

Adolf Doing His Karma Badly

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2013-01-20

Source: <http://www.shiningworld.com/site/satsang/read/160>

Willy: Hello, Jim, happy new year. I hope this finds you well with lots of smart students giving you an easy time of it.

Jim: It does find me with lots of smart students, particularly you, Willy.

Willy: I have a few questions. As the gooners are doing the apparent stuff? That goes for good and evil, and is not personal?

Jim: Yes. You can chalk the evil up to *rajas* and *tamas* and assign the good to *sattva*.

Willy: The stuff that irritates the tits off you is no more or less important?

Jim: That's correct because you are not the one that is irritated. You are the one that knows/sees/observes the one that is irritated.

Willy: Adolf is doing his *karma* badly, and the other humans are picking up bits of their *karma* (in fact the field's non-personal gooners) in the fireworks, and no one's really doing anything much other than remaining caught in the drama?

Jim: Correct, again, Willy. There is no doer, just a belief that "I am doing" when in fact the whole bloody field is causing action. Owing to beautiful, intelligent ignorance, the "I" that is beyond it all somehow gets suckered into thinking that it is an incomplete, empty, little worm and mucks around in the maggot heap of life munching on experiences, all the while imagining that it is doing this and that, enjoying/suffering this and that.

Willy: The gooners are the field manifesting/doing its stuff through the little selfs? All impersonal but seeming very fucking personal?

Jim: Right again. This is absolutely correct. These silly little selfs take it all very personally. They think they are people.

Willy: The field/ignorance likes to experience itself? – so ignorance has its dance?

Jim: Yes, indeed. Ignorance is a big party animal, out there rockin' and rollin'.

Willy: So when a murderer says, "God told me to do it," they are on-track? But not

getting happy(?).

Jim: Shit, Willy. You are good! Right on the money with this one. God did tell the poor sod what to do. God tells everybody what to do, saint and sinner equally.

Willy: The *dharma* field (God's creation) is the big toy box?

Jim: Yes, indeed.

Willy: The self is infinite, thereby can include ignorance so God arises?

Jim: Yes.

Willy: God is the self but the self isn't God?

Jim: Yes, you, the self, are the awareness of God. Without you, no God. God, gooners, ignorance, *karma*, etc. are all just notions in you, awareness. Nobody ever saw a God, a gooner, a *karma*, a universe or even a people. All cooked up by beautiful, intelligent ignorance. There is only you shining on the thoughts appearing in you.

Willy: Or is there no need to split hairs?

Jim: No need, but it is fun.

Willy: But God is love?

Jim: It means God is awareness. Awareness is attention. You love art. Why? Because you pay attention to it. You love Scout, which means you pay attention to her. You put energy into her. That's love. Even the perverts are doing it out of love, they just don't get it.

Willy: Sometimes the notion of being the self seems awful lonesome(?).

Jim: Aloneness is not loneliness, Willy. You are always alone, meaning existence is "all-one." Even when you are rolling around in the hay with your wife you are still just awareness watching Willy carrying on. You are never lonely, because there is nothing to long for – only you. And you have you always. If there are apparent others they are actually just thoughts in your mind and those thoughts are manufactured out of you, out of awareness. There are no others but beautiful, intelligent ignorance makes it look like there are.

Willy: Some new year musings.

~ Your affectionate pupil, Willy

Jim: Good musings, Willy. Go to the head of the class. You are now the official teacher's pet.