

The Regent had finished a talk and retired to KCL's version of 'A' Suite. This was in the old house (prior to renovations at KCL) at the top of the stairs. In his office, VROT was gathered with about 7-10 people. And my oh my, he was thoroughly enjoying himself. I was outside in the hallway on duty as his personal guard. At one point, someone came out of the office - while the door was open the Regent looked over and saw me in the hallway. With those very big, direct eyes and a gesture he motioned me in and had me sit next to him. As both digression and explanation, I was in my early twenties - I'd known (so to speak) the Regent for oh, 4-5 years I suppose. And in a way, he had always treated me as if he were a sort of Vajra Uncle.

I would walk up the street (in Boulder) sometimes to see him - I was aware of the protocol and effort it required to see the Regent - but once at my father's house, he simply said to me 'If you have any questions, please come and see me'. So I would often walk a few blocks to Kalapa House, knock on the door and the kusung or whomever, surprised to see me would ask 'He said what?'. They'd lead me into the kitchen or living room and sure enough - no matter how early in the morning or what day of week I would show up uninvited and unexpected, as some point the Regent would come downstairs smile and greet me, then sit down and we'd talk for as long as I needed to. One time I was there to complain that my dad and I weren't getting along. At which point my father, John Fabbro, who was on duty with the Regent but didn't know I had shown up, walked into the kitchen to discover the Regent and I sitting at the table, laughing.

The Regent looked up and said, 'Ah, we just figured everything out - it's your fault'. So my experience had been some kind of unwitting good fortune of access to the Regent. And in return he was exceptionally patient, always completely present and never made me feel unwelcome or insignificant. Now, even given all that - it was always a hair on end kind of reaction when I'd see him. I never felt comfortable or 'safe', meaning, the space around him was always so charged it put me on edge. And this is how I felt as I sat down next to him in A suite. But unusually and for the first time ever the Regent's tone with me right off the bat was almost caustic. I'd seen him this way, watched and heard him be with other people this way. I'd never been the subject, of this way.

I can't remember how 'it' started. It being the next 3-4 hours during which while next to the Regent he, in every way - verbally, emotionally, wordlessly, atmospherically, painfully, cosmically, essentially pulled my ego apart one excruciating word and act at a time. At one point, a friend of the Regent's came into A suite, walked over and sat on his lap. They talked and joked, and in the most gentle, loving way the Regent placed his hand inside the man's shirt. After a few minutes, the man went to leave (he was a close friend of mine) and as he got to the door, I noticed his shirt was still unbuttoned. I supposed I felt embarrassed or was still trying to be 'on duty' and I kind of stammered out, 'Um, your shirt...'.

Instantly the Regent turned to me, his voice very sharp and said, 'He doesn't think like you do!'. It was another instantaneous expose' of my mind as the Regent (again) laid bare my projections and then with unapologetic directness destroyed them. It, the experience, was horrifying. Because he was so right. I sat there, next to him in a room of ten people, mute. Around me, everyone drank and laughed, the Regent in tremendous, bright, laser sharp spirits. And then periodically he'd turn to me and with a look or word, destroy my concepts.

At one point, I'd been in this hellfire of mirrored back projection destroying for about two hours. It was like being roasted alive. Over an extremely hot fire, on an extremely slow turning spit. Don Milani came in to ask the Regent a scheduling question. He sat next to me, unaware of what had been going on and said, 'Hey, how're you?'. Don and I were dear friends and in an attempt to quickly reform some identity of myself, tried a few words of Italian, by way of cordial response. The Regent who hadn't said a word to me for twenty minutes instantly turned, looked and barked 'Don't let him get away with that shit'. Don laughed uneasily, familiar with this kind of crossfire, but unsure how I ended up in its crosshairs, gathered his notebook and left. I sat there, silent for a long while.

At which point, the Regent turned, looked at me and said, 'That mind, look at that mind Fabbro – I bet you even meditate with that mind'. The truth fell on me like a 40 story wall of bricks. He was right – and I instantly knew it. I had simply taken my same old habitual idea of me, my, mind, and pretended to be a practitioner. Even though by that point in the night there wasn't much left of me, if there was a crushing blow – that was it. He saw the real me, a person pretending to be someone who practiced. Even worse, I believed in my own pretense.

The next morning I woke up (I was living at KCL during this time, doing my ngondro) and made my way to the Mantra, Mandala, Guru Yoga shrine room to do my mandala practice. I wasn't sure what had happened the night before, I was too raw and peeled to process it. I sat down and began to practice. After maybe, ten minutes I suddenly heard the Regent's voice go off in my memory like a gunshot, it filled my skull: 'that mind, look at that mind Fabbro – I bet you even meditate with that mind'. And then, nothing. But nothing like I'd ever experienced.

Suddenly I was a mountain. Which is to say, solid and immovable. But there was no moment-to-moment, conscious experience. There were no moments – there was no time. No idea of being or not being. Outer and inner were completely the same experience, which was no experience whatsoever. I wasn't there, wasn't not there. I wasn't meditating, I wasn't not meditating. There were no thoughts, but there was also no observer conscious of self, object or space. There was no movement. Literally, there was one thing. The one thing was a complete unity that in and of itself had no starting point, was unfixed and was uninterrupted.

I sat in that state for who know, it could've been thirty seconds – an hour? If I had to guess, twenty minutes. And then just as suddenly and without construct, I was back. In the shrine room, in a moment-to-moment experience. As a person who perceived himself distinct and separate from the space he sat in. I was meditating again – 'with that mind'. But I still hear the Regent's voice to this day, and I see his face. And when I do, am reminded that true experience as it were, has no beginning or end. And I remain endlessly grateful for that.