

Edji Satsang Transcript



Love and the Jnani

March 26, 2011 – Online Satsang

When I look outward into the world I feel very protective of all sentient beings... everybody that is alive, especially Oliver [little dog owned by Satsang member] , and my cats and my family. My Satsang family. I feel very protective of all of you, like I want to wrap my arms around you all and hold you safe. If I had children they'd never leave the house until they were 30. [Laughter.]

But I have all these Bhaktis [spiritual aspirants full of loving devotion] coming to this Satsang and writing me, sending me emails and comments and so forth. So what do I do? You know, love to me typically has always been very painful. You get strong feelings, you get strongly attached, and then inevitably there is a separation. Whether it is death, or a breakup, or the ending of a relationship and the ending of the love relationship, and it just tears your heart out. And you're always fantasizing and thinking, "Oh my God, what am I going to do, what am I going to do?"

I used to live in Santa Monica, and one day I was on my porch. I love cats. I was looking into the street and I saw a little brown tail moving behind the curb. The curb is over here, and I'm over there where Charley is, just a little like a

periscope. [Chuckles.] Little brown tail, moving there, and being as smart as I am, I knew it was a cat's tail. [Laughter.]

So, loving cats, and seeing a poor cat on the street, and I hate seeing cats out in the street, I call out. I said "Hey you!" And the tail stopped. [Laughs.] And then a little brown cat with these huge eyes and this big face, a wide, wide face like a Persian, but with short hair, looked over the top, put her paws on the curb and just looked at me. Just thirty seconds. And I looked at her. [Pause.]

And then she jumped up and ran over as quickly as she could with these short little feet, she had very short legs. I petted her. She looked like she was starving. Her coat was all ragged, but she was beautiful. She was a torty [tortoise-shell], multicoloured—brown, black, orange all mixed together. I went into the house and got two cans of food and fed her, and for some reason I didn't want to take her in that day. I didn't want to pick her up. There was something about her... a fierceness of her face scared me a little bit. But I figured if she were here tomorrow in the morning when I come out, she's mine. We won't worry about where she came from, because obviously she's been on the street for a while.

And she was there the next day. I called her Sat-Chit-Ananda, "Existence-Knowledge-Bliss." I loved her very much. [Long pause.]

She was about six and a half pounds, and she came into a house filled with eight or nine cats, and she took over. Any time two cats even dared to make a sound at each other like the beginning of a fight, wherever she was in the house she would run and get right between them and say "Stop that!" She would just look at them like that, and they would walk right away as if nothing happened.

The rest of the time she was on my lap. And any of you who own cats or dogs, you know a cat, if you're bonded to them, whenever you look around, they are looking at you. You look over there and there she would be, in the background looking at you. Me. And I would look at her, make sure, "Where's Satchie?" And we were inseparable.

[Deep breath.] And she thrived, for a while. Satchie had a condition, unfortunately it is common on the street, called “mega-colon.” It is when a cat does not eat regularly, and then it eats a lot. It distorts the intestine and it blows out the colon, and they can become constipated and die easily, because nothing moves through the system.

We came close to death with her two or three times. Unfortunately, the treatment for mega-colon is hard on the kidneys. So eventually she developed kidney failure. She was eating less and less, and we took her to the doctor’s. There are more and more things you can do with the cats with kidney failure... you give them fluids under the skin, there is Azadil which causes a kind of dialysis in the intestines, there is aluminum hydroxide which takes the phosphorous out of the blood, Pepcid to keep the acid down so that they eat, and you can give them pills to make them feel hungry... There are dozens of things. Force-feed them with a syringe.

I was spending hours and hours every day with my little Satchie, trying to keep her alive. At night she and my wife and I would go out for walks. She would walk between us. No collar. Just around the block. Our last few days together.

And then one day, I saw her... she was in a cupboard, and she refused to come out. Her eyes were open like this, and they were bulging. She didn’t want to move. I knew it was time, so we took her to the vet’s, and they got some blood tests and... she was dying. We could have put her in there for another four days of dialysis, but she would probably even die during the process, so we had to put her to sleep. The vet was Ken Jones, he is in Santa Monica. He is a great vet. And he did it so gently, it is like she didn’t even notice it. She just relaxed and she died.

We cried a long time, and she is up there now, she is in the top box. About the same time, Robert died.

This was about a year and a half after my awakening, and I saw that the world was not real. So I had three disasters: my Satchie died, my Robert died, and the world was empty. After that I couldn’t feel love anymore. I went into a great

depression for a couple of years. Loss of Satchie and Robert... [Deep breath.] That is what love did to me. *Fuck this!*

They had a program at UCLA with different kinds of medications for depression. I got into it, and after about two or three weeks or four weeks the depression went away, which I know shows that there is a huge physical aspect to depression. It is a physiological kind of disorder.

You know, I know this one psychiatrist who said “I wish I could go back to all of my depressed patients over the years who I tried to *talk* out of their depression, when a pill could do so much better and so much more quickly.” Talk therapy really is not too effective alone in [treating] depression. Medication is much more effective as I know, because I mean, this is my business—psychotherapy.

But I did not feel love for a long, long time... until all of you bhaktis out there were telling me that they felt it coming from me. And I did not feel it. I did notice that my teachings were changing—I was not talking so much about the illusory nature of the world. I was not talking about escaping. I was talking about how you needed to do things for other people. You had to take care of the hungry cats on the streets, take care of poor people, or bitch about the Japanese whaling, or killing dolphins, or something like that. I got very active. [Pause.] But I did not feel anything. I mean I was acting it out, but I was hearing about it from you. And from others.

A few months ago, I began feeling it. I really *do* love. It was buried in that sense of quietness. The movement of love was in that quietness. And it *was* coming out, sometimes I can even feel as if it were coming out and flowing everywhere... but that is just fantasy. So many people believe... or I have heard people tell me I am doing something to them, and having love come out and it is generating something inside of them. As if I am doing it. I said, “I didn’t do it. Don’t blame me!” Because if you get angry then you will blame me for that, too.

I feel this thing about projecting love into each other and so forth is nonsense. You could react to my love and I can react to your love, but it is our own feelings that we are feeling. There is no kind of telepathic connection, there is no kind of

mystical connection. This is so easy to believe in, you know. In Eastern spirituality you have all of these stupid concepts—“All is one.” What the hell does that mean?

You know, “We’re all one. We share everything; everything is equal.” That is nonsense. Because I am obviously here, Karen, and you are obviously there. Right?

Karen: Right.

Edji: You are not seeing through my eyes. You are not thinking with my brain. You are not talking with my mouth. So what does it mean, “all is one”? Over and over again... Facebook is filled with all of these gurus that spend all of this time generating one-liners about oneness or love or something like that, and there are more gurus on Facebook than there are people in Los Angeles. [Laughter.] And they are all followers of the Neo-Advaita point of view—“It’s all one,” it is all happy, all blissful and all that, and then they go off and have their popsicle and really do not care about anybody except themselves.

I recognize now that the love is there, and I had not recognized it before. But I also want you to recognize that you are not feeling my love directly—you are responding to the way I am talking and the way I am responding to you. I am not projecting love into you. I hope you know that. And I am not catching any of yours, either. Just kidding.

A little joke. [Laughter.]

One thing about Satchie I realized after she died... when she was very ill, I said to myself, “My love for Satchie is so strong, I am going to save her. Just by the purity and the depth of my love for her.” It did not work out. [Pause.] No matter how much I loved her, and I loved her *so much*, she died. I failed. [Pause.]

Consciousness has rules. There’s medicine—that’s part of that rule; Eastern medicine, Western medicine. Education—having knowledge about diseases; having knowledge about how to help people, how to help homeless cats. And in

the real world that we live in... and it is not really real—I mean once you have a realization about reality, you know it is not real.

But at the same time you re-enter it as if it is real, and you act in this venue, as if it is real—otherwise, the realization that a person has is kind of pointless and empty to me. Unless you can take that realization back to where people really live, it is useless and dry. So consciousness has rules, and you have to know these rules in order to help.

I heard something just recently—37% of the people in Los Angeles are hungry at some time or other. Not because they temporarily ran out of cash, but they do not have enough food in the house. 37% in Los Angeles! And there are almost two million homeless cats on the streets of Los Angeles, the city and the county; all of the four thousand square miles of the various cities. 80,000 cats and dogs are put to death in public shelters every year from lack of adoptions, being out in the street and lack of space in the shelters. To me this is so incredible. This world is so cruel that we cannot find room for cats and dogs in our houses, or a place for them to live.

Love, to be effective, cannot just be love. It has to know the rules. With 2 million homeless cats and dogs there has to be education, you have to reach people— *Come to the shelters and adopt*. You have to talk to the governments to put more money in the shelters. It takes wealth, it takes commitment, and you have to know the rules.

Which means education, science, and you cannot blow it all off—you cannot just say “Eastern spirituality is the way it is;” or the Eastern healing arts and so forth. It has to be investigated, and you have to know what works. Well you know that [indicating student at Satsang.] You are a healer—are you any good?

Other Student: She’s really good.

Healing Student: I don’t do it.

Edji: [Laughing.] I know what you mean. Why are you turning red? [Laughter.] But there is something else going on. I feel it, but I cannot put my finger on it—there is something about this Satsang. There’s something going on here. It is bigger than me; it is bigger than any of you.

But it is a kind of turning in Consciousness in a positive fashion around this Satsang. It has grown very quickly from, what? This is our second Satsang? I mean, we have done the worldwide ones on the Internet we had people from Germany and so forth, but the local one—I feel it, that there is a beneficial kind of energy. Consciousness likes what we are doing.

When I take a look at it, it is like—for me, Consciousness is a harsh mistress. Very harsh. And what we are, is a kind of mollifying force to make Consciousness a little less harsh, and a little more sweet. That is our function. We are like the conscience of Consciousness.

It needs a conscience, because it is not too good at it by itself. And where this is going to go, I have no idea. I do not think anybody does. Or whether it is going to blow out in a minute... Consciousness might decide, “Well – *fssht [blowing out noise]* – that didn’t work, did it?” and go its own way, whatever it is.

But I think that is our function. To make the world a little kinder. A little more knowledgeable. Learn the rules, apply them and see whether Consciousness continues to go our way.

Now, I made some comments on the blog [Edji’s “It Is Not Real” teaching blog, 14 March 2011, “An Experiment in Kindness”] about two weeks ago, after the tsunami in Japan, that got me into a lot of trouble. I said in the comment, “Why don’t we try an experiment with a little country where people were vegetarians and they cared for each other? And rather than trying to run from the responsibility of paying for Medicare and MediCal and Social Security, they *wanted* to give; they *wanted* to help each other? And I said something to the effect of “If they had a country like this, would they have a lot of natural disasters, like there are all over the world, or is there a moral causality somehow?” Like the theory of Karma—what goes around, comes around. “If a people is kind, and

gentle, and caring, would that country be less subject to natural disasters than Japan or the United States?”

Because who are some of the worst countries in the world as far as cruelty is concerned? The United States, China, and then everybody else. And what countries have the most natural disasters? [Laughter.]

I mean, the United States, China, and then everybody else... Turkey and so forth. And so, I began getting these huge negative comments—outrage that I should take this disaster in Japan and blame them for causing their own problems. And that is not what I meant, because I mentioned the United States, I mentioned China, I mentioned all of these other places that have had natural disasters.

But we have natural disasters *all the time!* Tornadoes; hurricanes—New Orleans; earthquakes—the Northridge earthquake, the San Francisco earthquake; we get them all—big fires, bombs, people killing each other, mass killers shooting people. We are a country of disasters, a constant rolling disaster!

So what was so bad about suggesting that there might be a moral causality? Not a lot of people were buying it, but a few of the Buddhists were saying something like this. Then the ex-premier of Japan said the tsunami was a punishment for the Japanese being so arrogant. And he mentioned something about how the Japanese felt they were more superior than the other races. So, it was an idea that was out there.

Personally, I felt that if the tsunami hit it was like a retribution for the Japanese whaling, the killing of 40,000 dolphins in the Cove and fishing the oceans dry; they over-fish the oceans. I would say “Well if I were God, how would I teach Japan a lesson?” Since they were destroying so much of the sea, I thought maybe the sea could get back at them. This is kind of my loose moralistic thinking.

I mean, the United States gets an earthquake here, and a Sodom is destroyed there and a Gomorrah someplace else, you know? But it never hits the people that actually caused it. But you have got to realize it is all one—we are all one.

Even if you did not cause it, if you are not stopping it, in a sense you are complicit.

I saw a headline today from Japan. The tsunami wiped out the Japanese whaling industry. The big businesses that were supporting the whaling were destroyed by the tsunami. To me, “Wow! Check one for an objective verification of this fantasy I have of moral causation!” And then a Buddhist priest today said, “God sees the way the world is—how we treat each other, how we spend money in the wrong ways, we spend our wealth in the wrong ways. We let people starve. And He says, ‘Just no more. No more.’”

Now this is a metaphor, you know, this is a fantasy. But it could be a lesson that we should learn about how to treat others. Our little group, I do not know what is going to happen. I do not know which way it is going. It would be interesting to watch.

As a matter of fact, this whole topic came up in a conversation in a Thai restaurant on the Pacific Coast Highway with Sam and what’s-her-name... Andrea, I’m just kidding [laughter] and Cary the other day. I have been thinking about it for a week, and I have been trying to generate a talk.

But you know, this area of Bhakti and all of this, I do not know that much. I am a dried-up Jnani guru. This love stuff is new to me, so you have got to teach me. I am learning this from you guys. I could teach you the dried-up stuff, no problem. [Laughs.] But the wetter stuff, it is new to me.

Student: That place of peace that you speak of where you dwell, the love... this, and the other side of that is more of conditions, and “I love you if...”

Edji: Right.

Student: From there it would almost seem like there is not that kind of love present, but that’s where true love arises, it can come from almost the unmanifest place... seemingly so. But there’s not love there, because it’s not conditioned on the love that most people have an understanding of.

Edji: Right. For me, at that deepest level, it is deeper than any feelings of love. Because there is nothing that exists on that level—you are into, let us say, a pure spiritual existence where the mind does not exist, feelings do not exist, objects do not exist, no other exists, no self exists, no I exists, it is just pure Consciousness.

But on a higher level [less deep], that is when you begin feeling love, because there has to be *somebody* to love. And *somebody* loving. Right? Is that what you are talking about?

Student: I'm talking about... [long pause.] Hmm. When you're like, "I see her as separate from me, so I love her." There can be conditions of "I love you because you do this for me," or-

Edji: That is even higher [even less deep.]

Student: Yeah, and then you have love that is surpassing. Like people have love for animals that is unconditional, so they don't have that; and then the love where there is almost seemingly no love. But it's where true love is, because it just *is*, without-

Edji: Okay. You could say that it is co-extensive with that deepest level, of pure Consciousness. But in me I do not feel any kind of love. What I feel is peace. I feel happiness, and... just on top of that, just on top of that is this kind of covering or blanket of warmth, which I think may be the source of love.

But it is still... the purest state, there is nothing. You just *are*. It is hard to put it in words. But one inch above that is, I think, the most basic kind of pure love—the warmth, where you just want to hold the entire universe, and care for the entire universe... Maybe? I don't know. I'm not a bhakti-guru, I don't know about *shaktipat* [*mystical empowerment from the guru to the loving devotee*] and all that shit.

I'm sure that people...

Well, first of all you have got all kinds of things. You have got erotic love up here, where you identify with the body and there are all kinds of body things going on. Yearning and lust and so forth. Then there is the kind of love that we have that permeates most relationships, which is based on *We know each other, we expect each other to do certain things, etc., etc.*

And there's a kind of familiarity with that, "This is like an old glove and I prefer that instead of going out and shopping for a new glove." The kind of sense of comfort.

But the deeper you go, the love is more universal. It is more general, it is more gentle, and then it disappears altogether. At the deepest level it disappears. What is curious to me, is what feels to some of you like love coming from me. What did I do to deserve it? I did not do anything.

Student: Edji for some of us, like for me in particular, I changed a lot. So you can't say you haven't done anything. Because I changed a lot from the time that I started to be your student.

Other student: You've taught us a great deal, so you've done that.

Other student: [Pensively.] Yes.

Other student: Yeah. And you're always there, even though I don't talk to you a lot. It's like you're there. If I ask you a question... Well, I may or may not get an answer, but- [Laughter.]

Edji: But you know at one point I intended to give you an answer, even if it-

Student: You're here unconditionally, from what I feel and see.

Edji: And what does that make you feel?

Student: What's that make me feel? [Pause.] Makes me feel love and compassion for you. It's like, I want to give it back. To you. And others.

Edji: So what do you want to give back?

Student: The same thing, what I learned from you—I want to give to others who are willing. So you gave me, and us, all of these teachings unconditionally. And I see that as money. All of these gurus, like you talked about, they all want money. That one gal up north that you were talking about, she wanted all this money. And you give to us so freely.

Edji: Do you clean garages?

[Laughter.]

Other student: I heard him say that.

Edji: [Laughing.]

Student: I understand what Keith said, because I feel that way... I've transformed so much in such a short time, and I get drenched with the things that you teach, and many things are very unspoken, and I feel this huge need to give back. I want to give back in the ways that I can because all of us have different gifts in what we can give back into the world. I want to give back, it's so... it's like a pressure. I have such purpose to give back.

Edji: Do you do garages?

Student: I already told you, if I could wear gloves I'll show up. [Laughter.]

Edji: But what do you feel besides that, the pressure to give back? Is there anything else to this love?

Student: It's huge. It's not personal. I said it to you the other day on the phone, because my purpose came when I just was born. I felt that as a baby, like this huge purpose, but I didn't know what it was going to be. And my feelings—there's two things, I told you. I have my personal love for you as my dear friend, but then I have an impersonal love for you as my teacher.

Edji: Mm-hm.

Student: It's so powerful. I can't articulate what that is, because... I can touch it, I feel it-

Edji: What does it feel like? Explain it.

Student: [Pause.] It's the most beautiful, blissful, delicious feeling I've ever felt in my life.

Edji: Mm-hm.

Student: It's so pure. It expects nothing, and just wants to give.

Edji: Okay. Alright. I understand that, a hundred percent.

Student: And it feels... it fulfills itself by giving, it's like it needs nothing, also. Just the need to give. Because I feel full.

Edji: Mm-hm. And you feel that now too, to the world more.

Student: Beyond. Since I became your student, the things that I'm learning. But I don't see that as putting you on a pedestal, I'm just saying these are the things that changed inside of my being.

Edji: God, I have to give you an "A" for that answer. [Laughter.]

Other student: How did you feel about your teacher?

Edji: Robert? Awe. He was awesome.

I've studied with maybe, closely, ten or fifteen teachers, and I have known another thirty teachers besides that. I mean famous people, from Zen masters to swamis and so forth for many, many, many years. Zen masters from all over the world.

But Robert was so different, Robert was... he was not there. And all the other ones were very busy, and very there. They were creating a big center, they were doing this, they were having *sesshins* [*group Zen meditation sessions*] and all that, and Robert... was not there.

He was always in the background, just being himself. Everybody ignored him. If there was a Satsang like this, everybody would all be talking to each other and they would all ignore him. He would be up there, eating the food, and [laughter] it was very strange.

He would start Satsang by looking around at the people while they were still meditating and then he would say something. He would look at people, and he would look so deep into your soul. It was not like I look, because I am superficial. [Laughter.] And he was not. His eyes had such depth. You knew that he was seeing into the bottom of your heart, and it was sort of scary sometimes, too.

And he never blinked. He could have his eyes open for five minutes, and he would never blink. It was just eyes like, fixed. This is one of the states of *samadhi* [meditative bliss], this is one of the signs of Sahaja and some of the other samadhis.

He was always in a different world. I could sense it, and I just wanted—what the hell is it that this is? This is what I was looking for, I had been with thirty teachers over thirty years, and he was living proof that there was something beyond what all of these other teachers taught.

He was a hard guy to be around, because he liked to play practical jokes on people. He liked to roast them, put them in conflict situations with each other, and then just sort of— [laughter.]

He always had this little grin on his face when things were exploding in the background. One time we were at *Follow Your Heart* [Vegetarian Restaurant in Los Angeles]. It was just before he was moving north to Sedona, and he seemed very pensive, even more quiet than normal. I said “Robert, what are you thinking about?” And he said, “How to cook you.”

Every moment of the day he was working on us. In little ways, not only expressing (which he did not express very well anything he felt,) by his teachings, but by creating situations around us where we would grow up. And when I heard that... you know, he was not having lunch with me —he was working on me. I saw just saw him.

But he was an imp. He was a really hateful asshole sometimes, the kind of stuff he would do. You never knew what was going on in Satsang, because there were all these women around him all the time, and they were hanging onto him and clinging, and there was always gossiping about *What's going on? What's going on? What's going on with her?*

Nicole, his wife, would always be calling me up saying “What’s going on with this woman? What’s going on with this woman? What about this guy here, I see his cheques in the donation, but what’s he like?” Nicole was always calling me about everybody at Satsang. Now she is my greatest enemy and she says I never existed.

But that is what I felt about Robert, just... *awe*. Just awe.

I want that, whatever it is.

It turned out to be Parkinson’s. Just kidding, just kidding. [Some chuckles.]

I cannot be too serious too long.

Student: So you awoke while he was still alive?

Edji: Yes.

Student: How was that?

Edji: It happened about a month or two after he left to Sedona. I wanted to go. I was instrumental in him wanting to go to Sedona. At one time a lot of people

from Sedona were coming to our Satsang in Los Angeles. We were having fifty people come.

And I loved Sedona, I had been there many times, it is a beautiful place. Robert was always joking, “There’s going to be a huge earthquake in Los Angeles, we’ve got to move.” So, one time it was going to be Salt Lake, we are going to go to Salt Lake City, then we are going to go to New Mexico, and I said “Robert, why don’t we check out Sedona?”

So he sent me up there as an emissary to check out the place, and I thought I loved it and made arrangements to have everybody move up there, and even a place to have my cats taken care of where I would have a house, where I could bring the cats up. But every time I tried to go to Sedona with him, I would get deathly ill. I mean, really deathly ill.

It happened three times in a row, so I knew I was not going to move there. Something was happening to prevent me from going. So he moved up there, and some people from Los Angeles moved with him, and I did not. I felt terrible. I felt what I was talking about before with Satchie, but this was before she died. And... [pause] I lost my place, it was so terrifying. No- [laughs.]

So I just hung around the house. I was feeling sort of depressed. Listening to spiritual music, lying on the couch and just going inside. Going into those deepest levels, just all day long.

24 hours a day, I was not working at the time. I could not work. I could not possibly work with this. Then I have written about what happened with the shower. I went into a shower, and like a million times before, looked inside of myself to out who was experiencing the water in the shower. And I found nobody there. The house was empty.

There never had been anybody there.

When you realize that the ‘I’ is not real, our entire reality is based on the dichotomy, the dualism of ‘I’ and ‘Thou’—when you see that the word “I” has no

internal referent, the realization comes immediately that no external concept has an external referent. The world is not real. It is not that the world is not real because of some magic; it is not real because *I* am not real. And that is complete freedom, at least the first stage—when you see you do not exist.

You are not real.

But still I got depressed later when Satchie died, because there was still a part of me that was connected with people in the relative realm. Now I am reconnecting in that relative realm.

There is sadness with that, with the love that ends when somebody you really love dies, like Satchie. But it is not a bitter kind of love like it used to be, a bitter kind of depression or anger, it is much gentler now... much, much, much gentler.

I have had so many cats die since Satchie died, and it is relatively easy now. They are in pain, they are suffering. Let them go. They hold onto me as long as possible, they want to be with me; I hold onto them as long as possible, but at some point, you realize the body is dying and they have to go. It is still not easy, but it is a lot easier.

Robert was the same way. I did not feel much when he died, because we had been separated for a couple of years. I had visited him up there in Sedona a couple of times, and he still wanted me to come up there. But Robert was not human, so it was not like losing a person, or an animal. He was God. He could not be lost. He was not a thing, he was not an object.

Student: How did you get to know or find out about Robert?

Edji: When you hang around in spirituality for thirty years or so you know everybody. One of the people said “You ought to look up Robert.” I had not been interested in spirituality for several years but I just decided to see.

It turned out to be this guy with the grey hair and the grey beard in Beverley Hills. There were maybe five people in there. I listened to him, and I saw him,

and I knew he was my teacher right away. Afterwards, I went up to him and I said, “Robert, where have you been my entire life?” Rather than saying “Oh, I’ve been waiting for you,” he said, “Oh, I’ve been around.”

What kind of crappy answer... how can you write a book about a crappy answer like that? [Laughter.]

We tried advertising, we tried every conceivable thing, and nobody came to his Satsang. People would come. They would drift through, they would come two or three times and then they would drift out because Robert was really not so much, if you were not into somebody that is extraordinary... I mean, he had Parkinson’s, he had bad teeth, he even smelled a little, and that is probably because of his teeth. And he was talking about stuff nobody understood.

He would say “You don’t exist. You never did. You’re good for nothing.” And people in the background would laugh. They would go *Ha ha ha!* They did not get it. They would laugh, because it sounded funny and spiritual at the same time. But not many people stayed.

And he would deliberately do things to make people leave, like fooling around with the people in the Satsang to cook them. He would say “I want to see who stays.” I think only three of us stayed the entire time he was in Los Angeles—Mary, Lee and myself. Look what happened to us.

Well, shall we sit? Okay. Turn your vision around and look inside yourself. Not into the head, but deeper. Look deeper.

Look deeper.

Look into your heart area. Feel the sense of presence. Feel that basic amalgam of your existence and let the consciousness, your awareness, go down deeper.

Go down into your stomach and your abdomen, and ask yourself “What inside there is really me? What, in this emptiness, is really me?”

Sometimes you have to struggle for years to find that inner emptiness because your mind is thinking too much, or there are too many images, or all you see is darkness. But with practice it comes.

Your inner world lights up, becomes very light, not dense. It is self-illuminated. It extends everywhere. It interpenetrates all objects, internal and external. All thoughts are absorbed by the emptiness. All objects outside are absorbed by emptiness.

My voice is absorbed by your emptiness, and you just learn to sit in that emptiness.

Let your attention continue to go down, down through the floor, into the earth.

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