
EXISTENCE IN NON EXISTENCE

...incoming or the inhalation of breath. That brings your body into a rhythm and that rhythm combines itself with the universal rhythm. What more can you ask for, huh?

And yet there was a time and
I do not remember at all
But there must have been a time when
I did not exist
And there was no existence at all
For to find the meaning of existence into
non existence
Is to find the meaning of what all this
is about.
So exist and at the same time seize your
existence
For combining existence with non existence
You find the secret of the beatitude of life Which is forever existing in your heart
and souls, your mind. [lines are mine. S.J.]

For who is there in this world that really knows the meaning of existence itself. You only have a presumption that you exist. But do you really know that you exist? And if you can tell me about it now, I will be forever grateful in knowing it from you. For knowingness, remember this very well, knows nothing of knowingness itself. And what does this mean? It means that you are not knowing of your knowingness. You become the totality of all that there is to be known. And when you find the totality within yourself that is worthwhile knowing, then you will produce that within yourself the worthlessness of not knowing.

How many of you can understand what I'm trying to say? To have knowledge, ok, fine. And yet, at the same time, knowledgeable, and there in not knowing what knowledge is about you will find the meaning that knowledge is [not? naught?]. And then what happens is this, these are the mechanics of it, that knowledge disappears and only the meaning of life exists and reappears in every moment of your life all the time. And through that you'll find that joy, that

happiness, which this poor little guru is trying to impart to you. (Get me a sip of water, darling, I can't lift this hand. I can use this one.)

So blessed am I to have you loved ones so close to me forever and ever, giving your love to me as I give my love to thee ever and ever and ever. But please know of one difference. That difference is this, that your love for me is a presumed love created by your mind because oh, this fancy, beautiful, handsome guru. Ah, fuck him. Now, the difference is this, that you love the guru because of the mental thoughts of what you are thinking of him. That's all. But with me it is different, totally different. I do not think of my love for you. Never. I am your love, I am the love that merges within you. [Beckoning to Danusha.]

Give her some space, darling, to sit with us. No, why move? Do you see your mental reasoning? How far have you reached by thinking you want to move? And where are you moving to? Tell me that. You can only move to the love that resides in me and you can never escape from it. Never. How can one move away from Divinity, away from God, from love. Is it ever possible? (Shit! Rub my hand, Darling.) Blessed be your heart, and remember this too, and remember it well, that your heart is forever blessed, ever and ever blessed, but you do not recognize and neither do you cognize the blessedness that exists within you.

Now here's a different thought that I'm putting forward to you. Every course and every talk has a different thought totally flowing from the heart which no philosopher can find. And the thought is this: realize that you are blessed, blessed with that divinity, that energy always there. So give me one reason, please, for any of your despondency. Should there be any reason, when you are so blessed within the existence of blessingness? For nothing else exists but that blessedness.

Yesterday I had to heal a child whose hand was smashed, and healing her I had to take it upon myself. Therefore it is still painful. I suppose by this afternoon the pain will go away. What is pain? Is pain not the other side of love? When you love someone these are new thoughts I'm putting to you guys, and I know our professor there will understand me. I'm gonna pinch that "namaste" shirt of yours for if everything is blessedness and every bit of existence that is life and love, where, tell me, is there any place for pain? So the realization that all of you have to come to is this: that life is life and life is love which knows of no pain. For the seeming pain is just but a fixture of your mind. That's all. You imagine yourself to be in mental pain, which, of course, as any doctor or psychiatrist will tell us, that the mental pain translates itself into its own organic value. So firstly, if the mental pain is not there, then how can it translate itself in its valuelessness of its organic value. Immortal words. Record them down, for no greater poet has ever composed the immortality of divinity. That is what it is all about.

I might have stretched your mind a bit too much. How long has it been, Darling?

VIDYA: About 20 minutes.

GURURAJ: Don't be silly. I counted about 45.

VIDYA: You doubled it.

GURURAJ: So let us bring the mind at peace without stretching it too much, because I know exactly how far your mind can be stretched. For if I stretch it too much like a piece of elastic, it will break. But I want you to stretch the mind to its very limit without breaking the elastic.

Now for a relief, to make your mind feel at rest, suggest any subject that I can compose for you. Come on, brains, start thinking.

VOICE: Tears.

GURURAJ: I could compose it in English or Sanskrit or Bengali or Afrikaans or...

VOICE: Afrikaans.

GURURAJ: Have you never heard an Afrikaans song? But what subject?

VOICES [inaudible].

MERRILL: How about a rolling stone.

GURURAJ: You go to Woodstock, ok!

ROOPA: [laughter] We are in Woodstock.

GURURAJ [singing and translating. Plays cymbals] Table Mountain, Devils Peak, Lions Head you've heard of that and right around it please come and visit me. My home is your home, you know that. And the ocean where the two oceans meet, the Atlantic and the Indian at Cape Point, and they meet there in that beautiful union. Therefore, I say the Atlantic belongs to the West and the Indian belongs to the East. But let us find that meeting point. It's not impossible. For what is East and what is West, huh?

Now, you want an Afrikaans song. [Singing in Afrikaans] [Sari Marie?] is the name of a woman that a man loved so much. But she lived so far away from him that he kept on crying in his beautiful heart. You might call it Mari. [Sari Mari?]. That's Afrikaans, ok. Now let me give you just one verse of the Indian national anthem.

[Sings Indian national anthem.]

I'm the soldier that looks after my country. I'm marching on, I will forever march on, not to destroy the world but to provide divine knowledge within thee. That is my march.

[Singing and playing cymbals] I composed this with Rabindraneth Tagore. And with [Biren Drevesa?] I composed another one I can't remember, I haven't got my book in front of me. I live for the moment and I can never remember things like that. "One day praise to thee, my mother land." It won so many prizes from India. Who cares? What the hell! Then one day I was so broke I had to sell the gold medal for a place to lay my head and a little bit of food. Now you tell me your American anthem. Come on, you guys, wake up!

[Group sings Star Spangled Banner while Gururaj accompanies on cymbals.]

GURURAJ: Beautiful! And how about the Canadian national anthem Come on, Leslie, Bina, Chetan, come on. Now my Lalaji and his Preatamji are going to combine the music of the East and West. My son. I love him.

[Lalaji and Gururaj combine the music of the East and West, as GR plays piano with Leslie and sings. GR demonstrates love making and orgasm through piano playing.] [Much laughter and many comments from audience.]

GURURAJ: Let me tell you guys one thing. You'll have a lot of knowledge, wisdom, laughter, fun being together, loving each other, huh? Always there. So therefore these courses are so important to you. Where you meet brother and sister in that one total love. Did you guys know the art of smoking a cigarette? Watch and learn from it. [Demonstrates] and let it twirl in its gentleness within your fingers and even when you flick the ash, there has to be a finesse to it, for what use is the ash if it has no finesse. Sit back, enjoy, and consume the damn poison which you're putting into yourself. For aren't you doing it all the time driving in your big automobile, and yet none of you could present me with one and say, "Here, Gururaj, a little Volkswagen." What do you call it? German: volks, peoples, wagon. Nevertheless, it would be an expensive job because I would need a driver to drive me around, and what about all the gas? And do you know who you all are? Composed of 97 3/4 percent gas.

Everything in life must be lead to perfection. Even how you handle a cigarette. There's an art to it. There's a dance, a music flowing there all the time. So this is a lesson in learning how to smoke. [Demonstrates] Now when you smoke, just watch me now. You see, what happens is this, that you consume a total cigarette. I don't. Watch. Did you guys get the point? That in that puff, it's gone. You just retain a little. And that's another secret of pranayama, where you clear your lungs totally through pranayama. You know, when I'm in Cape Town, I have to go to hospitals to have my heart checked and sugar checked and ass checked. OK. They find my lungs to be totally totally clear as a baby's lungs would be. Because if you have mastered pranayama, where you could expel all the bull out of you, your lungs become non effected. So please, my darlings, practice pranayama. Do your tratak. And pranayama you don't even have to be sitting down for it. So easy. So even while walking on the road or driving in your Volkswagen, you could still be cleaning the toxins out of your system. So do pranayama. Yet you will know this too well, that when you walk down the road with all this air pollution and all that rubbish, how much of it is going into your lungs and your system. There are other ways of doing pranayama, by the way. My beloved Merrillji goes jogging and he's expelling that air, which is healthy. But be careful of the spine, that's all, because when the spine does not work properly, you cannot perform properly after you put the lights out. Where the hell are you guys gonna get a guru like me? I seem to wonder myself. I'm a funster. And even while putting out a cigarette, see that the embers are not burning and smoking itself away. It's clear.

There are so many things about life that I could tell you, beloveds, even a simple thing like lighting up a cigarette and how to extinguish it. I could even tell you how to make you love your wife and husband more. I could even tell you how to cut your toenails. Of course, my Vidya does not cut her toenails at all. She gets her rats to bite them off. Oh, what great fun. Now the meaning of the story is this, that life must forever be fun. (Come here. My legs are sore. Rub them for me, please. Ah, this arm. I suppose by this afternoon it will be ok. I know Vidya will rub it and get the circulation going

properly.) The meaning of life is this: let it always be filled with fun. For if you do not allow it to be filled with fun, Mataji, what's the meaning of this life? I quoted what was that? See if you can find that. I don't know.

ROOPA: If you do not regard life to be fun, you are none else but an unbuttered bun.

GURURAJ: You know, when these girls, you beloveds, get together with me and I'm relaxing and one of them are rubbing my feet, and chatting away, oof, the beautiful things you could hear! Is there any short lines of poetry which you would like to quote? Let's have a little fun, you unbuttered bun.

[Roopa reads poetry]

GURURAJ: [to Gomila] Why are you crying, love? Are your tears filled with the essence of joy? Or are your tears ask yourself now that are they filled with sorrow? For sorrow could never be. Sorrow becomes non existent if you could learn to live in this moment within me. [lines are mine. S.J.]

For sorrow will be there if you think of the morrow
And that too becomes the tomorrow
That could never ever exist for thee. So to find the beauty of the tears that
well up within your heart
Let your heart and my heart beat together in its
own rhythm of beating
And then all the sweating of sorrow will disappear
For you are here and now. That is where you are
And being where you are you will always find
The river of life flowing, and yet just look
closer there
That the moonlit night reflects itself in
total silver
Making the swaying of your river even so, so
much more beautiful

Please believe me.

* * * * *

ROOPA: We have another shortie that's really nice.

GURURAJ: OK. Give us another shortie. I like the long ones.

ROOPA: Most women like the long one. It's the company I keep.

GURURAJ: I'm going to teach you on this course how to make love. Nevertheless, I will show you how to do it, but bring your partner along.
Ah, Chetanji.

ROOPA: Chetanji can't wait. He looks really excited about this prospect.

GURURAJ: Chetanji's a heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, and in that bisexuality of him is found the Divinity that is forever existing within him. That's our Chetanji.

[Roopa reads more shorties.]

GURURAJ: Another shortie.

[Vidya reads.]

GURURAJ: Another shortie.

ROOPA: These shorties are like peanuts you can't stop.

GURURAJ: Of course. And these physiologists say they are good to give you power, what kind of power they don't say.

SUNITA: They have too much cholesterol.

[Roopa and Vidya read and Gururaj creates anew]
[lines are mine. S.J.]

Search for the love that resides in thee
And when you reach the spectrum of all
the colors that be

Then you will say to yourself,
Have I really searched for anything,
Which had always been within me?

* * * *

Jasuti, look into my eyes, Jasuti, beloved love,
And yet without any attachment to your beauty,
I find myself filled with so much fragrance.
And in that fragrance
I find the vagrance that you, Jasuti,
permeate right through me

So vagrant am I as a vagabond, yet wanting to find
That bond that will forever exist between you and me

* * * *

Oh, cardinal, you that perch on my window's ledge
You bring to me the redness of the blood

That exists within thee. Oh cardinal
Come and come again and again. For your blood
really
In its glory mixes with the blood in me
So cardinal of reddened hue, do know this
That we are not apart, for I have found the
beating of your heart
And that very beating produces the redness
of my blood
In really knowing thee
Oh Cardinal, come back and perch
On the ledge of my window sill
For you have given me the answer in spite of this beating heart
You have taught me how to be still

Thank you, my darling. And I suppose it's time to go.

**** END ****