

The Invitation #7

Even donkeys are not worried.

24 August 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium.

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,

HOW ARE ONE-POINTEDNESS, CONCENTRATION AND MEDITATION RELATED TO EACH OTHER?

Prem Dinesh, one-pointedness, concentration and meditation are not related to each other at all. This is one of the confusions prevalent all over the world.

One-pointedness is another name for concentration, but meditation is just the opposite of concentration. But in most of the books, in most of the dictionaries, and by the so-called teachers, they are used as if they are synonymous.

Concentration simply means one-pointedness. It is something of the mind. Mind can be a chaos, a crowd. Mind can be many voices, many directions. Mind can be a crossroads. Ordinarily, that's what mind is, a crowd.

But if the mind is a chaos, you cannot think rationally, you cannot think scientifically. To think rationally and scientifically, you have to be concentrated on the object of your study. Whatever the object is, the one thing necessary is that you are pouring your whole mental energy onto that object. Only with this much force is there a possibility to know the objective truth; hence, concentration is the method of all sciences.

But meditation is totally different. First, meditation is not of the mind. It is neither one-pointed mind nor many-pointed mind; it is simply not mind. Meditation is going beyond, beyond mind and its boundaries. They cannot be related; they are opposite to each other.

Concentration is mind and meditation is no-mind.

The West, particularly, has not known meditation. It has remained confined to concentration -- hence all scientific progress, technology -- but it has not known the inner science of silence, peace, of being a light unto oneself.

One-pointedness can reveal the secrets of the outside world. Meditation reveals the secrets of your own subjectivity. It can be said, concentration is objective and meditation is subjective. Concentration moves outwards; meditation moves inwards. Concentration is going far away from yourself. Meditation is coming home to your innermost center. Mind, reason, logic, all point towards the outer -- to them, the inner does not exist at all.

But this is a fundamental law of the inner reality that nothing is ever accomplished in the inner world by a reasonable man. It is an irrational, or better to say suprarational approach -- to know oneself you don't need mind, you need utter silence. Mind is always concerned with some thing or many things. There are thoughts and thoughts, ripples upon ripples -- the lake of the mind is never ripple-less.

Your inner being can be reflected only in a mirror without any ripples. No mind -- absolute silence of all thoughts, absence of the mind completely -- becomes the mirror without any ripples, without even a single fluttering of thought. And suddenly, the explosion: you have become aware for the first time of your own being.

Up to now, you have known things of the world; now you know the knower. That's exactly what Socrates means when he says: Know thyself. Because without knowing thyself -- I want to add to the Socratic advice -- you cannot be yourself. Knowing thyself is a step to being thyself, and unless you are yourself, you can never feel at ease. You can never feel contented; you can never feel fulfilled; you can never feel at home in existence.

Some discomfort, some misery... you are not exactly aware what, but a constant feeling that something essential is missing; that you have everything and yet something which can make everything meaningful is absent. Your palace is full of all the treasures of the world but you are empty. Your kingdom is big but you are absent. This is the situation of the modern man; hence, the constant feeling of meaninglessness, anxiety, anguish, angst.

Modern mind is the most troubled mind that has ever existed for the simple reason that man has come of age. A buffalo is not disturbed about the meaning of life -- the grass is his meaning of life; more than that all is useless. The trees are not interested in the meaning of life; just a good shower and a rich soil and a beautiful sun and life is a tremendous joy. No tree is an atheist; no tree ever doubts. Except for man, doubt does not exist in existence. Except for man, nobody looks worried. Even donkeys are not worried. They look so relaxed, so philosophically at ease. They have no fear of death, no fear of the unknown, no concern for the tomorrow.

It is only man and his intelligence that has given him a very difficult life, a constant torture. You try to forget it in a thousand and one ways, but it goes on coming back again and again. And this will continue until your last breath unless you know something of meditation, unless you know how to turn inwards, how to have a look at your own interiority.

And suddenly, all meaninglessness disappears.

On a very high level, you are again as at ease as the trees. At a very high consciousness, you are as relaxed as the whole of existence. But your relaxation has a beauty to it -- it is conscious, it is alert. It knows that it is. It knows that while the whole of existence is asleep, it is awake.

What is the point of a beautiful sunrise if you are asleep? What is the beauty of a rose if you are asleep? Mind is your sleep, concentrated or not. Meditation is your awakening. The moment you awake, sleep disappears and with it all the dreams, all the projections, all expectations, all desires. Suddenly you are in a state of desirelessness, non-ambition, unfathomable silence. And only in this silence, blossoms flower in your being. Only in this silence the lotuses open their petals.

Remember that any teacher who says to you that concentration is meditation is committing a great crime. Not knowing that he is misleading you, and misleading you on such a fundamental subject, he is far more dangerous than somebody who can kill you. He is killing you far more significantly and deeply. He is destroying your consciousness; he is destroying your very possibility to open the doors of all the mysteries that you are.

Albert Camus has one beautiful statement to remember: "The absurd is the essential concept and the first truth." Naturally, when mind is not there, no-mind cannot be a rational concept. It is absurd. It cannot say anything reasonably -- where it is, what it is, what it signifies. It can only indicate mystically -- hence all the parables of the world. The mystics could not say in a logical way what they have experienced. They went around telling stories, parables, which can be understood on two levels: one of the mind and one of the no-mind.

That is the beauty of a parable. You can understand it just like any other story, but it was not meant to be just another story; it was meant to give you some hint, some hidden hint towards that for which mind is absolutely inadequate. I will give you a few examples.

A blind man is brought to Gautam Buddha. The blind man is not an ordinary man, he is a great logician. And his whole village is tired of his logic. They are very annoyed and irritated by the blind man, because he refuses to believe that light exists. And he requires of the whole village that if they say light exists, they have to give him proof: "I can touch things; let me touch your light. I can taste things; let me taste your light. I can smell things; at least let me smell your light. I can hear things; beat the light so I can hear the sound. Do something. These are the only four senses I have."

Light is neither available to the nose nor to the ears; neither to the mouth, nor to the hands.

Unless you have eyes, there is no way to prove that light exists.

Gautam Buddha said to the people, "You have brought him to a wrong man. You have all given all kinds of proofs, and you have not been successful. What can I do? Take him to my personal physician. He is just sitting behind me. He is the greatest physician of our time; perhaps he can cure the blind man's eyes. He does not need any argument, he needs treatment. He does not need any evidence, logical proof about light; he simply needs eyes. Then there will not be any question or any doubt or any asking for evidence."

He was given to the physician. It took six months for him to cure that man from his blindness. The day he saw light he cried and went from house to house in the village to offer an apology, "Forgive me. Although I was being rational and logical I had no idea that unless you have eyes, you cannot

be given any proof that cannot be rejected by you, argued against." Although the whole world knows that light exists, the whole world cannot make a single blind man convinced of it. Your consciousness is not available to the mind. Your mind is not the right vehicle to know yourself. Unless you have a new eye -- what in the East we have called the third eye, symbolically.... These two eyes open outwards. Just as a symbol, the third eye opens inwards. The two eyes are for the duality of the world, the one eye is for the singleness of your being. As you start looking inwards, you are amazed: you were ignoring yourself, and that was the trouble. That was why you were in misery, anxiety, suffering. You were trying everything to remove the misery, but it was caused by your unawareness, by your unconsciousness, by your ignorance of your own being. That was the cause. And unless that cause is removed, you will never have a taste of blissfulness, of ecstasy, of immortality, of the divineness of existence. The pretty young thing came slamming into her apartment after a blind date and announced to her roommate, "Boy, what a character! I had to slap his face three times this evening!" The roommate inquired eagerly, "What did he do?" "Nothing," muttered the girl. "I slapped him to see if he was awake!" But nobody is awake. Spiritually, we are all asleep. Meditation is a way of awakening.

Concentration has nothing to do with meditation. But you have been told by Christians, by Hindus, by Mohammedans, by all your so-called organized religions to concentrate on God; concentrate on a certain mantra; concentrate on the statue of a Buddha, but concentrate. And remember, whether you concentrate on a hypothetical God which nobody has ever seen, nobody has ever met, for which no proof, no evidence exists anywhere.... You can go on concentrating on an empty hypothesis, that is not going to reveal you to yourself. Concentrate on a statue which is man-made, manufactured by you; you can go on concentrating but you will not find anything to transform your being. Or concentrate on scriptures, mantras, chantings... but all those efforts are an exercise in utter futility. Go beyond the mind -- and the way beyond the mind is very simple -- just become a watcher of the mind, because watching immediately separates you from the thing you watch. You are watching a movie; one thing is certain, you are not an actor in the movie. Watching the road and the crowd passing by, one thing is certain; you are standing by the side, you are not on the road in the crowd. Whatever you watch, you are not. The moment you start watching the mind, a tremendous experience happens -- a recognition that you are not the mind. Just this small recognition that "I am not the mind" is the beginning of no-mind. You have transcended the crowd, the voices, the chaos of the mind; you have moved into the silences of the heart. Here is your home, your eternal being. Here is your deathless, essential existence. Knowing this has never been transcended by anything more blissful, more ecstatic. You may have heard about Segal's Law: A man with one watch knows what time it is. A man with two watches is never sure. Mind is not only two, it is many. A man with mind is not sure of anything. He is doubtful about everything; he is unsure about everything. And a life of doubt and unsureness is not a life; you don't have any roots anywhere. And without roots you cannot have flowers, and you cannot become fruitful. Your life will remain barren, a desert where nothing grows.

Two women in a train were engaged in an argument. At last, one of them called the conductor. "If this window is open," she declared, "I will catch cold and will probably die." "If the window is shut," the other announced, "I shall suffocate." The two glared at each other. The conductor was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man who sat near. These were, "First, open the window; that will kill one. Next, shut it; that will kill the other. Then we can have peace."

That is what you have to do with your mind if you want peace, peace that passeth all understanding.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

I HAVE TRIED TO WRITE QUESTIONS TO YOU, BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. WHEN YOU WERE IN SILENCE, I BECAME AWARE THAT YOUR SILENCE IS AN INVITATION FOR MEDITATION. IT IS PURE CELEBRATION; IT IS NOT A BURDEN OR A DUTY OR A BOTHER. IT IS A COMING CLOSER TO YOU; IT IS JOY.

MY HEART IS OVERWHELMED TO SIT AT YOUR FEET. IN DEEP LOVE I SAY, "THANK YOU, OSHO FOR THIS INVITATION."

Divyam Sakar, there are no questions which are really of any significance, because questions are asked by the mind. And the mind cannot find any answer.

The answer is in the death of the mind.

All questions are in the mind and the answer is beyond it; hence, if you are intelligent, you will find it very difficult to write a question. People who go on writing questions are not really alert to the fact that these questions cannot be answered. Yes, you can be shown a way where you can find an answer, but nobody else can answer your question; just like nobody else can breathe for you, and nobody else can drink for you, and nobody else can eat for you. You will have to do these things yourself.

It is good that you felt it was impossible to write questions. It is impossible because the mind cannot even have any idea of the right question, because to know the right question is to know the right answer. If you can recognize the right question, it is not so far away to recognize the right answer. A mind that can recognize the right question is certainly capable of recognizing the right answer. But all your questions are wrong.

There are millions of questions and there is only one answer. Questions are very complex and the answer is very simple. The questions have created so many great philosophies in the world, so many great systems of thought, systems of belief, great traditions of religion. But none of them have come to the answer that fulfills, to the answer that dispels all the questions, because the answer is your being, very being.

The answer is not to be found in any scripture, nor can it be given by any teacher. Those who know never answer your question; they simply destroy your question. They make you aware of a quest, not of a question. Their invitation is for a quest, not for a question, because only a quest can lead you finally to the space where you find not a verbal answer, but an existential answer -- yourself. A man stepped into a very crowded bus. After a while he took out his glass eye, threw it up in the air, then put it back in again.

Then, minutes later he again took out his eye, threw it up in the air, then put it back in again. The lady next to him was horrified.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"I'm just trying to see if there is any room up front."

With a glass eye! Your questions are just like that. And the more you would have tried, the more you would have found that it is impossible -- there is no question which is of any worth.

But then you suddenly fell upon something for which you were not looking. Because I was in silence, you thought perhaps that was my message to you -- to be silent. And this invitation for silence became your meditation.

Now you can say to me, "It is pure celebration. It is not a burden or a duty or a bother -- it is a coming closer to you; it is joy.

"My heart is overwhelmed to sit at your feet. In deep love, I say, `Thank you, Osho, for this invitation.'"

Remember Fetridge's Law: Important things that are supposed to happen do not happen,

especially when people are looking for them.

When you are not looking for anything, a certain silence descends on you. And in that silence things start happening that were never happening before when you were looking for them.

It is a very mysterious life.

It does not follow your ordinary arithmetic.

When you are running too much after silence, and peace, and meditation and enlightenment you simply get tired, bored, exasperated. It is never found that way. You cannot find anything of value while you are running. And naturally, your mind says: Run a little faster, you are not running fast enough. And the faster you run, the more tense you are, the more your eyes are blurred, the more dust you gather. You don't know where you are running because you don't know which direction the truth is.

It is not in running after it, it is in sitting silently. And while you are perfectly a pool of peace, truth arises within you. You never reach truth; it is always truth that reaches you. But you must be at your home, and mostly you are never at your home.

I have heard about two men, great friends, who were talking to each other. And one said, "Boy, last night was the greatest thing that has ever happened to me. I had gone fishing and caught such great fish that even to carry one alone, by myself, was so tiring; it was such a burden. The fish was so long you wouldn't believe it. And not one, I caught so many fish. The whole night I have been carrying them, just carrying them."

The second man said, "This is nothing, you don't know what happened to me last night. I dreamt that on my one side is Sophia Loren -- in my bed, under my blanket. I said, 'My God!' because I looked at the other side and I saw Marilyn Monroe. It was such a juicy night."

The first man who had been catching fish the whole night said, "You idiot. Why did you not call me?" The second man said, "I did call, but your wife said you had gone fishing."

People are never at home. Truth comes many times and knocks at the door, but your wife says you have gone fishing.

You are always gone somewhere.

Sitting silently you are at home.

And truth is not something that comes from outside, it arises out of the intensity of your silence. In fact, the intensity of your silence, a great silence crystallized, is truth.

Truth is not something other than silence.

A small silence becomes the door to greater silences, and finally, the silence itself becomes so condensed -- Gurdjieff used to call it the crystallization -- you find yourself. In that very finding you have found the truth. Then life is a sheer joy, a song, a dance, a celebration.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO,

COULD YOU SAY SOMETHING TO ME ABOUT FEAR? WHAT IS FEAR? WILL MEDITATION HELP ME OVERCOME MY FEAR OF DEATH? WHY AM I AFRAID TO LET GO INTO SOMETHING MORE POWERFUL THAN ME?

Prem Subuk, you have asked many questions in a single small question, and all are significant, significant for any seeker.

First, you are asking about fear. There are many fears, but fundamentally they are only offshoots of one fear, branches of one tree. The name of the tree is death. You may not be aware that this fear is concerned with death, but every fear is concerned with death. Fear is only a shadow. It may not be apparent if you are afraid of going bankrupt, but you are really afraid of being without money and becoming more vulnerable to death. People go on holding money as a protection, although they know perfectly well that there is no way to protect yourself against death. But still, something has to be done. At least it keeps you busy, and keeping yourself busy is a kind of unconsciousness,

is a kind of drug.

Hence, just as there are alcoholics, there are workaholics. They keep themselves continuously involved in some work; they cannot leave working. Holidays are fearful; they cannot sit silently. They may start reading the same newspapers they have read three times already that morning. They want to remain engaged, because it keeps a curtain between themselves and death. But reduced to its essentials, the only fear is of death.

It is significant to realize that all other fears are only offshoots, because then something can be done if you know the very roots. If death is the basic and the fundamental fear, then only one thing can make you fearless, and that is an experience within you of a deathless consciousness. Nothing else -- no money, no power, no prestige -- nothing can be an insurance against death except a deep meditation... which reveals to you that your body will die, your mind will die, but you are beyond the body-mind structure. Your essential core, your essential life source has been here before you and will remain after you. It has changed through many forms; it has evolved through many forms. But it has never disappeared, from the very beginning -- if there has been any beginning. And it will never disappear to the very end, if there is any end... because I don't believe in any beginning and in any end.

Existence is beginningless and endless.

It has always been here and you have always been here. Forms may have been different; forms have been different even in this life.

The first day you got into your mother's womb, you were not bigger than the full-point on your question mark. If a photograph is shown to you, you will not recognize that this is you. And in fact, even before that...

Two persons were arguing about how far back they could go, how far back they could remember. One could remember his childhood nearabout three years of age. The other said, "That is nothing. I remember the day my mother and father went to a picnic. When we went to the picnic, I was in the father. When we came back from the picnic I was in my mother!"

Will you recognize yourself as you were when you were in your father? A picture can be shown to you; it can be enlarged so that you can see it with your bare eyes, but you will not recognize it. But it is the same life form, the same life source that is throbbing in you right now.

You are changing every day. When you were just born, just one day old, that also you will not be able to recognize. You will say, "My god, this is me?" Everything will change; you will become old, youth will be gone. Childhood has been lost long before, and death will come. But it will come only to the form, not to the essence. And what has been changing all along your life was only the form. Just the other day I looked at Chitten. I said, "My god, what has happened to this poor man?" Later on, I tried to find out if he has become a punk or what; he used to be a sane sannyasin. But nothing has happened to him, just to his hair, to his beard. He is the same; he is still sane.

Your form is changing every moment. And death is nothing but a change, a vital change, a little bigger change, a quicker change. From childhood to youth... you don't recognize when childhood left you and you became young. From youth to old age... things go so gradually that you never recognize at what date, on what day, in what year, youth left you. The change is very gradual and slow.

Death is a quantum jump from one body, from one form into another form. But it is not an end to you.

You were never born and you never die.

You are always here.

Forms come and go and the river of life continues.

Unless you experience this, the fear of death will not leave you. You are asking, "Will meditation help me overcome my fear of death?" There is no other way. Only meditation... and only meditation can help.

I can say, all the scriptures can say, but that will not help; still a doubt may remain. Who knows, these people may have been lying, or these people may have been deceived themselves. Or these people may have been deceived by other literature, by other teachers. And if a doubt remains, the

fear will be there.

Meditation brings you face to face with the reality.

Once you know on your own what life is, you never bother about death.

There are beautiful stories about people of meditation, how joyfully, how jokingly they have taken their death. One great master, before dying asked his disciples, "You know me perfectly well, that I have lived always in my own way. I want to die also in my own way. Just suggest some unique idea."

The disciples said, "This old man has tortured us his whole life. Now, what original idea about death...? People are afraid of death, and this fellow is asking for some original idea of how to die." Somebody suggested to sit dying in a lotus posture. Somebody else said, "This is not new, people have died sitting in a lotus posture."

Then the old man said, "Reject it! Find something absolutely original, and be quick because my time is running out."

Somebody suggested to die standing. People usually die lying down on their beds. That is the most dangerous place, because ninety-nine percent of people die on their beds. Beware of the bed! In the night when your wife has gone to sleep, slip down and sleep on the floor. Move into the bathroom, but don't be on the bed. That is the place where death has found ninety-nine percent of its victims. Avoid it!

Somebody said, "This is a little new, but it is not absolutely original because I have heard about a master dying standing -- just one man, but it is still imitating."

Then somebody said, "Then do one thing. Stand on your head; do a headstand -- we have never heard that anybody has done that."

It is very difficult. Even to fall asleep standing on your head is very difficult, because so much blood is running to the head it keeps you awake. Dying is much more difficult. In the night you keep your head on a pillow, so that less blood is reaching the head; otherwise, the blood flow keeps your brain cells awake.

Intellectual people need two pillows, three pillows. Then with great difficulty they can stop the rush of the thoughts. Now standing on the head, so much blood, because of gravitation, goes to the brain that it won't let it fall asleep. Dying will be much more difficult because death is a deeper form of sleep.

But the old man said, "I like that idea. Just be certain that nobody has done it."

All his disciples said, "It is true; nobody has ever done it. You can do it and feel happy that you are dying in an original way, in your own style."

And the old man stood on his head and died.

Then all the disciples became very disturbed. What to do now? They had known about people dying on a bed: you give them a bath, you change their clothes, you take them to the funeral pyre. But what to do with this fellow? -- he is standing on his head. Nobody has died this way, so nobody knows actually what should be done, from where to start.

Somebody suggested his sister. His older sister was also a great master; she lived in a nearby monastery. It was better to call her before taking any action than later on to be condemned for something that you should not have done.

They called the sister and asked, "What are we supposed to do? He has died standing on his head."

The sister said, "He has always been nasty." She was also a great meditator. She came close and told the old man, "Stop all this mischievousness! At least at the time of death, don't be ridiculous. Behave!" And she pushed him so he fell, poor man, laughing.

The disciples said, "This is strange. This old woman is also something."

And she went back, telling him, "Go to the bed and die, just as it is supposed to be done. Just do it properly. I am not going to come again. And you fellows, don't be worried. Whatever way he wants to die, let him die. Just drag him to the funeral pyre."

The disciples said, "It was good we called; he was still alive."

Naturally, it is very difficult to die standing on your head. The poor man tried hard, but could not

manage. And finally, because in the East it is not right to disobey elders, he lay down on the bed and died.

Then before dying he said, "This time I am really dying; you can start your ritual."

Still they watched, pinched, took every care because this man was strange. "We thought that he had died before, and who knows, he may still be playing a joke. Death is a joke? We had been always so afraid...." They pinched, but found he was really dead.

Another master before dying told his disciples, "Listen, I have already taken a bath and I have changed my clothes, fresh, new, so you need not... after I am dead, don't try to deceive me. You are my disciples, you have to follow my order. After my death, no bath, no changing of clothes. I have already done it for you."

They said, "Yes, we are all witnesses."

He said, "Then remember, nobody should interfere."

They knew their master; he was such a man that if you interfered, he might open his eyes. He had been beating them his whole life, and they did not want him to beat them again, even after death. So, they simply followed. And what had he done? -- he had played the last joke. As the fire caught his body -- he had hidden firecrackers inside his clothes; that's why he did not want them to change his clothes -- firecrackers started exploding beautifully all around. And people started laughing; they had never seen such a death.

But the disciples said, "He was a man who could laugh at death because he knew there is no death."

Meditation is the only way to discover your deathlessness.

Then all fear disappears. All other fears also disappear, because they were just offshoots, branches -- maybe gone far away from the roots, but still they were connected with the roots.

Finally you are asking, Subuk, "Why am I afraid to let go into something more powerful than me?"

It is the same fear. All fear, all is the same. You are afraid of going into something more powerful than you because a dewdrop dropping into the ocean is bound to disappear; it is death to the dewdrop. The more powerful will absorb you; hence, the fear.

But if you know that your life is the greatest power in existence, there is nothing more powerful than it, not even nuclear weapons can absorb it... once you become certain about it, then the dewdrop knows it is not his disappearance in the ocean, it is the ocean disappearing in the dewdrop. It is the dewdrop becoming as vast as the ocean. It is not disappearance; it is becoming infinite, unbounded.

After Brezhnev's death, the central committee of the Communist Party met to choose his successor. After his unanimous election as general secretary, Uri Andropov, the former chief of the secret police announced: "Very well, comrades, now that you have voted, you may lower your arms and come away from the wall."

This was voting! Naturally, it was unanimous.

Death is such a fear. But if you have just a small glimpse of your own being then even in the Soviet Union death does not happen.

When khrushchev came to power, addressing the first meeting of the Community Party, he condemned Joseph Stalin as strongly as possible. He said, "At least one million Russians have been killed after the revolution by a single man, Joseph Stalin. Thousands are in madhouses; thousands are in jails; thousands are forcibly hospitalized and thousands have been sent to Siberia for their whole lives. They cannot return to Russia, and life in Siberia must be the hardest in the whole world, just to survive."

One man from the back of the meeting said, "Comrade khrushchev, you have been a central committee leader with Joseph Stalin your whole life. Why did you not say it before?" There was great silence.

khrushchev said, "Whoever has asked the question, the question is significant. I am going to answer, but you first please stand up." Nobody stood. khrushchev called three times, "Stand up, so I can at least see your face." But nobody stood, and nobody repeated the question. khrushchev said, "Do you know why I was silent, why you are silent? You know that if you stand up, you will

disappear. I knew that if I said anything against Joseph Stalin, I would not see another sunrise again."

Death is such a fear. Even to Joseph Stalin, who was so powerful, death was such a fear that he never allowed his wife to sleep in the same room. Who knows? -- in the night she may make an effort to take his life. Yes, she is his wife, but just being a wife does not mean anything. Everybody is a stranger in this world, and just by going to a registry office you can't become known to each other. He never allowed anybody to be friendly with him. In his whole life nobody ever put their hand on his shoulder. That was not possible. He always kept people far away, following the old rule of Machiavelli, that the most dangerous people to those who are in power are those who are closest.

The vice president is the most dangerous to the president. Because he is so close, the temptation is easy to push this man away in some way and capture the power yourself.

These powerful people like Adolf Hitler or Joseph Stalin or Benito Mussolini are as much afraid of death as anybody else; all their power makes no difference. Only very few people like Gautam Buddha or Bodhidharma or Chuang Tzu have been able to go beyond the fear of death.

You can go beyond....

It is within your power and it is your right.

But you will have to make the small effort of moving from mind to no-mind.

A joke for you to remember at the time of your death...

It seems there was a captain in the KGB, whose stupid son had great difficulty understanding the concepts of the party, the motherland, the unions, and the people.

The captain told the boy to think of his father as the party, his mother as the motherland, his grandmother as the unions, and himself as the people.

Still, the boy did not understand. In a rage the father locked the boy in a wardrobe in the parental bedroom.

That night the boy was still in the wardrobe when the father began to make love to the mother.

The boy, watching through the wardrobe keyhole, said, "Now I understand: The party rapes the motherland while the unions sleep and the people have to stand and suffer."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.