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SINCE NONE OF THIS IS HAPPENING ANYWAY,  
WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE?

[Group sings Jai Ram as Gururaj plays cymbals.]

GURURAJ: Right. What shall we talk about today? Beloved mother.

NIRMALA: Short question.

GURURAJ: Good.

NIRMALA: If none of this is happening anyway, what is the purpose of world life?

GURURAJ: Beautiful. The question was, if none of this is happening anyway, what is the purpose of life? That would imply another question within the question that life could be purposeless. And yet we try and find purpose in purposelessness. So the nothingness of life becomes something. And who makes life into something? It is we, ourselves, with our mental meanderings that add importance to living and life and existence. And there lies the purpose in purposelessness. For without purpose you cannot exist, and yet existence by its own self, on its own beingness, does not have any pretense for any purpose at all. Purpose is added on to all things we do by ourselves, and then we get messed up for trying to find too much purpose in it. It is our own little thoughts and thinking that makes a purpose out of nothing. So when we go beyond a stage, when we regard life just to be life, without any purpose for the greatest purpose according to one's imaginings or imagination is to reach the goal. But then think also one thing, where is there that one has to reach to? Because you have reached there. You are there. You are the totality of all existence. So, if you would say, "I have to realize that I am all existence," then purpose disappears. Then there's no purpose at all to life, because you are it all. But when you find the shortcoming within yourself to say I have a goal to reach then you indulge in the factor of purpose. And the factor of purpose is factoring purposelessness into purpose.

So, we are chasing rainbows aren't we? And yet the rainbow's there, so beautiful, with all its seven colors that begins nowhere and ends nowhere. And yet seemingly or within your thoughts you think there is a golden pot there, where

there's no golden pot at all. For the rainbow is only seen through the prism of your mind, for it does not exist. So, those that think that life is purposeful are chasing rainbows.

But yet, behind it all, there is that white light and through the prism of that light we see all the varied colors of which life is constituted. So, where do we go? From purposelessness to purposefulness and then back again to purposelessness.

That's the cycle. Yet, I do not think I would be able to exist if I can't hold Sujay in my arms or mother there or my beloveds here. To hold them so close to my bosom and make them feel the beat which is beating within me, and merge, at the same time, in the beating of their hearts so there's that beautiful unity in which I would flow and flow and flow and express that divine love, as Loretta expresses her divinity in her paintings.

For as some of you would express your entirety in cooking a dish to feed yourself and your guru, who are you feeding really? You are feeding divinity. You are feeding none else, none else, none else. So, you are the one that is the sustenance of the embodiment of divinity. So, though Lord, the sustainer may thou be, but remember this, that I sustain thee. So, where is the problem of the sustainer and sustenance? And then you melt away in that beauty, you just float away, and you do not care where you are. For the entirety of all the oceans and the vast blue sky, the swaying grass, the trees, the flowers, are all sustaining you. Look at those trees out there. They are absorbing all the carbon dioxide, all the poisons you breathe out, and, in breathing, sacrificing itself by taking in the carbons and exuding from itself the oxygen that makes you live. Where is the difference? You see, there is no difference in anything. There is always a dependency from one to the other. For everything that seemingly has no meaning becomes meaningful to us because we are mixed up in meaninglessness and at the same time meaningfulness.

So, where is your attention? You have these do gooders. What are they doing? Ego feeding. The true doer of good does not make himself apparent at all. He just does what is to be done even without being conscious of what he is doing. So from the vast Jungian collective unconsciousness we find conscious existence. And yet Jung, I wish I could have him here now, he just talks a lot of bull. When everything is conscious, where is the place for collective unconsciousness? For we could never exist, the entire universe could never exist, without consciousness, because the very existence of oneself, or all that is around you, is composed of none else but consciousness. Everything is conscious.

Would you believe me when I tell you this, that even this arm rest here on this chair is listening to me? It has its own consciousness. Perhaps it might not be able to imbibe the wine of my song as you would, for even with my words I'll make you drunk. Drunk, intoxicated, in the glory of that which is existence itself. But you live only in the reflection of true existence. You are only a reflection of that which is. You're looking in the mirror, and do you know why you think things are wrong? Because of the mirror image where your right side seems to be the left side in the mirror, and your left side seems to be the right side. And yet I've seen mirrors that make you seem topsy turvy. These are mirrors you must install

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in your hearts and realize that you are damn topsy turvy. Just to stand up straight, that's all. To know the beauty of the little child's voice there. How beautiful. What a symphony it is. Just to merge away in the gurgle of the mother's breast or in the cry of the babe.

The child does not cry because it is unhappy. The child cries because it is happy and recognizes the happiness within. But yet it has to cry, that I've been brought into so called unhappiness. Look at the conflict that exists within the boundaries of its own particular formation of consciousness, limited though it be. But yet, that little baby is more conscious of divinity than what you are. Because there is that innocence, there is that purity, and forever I would pray, Lord regress me back to my childhood, so child like I could be and just find that beauty. I do not need to think about it. I do not need to analyze it. I do not want to ask wherefore and why of my existence. And in the beautitude of the child's innocence I would recognize within me my divinity.

That is what it's all about, mother, that is the secret of life. Everyone carries with him a baseball bat. For they have not learned how to conk their heads with that very same bat they carry with themselves. Get conked. And the beautiful stars are there. Yes. Get conked from your unconsciousness to true consciousness, wherein you could cognize that everything is divine. I don't know if you've noticed, but whenever I look at your faces I just melt away in you. Where I do not feel my existence, but I just feel the existence of thee.

So, let me die to be alive in you. And therein I would find true consciousness within myself as well as within you. Then do you blame this boy for loving you so much? There's the height of your creative ability. There is the height of your love, which is forever creating and re creating yourself. There is the power of my pen to write immortal poetry, or my painting. Because I am lost. I am not there. I'm merged in my brush and the paint that flows from it. I become unconscious of the colors that I mix.

So what am I doing? I'm just portraying myself, through these various mediums, to find one thing: and that one thing is me. And then a whole train of questions follow. Who is this me? Who am I? What am I? Where do I come from? Where do I go to? And in the final realization I will find, as you too all would, as I have found, that you have come from nowhere, you are going nowhere, you are eternal, immortal. The immortal self totally conscious of the entire universe. It's just to climb the steps and go upstairs and see the vast panorama around you. And you get taken in by its beauty. You get taken in by its solitariness, in you own solitude. That is where everything has to reach.

So life, at the same time, going over the question again, is illusory and yet not illusory. Illusions are created by ourselves. So, with illusion there is disillusion. So, dissolve and there are no illusions. Dissolve within yourself and become disillusioned and moving away from illusion to reality which is forever and ever existent within you and outside of you. For everything is true. Even the opposites merge at a certain time in its own truthfulness. Where all illusions cease. Where

the lover and the beloved just merge into oneness, keeping me up till six in the morning in a divine mergence. Where even time is lost. Space is lost. What is there but that loving embrace that takes you away, away from yourself. And there is the secret of non existence in existence. For they are the same. It is where you put your emphasis on. This chair exists for me and at the same time it does not exist. If I break it up into its molecular structure, this chair will not have form. But having created the structure, I do appreciate the form. And when I think deeper I still realize and know the formlessness in form, the nameless in the name, the love in the beloved. For that is what you are, that is what I am, nameless with name, formless with form; and to find the beauty of the co existence of the name with the nameless, and the form with the formless, that is the true maya of existence. Maya does not only mean illusion. The true meaning of maya is the attachment that one has to anything, for that matter. I'm attached to my Sujay. Seeing his form and his beauty, radiating so vibrant. But then at the same time I forget the form. I only imbibe within myself his vibrancy, and that is love. So, that love requires no form and no name if you reach the core of that pulsation. And all things vibrant are pulsating all the time in name and form, which is its outer appearance.

So what is maya and what is not maya? What is illusion and what is not illusion? To have a deep belief that nothing exists, all is maya, does not make the world turn. Take everything to be maya in its own particular form of reality. Appreciate the maya ick reality, and yet be above it all and say that this very existence, not created by me at all, but it has found its own existence, within itself, and I am a part of this mayaick world and I am above it all. Simple secrets of life and loving. Therefore I seem to wonder why people suffer? Just a slight turn of the attention. Maya, I accept you as my beloved. True. But at the same time I see within you a greater power, a greater force, a greater maya that attracts me more than the outward maya. So, do I love you? Your outward form? No. It is the by product of my love for you, of your inner form, the formless form, that exudes itself and formulates yourself into the outwardness of yourself that I could hold and cuddle and kiss and at the same time worship at your feet. For you are that which represents the form represents the formless. So, firstly I am in love with the formless. But to bring it down in tangible terms there is the creation of form which begins in my mind creating your form. You are not creating it by yourself. That is why people find someone so beautiful and another person so ugly. With me it does not work that way. Everything is just beautiful. Look at my Vicki Lowe, there. So self composed. So beautiful. Look at Balraj there, look at every one of you, so, so, divine, so beautiful. Cannot this boy help it if I just merge away into you? I can't help it. Because it is me, knowing the formless, to be able to merge into the formless, and try to keep you happy. My mind creates the form to make you realize that you are the form and the formless, at the same time as I am too.

So, you see how much we have in common with each other? So, here we combine the form with the formless and each has its own particular existence. But he is the man that recognizes, that could discriminate, the form and the formlessness, the existence and the existencelessness. He is the man that has conquered all the universes. So, he takes a step at a time. When he is in existence he lives like existence, and when he is in non existence he becomes non existent, too. That is self realization. For in everything, existence or not, there's so much joy to be found in its own particular self. So, therefore I just cannot understand why some people are unhappy. There's no necessity for you, my beloved, to be unhappy at all. What necessity is there?

So, dive in those beautiful, cooling waters of ecstasy and all else shall be added unto thee. Which others have called the Kingdom of Heaven I call it the kingdom of ecstasy. There everything is found; the minuteness of things of that which is minuteless.

Do you see the meaning of it all? Meaninglessness is a bit different from meaningfulness. In the first word you are taking with the less, you are taking out the fullness which is there. But it is only in the fullness, like the full moon, where you would see the shadows in the moon, those crevices, the mountains existing in the moon, and yet it is shimmering and shining bright. It would not do that if the mountains in the moon were not there. For they act as deflectors to give, to be able to give that shimmering light. To give it its own personal character of beauty. Therefore the moon, too, needs its mountains and crevices, its hills and valleys and dales. It needs them too. So, why should you not need them also? Hm? You need them too. Enjoy them. Enjoy the joy of everything existent. It is all alive. And it first remember this it first lives in you to find its existence outside. For the seer sees his own mental creations all around him all the time. Two people can look at an object and they would not see the object in the same light, never. There will be some difference there, because everyone's perceptions differ according to your own personal patternings. So, all existence is within yourself subjected to your personal interpretation. So, it is you that is not really looking out. You are looking in and finding the reflection without. Out there. You're looking in. And when a clear reflection is not found, then what do you do? You sweep away the dirt of samskaras. You clean the mirror of your mind. And when you do that the entire existence assumes a different form.

Sujay buys a new car which was brown, and yet his little daughter changed his mind to buy a white one. Now what was the difference between the brown car and the white car? It's the same model. It was just a question of appearance. That one is colored brown (Hyundai) and the other is colored white. One has a light brown upholstery, the other one has a blue one. But you're still gonna sit in the same damn seat. And one is just as comfortable as the other. It's the same make of car.

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So, what I'm trying to say is this, that through the form of appearance we try and make ourselves happy, and that is not the basis of happiness. It's a conception of happiness and not happiness itself. Do you see that?

So happiness, that we regard to be happiness, are just but conceptions. And what purpose does the car serve? Is to take you from point A to point B. That is the purpose of the car and not the purpose of its appearance. Do you see the truth that lies therein? And yet you might buy the car for the sake of its appearance and after three or four weeks of driving it you will not notice the appearance anymore. It's like giving a child a bicycle, he'll enjoy it for the first few weeks and after that it's just a bicycle. That's all.

And that's how it should be. Because you are not forming an attachment which is the true secret of life because all appearance is a reflection of your attachment to appearance and not to reality. That is maya. That is maya. That is the greatest illusion. (Did you change my water, Andrea? Thank you.)

People talk so many things... people talk of so many things about maya. Appearance is maya, nothing else. Appearance is the greatest illusion. Like a piece of crystal. You put a pink flower behind the crystal and the crystal appears pink, a yellow one and it appears yellow, and a blue something the crystal appears blue. Yet, the crystal in itself is colorless. So, maya or illusion comes about with the things you attach to it. Otherwise it's just all clear. Pure in its own purity, in its pristine purity. That's how it works, really. What time do you guys have to go to lunch? Are you in a hurry? It's twenty five past twelve.

ROOPA: You can take another fifteen or twenty minutes.

GURURAJ: Okay. Take it. And tell me the truth of taking fifteen or twenty minutes. What do you mean by that? How can you take time? How can you take space? Is that not also a form of self deception or misconception of eternity? Where you are dividing it up in fifteen or twenty minutes. That again is another illusion. For existence itself knows of no time, space and neither causation. For causation, time, and space are created by your thought patternings. There is nothing there. The truth of

[END SIDE ONE]

existence is the void. And yet on the blankest screen of the void your projector, with the film in it, produces all the images, and you get sucked into the images which the projector of your mind projects onto a totally white screen and you get

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sucked into it, and you cry with the imaginary non-existent characters, the heartbreaks the togethernesses and Sujay's Samurai fights. While he goes on his space odyssey where there is no space at all.

It is we that's doing all this. We actually make the world function. We are the creators of this world, none else, and we create it according to our own personal understanding. Otherwise the screen is blank. And that is reality, the void that you merge into where no reflections or projections are there, nothing to make you feel attached feeling wise or emotion wise. You become devoid of feelings and emotions because they are superfluous, on the surface alone, superimposed upon the void of life.

Happy is the man that could say to himself, "I am nothing. From nothingness I came to merge back again into nothingness." And that nothingness is the everythingness, the reality of life. For all your feelings, emotions, and thoughts, and the patternings and the samskaras and impressions, they are all created by the stupid little mind. I don't know why they gave such a high position to the mind to be up there. It should rather be in one's backside. It stinks! Do you see? So, nirvana, self realization, merging into divinity, is to find again that void that is devoid of all the superimpositions of all the trappings that are constituting your world in its non-reality. That is your illusion. How much am I real to you? Hm? Tell me that. How much am I real to you? This body, this soft flesh, this beating heart, that smile, that gesture. Is that the reality you seek in me or in anyone else? They are the creation of your mind. That's how you see me through the colorations of your mind. But you do not see me in my true essence as you do not see anyone other, as well. I'm just using me as an example.

What I see in others is beyond any verbal description, is beyond verbalization. For how can I verbalize all that which is so, so divine? How can I verbalize it? I would be insulting it to put it in verbal form. So, verbalization, too, is the coloration of the mind, and all the colors that the mind produces are illusionary. The colors are real, but the production of them are unreal. And how they delude you.

I remember in Canada, how Chetanji was so confused. There was a blue backdrop, Leslie you would remember, blue backdrop where I was sitting, and when it was photographed it looked green. So, they were puzzling their little heads over it. How come in the photograph it turned green? So after a while I let them go on, let them have their little fun, the boys must play with their toys. Then I said, "It's so simple. The emanation of the gold light, which is there all the time, mixed with blue would produce the effect of green." So simple. But we give the boys a run for their money. It's fun. Let the mind work. Let it work. Let it think. Until the mind can become thoughtful in thoughtlessness. Remember that! Functioning at its highest speed and not knowing of its function. Then only can you stand apart from the and watching it play.

How beautiful it is to stand outside a children's playground and watching the children playing. And you sitting on the bench there. How beautiful. Some laugh, some cry, some fall, hurting their shins and their knees, scrapes and bruises and... that's nice. And yet in spite of the scrapes and bruises the joy in the twinkle of their eyes. They shine with that extra terrestrial beauty of childlikeness. Wonderful. That is the beauty that has to be captured within yourself and not in your imaginings.

To know one's true self is to know the entirety of this little universe we live in. For there are universes upon universes. There's not only one universe. When we use the word universe we use it more figuratively by thinking it is the allness of manifestation or creation. But they all work in cycles. There are universes and universes and universes. And therefore all existence becomes beginless and endless. They're all there, all the time, functioning within themselves. Functioning by the primordial power that they possessed in the beginning, and when that power slows off, when the motion slows off, it goes back into pralay until it regenerates and rejuvenates itself to become alive again.

So, whatever is happening out there is happening within you. Same principles, same inevitable, immutable laws, forever in that which is known to be existence. Only thing we must know existence in its own true value and not in our imaginary value of existence, and when we go into our own imaginary values, we are creating illusions.

That's what it is all about. You look so beautiful, Vicki, so lovely. How can I tell you all how much I love and love? And I think the beauty of it is not being able to tell you how much I love. There lies the beauty. The greatest things in life will always remain unsaid. Yes.

Okay, we have to go to illusion to feed yourselves, huh?

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