your conceivability. Whatever you can conceive will be just an idea. That's why there are so many gods, because different people conceived them.

He is asking a very pertinent question, GOD IS A SUPPOSITION; BUT I WANT YOUR SUPPOSING TO BE BOUNDED BY CONCEIVABILITY. COULD YOU CONCEIVE A GOD? Forget about creating, you cannot even conceive a god! All your conceptions will be just imaginary.

BUT MAY THE WILL TO TRUTH MEAN THIS TO YOU: THAT EVERYTHING SHALL BE TRANSFORMED INTO THE HUMANLY-CONCEIVABLE..., he wants religion to be humanly-conceivable, not an absurdity,... THE HUMANLY-EVIDENT, THE HUMANLY-PALPABLE! YOU SHOULD FOLLOW YOUR OWN SENSES TO THE END! He is not against your senses, as all the religions are. He is all for them: they are your nature. They are windows through which you connect with existence. YOU SHOULD FOLLOW YOUR OWN SENSES TO THE END!
There is nothing like repression in the whole philosophy of Zarathustra. He is a pagan, a realist, a

man who trusts in nature and existence.

AND YOU YOURSELVES SHOULD CREATE WHAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO CALLED THE WORLD. Because you lived under this false notion that God created the world, is why the world is in such a mess. Once God is removed, once the idea that God created the world is removed, then the responsibility falls on you.

You have to create the world.

And then the world will be more human, more loving, more joyous, more dancing.

AND YOU YOURSELVES SHOULD CREATE WHAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO CALLED THE WORLD: THE WORLD SHOULD BE FORMED IN YOUR IMAGE BY YOUR REASON, YOUR WILL, AND YOUR LOVE! AND TRULY, IT WILL BE TO YOUR HAPPINESS, YOU ENLIGHTENED MEN! Now again he changes his address. If you have understood this much... and the people he must have been talking to, his disciples, must have shown indications that they have understood it. It is so simple, it is so natural, it does not ask you to believe in anything. It simply tries to make you aware of all your capacities of will, reason and love.

AND TRULY, IT WILL BE TO YOUR HAPPINESS, YOU ENLIGHTENED MEN! If you can fall in rapport with Zarathustra's approach, you have already become enlightened.

BUT TO REVEAL MY HEART ENTIRELY TO YOU, FRIENDS: IF THERE WERE GODS, HOW COULD I ENDURE NOT TO BE A GOD! THEREFORE THERE ARE NO GODS A very beautiful argument, and a very strange one too. He is saying, "If there were gods, how could I endure not to be a god? How could you endure not to be a god? Because without being a god, you would always remain inferior, you will always remain a slave. No, it cannot be endured. God cannot be endured, cannot be tolerated." This is a very psychological argument - not logical.

THEREFORE THERE ARE NO GODS. Because I don't feel any inferiority, because I don't feel any competition with any god, because I feel absolutely contented, fulfilled, I don't see any need of God. In my health, in my joy, in my purity, in my holiness, I am so enriched. There is no question for me to be jealous of anyone else. Existence has given to me all that I could have ever dreamt.

THEREFORE THERE ARE NO GODS.

I, INDEED, DREW THAT CONCLUSION; BUT NOW IT DRAWS ME.

GOD IS A SUPPOSITION: BUT WHO COULD IMBIBE ALL THE ANGUISH OF THIS SUPPOSITION WITHOUT DYING? SHALL THE CREATOR BE ROBBED OF HIS FAITH AND THE EAGLE OF HIS SOARING INTO THE HEIGHTS?

The very idea that "God is" takes away from you everything that is valuable. Then your strings are in the hands of God. He wants you to fight - you fight. He wants you to love - you love. He wants you to live - you live. He wants you to die - you die. You are just a thing. Your life is not your own: he has breathed that life into you, he can take it back. You are living on borrowed life - it is humiliating.

You have, in the idea of God, destroyed the beauty of all the creators. You have taken away the soaring into the heights of the eagle; you have taken away the possibility of enlightenment of human beings; you have taken away the most cherished value of freedom. Just for a supposition, you have destroyed all that is beautiful in life. Zarathustra is ready to take away that supposition and give you your freedom, your creativity, your flight, your love, your godliness.

Once God is no more there, then this very earth can be transformed into a paradise, because then it is up to you how you want it to be. Your destiny is no more in somebody else's hands. You are for the first time masters of your own life, of your destiny, of your distant future.

I CALL IT EVIL AND MISANTHROPIC, ALL THIS TEACHING ABOUT THE ONE AND THE PERFECT AND THE UNMOVED AND THE SUFFICIENT AND THE INTRANSITORY. Great is the courage of Zarathustra. He is saying, I CALL IT EVIL - what you call God, I CALL IT EVIL AND MISANTHROPIC. It is against humanity. It is very unkind, rude... ALL THIS TEACHING ABOUT THE ONE, AND THE PERFECT, AND THE UNMOVED, AND THE SUFFICIENT AND THE INTRANSITORY.

BUT THE BEST IMAGES AND PARABLES SHOULD SPEAK OF TIME AND BECOMING: Forget all this nonsense. From now onwards, THE BEST IMAGES AND PARABLES SHOULD SPEAK OF TIME AND BECOMING.

Because we have accepted the idea that God created, there is no question of becoming. He has created dogs, he has created monkeys, he has created trees, he has created man: everybody is a being: becoming is out of question. Becoming will mean you can improve on the work of God. But once the supposition of God is removed, instead of being, becoming becomes our life.

Then you are no more dirty water, unflowing, becoming dirtier and dirtier every day. You become a river, a flowing, a change, each moment bringing new life and new juices to you, new beauty and new grace.

THEY SHOULD BE A EULOGY AND A JUSTIFICATION OF ALL TRANSITORINESS. All that is changing and changeable should be praised, not the permanent, because the permanent is always dead; the living is always moving. The living is always becoming, never being. Zarathustra teaches becoming instead of being, he teaches change instead of permanence.

ALL FEELING SUFFERS IN ME AND IS IN PRISON: BUT MY WILLING ALWAYS COMES TO ME AS MY LIBERATOR AND BRINGER OF JOY.

WILLING LIBERATES: THAT IS THE TRUE DOCTRINE OF WILL AND FREEDOM - THUS ZARATHUSTRA TEACHES YOU.

Becoming implies willing. You have to will, you have to create yourself every moment. The responsibility is no more on some hypothetical God. The responsibility is on your own shoulders. You cannot complain against any fate. If you are miserable, you are responsible. If you are joyful, if you are blissful, it is your will, it is your creation.

Zarathustra raises willing to the highest creative quality in man. You can will this earth to become a paradise. You can will this man to become superman; your will is the greatest power in your hands.

But people have lived not as ”willers,” but as ”sufferers of feeling.” The feeling is something for which somebody else is responsible - somebody insults you and you feel anger. Somebody praises you and you feel joy. A lottery comes up in your name, and you dance. Feeling is a dependability. Somebody else from outside is needed to do something. Something has to happen to you.

That’s why Zarathustra calls out :ALL feeling SUFFERS IN ME AND IS IN PRISON. But my willing is a totally different matter: MY willing ALWAYS COMES TO ME AS MY LIBERATOR AND BRINGER OF JOY. Willing liberates - because willing makes you creators, willing makes you gods. Willing transforms you into superman.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 21

Of the compassionate

6 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE COMPASSIONATE

AS LONG AS MEN HAVE EXISTED, MAN HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TOO LITTLE: THAT ALONE, MY BROTHERS, IS OUR ORIGINAL SIN!

AND IF WE LEARN BETTER TO ENJOY OURSELVES, WE BEST UNLEARN HOW TO DO HARM TO OTHERS AND TO CONTRIVE HARM.

THEREFORE I WASH MY HAND WHEN IT HAS HELPED A SUFFERER, THEREFORE I WIPE MY SOUL CLEAN AS WELL.

FOR I SAW THE SUFFERER SUFFER, AND BECAUSE I SAW IT I WAS ASHAMED ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SHAME; AND WHEN I HELPED HIM, THEN I SORELY INJURED HIS PRIDE

‘BE RESERVED IN ACCEPTING! HONOUR A MAN BY ACCEPTING FROM HIM!’ - THUS I ADVISE THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE.

I, HOWEVER, AM A GIVER: I GIVE GLADLY AS A FRIEND TO FRIENDS. BUT STRANGERS AND THE POOR MAY PLUCK THE FRUIT FROM MY TREE FOR THEMSELVES: IT CAUSES LESS SHAME THAT WAY

AND WE ARE THE MOST UNFAIR, NOT TOWARDS HIM WHOM WE DO NOT LIKE, BUT TOWARDS HIM FOR WHOM WE FEEL NOTHING AT ALL.

BUT IF YOU HAVE A SUFFERING FRIEND, BE A RESTING-PLACE FOR HIS SUFFERING, BUT A RESTING-PLACE LIKE A HARD BED, A CAMP-BED: THUS YOU WILL SERVE HIM BEST.

AND SHOULD YOUR FRIEND DO YOU A WRONG, THEN SAY: 'I FORGIVE YOU WHAT YOU DID TO ME; BUT THAT YOU DID IT TO YOURSELF - HOW COULD I FORGIVE THAT?'

THUS SPEAKS ALL GREAT LOVE: IT OVERCOMES EVEN FORGIVENESS AND PITY

ALAS, WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE THERE BEEN GREATER FOLLIES THAN WITH THE COMPASSIONATE? AND WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS CAUSED MORE SUFFERING THAN THE FOLLIES OF THE COMPASSIONATE?

WOE TO ALL LOVERS WHO CANNOT SURMOUNT PITY!

THUS SPOKE THE DEVIL TO ME ONCE: 'EVEN GOD HAS HIS HELL: IT IS HIS LOVE FOR MAN '

SO BE WARNED AGAINST PITY: THENCE SHALL YET COME A HEAVY CLOUD FOR MAN! TRULY, I UNDERSTAND WEATHER-SIGNS!

BUT MARK, TOO, THIS SAYING: ALL GREAT LOVE IS ABOVE PITY: FOR IT WANTS - TO CREATE WHAT IS LOVED!

'I OFFER MYSELF TO MY LOVE, AND MY NEIGHBOR AS MYSELF' - THAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF ALL CREATORS.
ALL CREATORS, HOWEVER, ARE HARD.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

THE ORIGINAL SIN has been discussed almost by all religions. They all have different ideas about it. The most prominent and prevalent is the Christian idea. According to Christianity, disobedience is the original sin. The moment one decides that disobedience is the original sin, obedience automatically becomes the greatest virtue. Obedience creates slaves. Obedience is a poison that destroys all possibility of rebellion. Obedience is destructive, destructive of the very dignity of man.

The Christian story is beautiful, although an absolute lie. God, in the very beginning, had forbidden man to eat from the trees of wisdom and of eternal life. The very idea seems to be absurd. On the one hand God is the creator, the father, and on the other hand he is prohibiting his own children from being wise and living eternally. There seems to be a great contradiction.

But the devil pursuades Eve to eat from the tree of wisdom, and his argument is absolutely rational, human and tremendously significant. He says to Eve that if you don't eat from the tree of wisdom and from the tree of eternal life you will always remain animals; and God is afraid that if you eat from the tree of wisdom and the tree of eternal life, you will become gods. He is jealous, jealous of his own children. He is afraid. He does not want you to transcend your animal existence, he wants you to remain ignorant, unconscious, dependent, while you have the potential of being equals of God.

His argument is so profound that it seems the Christian god is not behaving the way a god is supposed to behave. On the contrary, the devil is behaving in a more divine way. In fact, the word devil comes from a Sanskrit root which means divine. The word divine also comes from the same root.

But Eve and Adam rebelled. And as God became aware that they had eaten the fruit of wisdom, he immediately expelled them from the Garden of Eden, afraid that now they will eat from the other tree which will make them eternal beings, immortal.

The story is significant in many ways, because the whole history of man is nothing but an enquiry into gaining more and more wisdom, and an enquiry into finding the eternal sources of life.

All the religions have been trying to make it that man should not go against the commandments that are coming from God, although the commandments are ugly. Man is expected to say yes in spite of himself; only his obedience and faith are going to deliver him. This has made the whole of humanity remain retarded, unevolved. Having all the treasures and yet living in misery, having all potential to reach to the stars, but still crawling on the earth.

All the religions without exception have deprived man of his pride. And the moment man loses his pride, his dignity, he loses his very soul; he falls below the human level of life to sub-human levels.

Zarathustra brings a new light as far as the original sin is concerned, and he seems to be the most relevant and rational amongst all the other mystics of the world. What he says is so pure, so clear, so undeniably true that it needs no argument to prove it; it is self-evident, it is self-luminous.

Says he, ”AS LONG AS MEN HAVE EXISTED, MAN HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TOO LITTLE: THAT ALONE, MY BROTHERS, IS OUR ORIGINAL SIN!” You have such an infinite capacity to enjoy the whole rainbow of pleasures, happinesses, joys, and blessings. But all the religions have been telling you: Renounce pleasures, renounce life, live as minimally as possible. Don’t live, just survive. And this has become the way of their saints. This they call austerity, this they call discipline: to wash away the original sin that Adam and Eve committed.

Zarathustra is exceptional, and can be understood only by very intelligent and very exceptional people. That’s why there is not a great religion - as far as numbers are concerned - following Zarathustra. There are millions of people who have not even heard his name, and he has given greater original insights than anybody else.

Do you recognize the originality? He is saying the only original sin is that man has allowed himself to enjoy too little! He has not lived totally, intensely, madly! He has not lived with his whole being, he has not been orgasmic. And even if he has enjoyed a little bit, he has enjoyed it full of fear - he will be punished for it. Torturing yourself is going to be rewarded in the other world; enjoying yourself will lead you into an abysmal hell where you will be tortured eternally; forever and forever.

So even though man has enjoyed a little, there was fear; it was always half-hearted, he was never total in it, he never got lost into it. The religions have not been able to take man away from pleasures completely, but they have succeeded almost ninety-nine percent. And whatsoever has remained - that one percent - they have poisoned it. You enjoyed, knowing perfectly well you are committing a sin and you are paving a path towards hell.

And why does Zarathustra call it the original sin? Because a man who has not enjoyed at the maximum, at the optimum, will not know what life is all about, will not know what is virtue, will not know the significance and the beauty of existence. He will remain ignorant, he will remain psychologically sick - because your whole nature is demanding pleasure and your mind, contaminated by the priests, is holding you back.

Every man is in a strange tension. Nature wants to go in one direction and your religions want to take you in the exact opposite direction. Your whole life becomes a fight with yourself. You become your own enemy. And unless you know life in its heights - pleasures transforming into blissfulness, enjoyment turning into ecstasies - you are committing an original sin against life itself.

AND IF WE LEARN BETTER TO ENJOY OURSELVES, WE BEST UNLEARN HOW TO DO HARM TO OTHERS AND TO CONTRIVE HARM. Zarathustra comes to strange conclusions, from very novel directions. Gautam Buddha says, ”Do not harm anybody. Do not hurt anybody, because that is a sin.” Mahavira says, ”Violence of any kind is a sin.” Zarathustra comes to the same conclusion, but his whole argument is more profound than Gautam Buddha and Mahavira.

AND IF WE LEARN BETTER TO ENJOY OURSELVES, WE BEST UNLEARN HOW TO DO HARM TO OTHERS AND TO CONTRIVE HARM. I can say with absolute authority that once you are blissful, you cannot harm anybody. Once you have known the eternity of life, and the joyous dance of life, it is impossible for you to harm anyone - because there is no one other than you. We are not separate islands; we are one continent, one single whole.

He is not making it a sin, he is not prohibiting you from harming others. He is simply saying, enjoy yourself to the fullest and you will not harm others, because in your very enjoyment the idea of I and thou disappears. There are no longer others; it is one life in millions of manifestations. In the trees, in the animals, in human beings, in the stars - these are all manifestations of one life, one single life.

If we are harming anybody, we are harming ourselves. But this insight arises in you when you reach to the highest peak of bliss. That’s why he says man’s original sin is: he has enjoyed himself too little; and a man who has not enjoyed himself will not tolerate anybody else enjoying himself.

These are simple psychological facts. The man who is in pain, in anguish, in anxiety, in misery cannot tolerate anybody else being blissful. It hurts. Why am I miserable and why are others not? And if the whole of humanity is suffering, then to be blissful in this suffering humanity is to be constantly in danger.

People would like to destroy you. You don’t belong to them, you are not miserable enough. You are a stranger. Perhaps you are mad, because when the whole world is so miserable how can you manage to laugh? How can you manage to dance and sing?

Just the other day Neelam brought many articles; a few for me, a few against me, a few neutral. Every day she brings them. It is amazing. I don’t even read them. All over the world, in all the languages people are taking so much trouble - writing for me, writing against me, writing neutrally, being factual. In one article she simple read one line in it. Because I have been seeing them, she feels embarrassed and hurt because people are writing absolute lies about me, not even a fragment of truth in them. So she simply says, ”This is disgusting, nasty,” and throws it away. And before throwing away that article, she said, ”This man is writing utter lies.”

One thing, in the beginning he says that I am the most disrespected and the most learned man of the day. He will be shocked, whoever has written it, because I don't want to be respected by sheep and goats, by monkeys and donkeys, by pigs and pygmies. I have never in my life desired any respect. I don't consider the present humanity worthy enough to have its respect, it is enough to have its disrespect. The men whom Zarathustra calls "supermen" - perhaps they will be able to respect me because they will be able to understand me. Even today there are a few people who understand me; and then their respect is not only respect, it is love, it is devotion.

And as far as being the most learned, that man is absolutely wrong. I do not belong to the category of the learned. My whole life has been based on a fundamental truth which can only be called unlearning. Whatever the society has forced me to learn, through the schools and the colleges and the universities, my work has been how to unlearn it; how to clean myself from all this junk, rubbish and all kinds of crap. I am not a learned man. Perhaps I might be the most unlearned man in the world. And I would hate to be respected by the present humanity - it does not have that intelligence, nor has it that heart, nor has it that being.

Twenty-five centuries have passed and Zarathustra is not yet understood, is not even now loved and respected. Perhaps the man who can love people like Zarathustra has yet to come. The clarity, the intelligence, the silence which is needed to understand him is absolutely missing in present-day human beings.

And the reason it is missing is that they have not allowed themselves to actualize all their potential. They have not allowed themselves to go the way of nature, the way of the Tao, they have not allowed themselves to flow with the stream. They have listened to wrong people, who have been teaching them to swim upstream, in which they are going to be frustrated and they are going to be failures - and then they become condemners. The moment a person fails in achieving his goal he becomes a condemner. And because everybody has been told to make goals which are anti-life, anti-pleasure, anti-nature - failure is absolutely certain.

These miserable people cannot understand a blissful man, and the man who has not known bliss enjoys only one thing, the suffering of others. Every early morning he is waiting for the newspaper just to know how many crimes have been committed, how many people have been murdered, how many people have committed suicide. Because good news is no news, only something bad, something disgusting is news. Anything natural is not news, howsoever beautiful it may be.

Just the opposite happens when you are blissful, you want everybody else to be blissful, too; because your blissfulness becomes multiplied by everybody else being blissful too. Harming anybody becomes simply impossible. It is not a discipline, it is not a vow that you have taken in a temple according to any religion; it is a simple outcome of your own blissfulness; that you cannot harm. You know life enjoys itself in being blissful, how can you destroy any other life? Just as you enjoy, every form of life wants to enjoy.

Certainly, if everything around you is dancing and ecstatic, it is going to make your own ecstasy far richer. The reward is here, now. Harming others becomes impossible, because it is harming your own joy. And helping people to be blissful is not to be a service to them, but a service to yourself, because their joy is going to enhance your joy. The more people are blissful in the world, the more there is an atmosphere of celebration. In that atmosphere you can dance more easily, you can sing more easily. This is a great contribution of Zarathustra.

THEREFORE I WASH MY HAND WHEN IT HAS HELPED A SUFFERER, THEREFORE I WIPE MY SOUL CLEAN AS WELL.

FOR I SAW THE SUFFERER SUFFER, AND BECAUSE I SAW IT I WAS ASHAMED ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SHAME; AND WHEN I HELPED HIM, THEN I SORELY INJURED HIS PRIDE.

He is always original in seeing things. The same things have been seen by millions of people, but Zarathustra finds an angle which is absolutely virgin. He is saying, ”Whenever I help somebody who is suffering, I know I am hurting his pride, I know he is feeling shame that he is suffering. Because of his shame I feel ashamed, and because I have helped him I have sorely injured his pride.”

Rather than expecting to have pleasures in heaven because I have helped somebody who is suffering - opening an account in paradise, counting on one’s virtues - he says ”I wash my hand because I have hurt somebody’s pride. I have seen him suffer, I have seen him naked, I have seen his wounds which he was hiding. Although I have helped him - but what is my help? His pride is hurt, and I have to wash my hands. I have to do something so that he does not feel ashamed, so he does not feel that his pride has been hurt; on the contrary, he feels that he has obliged me, he has given me an opportunity to help a brother. He is not obliged to me, I am obliged to him.”

‘BE RESERVED IN ACCEPTING! HONOUR A MAN BY ACCEPTING FROM HIM!’ Be

reserved, be very, very careful and cautious in accepting.

HONOUR A MAN BY ACCEPTING FROM HIM. It may be a small thing, a roseflower, or just a good morning, or a handshake, but accept it with such love, with such grace. He has honored you. Let him feel that he has been accepted.

In this world millions of people are suffering because nobody accepts them. Everybody asks them, ”Are you worthy? Do you deserve?” Nobody accepts them as they are, and certainly, everybody is whatever he is. It is not his fault existence needs him the way he is; he must be fulfilling a certain need of which you are not aware. You are not aware of many mysteries of life, and if life is accepting a man, who are you to reject him?

But all around the world people are suffering for a simple reason that they don’t have anything to give, that nobody wants them as they are, that everybody demands them to be somebody else - then they will be accepted. And nobody can be somebody else. In the very effort he becomes crippled, in the very effort he becomes distorted, in the very effort he loses his natural grace and his natural destiny, he goes astray. And this creates misery.

... THUS I ADVISE THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE.

I, HOWEVER, AM A GIVER: I GIVE GLADLY AS A FRIEND TO FRIENDS. BUT STRANGERS AND THE POOR MAY PLUCK THE FRUIT FROM MY TREE FOR THEMSELVES: IT CAUSES LESS SHAME THAT WAY. Do you see his insight? He says, ”I give to my friends, because it will not hurt their pride. They will rejoice with me. I have accepted things from them; I have accepted them, they will accept me. But to the poor, but to strangers, I would suggest it is better they PLUCK THE FRUIT FROM MY TREE FOR THEMSELVES: IT CAUSES LESS SHAME THAT WAY. Their pride

will not be hurt, and they will not feel inferior to me. It is very difficult to find a man of deeper insight into human psychology.

AND WE ARE THE MOST UNFAIR, NOT TOWARDS HIM WHOM WE DO NOT LIKE, BUT TOWARDS HIM FOR WHOM WE FEEL NOTHING AT ALL. You can love someone, you can hate someone, but don't be neutral, don't be indifferent. You can like, you can dislike - in either case you are taking a standpoint. But don't say, "It does not matter to me." The moment you become neutral you are simply saying that whether that man exists or dies it makes no difference to you.

This is the greatest harm that you can do to somebody. Hate will not hurt so much. At least you hate, there is a relationship. And hate can turn into love any moment, because love turns into hate - they are convertible. Likings can become dislikings tomorrow and vice versa, but indifference remains indifference.

Indifference is the worst kind of behavior a man can adopt. But watch yourself, how indifferent are you? How many people do you love, how many people do you hate? How many people do you like, how many people do you dislike? The number will be very small. And what about the millions to whom you are simply indifferent? If in Ethiopia one thousand people die every day, you simply read it in the newspaper and you don't lose even a heartbeat. Ethiopia is far away, it is almost another planet; and obviously you cannot care about the whole world.

It is not a question of care. It is a question of the expansion of your consciousness. Ethiopia should be part of the map of your consciousness. But in Ethiopia people were dying because they had no food, and in Europe food was being destroyed in the ocean because they had superfluous food - mountains of butter, mountains of foodstuff. Just the cost of destruction was two billion dollars. That was not the cost of the food - it was just the cost of taking the food to the ocean and throwing it into the ocean. One wonders, does man really have a heart, or is it just a fiction?

The same was happening in America. Every six months in Europe and America - both places - billions of dollars are wasted in destroying food, and in the poor countries people are dying. And death by starvation is the ugliest, because it takes such a long time, and so much unnecessary suffering. A healthy man can live without food for three months, then he will die. But these three months will be hell, they will appear like three lives.

A man who knows life as a joy will also understand that other living beings are in the same category; they also want to live, they also want to enjoy. If I can do something it is not for them, it is not a service - it is just my joy, my pleasure to share myself.

BUT IF YOU HAVE A SUFFERING FRIEND, BE A RESTING-PLACE FOR HIS SUFFERING, BUT A RESTING-PLACE LIKE A HARD BED, A CAMP-BED: THUS YOU WILL SERVE HIM BEST.

AND SHOULD YOUR FRIEND DO YOU A WRONG, THEN SAY: 'I FORGIVE YOU WHAT YOU DID TO ME; BUT THAT YOU DID IT TO YOURSELF - HOW COULD I FORGIVE THAT?' What can I do about that? Doing something to me you have done something to yourself, too. I can forgive you for what you have done to me, but what can I do about what you have done to yourself? You cannot hurt anybody without hurting yourself. It is just impossible to behave in a disgusting way with anybody; you are at the same time behaving disgustingly with yourself.

You cannot insult somebody without insulting yourself.

THUS SPEAKS ALL GREAT LOVE: IT OVERCOMES EVEN FORGIVENESS AND PITY. When you say ”I pity”, it is not love; because to whomsoever you show your pity, you make him feel inferior. Love never makes anybody feel inferior. It gives superiority. It brings out the best in the other. PITY and SERVICE TO THE POOR are ugly words; DUTY... these are not words of love. These are the conveniences of a miserable society. These are not the sharings of a blissful world.

ALAS, WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE THERE BEEN GREATER FOLLIES THAN WITH THE COMPASSIONATE? AND WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS CAUSED MORE SUFFERING THAN THE FOLLIES OF THE COMPASSIONATE? You may have never thought that compassion can also cause misery. But that's what it has done. Mohammedans have killed millions of people - out of compassion. Christians have killed millions of people - out of compassion. The compassion for the Mohammedan is - if you are not a Mohammedan then become a Mohammedan, because only a Mohammedan will be saved on the last day of judgment. Even if you have to be forced, on the point of a sword, it is compassion. And if you are still unwilling to become a Mohammedan it is better that you are killed, because to be killed at the hands of a Mohammedan you have some chance of being saved.

Christian missionaries go on spreading in the world that unless you are a Christian you cannot be saved. There is only one savior, Jesus Christ. Those who don't follow Jesus have to be brought somehow into the fold. In the past, they used to be forced by violence, by murder, by arson. Today the means of converting them has changed, but the basic idea remains the same. First they used to come with a bible in one hand, and a sword in the other; now they come with a bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other.

The hungry, the starving cannot resist the temptation. Even if he has to become a Christian - he does not know anything about religion, his whole life he has known only one thing and that is hunger. The bread certainly seems to be a great redemption. But by giving bread to the poor you are purchasing their souls. And the idea is, the more people you make Christians, the more you accumulate virtue. You are not concerned with their being saved, you are concerned with your own account, your own virtue. Compassion has done much harm. The coming man has to rise above compassion. The new man has to learn sharing - not for any reward, not for any compensation, but just out of sheer joy. It is joy to share. If you have bread and you can share with a hungry man without hurting his pride, if you can share with those who are unfortunate and yet remain graceful, that will be true virtue.

WOE TO ALL LOVERS WHO CANNOT SURMOUNT PITY!

THUS SPOKE THE DEVIL TO ME ONCE: 'EVEN GOD HAS HIS HELL: IT IS HIS LOVE FOR MAN.' It is a very strange statement. Zarathustra is speaking through the mouth of the devil, because he cannot say it directly. He cannot say it directly because he has declared God to be dead, and if God is dead the devil cannot survive, they both are fictions, complementary to each other; they can only exist together. But just to make a significant statement he uses the metaphor of the devil: Thus spoke the Devil to me once: 'Even God has his Hell: it is his love for man.'

It reminds me of Jean-Paul Sartre, who was one of the most significant philosophers of our century. He says, ”The other is hell.” And it is the conclusion of a long life of many love affairs; but each love

affair ended in a state of hell. Finally he draws the conclusion that it does not matter who the other is, the other itself is hell. The other has his own likings, dislikings; even lovers cannot be in harmony, because harmony is a totally different discipline. Unless you have learned to be in harmony with yourself, how you can be in harmony with anybody else?

So it is good if lovers just meet on the beaches, in the parks - just once in a while. Everything seems to be great and beautiful because both are alert and keeping on their masks, their makeup; they are saying sweet nothings to each other.

But once they start living together it becomes difficult to go on being false twenty-four hours a day. It becomes heavy, and the mask goes on slipping; you cannot hold it on for twenty-four hours. And you cannot go on saying the same old sweet nothings again and again - they become boring. Soon you find there is nothing to talk about. Your love becomes a repetition, a mechanical repetition, as if you are seeing the same old film again and again and again.

I have heard about a villager... when for the first time in his village came a movie, a touring movie, he saw the matinee show. Everybody had left, but he was sitting there. The manager came, "What is the idea? Because the show is finished, and now we will have to clean for the next show." The villager said, "You can bring the ticket for the next show, I am not going anywhere, I will see the next show. And if I am not satisfied, I will see the third show, also." There were three shows every day.

The manager thought the man seemed mad, but he gave money, so he said, "Perhaps, let him see it." After the second show, the manager came again just out of curiosity to ask, "Are you satisfied?" The villager said, "Satisfied? My foot! I have to see the third show also. This is the money, bring the ticket." But the manager said, "What is the problem? If I can be of any help?..." He said, "Nobody can be of any help. But I'm not going to go unless I'm satisfied." The manager said, "What is your satisfaction? How can you be satisfied? You just tell me."

The villager said, "In the film, there is a beautiful woman just standing on the bank of a beautiful lake, undressing. She's almost undressed, just the last piece of cloth has remained; and unfortunately, a train comes and by the time the train has passed, the woman is swimming in the lake. I'm waiting, because in India, it is impossible that the train will come always at the right time. Someday it is going to be late; if not today, tomorrow I will come, the day after tomorrow I will come. One day it is going to happen that the train will not come, only then I will be satisfied." The manager said, "My God, it is going to be very difficult!"

But what are you seeing in your film? - the same film, and even the train does not come. And every night you decide enough is enough, but after twenty-four hours you start thinking perhaps... one never knows, something may be different. And it has been going on for your whole life.

The moment anything becomes a repetition you start behaving like a robot. And everything is bound to become a repetition, unless your intelligence, your meditativeness, your love is so great that it goes on transforming yourself and the person you love; so that each time you look in the eyes of the person you love it is something different, it is something new - new flowers have blossomed, the season has changed.

Unless one remains changing, even love becomes hell; otherwise, everybody would be in love in the whole world, but everybody is living in his own hell - private hells, just like attached bathrooms.

To live a life which never becomes a misery, which never becomes a hell, one has to be fresh every moment, unburdened of the past, always trying to find new dimensions to relate with people, new ways to relate with people, new songs to sing. One should make it a point, a basic point, that I will not live like a machine; because the machine has no life - it has efficiency. The world needs you to be a machine because the world needs efficiency.

But your own being needs you to be absolutely non-mechanical, unpredictable - each morning should find you new. That is the way of the superman, that is the way of the sannyasin.

SO BE WARNED AGAINST PITY: 'THENCE' SHALL YET COME A HEAVY CLOUD FOR MAN! TRULY, I UNDERSTAND WEATHER-SIGNS!

'BUT MARK, TOO, THIS SAYING: ALL GREAT LOVE IS ABOVE PITY: FOR IT WANTS - TO CREATE WHAT IS LOVED!'

Pity, sympathy, compassion are far lower than love, because love is a creative experience. Lovers create each other. In their creating each other continuously, they remain new, they remain fresh.

'I OFFER MYSELF TO MY LOVE, AND MY NEIGHBOR AS MYSELF.' Never deceive your love, because no deception is going to be unknown, undiscovered; soon the other will come to know your deception. Never lie to the person you love; be authentic and be sincere, and be just an open book - not hiding anything, not pretending anything. Remain yourself.

'I OFFER MYSELF TO MY LOVE, AND MY NEIGHBOR AS MYSELF.' Hence, there is no need of feeling a burden of pretensions, lies, deceptions, hypocrisies. Just be authentically yourself.

THAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF ALL CREATORS.

ALL CREATORS, HOWEVER, ARE HARD.

Love as creativity is a tremendously significant idea. Love not only as a relationship between two static persons, but love as a creative whirlpool, love as a dance, so fast, at full speed, that it is difficult to find who is the lover and who is the beloved. And the dance goes on becoming more and more deep, and the dancers disappear and only the dance remains. One can make his life a beautiful dance, a creative act of love.
Zarathustra teaches love as the highest value. Love to him is God, love to him is religion. ...

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 22

Of the priests

7 April 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE PRIESTS

AND ONE DAY ZARATHUSTRA MADE A SIGN TO HIS DISCIPLES AND SPOKE THESE WORDS TO THEM:

HERE ARE PRIESTS: AND ALTHOUGH THEY ARE MY ENEMIES, PASS THEM BY QUIETLY AND WITH SLEEPING SWORDS!...

THEY ARE BAD ENEMIES: NOTHING IS MORE REVENGEFUL THAN THEIR HUMILITY. AND HE WHO TOUCHES

THEM IS EASILY DEFILED

HE WHOM THEY CALL REDEEMER HAS CAST THEM INTO BONDAGE -

INTO THE BONDAGE OF FALSE VALUES AND FALSE SCRIPTURES! AH, THAT SOMEONE WOULD REDEEM THEM FROM THEIR REDEEMER!... OH, JUST LOOK AT THESE HUTS THAT THESE PRIESTS HAVE BUILT THEMSELVES. CHURCHES THEY CALL THEIR SWEET-SMELLING CAVES!

OH THIS COUNTERFEIT LIGHT! OH THIS MUSTY AIR! HERE, WHERE THE SOUL MAY NOT FLY UP TO ITS HEIGHT!

ON THE CONTRARY, THEIR FAITH COMMANDS: ‘UP THE STEPS ON YOUR KNEES, YOU SINNERS!’...

WHO CREATED SUCH CAVES AND PENITENTIAL STEPS? WAS IT NOT THOSE WHO WANTED TO HIDE THEMSELVES AND WERE ASHAMED BEFORE THE CLEAR SKY?

AND ONLY WHEN THE CLEAR SKY AGAIN LOOKS THROUGH BROKEN ROOFS AND DOWN UPON GRASS AND RED POPPIES ON BROKEN WALLS - ONLY THEN WILL I TURN MY HEART AGAIN TOWARDS THE PLACES OF THIS GOD.

THEY CALLED GOD THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND HARMED THEM: AND TRULY, THERE WAS MUCH THAT WAS HEROIC IN THEIR WORSHIP!

AND THEY KNEW NO OTHER WAY OF LOVING THEIR GOD THAN BY NAILING MEN TO THE CROSS!...

THEY WOULD HAVE TO SING BETTER SONGS TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN THEIR REDEEMER: HIS DISCIPLES WOULD HAVE TO LOOK MORE REDEEMED!

I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THEM NAKED: FOR BEAUTY ALONE SHOULD PREACH PENITENCE

THE SPIRIT OF THEIR REDEEMERS CONSISTED OF HOLES; BUT INTO EVERY HOLE THEY HAD PUT THEIR ILLUSION, THEIR STOP-GAP, WHICH THEY CALLED GOD

ZEALOUSLY AND WITH CLAMOR THEY DROVE THEIR HERDS OVER THEIR BRIDGE: AS IF THERE WERE ONLY ONE BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE! TRULY, THESE SHEPHERDS, TOO, STILL BELONGED AMONG THE SHEEP!...

THEY WROTE LETTERS OF BLOOD ON THE PATH THEY FOLLOWED, AND THEIR FOLLY TAUGHT THAT TRUTH IS PROVED BY BLOOD.

BUT BLOOD IS THE WORST WITNESS OF TRUTH; BLOOD POISONS AND TRANSFORMS THE PUREST TEACHING TO DELUSION AND HATRED OF THE HEART

AND YOU, MY BROTHERS, MUST BE REDEEMED BY GREATER MEN THAN ANY REDEEMER HAS BEEN, IF YOU WOULD FIND THE WAY TO FREEDOM!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

AN ANCIENT STORY: A young devil comes running to his boss. He is trembling, and he says to the old devil, ”Something has to be done immediately, because on the earth one man has found the truth! And once people know the truth, what will happen to our profession?”

The old man laughed, and he said, ”Sit down and rest and don’t be worried. Everything is taken care of. Our people have reached there.”

”But,” he said, ”I am coming from there. I have not seen a single devil there.”

The old man said, ”The priests are my people. They have already surrounded the man who has found the truth. Now they will become the mediators between the man of truth and the masses. They will raise temples, they will write scriptures, they will interpret and distort everything. They will ask people to worship, to pray. And in all this hubbub, the truth will be lost. This is my old method, which has always succeeded.”

The priests who represent religion are not its friends. They are the greatest enemies of it, because religion needs no mediators: between you and existence there is an immediate relatedness. All that you have to learn is how to understand the language of existence. You know the languages of man, but they are not the languages of existence.

Existence knows only one language:

And that is of silence.

If you can also be silent you will be able to understand the truth, the meaning of life, the significance of all that exists. And there is no one who can interpret it for you. Everyone has to find it for himself. Nobody can do the job on your behalf - but that’s what the priests have been doing for centuries. They are standing like a China Wall between you and existence.

Just a few days ago, the Vatican pope informed all the Catholics, ”It is being told again and again to me that many Catholics are confessing to God directly. They are not going to the confession booth, to the priest. I declare it a sin to confess directly to God. You have to confess to the priest; you cannot relate to God directly.”

He has not given any reason, because there is no reason at all, except that the priest has to be kept in his profession - and he himself is a high priest.

If people start approaching reality without anybody leading them, without anybody telling them what is good and what is evil, without anybody giving them a map that they have to follow, millions of people will be able to understand existence - because our heartbeat is also the heartbeat of the universe, our life is part of the life of the total.

We are not strangers, we are not coming from somewhere else; we are growing within existence. We are part of it, an essential part of it. We just have to be silent enough, so that we can hear that which cannot be said in words: the music of existence, the immense joy of existence, the constant celebration of existence. Once it starts penetrating our heart, transformation comes.

That is the only way somebody becomes religious - not by going to the churches which are made by man, not by reading the scriptures which are made by man. But the priests have been pretending that their holy scriptures are written by God. The very idea is simply idiotic. Just look into those scriptures: You will not find any signature of God in them. You will find things which there is no reason for God to write.

Hindus believe in the VEDAS and believe that they are written by God himself, and they are the most ancient books in existence; but no Hindu bothers to look into them. If God wrote them, there is going to be something immensely valuable... but ninety-eight percent of the VEDAS are just rubbish - such rubbish that it proves that they are not written by God.

For example a prayer by a priest... why should God write it? And the prayer is that his cows are not giving enough milk, ”Have mercy on me, increase the milk of my cows.” Not only that, ”Decrease the milk of everybody else’s!” - God is going to write this? ”Kill my enemies and help my friends” and even such stupid things as ”Rains are coming; take care that all the water reaches my fields and avoids the neighboring field, because it belongs to my enemy. Just shower your water on my field.”

Why should God write these things? Every scripture gives intrinsic evidence that they are written by men, and very stupid men, primitive men. The so-called holy scriptures are not even to be counted as good literature - they are childish, crude, ugly. But because they are written in languages which are dead... and some are in languages which have never been in use by common people, for example, the VEDAS. That language has never been used by the common people. It was the language of the learned brahmins, the language of the priests.

And they were very reluctant that it should be translated, because they knew: once it is translated, it will lose all sanctity. People will see that this nonsense is not even unholy - what to say about its being holy!

So much obscenity, so much pornography is in the holy scriptures of all your religions. But they are written in Sanskrit, which is not used by common people; in Arabic, which is not used by common people; in Hebrew, which is not used by common people; in Pali, in Prakrit. Those languages are dead. And all the religions are reluctant that their holy scriptures should be brought in to the modern languages which people understand - although, in spite of their reluctance, their holy scriptures have been translated.

First they were against their being printed; second they were against their being translated. The only reason was, they knew that once they were printed they would be sold all over the world, anybody could purchase them. And if they are translated into living languages, then how long can you hide the truth?, and how are you going to prove that they are written by God?

The scriptures are man-made, the statues of God are man-made, the temples and churches are man-made, but thousands of years of conditioning has given them a certain sacredness, holiness. And there is nothing sacred in them, nothing holy in them.

The priests have been deceiving man more than anybody else. This is the worst profession in the world, even worse than the profession of the prostitutes. At least the prostitute gives you something in return; the priest gives you simply hot air - he has nothing to give to you.

And this is not all: Whenever somebody has realized the truth, these priests are against him. Obviously they have to be, because if his truth is recognized by people, millions of priests in the world will be out of employment. And their employment is absolutely unproductive. They are parasites, they go on sucking the blood of man. From the moment the child is born, until he enters his grave, the priest goes on finding ways to exploit him.

Unless religion is freed from the hands of the priests, the world will remain only with pseudo-religion; it will never become religious. And a religious world can not be so miserable: the religious world should be a constant celebration.

A religious man is nothing but pure ecstasy. His heart is full of songs.

His whole being is ready to dance any moment.

But the priest has taken away the search for truth: He says there is no need for searching, it has already been found, you just have to have faith.

The priest has made people miserable, because he condemns all the pleasures of the world. He condemns the pleasures of the world so that he can praise the pleasures of the other world.

The other world is his fiction. And he wants humanity to sacrifice its reality for a fictitious idea - and people have sacrificed.

Zarathustra is not alone in condemning the priests. Gautam Buddha is with him, Mahavira is with him, Lao Tzu is with him. Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, and Lao Tzu condemn the priests, but very mildly. Zarathustra calls a spade a spade. He is absolutely realistic. He does not care about etiquette, manners, culture. He says whatsoever he experiences as the truth.

AND ONE DAY ZARATHUSTRA MADE A SIGN TO HIS DISCIPLES AND SPOKE THESE WORDS TO THEM:

HERE ARE PRIESTS: AND ALTHOUGH THEY ARE MY ENEMIES, PASS THEM BY QUIETLY AND WITH SLEEPING SWORDS! Zarathustra is very simple, innocent; speaks like a child. Gautam Buddha will not call them ”my enemies,” he will go round about.

Zarathustra hates directly.

The priests are not only enemies of Zarathustra, they are enemies of everyone who loves truth, who is in search of truth or who has found the truth. The closer you are to the truth, the more the priest is your enemy. You are disturbing his customers, you are disturbing his business. Religion to him is business.

The Christian churches in America were against me for the simple reason that so many young men and women have come out of their fold. My people don’t belong to any religion. They are religious, and for being religious you don’t have to belong to any religion.

Religiousness is a quality, a fragrance of your consciousness. It has nothing to do with belonging to an organization, following fixed and dead principles, decided by people who have been long, long dead. To look at it differently, in the name of religion the dead are dominating the living: they are dictating to you how you should live. They don’t know anything about the vast changes that have happened since they died.

We are living in a totally different world, in a totally different time and we need every day a spontaneous awareness to respond to reality. And we go on failing because our response is not spontaneous: the reality is new and our response is thousands of years old. Our failure is absolutely certain and that constant failure brings misery in life.

HERE ARE PRIESTS, says Zarathustra to his disciples, AND ALTHOUGH THEY ARE MY ENEMIES, PASS THEM BY QUIETLY, don’t quarrel with them. They are very efficient in quarreling.

They have refined their arguments. They don't have anything else to do, they only argue. It is better, to PASS THEM BY QUIETLY AND WITH SLEEPING SWORDS.

Don't fight with them. Because you are new, you have not yet experienced the truth - that is the problem. They can disturb you, they can lead you astray. You don't know the truth, nor do they know the truth, but they know the arguments, sophistry. They can convince your minds for anything they want. All priests belong to the category of the sophists.

One of my vice-chancellors was a world-renowned law-expert. He had three offices: one in London, one in New Delhi, one in Peking, and he was running continually from Peking to Delhi, from Delhi to London. He had the biggest cases on his hands - of maharajas, kings, queens - but he was a drunkard. He earned enough money; and when he retired, he donated the whole of the money so that a university could be founded. So he was the founder vice-chancellor of the university that he created.

I used to go for a morning walk, and he was the only one whom I used to meet on my morning walks. By and by we became very friendly and very close. One day I was talking about sophistry, and he remembered one of his cases that he had fought in the Privy Council, in London. The case was between the Maharaja of Jaipur and the Maharaja of Udaipur. It was a big case but the night before he drank too much, and in the morning there was still the hang-over.

He went to the court. In his drunkenness he forgot completely that he was fighting for the Maharaja of Jaipur. Everybody was astonished because e started criticizing the Maharaja of Jaipur. He gave great arguments, brought all the precedents, all the legal support. Even the judges were looking at each other: What had happened to this man? - he was supposed to fight for the Maharaja of Jaipur. The man who was going to fight for the Maharaja of Udaipur could not believe what is happening: Now what is he going to do?

He was so convincing, that at lunch-time, when the court dissolved, his secretary said, "What are you doing? Are you fighting for the Maharaja of Jaipur or for the Maharaja of Udaipur?"

He said, "I drank too much last night. I do not know for whom I am fighting, for what I am fighting, but I had to say something. Do you think I was on the wrong side?"

The secretary said, "Absolutely wrong - and you have convinced the judges. Even the advocate who is going to argue against you, feels completely lost, because you have done his job already."

He said, "Do not be worried. So I am for the Maharaja of Jaipur. Just you remain standing by my side and go on pulling my coat, so I don't forget again. I am still not absolutely out of the influence of the alcohol: I look at the judge and I see two judges and I know - that is my criterion."

In the second half, after lunch, he said to the judge, "Before lunch I spoke in favour of the Maharaja of Udaipur and against the Maharaja of Jaipur. That was only half my argument. I was preparing the ground. These are the arguments that can be given by the opposing advocate. Now I will begin to destroy all those arguments, because I am here to protect the Maharaja of Jaipur and his interests."

This was a new revelation to everybody and even the judge could not believe that he would be able to contradict what he had established so clearly. But he contradicted it. Now he argued against himself and he won the case.

So he was telling me that sophistry is a prostitute. Arguments don't prove anything: A little better argumentation and they can be demolished. If you don't have the experience, it is dangerous to get into a quarrel, into argumentation, into sophistry, because your mind, having no experience, can be convinced by arguments for something which is not true.

The advice of Zarathustra is: first have the experience - then there is no need to be afraid of any argument, because no argument can destroy your experience. Your experience has a quality of being self evident.

THEY ARE BAD ENEMIES: NOTHING IS MORE REVENGEFUL THAN THEIR HUMILITY. They pretend to be very humble, but they are very revengeful. You can see around the world that the priests have done only one thing: they have created wars, religious wars they call crusades. They have killed many more people than anybody else, in the name of religion, in the name of love, in the name of truth. Their humbleness is hypocrisy. Their revengefulness is well known.

For thousands of years they have been destroying the unity of human beings. The whole humanity is one, but the priests will not allow it to happen; because if the whole humanity becomes one, drops these adjectives of being a Christian, or a Jew, or a Hindu or a Mohammedan, the priests will be at a loss. They have a very well paid profession and they are doing nothing, except creating trouble, riots amongst different religions.

THEY ARE BAD ENEMIES: NOTHING IS MORE REVENGEFUL THAN THEIR HUMILITY. AND HE WHO TOUCHES THEM IS EASILY DEFILED. Do not even touch them! Even coming in contact with them you will be defiled. They are the most ugly and disgusting profession on the earth.

Obviously, the people who sell God in the marketplace One day I was passing by the side of a church; a beautiful young woman waved to stop me, so I stopped the car. She handed over to me a few pamphlets. The first pamphlet on top had a beautiful house by the side of a mountain river with a waterfall, with huge trees and it said: ”Do you want this house?”

I could not believe that this house was available in that city. There were no mountains, there were no waterfalls, but perhaps I didn't know. So I looked inside: it was not on the earth, it was in heaven. ”Believe in Jesus Christ and you will have such beautiful houses, just by the side of God ” These people are even selling properties in paradise, and so cheap - just believe in God, just believe in Jesus Christ, that's enough.

HE WHOM THEY CALL REDEEMER HAS CAST THEM INTO BONDAGE. All the redeemers have created different kinds of bondages. In fact nobody can redeem anybody else. One can redeem oneself, but to pretend that ”I am the redeemer: just believe in me and I will save you; I am the savior, the only true savior,” has created imprisonments.

These imprisonments are spiritual and psychological, that's why you don't see them. Otherwise what do you mean, when you say, ”I am a Christian,” or ”I am a Hindu,” or ”I am a Buddhist?” It means, that ”I believe Gautam Buddha is going to be my redeemer”; that ”I am waiting simply for Jesus Christ to come and redeem me.

”You have dropped every effort to transform yourself - and that is the only way there is for any kind of transformation. All these redeemers have created only prisons for people. And the priests go on representing those dead redeemers.

Zarathustra is saying, HE WHOM THEY CALL REDEEMER HAS CAST THEM INTO BONDAGE. These priests are also in bondage, but at least their bondage pays. The others who are in bondage are simply wasting their time in waiting. All waiting is waiting for Godot, who never comes.

Five thousand years ago Krishna had promised the Hindus, ”Whenever there will be misery, whenever there will be pain, whenever there will be anguish, whenever people will become unvirtuous - I will come to redeem you.”

Now what more does he want?... The prisons are full of criminals; and those who are not in the prisons - it does not mean that they are not criminals, it simply means they have not been caught. People are living in utter misery, starvation, hunger, all kinds of sexual perversion For what is he waiting? He should come! He will not get a better chance to redeem people.

Jesus promised, ”I will be coming.” They all have promised. Their promises have become chains on your souls. Because of their promises you have not made any effort to change your own being, which is far easier than to wait.

INTO THE BONDAGE OF FALSE VALUES AND FALSE SCRIPTURES! I am really surprised, that almost the whole earth believes in different kinds of false scriptures. Their falsity is so clearly evident that it need not be proved.

For example, they all say, ”God created the world”, and of course there was no witness. On what grounds are they so certain that God created the world? God has not left any inscription anywhere ”I created the world...” the day, the month, the year. There is not a single witness. They all go on preaching about God, but not a single person has seen him. They go on talking about heaven and hell - not only talking, they have maps of heaven and hell. And they don’t have maps of the earth on which they live.

I was visiting Agra. Agra has the most beautiful piece of architecture, the Taj Mahal. In Agra and the surrounding area there is a Hindu sect, Radhaswami. When their founder died, they decided to make something better than the Taj Mahal, because it was going to be in the same city, Agra. They have poured in enough money and for almost a hundred years thousands of stone-cutters have been working on it, and only the ground floor is ready. It does not seem that they will be able to make their whole dream come true, but even the ground floor shows that if they succeed, they will make the Taj Mahal number two. Their place will be number one - such great art, such a tremendous work of carving in marble.

The high priest took me inside their temple, and he showed me a map. They believe that there are fifteen heavens and fifteen hells. It seems mathematical. Somebody is just stealing a small thing, steals a button from your coat, now to throw him in with Adolf Hitler does not seem to be right. There must be some categorization. So it seems logical: fifteen hells for different kinds of sinners; the greatest sinners go to the fifteenth. The same is true about heavens. Somebody has done something good, he cannot be placed with Gautam Buddha or Jesus Christ, so according to their merit

So I looked. Seeing my interest in their map the high priest asked me, ”What do you think about it?”

I said, ”It is perfectly right.” Although it is absolutely ugly, ugly in the sense that Mohammed is somewhere in the fourth heaven, Moses in the fifth, Jesus in the sixth; Gautam Buddha, Mahavira in the seventh; Kabir, Nanak in the eighth That was the way they had divided it, with the names written, and their own guru, the founder of the Radhaswami sect, in the fifteenth. He was alone there. He had reached the highest consciousness. Gautam Buddha was still in the seventh, Jesus in the sixth.

He said, ”What do you think about the categorization of these people?” I

said, ”That’s perfect; your guru is in the fifteenth.”

He looked at me. He said, ”How are you certain?”

I said, ”I am certain, because I am in the sixteenth; and your guru is trying hard to enter into the sixteenth, but I won’t let him. I go on throwing him back into the fifteenth.” He said, ”Sixteenth? But we have never heard about the sixteenth.”

I said, ”Your hearing or not hearing makes no difference.”

He said, ”But you are insulting our guru.” I said, ”I am not insulting him. Each according to his virtue; he reached only up to the fifteenth - and naturally I don’t want anybody else to share the sixteenth apartment. And there is nothing else above, so I cannot go higher. This is the highest peak and your guru has to remain in the fifteenth.”

He said, ”I don’t believe you; you must be joking.”

I said, ”You are not joking? - putting Gautam Buddha in the seventh and your guru, who is not even the dust of Gautam Buddha’s feet, is in the fifteenth?”

He was very angry, but I said, ”Anger will not help. All these falsities... you don’t have any evidence for it. If you can produce any evidence, I will produce the evidence that I am in the sixteenth. Ask your guru, he knows me perfectly well.”

But all religious scriptures, theologies, are so full of lies. They have to be full of lies, because truth is very simple. It does not need a scripture, it needs a meditative awareness, it needs a silence within you - that is the only temple, all other temples are false.

INTO THE BONDAGE OF FALSE VALUES AND FALSE SCRIPTURES! AH, THAT SOMEONE WOULD REDEEM THEM FROM THEIR REDEEMER! Zarathustra is saying, someone should redeem them from their redeemers. But say anything against any falsity and immediately you create enemies. I have not done any harm to anybody and I have created millions of enemies around the world - just because I pointed out the false statements in their scriptures, and they are not capable of defending them. Their failure to defend them becomes anger, rage, enmity.

OH, JUST LOOK AT THESE HUTS THAT THESE PRIESTS HAVE BUILT THEMSELVES. CHURCHES THEY CALL THEIR SWEET-SMELLING CAVES!

OH THIS COUNTERFEIT LIGHT! OH THIS MUSTY AIR! HERE, WHERE THE SOUL MAY NOT FLY UP TO ITS HEIGHT!

ON THE CONTRARY, THEIR FAITH COMMANDS: 'UP THE STEPS ON YOUR KNEES, YOU SINNERS!'

Every religion destroys man's dignity; calls him a sinner. Rather than endowing man with dignity, making him more beautiful and more truthful, making him a god on the earth, they have turned the whole of humanity into a crowd of sinners. All that you have to do is: "UP THE STEPS ON YOUR KNEES, YOU SINNERS!"

This they call worship, this they call prayer.

This is nothing but suicide, this is destroying yourself, your esteem in your own eyes, your selfrespect, your dignity.

You are the highest evolution in existence. Existence has hoped and dreamt for you to bring even higher stages of consciousness. Existence dreams within you to become superman - but these priests have created supersinners.

WHO CREATED SUCH CAVES AND PENITENTIAL STEPS? WAS IT NOT THOSE WHO WANTED TO HIDE THEMSELVES AND WERE ASHAMED BEFORE THE CLEAR SKY?

What is the need of all these churches, and temples, and synagogues?

Is not this whole world, the whole universe a beautiful temple? The sky full of stars in the night, the day full of the light of the sun, the birds singing, the flowers blossoming - what more beauty can you create? This spaciousness is your freedom. Being bound with false ideologies inside a church, you are nothing but a prisoner.

AND ONLY WHEN THE CLEAR SKY AGAIN LOOKS THROUGH BROKEN ROOFS AND DOWN UPON GRASS AND RED POPPIES ON BROKEN WALLS - ONLY THEN WILL I TURN MY HEART AGAIN TOWARDS THE PLACES OF THIS GOD.

Zarathustra says, this whole universe is the temple of God. All that is living is nothing but divine. Everything is sacred, nothing is profane. The duality is created by the priests, and the duality between the profane and the sacred has created a duality within you - between the body and the soul. It has created a schizophrenic humanity - everybody is split.

Unless you become one, a deep harmony and accord, you will never hear the celestial music, which is the only proof that the world is not bad, that the world is alive: not only alive, but conscious; not only conscious, but constantly creative.

Christians say God created this world in six days; and the seventh day, on Sunday, he rested - and he is still resting, his Monday has not come yet. This world, this vast universe which has no limits is a continuous process of creativity; it is still being created. Who says the creation was complete in six days? And why should it be complete in six days? Nothing seems to be complete, everything is growing. Man's intelligence is growing, his consciousness is growing.

In those six days God did not create Zarathustra, God did not create Gautam Buddha, God did not create Jesus Christ. These are higher evolutionary steps. Zarathustra says you are only a bridge for the superman to arrive. You are not a being, but only a becoming. It seems to be so rational, so authentically true that man is a becoming. Anything that has become perfect becomes dead, because there is no possibility of any growth. It has exhausted itself; it has spent itself completely.

Life has to remain becoming, not being. It has to go on progressing, touching skies after skies, peaks beyond peaks.

THEY CALLED GOD THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND HARMED THEM: AND TRULY, THERE WAS MUCH THAT WAS HEROIC IN THEIR WORSHIP!

Zarathustra has a very subtle sense of humor, which to me is part of a really religious man. A really religious man is not serious, he is playful; and he has a tremendous quality of humor. He is saying, THEY CALLED GOD THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND HARMED THEM. If God was the creator of the world, then why is there so much misery? Then why are people dying of starvation? Has God forgotten about the universe He has created?

If God created the universe, then He is responsible for it; for all the sinners, for all the criminals, because He created the seeds of crime and the seeds of sin; otherwise, from where did they come? - He is the only creator.

If a man murders somebody, who creates the desire for murder? If a man rapes somebody, who creates the desire for rape? If God is the only creator, then Zarathustra is right: THEY CALLED GOD THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND HARMED THEM and goes on contradicting and harming them. Then who is responsible for nuclear weapons? Who was responsible for Adolf Hitler and the second world war? Who was responsible for fifty million people's deaths in the second world war? And who will be responsible if the Third World War happens and all life is destroyed on this beautiful planet?

God has to take the responsibility. If he is the creator, then he has to be the destroyer too, that implication is clear.

TRULY, THERE WAS MUCH THAT WAS HEROIC IN THEIR WORSHIP. And still the idiots are worshiping God - they are really heroic! THERE WAS MUCH THAT WAS HEROIC IN THEIR WORSHIP, to worship such a God who prevents his own creation, Adam and Eve, from becoming wise, from becoming eternally alive. Still the priests go on worshiping him and people go on blindly following the priest. He is simply laughing at their stupidity.

AND THEY KNEW NO OTHER WAY OF LOVING THEIR GOD THAN BY NAILING MEN TO THE CROSS! In the name of God more men have been killed than in any other name. Strange God, strange creator; strange are his representatives whose whole work is to kill man, to destroy man. Strange are these so-called religious priests whose whole teaching is to renounce the world - and God created the world. Can't you see the contradiction? If God creates the world, then to renounce the world means renouncing God.

George Gurdjieff used to say that all religions are against God. He was also joking; he was saying they are against God because they all teach, "Renounce the world." Poor God has created the world

in six days and got so tired that still his Monday has not come. He has not been seen around again. Perhaps he spent himself totally and was finished; Sunday he went to sleep and never woke up again. And these people go on teaching ”Renounce the world.” Renouncing the world is renouncing God, because it is his creation.

THEY WOULD HAVE TO SING BETTER SONGS TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN THEIR REDEEMER: HIS DISCIPLES WOULD HAVE TO LOOK MORE REDEEMED! They don’t look redeemed. You just look at the disciples of the so-called religions. Go and see the Jaina monks! Their eyes will not show intelligence, their faces will not shine with light and glory. They are torturing themselves, that is their discipline. And if you torture yourself, you cannot be a beautiful flower.

All the religions... looking at the pope, do you feel that he has anything of the divine, any aura of the divine? The pope who preceeded him was a homosexual. Is homosexuality divine? Perhaps, because the Christian trinity also seems to be a gay group: God the father, God the son, and a strange fellow, the Holy Ghost - not a single woman.

The popes down the ages have burnt thousands of women alive, condemning them as witches. What was the criterion for them to decide who was a witch? Now there are no witches at all; suddenly they appeared, and suddenly they disappeared. There was no criterion, any man could inform the pope.

The pope had appointed a special court. Just the suspicion that a certain woman seems to be a witch... any man was eligible to suspect her.

No reason was asked, the woman was immediately caught and tortured so much for days on end, kept hungry, thirsty... beating her. They had invented machines for torture, and finally, because that seemed to be the only way to get rid of the torture, she had to confess that she was a witch. Her confession was the only criterion; and a confession you can get from anybody, if you torture enough and there is no way out. They dictated to her what she had to tell the court: that she was a witch and she had a sexual relationship with the devil.

The devil does not exist, but the woman had to say it in the court; otherwise the torture would start again. Once she accepted in the court that she was a witch and she had a sexual relationship with the devil, then the court was satisfied. There was no need of any other evidence. The judgement was simple: the woman had to be burnt alive in the middle of the town, so everybody could see what happened if you had a sexual relationship with the devil. Thousands of women were simply burnt, and these popes were responsible for it. These popes don’t show any joy, any blissfulness, any creativity, any silence. Yes, they go on doing stupid things: kissing the earth. When this Polack pope came here, on Delhi airport he kissed the earth. I said, ”This is his first taste of the Hindu religion, because here the whole earth is full of cowdung, holy cowdung.” But by kissing the earth you simply show your stupidity and nothing else.

Zarathustra is saying, THEY WOULD HAVE TO SING BETTER SONGS TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN THEIR REDEEMER They have to show that they are redeemed, that they are awakened, that they are liberated HIS DISCIPLES WOULD HAVE TO LOOK MORE REDEEMED! But that is not the case: they look more and more enslaved.

I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THEM NAKED: FOR BEAUTY ALONE SHOULD PREACH PENITENCE. Why should they hide themselves? They should come out naked, in the open; they have nothing to hide. But do you think this Polack, if he comes naked, will look beautiful? He will look like a cartoon, of course not made by a great artist, just some amateur cartoonist.

THE SPIRIT OF THEIR REDEEMERS CONSISTED OF HOLES; BUT INTO EVERY HOLE THEY HAD PUT THEIR ILLUSION, THEIR STOP-GAP, WHICH THEY CALLED GOD.

If one looks with a magnifying glass at the life of Jesus, or the life of Gautam Buddha, or the life of Mahavira, or any other religious founder, one will find many holes in him, because nobody is perfect. They have filled those holes with illusion, their stop-gap, which they called God.

I have heard that in paradise Moses and Jesus, both had gone fishing. Jesus asked Moses, ”Is it really true that you parted the ocean and made a way for your people?”

Moses said, ”As far as I remember, it is true.”

Jesus said, ”Can you do it again?”

Moses said, ”I am not certain, but I will try.”

He tried and he parted the lake into two parts. Old Jesus was amazed and he said, ”Your memory is great!”

Moses asked, ”What about you! You used to walk on water I have heard. Can you do that now?” Jesus said, ”I can try. I used to, that much I remember.”

So he got out of the boat and started drowning.

Moses had to pull him back in. He said, ”What happened, my son?” He said, ”I forgot one thing: that time I had no holes in my feet.”

They all have holes, and the work of their priests is to go on filling those holes with good stories, fictions, mythologies, all kinds of lies, miracles.

ZEALOUSLY AND WITH CLAMOR THEY DROVE THEIR HERDS OVER THEIR BRIDGE: AS IF THERE WERE ONLY ONE BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE! This is where Zarathustra cannot be categorized with any other mystic. He is saying there are many bridges to the future. Life is multi-dimensional.

TRULY, THESE SHEPHERDS, TOO, STILL BELONGED AMONG THE SHEEP! They are pretenders. They call themselves shepherds, but they belong to the same crowd as the sheep, because they are not aware of a simple fact: that to the future there are many bridges. Man has so many potentialities. He can become so many different kinds of superman. And we will need in the world every superman to be unique, so that the variety, and the beauty that variety brings, remains alive on the earth. If everybody becomes just the same, life will become a boredom.

THEY WROTE LETTERS OF BLOOD ON THE PATH THEY FOLLOWED, AND THEIR FOLLY TAUGHT THAT TRUTH IS PROVED BY BLOOD.

BUT BLOOD IS THE WORST WITNESS OF TRUTH; BLOOD POISONS AND TRANSFORMS THE PUREST TEACHING TO DELUSION AND HATRED OF THE HEART.

But for thousands of years blood has been the only argument. Whoever can cut your head with a sword has proved that his religion is right. The sword cannot be an argument, but it has been the argument for thousands of years. This shows how the priests have stopped man's growth, hindered in every way his flights into the open sky - they have not allowed freedom.

AND YOU, MY BROTHERS, MUST BE REDEEMED BY GREATER MEN THAN ANY REDEEMER HAS BEEN, IF YOU WOULD FIND THE WAY TO FREEDOM!

All that you need is to find a way to total freedom, freedom from all kinds of psychological and spiritual bondage, and you yourself will become your own redeemer. You will be a far superior man than all your redeemers have been.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 23

The night song

7 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

THE NIGHT SONG

IT IS NIGHT: NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER. AND MY SOUL TOO IS A LEAPING FOUNTAIN.

IT IS NIGHT: ONLY NOW DO ALL SONGS OF LOVERS AWAKEN. AND MY SOUL TOO IS THE SONG OF A LOVER.

SOMETHING UNQUENCHED, UNQUENCHABLE, IS IN ME, THAT WANTS TO SPEAK OUT. A CRAVING FOR LOVE IS IN ME, THAT ITSELF SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

LIGHT AM I: AH, THAT I WERE NIGHT! BUT THIS IS MY SOLITUDE, THAT I AM GIRDED ROUND WITH LIGHT

I LIVE IN MY OWN LIGHT, I DRINK BACK INTO MYSELF THE FLAMES THAT BREAK FROM ME.

I DO NOT KNOW THE JOY OF THE RECEIVER; AND I HAVE OFTEN DREAMED THAT STEALING MUST BE MORE BLESSED THAN RECEIVING.

IT IS MY POVERTY THAT MY HAND NEVER RESTS FROM GIVING; IT IS MY ENVY THAT I SEE EXPECTANT EYES AND ILLUMINED NIGHTS OF DESIRE

WHERE HAVE THE TEARS OF MY EYE AND THE BLOOM OF MY HEART GONE? OH SOLITUDE OF ALL GIVERS! OH SILENCE OF ALL LIGHT-GIVERS!

MANY SUNS CIRCLE IN EMPTY SPACE: TO ALL THAT IS DARK THEY SPEAK WITH THEIR LIGHT - TO ME THEY ARE SILENT

IT IS NIGHT: AH, THAT I MUST BE LIGHT! AND THIRST FOR THE THINGS OF NIGHT! AND SOLITUDE!

IT IS NIGHT: NOW MY LONGING BREAKS FROM ME LIKE A WELL-SPRING - I LONG FOR SPEECH.

IT IS NIGHT: NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER. AND MY SOUL TOO IS A LEAPING FOUNTAIN.

IT IS NIGHT: ONLY NOW DO ALL SONGS OF LOVERS AWAKEN. AND MY SOUL TOO IS THE SONG OF A LOVER.

... THUS SANG ZARATHUSTRA.

ZARATHUSTRA IS more a poet, is more a singer, is more a dancer than any other enlightened being has ever been. Even his prose is poetry, even his tears are pure joy, even his silence speaks, and speaks that which cannot be spoken. All his movements, all his gestures are that of a dancer, so full of grace, so full of beauty that he stands incomparable in the long history of mankind. He does not believe in a god, but he says, ”I can believe in a god if he is capable of dance.” He believes in the dance of life, and he believes in the song the whole universe is made of.

He is a totally different kind of man than those you have become accustomed to know as saints, as sages, as messengers of god, as prophets, as messiahs. He is too human to pretend all that nonsense, and he is too proud of being human to be a prophet or a messiah.

He is so fulfilled as a human being, that even a god has nothing to give him. He is overflowing with love, overflowing with sharing, overflowing with dreams, the greatest dreams that have ever been dreamt - dreams of human beings going through a metamorphosis and becoming super-human, going beyond all that is animal in man, transcending all that is mean and ugly, reaching to the heights of pure consciousness, blissfulness, ecstasy and creativity.

Such a man is the rarest of the rare. Each of his words is so full of beauty, that even twenty-five centuries have not been able to take away their freshness, their originality. He has not been succeeded by anyone, he still remains alone in immense purity and ecstasy, and perhaps he will always remain without a companion - his height is such; Everest cannot have companions.

IT IS NIGHT: NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER. AND MY SOUL TOO IS A LEAPING FOUNTAIN.

There have been great human beings who have prayed that their souls should move from darkness to light, from death to immortality, from untruth to truth. Zarathustra is not one of them. He is capable

of transforming the very darkness into a new dimension of existence. There is no need to create the contradiction between the darkness and the light, between the day and the night. The day has its own beauty, but it also has its flaws. Light is always superficial, it has no depth, light is always dependent. Dependent on certain fuel: as the fuel is finished the light is finished. The light is caused - it is an effect.

Even the great sun that has been giving us light for billions of years, has become old and everyday its reservoir is becoming emptier. Scientists say that in perhaps a few million years it will have spent all its fuel, all its energy. It will become a dark star and the moment the sun becomes dark, life on this planet will disappear immediately - it depends on the sunrays, it is nourished by the sun.

The day has its beauties, the day has its mornings; the awakening of the trees and the birds. The day has a life of its own, but there is no need to choose between day and night because night has its own beauty, its own truth.

Darkness has silence; compared to the silence of darkness, light is very poor. Silence has depth, immense depth, and the silence of the night is not the silence of a graveyard, it is a silence full of song - many songs. The stars have their own songs, their own dance; the moon has its own song, its own dance. And even the earth, surrounded in darkness, is not dead - it is fully alive, it has a music; those who have ears can feel it. The wind passing through the pine trees brings its own songs, and the water descending from the mountains also brings its own dance.

Zarathustra wants to have both. When you can have both, why create this contradiction?

”Lead me from darkness to light,” means you are afraid of darkness, you are still childish.

”Lead me from darkness to light,” is nothing but a fear-oriented prayer. Otherwise, night is a rest, a relaxation, a rejuvenation, a preparation for the next day. It takes away all your tiredness, it takes away all the dust that has gathered in the day, and in the morning you are again young, again fresh, again ready to create something. But it is in the womb of the night that you attain this freshness, this youth, this energy.

It is in the night that all the great dreams have happened to humanity. They may take hundreds of years to become realities, but everything that has become real has come to man first only as a dream. Night is not only the womb where you get your life refreshed, it is also the womb where you get the dreams for your future progress.

Zarathustra wants never to choose. His message is of a choiceless awareness, a life of choiceless awareness; enjoying everything that existence provides you with. Why cling to the light?, why not explore the beauty of darkness too? Why cling to life?, why not adventure into the unknown lands of death? Those who had been praying, ”God, lead us from death to life,” must be obsessed and deeply afraid. And the person who is afraid of death cannot live his life totally, because death is not separate from life just as darkness is not separate from light.

Zarathustra will not choose. Zarathustra will enjoy and sing the song of the day, the song of the night. He will dance in the early morning sun, and he will also dance under the starry night.

IT IS NIGHT: NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER - because everything becomes silent: the birds have gone to sleep, the animals have gone to sleep, the people have gone to sleep, the marketplaces have disappeared. A great silence has descended all over the planet, now even a whisper sounds louder.

NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER. AND MY SOUL TOO IS A LEAPING FOUNTAIN.

IT IS NIGHT: ONLY NOW DO ALL SONGS OF LOVERS AWAKEN. AND MY SOUL TOO IS THE SONG OF A LOVER.

It is something to go deep into. Love has some deep roots in the night. Perhaps in darkness it is easier to put your personality aside, to put your mask aside, to be naked and to be authentic and to be true. Perhaps in the dark it is easier to melt into each other, to merge into each other; to forget the I and the thou.

In the day it is a little difficult; in the light you want your make-up, you want your mask, you want to show yourself the best you can. You want to hide all that you are afraid of; if people come to know about it perhaps they will not like you, they will not love you, they will not accept you. Night gives you a freedom which day takes away. It seems relevant that love has its roots in the night.

IT IS NIGHT: ONLY NOW DO ALL SONGS OF LOVERS AWAKEN. The false personalities disappear and real individuals, without any fear of exposure, in their utter nakedness in the dark can put their seriousness aside and be playful. And unless lovers can play like children, love remains very superficial and meaningless. Unless love becomes an innocent play and fun and a laughter, a song, a dance - it is not love. Then it must be something of the marketplace, a commodity which can be shown, which can be purchased.

Only in the darkness are you authentically yourself; you are no more afraid of the society and the crowd - because there is no crowd in darkness; you are alone, there is no society, there is no religion, there is no church, there is no priest, there is no foolish man. Darkness gives you a freedom, the freedom that happens only when you are left absolutely alone. Only in this aloneness, lovers can sing, lovers can enjoy. Only in this darkness, mind stops chattering, stops arguing, allows the heart to have its say. The song of love is nothing but the song of the heart.

AND MY SOUL TOO IS THE SONG OF A LOVER. You will find your soul too in the silence of darkness because it is not of the mind; it is even deeper than the heart, but heart is a bridge. If you can sing a song of love you are not far away from the sound of your soul - it is very close. Love and your soul are neighbors.

SOMETHING UNQUENCHED, UNQUENCHABLE, IS IN ME, THAT WANTS TO SPEAK OUT. A CRAVING FOR LOVE IS IN ME, THAT ITSELF SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

LIGHT AM I: AH, THAT I WERE NIGHT! BUT THIS IS MY SOLITUDE, THAT I AM GIRDED ROUND WITH LIGHT

I LIVE IN MY OWN LIGHT, I DRINK BACK INTO MYSELF THE FLAMES THAT BREAK FROM ME.

I DO NOT KNOW THE JOY OF THE RECEIVER; AND I HAVE OFTEN DREAMED THAT STEALING MUST BE MORE BLESSED THAN RECEIVING.

Zarathustra again and again emphasizes the fact that to give something to someone is to hurt his pride. Hence, giving has to be very articulate, very artful. You should not give in such a way that the other is humiliated. But that's what happens. People really don't want to give, they want to humiliate. Giving is just an excuse for hurting the pride of someone - it is ugly and inhuman.

Giving needs a great heart, and a great art. It should be given in such an indirect way that the receiver does not feel any kind of humiliation, but on the contrary feels a great love, feels your acceptance, feels that you have enjoyed giving to him more than he has enjoyed receiving, feels that he is not obliged to you but you are obliged to him. One should give in such a way that the other is respected, raised higher.

I DO NOT KNOW THE JOY OF THE RECEIVER. Zarathustra says, "I am poor in the sense that I do not know the joy of the receiver; because I am so fulfilled I do not need anything. I am so entirely complete that there is no way for anyone to give anything to me."

Hence, I DO NOT KNOW THE JOY OF THE RECEIVER; AND I HAVE OFTEN DREAMED THAT STEALING MUST BE MORE BLESSED THAN RECEIVING. I do not know the joy of receiving, but I have seen people receiving things, and I have seen their pride is hurt, their dignity destroyed. They are turned into beggars. That's why I HAVE OFTEN DREAMED THAT STEALING MUST BE MORE BLESSED THAN RECEIVING.

It is better to steal, at least your dignity is saved. He is saying this not to preach stealing. He is saying this to make you aware that whenever you give something to someone, you give very cautiously and very carefully. Give as if giving is your need, not the need of the receiver; that you are burdened, and it is very kind of the receiver to unburden you.

IT IS MY POVERTY THAT MY HAND NEVER RESTS FROM GIVING. He has so much that he goes on giving his love, his wisdom, his original insights but he is saying "It is my poverty, don't feel offended. I am not trying to prove myself rich by giving you something. I am simply proving my poverty" - a very strange idea, but very significant.

When the season of rain comes and the rainclouds hover over you, full of rain water, they want to shower, not that they are concerned with the thirsty earth, but because they are too much burdened with the water; it is becoming heavier and heavier. It is out of this burden, out of this heaviness, that they shower. It is their poverty, they could not contain more, they are too small, their capacity is too small; they become burdened too early. This is how every giver should think. Only then whatever he gives is given out of love; otherwise, it is not a virtue, but a sin.

IT IS MY POVERTY THAT MY HAND NEVER RESTS FROM GIVING; IT IS MY ENVY THAT I SEE EXPECTANT EYES AND ILLUMINED NIGHTS OF DESIRE. He is certainly very unique in seeing things from aspects nobody has ever seen - before or after. He says, "I am envious of expectant eyes." He is saying, "I am envious of the beggars, because they don't hurt anybody." In receiving, how they can hurt anybody? In receiving, they cannot fulfil their egos.

”I am envious ”But what can Zarathustra do? He is so full and so overflowing with love and light; he is helpless. That’s why he says, ”I am poor.” He is helpless, he has to share.

Kabir, one of the great mystics of India, has beautiful statements which are similar. He says, ”When the tree becomes too heavy with fruit, its branches start going down; they start touching the earth.” They are too heavy to stand as proud, as egoistic, as they used to be. For the first time their richness is making them humble; their richness is making them come down to earth. They are asking somebody to take their fruit so they can become weightless, and again can stand high in the sky.

Kabir says, ”The same is the situation of one whose being has become a ripe fruit.” He becomes humble, he becomes poor, he is ready to share with anyone; he does not ask whether you deserve it or not - all that he wants is to be emptied.

But the problem of spiritual growth is that the more you give the more you have. So you go on giving, and from unknown sources your cup of life goes on always overflowing; your giving never empties it.

WHERE HAVE THE TEARS OF MY EYE AND THE BLOOM OF MY HEART GONE? OH SOLITUDE OF ALL GIVERS! OH SILENCE OF ALL LIGHT-GIVERS!

”WHERE HAVE THE TEARS OF MY EYE AND THE BLOOM OF MY HEART GONE?” On the path there are moments, just as day and night, just as life and death... one moment you are so full that you can give to the whole world. Your blessings are so many that you cannot conceive you can ever be empty. However much you go on giving, more and more blessings will be coming to you.

And then there comes the night, and suddenly even tears from your eyes disappear and the flowers of your heart are suddenly gone. You are not only empty, you have suddenly become a desert; and just a moment before there was a garden, and just a moment before the spring was in full swing. But one has to learn the beauty of these moments also. When the path is lost, even your eyes are dry, your heart is no more flowering.

OH SOLITUDE OF ALL GIVERS! OH SILENCE OF ALL LIGHT-GIVERS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?

MANY SUNS CIRCLE IN EMPTY SPACE: TO ALL THAT IS DARK THEY SPEAK WITH THEIR LIGHT - TO ME THEY ARE SILENT.

It is strange, MANY SUNS CIRCLE IN EMPTY SPACE: TO ALL THAT IS DARK THEY SPEAK WITH THEIR LIGHT - TO ME THEY ARE SILENT. Suddenly the whole universe seems to be not on speaking terms with me, and just a moment before there was such a dialogue, such a deep communion. This part has been called by the mystics, the dark night of the soul. One has to be silently watching it - this too will pass. Soon there will be spring again, but the first time when it comes, it seems you have been living in an illusion - all the beauty, all the sounds, all the dances - you must have been dreaming.

When everything disappears... but this is the nature of existence, it balances everything; otherwise life will become a chaos. It is a cosmos, because everything is balanced. One moment there is a

song, another moment nothing grows in you. One has to watch both, and love both, and enjoy both, understanding them as two sides of the same coin. In this understanding is the ultimate awakening, in this understanding is enlightenment.

IT IS NIGHT: AH, THAT I MUST BE LIGHT! AND THIRST FOR THE THINGS OF NIGHT! AND SOLITUDE!

IT IS NIGHT: NOW MY LONGING BREAKS FROM ME LIKE A WELL-SPRING - I LONG FOR SPEECH.

IT IS NIGHT: NOW DO ALL LEAPING FOUNTAINS SPEAK LOUDER. AND MY SOUL TOO IS A LEAPING FOUNTAIN - again the spring has come.

IT IS NIGHT: ONLY NOW DO ALL SONGS OF LOVERS AWAKEN. AND MY SOUL TOO IS THE SONG OF A LOVER.

One has to learn that existence is a dialectic. What appears to be contradictory is not so; it is complementary, it is absolutely necessary. If a man goes on dancing forever, the dance will kill him. If a man goes on singing forever, his song will become a madness. The dance also needs rest, the song also needs rest.

And when you don't feel any song inside you and you don't feel any urge to dance - rejoice, that in this emptiness the seeds are growing. And soon there will be songs, far better than you have known before; and soon there will again be dance, far greater than you have even dreamt.

But wait - the key word is to wait, and watch. Once you become aware of the wheel... in the East we have called it the wheel of life and death. The word for the world in the East is jagat, and jagat means wheel - that which goes on moving. One spoke comes up and goes down, another spoke comes up and goes down.

The morning is not only just the beginning of the day, it is also the beginning of the night. The evening is not only the beginning of the night, it is also the beginning of the day.
The moment you understand it, you understand the greatest secret of all. ...

THUS SANG ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?