
GURURAJ TELLS HIS LIFE STORY

...For you live your life only by seconds, and every second that passes in your life, that is the measurement of your life. I might have told you before, but let me tell you again, that your lives are not measured by minutes, hours, and years, but it is measured by every breath you take.

So there we were, being with one of India's top producers, [Ashakamara?], I was invited to his home. And who should be there but my guru, my Swami Pavitranandaji. Nothing happened, just a spark that connected me to him. Inexplissible. How can one express in words that which is inexplissible? So while during university days while the students, all rich guys and me poor, struggling to pay my fees, working in film studios and what have you. They used to go on their vacations, but I used to go to my guru seeking and seeking that Lord, what is this damn life worth if I cannot find a master? I cannot speak to dead gods. They're dead, forgotten. But I can speak to a God that is alive, who can speak to me and answer me and answer my questions.

And yet, visiting him throughout all those years, while all the other guys were going on their holidays, I used to trudge around following him wherever he went, seeking knowledge, knowledge, knowledge all the time. But he ignored me. I think eight months or perhaps more he never even said a word to me. I said, "What kind of a damn guru is this?" The only things he used to say, "Why is this lying there? Pick it up, stupid idiot." And one morning, I remember so well that we used to get up at four o'clock. Brahma muhurta. Chetanji, you would know about that. We used to wake up at 4 a.m. and one morning, I might have been tired, I failed my guru, I failed him. I still cry for it. I failed my guru, for instead of waking up at 4:00, I woke up at quarter past 4. And he came with a cane and smacked my bloomin bums. "Where is your discipline?" he told me. "Why from 4 to a quarter past 4? Who the devil do you think you are?"

So the principle of spiritual progress requires so much discipline. You guys think it all just comes easy, huh? It does not. You got to work for it. And discipline yourself to it so that you could find that spirituality, that joy, or that happiness, that ecstasy, that bliss, that resides within you. But without effort you are not going to find it. So get away, I don't need you, none of you, but all of you need me to show you the way. That is what my guru taught me.

I was so arrogant, the handsome guy damn ugly now don't take any notice of me anymore. But in my younger days, great shitass. Only now do I realize I was a shitass. And for so many months, eight months and more, he just totally ignored me. And said, "Come. Come." I was astonished when he said come. What the hell is he asking me to come for. Is he going to slap my backside again. He said "Come" and we sat down together. And he said, "Come on, my beloved." I could never forget those words. He said, "Come my beloved, let us meditate together." And we sat down in the grass and meditated.

About two hours passed, which seemed just like two seconds, and two hours were gone. I found myself in total timelessness because I was lead from time into timelessness, from space into spacelessness. Then everything around me was surrounded with gold, and still that gold remains around me, and I see you all as nothing else but gold, gold, shimmering, shining, expressing the beautitude of life.

This is my story. Chapter 4. Do you want to hear Chapter 5 or are you feeling too damn hungry? Is your stomach more important than the wisdom that is given thee by your guru? Come here, yes you. Sit down there, dear. Sit here. I am just giving you a practical lesson of love without any attachment. For love exists only within itself. There is nothing else that exists which cannot exist within itself. Remember this, for everything else which you see outside yourself is only self created by your mind. That which you can find within yourself in that supremacy of love, then truly, my beloveds, you have found God. You then have found God.

Have we got more time? I don't know. It's seven minutes past six. What time do you guys have to reach to the dining room? Because we could carry on a bit later and then have our satsang after that.

ROOPA: Yea, we could.

Gururaj: I'm going to create an appetite in you now. Prove me wrong, if you can. Ok. I my father, I'm just an instrument I'm going to make you guys feel so damned hungry that you are going to eat more than what you normally eat. And if you want the remedy of weight loss, come and speak to me. Now here is a poem written by Chetanji. Please, Chetanji, will you read it to our beloved friends.

CHETAN: To my beloved Preatamji, Sri Sri, Gururaj Ananda Yogi, Spiritual Master. Inspired by his beauty on June 20, 1987. Psalm.

The water of life falls gently on the parched fields of our lives
It quickens and awakens us,
It nourishes our hearts,
It lifts our eyes to its splendor,
It raises us to the heights,
It opens our hearts to untellable light,

We bathe in its shadowless whiteness
 It encircles us with gold,
 Its radiance transforms us
 We bow in humble gratitude
 We kneel in holy reverence as we see eternal truth
 The crown of glory, made flesh. [lines are mine. S.J.]

GURURAJ: Very beautiful, Chetanji. One thing I've found with the hundreds and thousands of the meditators around the world, those that have artistic inklings create far greater paintings. Those with poetic qualities create far deeper poetry. Those that are devotional become more devotional still, plus, plus, plus. Lord, my Father, help me to bring out these qualities within thee.
 Before we go to lunch I composed, I don't know where... [playing cymbals and singing in Sanskrit] [lines are mine. S.J.]

Remember, remember this mind forever
 That I do not exist without thee
 Life goes on and what is the purpose of life
 If you are not forever in my remembrance
 The river without you can just become grass,
 For with you this grass becomes the temple of my love
 Without this body the eyes cannot exist
 Without the rain the sun cannot exist.
 I am the one that has now at last at last
 at last become your name
 As the [pondita?] is with his Vedas, so I your
 devotee am nothing without your devotion.
 Desires, anger, attachments, greed take it away from me
 Take all these things away from me
 I...this misery, how can I live without you my lord. When all these things keep on living within me.
 This Preatam tells, this Preatam tells, that I
 cannot exit without you.

Bhakti bava, that is devotion. I'll lead you through many yogas as soon as you're more readier and readier. Through karma yoga, bhakti yoga, jnana yoga, bullshit yoga, every yoga. Who

really eats? Do you know. None of you can ever eat. For every morsel of food you put within your mouth, you're eating through my mouth because all of you exist within me. [to Millie] What's your name, darling? No, no, no. Write down, Millanji, the one that has really met. No. Millianji. And who must you meet? My Father. See my beloveds. The love I have for you [????] for there is nothing else but love

[Tape goes off and comes back on apparently later in the day at regular satsang time.]

GURURAJ: ...to sing you. I just float away into divine ecstasy. That is actually where I belong. Some might know, but to be in the presence of the representation of divinity might be a privilege which very few people might experience. So tonight what is going to be the subject of our talk? Pingala, come here, sit here. Pingala, it was such a long time ago when you in your love and kindness looked and peered into my eyes. I remember those days so well. And yet, when you were ill and burning with fever, I came to help you to relieve you and that fever was created by the cholera you suffered. I tried so hard to cure you and I was successful, I think. Now after all these thousands of years, my beloved, you have come back to me. I thank thee.

Life forever know this and know this to be truth that as waves upon the ocean will well and swell, but yet in the calmness that resides there in your beloved's heart will forever be there. You're not going to get me crying. Smile. Smile at life forever,

what it might bring. Smile at it forever more and kiss the tears of your beloved's eyes and find those tears that they belong to thee.

So where are you? On what journey have you barked upon? For is your bark going through the ocean or the river of life just made of nothing else but wood? And how far could that exist, hm? For the wood would be destroyed in the turbulence of the waves as it is tossed around. Is the wood of your boat important? Is it? Or you the pilot, the driver, of your heart's delight? Of divinity, the true driver. That you could ever be.

Bina, Bina. My daughters. They are. And my heart fills up with love, and in its welling I could only say that love will forever exist in its own welling way. For who are you or anyone else that could control the welling of the soul when you could really know that the divinity of the spirit forever dwells within thee, and let us realize that. Let us well up in the self that that swelling could bring about. And that is all of what you and I are about. Life will bring you sorrows, but remember

sorrows is only created by the night. For surely know that there is a morrow where I, my beloveds, I will see the light. And what light will I see? I will see the light of reality that infiltrates my retina and give it its own power to perceive the light that I could receive. Right. Any questions?

[Group sings to Pingala...Oh, Pingalaji, etc.] I'm the greatest lover in this world. For my love has no attachments. I love for the sake of loving. And I want you to be so, so happy forever and ever and ever more.

ROOPA: Beloved Guruji, what world are we living in here and now?

GURURAJ: Go to the toilet. I can create beauty out of anything. The question is this. What world are we living in now? That question remains (shut up, Vidya!) a non question and the reason is this, that what right have you got to ask what world you are living in now when you do not even know this world? Do you see the fallacy? Now let us try and examine it a bit more. If you ask yourself what world you are living in now, you will be trying to analyze all the things of your sensual, physical, biological, shitological. You'll be examining that and that is not where the answer is to be found. Remember one thing: hey, come here, blue girl, come here. I'm going to teach you something tonight and spank your bums. Sit down here. The real question to be asked is this, "Am I really living in this world that exists around me? Or am I existing in my own personal imagination that surrounds me." Now what is the constituents of imagination? You imagine yourself to be the cat's whiskers. You imagine yourself to have a 50 room mansion, which is not existing, in any case. None of you have a 50 room mansion. I know that. Otherwise you would not allow your guru to beg for a piece of bread. So essentially we are living in our imaginations, and we are creating around ourselves an imaginary world which takes so many forms. I'm so handsome, I've got such a bank balance. But do you know that someone else has a bigger bank balance than you? That is as far as your imagination runs.

So where is the reality of the world that surrounds thee? But yet there is a factor that has to be accepted. That though I live in an imaginary world, what can I do about my imagination? And the answer could be answered in so many ways. If you have the perseverance and the determination, all your imaginations can come true. For imaginations essentially are a product of the mind and the mind is none else but thought formations. So you can take those thoughts with perseverance, determination, and bring those thought forms into total reality.

So in spite of the unrealness of life, you can still experience reality through your imaginary reality. So give your imaginary reality its own particular substance and make it real. I love my wife. Right. At first she existed in my mind, that I love her. But because of my determination, because of my deep, burning desire, I brought it to fruition where she started loving me.

That is the relative side of life. So why not and these are new thoughts which you would never, ever read about in any books so why not bring about relativity into reality. It is within your power. It is always there.

My son, Anton, there. Great Shakespearean actor. But I'm disappointed with him. I'll kick his bloomin' ass. Because I know that within his reality he could create a greater reality. So that he could interpret Julius Caesar or Midsummer Night's Dream or Macbeth or whatever. And so we must start beginning to realize that the qualities in Anton was so mixed in him (from Julius Caesar) that the world can stand up and say, "He was a man."

Do you see how we start from imaginary values to bring it to reality? For reality exists within yourselves, and we are talking of reality in its relative sense. To talk of reality in the absolute sense is something different, not tonight's subject, ok. So you want to be happy. That is the pivotal point. And where do you want to be happy at? In your personal conception of your reality. So why not find happiness in the existence of your relativity.

But remember one thing and remember this well. Analyze the word relativity. You are related in your own personal activity. That is reality, to be involved, to be related in your personal activity. So if you want to find happiness in the relative world that you exist, remember one thing, and this is for sure, that become active, become creative like my son Anton. Become creative, active in that which you find to be real in relativity. That is the secret of how you can find your own personal happiness.

Tonight I will go to bed with my wife. I don't want to turn my back on her, and neither would she want to turn her back on me. But holding each other's hands, we bring ourselves so close together, and in that closeness we find reality within relativity. Do you see the activity that's involved in holding your beloved's hand.

Oh, my beloveds, when will you ever try and understand? One day perhaps. Who knows. But let it be as it should be. So what will be will be forever in our personal lives and our activity. But remember one thing, idiots, that let your activity be filled with purity. Ah, there is the jist. There is the secret of life, and you will never ever find any unhappiness in life. Your problem is this: that you have not realized the meaning of happiness, because as unemotionally ungrown children, you are still in your nappiness, and then you require your guru to change your nappies for you. I, to entertain you and at the same time give you deep wisdom, I make you laugh, I make you cry, whatever there could be. So what does it matter as long as some word of truth can penetrate you and reach your heart so that you will know that life is an art and not a fart. This guy, where the hell are you going to find a guru like me. Tell me. I could create the deepest wisdom of life into totally stupid humor. You know why I change things into humor, is because in your mind I am worried personally of the tumor. And that is my love which I offer to thee. [Cymbals, singing in Sanskrit, group clapping.]

How can I ever live without you?
You are my life force
I love you and forever I will love you.

You know, I did quite a few musical concerts with Ravi Shankar I'm sure you must have heard of that name on our sitars, and when I reach England I want to buy 2 sitars, one to leave in England because I can't carry all that weight around, you know that, and one to leave here. Then I could give you a sitar recital. Come on. [Goes to piano and accompanies Leslie.]

So lovely to be with my family. Such a joy. And if you could only realize that infinite bliss that just keeps on flowing, flowing, flowing through my heart. And when you can realize that, I will show you God. [Singing while Leslie plays.] You see, what our beloved and I are going to create is a total mixture of Western and Eastern music so blended in each other that it'll be a new contribution to the world. Let's hope for the best. [laughter] Hey! Come on! Who's a good dancer that could teach me?

[Sunita arrives.] Sunita: I don't think it's the same tempo.

GURURAJ: I lead the tempo.

[Priya brings sticks. Everyone bangs while GR sings.] I remember there was a time. I remember there was a time when I sang La Boehme, La Traviata, whatever. But that was a long time ago. I remember one thing, that at that time my pee pee could not even stand. Now, beloveds, this once was sung (light me a cigarette. There must be one somewhere. Someone should have some rubbish.) Now, I don't know if I sang this for you before. But I think I was 16 or 17, something like that. And... listen to it. Get the feeling of it. Look, it's five past nine. Allegro, or whatever you call it.

At 16 or 17, yearning so great for God, this is the song I composed. [lines are mine. S.J.]

Preatam, come to me
The night has become so dark
I the little bird perched on the tree and forever crying
The night has become so dark and my heart is

palpitating for thee, my beloved
This night is passing by and the clouds are
falling down in rain
I'm sitting on the tree, my whole body shivering
Preatam, beloved I need your warmth
Can this blanket ever cover me
I do not need a blanket to keep me warm
But what I need is the warmth of your heart
And that will keep me warm in this cold night
And yet I as a bird perched upon this tree
Am forever shouting to thee Preatam, Preatam,
Oh beloved, come to me.

This I composed at the age of 16, 17, and [C.H. Atma?] pinched it and sold about 8 million records, and I think I never got a [blue penny?] out of it. No wonder I'm so poor. Did you get a decent cigarette for me, darling? Thank you. Light it. Ask me to compose on any subject, because all my compositions flow in words and music at the same time. Many of these musicians compose words and then they get a lyricist to write the words or whatever. [CONTINUES ON SAME VIDEO BUT ON 87 19 AUDIO.]

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