

WHAT IS SELF FORGETFULNESS

GURURAJ: This they call a man. Sister Padminiji, where are you? Somewhere there. I can't see.

VIDYA: She's over there.

GURURAJ: Oh, thank you. This has been helping a lot. It's relieved a lot of the pain. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, very much.

What would you like me to talk about tonight?

ROOPA: Remember, if the first one doesn't have enough substance, then have a second [????????????].

GURURAJ: If your question has no substance, I will put substance in your substanceless question.

ROOPA: Beloved Gururaj, what is self forgetfulness?

GURURAJ: That will just take half a minute to answer.

ROOPA: We have another one when you're through.

GURURAJ: Because self forgetfulness is forgetting yourself. Now, ask yourself first this, what are you trying to forget of yourself? Are you trying to forget your body and your mind and anything which is involved in you? Is that which you are trying to forget in your self forgetfulness? Show me any person here in this room that could be self forgetful. You are not. You are remembering yourself all the time in self remembrance and not in self forgetfulness.

Now, ask yourself this question two questions, really. What are you remembering yourself, and what are you forgetting of yourself. These two aspects of yourself have to be analyzed: what am I remembering, and what am I forgetting, for both exist together. I remember myself as Jim, Jack, Jean, Joan, whoever. But I am forgetting the real self of me, which goes far beyond the Jean and Joan and Jack and all that.

So wherein lies the value in remembering or forgetting? You forget yourself because all these sufferings you have brought upon yourself. And yet, at the same time, you try and remember all the beautiful things that has happened to

yourself. Now, the question is this: why must you forget your suffering and only try and remember the joy of life's offering? Why? You are hypocrites. You want to forget all the misfortunes and the forgetfulnesses and the suffering. But turn it around, would you please, and think of that beautiful offering in which of life's living you have found. This is important to create a better quality of life.

When you try and forget these sufferings, okay, they were gone and forgotten. They were outside that toilet door. Hm? And you start remembering of the joys of love that brings to you here now and forever more. Now, can you try and (ah, this old man), can you try and discriminate the difference for all kinds of discriminations has its own counterparts, and it has its recriminations. If you understand English you will then understand me well. It's only my professor there that knows a bit more even than me. Ppppfffft! [laughter]

So to be able to discriminate within our own recriminations would give you the meaning of your forgetfulness and your remembering. Both are necessary. Forget the past! It's gone and forgotten, like a fart. But remember the future and what it holds for you. For think of this beautiful word you remember to remember that which is really you. And when in your remembrance, analyze this word, too, please. In rememb's embrace you could really find you, for you are embracing that which you thought was never you. But you re embrace in your remembrance which truly is none else but you.

There lies the joy, as the questioner asked, of forgetting and remembering. For you have forever forgotten yourself. You have forgotten the Divinity that you are. And going through life's problems and miseries and sorrows, you try and strive to remember what you originally really are.

And that is the message. That is the purpose of life and it's meaning. Not finding yourself ever demeaning the attitude of that which is self consuming within your life. So how far do we go marching and marching and marching on. [SINGS]
Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war. Help me with this.

AUDIENCE SINGING: With the cross of Jesus going on before. Christ the royal master leads against the foe. Forward into battle, see his banners go. Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war. [GURURAJ PLAYS CYMBALS]

GURURAJ: Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war (he had two drinks too many), onward Christian soldiers. (I love him, you know that.) Onward Christian soldiers, marching as before.

ROOPA: With the cross of... [BREAK UP IN LAUGHTER]

GURURAJ: ...of Jesus

ROOPA: ...going on...and on and on and on.

GURURAJ: [dramatically while playing cymbals] Before... [laughter]
[Sanskrit] [plays cymbals throughout this next section] There was a day when I lived in the body of my Krishna, and my Radha was with me helping me along. To fight the battle of Kurukshetra, which was not a battle. But it was a battle of the mind, to be able to conquer itself. Where the various emotions were there, and the feeling were there and all that which it involved. But going through the rhythms this Gita and this Radha of mine, we found the path to merge in each other. And in merging within each other, we found ourselves to really be there.
[Sings Jai Ram and plays cymbals] I'm composing something new. Okay. [Continues Jai Ram with new words]
Come here! Here. Here. Now. This is the greatest Radha that has ever been born in this world. For she combined herself so much and so closely with Krishna. And in the forests of Brindaban, which is known as [Binarasee?] and Brindaban, whatever. And we had a little place built for us. And while I went away in my duties, stately duties as a statesman, and she was forever waiting and waiting and waiting for me. This is that Radha that you see. Oops, sorry dear. Oh, my God. Because of this thing here. [sounds of kissing] If two hearts could ever beat together, remember this well, that her heart and mine is forever beating together. For I, her Krishna, and she, my Radha, could never exist apart from each other. Just by a touch, gone away. Gone away, just by a touch. That is the power of the master. Learn this lesson forever. Learn to love, for that is the meaning of life. And be in that life and loving. For without that no meaning can be found. You're just stupidly existing. Is there any meaning there?

VOICE: Where do you want her?

GURURAJ: Let her rest on the chair.

ROOPA: Wait. [laughing] [inaudible]. You guys are interwoven.

GURURAJ: Of course, we are.

ROOPA: Your beads are caught on her cheek.

GURURAJ: You should know that.

ROOPA: This is obvious.

GURURAJ: Thank you, dear.

ROOPA: I thought we were going to see the two of you go right over.

VOICE: Scoot over.

GURURAJ: Danusha.

VOICE: Scoot over a little bit.

GURURAJ: Hm?

VOICE: Just scoot over a little bit, so I can [inaudible]

GURURAJ: Yeah. Of course, I will do that. Would you put a pillow or something for her to feel more comfortable?

ROOPA: Is there a pillow back there?

GURURAJ: Have you got one? Ah, thank you. Let her perch her ass on it.

DANUSHA: I should have enough padding of my own.

[Long pause]

GURURAJ: What does this mean? Do you understand the meaning of this? The meaning is so simple that you just, as the lover, merge into your beloved in total purity, of course. That's something I've told you a million times over and over again. But just to merge away in the purity of love divine where the lover and the beloved just combine within their

solitude and within their gratitude of the glory of murgence that they have found. And finding that, they would say to each other, "Love, thank you so much for searching and searching all the time. At last you have I found. And in founding this, I thank the Lord for the greatest find." Remember that in life. Remember that. That is the greatest teaching of life, ever and ever and ever. Nothing more is there. [kissing sounds]

I think I've been talking for more than an hour and forty minutes or something [???]. I don't know.

VOICE: Thirty five.

GURURAJ: Don't be silly. I came here at eight, and it is now... how much?

ROOPA: Eight thirty five. [laughter]

GURURAJ: You must be silly. [laughter]

Ah, thank you, darling. Thank you, very much.

I was starting to tell you a story of [Bhartrihari?]. And of course, we never really got around to that.

VOICE: [inaudible]

GURURAJ: This is a story of a life I had lived previously. In that lifetime I was the King [Bhartrihari?]. But yet I did not find any joy in my kingdom, for all the wealth and the pleasures and whatever you have, did not give me any joy at all. So I became a renunciate, leaving everything behind. And I went off begging through the streets of that ancient land for a bit of food. I had then forgotten my palace and my queen Pingala there she is. (Don't worry. It's alright. We can always remind her of it.) Then I came back to the kingdom of my land, and walking the streets begging my piece of bread. I had forgotten my palace. I did not even know where I was, because I was a renunciate [????????]. And I did not know where I was. And then I just happened to pass by and, where did I land up at? At

[END SIDE ONE]

GURURAJ: my own palace. And then knocking on that door, who should come to the door but Pingala, my wife, Pingala. I had been away for many years, but yet, of course, because of her deep love, recognized me and let me show you what I did. Tottering and being older I (thank you) and knocking, I, the great king [Bhartrihari?] that created the greatest

philosophies in the world, and I went knocking to her door. I said, "Mother, mother, I am hungry. Please, give me a piece of bread." That was one of my lifetimes.

Then let me tell you of another lifetime, dear. [coughs]

VOICE: [Inaudible]

GURURAJ: Hm? Oh, thank you, darling. [blows nose]

ROOPA: Guruji, we have a story for you as well.

GURURAJ: Leave it for tomorrow.

Right. Now, [Valkyrie?] had two wives, which was a common custom in those ancient days. And one of his wives was [Matri?]. And he was on the verge of death. He was dying, death. So he asked [Matri?], "What do you want from me?" Great king, great kingdom, all the wealth of the land, you know. And he asked his other wife, "What do you want?" So the one wife said, "Give me your kingdom," while [Matri?] said, "Lord, give me your wisdom."

So that is how the story began. How [inaudible] explained the true meaning of life and the true meaning of man. In his teaching to her, as I teach my Vidyaji, she fairly could understand a bit, supposedly, that life will never have any meaning at all whatsoever if life does not become meaningful in the now and in the forever. Understand this. Understand this. Understand this well. It's important. For it'll bring you such great, great joy in your life. Where no more understanding of these philosophies would be required. None of them. Throw it down into the bathroom and pull the chain. But learn the now to kindle within yourselves the beautitude, the glory of love and loving.

What more do you need? What less can you need if you cannot surrender yourself to love and loving. Vidyaji would give her life for me, anytime. As I would too for her. That is life and loving. In giving and receiving. And in the giving and receiving we find ourself to be delivering the essence that exists within ourself to each other.

So you do not need to phone the van or what do you call it in this country? I don't know and say deliver twenty packets of bread or what. Nah! Not important. The real importance lies in the delivery of what my Vidyaji gives me and what I could give her in our life and our living in total loving. I'm using Vidya as an example, of course. You understand that. But I'm trying to give you the meaning of the depth that lies in the hearts of each and every one of you. Every.

[inaudible]. Really.

The past ten, twelve years that I have been coming to America to teach, to give my love, there are two people I have found that just seem to merge within each other. And their love is so profound. Come here, you two guys. Come here. Come here. You and you. Yah. Both, come here. So I could hug you. [to Tamaji and Merrill] [sounds of crying.] Sorry. Sorry, beloved. Now, think about this one thing: that I produce tears in your eyes. Both of you. What and how? It is because of my love for you. In love you can laugh and you can also cry. The cry, the tears of joy. Good. I think I've been chatting along too much. Have I?

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