

## WHAT IS PAIN?

GURURAJ: ... in a different world. I have to find my hanky. Good. Thank you. They kept me up 'til three, four, in the morning. They never gave me a time to rest in the afternoon, Babita. There's been no rest and I suppose these old wrinkled bones of mine does require rest. Here's one of my poems published in various journals around the world.

Winged birds of time fly on, flying to the rising sun  
 And turning back at dusk a long journey it seems  
 To reach back at standing point  
 Winged birds, times creature, fly on  
 I that am forever still  
 Know of no journeys start nor end, nor flight  
 You of spanning wings measuring the sky  
 Swift and slow, slow and swift  
 Smiling at the wingless snail, treasuring earth  
 Both in song or in dirt and motion bound  
 I that am forever still  
 Of no measure no motion  
 Neither doing undoing  
 Bewildered you in your wingedness the wingless too  
 Chained by grooves of motions air and earth  
 Dust and twirled and set afire seemingly so new  
 To fly on, to trod on through many a life and birth  
 I that am forever still

Know of no air, nor earth, nor life, nor death  
 Still ever new                    [lines are mine. S.J.]

Look after it. It's the only copy I've got of it. Put it back in that envelope. A new book. It will come out, it will be called, The Soul Whispers. And these are the whisperings of the soul. My latest book, have you shown it to our friends here? And you've got copies here? Whoever want to buy them [?????????] pay the printers and what it all means. No profits

are to be made. [????????????] One copy if you wish to send as a Christmas gift to your friends, or whoever. How many have you brought with you?

VOICE: A hundred.

GURURAJ: Hundred? Sure. You sell the hundred here. I'll autograph every copy for you to send to your friends. One for you, of course, but as a Christmas gift, it would make a very fine gift to your friends. So take what you want. Good. What shall we talk about tonight?

ROOPA: Two people have a question that seems related. So they're each going to read their question one after the other. Sutriya and then Sujay.

GURURAJ: Mm hm. I'm listening.

SUTRIYA: Okay.

GURURAJ: [????????] darling. Come close to my heart.

SUTRIYA: Okay. What is pain and why is it a component of deep love and compassion?

GURURAJ: Why is pain?

SUTRIYA: What is pain and why is it a component of deep love and compassion?

GURURAJ: Hm. Beautiful. Let's use yours, as well, Sujay.

SUJAY: Okay. Answering a riddle. What is the meaning of the following:

Oh thou sweet agony  
Crucify me upon the cross of love

And with these tears shall be known the joy  
Of creation's bliss.

GURURAJ: Very profound. I'll answer the question in one talk. The first question meant, why should there be pain and deep agony involved in the pain. Now I ask you this question in return. That why is pain involved in agony and desperation? Is it not just but a conceptual thing? And what do you mean by deep pain? There is no such thing as pain at all. Because pain, being conceptual, where is the reality of it? Because any conceptualness does not contain reality. It is an experience of the mind that is conditioned to the acceptance of pain and therefore it is the mind that receives the pain.

So what do we do? You remove the mind. And when I say removing of the mind, you remove the conceptuality where, as in Zen, there is no mind. And when there is no mind it will not feel the pains my daughter talked of. My mind does not feel any pain because I'm removed from the mind. I've risen above the mind. So what the mind, in its natural state, would suffer I do not suffer because I'm the observer of the mind.

The mind is made up of conceptualizations. And conceptualizations are none else than patternings which we personally have created in the mind. Now this was a natural process in day to day living. But if you can go beyond this process, you can stand above it and observe it so that the previous patternings and conceptualizations of the mind do not effect you. What is there is there. You cannot destroy it. But you can definitely rise above it. And by rising above it, becoming the observer, you can see it in its true value. And the true value is beyond it. For the inner workings of the mind, working in its own values, are mixed up in their own emotions, and they do not know the true value of it. They are involved in it, yes, but they do not know the true value. (Don't cry, my daughter, nothing is lost.) And the mind itself cannot know the true value of itself. The mind only evaluates itself according to its own values. Just step one step aside in your spiritual practices and watch it. And you will find that all those thoughts of the mind are totally valueless. They are valueless because they do not bring happiness to you. But if you step one step to the side and observe it, you will see the futility of the workings of the mind and in that very observance you will say, "This is rubbish, for I, the observer, the real me, is happy."

These are the realizations man has to understand. Man, woman, of course. I'm using it as a general term. When this is understood you could put the mind aside. And no psychologist or psychiatrist can teach you this. Do not analyze the mind, for you become more and more involved in the mind by the process of analysis. But stand apart for a moment and observe the mind's functioning, and you will realize and recognize how false it is. Because your mind is nothing else but a conditioning of previous patternings which creates the thought forms existing there.

Now is it not natural to think that you are made up of those thought forms? You are dwelling within these thought forms. And you can't find the doorway from these patternings. And if you can't find the doorway, jump through the roof and look at those thought patternings, and you will realize that ninety nine percent of it are just manufactured by your mind. You have one impression and one impression leads to a second impression and the second to the third and like that it multiplies. And that is why you suffer.

Each and every one of you thinks you are sane, but I am telling you this now that you are insane. You suffer from some kind of neurosis or psychosis or some kind of scatology. In other words, it means you are shitified. Now, I think you guys will have to give me a thousand dollars each for the American Meditation Society for this psychological therapy I'm putting you through in a group. Don't do it, please. I'm joking. You know that.

So my beloved scatologists, I tell you this: there is only one way out and it is to arise above through your spiritual and meditational practices and observe yourself and get rid of all the scatology. There is a lot of toilet paper around. Get away from scatology, or the simpler word would be shitology, and wipe your bloomin' asses and become sound. And becoming sound your mental diarrhea will disappear. Can you show me anyone who has not got mental diarrhea? Is that what you call it in American language? Diarrhea. Yeh. Mental shitting. And you will get rid of that. And you will feel so much comfortable within yourself, which will help you to lead you to further and further spiritual progress. To make you know yourself. To make you know the divinity within yourself.

So why go through all this illnesses scatology and mental diarrhea and all this business when there is a direct path through your spiritual practices and medical practices to reach the great bind that will not give you abdominal diarrhea and neither mental diarrhea. It is so simple. So simple. And the resources are so ample. But fools that you are amplify your diarrhea instead of going to the cause of problems, which is ample, from the one side you amplify your problems. Shift away, and go to the ample source that gives you the cure. It is simple, Babita, so simple.

There was this man who was suffering from diarrhea, constipation, sorry, there was this man that was suffering from constipation for so many years. The doctors gave him so many remedies that could not help him. He just couldn't have a proper poo. So one day he heard about me and came to me. And he asked me, "Guruji, I've been to so many specialists and I suffer of constipation, and I cannot shit. What shall I do?" And do you know what I prescribed to him? (It's alright darling. I'm just trying to reach it. Good. Thank you, dear, you are so kind.) So, I said stop all your medication. And I gave him a teaspoon. I said, "Put it up your backside [laughter] and phone me tomorrow if you had a good shit or not." So he phoned me the next morning and he said he had one of the greatest shits in his life for many, many months. His problem, as I analyzed it, was that he had a fibrotic, fribrotic, fibrotis, fibrotis condition. No, fribrosis. [VOICES: Fibrosis.] And when he did that for seven days, all the fibrotic growth was scraped away. [LAUGHTER] Right. And after that he

could have his normal shits. Yes, I know one lady in the hall here, I would not mention names, that twenty operations to cure her condition, and I did it with a teaspoon in seven days. Now, the point of the story is this, the point of the story is this, that people's troubles can be rid of so quickly. And yet they go through so many years of suffering which is not necessary. I hope you get my point. [laughter] My point is not as sharp as a pin. But it is blunt and rounded [pause] so it would not hurt you. [laughter] Oh well, it's well. You see if your pin is not so sharp and penetrated in any part of your body it could hurt. But if it is round and soft, it will not hurt you. It will be comfortable to feel the softness within the softness. Hm?

Well guys, I think I've talked to you more than an hour and a half, I think... [LAUGHTER] You know, that's the time it takes me to make love.

VOICE: Brag, brag, brag.

GURURAJ: An hour and a half to work up my lady, and an hour and a half to bring her to a climax, and an hour and a half to bring her down from this climax into her natural self again. So an hour and a half, an hour and a half, an hour and a half, how many hours is that?

[FACETIOUS REMARKS AND LAUGHTER: "Five minutes," "45 seconds," etc.]

GURURAJ: No. Forty five and forty five is ninety and forty five is, how much? No, no, no. Four and a half hours. Don't befuddle me, I know. [laughter and comments] Now, when you... it's a fun night tonight. Okay. Now if you cannot spend four and a half hours with your beloved, your wife, then you are wasting your time. What...

VOICE: Here, here!

GURURAJ: What! [laughter] You take forty five minutes to prepare her, [comments] you take forty five minutes to do your do da's, and you take 45 minutes to calm her down to her natural self again. It's a four and a half hour job. So I would recommend instead of poof, poof, poof, poof, poof, and turning your back, that's not love making, because if you love your spouse, your wife, you give her the greatest satisfaction possible. For her satisfaction would be your satisfaction. Right. Who would like to make love to your wife and leave her hanging in the air? Rubbish. You want to climb to the air with her and descend with her together, and then what a beautiful sleep. Where's my sitar someone brought? Someone get it and

I'll give you a quick one. Sitar. Is someone gone out for my sitar? Right. Priya went. I'll give you a short recital because by eleven we shall call it a day. Because I had a long day today. I saw some forms lying around there somewhere.

VIDYA: There's a couple of forms in your room to do [????].

GURURAJ: Yeh. I've got to do that tonight. Yeh, I've got to work on that tonight, too. Right. We'll do that tonight. But just for a fifteen minute sitar recital would be good enough. So we'll have to wait for Priya. You are looking so lovely, Babita. Oh, thank you, darling. Look, we believe in the three L's, as you know, life, love, and laughter. And we take everything in good humor. And why not? Of course, have a laugh, a laff, at life. Why not? And now...how long is that woman taking?

VOICE: Women take a long time. We take a lot longer....

GURURAJ: Women pee faster than men. Remember that always. I'll have to sit there. Else I wouldn't be able to put it on my lap, my darling. This is not the kind of sitar I'm used to. But we'll make the best of what we have in hand.

VOICE: Sit on this pillow.

GURURAJ: You want me to rest my ass. [PLAYS SITAR] Do you want a slow raga or a fast one?

Shut up! [PLAYS SITAR]

We shall call this the Villa Redeemer Raga. Well, Ravi Shankar used to call me his master. We used to play together. [laughter] We've got two minutes left there now. Has anyone got a coin, or something.

VOICES: No, sorry, nobody's got any money. Want a dime? Want a quarter? There's one right there.

GURURAJ: Okay, fine. I'll return it back to you.

VOICE: Keep the change.

[PLAYS SITAR]

GURURAJ: To get my half turns and quarter turns. It's so sad. [LAUGHTER]

GURURAJ: Her husband has died and she is mourning. [wailing]

GURURAJ: Emotions are working up. Ah, you gave me a small coin. Jesus, how do I get this out? [laughter]

MAN'S VOICE: Here, you want a penny, or a quarter? Here's a quarter.

GURURAJ: That's a big one.

MAN'S VOICE: Yeh, you want a small one or a big one?

GURURAJ: A big one.

MANS VOICE: You want a big one.

[PLAYS SITAR]

GURURAJ: Hm, she's also dead. [laughter]

GURURAJ: Look after that. We've got five minutes more. [laughter]

GURURAJ: Shut up. [SINGS] Shut up. Do you want to compose a song, or not? Or else get out! I don't know why he was married to a woman like this. [SINGS]

GURURAJ: Thank you, sir. [applause]

GURURAJ: Master philosopher, and master mystic, master entertainer, and master musician, master poet. That's what they call me and it's all bullshit. You see a diamond has thirty three facets. And if every facet is not well polished the

diamond will not sparkle as it should. So polish every facet of life. And the diamond that you are will sparkle in its glory, giving of its full essence.

VOICES: Hey, Guruji, stop.

GURURAJ: Hey. I suppose many people use the wrong ends don't they? Not me either.

VOICE: No. Not you.

GURURAJ: We have no tablas unfortunately. Would be fun. Because music is accompanied by tablas. Just let me give you a little tabla recital. A quicky. Like we do some mornings. You know? A quicky. Now. The tabla... now would you shut up!

WOMAN: I have to move away because...

GURURAJ: Yeh. Fuck off then. Come on.

WOMAN: ...to get the TV camera to pick you up.

[PLAYS SITAR AS TABLA]

GURURAJ: That's called three [tolors]? [tina tala]? as described in Sanskrit. And goes up to sixteen. We are getting three and a half [tolors]? here now. Now we are approaching sixteen. And we are coming back to three [tolors]. Three means three. We are going up again. Now from three and four, which I did, how to reach up to sixteen. [He plays and audience applauds] Pity I haven't got the proper instruments. I'm just improvising. Where the proper tablas and things would produce a different tone and a different sound. You know that, Indira, I've just been improvising to give you an example of it. So if in America we could buy a sitar, this one was borrowed from someone, you did that...

VOICE: Terry did.



GURURAJ: Terry did, yeh. If we could have our own just to keep. Here, here, anyway I can't travel around with all these things. A set of tablas, two little drums, and we can always have our musical evenings and fun and enjoyment. Why not? Doesn't cost much. Costs tuppence. [beating on something and singing in Sanskrit. Translates]

Do not forget my heart  
Do not forget my heart because my heart will be [???] you  
You'll be walking on your feet on the ground  
But I will be walking in your heart.

So even if I do not have feet to walk on  
For I know your heart will carry me  
This is called the magic of love, the miracle of love  
When I can walk with you in your heart  
Without having any feet  
That is the miracle of love.

So it's half past eleven, darlings. What time does course start tomorrow? I suppose we'll call it a night.

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