

Tantric Rebellion and Kundalini

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This is a compilation of my subjective and introspective writings over the past 2 years. I always tried to take my own subjective point of view out of my writings until the last few years. I had always striven to be as objective as possible while writing about tantric mysticism. However, it was after a few decades of tantric meditation that I finally began to understand the early experiences I had in meditation when I was a university student. This clarity of understanding that came after the "survival" of the kundalini awakening gave me the liberty to write in the first person.

Ch.1 "The Initiation of Quetzalcoatl"

I was initiated into Tantra Maya in 1993. I was taught in a very pure and secretive Rajadhiraja Tantra Yoga tradition by a very adept Indian yogi, a disciple of Anandamurti. Within a few months the kundalini began with what would be a very long and intense awakening. As a student of psychology and world literature, I had heard of kundalini and other mystical energies but I had never thought they were real, live forces. I thought it was just interesting archaic symbolism, and not an actual force within the human body that rises up through the spinal column to awaken higher states of awareness. The universal symbol for this force is the serpent. It is said to be a covert, spiritual force beneath the surface of conscious awareness, like a coiled snake. Kundalini is the fundamental intelligence behind life and evolution, waiting to be awakened when the mind finally desires liberation from finite mental bondages. As this divine "serpent power" rises through the spinal column, one experiences states of deep spiritual realization. For the yogi, kundalini is the force that unites the human with the divine.

One day after classes and a short meditation, at which I was merely a beginner, I laid down on my back due to exhaustion. I felt a soothing force begin to rise up my spine. As this point of white, soft energy rose up into the thoracic region of the spine, I began to hear the sacred Om sound. It became frightening because there was only Om and nothing else. I opened my eyes but could not see anything. My faculties of sight and hearing were unified and there only existed Om. I knew I was being dissolved in a force that was vibrating within every particle of the universe. It was ecstatic and exhilarating but terrifying. I felt my whole identity would disappear and never return. The kundalini was entering the medulla. I began to repeat my mantra for meditation but it only made the experience more intense. Instead, I began to repeat my name, William Ernest Enckhausen III over and over and trying to remember that I was a student in Austin, Texas on the physical plane of reality. The kundalini began to go back down as Om diminished. I couldn't take any more.

After that experience I became very confident but experienced a lot of mental turmoil. It was very productive turmoil in that all negative memories from my past were being quickly purged and purified. I began to feel completely whole and that I had already lived a very complete life. The second time the kundalini rose was a few months later. I saw the same light in my spine although this time it was an infinitesimally small point. Physical reality disappeared and I began to “see” from the crown of my head a turquoise bird flying closer and closer as the point rose higher and higher. The bird landed on the crown of my head at the same time the point rose to the same place. Heaven and earth had met and I was lost in an infinite web of sound vibration where I could no longer see even this beautiful vision.

My last thought before losing awareness of not just the outer world, but also the inner world of vision, was that the forms looked Meso-American. Only years later would I learn of the Mesoamerican concept of kundalini, what they call *Quetzalcoatl*, the “Plumed Serpent.” The *quetzal* is a colorful bird of Chiapas and the mayan symbol for the kundalini, the spiritual energy of evolution and enlightenment that resides dormant within the mind.





(The kundalini was named Quetzalcoatl by the Toltecs and Kukulcan by the Mayas. A version of the image of Quetzalcoatl is on the Mexican national flag to this day.)

After this experience I lost all interest in a career and marriage and a “normal” life. I barely graduated the university and went to India seeking more understanding. There I met Chidghananda, a solitary old monk well-venerated in his order. He was regarded as a saint and I felt so honored that he took me into his close friendship and care. Sometimes I would accompany him with his evening meditations. He always heard the holy Om sound and it increased in his meditation. It was obvious that he regularly experienced ananda, divine bliss. He was truly one of the most loving human beings that I have ever met. My experiences had intensified near him at Ananda Nagar and it was clearly divine will that I had met such a teacher to guide me through these powerful processes.

[Interview with Dada Chidghananda](#)

At the time I wanted to become a monk but Chidghananda himself told me that I was a bit of an oddity and would not fit in well with the monastic organization. He said that my spiritual work was coming to an end, and that I didn’t really need to do anything else with my life rather than meditate, live simply, and help others as much as I could. Although sharply criticized for his influence over me, he followed his conscience and spoke only the truth to me. Although very confused as to what to do with my life once the ideal of being a monk was fading, I was aided by a dream in which Anandmurti commanded me not to worry about

becoming a monk, but just to “see the world as a frame-less photo and wander through the night.” Anandamurti has always spoken to me through dreams in such an elevated, poetic fashion. Later, as a confirmation he told me in another vivid dream that “all that matters is to do dhyana dasa.” He used those Sanskrit words, one of which I knew of not until a friend looked it up in a Sanskrit dictionary. What Anandamurti said was “all that matters is to do service through meditation.” I was often unsure if in these dreams I communicated with the spirit of Anandamurti, or if Anandamurti had become a mere symbol in my consciousness that had penetrated my dreams. Either way, these dreams always made perfect sense to me and enlightened difficult situations. If they were my own projections, then they came from the deepest, most intuitive parts of me that have never let me down.

It was soon after that I met Chandranath and his wife, Ram Pari Devii. They were some of the first initiates and spiritual teachers, or acharyas, personally taught by Anandamurti in the 1950’s. They were undoubtedly the most spiritually elevated beings that I have ever met. The whole environment around them was bliss. Even their lifelong employees, like the cook and the gardener, had become highly developed yogis. Speaking with Chandranath removed any doubts I had about my meditation and he told me that the intensity would calm down with time. He gave me invaluable tips about the mystical subtleties of spiritual practice and left me with the deepest sensation of divine peace that I still feel each time I recall being in his presence. Both he and his wife were established in the practice of samadhi (experiential union with the Supreme Consciousness) and could enter into it at will. They were free, realized souls whose only reason to still be physically incarnated was to help others along the path. After meeting them I realized that more important than being a monk or householder was to simply try to be at one with the Supreme Consciousness at all times, as they were.



When I sat next to Chandranath and tried to listen to him speak of the Supreme Consciousness I could not understand a word he said. He took me into himself and there was only silence and a soft, white glow. I still try to recall that experience and become so still, forget even breathing, and there is still only silence and a soft, white glow.

People like Chandranath have set a practical example of how a realized yogi can live in the world. It seems miraculous, perhaps even absurd, that the human mind can unite with the Supreme Consciousness. We can truly say "I am This" from the most sincere and complete part of our beings. However, it seems even more miraculous the benevolent grace that emanates from such a realized being and their ability to transform others. He seemed to me a man so simple and pure and I never felt that he was asking anything from me; he only gave himself wholeheartedly to anybody seeking guidance. For a yogi who practices samadhi regularly, such a conscious and humane expression like Chandranath is the most natural and simple creation of the Supreme Consciousness. When the microcosmic mind dissolves into the Supreme Consciousness, there is really no ego, nor even I-feeling, that binds one to the relative plane. Many yogis leave their bodies after such experiences. Others, like Chandranath, mysteriously returned to the relative plane of earthly existence and continued to serve others. I think that when one enters the breathless state of samadhi and dissolves completely into the Supreme Consciousness, then it is only this One that can breathe the breath back into this unified yogi. If it weren't for people like Chandranath, his wife and Chidghananda, who really set such a practical ideal, then I probably would have thought that such beings existed only in the distant past, in legends, and that the modern world is no longer habitable for advanced

yogis. In the most mystical and subtle ways, people like Chandranath leave an undying imprint on the people they affect, and thereby leave their mark on the collective consciousness of humanity as a whole.

A Name to the Nameless is a work in which I explain my personal experiences in the format of philosophy and psychology. Instead of continuing to write about very subjective mystical experiences, I decided to explain my experiences by going more deeply into Tantric spiritual science. Experience proves theory and I have discovered that Tantra is a universal spiritual science that sprouts up about all over the world, not just in India, Tibet and China, but in Meso-America as well. Who knows where else in the world exist traces of this secretive spiritual science? Most of my early inspiration was due to the spiritual influence of Anandamurti and a few of his disciples, like Chidghananda and Chandranath. Quetzal Manik, or “White Feather,” was my wife’s teacher whose “Tantra Maya” practices that I later encountered only deepened my understanding of the Indian Tantra I had been practicing for years.

Ch.2 “Near Death, Collective Kundalini Awakening, and the Future of Humanity”

“The harmful internal consequences of over-industrialization not only affect the personal, social and national health of the people, they also precipitate gradual individual and collective psychic degeneration. A type of psychic epidemic may arise which can poison almost all expressions of life and destroy them. This may not happen today, but it will surely happen in the very near future.” -
Anandamurti

The following statement sounds fantastic to the materialist. However, Anandamurti always spoke about all subjects- economy, ecology, politics, etc., from a very spiritual perspective. If the universe has a subtle, spiritual counterpart that controls the material world, and if the universe is moral, then perhaps this statement may seem plausible. Any living, intelligent system has defense mechanisms that protect itself from illness. If the universe is really conscious and a living entity in itself, then one should see this statement as a great warning to materialists with their ill-conceived concept of dominating, controlling and eventually destroying a world they really have no true connection with, a world that is in no way an Earth Mother for them. Can our mental distortions and errors actually generate psychic epidemics? Can the human race generate reactions that attack us not just from our physical environment, but

also from our internal mental environment as well? The question is a practical one, finally, in that one has to investigate these spiritual question in the mental laboratory. If you don't figure it out, then you may not survive the upcoming and inevitable natural selection process.

The future humanity will see the first decades of the new millennium as the end of one age and the beginning of another. Rather, it is the destruction of one age and the creation of another. Everything we see as solid and real are but shadows of deep ideas, the original Things as they exist in the mind of god. Most see the universe as a play of material forces. Others understand the deeper ideas that move beyond mundane existence, which is nothing but a mundane manner of perceiving and conceiving the universe. Refining perception and conception beyond crude materialism and blind desires gives us a deeper perspective and more meaningful place on this moving and evolving planet. What evolves is consciousness and the ideas that develop higher awareness that can help us integrate into the life of the Macrocosm, the living universe. A more compassionate and holistic mind is but the evolution and refinement of the crude conceptual mind and its corresponding mundane desires. In this view, the destruction of the capitalist, materialistic mentality and the emergence of a new and conscious Left are but the shadow play of great ideas that are competing and clashing somewhere even beyond the invisible dark matter of the universe. Evolution is always the favoring of some members of a species over other, less adaptable members. The materialistic mentality of this age will only destroy itself and the members of this part of the species that are resistant to higher change and evolution will simply be "selected" as to have no place on this planet in the near future. Step aside radicals and revolutionaries, Mother Nature is much more radical than a black panther, yet more loving and wise than a million brilliant grandmothers.

The destruction of the old systems has its origins deep in the creative forces of nature, the intelligent forces that preserve life and its proper purpose in the universe. Although the planet may move and rock a little in the near future, these movements are only crude reflections of what is silently moving upstream, in the causal mind behind nature. Almost nobody goes against the current and ventures up that far ahead nowadays. Materialism is not just bad culture or unrefined brutality. It is a soul-killer and the greatest enemy to humanity.

The inner mind or soul comes in contact with this world through its connection to our brain and nervous system. A part of this entity that makes immediate contact with the physical world of matter and energy is actually transformed into those

very objects of mind. Yogis call this part of mind *chitta*. *Chitta* is essentially a medium between the inner world of mind and the outer world of matter. It has the intelligence and essential substance of mind and at the same time the formal structure of matter that intelligently plays out any form that it comes in contact with in the external world. *Chitta* has instinctual programs that are provoked and activated according to the hosts of form that it entertains. If the mind only entertains crude occupations, then more *chitta* is wasted by transforming itself to reflect crude forms and play out their dramas- more money, more name and fame, etc. Mind thereby moves toward and even converts itself into matter. Materialists are actually rebellious as they move against conscious evolution and the subtle moral order of the universe. Yogis are more interested in allowing the Supreme Subjectivity, or Atman, to see clearly all aspects of mind and its reflections of matter and form in the world as the shadow play of the Atman, not as possessions to contend for and thereby dominate and destroy others. Mind also moves inward and evolves toward the pure spirit of the Atman. This is the mind's true purpose in evolution, to move inward, back into spirit. *Chitta* concentrated and focused in meditation takes the form of the formless, disintegrating itself back into subtler, inner forms of mind until it eventually flows back into the silent headwaters of the godhead, the Supreme Subjectivity. This is the salvation and liberation of the mind. The materialist loses his/her mind and person into the material world while the yogi liberates the mind by merging it back into its source in the pure and conscious Witness. The mind can only be "destroyed" in these two manners: disintegrating into matter or disintegrating into spirit. One path is only agony while the other delivers sweet bliss.

The science of microvita is the intuitive study of the dialogue between mind and matter, of the show unfolding somewhere in the regions between the mental *chitta* and the brain. It is a moral science to show us the way out of the labyrinths of the soul. Positive microvita are forces that help convert *chitta* into spirit while negative microvita impose crude forms and subsequently crude desires onto the brain-body system. Positive microvita bring illumination, fulfillment and realization while negative microvita eventually bring about the degeneration of the mind. Human beings have always tended to materialism as a consequence of lack of spiritual culture, however now is the first time that the entire species is guided by forces that only bring destruction. Globalization, the organization of materialistically-oriented ideology and its imperialistic execution, is the great destroyer of the planet. It is the imposition of a deluded and abstract consciousness of a sick organism upon the innocent and pure beings of this planet. If the planet and its natural state of balance are in danger as a

consequence of globalization, then one can only imagine the state of our soul architecture within. And just as an imbalanced planet will seek equilibrium anew, so will the collective mental structure of humanity be forced to undergo extremely radical transformations in order to survive this damage. The transformation of a species is the most radical act of simultaneous creation and destruction. Those whose intelligence flows inward to find balance and responsibility with the Macrocosm will be favored by evolution as they are much needed vehicles of human sanity. Their minds and nervous systems will work in harmony with the new order. This new definition of humanity will be imposed upon all. Grace showers even on the most undeserving, although destroying them while forcing them to evolve. It is as if we are all getting a software upgrade for our brains. The materialists too are receiving this graceful upgrade but they have very old hardware that simply cannot understand the new programs. They will be obsoleted and recycled as they cease to function and lose their applicability under new structures. Too much conversion of mind into matter through ignorant volition and blind impulse degrades the nervous system and creates mental illness. Negative microvita begin to burrow in this energetic space between mind and body and help the misguided mind destroy itself even quicker. These negative thought patterns intelligently and parasitically feed off of our vital energy and make compulsion, fear, and violence the dominant forces in our imagined, separated existence. Negative microvita guide the destruction of humanity by our selfish and brutal actions as well as attack and degrade the nervous system from within. It is a race to see which aspect of the activity of negative microvita destroys us quicker. Will it be through war, fracking, economic imperialism and other forms of crude destruction, or by subverting the internal mental order by creating mental illnesses within as a result of falling into understand natures traps for the dull, extinguishing parts of the species?

The only war we have is the war within. The chitta must flow upward and inward and we must understand how to facilitate this natural process that modern materialism has deadened, otherwise we are done for, both individually and collectively. Take care of the mind, take care of others and transform the inner nature and then there is no longer a need for materialism, vanity, nationalism, racism, nor any other nasty qualities of fearful, ignorant minds. If one does not fight in this war, then these enemies will definitely destroy the soul if they haven't done so already. Instead of struggling for ways of life that lead toward destruction it is much better to struggle for transformation and place oneself under greater ideas, ideas that work and practically guide us toward integration. It would indeed be a very boring universe in which great worldly events did not't play themselves out according to great themes. Perhaps this is our malady;

materialism deadens the living and vibrant universe that caresses us and gives us place and purpose. Instead of systematically killing animals for food, invading and destroying other countries for resources, and over-consuming the precious commodities of the planet, one can live simply and purely with just a little spiritual understanding and social and ecological responsibility. Materialism destroys the world of animals, plants and most humans. It cannot contain these other worlds. Seeking the collective welfare with compassion and consciousness conspires with the intelligence of the Macrocosm to arrange itself so that its variegated and vigorous elements synchronize into a sublime and simple order that all good beings can understand. When the mind and positive and negative microvita effecting the mind are balanced, then our limitations are more natural and aren't exploited by sinister and exploitative systems that only degrade us and hinder conscious evolution. There is a place for everybody in this essential world that embraces other worlds.

Anandamurti, in a talk called, "The Coming Ice-Age," speaks of how the weather patterns on the planet have been changing drastically since the 1980's. He speaks of this phenomenon not as catastrophe but as natural change. He links the changing polarity of planets poles as the underlying cause. He says they will shift soon and with this change there will be changes in electromagnetic fields. Many species will have to undergo biological metamorphosis to survive these changes. Most human beings will become extinct. Only those with refined nervous and glandular systems will be part of the new humanity of the near future. I see this as natural selection in action, although here we are speaking of a natural selection based on consciousness and emotional intelligence instead of brute strength or intellectual cunning and ruthlessness. With very little personal, social, ecological, and spiritual consciousness it will be difficult for the collective mind of humanity to adjust with these changing electromagnetic fields. These human beings will become like the Neanderthals of the past, an extinct species unless there are very fast, radical changes. Anandamurti said that at times evolution makes a sudden "galloping leap."

I view this phenomenon as a collective kundalini awakening. The kundalini is the fundamental creative force in the universe and not just a subtle force that functions in the physical microcosmic organism. Anandamurti termed the kundalini the "fundamental negativity." It is "negative" in that it is the return force that can recover even the most furthest centrifugal creative force with a radius away from the cosmic nucleus. Kundalini brings the entire creation back into the Supreme Consciousness. Kundalini, as it functions in the microcosm, doesn't take one further away from the cosmic nucleus with extraneous worldly

desires. Kundalini is the fundamental force that is capable of returning all of our mental creation to its origin. No matter how far our creation has materialized from spirit into matter, and no matter how far we have lost ourselves in illusion, desire, or ignorance, the Mother Shakti as kundalini will take us home.

When kundalini manifests in an evolved living being, she is said to be sleeping dormant at the base of the spine in the muladhara chakra. This position represents matter, the crudest manifestation of spirit and furthest away from the point of Shiva in the crown. Because she is the fundamental energy behind all expressed energies she has the capacity to control all forms of energy. This is why it is said that due to the awakening of this force through spiritual practice, all kinds of mysterious phenomenon occur. One can concentrate for extended periods of time, have tremendous mental and physical vigor, open latent psychic and occult potentialities, and achieve elevated states of spiritual awareness. Kundalini, as the “fundamental negativity,” is the force latent at the base of the spine that brings every string of creation back into the womb of Om, dissolving every flicker of color and cosmic sound in the crown above the corpus collosum between the cerebral hemispheres and above the pineal gland.

Kundalini is Shakti, the energetic counterpart to the pure Consciousness of Shiva. When Shakti's energy is inactive, Shiva, or Consciousness, is like an infinite ocean without undulations. Shakti activates she transforms Shiva by creating waves in Shiva's infinite body of tranquil, equipoised Consciousness. When she activates there is movement, creation, or involution. She creates the entire universe. Later, She can dissolve creation back into Shiva. When she comes back there is evolution of the universe through conscious, living beings. When She returns to Shiva it is spiritual liberation and enlightenment for the blessed soul who understands this ecstatic union.

Together, Shiva and Shakti, or Consciousness and Energy, are the Supreme Consciousness. Shakti is the Cosmic Creative Principle who manifests the infinite cosmic ocean of Shiva, or Consciousness into all of the expressed waves of this creation. Shiva is eternally pure and quiescent and can do nothing without his consort, Shakti. Shakti awakens this latent Consciousness and takes it outward, centrifugally, into action and creation. Shiva and Shakti interact until the subtle wave of Shiva collapse into mind, then into energy, and eventually into solid matter, or “star-stuff.” It is the infinite and subtle Shiva that apparently becomes the universe by letting himself manifest as created energy.

With evolution of life and the expression of consciousness in continually subtler and subtler forms as Shiva and Shakti continue to manifest in biological life. Life, this “blot of protoplasm with an urge,” eventually becomes conscious of itself as Shiva re-manifests his Consciousness. Trees, mammals, plants, and humans all have developed forms of consciousness which manifests in miraculous forms of organizing, adapting, and growing despite the material world’s entropy all around them! Eventually, these evolving microcosmic minds will become so aware of themselves that they will be able to ask themselves where this awareness comes from. This is the arrival of awareness at the anahata and vishuddha chakras. The kundalini is nothing more than the universal Shakti manifesting in an incarnated, biological being. Kundalini is the purest essence of the divine Shakti residing at the base of the spine; a force that ultimately governs the entire nervous system.

With the awakening of the kundalini the developed vishuddha chakra begins to spin centripetally as the 16 petals or sound pulsations vibrate the 4 vortexes of the muladhara, or base chakra. It is like a whirling, astral tornado that creates a vortex from crown to coccyx. This 4x4 action covers every possible expression, every possible vortex of the muladhara from escaping outward into the sensory mind at the first chakra. The causal mind with all of its controlling strings of sound take charge of all of the inferior chakras by descending all the way to the lowest base of muladhara. It is an inner, highly organized and intelligent womb of sound and pulsation that awakens the kundalini. All energy that goes into the emotional expressions of the vrttis or vortexes gets sucked inward. This inward, centripetal symphony pulls and summons the kundalini upward and inward with all of the vital energy of the body. Here Shakti begins to act and create deep inside one's soul. Shiva is the quiet eye of the storm looking on from high above. Both Shiva and Shakti arrange the path of bliss, the ananda marga, so that the aspirant may find one's way through the various labyrinths of the ascending mind. This is the case with a prepared mind, however.

The structures of the individual and the collective minds are one and the same, they are interdependent and co-existent. It is like a football fan in an arena filled with other football fans. Gain or loss affect both the individual and the collective body. Together, they form some form of meta-identity that both the individual and the collectivity depend upon, or believe that they do. In this similarity, we can see how the kundalini awakenings of individuals will parallel the awakenings of the collective and vice-versa. After 50 years of consciousness revolution in the West, and most of it inspired by hallucinogenic drugs, it is easy to find a plethora of examples of kundalini awakenings that have gone awry. This

is most often because the voyaging pioneer of mystical consciousness was not psychologically prepared and/or awakened the kundalini through forced yogic means or through the use of psychedelics. Aggressive yoga techniques and psychedelics usually have the same results: states that resemble a schizophrenic crack-up. Even with cases of eventually successful awakenings, such as that of the Indian seer, Gopikrishna, are often agonizing and take one to the border of self-annihilation while on the path to Self-Realization. This blast of Shakti, or Shakti, is simply too much for the average mind to bear. Could you just imagine what would happen to the average materialist, Big-Mac devouring, semi-conscious mind when it gets a dose of charged super consciousness? The clay jug of the self is shattered to pieces. Mystics and geniuses pick up the pieces and make colorful, beautiful, and playful collages and celebrate the dissolution of separateness into wholeness. The mundane person just finds his/her life is falling apart and cracks up. We, as a species, have no choice in the matter: the rules of the game are changing. We must evolve emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually or disappear from the planet; there really is no other alternative. All of the old mental structures that have projected and created our social, economic, cultural, and science are quickly becoming obsolete. In fact, they are already so rotten that they are taking us down with them. It is the desire of the collective and individual human mind to transcend obstacles that will decide whether one is part of the new humanity or not. If so, evolution will shoulder you and guide you. If not, and the mind wants to remain in the old and conventional, then entropy and decay will recycle one back into the planet for better use.

Kundalini is the root energy behind all mental expressions. Mind is a derivative of pure consciousness or Shiva that Shakti created long before the Big Bang. Shakti, as kundalini on the return journey, can mend any distortion and bring righteousness to our every wrong if we only understand her Way. Shakti and Shiva are fundamentally one, and kundalini only wants to return to her beloved Shiva. One must have a developed anahata chakra, humility coupled with unswerving confidence and much experience in meditation to adapt to this higher flow. The lower propensities must be greatly purified, otherwise one will be pouring gasoline onto the bonfire of the ambitious, clinging, and fearful ego. It isn't the case that the kundalini of the masses will awaken and surge into the brain and rapidly transform and rescue us all. The changing planetary conditions of the present is really what is making us a race of insane simians. Nature wants to awaken us while our contemporary pseudo-culture only deadens us and holds up psycho-spiritual evolution. Few seem to be finding balance. Most nervous systems aren't prepared for what is already happening to us via the subtle mechanisms of nature. Although the subtle, inner laws of Shakti will be as gentle

as possible, it will be difficult for the awakening of the masses from the brute unconsciousness to just even begin to vibrate at the second, svadhistana chakra. The collective kundalini force is mainly focused on entering the second chakra and creating balance there. Here, at the sensory-intellectual or conceptual mind, we develop notions of self and world. There can be no balanced kundalini awakening if one hasn't a balanced connection with the external world via the svadhistana chakra. A strong svadhistana chakra isn't co-dependent nor conventional but rests its value on its confidence and congruence with the real world of Shiva-Shakti's universe. A spiritual aspirant seeks not union with nationalism, with social class, or any other "ism" except universalism. The whole universe is our homeland and it is contained within Brahma, the union of Shiva and Shakti. Only those who can venture to take this step will move onward. Now is the time of the great purging. Balanced people, no matter how intellectually developed they are, will move up an evolutionary "notch" from their respective positions. It is much easier for a happy and emotionally healthy goat-herder in the desert to move inward than it is for a neurotic, apparently sophisticated, urban intellectual. The important thing is that all people try to expand from their present state, no matter what it is. Nature seeks balance and makes no prejudiced distinction between high and low. All microcosms are dear to Brahma. This is what is most important. However, the sad truth is that we as a species gradually grow sicker and more and more unfit and unable to make this critical step. True spiritual culture that cultivates deep awareness and moral responsibility is unavailable or inaccessible to most. Due to this, human intellectual and emotional life is becoming extremely imbalanced. There is very little correspondence between who one is on the inside and who one is on the outside. This contradiction will some day be understood as the underlying cause of the extinction of the old humanity. We must build a new and universal human culture on the ashes of the present one. Nature's Heraclitian fire both consumes and illumines, conserves and destroys. Only when the deepest desires of our vast, inner nature find expression in universal human culture, where all particular flowers are seen as part of the same beautiful garden, will we have a society and culture that is truly humane. Our glory is yet to be .

The awakening of the kundalini should be prepared by a moral base, through having attained some living practical wisdom of how to live without creating unnecessary suffering for oneself and others. Only those a little more advanced on this path are candidates for entering this path. Although it is possible to awaken this force through psychedelics, through intense, forced physical yoga practices like asanas and pranayama, and other rituals, these practices are incomplete by themselves and can be dangerous in in that they lack proper

psychological preparation for this bombardment of cosmic consciousness. At most these practices may force the kundalini to the second chakra and try to prematurely process the latent tendencies in the sub-conscious mind. After such an exhilarating experience, one becomes overwhelmed by the sub-conscious complexes of the mind. Insecurity, deeply-rooted fears, compulsions, and paranoia are common side-effects of the premature awakening of kundalini without proper ideational preparation via deep and mature meditation, which of course requires a very high degree of moral discernment. Although one almost never ever meets a yoga teacher that has awakened the kundalini, this mysticism is the very basis of the practice of yoga. Modern society only gets what it deserves, Barbie Yoga.

The greatest test is to bring the kundalini through the Knot of Brahma at the navel, or manipura chakra. It is here that one must contend with the 10-headed serpent who controls shame, slander, jealousy, laziness, sadness, sadism, infatuation, ambition, hatred, and fear. Due to deep progress in meditation and a deeply mindful existence one has become ready to tackle the underlying ambitions of the separate ego, that although subsided, still have plenty of force to make a mess of your life. Once the kundalini rises here, the underlying aggressions, ambitions, fears, and shame of the ego become all too apparent. It is like trying to pay off a huge debt in a very short time. Most would prefer to pay it slowly.

I recently dreamed of Anandamurti in which he was explaining to me that through the current electromagnetic conditions of the planet, the collective consciousness was being prepared to purify the sub-conscious and creative minds (2nd and 3rd chakras). The evolutionary aim is to permit more human beings to awaken the intuitive mind at the heart. The majority of human beings live only in the sensory mind and the lower parts of the intellectual mind. What is happening now is that the 3rd chakra is being so powerfully purged that the collective mind will either go insane or take refuge in higher ground. This cleansing of the creative mind in humanity will allow a little more energy to enter into the intuitive mind, or anahata chakra. We will still be, at least as a collective mind, evolving and passing through the subtle laws that govern the creative mind so that we can slowly gain access to the intuitive mind.

While the awakening of the kundalini to the anahata chakra is not the ultimate aim of spiritual evolution, it is a safe ground in which the “raging bundle of desire in a dying animal” has quieted.

The intuitive mind is related with the so called "aerial factor". This "air" is of course a most refined form of matter. If the involution of consciousness into matter is a process of Macrocosmic thought converting itself into matter, then the aerial factor is a little closer to the thought end of the spectrum. It is here that the mind moves beyond form. There is immediate insight or intuition into the nature of things- oneself, others, nature, and the cosmos. One's sense of dignity at being a universal citizen of pure being overcomes all the limitations of vanity and self-importance that the separate ego feeds off of.

With the awakening of the intuitive mind, one really begins to see clearly how there is but one life in the universe, that all microcosms pertain to the macrocosm. Thought waves that arise here collapse into matter, into form. One sees how the secrets of spiritual thought and pure feeling convert themselves into material creation. Existence is but a crystallization of these subtle impressions that manifest themselves from the Cosmic Mind of which you are now a part of. Awakening the kundalini here brings a supernova explosion of energy to the heart that explodes and projects your most noble intentions out into the entire universe. It is vital that there are yogis and tantrics that are pursuing this endeavor, thus clearing the path a little and preparing the way for others.

What is most important in meditation is sincere effort. One rarely thinks that the victories in your private arena have something to do with the evolution of a planet, but they really, really do.

Early in the kundalini awakening when I was still a student in the university, I had many experiences that shook my world apart. There was a period where I had many strange visions that didn't make sense to me until years later. During meditation I would feel that I was merging into the whole city of Austin around me. My mind would expand outward beyond the city and I would get lost in bliss. It was terrifying yet exhilarating. It was the death of the little "I."

In one of these experiences I had a waking dream in which I knew I was seeing myself 5 years in the future. I was in Austin but on a farm outside the city where I was very happy and at peace. I thought to myself that it was absurd because I had no plans of remaining in Austin after graduation. I forgot all about this dream until I found myself at this very same farm 5 years later. The details of the vision like a telephone line crossing the property by a creek proved exact. Meanwhile, back in '94, the vision continued. In the next part of the vision I knew it was 10 years into the future now and the scene changed. I was in

Mexico in the middle of a war. I felt very tense in this part of the vision but the scene changed into a third scene where I was far above Austin, almost in outer space. I looked down and the world was very different. The coast line was much more inward. There were fewer people but there was much more respect between them. I saw that they understood the lesson that nature gave them. I didn't know when in the future this third part of the vision occurred, just that it was sometime after the Mexico part. I wasn't even sure if I was alive on the planet, or floating without a body in some ethereal space from where I was observing in the dream. It didn't matter because there was finally peace.

I don't necessarily believe in prophecies, but when a vision has proven right 2 out of 3 times, then my ears start to perk up a little about the third part.

I feel certain that the solution to the electromagnetic imbalances that are so greatly affecting the collective consciousness of the planet is quite simple and clear: take refuge in a higher ground. This planet maintains a balance with gravitational and electromagnetic forces by which our consciousness, a complex process involving the glandular and nervous system as well as the mind and Consciousness, has evolved and adapted over millions of years. Despite the fact that many people are having some severe problems of maladaptation to these new conditions, there is a great potential to make some huge leaps in personal and collective awareness.

While contemplating the effect of the increase of solar activity and its effect on the earth's magnetic field I find my mind always returning to the idea that all forces in this manifested universe are but the result of three fundamental forces; the positive, the negative, and the neutral; or the centrifugal, the centripetal and the neutral. There appears to be an extreme bipolar tendency in the collective mind. Almost everybody I know is in some sort of emotional and/or existential crisis. If not crisis, then at least a great challenge that requires tremendous effort to maintain equilibrium and keep moving forward. Nobody I know has it easy these days. These forces are external to our Consciousness, our Atman, but appear to affect us because our minds are incarnated in physical bodies with sensitive organs that are affected by electromagnetic fields. Due to this adjustment there are many subtle imbalances in the nervous and glandular systems that are altering how the mind thinks, feels and perceives reality. However, meditation and spiritual practice have the reverse affect. The Atman as the nucleus of consciousness vibrates the contemplative, meditative mind with

eternal peace and clarity and the mind thereby vibrates the nervous system with this much needed balm of soothing alleviation that puts our physical being back into balance.

While the centripetal and centrifugal forces are fighting out their eternal game of clash and cohesion, the neutral force has the capacity to balance them out, take them into the nucleus of awareness and find a higher synthesis. But where is one to find this neutralizing force, this mediator of the centripetal and centrifugal forces that dominate the physical universe? The neutral force, the equalizing force is to be found not in extroversion or introversion, nor action or inaction, attraction nor repulsion, but in deep attention and presence of these plays of the mind. It is the One presence behind each and every microcosmic mind that maintains the balance of the entire Macrocosm. The entire universe has been, is being, and will always be directed by the One who directs all duality. If you want to bring the mind and emotions into balance it is only through awareness of this blissful entity that this play of forces may take refuge in the eternal repose of the Atman. As Anandamurti said, "the force that guides the stars guides you too." Perhaps we are in a leap, a shift in evolution which is always and extreme and violent act, but I cannot deny that it is all so beautiful, and behind the apparent chaos and imbalance lies a greater, hidden agenda that only the mind devoted to its source and origin can understand.

This energetic situation will only become more intense until we as a species, a collective consciousness, begin to understand this truth and cultivate a planetary culture which fosters this awareness. So many are falling into emotional imbalances and addictions. We go up too high and then we fall too low. We try to fix the lows with a high and are incessantly chasing our tails in a circle. Really, there is only One solution, and I hope that you all may truly be here to presence it and be part of a new, awakening humanity. Take shelter only in the loving, constant witness of the Atman, or the combativeness forces of nature shall rip thy mind apart like a gang of angry pit-bulls.

Ch.3 "Celibates and Sexuality"

Sexuality is one of the least understood aspects of human life. It affects everybody, but few people seem to find a healthy solution to sexual conflicts. There is so much suffering caused by blind sexuality. So many women are abandoned with children by men whose animal instincts soon pull them elsewhere after a little sensory gratification. The trail of trauma for the woman may continue as she must struggle to care for the child that have been abandoned. Or perhaps it was her unfulfilled or frustrated desires that caused the separation to begin with. One thing is certain, and it is that there are fewer and fewer examples of harmonious co-existence in human sexual-emotional affairs. As a culture we have gone back into the stone age as regards to sexuality. Instead there is emerging a whole culture of permissiveness and even indulgence. In truth, this distortion of the sexual tendency leaves many with very little happiness remaining in marriage or interpersonal relationships. Conversely, I see very little hope in "free love" and open relationships as well. While some like the way it sounds in theory, I have always seen that somebody always ends up getting hurt. What we need is love. Sexuality doesn't necessarily have to ruin this but it usually does if one or both people lack insight into what emotive factors are really driving them deep within. And it is only by going deep within and seeing these needs that one can find fulfillment in sexuality and relationships. Very few people can altogether transcend these needs. These people are very rare and very interesting.

I had a very normal sexual orientation in my youth. Nothing was too extreme, neither repression or expression. I had everything I needed to live a happy family life by the time I was finishing the university: a good companion, a good education, and strong academic interests that inspired future plans. However, I discovered meditation and yoga in my second to last year, and then got initiated into a very serious tantric practice. The next thing I knew I was single, just barely graduated the university due to lack of interest, and was on my way to India to find more truth.

Contrary to the popular misconceptions, this tantric meditation system had no sexual practices other than upholding responsible and moral behavior towards sexuality. It was a system of very advanced meditation practices. It was surprising to see how my sexuality began to diminish as I cultivated these practices. I was still a normal heterosexual; everything still worked, only the fire had died down a little. The fire was now kindling the desire for deeper spiritual experience. In those days yoga was still a weird Asian or hippy thing, and not

the popular practice that it has become today. I knew nothing of contemporary yoga. Fortunately, I learned from some very sincere and serious practitioners from India whom I met at the university. I was beginning to understand what these older yogis had told me: that with meditation there is deep insight and this deep insight into the mind and emotions helps one understand not just sex but all mental and biological tendencies. Tantra Yoga was for me a "libidinal economy," a way of investing energy in other pursuits. If you put energy in place B, then it is no longer in place A, the original place. As a psychology student I was very well aware with the concepts of suppression and repression and the illnesses and neurosis that they cause. Transmutation was a different idea, however. I never studied this in school. Freud certainly didn't grasp this idea. Perhaps Jung and the humanists did, however. What impressed me most about Tantra Yoga wasn't elaborate, sophisticated theories, but the practical results of converting physical desire into mental desire. And sure enough, my intellectual capacity exploded the more I practiced yoga and meditation and put on the laungota, the yogis loincloth, the "Tarzan apparatus," or "organic chastity belt." My mind became so sharp, however I was no longer interested in intellectual pursuits. All that mattered was finding the source of what was summoning me to make all sorts of renunciations that I never thought possible. Maybe there was some difficulty in the beginning when I was still in the university surrounded by shapely co-eds. However, for the most part it was a very sweet renunciation with promises of something greater. I didn't scorn sexuality. That would be a direct path to a repressive hell. I just knew that there was something greater. The awakening of the kundalini is more bliss than a thousand physical orgasms at once. And the lover in this tryst is Infinite.

The only problem that I had with my new life-style is that I began to become very sensitive to the environment around me. I began to feel people very deeply. For example, instead of noticing that somebody was sad by the tone of their voice or facial expression, I began to feel their state of mind. I would see somebody from far away on campus and get an impression about their state of mind. What was especially difficult was when I had to share a room with another person. I always dreamed of their inner life. I shared my dreams with them and they were really grateful for the insight into their issues. I once dreamed that I was in a love affair with a girl from Vermont. We met together in a barn house. When I awoke I was perturbed because I hadn't even thought of such desires for several months. I asked myself "why Vermont? What do I have to do with a barn in Vermont? I remembered that my room-mate was from Vermont. I asked him if he had a lover there recently. He just snickered and said, "you caught me!" I

was always very sociable. However this new energetic sensitivity began to isolate me a little. However, I had already decided that I wanted to be a monk and accepted this solitary yet blissful situation in life.

By the time I graduated and arrived in India I was having very intense kundalini experiences. Nobody understood me except my mother and a few close friends. That soon changed when I arrived at Ananda Nagar. I felt like I had arrived at a very special learning institution. One yogi administrated a university in the day and meditated all through the night. It was good to have a reference for work because I had only spiritual desires and didn't want to do anything else. He was a very advanced meditator and passed through spiritual passions that lasted several years in which he did very little work on the physical plane. Instead, he was absorbed in the bliss of samadhi. It is not that he was useless in these times. Quite the contrary, his elevated vibration inspired many, but also made his little monastic brothers a little jealous of his spiritual achievements.

This monk had told me his secrets of transmuting sexual desire on one of our first encounters. He said that he never repressed anything. I could see that this was true as he was very outspoken. He openly criticized the crusty theocracy around him and told me with a hearty laugh that Ananda Marga would probably end up killing their own saints some day. He was bold and always expressed himself openly, especially when stubborn or dogmatic people needed a little kick in the rear.

He expressed his ideas about sexuality in a similar manner. If a women's breasts appeared in his mind during meditation, he just let it happen. He knew it was impermanent. He would struggle with the image in his mind, then let his mind enjoy the form. He still continued to do his meditation during these intrusive "fantasies." Slowly his state of formless bliss would return. He said that eventually he would feel compassion for this person and felt that if this desire manifested he could really harm another person emotionally because he was so god-intoxicated. He knew that these were momentary inclinations and that for him to take a lover would be a disastrous existential maneuver. This inspired him to embrace her within a radiant white light and to tell her she was dear to the divine and that he would never harm her. He said that in the end he always saw his "lover" merging into the pure light of the eternal Atman, and returned to his peaceful meditations.

What he told me weren't some exact, specific techniques to make a desire disappear. Rather it is an attitude and way of life in general that works to transform the mind and body with their desires. Few people understand the deep reasons for spiritual discipline and what the yogi truly wants to achieve. This monk was a robust, intelligent, and even handsome person. He would have had no trouble impressing the ladies. He was a far cry from the creepy, repressed priest that negates himself through repression and thereby degenerates his libido into dark perversions. I truly believe he had developed the "heroic" state of meditation in which there remain very few desires and one thereby begins to let go of all inhibitions. "All things come from god, how can anything harm me?" Although this is the attitude of the "heroic" yogi, it is also the motto of the sensualist who loses his/herself in these very same tendencies. Very few people can really become detached from desire without butchering themselves up on the inside with repressions and distortions.

The following account will help give us perspective on what is actually successful transmutation of an instinct as compared to what is simply repression and distortion that only further exacerbates and excites an instinct.

I once heard a conversation in which a certain high-ranking member of Ananda Marga, Karunananda, was speaking of how he was once an administrative boss of many monastics. He didn't know what to do about their sexual repression. He said the only solution was to find hookers for them. He had a regular brothel going on. This was while he was in Hong Kong. Later, I also heard of rumors that he also had one of these establishments for the big whig central acharyas at Ananda Nagar. When I heard this I could not mentally process the information. I had been so close to many saintly monks and had such great respect for Ananda Marga that I simply couldn't register this new, dissonant information in my head. My ears heard it without a doubt, but my mind didn't know what to do with the new information. It was clearly the strongest case of cognitive dissonance that I ever experienced. I probably would have suppressed this information, distorted it, or have made up an excuse if it had not been for my friend who spoke to me about this shock a few minutes later. He was present for the conversation too and was a little more mature in the ways of the world than I. He didn't have any problem scoffing at this. I, on the other hand, was struggling to assimilate it all. Seeing all of those central monks coming to visit him every day gave me the greatest suspicions. "If he does this, then is everybody else doing it too? Are all of these high-ranking monks clients in his brothel? "Does this mean all of Ananda Marga could all be a lie?" These were the voices inside of me that I didn't want to hear. A month later was the ridiculous Purulia Arms Drop in which Ananda

Marga monks tried to pull off an international arms deal. It failed miserably and I, because I was in the wrong place at the wrong time, found myself imprisoned, then put under house arrest while our case was scheduled for the Indian Supreme Court.

Just after the arms drop Karunananda kicked me out of the hostel where I was staying because I was under surveillance and he and his friends in Central were guilty of helping this failed scheme and didn't want the police anywhere near him. I could see the fear in his eyes that revealed his complicity. He was terrified of me and didn't want me near him.

Chidghananda, one of the great acharyas and early disciples of Anandamurti, became my closest guide as well as best friend. He accepted me into the hostel he managed the night Karunananda had booted me out. There was also a big commotion going on that night. The locals were beating on drums and the monks thought they were war drums. All of the monks were in a panic to escape to the train station. They thought there would be another massacre by the communists who gave money, alcohol and weapons to the locals to attack the Ananda Marga ashram. Chidghananda just told me to lock the door and meditate all night. If I die I will go happy, he said with a sweet smile. It was his way of saying all will be fine. I had just met him before this incident. He went to jail voluntarily with me so as to protect me from the forces that had me trapped in a situation in which I had no understanding. He was concerned that we would be tortured like the monks who were tortured by the police on several earlier occasions. This was the best experience of my life, spending long hours meditating with this great yogi, in jail and later under 6 months of house arrest while our case was passing through the Indian Supreme Court. Although his mind was deeply connected with the Supreme Consciousness through his spiritual practice, he was always the most simple yet highly rational person.

Chidghananda once told me the most incredible story. Several years earlier Anandmurti once was speaking about microvita and explained that only Taraka Brahma (the Supreme Consciousness acting as Liberator) can cause a sex to change without an operation or drugs. It is possible to change sex with the application of microvita, he explained. At the same time Karunananda began to beg Anandamurti to not turn him into a woman. He sat there crying and saying that he felt a change in his organs and that he was becoming a "lady." "Baba, please don't make me a lady!," he cried. Was this spectacle a "jedi mind trick" of a humorous, loving guru giving a scolding his rascally, macho disciple, or the special powers of Taraka Brahma? Who really knows.

Chidghananda was too serious about such things to spread gossip. I think he was trying to tell us all something. It has a little something to do with the law of opposites, of Heraclitian enantiodromia drama. When one goes a little too far with any form of machismo, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, the opposite, repressed and distorted force finds a way to crack the surface of one's near-psychotic, one-sided mind and forces a radical change. "Okay macho man, now try being a woman," is what the law of karma wants to teach them. This may explain all of the bizzare sexual distortions with the monks nowadays. The cover of so many of these leaders has been blown. When younger monks lose respect for their elders, they lose faith in their own capacities as well. It is much easier to fall when one loses one's confidence. Nature, or Prakrti, doesn't let it slide, however. This kind of abuse causes very strong reactions. Sexuality is a very delicate energy and to damage it or cause distortions or harm has very intense consequences. These monks later have to live duplicitous lives and perhaps develop perversions and extreme indulgences because of this repression and distortion that escapes with a wild madness. It is much saner to live a normal, family life. It is difficult to straighten out these libido knots once they are established. One may not finish working them out in one life-time. One is perhaps reborn with all kinds of psychological complexes and/or sexual identification problems. I believe Anandamurti showed Karunananda this law of opposites to try to get him to change course. He knew that if he continued with his machismo, then he would harm others and himself.

Here I attach some of my writings from A Name to the Nameless related to this subject:

Sexual Tantra

When speaking about the second, or svadhistana vortex, most people immediately think of sexuality. The six vrttis or vortexes of the svadhistana vortex are indifference, depression, compulsion, lack of confidence, paranoia, and resentment. These 6 tendencies have more to do with a lack of sound grounding in one's person rather than sexuality. The sexual drive is rooted in the sensory mind, in the first vortex. The problem is that due to a lack of awareness of one's emotional and physical needs, the sexual desire often gets confounded with these defense mechanisms.

It is quite natural and healthy that the sex instinct of the sensory mind finds higher expressions in higher centers. In a balanced second vortex the sex drive hasn't reached its full maturity but still is not a blind animal instinct. It has more to do with emotional security, which is the constant theme when discussing the svadhistana vortex. The problem is that this biological instinct gets tangled up in the distortions and insecurities of the svadhistana, self-conceptual mind. The ego begins to exploit this gratification for its unconscious necessities and there is always suffering and degeneration.

I have never taken the so-called "sexual tantra" seriously. Firstly, because the only people who I have ever known to practice such things were never really balanced. Sure, they spoke of awareness and love and transmutation and all of those nice things, but it was just all too obvious that they were just sex addicts propelled by unconscious emotions. They always left a trail of harm. It may be that there were once some more conscious practices that really didn't trap people into their compulsions, but if they were in fact truthful, then would have to be based on yama and niyama, the ethical base for the practice of yoga. Most sexual relations ultimately lead one to suffering. It is a transgression of ahimsa, or no-violence, to project one's selfish urges onto another. It is no wonder that in the 2 languages that I understand, the crude word for the sexual act can be synonymous with the words cheating, deceiving, or generally harming another.

The only functional sexual tantra that I have ever known is to first be responsible and never try to harm anyone while at the same time make the indefatigable effort to try and understand the propensities of the second vortex. The sexual distortions exploit these fundamental vrttis. The more suffering, separation, and insecurity that there is in the svadhistana level, the more likely that sexuality will try and compensate for these emotions. However, these necessities are valid and are so profound and fundamental to the personality that they really need to be understood. Perhaps the blind compulsions are due to an untimely withdrawal of a mother's breast that left one sucking in nothingness. Or perhaps sexuality has aligned itself with an inner, unconscious resentment and lack of confidence that tries to outwardly seduce and dominate through sexual dominance, games, or manipulation.

I have come to think that when there is no suffering, there is no desire, and where there is no desire, there is no suffering. This is true for all desires, not just sex. Few people can really understand this. Ramakrishna once said that mundane pleasure is like a dog chewing a sharp bone and doesn't realize the "satiation" of this desire comes from its own blood. It is fear and insecurity that

keep us bound into the limitation of a separate self, and therefore bound to selfish desires. Sometimes, even very highly developed minds overlook these underlying reverberations in the shadows of the emotions. The pirates to our present state of bliss are often something unseen from our past. I have found that the study of the vrttis, especially those of the svadhistana, are paramount for finding the psychological balance that permits intuitive, spiritual development.

Opus Gei

According to modern social scientific data, only 10% of the population have homosexual tendencies. Within this 10%, only a small percentage of people are completely homosexual (2 or 3% of the general population) while the remaining 7 or 8% only have homosexual tendencies to varying degrees.

If societies of humans have populations with more than 10% homosexuality, I believe we would be seeing an effect of increased homosexuality caused by social conditions instead of natural, innate tendencies. Perhaps some people are born homosexual, while in others homosexuality is socially conditioned. The distinctly high manifestations of homosexuality in one particular society would seem to suggest that certain psycho-social dynamics in that particular society somehow induce homosexual tendencies. Why is there more homosexuality in such a society that there isn't in general society? What would be the personal and social-psychological conditions that cause such a high rate of homosexuality?

The most obvious examples of "false homosexuality," or homosexuality affecting heterosexuals, is in monastic orders and prisons, which sometimes are not so different. I had always heard such rumors about the clergy of the old Church, but I never knew any of these people or was familiar with Catholicism. My initial exposure to other forms of monasticism were really very pure regarding sexuality. There weren't so many cases of perversion. Later, after great conflicts that effected the stability of the order, people started getting into scandals. There was no longer so much spiritual inspiration or existential security within the order and people started "falling" into their instincts.

In the beginning, before the fall of A.M., I could see how this life-style really functioned in a healthy manner. There were some older monks that never seemed to have any sexual tendencies. There were others who struggled but as long as they had a healthy spiritual environment, then they could continue with their efforts in a healthy way, without dangerous repression. And then there

were the ones that had very little success in this endeavor. The monastic institution would be better off inspiring them to have family lives instead of trying to force monasticism. Otherwise, their natural, albeit repressed tendencies always lead them into trouble. Naturally, their scandals were heterosexual when they were heterosexuals and homosexual when they were homosexuals. However, there were very few homosexuals in this order when I first entered, probably not higher than the mean. The community didn't seem to be a refuge for gays, as some skeptics might argue. However, as time passed and the social solidarity of the monastic society eroded there began to be more sexual scandals, and significantly more homosexual scandals. The middle group of those making a sincere and effective struggle began to slide down into the third group of those that just need to do something else and leave an unhealthy, repressed life-style. This happened in a monastic society based on the practice of tantra yoga. In the past few years I have taught meditation to Catholic priests who were very honest about this phenomenon in their own society. There is no spiritual vitality left in the church and most priests are really poorly adjusted people that don't understand their natural impulses, they tell me. The Catholic church has suffered this phenomenon for nearly 2000 years.

When "celibate" priests begin to manifest a sexuality that they themselves consider taboo, then the probability for an inappropriate "scandal" is quite high. I saw that people that really were not gay were later getting involved in gay relationships, both monks and nuns. And because they were not supposed to be sexually active, their sexual activity isn't natural and free, but often involved inappropriate, imposed and sometimes even perverse and criminal expressions. This is what I refer to as "Opus Gei," a dark and dogmatic idea against sexuality that eventually paradoxically binds one deeper into sexuality in ways that are not natural to one's being and that they really don't seem happy with. Instead of being celibate, a heterosexual becomes gay; "Opus Gei." This concept has nothing to do with homophobia, in fact this notion may even distinguish between more innate forms of homosexuality (people actually born with homosexual tendencies) and those manifestations of homosexuality that are simply caused by temporary confusion, weakness, psycho-social maladaptation, and social decay. Birds, fishes, and many species of mammals are known to develop homosexual relationships when they were unsuccessful with heterosexual procreation attempts. They tried to be heterosexual but homosexuality was the only option available for them and they settled with it. Is it any different for monks?

Excerpt from Tantric Rebellion and Kundalini

[Download "Tantric Rebellion and Kundalini"](https://elmisterio.org/assets/books/tantric-rebellion-and-kundalini.pdf)

Ch.4 "Form and Formless" (from "A Name to the Nameless")

Fear is certainly the most prominent feeling that pervades human life. Much that was said about fear of annihilation at the Svadhistana Vortex (2nd Chakra, or Vortex) is relevant to this emotion in the 3rd vortex. Just as many of the foundational tendencies of the 2nd vortex are translated and transmuted into the expansive and vigorous tendencies of the 3rd, fear is a more complex and conscious form of the pervasive fear of annihilation. Fear is not necessarily terror in such an unconscious and pervasive sense, but rather reaction to self doubt. One doubts the strength and ability of oneself to uphold the psychological projections, activities, and attachments that constitute the identity.

At this stage of development the mind has a clear degree of separation from the objective world (nature and culture) but instead of being motivated toward true transcendence of relative and finite bondages, it substitutes the potentially pure understanding and conception of form and idea with a limited and egocentric version that merely gratifies the ambitious and passionate appetites of the limited and separate self sense. Because the will enforces itself through blind attachment, craving, slander, etc., it is very unwilling (and yet incapable) to let go of its egocentricity. Behind all of these instincts for self expansion in the psychic and conceptual arena is the fear that the link between the internal, subjective will and its definitive external attachments will be severed. Fear is this perpetual concern over the loss of self, at least a self defined by its cravings and demands.

Fear has many forms and many faces. At the most superficial level, there is fear about the acceptance of the social mask, or persona. Once we find a little more confidence, authenticity and individuality there will still be the fear if this acquired image can be sustained. Even in the highest degrees of development where one begins to have a notion of dharma and the sacrifice of the individual will for the collective welfare there will still be the fear that the lower propensities may hinder.

The Manipura (3rd Vortex) level is the realm of the self and world that is defined by an impulsive and egocentric will. It is not until the propensities of the Anahata (4th Vortex) compensate for these limitations that the self begins to intuit that the world and self are not held together only by its own will, but is directed by a

divine and moral order. The Manipura can capture this idea. This understanding is the only way to overcome the fear of losing the grasping, craving and defensive separate self. The only way for the Manipura to be strong and healthy is to serve a master greater than itself. Only through knowing Brahma is there an end to fear.

Of course, the spiritual Warrior archetype is what manifests in the Manipura mental level to guide one toward the spirituality in the Anahata Vortex. Under this influence, which is a co-mingling of Manipura with Anahata and Vishuddha propensities, the mind's selfish desires get transmuted into a greater effort to struggle to follow one's conscience. Any Warrior needs a master and the spiritual Warrior archetype is so closely connected to the guru archetype. The Manipura Vortex still can't let go of images of itself, so it is no surprise that the mind looks for an image or archetype for god. Instead of being lost in the heroic ego trying to free itself from lower worldly bondages, the mind seeks to understand a higher, internal meaning based on a nobler idea than those based on selfish desire, blind attachment and ambition.

In the Hindu epic, the Ramayana, the 10-headed demon Ravana is a symbol for the 10 propensities of the Manipura Vortex. The god Rama is the hero who slays this demon. The Creative Mind of the Manipura can grasp these ideals and put them into practice. The divine archetypes descend upon the mind according to time, place, and person. Although most people worship these internal ideas in the extroverted religious sense, the developed Manipura mind understands the true significance of these forms and that they have an archetypal, "guiding function" as Jung termed it. It is this deep understanding of conceptual forms that gives the creative, Manipura mind its genius.

When I was a boy I was very curious as to whether Christ really existed as a human being or was a deeper, more universal, spiritual archetype embedded in the human conscience. This curiosity disappeared as I began to meditate and understand that the divine grace is always present behind the tranquil mind. I understood that the divine was in the formless I-Witness of the mind. This is what yogis call the Atman. Words and concepts and even the highest philosophy cannot trap the infinite within their limits. What I longed for was this harmony and union instead of a standardized conception of "god" which always seems to go along with some kind of acceptance of religion, cult or tradition. Although I had so many dreams of my teacher Anandamurti in which He often told me very important things and even healed me, I could never allow my mind to get locked into concepts like "guru." Perhaps I could accept this authority on the inside, but

when people started speaking of “guru” in the social context, it was so often based on other people’s conceptions of what the guru is and not so much their own experience and deep realization. This is true in any form of spirituality: the masses follow set standards and concepts and don’t put much energy into realization. However, it was in the height of my realizations of the formlessness of the divine that I had so many experiences of divine forms! Anandamurti, in dreams or meditation, always guided me toward the formless, actual presence of the Atman and never said anything like “I am the only way.” These experiences always revealed what I saw as deep universal truths. My mind had connected with this particular form that revealed truths so far beyond form. There even once appeared to my physical eyes the luminous form of Christ after a deep meditation. I had no doubt there was a divine presence manifesting as a form. His form was translucent and the jade serpent that I had seen in my first kundalini experiences was seen just behind his eyes at the level of the mid-brain. I clearly understood that it was a symbol of the union of heaven and earth and of god and humankind. The “serpent power” of the kundalini, the divine energy latent in the base of the spine, awakens into the brain and transforms us into something inconceivable for the Aham. This serpent at the mid-brain was completely tamed and within the beauty of the totality of the beautiful head of the Christ figure. I thought of how such an enlightened brain must have incorporated the so-called reptilian and mammalian brains into the mystical, yet to be realized potentials of the human neocortex that has evolved above and around them. Christ is a symbol of this yogic perfection, at least in my experience. The vision was more beautiful and meaningful than anything I ever saw in the Louvre or any other museum in the world. When I recall it I return to that state of ecstasy in the present. As time goes on I understand this as well as so many other visions of true form as deep spiritual truths that one cannot normally grasp without the help of the medium of form.

The Sin Eater

I have a friend, a recluse yogi, who has the ability to heal almost any disease. He is still alive, but considering the state of collective insanity on the planet, that could very well change. These big brothers have too much burden to carry right now. So that a little dharmic, moral order can begin to influence human society again, there must first be some major cleansing. He says that people trapped in the human, materialistic urban matrices are becoming physically and mentally ill due to the inability to harmonize their physical, mental, and spiritual strata of existence with society, nature, the planet and the universe. This recluse friend doubts if modern humans really are fit to continue evolving on this planet. His

opinion matters because to me because I have seen him heal many incurable diseases simply by looking at somebody. These people healed aren't patients because he isn't a healer, at least he doesn't consider himself one. They are just people who happen to cross his path at the opportune time. I dare not give away his identity or his whereabouts because the people would devour him with their troubles.

He sees all illness as a projection of mental conflicts or imbalances. By intuitively seeing the illness as distorted thoughts or repressed emotions such as fear, anger, or insecurity, he sees how this flow of mental energy interacts with the organs and glands of the body. Maybe this person can't tell you so much scientifically about the immune system, T4 cells, etc., but he has been known to heal cancer. Maybe one can't empirically verify how he does it but it is easy to verify that the cancer disappeared. As a close friend, I ask him how he does it. He doesn't give away many secrets if one isn't first capable of understanding them, but one thing I have gathered is that he has some way of taking these illnesses into his own being, like the classic "sin eaters." Perhaps the cancer of one person gives him diarrhea for a few days, or AIDS makes him physically weak for a few weeks. His advanced meditation and yoga practice constantly heal him of these illnesses. If he stops meditating or spends too much time in the city with the mundane, then he gets ill. Also, I said "almost all" diseases. Schizophrenia and other severe mental illnesses are the great challenge for any healer.

What he shared with me is that all illnesses are clusters of unprocessed, unconscious thoughts and emotions that attack the physical body by first creating imbalances in the glandular system. For him not to have the same illness, he must process the thoughts and emotions of the other as if they were his own. If he doesn't understand these mental patterns behind the illness, then his physical body suffers the same symptoms as the afflicted. I can't get him to tell me how he does it exactly. He is smug in his non-dualist philosophy and simply says that there is only one being in the universe and this being is only understood by the unprejudiced, tranquil and insightful minds. By understanding this fundamental truth, the mind becomes free of all complexes and relieves the body of having to bear the cross of all of the ego's ignorance and unconsciousness that create illness and disharmony. He really can explain a little more, but prefers to let people figure it out for themselves.

Ch.5 "The Evolution of Tantra Maya"

“Brahma alone is the guru.” This saying from the Upanishad represents a very universal conception of the deity. Brahma literally means that which is great and makes others great. In other words, Brahma is the Consciousness of the Macrocosm, of the entire universe. The guru is none other than the Supreme Consciousness and cannot be tainted by partiality nor prejudices nor any relative projection of a messiah or human guru. What is, simply is. If the Supreme Consciousness can create this entire universe, then surely there is an unmediated, direct way to communicate with me, a little microcosm in this Macrocosm. “Am I a secluded figure, in the vast, a little meagre? No no no no I am not alone, the great is with me.”

And one could imagine that such a Macrocosmic deity is not a petty god of a certain country or class or society of exclusive human beings that deserve his mercy. The tiny little human microcosmic mind with its prejudices and attachments finally understands that “god” is not to be found through any finite form, material nor mental. The sacred books and messiahs and Buddhas were just approximations of an inner, mystical truth. Only those who dare question the root of their being free of these appendages could possibly find the root of their being free of all relative conditioning. Non-dualism, or Advaita, is the idea that ultimately the consciousness of the individual microcosm and the Macrocosm are fundamentally the same. This is not to say that my consciousness has become the consciousness of the universe, that the ego becomes god. Rather, my consciousness has been taken into, accepted, transformed, digested, and finally assimilated into the living, working consciousness of the Macrocosm or Brahma. The microcosm is no longer a separate entity creating negative reactions and contaminating the world while fleeing from one empty dream to the next. The illumined microcosm is a mental cell unified with other mental cells that form a Macrocosm, a collective body of minds. Here, one can’t bring attachments, prejudices, nor any other petty ego control issue. The moment they arise, the Macrocosm knocks you off of your feet. It takes much time and evolution and trial and error to find a flow of unity into the Macrocosm. One must unlearn the socially-conditioned and indoctrinated ego along with all of its hereditary mental and biological instincts in order to learn the ways of Brahma.

Only those born with developed intuitive faculties can understand these truths without following teachers or paths. Life just somehow teaches these inner lessons. I suspect that these minds are “primed” with this knowledge from birth and that it was probably learned earlier. Plato saw all knowledge as something that has already been learned. What we experience here in the finite world are recollections of truths already known. Genius, according to this view, is nothing

more than having at one's disposal what has already been learned. Spiritual orientation is innately developed in some just as art or music or mathematics is innately developed in others.

The idea of a human guru or a spiritual teacher is to help one understand these fundamental cardinal truths of non-dualism, or advaita. A guru is one who has walked that path and is capable of showing it to others. However, most of the time, a concept of guru is but an opiate for a desperate personality separated from the life of the universe due to its ignorance and egoism. Belief is mostly desperate compulsion and the idea of a guru is often a 2-edged sword. Normally, when people speak to you about gurus they want to sell you on some idea. They often want others to bandy together with them under some omnipotent messiah, guru, and their religion or institution. They don't really want to have their own experiences but prefer just to adopt the ideas and traditions of others to find security and refuge. The more absolute the idea, the more effective is the opiate and the more placated is the compulsion of the fearful and separate little ego to grasp on to some form of meaning. If one works through these limited ideas of a guru, then perhaps one can really understand something of another human being that is wise and compassionate and only has your well-being in mind.

I came to believe that Anandamurti was a true guru. He was a guru without a guru. I never met him in physical form. I was convinced of his special character because of his disciples. These exceptional human beings considered Anandamurti as their guru and that naturally gives one a certain reverence toward their teacher. There was once a Sufi teacher who knew of Anandamurti and respected him greatly. He sent one of his disciples to see him. The disciple went to see him but only saw an absurd show of dogmatic followers running about in an absurd guru-devotee show. The master rebuked him and told him he was only judging external appearances. What he should have seen is that the master (Anandamurti) was so great that he accepted all people, even clowns. Fortunately, I made it past the show of spiritual salesmen and was able to meet some of the more mature disciples of Anandamurti, both monastic and lay. In general, the lay community of Ananda Marga was very respectable. There were people from all strata of society working and moving together under the inspiration of Anandamurti. The problems mostly resided with the monastic institution after the death of Anandamurti. The more mature meditators didn't have any doubts about the divinity of their teacher but were never dogmatic about it nor tried to impose it on others. They put their meaning in doing practical work and sincere spiritual practice. Near these mature disciples one could feel a certain lightness and expansion of mind that helps one to realize that

the guru is deep within, inside of one's deepest sense of peace. This influence made meditation much clearer and peaceful. It seemed impossible to cling to any form of teacher when one feels at one with the living Macrocosm of Brahma. I began to see an inner light that radiated into every form that entered my mind. I saw the same spirit both within and without. I became certain that I was not my body nor my mind and so how was it possible to cling to some human guru form? However, none of these elder teachers ever tried to impose this form upon me and the stories that I will tell of them will hopefully help other people appreciate the philosophy and spiritual practices of Anandamurti.

When I first arrived at Ananda Nagar I met a yogi who told me some very useful secrets. He immediately took me into his confidence. He looked at me intensely and I felt like I was being scanned. The first thing he told me was a tip of how to transmute sexual energies. I had never heard a monk talk about things so openly, yet with such intelligence and purity. Far from being perverse or hypocritical fantasies of a celibate monk, it was the most practical insight into desire that I had heard of in my life. As a young single man I greatly appreciated his insights. The second important thing he told me is that some day Ananda Marga will probably end up killing their own saints. He laughed heartily but he was serious. It was inconceivable to me at the time. Furthermore, it seemed like heresy because everybody else was only talking how great Ananda Marga was and how Anandmurti left all of his power and grace in this organization! Now, 20 years later, I see what he meant.

Later, on another visit, he told me how yogis can leave their bodies and travel through the inner dimensions of time and space. He said it was another reality in which there exist not these relative factors of time and space. It was a Dreamland that was even more real than physical reality, a kind of astral repository of all human experience and memory-past, present and future. He said that you could know whatever you needed to know and meet whoever you needed to meet on this plane of reality. I was eager to visit this Hall of the Immortals. He told me how to leave my body and at what time of night I could do it. I left the conversation with a desire to see if I could somehow know something of the teacher of these great men that I was meeting and was inspired by. Later that night I followed the prescribed technique. Nothing happened at that moment. Later I slept and then it started to work. I awoke completely with a holy jolt of spiritual lightning in my spine. I could feel the kundalini rising. I could feel it swishing through the cerebral spinal fluid that was concentrating inside the brain. When it entered inside the head there was only light and sound, every color was within white and every sound within Om. All through the night there

was a whirling vortex of energy moving around the crown of my head. It had no form, just sound and color. I was entirely awake but the more the kundalini rose the more I entered into a very conscious state of trance. It was more real than anything I had ever experienced. Rather than a world with forms and mass, all was very fine and soothing vibration. I understood how the crown chakra and the pineal gland were the microcosmic receptor and channel to enter into the formless, infinite Macrocosm. Everything made sense as pure idea. There was no fear or uncertainty of this unknown reality. All was bliss and I felt quite free and pure. I realized that my body was lying on my bed in a trance but that my consciousness was very clearly in the Present without names and forms. Every once in a while I would see the form of Anandamurti and the whole vibrational scene would turn into something more like a dream, only much more real and lucid. I thought "this is a dream", but I knew it was a very special sort of dream. I still to this day recall it just as clear as a "waking" state of consciousness.

I wrote about such experiences not to teach them but to affirm that these phenomenon are real and that there are human systems of practice that can teach methods to attain such experiences. I would never want the responsibility of teaching such extremely advanced techniques to others and risk dangerous errors. However, he can do what I did just before I was taught the technique mentioned in the essay. I believe that there are certain prerequisites for such experiences and they do not come haphazardly. And to show that Tantra is an intuitive science and that these experiences are replicable, I must say a little of how it can be done.

One must first understand [Yama and Niyama](#) and then take tantric initiation. After much practice one may awaken the kundalini above the Manipura chakra (the navel) into the Anahata (the spiritual heart). I am not speaking of a one-time experience or an experience induced by the power plants. One must sustain the kundalini at anahata during meditation every day for one month. You will be constantly hungry and nothing will fill your appetite. Your mind will be mad with divine intoxication and eating will be painful but necessary in order to continue the transmutation. You will most likely become very lean and burn almost all fat from your body. All memories both good and bad of your previous existence will be purified in the fire of kundalini.

The guru will come to you regularly in dreams. He will show you the shadow of your existence so that you may let go of it. Not for punishment but for purgation will your guru come as divine terror. Once again, after that first experience mentioned in the essay, my consciousness again left my body and I went into

Dreamland. He came to me with a hooded executioner and ordered him to run a sword through my navel. He did. It was more real than a dream. I was terrified until I felt there was no fear, only bliss. I could no longer feel the navel of my subtle body nor the astral world of name and form. There was no longer a guru to chase after. There was only light. I was in the cosmic “air” element of pure idea. I remained there even out of this mysterious sleep.

Everybody will consider you mad and it is likely that the remnants of your ego will be crushed and utterly humiliated. “Are you a family man with children? Are you ready to go through hell?” Moving slowly but surely is not always such a bad thing. First love the world and everybody in it while purifying the mind and the body. Let your Atman be a witness to a fully-lived life and complete human purpose. Any remaining suffering burns the seeds of samskara and allows the entrance of more bliss into your mind. Suffering blossoms into divine love through serving others. One abandons even oneself in perfect sweetness. It is only in this pure devotion that one should try to launch from this world and into the next. It is only in this state that one gets the grace necessary for this.

To this day I am still trying to realize the significance of these detailed conversations with the guru apparition. Perhaps it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to appear as a human to another human in a state of lucid dream, but it was a very personal and affective touch from something or someone very sublime. As the years pass by these revelations become even clearer and life makes more sense. There was only so much I could understand as a little spiritual fledgling in my early twenties. They were experiences that by their very nature need a full life-time to be realized. Although I have never preached or tried to convince others about the divinity of Anandamurti, I have never ever doubted this influence in my life. For so many years I didn't even speak of him. It was a subtle struggle of reconciling form with formlessness, and the idea that the guru archetype may actually appear with a human form. I always considered the latter as a relative possibility and never wanted my experiences to be some kind of “proof” for the ego to make fixed ideas about the infinite. This is a subtle error that causes great damage to an otherwise pure ideology, whether it is one's personal set of ideas or the ideology of a spiritual society. If mystery, subtlety, and free speculation are substituted by concreteness and conformity, then only dogma will remain. Human beings armed with exclusive ideas always end up creating trouble for themselves and others. I always try to refer to Anandamurti's philosophical ideas that the Supreme Consciousness is infinite and formless. With those who tried to impose the absolute form of the guru, I only saw religion in the making and soon learned that there was no sense arguing these matters. Over the years I have taught formless meditation with an

entirely different system to others without referring to Anandamurti yet many of my students continue to have similar profound experiences and dreams of Anandamurti. It is something that only continues to grow silently inside of me and others. Anandamurti himself only said that he was, is, and will remain a mystery. However, the philosophy he left is very clear, rational and lucid. I hope others find something special in his works that I am sharing. They were compiled as books, but all of them are based on talks that he gave over several decades to thousands of people.

The Ananda Marga meditation techniques were very effective in awakening the kundalini, the latent, divine energy that resides in the base of the spinal column. It is awakened through mental and spiritual concentration. As it ascends the spinal column the subtle function of the glands and organs is developed and the mind gradually tunes itself into finer states of spiritual consciousness. The result of this subtle bio-psychological development is the state of samadhi- union with the infinite consciousness. In samadhi the breath stops, the heart becomes very slow, thoughts cease, and the mind experiences a state of blissful realization about one's inner life and purpose in this universe.

I began to enter the breathless state of samadhi very regularly after my visit to Ananda Nagar. Although very intense, the practices gave the mind and body the maximum amount of transformation biologically, psychologically, and spiritually possible. However, nobody ever effectively taught me how to bring the kundalini back down. For years I was like a machine working at accelerated capacity. Sometimes I would go into trances while driving and my friend would have to grab the wheel. I would sometimes swoon and fall down while in a spiritual mood. My body once leaped 2 feet into the air when the kundalini abruptly awakened while I was sitting in the lotus posture. I cannot jump anywhere near that high in lotus if I try with my best effort and even when using my knees to bounce. This constant rising of the kundalini in me effected others as well, mostly for the good, but also negatively as well.

I was immediately rejected by many monastics within Ananda Marga after people knew I was having these experiences. I was told on several occasions by several monastics that I wanted those high samadhi states of realization, then I was in the wrong organization. At first I thought this was absurd. I had only done the practices that they had taught me. Samadhi, spiritual trance, is supposed to happen when the kundalini awakens after sincere practice. It would probably have been alright with them if they had had these experiences. Many talked about my experiences much more than I ever did within their gossip circles. They

finally admitted my experiences were real, but said that I would die before age 40 because of their intensity. Far from being a complement, they also wished more mundane misfortunes on me and my family as well. They even defamed my mother!

While receiving divine bliss on the inside, I received so much hatred from without. Due to these spiritual experiences I became very sensitive to the vibrations of other people. Sometimes I would think the thoughts and feel the feelings of others when I was near them. I was at one with everything and could easily see the dark tendencies in their minds that wanted to harm me. There was absolutely no possibility of developing an inflated ego out of these experiences because I was constantly negated by the slanderous talk about me. Later, I did realize that I was in the wrong society. I knew I wasn't some perfected being but also knew I wasn't the narcissistic person that they made me out to be. "What Peter says about Paul says more about Peter than it does about Paul," I realized.

I ended up leaving these practices entirely. There were really not that many mature yogis in Ananda Marga. The people who taught me this system hated me with such intensity that I felt tremendous pain in my head each time I tried to meditate with their system. Their tantra is a closed system that they have access to and prescribe mantras and spiritual names to others. I cannot recommend them as a whole, it all depends on the individual who gives the initiation in this system. The collapse of their spiritual society is but a testament to this lack of spiritual maturity and the capacity to keep teaching the ideology through setting an example to others. To continue to use their system was a great vulnerability and "security" risk for my well-being. It was as if they had suspended my access to Spirit through their channels. All is well in the end. This negative experience became something positive in that it gave me an opportunity to find out what Tantra is really like, independent of dogmatic religious groups. However, I have always held great reverence to the teachers that I met who really understood their own practices. If I would not have met these few exceptions, then I would consider my time with this society as a prison sentence. Had my time with the true teachers endured, then I would have spent more time in bliss.

I left the shelter of a spiritual society without knowing how to bring the kundalini back down, or at least to not be so intense and to remember that this process will probably kill me if it doesn't calm down. My renunciation of this society was a great blessing, after all. I realized that people liked me again, despite that I had these strange phenomenon occurring within me. I always felt liked and accepted for most of my existence and I feel that this social acceptance gave me the

confidence to be okay with myself and begin to explore new territories of inner being. I now feel more at home in a hardware store than in a closed-minded spiritual society.

My meditation experiences came back with even more intensity and originality. I gradually developed my own system of practice. Throughout these years I never stopped having dreams of Anandamurti in which he always told me very interesting clues. He never gave anything away, but rather just guided me towards the understanding of spiritual practice. I realized that I didn't even need to meditate anymore but that Anandamurti continued to give me experiences that would deepen my understanding of meditation. It has been a great adventure.

During this time, I became friends with Pluma Blanca, a Mayan yogi from Campeche. On our first meetings he shared his insights about the Tree Tantra. He always sat in meditation under the ceiba tree. It reminded me of how Anandamurti said that it is good to meditate under the neem tree. Also, recall how the Buddha attained nirvana under the Bodhi tree.

One takes the tree as a symbol for meditation while at the same time taking actual shelter under the tree and participating with its shield of electromagnetic energy while meditating. According to Mayan mystics "nothing evil can happen while under the ceiba." The upward force growing out of the earth helps awaken the kundalini while the downward force of converting air into mass and developing deep roots into the earth helps bring the kundalini back down. Mind must fly upward toward the spirit but also must return to the earth, at least for as long as one is on this earth. Just like the Indian Yogis, Pluma Blanca said that a yogi completes his spiritual practice by bringing the kundalini back down, from the crown and back down into the spiritual heart. This gives a base for the mind mid-way along the spinal column. One can be joyfully engaged in existence here and remain in a subtle state of being while at the same time keep oneself grounded and in the body. Like the great ceiba tree, one extends high into the heavens while also rooting oneself deep into the earth. Unchecked kundalini force will eventually liberate you but it can kill your body if not careful. One gets attached to spiritual bliss and experiences but must know how to balance them out. It is better to save that intensity for when it is really time to leave all work and thereby the physical body, and never before then. Like the Upanishad says, "Desire to live 100 years while working in joyful unity with Brahma."

Ch.5 "Pluma Blanca"



Rostro de Acteal, Chenalhó, Chiapas.

I was first introduced to the concept of Microvita in 1993. Anandamurti had just left his physical body a few years before. People hoped that he would have been able to expound further on this new, revolutionary subject that he only began to speak about in the last few years of his life. However, he was able to establish a certain theoretical framework for very intuitive minds to study. This theoretical base helps orient the inquisitive intellect in the right direction. According to the great Tantric preceptors, like Anandamurti, there are subtle methods and theoretical models, or pratima, that are created by very intuitive minds with the design of helping the conceptual and creative minds of the students to delve into the secrets of the intuitive mind.

If it weren't for this theoretical structure, then the science of Tantra would be as loosely defined as any other experimental, shamanic system. Tantra undoubtedly has its pre-historic roots in practices akin to shamanism. It is said that the great Sadashiva systematized this very free, experimental, and non-centralized practice of pre-historic Tantra indigenous to the Indian sub-continent. Tantra then became a more methodical and systematic form of spiritual practice designed to expand the mind from the dullness of materialism and instinctuality. Throughout the ages the great sages have revived this ancient science, each in his or her peculiar way. Anandamurti was a modern reformer of this Tantric tradition as well. He re-systematized these practices to make them more applicable to the modern, universal human culture. They are very subtle, yet sure and solid practices that anybody with a little discipline and spiritual awareness can begin to practice. For more advanced meditators he gave special types of meditation for the study of microvita.

I have always been fascinated with the ideas of Microvita. I met some very developed yogis who had made some very great advances in these studies. Most successful were the most pure and spiritual meditators. Many of them didn't have complex, conceptual minds that could give a rational explanation to a physicist, for example. However, there were a few of them that did have this spiritual insight combined with a developed conceptual mind that could give a

very clear and logical explanation to intellectuals conditioned to think with scientific methodology. All of these yogis influenced my thinking and my desire to know more. Knowledge of Microvita isn't essential for spiritual realization, just like knowing how to fix a car isn't necessary for one to drive a car. However, this science does have some very practical applications in the sciences and arts. Most importantly, is the understanding of how our deepest intelligence is really embedded in the Tao, the Macrocosmic Mind.

I came to learn of the Tantra Maya practices in a very curious manner. One summer I passed through very deep and intense meditations. It was during the most intense and horrific times of the so-called "narco war" in Mexico. The terror only pushed our community further into our meditations to try to survive and mentally and spiritually process the absurdity of war. Taking the stance of warriors, we decided not to let anything affect our determination to continue with our spiritual lives. One day, while in deep, still silence, I started to see all kinds of images arise in my mind. They intruded and interrupted the silence, formless and breathless. Awakening back into my discerning mind, I immediately recognized these thought forms as Mayan symbols. While these symbols appeared I felt like there was some guide or professor explaining the deep significance of each of them- the pyramid, the seba tree, as well as many peculiar sounds and meditation mantras. There were few images, but the explanations were so vast. Perhaps these ideas only lasted a few moments but they were packed full of deep, meditative ideas. I continued enjoying these inner sessions thinking that I was simply tapping into the store of collective memories, or akashik records. Thinking that I had discovered some secret Mayan yoga, I told my daughter about them. She laughed and said they were all practices that she had learned when she was 7 years old from her Mayan teacher, Quetzal Manik, or White Feather. Around that same time we got word that Quetzal Manik had just passed away at over 110 years of age.

Most people that have experiences like this fall into the error of thinking they are channeling some dead spirit. One becomes a "shaman" and goes on pilgrimage to Palenque or Sedona. Through lack of an understanding of the deeper layers of mind, one thinks that one has become a medium. Meditation is a technique to concentrate on the inner I-Witness behind all mental phenomenon. Here is infinity and it is only in this inner bliss that the mind becomes free of all fetters. Occult vision is definitely a fetter as seen from this point of view. Instead of seeing the infinite One beyond the confines of the relative mind, one becomes enamored with interesting information that passes through the relative medium

of mind. Most egos can't handle the information and end up going off on some kind of "spiritual" ego trip as they fall into the traps of name and fame at having achieved some "paranormal" ability.

I have never looked for this knowledge. Whatever little understanding I think I have is only because my mind was quiet and free of intentionality when these experiences occurred. My experiences with this information make more sense the less I think of this information as coming from a disembodied spirit. Although I do feel a distinct presence, the experience comes across more as a "download" of information rather than some kind of dialogue with a deceased spirit. However, I don't totally reject the idea that something of that particular mind was present in these experiences. Furthermore, the nature of this information was purely spiritual and was revealing certain universal laws of spirit instead of the idiosyncrasies. There was no language describing these forms, just pure ideas. These ideas comport very well with the Indian Tantra that I am more familiar with.

I tell of this experience as a practical example of microvita. Microvita science is a science that can only be properly understood when the entire mind has become an object for the immortal Atman, the I-Witness of mind. It is only when there is this clarity of self-understanding ensconced in the Supreme Subjectivity of the Atman that it is possible for one to see a little of the inner dynamics of heaven. Microvita science is something much more subtle than spiritism in that there is essentially no recognition of any spirit apart from the eternal spirit of Atman. All spirits are but sparks of the Atman. Only the Atman can understand its own creation. Atman is the Supreme Consciousness and Supreme Subjectivity who sees all events in all places of the universe.

The Tantra Maya practices of Quetzal Manik are definitely Tantric in origin, as they are, in some aspects, identical to those of eastern forms of Tantra. If one reads the Tibetan Tantric Texts one sees that they are basically transposed forms of Indian Tantra that influenced Tibetan Tantra. Although each has their uniqueness, it is so easy to see that words and concepts for Brahma, Shiva, or Shiva were simply called "Shunya," or "Void" in Tibetan Tantra. Quetzal Manik was definitely a theist, however he had a certain Buddhist mystique of not getting too caught up in names for what is so transcendently vast and beyond our little conceptual minds. For him, as for all Tantrics, spiritual realization is based on sadhana, or spiritual practice.

In Indian Tantra, the active, dynamic definition of Spirit or Atman is called Shiva- the “great god.” The Mayan Tantrics call It “Hunab Ku,” the Cosmic Nuclueus, the nucleus of all nuclei in the universe. Spirits, or microcosmic minds, are termed “deva,” or gods. Devas are sparks born out of the Shiva. They all radiate around the Cosmic Nucleus of Hunab Ku. A deva refers to any microcosmic mind, embodied or disembodied, from ant to angel. All beings evolve back into oneness with the Shiva or Hunab Ku. Just as all microcosmic minds in this planet make up the Gia, or Earth Mother, all of the microcosmic minds in the universe make up the Macrocosmic Mind, the Tao current that underlies and inter-weaves our deep, inner lives in a “dance of the blessed spirits.” This work is an attempt to explain such subtle, natural experiences in light of the rigorous philosophy and intuitive spiritual practices of Tantra. Pluma Blanca, apart from being a tantric yogi, was an indigenous Mayan healer and astrologer. They were all one science for him, however.

I learned some meditation techniques necessary to merely begin to understand astrology. He said it was an intuitive science that needed direct, mystical experience. This requires one to surrender one’s little microcosmic existence into the Macrocosm, the universe as a whole. This type of mystical experience was very different than what I had previously understood as mysticism. I suppose my ideas were more classical. I always liked the Upanishads, Toaism, and contemplatives like Meister Eckhart, Plotinus and Ramana Maharshi. They represented the peak spiritual knowledge in my opinion. Tantra Maya is a very elevated form of nature mysticism. Its purpose is to understand the pure subjectivity of the inner self, like in classical mysticism, yet at the same time develop a deep connection with the natural creation. One contemplates the with spirit within for self-realization while one connects to the subtle realms of nature to work with and serve the living, vibrant Macrocosm.

Pluma Blanca also taught this style of meditation, although with more of a tone of Zen formlessness regarding the mystery of the absolute. Astrology, however, required a different style of meditation. One doesn’t need to go upward but downward, toward the center of the earth. One can only meditate this way after having awakened the kundalini to rise upward and sustain it in a higher center. Meanwhile, the higher mind of the Macrocosm helps the yogi to understand the secrets of the earth below. The Anahata Chakra or Spiritual Heart is the perfect place for this work. It is in the center of the body as well as the center of the mind. It is a higher spiritual center, while at the same time it maintains contact with the grosser mental levels below. It may guide and purify them and lead the lower instincts into purer expressions of spiritual awareness. It is the seat of the

Intuitive Mind (Vijnamaya Kosa) and gives one deep knowledge of self, others, and the whole universe. The purer is one's spiritual heart, the purer is one's intuitive knowledge. One cannot be ambitious with this path. Only mature meditators whose lives are already deeply fused into the life of the Macrocosm of Brahma can perform these practices.

I write now not to describe these subtle practices, but rather to explain some interesting ideas that result from them. Pluma Blanca explained that the new baktun, or orbit of the sun around the Milky Way Galaxy, would begin at the end of 2015. This is the actual point in which the cycle begins anew. He didn't speak of one specific date in which a great catastrophe would occur but rather explained that these were long cycles and the transitions into the new cycle were very gradual. He saw it as a process that lasts for decades. However, by the time we reach the end of 2015, the electromagnetic changes of the earth will be greatly accelerated. This translates into more severe weather patterns, natural disasters, and also intense mental confusion and imbalance. I will continue to try and understand these teachings and attempt to communicate them to the best of my ability. Twenty years ago I saw my whole past and future life on this planet pass before me. I saw my future homes, both in the U.S. and Mexico, as well as some great changes to the global map. Too many things have actually come to pass and so it is impossible for me to ignore this experience, and it makes me wonder if the rest of the future elements of the vision will also be revealed as truth. Each year that passes has only put newer pieces to this jigsaw puzzle that I saw briefly yet completely long ago. I prefer the risk of being in error as a false psychic rather than say nothing about this.

Pluma Blanca always had a very elevated vibration. When people came near him they would begin to sway in a counter-clockwise direction. Sometimes their heads would begin to tilt and subtly twirl in an almost imperceptible circular motion. He explained that whether you are speaking of the Cosmic Nucleus of Hunab Ku or the Conscious Nucleus of the Atman radiating behind our minds, the movement around either a physical or spiritual nucleus is always a play of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. They have the same dynamics on all planes of being. There are physical vortexes of motion in the physical world where there is the weight and gravity of matter and also vortexes of subtle, mental energy that act and interact with thoughts, feelings, and perceptions. To harmonize the macrocosm with the microcosm, the universe with the individual, one must find this secret flow of Tao both within the mind and in one's world, planet, and its plants and animals. On the outside Pluma Blanca's ancestors studied the movement of the planets and the natural cycles. This practice was

never disconnected to the internal practice of meditation. Meditation is the science of seeing behind all of the vortexes and movements of the human mind. A mind that is pure sees into and understands the movements around Hunab Ku, the Cosmic Nucleus that is within us all. Every human being that has truly searched has seen into this great treasure deep within a balanced human existence. We understand that there is always something pure, eternally renewed when we live in harmony with creation. This inspiration has never abandoned us, only we have forgotten It.

A Not So Fleeting Romance

Pluma Blanca (White Feather), or Quetzal Manik (in maya), came by the clinic for a surprise visit a few years ago. It was my first time to see him. He seemed to know all about me but didn't say very much. He hardly even spoke Spanish. He liked to talk to me about Tantra and share ideas of the Tantra of the Mayas, the lineage of meditation and healing that he learned from his fore-fathers. Although a healer of all types of diseases, he was fundamentally a mystic who loved to meditate in the forest. He was my wife's teacher, an indigenous Maya from Campeche. When my wife was attending a European patient he went to the clinic and entered the treatment room directly. He grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper and then wrote down a list of names on the paper. The names were the first and last names of the lovers the young woman had in the last year. The list was a little too long.

He would speak in Maya but nobody understood him. He then began to write to her in Spanish while somebody else translated to her in English. He explained that when humans have sexual intercourse their minds remain energetically connected for 7 years. There is a subtle transmission and continued connection of mental energy shared between the 2 entities. This may be something very pure and harmonious or it may be painful or even degrading, depending on the nature of the relationship. Like two photons sent in different trajectories in a quantum physics experiment, they two lovers continue to communicate and mimic each-others movements across time and space, just like the two photons. Even though they may never see, nor even think of each-other again, and perhaps are escaping eachother at "light speed", there still remain subtle mental impressions that "reside" within each-other and continue to "entangle."

Another complicating factor is the mental confusion that one carries if one changes or has frequent partners. The imbalanced, frustrated, and distorted energies of others sympathetically vibrate with the minds of the other person, and vice-versa. It sounded as if he was speaking of the transmission of a mental

virus in much the same way as a physical virus, but with the mind and its clusters of memories and emotions as the vehicle of transmission directly into another mind. Instead of being infected physically, one remains "infected" by another's mind for 7 years. A part of that person's soul, or subtle mind is carried inside and continues to live inside of another, for better or for worse. The negative energetic effects of the adventures (frustrations, manipulations, conflicts, turmoil, depression, etc.) of one partner begin to harm his/her mind that sympathetically vibrates with the ex-lover. Their minds were once very intimate. They enjoyed the relationship and presently the ego wants to forget that experience and move on to others. "Love is what happens to two people who don't know each other." Although they are not connected and don't even care for each other any longer, they still penetrate each other's minds at the subtle psychic and energetic levels. Perhaps there is some repulsion and/or attraction, some resentment or frustrated longing that keeps their minds in resonance. When is "free love" ever free? Somebody always ends up getting hurt and the result is almost always harm and not love. They try to forget but a part of them still resonates with the other. The shared residual impressions still reside within one and continue to recreate the same dramas as all other earlier relationships. Although this partner may live a responsible and pure life after this relation, there may still be some degree of resonance with the ex-partner and his/her continued, unbridled degradation. Of course, the degree of this subtle resonance is stronger in proportion to the weakness of one's resolve to remain integrated and whole. Hopefully, the suffering and conflict and emotional abandonment awakens one to greater responsibilities and precaution in romantic relationships. A strong mind may more easily overcome this resonance although it still persists and harms. A weak and indulgent mind, on the contrary, may fall even deeper into distortions with the ex-partner who also continues to fall into dissipation. However, it is not just these two individuals that are in resonance but all of their partners as well. Therefore, the possible negative effects are multiplied by all the multiplied relationships of all inter-connected partners.

I am not quite sure why he said "7 years", why 7 instead of 10 or 5, for example? However, I do like the imagery of seven, like "7 years of bad luck" for breaking a mirror. Similarly, in true love between two sentient beings both beings reflect each other like mirrors. If one party is unfaithful, then it is like breaking a mirror in which the faith, confidence and inspiration created from the reflection of true and chaste love in the other is shattered to pieces. The pieces are but fragments of love from many insecure minds, distorted and mixed into a collage of confusion. The soul becomes an over-crowded house instead of a silent temple.

He explained quite compassionately that her emotional instability was only worsened by her romantic adventures and were gradually making her physically ill. She was an attractive young woman with very liberal values who simply didn't understand these ideas before he explained it to her. She, like so many others made an all too common error of confusing love with sex, was not satisfied and so began to exploit that part of her being in an effort to compensate for her dissatisfaction. It was the beginning of an addiction and Pluma Blanca explained it to her very clearly and calmly. She didn't feel threatened nor judged, and seriously pondered his diagnosis. I believe that her conscience understood what Pluma Blanca was communicating. She knew she was suffering and wasn't happy and somebody had just probed into her private life to offer her some clues as to how to understand her confusions. Before the treatment she was terrorizing all of the young spiritually-disciplined boys around here with her tiny, mini skirts. In the days after that consultation she put on a more modest skirt.

Om in C

Although Pluma Blanca was born 114 years on this planet earlier than when I met him, he was a perfect child who always liked to share his toys with me. This little Indian always radiates joy, at least when he isn't scolding people. On one of our first meetings he just looks at me and mentally says, "first go into silence, hear Om in breathlessness and then take note of its tone." I could hear the Om sound vibrating within and it seemed to correspond something close to the tone of C. I got my flute out and played a C and it sounded like I was playing at the same tone as the sacred Om sound that was resounding around my pineal gland. Later he said, "Now hear it in C-sharp." My head went back and I started to lose contact with the outside world and be absorbed into a great white silence that the Om at C-sharp was taking me into. When I came back down he said, "now what is in your mind?" I closed my eyes and saw so many images and histories and stories flash before my mind. He continued: "You will verify all of this in the next few years. It will all come to pass."

These events indeed are coming to pass, like entries in an apocalyptic diary. It was the saddest story ever conceived, although the story should soon change for the better. My friend could see the future and help his friends to do the same. Spiritual experiences like this don't happen so regularly as it is too powerful of an experience for most to digest. The present is challenging enough without knowing the future. Ignorance is sometimes a blessing, but Pluma Blanca knew that it was necessary to understand these things.

Nahuatl

Pluma Blanca once told me that a Nahuatl is a healer that sees not just into the minds of animals but also into those of humans. Beyond even seeing into the souls of humans the true Nahuatl sees into the Oversoul, the conscious substratum that unites us all. He says that to enter a human mind is usually more difficult and dangerous than entering into a mind of an animal. Humans are less innocent and their mental contents may make such a rare and pure entity as a Nahuatl ill if he or she resonates too close with other human emotional turmoil. Animals see us as gods and naturally resonate with and reflect the mental states of their gods. The nahuatl prefers to see the mere reflection of a human's problems by "hacking" the minds of the animals under their care. That way, the contact with the other human mind is not too direct and doesn't affect the seer and also the minds of those seen into. Also, people often feel strangely transparent and often uncomfortable when they feel that another can see through them. Animals, like innocent children, may give very truthful and unbiased information and just tell it like it is. Although a dog can't speak, they reflect most of this human resonance unconsciously and what lives and vibrates in the mind of the master is also there in the mind of the canine disciple. A nahuatl may learn many things about you through your dog, horse, or even donkey!

It has been said that very developed tantric yogis have the power of mind over matter in that whatever they put their focused, disciplined minds on will certainly materialize. Though quite rare, there have been numerous examples of yogis with these bizarre qualities through the ages.

One day Pluma Blanca (White Feather) came to visit bon Nadie at Rancho el Misterio. He spoke much of this phenomenon with practical examples. He said that developed shaman really can even have some degree of control over the weather. This amazed bon Nadie the most as Pluma Blanca was so calm and unsensational while speaking about these abilities. Rather, he took these truths very seriously. He always warned about these abilities, however. "What if you lose control of an emotion and end up manifesting your deepest shadow tendencies?," he said. He was 110 years old and never spent much time in the cities but he really did understand modern people. The most amazing and difficult thing to believe is when he told bon Nadie that Nahuatls (those who enter the minds of animals) are real and that they can look into the Oversoul of humanity and into the Divine Eye that sees past, present, and future. They can see all minds, not just those of animals. He said that it is nice to see a human mind from time to time, but he mostly just sees animal minds in human form.

On the way back south, bon Nadie took him to a store to buy some food for the trip. It was an elite part of town. Most people had skin the same color of bon Nadie's. However, instead of the usual ignorance or normal sociability toward his person, he noticed that some people gave him nasty, scornful looks. They looked even worse at Pluma Blanca. Bon Nadie remained still, just looking back at them. He was in a light, dreamy trance and saw so much bad history, impunity, suffering and hateful prejudice behind these people's expressions. He was angry at their ideas and where they come from but still couldn't judge these superficial people, except to say that they are superficial people.

One woman was particularly rude and pushed him to the edge of his patience. She thought that bon Nadie was one of her kind based on appearances. When he didn't respond to her flirtations, she became downright spiteful and said under her breath, "maldito indio" or "damned indian." He wanted to respond and say: "because my heart is the same as my friends, then I too am a damned indian." However, Pluma Blanca came over laughing and pulled him out of the store. "Let your wife pay, we will wait out here," he said. I knew that he knew I was a little annoyed. He sat quietly for several minutes and then responded: "They will get their lessons very soon." Now Pluma Blanca was known as an oracle and I wasn't sure if he was speaking about the future of the world and all of the racists and imperialists or if he was talking about this one woman in particular. At that moment the racist woman came out of the store and Pluma Blanca began to giggle like a small child. It was as if he had done something naughty and was trying to hide it. A stray dog approached the woman, raised his leg, and soaked her stockings.

Black Crows

Pluma Blanca arrived at the ranch the other day. He came just at the right time as I was completely exhausted with the defense of our ranch against the Santa Muerte neighbors. Whenever these demons kidnap and torture people they turn on a motorcycle without a muffler that is very noisy and covers the screams of the tortured. I had hardly slept for a week because they turned on that motorcycle every night between midnight and 3 a.m., the traditional "witching hour" when dark occultists have traditionally performed their rights. Instead of sleeping, I meditated all through these dark hours.

The ranch was recently invaded by a flock of crows. They come and attack the other birds. We had almost no birds here in the desert until we dug our trenches to collect rainwater and make a mini oasis. To me, it seemed a perfect literary image: all of this suffering and death adorned with a final, dreadful touch of

black crows that prey on our peaceful dove and sparrow. It was as if reality is communicating with me through symbols. Its uncanny, but is it just my imagination?

Pluma Blanca began beating his drum and shouting in Maya and then chanting “Baba Nam Kevalam.” I ran outside from my meditations and was inspired to go and attack the narco compound with my bare hands, such was the inspiration. He was chasing off the crows. I understood that he saw them as an ominous symbol. He pointed to the crows and then to the direction of the narco compound. I intuitively understood that he saw the crows as a live symbol connected with the narco camp. If we run them off, then we effect those whom they serve. It all made a certain symbolic sense, and I went along with it all in a high state of emotion and put my intellectual questions aside for the moment. At that time we begin to hear the motorcycle. It gets closer and we see a man riding it and shouting like a madman. It was the first time we had seen the motorcycle and the rider leave the compound. We had a chance to look him in the eyes and send him a gaze that penetrated his entire being. He won’t come around any longer.

I have lived with indigenous Mexican for the last 13 years. Although I sometimes doubt their credulity in such magic realities, I have seen so many occasions in which these ideas have lead to the most amazing revelations of truth. Pluma Blanca was a very refined yogi. My wife was his favorite student. He understood all of these practices without superstition and myth and taught very advanced, systematic meditations to understand these “magical realities.”

Ch.6 “Tantrics of the Light and the Dark”

from “Tantrics of the Light and the Dark” from Microvita and Tantra Maya
Tantra is a Sanskrit word derived from “tan” which means “darkness” or “inertia” and “tra” which signifies “expansion.” Hence, “tantra” means expansion from a state of spiritual darkness, inertia, or ignorance that binds us to the limited material world with its relative joys and sufferings. Tantra is an ancient science of meditation and concentration to awaken the mind from an instinctual animal slumber. It is a practice to further physical, mental, and spiritual evolution so that the human being may more fully understand his/her place in the universe. This systematic and practical discipline follows the natural course of evolution and guides the mind from instinct to intellect to intuition. As Anandamurti explained, it is a method to convert physical energy into psychic energy and then convert that accumulated psychic or mental energy into pure, spiritual cognition.

Tantra, in its proper and essential form, is “mystical empiricism” in that the practitioner can follow certain systematic disciplines and verify in one’s own mental laboratory whether the system is true or not. If one expands from the inertia of blind instinct and intellectual ignorance and attains a degree of insight, peace, and clarity in the existential and spiritual domains, then the scientific practice of tantra is effective and therefore true in that the practice leads one to the objective of spiritual illumination.

Evolution is always a newer, more sophisticated adaptation of an organism to a challenging and ever changing environment. This is true whether we are speaking of evolution in the physical, mental, or spiritual stratas of existence. A successful change and adaptation of a species always gives that species more dominion over the objective, material world. In the case of hominids, and most especially in human beings, it is easy to see how the development of intellect has given us more power to manipulate and maneuver not just the external physical world but also our social world, for better or for worse. Although far less understood, we can also see this same pattern in the evolution of the deeper mental and spiritual strata. More mental power and concentration gives one greater control over the physical body and the physical world. Although very rare, there have been some amazing studies of yogis and tantrics and their amazing abilities to control what are thought of as unconscious, physiological activities such as slowing the heart rate and suspending the breath while in a state of trance. It is also becoming more apparent that many disciplined and focused minds may have special cognitive abilities that allow them to see deep into the past or even into the future. Studies such as those of the Stanford physicist, Russel Targ, and his experiments with the CIA on remote viewing clearly show that there really is an intuitive faculty in the human mind.

Although modern science is in its mere infancy in regard to understanding these phenomenon, these faculties are commonly known to exist all over the planet. Not just yogis and tantrics, but also shamans and healers from just about every culture have developed psychic abilities that have served the progress and evolution of human consciousness.

I have had the good fortune to witness several “miraculous” phenomenon that my old psychology professors would have scoffed at from their limited academic environments. Although I was educated and scientifically trained to think in mechanistic and materialistic causality, many first-hand experiences have shattered those limited dogmas. Through personal experience, I have come to see abilities such as telekinesis, levitation, mind-reading, intuitive

prognostication of the future, and psychic healing not as “supernatural”, but as very natural, albeit rare, phenomena. I was initiated into tantra yoga in 1993. It was a very pure and spiritual path whose purpose is truly for spiritual enlightenment. The desire for occult powers were heavily discouraged. So much of ancient yogic stories warn of the danger of these abilities and how they not just impede spiritual development but actually degenerate the mind. I lived with yogis in India and witnessed and even experienced many strange phenomena. Fortunately, my teachers were very loving, wise, and humane teachers that guided me towards a judicious understanding of these powers that naturally come through the advanced practice of yoga. I had the good fortune to study under a few very advanced yogis who had a deep understanding of tantra as well as the occult powers that may accompany such practices.

I will speak of 3 such teachers and their relationship to the occult powers, Samanvayananda, Chidghananda, and Chandranath. All 3 of these men were very spiritual beings who also happened to have a deep understanding of the occult powers. I would consider all 3 of them as yogis of the “light,” however with varying degrees of lightness. Samanvayananda was the most explicit in his understanding of the occult. He had even written a book about such phenomenon that his spiritual organization would never publish. The first time I met him he showed me some secrets of telekinetic ability. He would motion his hands toward the trees and the trees would begin to sway as if they were influenced by the wind when the air was actually quite still. He spoke of how certain trees were more “evolved” than others and therefore more receptive to the energy that he was sending them through his hand motions that made them dance in vibrant ecstasy. He explained that he channeled “cosmic love” and then sent this love into the trees. It was a very poetic form of nature mysticism. To this day I can’t say it was a form of gross vanity or exhibitionism on his part, but rather a certain child-like playfulness. When meditating near him he could enter one’s mind and begin to repeat one’s mantra. Instead of a silent repetition of one’s mantra, one would begin to hear the mantra very loud and he would say, “that is the correct way to repeat your mantra.” Although undoubtedly controversial, he never harmed anybody and always expressed love. Maybe he was distracted by the occult powers in a subtle way but I don’t think of him as a fallen yogi. His master, Anandamurti, would punish him severely when he made such exhibitions, although he never completely gave them up. Hundreds of people had experiences near him as I did and can account for his various variegated mystical, wizardly powers.

His best friend was Chidghananda, who was my closest mentor and great friend. He took me into his care and even voluntarily went to prison with me when I unknowingly got trapped in the middle of an absurd revolution in West Bengal. He was different than his friend Samanvayananda in that he never exhibited any abilities but knew all kinds of things. Near him I began to think that Samanvayananda had a very subtle form of spiritual pride while my dear Chidghananda was the most humble and gentle being. It was all too common that he would respond to my inmost thoughts. I never felt he was prying into my private life but was rather guiding me along the path of greater self understanding. I used to spend hours just sitting with him without even speaking. Just being in his presence helped my meditation greatly. One always felt a gentle, warm glow in the spiritual heart while being in the presence of Chidghananda.

The possibility of past lives and reincarnation is still a great mystery to me. I have no definite opinion on the matter. However, at the beginning of my spiritual practice I had many dreams that I was myself but in another body and in another time. I was curious as to whether this really was an indication of a prior existence or whether it was just a projection of my own mind. I decided to ask Chidghananda about this. He told me just to move forward and there is no benefit in knowing these things. He said that the law of action and reaction and birth and rebirth is really true and that we pass through many incarnations on our path to self-realization as we learn lessons and purify our physical and mental limitations. He concluded with Edgar Cayce in that perhaps you may be Hamlet in this life but perhaps were MacBeth in a past life. Because all beings are evolving from imperfections it is better not to know these details but to move forward so as not to be dismayed by previous negative actions that can dishearten one and make one give up the struggle for enlightenment.

I was relentless, however. I knew that he knew many things about me so I decided to “trick” him. I asked him if he would verify what I already thought I knew and simply tell me if I my dreams were truthful or not. He said, “alright, tell me what you know.” I told him about my dreams. He said that he also saw the very same things. I began to extrapolate a little and say things about this existence that I merely thought were true and filled in the gaps of this vague story presented to me in a number of sequential dreams. He told me that these parts weren’t exactly true and began to give me another story. I listened for just a minute. He saw my eyes wide open with bewilderment, laughed joyfully, and said “you don’t know this part yet do you? Okay, that is enough for now!” I felt like a child who was being told an exciting story from my grandfather and that I

didn't want it to end but that it was bed time and the story must finish. He never mentioned the subject again and I finally realized that he was right and felt like a little rascal for tricking him into telling me more than I knew. However, it was very useful information and helped me understand the circumstances of my present birth with greater clarity. He only spoke of my future on one occasion and told me that he was telling me this one detail for a very important reason and that in the future I would understand why he was telling me this now. 20 years later I see he was very precise and his vision and recommendations were very also precise and were for my spiritual welfare. He was an excellent example of a yogi with great discernment regarding the occult powers. He never claimed to be self-realized or have any special status. He was a true non-dualist that only affirmed the existence of the One, absolute Supreme Consciousness of which we all are part of. Regarding the occult powers, he sent me to Chandranath with a question about these powers. This made me recognize that Chidghananda looked up and respected Chandranath. Chidghananda was the greatest man I had ever met, so of course I was eager to visit this Chandranath that my dear Chidghananda recommended.

Meeting Acharya Chandranath was the greatest blessing of my life. It was as if I had met my guru, although Chandranath was a mere disciple of our guru, Anandamurti. To this day, I can see no other entity that realized Anandamurti to a greater degree than Chandranath. I couldn't see any ego in Chidghananda, however I could see a difference between these 2 saints in that Chandranath radiated tremendous light that made me almost lose consciousness of my body just by being in his presence. I felt I would float off into the infinite. Soon after meeting him I would lose myself in a breathless state of trance all through the night on several occasions. Just recalling his physical presence right now makes me swoon into spiritual ecstasy. He is the one person I can say without a doubt was an "enlightened" being. He eschewed all forms of occult power but did recognize that there were certain powers that the Supreme Consciousness gives to enlightened saints. He never assumed he was one of them and said humbly that Lord Buddha had powers that he could never express. He seemed to express the idea of even a hierarchy amongst "Self-realized" beings! The Indian saint Ramakrishna exclaimed that god is infinite and just as you don't need to know the entirety of the ocean to know there is an ocean, it is sufficient to realize just a part of god. For me, Chandranath manifested pure compassion. The energy radiating from him transformed so many people and he is seen as one of the greatest disciples of Anandamurti that ever existed. Oh, if I could have only met

in physical form this guru of Chandranath. If I wouldn't have known of Anandamurti and that Chandranath was his humble disciple, then I would have assumed Chandranath to be my guru.

The occult powers of beings like Chandranath weren't "powers" in the sense that they are abilities that the mind can access and use by its own volition. These powers are rather functions of the Cosmic Mind that this divine mind uses to guide all beings into union with the Supreme Consciousness. A saint like Chandranath is so simple and pure that he assumed nothing about himself. Because of this great humility and knowledge that only Brahma is, Brahma uses such enlightened beings as vehicles to guide the suffering and spiritually ignorant back into loving union with our source.

Anandamurti had many disciples. The aforementioned were obviously some of his earlier and greatest ones. This isn't to say that there may not be others equally great that came or will come later. However, these men seem unparalleled to my understanding. Once the ring of disciples grew, it was only natural that there would be others with less understanding who would be more prone to distortions and perhaps misuse of the power originally granted to them by their guru. When an *acharya*, or meditation teacher, gives spiritual initiation they are using certain subtle techniques that help awaken the *kundalini*, or latent spiritual force in the mind of the spiritual aspirant. A good acharya follows the strict instruction of the guru in the initiation process. Because of their deep understanding of the minds of the initiates and their knowledge of how to guide others, many of these teachers develop occult powers. A good acharya can inject one with positive energy during the initiation process and perhaps reflect a fraction of the grace of the guru. However, it is quite natural that many of these people fall into the traps of power, of name and fame, and of the privilege of being some sort of special person endowed with the ability to guide others. Instead of instructing others on the path of dharma, some may fall into the manipulation and control of others. Perhaps they need the recognition of others for their own prestige and spiritual vanity. Perhaps they want an initiate to be or act a certain way or even want money from them. These are the temptations to fall into the "dark" side of tantra. Most fallen tantrics in Ananda Marga aren't really all that powerful. They usually just get together with a lot of gossip and mud sling their enemies. Their negative effects on others could be easily explained in a mundane psychological and sociological manner. Defamation and slander hurts other people and may in fact deeply damage them. However, it may be that these tantrics have accumulated some power of concentration and the focus of this concentration on another may be especially detrimental. I witnessed on many occasions how groups of these

acharyas would concentrate their negativity on certain individuals and greatly harm them. Just imagine if somebody with a developed intuition who can see hidden parts of one's personality falls into a negative tendency of mind and later uses their occult knowledge to attack one's weak points. It sounds like a fantastic nightmare, but it really does happen. Nowadays, with so many nasty political factions amongst the fallen disciples of Anandamurti, there is a tremendously powerful psychic mud-slinging war going on behind the rivaling factions. Each group does their new-moon *kapalika* meditation with negative, personal intentions instead of using their spiritual force to counter-act the negativity in humanity. Across time and space, these fallen "avidya tantrics" (avidya means ignorance) send a negative mental plasma toward others with the concentration of their minds. Only the most strong can resist these destructive influences.

The studies of Targ and Stanford with the CIA clearly demonstrated the ability to transmit thought images to recipients on the other side of the planet. This psychic transmission was even possible when the transmitting subjects were inside a lead capsule which blocks all electromagnetic vibrations. I propose that along with mental images it is also possible to transmit emotional content as well. Both positive as well as negative emotions can be transmitted to others with their respective affects. One can send destructive, damaging energy to others with negative emotions and violent ideas yet also send loving and healing energy with positive emotions and clear ideas.

There are certain devious acharyas who have tremendous influence over others but those that follow them always seem to degenerate in mind. Instead of these acharyas guiding others, they end up destroying them. I once encountered a certain manipulative monk who was a great master at finding people's psychological weak points. He made them feel special and loved as long as they were under his influence, but anyone who wants to break away from this circle always got shunned and treated in the opposite manner. This infamous "CobraKiller" (Shamitananda) always defamed the more responsible and spiritual leaders of Ananda Marga and wanted people to follow him instead of them. He always created false rumors to defame these innocent people and convinced his circles that these lies were true. This person once tried to murder a nun with cobra venom due to his pathological obsession with her. She wanted to escape from his circle but he tried to kill her instead. He also stole tens of thousands of dollars from his very own organization. Although many knew of his crimes (I personally fought with them about it), he still succeeded in dividing the organization in North America and to this day still acts as the big daddy spiritual leader behind the North American movement of Ananda Marga. Everybody in

Didi Anandausa and Dada Krsnananda's Asheville circle knows about these crimes. Some of them have even interviewed the victim but are too cowardly to speak out. CobraKiller still comes to visit their community.

It is the most amazing example of cognitive dissonance and collective hypnosis I have ever heard of and a great blemish to the reputation of Ananda Marga. Many intelligent people continue to lie for him and will vehemently condemn anybody that tries to bring up these accusations. Each time somebody tries to oppose them they slander them until they never come around again. On one occasion, I protested the immoral act of a monk, yet another CobraKiller conspirator, who married a young couple and then stole the wife for himself. This monk, (Kreepy), had an affair with the wife of his very own student yet told me I was a scandalous person for mentioning it and I would suffer negative karmic consequences for criticizing others! Later, all of the clergy and even a householder teacher from Austin got together to blame it all on the young man who was severely traumatized already. I was considered a very negative person for mentioning it and once again they tried to say I was the one with the problem. Having to cover up heinous lies makes the soul sick and anybody who only slightly reveals their hypocrisy is immediately demonized and these accused project their own soul sickness on to the accuser. If the protestor is weak, then this soul virus enters one's being and begins to eat away from the inside, feeding on one's inner doubts and insecurities. They will try to convince you that day is night and night is day and that you really are to blame. They may have been people who once showed one the way to god with special mantras and techniques, so their lying words create confusion, contradiction, and neurosis if they are accepted.

Every single one of these teachers, or acharyas, know this monk is an attempted murderer. Before these fiends tore apart the deceived and desperate young man like a pack of wild jackals, I spoke with Kreepy and Peter about the CobraKiller conspiracy, who are both Ananda Marga acharyas, or meditation teachers. At this point I was still trying to see if there was any substance left in Ananda Marga. I already knew Asheville had sold out. Had Austin? I said I couldn't accept that the CobraKiller is still the spiritual leader who exercises the most influence and manipulation, and how I saw it all as a shameful conspiracy. They both admitted this monk had a really dark side. Peter admitted it but said he didn't understand how "Baba", the guru, has allowed this to happen and that he had much to think about. It was a clear recognition of his knowledge of the incident. Kreepy gravely acknowledged its veracity as well and told me reluctantly that Shamitananda (CobraKiller) is basically a good person, but has a very dark side. I told Peter the guru had nothing to do with it, and all of this was simply the preistcraft of

sheepish cowards. Later, after I made my accusations public and to test the conscience of Ananda Marga, I asked Peter what he thought about it and he responded to me by saying “Who is CobraKiller?” Imagine that! From a Vishesh Yogi, nonetheless. If this is what Vishesh Yoga (the most advanced meditation lessons of Ananda Marga) does to the mind, then it is better to have never bought them in the first place.

There are more and more examples like the CobraKiller nowadays, especially amongst his conspirator friends and followers. I use this example repeatedly because I was close to him and his retinue and witnessed his crimes and also because he is an epic cult criminal still at large that needs to be taken down. It is as if some kind of dark spell is cast over the minds of his followers. It is the most perfect example of what Anandamurti’s ideology is not and how one can misuse spiritual power to lead an entire society astray. Those who lie for him fall into the most perverse scandals which greatly harm others. Because they see him as a spiritual leader and use him as an example, they are under the same energetic pattern of harm that he originally used against the nun. Each new crime and conspiracy just adds to the mound of cosmic voodoo (or doodoo, if you prefer), a wretched mass of undigested mental sludge that these posers carry yet readily slather others with when they need to protect themselves from their own dark truths and hypocrisies.

One can resonate with a saint and the spiritual energetic pattern of that saint may replicate itself inside of one and may grant a certain grace. One can also resonate under the pattern of an *avidya* or “dark” tantric and replicate their patterns of perversion. Sooner or later, this energetic pattern will replicate itself into actuality in the actions of the followers. They become like their guide, for better or for worse. Needless to say, strong spiritual leaders with great discernment are necessary if one is to follow the tantric path, otherwise a fall is inevitable. Tantra is a powerful path and if the practice isn’t used with moral discernment, then that very same power will be used to quicken a spiritual fall.

Ch.7 “The Possessed”

Psorax

Anybody who has looked into the abyss of his or her consciousness knows that the abyss looks back at you, as Nietzsche said. The unconscious mind is a very live and active zoo of escaped animals raging about in pure chaos and savagery. Does their years of pent-up frustration make them even more crazy when they finally escape? And in all of this unintelligible impulse speaks back from the chasm some kind of insidious intelligence. In modern psychology, this hidden intentionality has been called the id, the shadow, or the unconscious.

Pluma Blanca called this entity “psorax”. His definition of this entity of the unconscious is much more mystical and profound than any other explanation that I know. It is more of a practical understanding of how the mind creates frustrated realities that remain trapped within one, like an itch under the skin. He called it psorax because he saw it as the vital, pranic energy that becomes contaminated and gets trapped behind the skin, in the physical body. This blocked vitality distorts the body’s natural functions and may accumulate like a festering sore attracting more mental parasites like itself to itself, thus making a hodge-podge stew of evil and illness. This idea makes more sense when one understands deeply the relation between the mind and the body and how prana, or vital energy moves between them. Psorax is a trapped energy, a mental plasm that can’t effectively project itself outwardly as it would like to. Each time it does it becomes even more frustrated. It has the intelligence of mind behind it, but the frustrated intentionality toward matter, or the physical body pulling upon it. This is the reason that by living with false ideas about oneself or the world is the greatest danger of conscious, human existence.

Materialism is the greatest of deprivations as it destroys the mind slowly but surely. Not having this clarity and responsibility of how each one of us is a co-creator in this creation always leads to a fall. Psorax is a psycho-physical entity that in some ways is self-created by the individual while at the same time is aided by the fact that there are exchanges between these entities of psorax between human beings, or minds incarnated in physical human bodies. One can receive as well as transmit this psychic virus in much the same way that one receives and transmits physical viruses. A practical example: you are at peace. There are only a few light, positive thoughts in the mind and some pleasant feelings. Behind this subtle activity of mind is a deep, mysterious witness that just pleasantly is. Out of nowhere, it seems, there enters a dark, violent image on the mental scene. Is it my own unconscious attacking my peace, or is it because another person has come near and I sense his suffering? If I’m not at peace, then I may never understand and just get locked into a reception and transmission of negativity. This seed wants to take root within me, it vibrates my body and perhaps excites some memories and fears. It wants to become one with me. Only from a state of deep calm and non-judgement one can begin to witness these activities; how they affect the mind, change the feelings, and even how and where these influences vibrate and take root in the physical body. Most importantly is to distinguish your’s from another’s psorax.

Pluma Blanca was an advanced yogi as well as a healer, and used his pinnacled knowledge to observe these phenomenon, how they create physical and mental illness, and developed ways of curing these ailments based on this

understanding. Deep, sincere meditation is of course the most effective manner of seeing and processing the shadow, but this depends on so much: mental health, physical health, determination and discernment that are only developed by ardent efforts in one's spiritual life. In yoga, yama and niyama is the base of this practice. This practical morality imparts self awareness and practical universal ideas of how to maintain mental balance through proper personal and social responsibility. Without these fundamental ideas of humanism imparted to individuals one is but a mix of animal impulses and social determination, or a game of Russian roulette. A society without spiritual principles that foster ethical awareness is but a vehicle for destructive, unconscious forces where psorax takes all into the abyss. I think this is why Pluma Blanca lived in a cave and only taught a few good people. Anandamurti, on the other hand, impulsed others to fight within society against the depraving effects of what he termed "negative microvita". Both are right according to who they were, where they were, and what they expressed as enlightened individuals. Its not enough to believe and conceptualize about such things. Beliefs and opinions give rise to superstition and dogmas about ghosts, hauntings, and possessions, and the like. Without the efforts of both of these men who spoke about these phenomenon in the most practical and scientific manner possible to speak of such phenomenon, I know that I would be even more in the dark about understanding negative microvita or psorax, and perhaps be yapping about the devil and hell-fire and salvation.

All minds are interconnected and have their base in the Macrocosmic Mind, the Generator, Operator, and Destroyer of the physical universe. Each microcosm in this Macrocosmic Mind is distinct only in its most outer periphery where there exist distinctions of name, form, attachments to particular people, ideas, and places. The closer one gets to the essential "I-feeling" of each mind, the more the microcosm becomes the Macrocosm. The microcosm has no existence apart from the Macrocosm. Therefore, when we speak of the science of microvita, we are not speaking of entities other than microcosmic minds. Microcosmic Minds may be incarnated in physical form but they may also exist in their finer form, or in an energetic or astral body. The astral body is designed to manifest a physical body and continue evolving by continually manifesting in time and space with physical bodies. However, there are certain special cases in which they may manifest through physical bodies that already have a mind. This is when we call the disembodied mind a microvita. It is actually a distinct microcosmic mind but it resonates with a mind-body system of another microcosm. Normally, this resonance occurs when the disembodied mind is more powerful than the incarnated mind and the disembodied mind imposes its samskaras, or reactive momentum, on the incarnated being. This may be a "positive" or evolutionary

impact in which higher propensities are stimulated so as to further the physical, mental, and spiritual evolution of the microcosm. Also, the effect may be “negative” in that the influence of the disembodied mind degenerates and crudifies the microcosm. What determines the effect of receiving a “positive” or a “negative” microvita is determined by the actions of the microcosm. A microcosm that loves the true and the good resonates with those thoughts, archetypes, and subtle energies behind these noble desires and the Macrocosm swoops down, as it were, to help guide the microcosm into higher union by applying its “positive” microvita. Positive microvita are microcosms, but they are microcosms under the control of the Macrocosm. When a microcosm is under the control of the Macrocosm, the free will of the microcosm only desires to serve the Macrocosm and nothing more. Therefore, these entities may assist the universe and its work of Generation, Operation, and Destruction of the created universe and help all beings flow with dharma to reclaim their birth right of union with the Macrocosm. A “negative” microvita is but a renegade microcosm. They are trapped in the resultant samskaras or reactive momentum of previous actions. They exist as bubbles of consciousness, not essentially separated from the Macrocosm, but separated by their own previous thoughts, feelings, and actions. These beings seek to continue their existence in the physical plane. “Psorax” is the collective name for the negative microvita. They look for people with similar karmic patterns with whom they may resonate. For example, if a good person begins to give in to a lower desire, Psorax may try to resonate with one’s body-mind system so as to help teach the tempted microcosm how to be more ruthless and selfish and actually fall into a lower frequency. Influences of positive microvita are “inspirations” while the influence of negative microvita are more akin to the traditional idea of “possessions,” although these possessions are often very elusive and more covert than the traditional and sensational ideas of demonic possession.

The Possessed

I grew up in the United States of America. I was born in 1972, at the beginning of the country’s final decline. Eisenhower tried to warn us about the dangers of the military-industrial complex more than a decade earlier than when I was born. With the secret manipulations of the Vietnam War, President Johnson had just sold out our democracy to the international bankers and multinational corporations that would eventually totally undermine the credibility of our government. This time was roughly the beginning of the end for the U.S. I felt it in my early childhood. My home was a safe haven but sometimes when I was out in the city with my mother I would feel that people were just not happy. I didn’t

understand why intellectually, but I certainly felt the pervasive depression and ennui of materialistic, capitalist culture. I still have exactly the same feeling when I enter large cities and areas where really mundane people gather.

My intellectual discontent with our society came much later, when I was in high-school. I never had any reason to doubt the good intentions of our society and government. I grew up very non-political. My life was comfortable. I had everything I ever needed; physically, mentally, and spiritually. Of course, I later began some new spiritual adventures with my yogi friends from India, but the foundation and receptivity for that lifestyle was conditioned from my childhood.

My grandfather was a hero of the second world war. He was a simple farmer who was conscripted into military service. He continued to drive a tractor, albeit a giant one, all across Europe. He was always very intuitive. Once, when he was a teenager, he told his cousin that he had better pull the car over because the tire was about to explode. His cousin thought it was nonsense. A minute later the tire exploded. It turned out that this intuition saved him several times in the war, from the crossing of the Po River Valley and on into Bavaria.

He and his high school friend were taking their tractors from one battle site to another during the invasion of Italy. German Junker dive-bombers were screeching down to attack them. In the middle of the journey they come across some English platoon commanded by an Indian Sikh officer. He ordered them to dig a trench with their giant tractors to protect them from artillery. My grandfather saw in his mind's eye that all of these men were about to die and that he had better leave. He disobeyed this officer and drove away. Just when he was leaving a shell exploded and killed the whole platoon.

He once had to clear the path across the Po River which was blocked by American tanks destroyed by German artillery. His officer gave the order and he said, "I don't mean to be disrespectful sir, but there are 2 dozen dead men in those armed tanks that tried to cross the river. My tractor is open-caged and all I am wearing is a t-shirt." His officer replied, "Don't worry son, we have got you covered." It took him 30 minutes to clear the path. All the while he had bullets bouncing off of his tractor and shells exploding all around him. When he returned to the shore nobody could believe he was alive. His fellow soldiers started to note how he escaped the most impossible situations and began to stay close to him in conflicts because they knew he would be alright. He was always very calm and peaceful. I always felt safe with him and always lived nearby.

I saw the first images of carnage from the first Gulf War during my last year in high school. I was disgusted and ashamed. Although most of the teachers and leaders in society were supporting the government propaganda of a justified attack, there were also a few dissenters in the public school system who gave alternative views. I had been influenced by one such teacher. I really had no strong political views but I learned just enough of modern politics to entirely mistrust our government. At the same time a giant boil appeared on my cheek. It was enormous and swollen and very embarrassing. As the fluid oozed out all I could think about were the images of the bodies of the hotel clerks in Baghdad who were killed by misguided guided missiles. I was ashamed to be an American. There was no more John Wayne and heroic Green Berets saving the day; just filthy rotten imperialists and duped, flag-waving morons robbing and murdering weaker societies for their natural resources. Well, for several years at least I vacillated between that extreme definition of my countrymen or the idea that they are also victims exploited by bad education and capitalist pseudo-culture. Either way, fascism always ends up taking hold of empires just before their demise.

During the second invasion of Iraq in the spring of 2003 the boil returned in exactly the same place. It was like a malevolent spirit that still haunted me. I was no longer ashamed of being an American because I had become a universal citizen by then. I really saw us as no more different than the German population around the time of Hitler. However, I still had those same feelings of disgust with the mindless American populace that unwittingly goes along with the plans of the military industrial complex, bankers and politicians that make all of this profitable war business and propaganda possible. More than just a rebellious attitude against authority, it was rather an attitude that these worms have no right to inflict this terror on any human being, especially when the justifications for aggression are based on crude lies.

I had just moved to Mexico in 2003 and met a young couple who were very concerned about the war. They were intelligent, educated, and had a very humanistic outlook. They had a new-born baby at the time and were a very happy family. However, they were horrified at how the United States was so blatantly pulling off this scheme that any reasonable intelligent person unbiased by Fox or CBS could clearly see through. The wife seemed to be deeply affected by the war and was becoming even more so as time went on. Although I don't think they were actively protesting in the streets, I did hear of them attending some social and ceremonial gatherings of a pacific nature. Slowly she began to become depressed and withdrawn. Nobody heard from her anymore. There was a

Summer Solstice meditation event soon afterwards in which we heard from other friends that she had become very depressed, would not talk to anybody and was hardly even interested in caring for her baby. Her husband was very worried and did not understand what was happening to her.

She arrived and gave a faint smile to everyone. I hardly recognized her. There seemed to be nobody at home. My wife took her into a back room of the clinic away from all of the people participating in the festival in order to talk with her and give her some naturopathic treatments. I could see her husband was very concerned and was having to give a lot of time helping to care for the baby. About an hour later I was called back into the room. My wife asked me to touch the crown of her head. She asked me if I could feel something strange. I did so and felt a terrible, evil presence. It was similar to the feeling I had with my boil but much, much stronger. I knew that this was an evil too powerful to be coming from her. It was like a giant, super-personal plasma blob of evil that was in the room. I felt sick and went into the next room to lie down. Ten minutes later my wife came in and said her patient was feeling much better. By that time I had already begun to decipher what was affecting her. My wife saw that I was abnormal and asked me if I absorbed something. I replied that I believe I had. My heart was pounding as if I had run a marathon. I could distinctly feel another presence inside of me. I had never felt like there was some other being existing inside me before. Yes, maybe I had had some strange experiences with deeper parts of my existence but it was always an experience with the various aspects of my own self. My wife immediately lost her non-attachment as a healer and began to worry about me. She wanted to take me to the hospital, which was quite ironic because she always “stole” patients from hospitals before the butchers took people’s organs out. She was crying and begging me not to die. I laughed and told her to shut up because I am fighting for my life with all of my force and the last thing I need is for my doctor to say I am going to die! I lied there all night listening to the suggestions of this dark entity. I knew it was either it or I that would be alive in the morning. Fortunately, my life was very full and vibrant and I didn’t accept any of the suggestions from this evil. It was like a pattern that simply made everything negative and distorted- pessimistic and destructive thoughts, hateful feelings, while at the same time it siphoned the life out of the body. It was a contest to see which mental pattern would control this body, the evil plasma or my own conscience. I could now understand very well what was affecting our friend and her family.

After a few hours I recovered a little. The woman had fallen asleep and I went to speak with her husband. I was exhausted but said that I believe everything will now be alright. He seemed a little relieved. I awoke with a terrible headache. It stayed with me a week or so while this presence was being digested. In the meantime the family learned meditation and we spent much time with the baby and all was alright. It was the most terribly illuminating experience I had ever had up until that point in my life. It was the beginning of a live microvita study that has only gotten wilder as the years pass on.

How I Learned to Love the Apocalypse

There is an occult story about some yogis meditating in the Himalayas who intervened in the second world war. They were secretly moving astral energies so that the world would not be totally destroyed. They had the ability to enter and influence the minds of the mundane political figures on the world political scene. They knew that the dark forces of the Nazis and the Communists were actually able to destroy the entire civilized world if there were no great psychic intervention by yogis and highly realized beings. They made a deal and called in some celestial force from on high. But there was a problem. There were no “good” forces on the planet that these virtuous spiritual forces could manifest into. They could see that the entire planet would undergo radical apocalyptic changes within one hundred years. These changes would eventually destroy the domination of materialistic ideologies like capitalism and communism, but this time was still very far away and it seemed like the world would not make it through the second world war. The operation would require some special tinkering. They would have to use the best material available; the least evil: the Americans and the English. Now this was a difficult decision because these evolved beings saw almost no good in the imperialist English and Americans. They really helped spawn reactions to their own insidious imperialism with repercussions like Nazism and Communism. However, there was absolutely no good in Communism nor National Socialism. So these microvita or spiritual beings entered the bodies and minds of the Allies. It would warp and accelerate evolution. The war could be won, but the societies of people that received this boost would become very unstable afterwards. Most people would not be able to assimilate the new evolutionary speed and would most likely degenerate instead of evolve. It was a meta-physical political intervention on a very grand scale, and with great and necessary sacrifices to ensure that we would make it to the real and benevolent apocalypse in the future; a time when the materialistic forces will receive a final death blow.

Just after the battle of Dunkirk in which the Germans drove the Allies off of the continent, there was debate as to whether the Germans should invade England immediately or wait. The yogis decided to use this opportunity to influence the minds of Hitler and the generals not to invade because the yogis knew that victory would actually be with the Germans if they invaded and defeated the English at this time. The rest of the story is known history and the invasion never happened. After a few years of dead lock, the allies made great advances toward victory.

Sometimes I am inclined to believe such stories. I have seen such interesting occult influences on much smaller personal dramas than the second world war. Also, my grandfather had some interesting psychic experiences that helped him survive many battles and so I am inclined to accept such “fantastic” stories as being possible. It is at least great material for a novel and fun to consider.

If I were to continue the story I would say that the U.S. totally consumed the technological power, intelligence and evil of the Nazis but never really transmuted it into something better. Instead, fascism has a new multi-national disguise. U.S. imperialism has taken capitalistic tyranny to all corners of the globe. We became the carriers of Nazism. It was our duty to transmute this evil but it has consumed us. We have put it to such destructive use and it has almost destroyed all hope for the future. Yet not all of us are zombies, and the world still persists. Finally, now comes closer the end of the cycle.....

The good people will make it through this evolutionary pass. Now more positive microvita can enter into the collective mind. Mental influences translate themselves into subtle nervous and glandular activities that are awakening more psycho-spiritual potential in the species. Once again, it will have destructive effects for the masses; most will perish from illnesses as their psycho-physical parallelism will be disrupted. The body simply won't be able to keep up with the imposed changes, but such is evolution. It is as if we are all going to get a mental “software” update. Is your “hardware” compatible? Have you struggled to evolve your nervous and glandular systems? Have you put your neocortex to good use? Are you ready to become the new human that your conscious, higher nature wants you to be?

The destruction of the majority of humans will come more through tensions with the inner dimensions of the mind rather than volcanoes and earthquakes. But volcanoes and earthquakes will also have their part.

Ch.8 “Art and Microvita”

Los Doraditos

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/los-doraditos>

I try my best to write about mystical subjects. However, words just are never sufficient for mystical insight. I was once very ill after being around too many patients. A golden light passed through me and healed me. It just passed through me from the adobe wall behind me. It was a certain type of spirit being, or microvita.. Some of the old people around here know about these benevolent entities. They call them the "doraditos" or "golden beings." It inspired me to write a song. I only played it on the flute until my friends joined in with the lyrics, guitar and yukilele.

We belong to the golden race
We come down to share grace
Seeing all beings
Whatever tone or hue,
Bringing Light of Truth,
Taking every mind
Back to You.
Only to You.

Baba Nam Kevalam.....

One can't hold onto your world.
World escapes free,
Through one's every word.
Just hear our verse
Through your universe,
And turn our golden light
Into purest white.
As we go
Back to You
Only to You

Baba Nam Kevalam is a Sanskrit mantra that means "Only Love Is." It can be sung or chanted with any type of elevating melody from any style of music. It creates a spiritual vibration to calm the senses, focus, and help internalize the mind for deep meditation.

Apparitions

Spiritual vision through the medium of mental forms is truly a form of grace. It is a certain illumination and showering of elevated thought and feeling that is designed by deep Intelligence to guide us onward and inward. Form helps us eventually understand the formless, the quiet I-Witness that is always now. Mystical vision is more than mere knowledge. Through it, knowledge is conveyed but in the most beautiful and meaningful manner. One could never throw such an experience away; each time it is recalled one gets the original message and merges into silent peace and joy.

I think Tarkovsky was the most mystical “image poet” of modern times in that he really could convey deep mystical ideas through cinematic form. When I see the last scenes of “Stalker” or “Solaris” I am deeply moved into an ecstatic reverie and marvel over the experience for hours, amazed that his genius could express something I always considered beyond expression. The girl in this scene from “Stalker” is poor and crippled and lives in a tiny apartment in a gloomy, industrial Russian city. One would assume that she is entirely miserable. However, this scene reveals the profound depth of her inner life.

That is true poetry. However, even this beauty is really only an interpretation, and therefore limitation, of inner vision, which is always ineffable. Great mystic artists give just a little bit of what they inwardly see. Even Tarkovsky’s art pales in comparison to the truest, sincere vision of even the most humble mind. The I-Witness is deep within and actively seeks prepared minds in its mysterious, inexhaustible variety of manifestations.

[Final scene from Tarkovsky's "Stalker"](#)

Camus

The other day I woke up just before dawn, I sat up in bed and even before I began to do a little meditation, I felt a strange vibration on the right side of my head. Inwardly, I looked at it and felt it and saw so very clearly in my mind’s eye a very gentle and friendly human form. I recognized him. I knew that this was all going on in the “Magic Theatre” within so I asked this apparition what he was doing here. No reply, just friendly, loving silence. I reflected and thought “Yes, I know why you are here. Your humanism moved me deeply and awakened something very profound but I have almost forgotten its origins and how it came

to me in this life. Your Dr. Rieux in "The Plague" asked if it were possible to be a saint even if there were no god. He sacrificed everything for the well-being of others, yet he didn't even believe in god.

Camus, I always suspected this of you, that you could never put your compassion under a popular concept of what we call "god." Those that didn't grasp your depth called you an "Existentialist." The actual human experience of compassion was something so much more than confusing, corrupt concepts. You initiated me into silent Buddha compassion before I even became familiar with Buddhist teachings. I suspect that many others were also helped by you, gentle angel who descended into the "absurd," the 20th century. Is this where you are now, in this ethereal space, stimulating neurons of the incarnated so that we don't forget love? Do you dwell within the universal spirit, are you just a memory within the collective mind of humanity still bound to this dusty earth, or just an apparition of my idiosyncrasies trying to make sense of themselves?" The apparition remains silent.

The form disappears and I feel that same gentle pulsation that was in the left side of my head move into the right side of the chest, into the Spiritual Heart. Through the Spiritual Heart, mind rises high into a very fine light that surrounds the planet, a subtle, diaphanous spiritual atmosphere, I look down upon my valley from so high in this ethereal space. Unlike being in a plane or balloon and resisting gravity, everything is weightless and the forms are of pure light. The only movements are pulsations of thought and feeling. He came and showed me his perspective, how he sees things, how the "dead" gaze upon us, and then returned into the formless. The rocks of the mountains were just reflections of thought, all is sentient and made of light. Life is inherent in all things. I could vaguely see human faces taking form out of the mountain rocks. They are rough, turgid and unrefined like Neanderthals but an invisible force keeps loving them beyond time and form, purifying and refining them into something greater, beautiful and yet to be completed. An immense love looks down upon the planet and waits for all life forms to manifest and evolve spirit, slowly.

So was Camus a symbol or a bodiless mind that came to me? It doesn't matter. All phenomenal experiences of the mind, even the most spiritual visions, are at best maps and guides, friendly nudges from the universe to go here or there, or not to. The meaning of the vision is what is important. To feel at one with the earth, as I did in this experience, is something so profound that even though I write the vision of Camus off as an hallucination, the inner meaning of the experience is indelibly pressed upon my mind and I could never deny its beauty

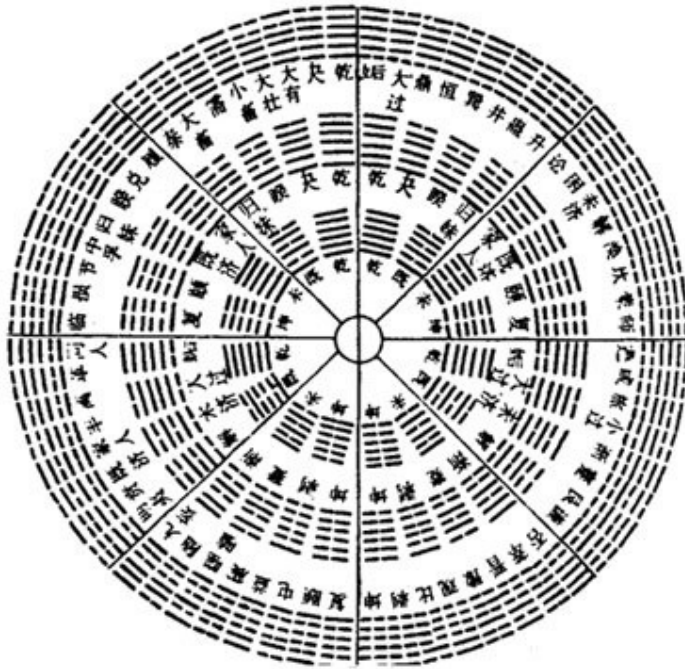
and sublimity. The vision inspires great feelings, perhaps something akin to what the bodhisattvas feel. Microvita are sentient intelligences that exist in the finer, mental planes of reality. They have many qualities and manifest through various forms of human nobility, valor, genius, and love. Did Camus express compassion or did Compassion express Camus? For the non-dualist there really is no difference. All souls are just sparks from the eternal fire of Brahma. These bodiless microvita guide the evolution of consciousness in all beings on the planet and even help shape our thoughts and feelings. This physical world really is a reflection of the inner workings of spirit. Imagination is the key to higher realities, and as Tagore noted, that with more imagination, the less imaginary something is.

The Eye of God

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/whistles-amazonia-whistle>

The infinite being is beyond name and form yet bestows name and form to all things. Nothing exists apart from the causal matrix, the fundamental fractal that divides its very own Self so as to create the universe by infinite self division. Creation is the division and fragmentation of the original Self, as reflected in the fractal cross, that has created the "ten-thousand things." The fundamental cross is a spiritual concept that is clearly reflected in the causal mind of the Vishuddha with its 16 vortexes or "vrttis"(4x4). This primordial fractal, the 4x4, further multiplies itself into the the 4x4x4. Each time the essential cross divides, it is more "causal," potentialized and capable of controlling more of its created objects in nature. All of the parts exist within the whole, just as miniature crosses exist on the main arms of the fundamental cross. Nothing is essentially separate from its source. When this fundamental fractal divides itself into the 4x4x4 we get the 64 mayan tzolkien and the 64 hexagrams of the I-ching (4x4x4), which is an even deeper causal level than the human, semi-divine expressions at the Vishuddha chakra. The deeper Macrocosmic patterns of the tzolkein and I-ching impose themselves upon the microcosmic 4x4 patterns of the Vishuddha Vortex. For this reason the Vishuddha reflects the hidden laws of the universe, yet in a human and personalized form.

六十四卦交互圖



The "eye of god" is within all created beings. The "eye" is the developed pineal gland which yogis activate to enter into states of super-consciousness. All beings with 2 eyes have this "divine eye" within.

Nocturne

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/nocturne>

According to yoga and other schools of classical Indian philosophy there are 4 main states of consciousness: wakefulness, dream, sleep, and turiya- total union with the Atman. Wakefulness is where the sensory-intellectual mind is entertained by perceptions of the physical and social world as well as our abstract thoughts about these realms. The dream state is mostly a recycling of these perceptions and memories; most impressions are discarded through jumbled dream scenarios whereas some dreams may actually be attempting to reveal aspects of one's inner life beyond the sensory-intellectual mind. The sleeping state of consciousness is where the sensory-intellectual mind and even

its activities of dream are suspended. Most people have no awareness of what happens in this state of consciousness, rather it is experienced as a state of unconsciousness. This is because most people have no practical, living awareness of any reality beyond the sensory-intellectual mind with the names and forms of the things we experience in the mundane world. It is only when meditative contemplation is highly developed and one has a notion of an inner I-Witness (Atman) that it is possible to know if there are subtle states of consciousness within deep sleep. This calm state of pure observation continues to witness the apparently dormant mind throughout the night while one is sleeping. And finally there is turiya, where the mind is in union with the Atman, the I-Witness. Mind is a “relative, functional, ever-changing entity,” while the Atman is immortal, unchanging consciousness. It is due to the reflection of the Atman upon the mind that one is able to witness all states of consciousness related to the mind-body system- wakefulness, dream, and sleep. Turiya doesn't depend on any state of mind or body and is not a product of the nervous or endocrine systems. Turiya is the Supreme Subjectivity of the Atman that gazes down upon the states of objective mental awareness.

The Atman is eternally Self-existent. All things depend on It for their recognition, but Atman depends on no thing. Atman sees and makes things known yet still exists when nothing is “seen.” One doesn't discern the existence of the Atman in a practical manner in states of wakeful, sensory-intellectual awareness nor in the dream state. How does one know if this I-Witness really exists? It is through the sincere contemplation of these 4 states of awareness that one discerns the Witness that sees them clearly. Meditation makes the mind just as calm as if one were in a state of deep sleep, yet one is “awake” and acutely conscious. Developed meditators have been known to enter in Delta and Theta states of EEG, which people usually only enter into when asleep. This deep and relaxed “awakeness” may continue all through the day and night. When I go to sleep there is the sound of Om and when I lose consciousness I enter a womb of sound and color and feel a soothing feeling around the pineal gland. When I awaken I recall that there was a Witness all through the night. Even if I awake in hell (which has happened recently), I can't deny that this blissful entity has accompanied me all through the night. I only forget this when I begin to think too much and believe that the world really is “out there” somewhere instead of a subjective spiritual creation that my every thought, feeling, and action participates with. Such self-created worlds can easily become hells if we lose sight of the base of mental existence in the Witness. The Atman knows not of these problems or worries and if the mind directs itself toward the inner bliss of the Atman then the mind too will begin to let go of its worries and become more

like its essence, still and calm. Mind is a certain mental wave-length and frequency. Atman is an infinite wave-length, a vibration without vibration that takes all created vibrations back into Its silence and wholeness. Om is the interplay between the vibration of mind and the silence of infinity. Om is the sound of silence. It is both here and there. It takes one into silence but also fills the noisy, unharmonized mind with its sweet tone that rises upward beyond the created universe.

One begins to see the world as represented through one's mind as an objective mental creation, a well-designed narrative that interacts with the entire universe. Individual life becomes part of the universal story of humanity. One's existential feeling is no longer exclusively in the body or even in one's ideas about oneself. Identity extends into all things, places, and entities. Another entity seems to be living within one; not an outside invader but an inner guide and companion whose only purpose is to make you whole, to see behind the myriad facades of the mind to discern the truth above. It is not to say that one gives up on external life in the world of mind, but one begins to see this show as something a little less lonesome and sorrowful than the life of the separate ego trapped in its own little mental confines while awake, dreaming, and sleeping. The ever graceful and loving presence of the I-Witness gives one true confidence and identity and makes it more difficult to get lost in the labyrinths of mind.

The Atman is "omni-telepathic" consciousness because the Atman is the Supreme Subjectivity behind the entire universe as well as the I-Witness to the human mind. If we look deeply into the origins of our "I" in tranquility, we can see that the individual "I" is essentially the same as the universal "I", or the Supreme Subjectivity. All souls are one. Only the placid heart and tranquil mind grasps this mysticism. By being aware that you are "seen" by this I-Witness, the entire mind may be gazed upon from this sublime stance.

Yogis are aware of the Atman in all states of not just waking consciousness but also during the states of dream and deep sleep. I can't say I am always conscious while sleeping, but I am certain that a yogi snoring is really laughing with eternal joy. Sleep is seen so perfectly and clearly, sleep awakes into conscious sleep. Snoring is bliss absorbed and you giggle and laugh, but the laughing is really snoring. Expecting laughter and a snore escapes; and so you laugh even louder, and thus snore louder.

A yogis sleep is an eternal play of snoring and inner, joyful laughter. Om is the eternal hum behind snoring and laughter and all that vibrates with cosmic joy. OM produces all sound and absorbs all silence. Awake and you still hear the eternal hum through the hummingbirds. Good day, Good Night

The Vajra

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/padmasambhava>

"Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padme Siddhi Hum." This is the classic mantra of Padmasambhava, a great yogi from India who brought Tantric Buddhism to Tibet. It is a mantra to purify the mind and environment for meditation. The "guru" awakens the kundalini at the base of the spine (padme) with the force of "Hum." This elevation of the mind with "hum" gives one the power to overcome the lower tendencies in the human mind. This new power serves as a "vajra," a protective weapon to keep away immoral forces, both internal and external. In the ancient legends Padmasambhava used this mystical weapon to punish sinister people and restore dharma, or moral order in Tibet. Some people think these ideas are just mythological. I think it is literal, at least the possibility of using spiritual force to

move the world. I don't know much about the historicity of Padmasambhava, but my ideal of him is kind of like Che Guevara with occult powers, but perhaps with a little more forgiveness for those enemies who surrender to his compassion and renounce their evil ways.



The vajra is obtained by the advanced practice of Tantra Yoga, for one who controls ida and pingula, the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the mind. Digesting good as well as evil, only those who become completely still inside the shushumna may wield its power.

Each one of these eight words are mantras. While chanted with deep and emotive music the mantras work together to awaken one's spiritual consciousness via the tantric process of awakening the kundalini. Kundalini is nothing more than the divine creative energy, or _Shakti_, that lies dormant within our minds. Shakti is called kundalini when referring to Her presence within the human soul. Once awakened, the kundalini Shakti makes us evolve emotionally, mentally and spiritually so that we can realize our own infinite Consciousness, or _Shiva._ I use the Shiva-Shakti words from classical Indian tantra only because I am more familiar with these concepts. However, it is very easy to see the same Shiva-Shakti theme in the history of Padmasambhava and his divine lovers. It is probable that the story of Padmasambhava is historical combined with mythological tantric imagery. Like the Indians, the Tibetans also used romantic imagery of lovers to refer to the transcendent relationship between Consciousness and Energy, Source and Creation, or Shiva and Shakti.

Acteal

On our first visit to Acteal I met a man who lost his whole family in the [massacre of 1997](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Acteal_massacre). I had read about this incident years ago and had the opportunity to ask this community leader a few questions about what happened. He confirmed that they were Zapatista supporters. However, there had been peace accords since '94. They believe that the federal army supports local paramilitary forces that committed the massacre and continue to terrorize the people of Acteal. How else can these people have high power weapons and go about freely terrorizing people with nearby military bases that could potentially control these criminals? It is obvious they do the dirty work of the military and continue unimpeded in their terror and tyranny. All of the victims were unarmed and included mostly women and children, even unborn children. There still occur smaller massacres in the area and regular ambushes against them.

The first time I went to Acteal was in 1998. It was in a dream and I didn't know it was Acteal. In the dream I saw what looked like blackened, charred bodies of many people piled together. In the dream I realized I would never read another book again and threw away a volume of Emerson. All that was left for me was to try and adapt to this overwhelming feeling of simultaneous compassion and torment, blessing and curse, heaven and hell. I knew that the heart and infinite compassion was the only path after this dream. Almost 20 years later I visit Acteal and see the famous statue of the 45 martyrs that were killed there. The figures in the statue look like the charred and blackened figures piled together that I saw in my dream. I immediately recall the dream and felt exactly the same feelings as the dream, and felt that everything in this impermanent life can be taken away except these sublime gifts of consciousness and compassion from the infinite. For the first hour I could not get the brooding, hopeless feeling out of my mind. Then came the "Jedi" priests. They were indigenous priests dressed in simple white clothing. They seem like Franciscans but were wearing a 1 piece tunic like Jedis, only without high boots but with sandals. We played music with them while Giitanjali cured the people and became good friends.



Acteal moves forward. They now have their own civil society, "Las Abejas de Acteal," "The Bees of Acteal." We visited a part of the community that provides housing for the victims who have lost their lands. My wife uses their clinic to give naturopathic treatments. They are very noble people and it is simply amazing to see that they still have some joy in their lives despite living under constant threat of annihilation. I could see some very fine spiritual qualities in some of the community leaders and could see that these people have really carried the great responsibility of healing and guiding the community forward.



Spiritual liberation is attained through *sadhana* and *seva*. Sadhana means "to make a sincere effort" in the endeavor to meditate on and realize the Supreme Consciousness within. Seva is service to all living beings as expressions of the Supreme Consciousness. As we see more of the Supreme Consciousness within, we must connect more with the expressions of the Supreme Consciousness in others, especially those who lack the basic necessities for existence. The end result of meditation and service is the same: the realization of the union of all souls within the Supreme Consciousness. Our social service projects with the indigenous communities of Mexico is a form of seva. We regularly take food and supplies to the shelter in Acteal for people who have lost their land and homes. We also give naturopathic treatments and medicines.

I was learning this piece of music on the Quena when we visited Acteal.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/adagio-de-marcello>

Frogs and Fugues

<https://soundcloud.com/user-980549022/gavotte-minuet?in=user-980549022/sets/bach-on-bamboo>

“Desert rains abate. Now crickets join frogs in fugues.
We dug our trenches, collecting water for trees,
birds, insects, and animals all around.
Our home is an island of hope for many now.
But now the world and its interests encroach.
How can any evil out-live this eternal creation that is always new?
May spirit and nature protect us all.
Our trenches are now a defense in war
against those above who annihilate us, below.
Be careful harming those below, for how low does their consciousness go,
those who hear frogs and fugues?”

I wrote the prose last summer after a rainstorm released a lot of tension from the local environment. I contemplated how the hidden power of nature, including the realm of art, helps keep the mind optimistic in face of grave dangers. It sounded as if the frogs and crickets were playing a fugue and I contemplated how it is not just the 'high consciousness' that helps us, but also the "low", that which is from the earth. I was reminded of Bach's "Gavotte."

[Visit our music page](#)

Ch.9 “Tantric Rebellion”

Revolutions

I was an admirer of the Zapatistas since the first videos that I saw early in 1994 when Commander Ramona, an ex-nun Zapatista rebel commander, led the attack to take San Cristobal de las Casas in Chiapas. Even though they had machine guns and were fighting I could see that they were very dignified people by the look in their eyes behind their masked faces. The noble eyes behind their masked faces as well as the brightly-colored indigenous clothing underneath bullet belts and machine guns revealed who these rebels truly were: organic farmers. I felt there was an invisible grace guiding them. I didn't quite know why, but I just felt this very strongly as a first impression. It was a very lucid realization for me that awakened a strong sense of social and moral responsibility and activism. Later, the brilliant, humane discourses of the Zapatista commanders and sub-commanders like Ramona and Marcos revealed that there was such a beautiful and humane spirit guiding them. They won so many hearts around the world with their earnest discourse. Although I was a student in the U.S., I was drawn to them and attended some talks by Liberation Theologists priests that were Zapatista sympathizers who came to speak at the University of Texas at Austin.

I was soon distracted from the Zapatista movement, however, by my involvement with some yogis in India who turned out to also be revolutionaries. Although I admired Indian yogi-revolutionaries like Aurobindu and Subash Chandra Bose, I was personally more yogi than a revolutionary and I thought of these Ananda Marga yogis more as monastic social activists like Vivekananda who practiced and taught yoga to keep themselves and human society physically, mentally and spiritually strong. I never thought of them as the machine gun or grenade carrying types until they made a debacle of an arms drop from a Russian airplane full of machine guns, rocket launchers and grenades over their main ashram in Purulia, India.

As a liberal arts student that had just graduated the university, I went to an Ananda Marga ashram to do doctoral studies on tantra yoga when the arms drop occurred. Far from being an mere academic experience, I was becoming deeply immersed in the very high spiritual vibration at Ananda Nagar. It was clear that much spiritual work had been done in this environment. I felt that my meditation was 5 times as strong there! By just closing the eyes, one enters into deep, effortless meditation in such an environment. Despite all that has happened with Ananda Marga, those experiences always help me remember that the philosophy and spiritual practices of Ananda Marga have a very pure origin.

After a nice meditation one morning I hear there was an arms drop in a nearby village and then the military arrived. The arms drop was a typical botched-up Ananda Marga operation and the arms fell in the wrong place and it was reported to the local police and military. They discovered it just in time. The simple locals live like people from thousands of years ago. They discovered these unknown objects which had very nice boxes and canvas bags. At the time they were making cob houses and were just about to throw some sturdy hand grenades into the cob mixture.

I was immediately thrown in jail with a few other people but soon released under house arrest. I wasn't allowed to go anywhere, but just to stay within Ananda Nagar and continue to enjoy deep meditation. I was questioned by the Indian CBI but they weren't interested in my testament. I think it was the file clerk that they used to briefly question me. However, I should have suspected that they questioned one of our arrested companions for a very long time. I didn't think much of it at the time.

The public scene around A.M. after the arms drop was all very fun, especially when I was used as a public speaker to defend A.M. in front of the press. It was all a game to me until I realized I didn't know what was really going on and was unknowingly lying to the BBC and India Times when the A.M. Central press secretary sent me to give interviews. Several months went by before I recognized the faces in the newspapers as those of Ananda Marga monks who had been visiting the ashram with our arrested companion that was thoroughly questioned by the CBI. They were planning the arms drop at this time. All the while I was helping A.M. to blame their old foe, the communist party of Bengal, of falsely defaming Ananda Marga like they did so many times in the past. Needless to say my academic studies were terminated and I was deported after we were declared innocent in court. An official told me I would be blacklisted by immigration and would not be able to return to India. He was being friendly and told me I just needed a new passport with a different name in order to come back to his country. I changed my legal name from Enckhausen to Eckhart only to try to go back to India, but A.M. became a living hell for the honest monks, nuns, and lay members and it was no longer possible for me to return. Since then the organization has done nothing but diminish due to internal strife, [scandal and political conflict](#).

Philosophically speaking, I have always favored non-violent ideas and a more strict idea of ahimsa or non-violence. The idea of "just" wars has always disturbed me but war is a reality of this world that always haunts the pacifist. The Zapatista revolution helped me see that sometimes the most moral and

responsible people have to make these most difficult decisions and truly take action. I had just finished studying Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" at the end of 1993 and was reminded so much of the mentality of Steinbeck's Jim Casey (J.C.), ex-preacher turned revolutionary, kind of like Comandante Ramona. Whenever I thought of the Zapatista plight I remembered my internal revelations and the look in the eyes of the rebels and I simply hoped that these good people would be guided from on high. However, the Ananda Marga failure made me see how extremely difficult such a revolutionary decision really is. Certainly West Bengal needed a revolution against the communist dictators, but they did not have the popular support of the people. Ananda Marga fell so short of victory in this humiliation and instead showed the world with this and each new and continued scandal that it was but a spiritual mafia with a really twisted and corrupt vanguard of priests. Now they only vaingloriously preach the words of their master like silly parrots without having done anything productive and substantial in decades. Those people remain within. Those few left who are really doing the work are forced to be rebels and work outside of the corrupt organization. Their projects continue because they truly help people and people in turn help them.

Just after the Zapatista revolution and during the Ananda Marga debacle, the subtle discourses of the Zapatista commanders like Ramona and Marcos showed the world that the Zapatistas were not violent terrorists but very noble and dignified people who had no other alternative for the survival of their indigenous culture other than taking up arms. Their allies of Liberation Theologists, intellectuals, humanists, and righteous hippies soon came to their aid and have since then formed a very positive international society of humanist-intellectual activists to ally the indigenous Zapatista revolutionary community. They voluntarily put down their arms without surrendering them and have instead been building schools and cooperatives for the indigenous communities of Chiapas and have been the most powerful and recognized voice of resistance against capitalist globalization.

Anandamurti, the preceptor of Ananda Marga, wasn't anti-violence in the strict sense like Gandhi. He saw a well-planned revolution as humane in that there is a quicker end to injustice when peaceful means are exhausted. However, he never said "it is time, let us revolt and start a war now." My opinion is that he would have been very pleased with the revolution of the Zapatistas, their ideals, and the fruit to come from those actions and ideals. I see nothing closer to the ideals of Prout co-operativism and economic decentralization (the social outlook of Anandamurti) than with the Zapatistas. I am afraid the wayward disciples of

Anandamurti who planned the Ananda Marga arms drop lacked the discernment of when to use force (what else is a huge airplane full of weapons dropped over their main ashram to be used for other than violence?) because they ended up in utter humiliation and have endangered their whole social movement thereby. They ended up making it on the FBI's top ten terrorist list for several years. If these amateur revolutionaries wouldn't have attempted the arms drop and other shady activities they would have only had to deal with the negative propaganda of the very corrupt and dubious Indian government and would perhaps still have some respect in the world eye. The Ananda Marga monks tried to become as divine as they claim their guru was. Their quixotic vanity made them fall into an underworld that they have yet to get out of. The Zapatistas rose up from below. From great humility they have attained great prestige.

I don't doubt that the fall of A.M. was aided by international intelligence that always protects the global capitalist system. The quick rise of Ananda Marga in India during the 60's and 70's made many people nervous. Neither the Indian CBI nor the CIA wanted this spiritual and social revolutionary movement to spread beyond India, as it quickly did. Nowadays, after the death of the great leader, Anandamurti, this expansion has stopped and the movement falls apart everywhere. I recently heard about an Oxford publication where the author speaks of A.M. as a jihadist movement! Although this is far from the truth, it is true that Ananda Marga is no longer such a vigorous and respectable movement and it certainly isn't an easy task being an Anandamurti apologist! If the social and spiritual ideals of Anandamurti are in fact true and tested, then they will live on, perhaps in better ways and forms, and with practical examples.

One does not hear of anybody calling the Zapatistas a jihadist movement, however. Perhaps one would if they would have failed. I admire the Zapatistas for their courage to confront a Hydra physically much more powerful than they. However, what I respect most about this movement isn't only that they were great warriors but that their continued success has really been sustained by a very well coordinated international solidarity movement and a very deep indigenous wisdom guiding them. Instead of building batallions, they are building schools and developing their communities sustainably with a very dignified collective spirit. When I hear their maxim "Para todos todo, nada para nosotros," (For everyone everything, nothing for us) I can't help but hear the Perennial Philosophy of non-dualism sprouting up from Chiapas in a very unique, special and rebellious color. However, I love the fact that there is no religion or

sectarianism for the Zapatistas. It is much more interesting to see their silent, natural spirituality manifest through honest sincerity and practical humanist ideals.

Zapatismo has had a very unique effect on modern human consciousness, at least for those who have approached them. I really do see them as dignified organic farmers who would rather be with their families on their land instead of having to fight another war. I try not to even consider the idea that there could be war again. I don't think it is out of fear of violence but rather the belief that there are also undiscovered and unseen ways to fight a revolution against petty materialists. If peaceful, conscious, and collective organization and the moral dedication to a new ideal of living was not working, then they still would not be around after all of these years and would have been annihilated by the Mexican government. They obviously have had the support of enough people to have made their movement a success. The mature rebels of the world have to keep helping them and other non-vanguard and local grass-roots movements to continue to move forward in peace and a wise resolution of these seemingly insurmountable problems that the whole planet faces under the Capitalist Hydra.

I am inspired by their progressive post-revolutionary ideas and how they inspire the revival of indigenous culture. "Zapatismo" refers to a social and cultural movement based on the ideals and institutions of the Mexican revolution that continues into the modern Zapatista revolution. The Zapatista movement has evolved from an armed rebellion into a movement of "civil resistance" as well as very inspiring revival of indigenous culture. I approach the movement from far away, as a foreigner. I have only talked to some intellectuals and activists to get a general feel for their ideology and their projects and I like them very much.

When I first visited San Cristobal, I saw a flier for a lecture on indigenous Mayan stories. The man in the photo had a very friendly vibration and I thought he looks like a very interesting person, a story-teller. The lecture had already happened and I forgot about the man on the flier. In San Cristobal you see many indigenous and you wonder if they are Zapatistas or not. Many of them have been influenced by Zapatismo but not all are from Zapatista communities. As to where the zapatista army is based, I really am not certain.

I think the only time I ever saw a zapatista soldier was when a man approached me in the mountains. I saw a man with a walky-talky approaching me. He looked like he had military training based on his physique but didn't even have a mask. I wasn't sure if he was a Zapatista but i was meditating near one of their

communities on top of a mountain, so I thought I finally will see a zapatista. He approached calmly and just looked at me. I had been lost in deep meditation for hours. He looked friendly and had a t-shirt that said "Inlakesh" which means "I am you and you are me"; exactly like the idea of "namaskar". I asked him if it was alright to be there and he said there was no problem. Like I said I don't know if he was a "Zapatista" or not but it made me continue to contemplate. I returned to my meditation and saw many things.

A few weeks later, I just happened to enter a conference where scholars were talking about "Zapatismo." A woman asked if the Zapatistas had a concept for the "Supreme Subjectivity," a term which I had only heard of in Tantric philosophy. I was dumbfounded....."Who are these people? The scholar happened to be the person whom I had seen in the flier and he responded by saying that the Zapatista communities were very spiritual but they have no generalized notion for god, or the "Supreme Subjectivity." It is for them to decide. I liked that response. Later, that scholar approached me and asked if I was "Geronimo." These people continue to surprise me.

On January 1st, 2014 we were invited to the 20th anniversary celebration of the Zapatista Revolution in Chiapas of 1994 in Oventik. Oventik is part of a network (caracol) of rebellious and independent self-governed communities with co-operative socio-economic bases. The results of this revolution have been demonstrated as practical, humanistic, and very progressive. Visitors can see how the discipline and dignity of these indigenous communities have made some very subtle social advances that really have not been achieved elsewhere on the planet. These beautifully simple yet profoundly wise indigenous societies are truly setting an example for global human society. Instead of having to fight in continued guerrilla warfare against the corrupt state that would just love to annihilate them at the next given opportunity, they have developed a co-existent relationship that unifies them with the peaceful, conscious rebels and humanists of planet earth through a mutual interchange of very enlightened and universal ideas. Chiapas, and the south of Mexico in general, has always been a mystery to me. It is so easy to see that this is the place for social, economic, and spiritual revolution. There is a great subterranean wisdom and force guiding this movement. It is the closest example that I can see of what Anandamurti termed a "samaj movement."

When we arrived I really had no expectations other than finally being able to see for myself the fruits of the revolution. After arriving I could feel a very deep friendliness in the people and recalled how I was finally seeing the results of the

efforts of the people who deeply moved me back in 1994 when I first saw the interview with Subcomandante Marcos while the indigenous rebels led by the ex-nun, Comandante Ramona, took the Municipal Palace of San Cristobal de las Casas. Now, 20 years later, people had gathered from all over the world to celebrate the ongoing spirit of the revolution. Although there was an obvious presence of military security from the Zapatistas themselves, there were no weapons and the atmosphere was anything but militant. The atmosphere reminded me much of big spiritual festivals in India. There was a family atmosphere and a good variety of vegetarian food. What surprised me the most was that there really was a soothing and very sane spiritual vibration. People who live close to and respect the earth and who have also made great sacrifices to protect this base of human culture are indeed blessed with a little help from the invisible forces of dharma.



There was music and dancing all through the night. There was no alcohol nor drugs. I could see how many foreigners, especially Europeans, were deeply affected and inspired by the purity and sincerity of these Mayans. Even though many foreigners were dancing alone like in one of their disco clubs, their movements were just like the indigenous who danced in pairs. All were moving back and forth in a continuous binary, 1-2 motion whether they were alone or with a partner. Although I enjoyed myself with my family, my mind was being

deeply pulled by my internal spirit at every possible moment of silence and pause in social interaction. There was something very deep and important trying to convey itself to my soul. The people were so real and sincere and I could see such greatness awakening inside of them. The physical and social accomplishments of their co-operatives, schools, and the general well-being in their society were very evident, but something even deeper was behind all of this and it wanted to tell me its secret. Whatever entered me that night is still working inside me. From my very first visit to this last one, my spiritual connection with Chiapas has always been an inspiration for the continued study and practice of Tantra Maya.

I try to read their literature, especially the communications from EZLN, but the message is so lucid that I have to take it in slowly because the impact is so intense on my mind. Their discourse is really about the most fundamental human issues of justice and dignity. It is great humanist philosophy that is the result of 500 years of suffering and terror. Their humane ideals extend far beyond the indigenous of Chiapas and teach us a little about the nature of universal humanity. Each time I learn something more, I have greater and greater respect for these bold people who have endured 500 years of exploitation and the most terrible sufferings yet have managed to achieve something so great. For me, it is not an academic past time or intellectual hobby but a descent into the abyss to find an encounter with truth. Now that our own community has passed through a terrible holocaust of our own in the north, I have seen, felt, and heard so much terror that I can now begin my studies without the temptation to suppress these painful truths.

Ch. 10 Ramananda

Ramananda died recently. He left an autobiography about his life as personal secretary to Anandamurti. I first met him in 1995, just before the Purulia Arms Drop. He came out of his room to speak to a few of us who were visiting from Europe and the U.S. His eyes were a little sleepy. If it weren't for his overall blissful composure, he almost appeared intoxicated. It was so obvious this man was really god-intoxicated and had just been truly enjoying a trip into deep meditation. And now he has to come out of it and talk to us. How could a mundane person understand such a state of mind other than referring to some sort of drug or alcohol altered state? Only his eyes were sleepy-looking, but his mind was so awake and sensible. His presence could certainly make one chill out much deeper than with wine or weed.

My friends had noticed something in me of late; that after deep and long meditation along the river, it looked like I was stoned. The joke with them was that I wasn't really meditating, but secretly smoking something, that I was truly an incorrigible Austinite. I didn't mind because I was really much lighter and healthier than I ever had been in my entire life and without pharmaceuticals, recreational drugs, alcohol, or meat.

I really liked him from the first moment he entered the room. I got a little of that eternal floating feeling that I would later experience even more strongly when I would meet Chandranath and his wife, Ram Parit Devii. I learned to distinguish between the politician and the saintly monastics by the vibration they left upon me. Sometimes that subtle vibration would last for days and would make one wonder, "where do they get this energy from? how can they invoke this bliss in others?" I saw that Ramananda had probably been enjoying for decades of meditation what I had only recently discovered after my initiation into tantric meditation a few years earlier.

When I saw Ramananda again it was several years later. I was already way far out on the fringes of a.m. I knew who was true but could see how so many people were falling into scandals and all sorts of non-sense. My protests were never public in those days and I only spoke about these issues with my friends. I had come to Mexico for naturopathic treatments with Giitanjali. I had a dream that I had a strange brain growth in my right hemisphere and then later had it confirmed with a PET scan. I never pursued any treatments or further diagnosis because I knew no doctor would ever understand what is going on with my brain under the fire of kundalini. I started therapies with Giitanjali a year earlier while I still lived in the U.S., but wanted to immerse myself in them more thoroughly by visiting her clinic in Mexico.

Ramananda passed through Mexico at that time. He was surrounded by clowns and posers; monks puffed up with the vanity of being the ones chosen to implement "the mission of Baba." It was all mostly ambitious self-delusion, the discourse of these spin-doctors. I had very little respect for the orange cloth by that time, but I felt very different near Ramananda. I remembered our first encounter and realized that this monk really belongs to an altogether different category than the others.

I meditated near him and some other monks. There was a dense vibration with the other monks. They were all mostly depressed, angry, and suffering from a lack of confidence in themselves and their organization after the arms drop and

the a.m. civil war that ensued. There was also a recent scandal about how the monks were editing philosophical and social texts of Anandamurti. Not even a decade had passed and they had already started the adulterations that would give more power to the monastics instead of lay members of A.M.

It was difficult to meditate near them. I opened my eyes to see who was sitting beside me emitting such a heavy vibe. I saw who it was and then I saw Ramananda sitting on the other side of me at total peace. I closed my eyes and tried to forget about the other monks. I once again felt that lightness emanating from Ramananda like I remembered from 6 years earlier. It was a pleasant relief to know that there were still some yogis left in a.m.

The next morning he told me a story of how he was present when Anandamurti mentioned that he had created alternative movements in case the monastic institution of A.M. fails in its objective. Ramananda was amazed to see Anandamurti speaking to another, unknown person in great detail about some other organization that Ramananda had never heard of. Ramananda was next to Anandamurti almost 24 hours a day. He told me this story and then looked at me intently and said, "you know, we really could fail."

I was shocked. Why had he told me this? Nobody in A.M. spoke in that manner. Anandamurti was the incarnation of god and the monastics were chosen to propagate his mission over the entire planet. This was the common discourse, anyway. And why was he speaking to me so sincerely about this? He really didn't even know me, at least in the common sense of having spent time with somebody and shared experiences, etc. However, I realized that he trusted me as much as I trusted him, and that he too felt a deep connection with me ever since our first encounter. It was so obvious he was telling me something more, but what was he saying?

Later that night I finished my treatments with Giitanjali. I knew that some really good energy had jumped over to me through Ramananda. I could feel that the gurus blessing was transmitted through him, as if Anandamurti had left a package with him to deliver to me in the right moment. I start to hear the OM sound more loudly than ever before, as if somebody had started up a motorcycle inside the house. I fell over in a trance for I don't know how long. I heard OM for 3 days and hardly slept. It was perfect bliss. I could see my future unfolding before me and knew that the principles of A.M. would continue despite what happened to the organization. It was all very mystical. I understood I was to take radical measures regarding A.M., and prepare for its absolute disintegration. Giita and I were to be a team that would undertake an alternate path to help preserve the ideals of A.M. It was all so lucid, and only becomes more so as the

years pass on and I recall those realizations. Ramananda never gave orders, he only gave me his trust. He knew all would be well. It was one of the clearest and simplest heart connections I have ever had with another human being.

ch.11 “Culture and Pseudoculture”

My mother once told me of an incident when she was with her mother in a grocery store in Alabama in the early sixties. They arrived at the end of the check-out line. The people waiting in front of them were all black ladies who were waiting for their turn to pay at the register. As convention would have it, the ladies left their position and tried to get behind my grandmother at the end of the line. My grandmother wouldn't let them. She said that they were there first and that they should go ahead of her. The other white people were offended by this. What is another white person coming in here for and breaking the rules of our established order?, they said. This happened in the early sixties before the Civil Rights Movement.

In the 90's I lived in a spiritual community in rural Missouri where many members were from India. The locals would come and shoot their rifles at us, try to burn down our buildings and shout “Sand Niggers!” (which is actually a racist term for Arabs, but what does a hick know?) We would call the police because the attacks came almost nightly. They said they would patrol the area. The attacks didn't stop, they just never happened on the nights the police came. I had never heard of Ferguson before recently. It may have been very near where we were, or at least very near in mentality. Without the protection of the local government, we had no other alternative but to defend ourselves. There was debate in our community over whether we should have a gun. I even caught one monk making a Molotov cocktail in the garage. I argued with him about it even though I internally thought it was so hilarious to actually see him doing something so crazy. In the end, we ended up working together making booby traps like falling logs with spikes that would fall and puncture their tires when they entered. Let us have fun, non-violently, I argued. I suggested throwing rocks, but at their trucks. I would climb high in a tree and throw rocks into the beds of their trucks. Them stupid hicks had no idea where it was coming from and thought we were shooting at them. I once caught a truck load of them in one of our traps and shined the lights on them. They were terrified. They hadn't been so frightened since that time their meth lab exploded. Every one of them had a mullet, except for the bald guy with a swastika tattooed on his scalp. On another occasion, we trapped the entire front-line of the varsity football team inside the gates, all five of them seated together and aligned in the front seat just like on the football field. They accused us of firing a rifle at them a week before. They

asked me if I knew of the incident. I said that I only heard some people shouting "Sand Niggers." I asked them if the "shooting" happened before or after the shouting. One said "before", then his identical twin brother, the big, dumb center, looked confused and tried to cover for him by saying "after." The quarterback, the smart one, then said, "we didn't say that!" We really only gave them a good scare and a few dents in their truck. It was all pure and innocent fun on my part.

It was easy for me to laugh at their ignorance and I found it ironic that I lived in a community where these brutes actually came to burn a cross in our yard. However, I am a white boy who has never suffered these abuses personally and who is only just beginning to understand how detrimental these negative sentiments toward others truly are. If one understands racism, and sees how prevailing these attitudes are over the entire planet, then it's no longer such a funny matter.

I live in Mexico and am married to an indigenous Mexican woman. I would have never imagined the racism that we would encounter. We once lived in a very elite area. I soon discovered that the Mexican elite are almost all of European descent. It is simply amazing to see how these blood-lines have remained unmixed over so many centuries. It was just like being in the United States. Many people there spoke English as well as the average American. I could have fit in if I wanted to, but there weren't so many interesting people. Many people assumed that my wife was my servant. Only our friends accepted us being together, and many people who we thought were our friends really were prejudiced against us. I wasn't personally offended but just accepted the fact that our circle of true friends was just a little smaller but dearer.

This experience showed me how damaging racism truly is. Victims of racism have deep scars that are difficult to overcome. Entire societies carry these wounds for centuries, even for millennia. I could see that this elite Mexican society, although much prettier than my Missouri hillbillies, were often just as ugly in their mentality. They both have very exclusive breeding circles and value being white over all else. These elite at least can buy a lot of cocaine instead of having to make their own crystal-meth. Living near these rich people made me think of the Old South in the U.S., South Africa and the old colonial attitudes. I read in BBC a few years ago that Mexico is the country that has the greatest gap between the rich and the poor. Only through the greatest corruption and exploitation is that possible. We were close to the people who influence society and decide its policies and met people who work in the government and for big

corporations. The higher you go, the dirtier it gets was always what I heard in their confessions. It is so painful to think that these superficial yet insidious people have formed so much of the modern world and that their racist ideologies are still very much alive. It is the same situation all over the world. Imperialists have always had to kill off or at least totally paralyze the cultures of the indigenous all over the world to steal their lands and resources. The British were the first global narco-traffickers who took down China with opium. Europeans still use corrupt African regimes to create instability to divide and conquer economically, while Canada and the United States continue using Latin American bureaucrats and their police and military forces to steal whatever they want, from whomever they want and anywhere they want it. So that a few can live in opulence, the majority are condemned to live in rank poverty. Imperialism makes the world of the exploited a living hell. However, these shrewd parasites can never escape their conscience, no matter how dormant or distorted it is. They may make, manipulate, or distort social laws, but will never escape natural law. As a natural, mental reaction to their attitudes, the elite and their supporters hate themselves for all they have done. A part of them is aware of what they are doing but project their self-hatred onto others through racism to try to justify it all. The more they transgress, the more they are punished with self-hatred and the more they need to send it somewhere and find a scape-goat. They have already sold their souls for bad ideology to intellectually justify their base desires. These “ideological” mental traps only make them more psychotic. Nobody escapes the law of karma and it eventually all comes back upon us. We accept societies lies and abide by them. Maybe we don’t pull the trigger personally but our conventional attitudes and social and ecological ignorance permit it. Anybody with a sensible consciousness in the “first world” can see that our society for the most part has become a total failure and is already consuming itself in its own entropy. Much of modern human society is something the Gia, our live and sensible planet, no longer needs and no longer wants.

On the first night that I arrived in Mexico in 2003 I had the following dream: I saw a young mestizo sitting at the base of an ancient pyramid. He was indigenous by physical appearance but wore a modern suit and tie. He looked lost and dejected with his head in his hands looking toward the concrete sidewalk beneath him. I could see his expression from below and also above him I saw a giant skyscraper looming over him. I immediately understood the symbolism when I awoke and this vision has been a base for a continued understanding of modern Mexican culture. In the past the Conquerors built churches on top of the pyramids. Nowadays, capitalism has implanted its structures on top of the existing social structures.

After explaining this dream an artist friend (who is also mestizo) told me that there really are very few healthy social references for the common people. They are caught between an imposed archaic and corrupt medieval ideology of the Church and the senselessness of the modern, materialistic and individualistic culture imposed upon them from their own white elite and their gringo masters. The common people have few positive channels for growth. They are but cogs in the system. In his opinion the only healthy reference for common people who weren't intellectual rebels or revolutionaries with access to different ideas was in the indigenous cultures that still haven't been totally tainted by these various forms of pseudoculture. With them there is still a link to the past and the healthiest of these cultures that still remain intact in the south of the country have very progressive ideas.

The human mind must have a healthy narrative that explains the past, puts it into perspective, and a humanistic vision that helps one move onward into a better future. "Without vision, the people perish." Of course one finds healthy and sane people from all walks of life but in general it seems very clear that the cultural fabric of Mexican society erodes quicker and quicker. I have seen tremendous changes in this society just in the last 13 years. Amongst these changes almost nothing is positive: the Church just keeps getting more scandalous and perverse; the political parties even more corrupt and ruthless while masses of alcoholic men are slowly moving toward more dangerous addictions with the new narco culture. All of these factors affect the traditional, nuclear family structure that is on the verge of extinction. Children are nourished by and are conditioned into a culture that is extremely ill. Some consider this the new capitalist conquest while others say it is just the continuation of 500 years of conquest.

I studied psychology in the university but never formally practiced psychology as a career. I met many psychologists in Mexico and found that they were very, very poorly educated and prepared. I had hoped that perhaps psychology could help people where traditional culture was ineffective. I once met a therapist that studied in an institute based on the humanistic psychology of Carl Rogers. I don't know what he learned there but what she essentially taught the people was self-indulgent narcissism and free-love. Many of her patients became sex addicts in the process. I met another "therapist" who studied the psychology of Carl Jung in some other private institution. I thought that would be interesting. However, this therapist knew absolutely nothing of Jung except his ideas on sexuality, and those ideas were poorly understood and out of context. This psychologist was but a crude sex therapist as well. Such ignorance on his part only made his patients

more addicted to their impulses. It was so painfully obvious that these two therapists were just people hung up on their impulses with very little psychological insight into their nature and origins. They only taught their own distortions to others. The education and professional systems are just as cheap and corrupt in other fields as well. A lawyer friend of mine told me that there is literally not an honest judge in the country. If one wants to make a case and win it, then a bribe is just part of the common practice. He renounced being a lawyer for this reason.

Narcissism is the soul killer. Most people don't understand that the mind is a living, conscious entity that can be destroyed by reckless, ultimately meaningless, materialistic actions. Mind is a subtle entity that exists between the body and pure, infinite Consciousness. We live in such artificiality and crudity that we forget we have something really vital within. Our mental and soul architecture is designed to evolve, but can also degrade. If the mental plasma of the mind vibrates too much toward matter and a narcissistic ego image, this mental plasma becomes more crude like matter, which creates a state of entropy and involution. Such a mind invites energetic parasites in the form of "negative" microvita. Negative microvita are like termites to the mental structure and only help the unfit, distorted mind to destroy itself more quickly. They can be thought of as mental-energetic viruses. These mental parasites come in the form of physical and mental illnesses, uncontrollable compulsions, and extremely distorted thought patterns. They are but archetypal patterns in our collective consciousness that are activated by our resonance with the thought forms that they help to project within us. These thought forms have a particular resonance with our bio-psychological system of glands, hormones, and neurotransmitters. Ask anyone who has ever fallen into the dark side of the soul but has been fortunate enough to return. There is always some kind of guiding pattern that really helps one work against one's well-being; a perfect path to destruction and disintegration of the personality. The more one resonates with this unconscious actuality, the more it becomes a conscious reality. Of course, "positive" microvita also exist and have the same archetypal guiding function, but in the reverse, growth-oriented way. They bring us to greater awareness and help resolve the conflicts due to the negative microvita patterns in our minds. They impose a greater, more conscious and humane form on the old, negative archetypes of consciousness.

I recently saw a very wealthy Mexican with connections to one of the most sinister multinational corporations. He has always been nice as a person to me, however I was always curious how a man can be good to a few people but be a

villain to the rest of human society and mother nature. I suppose my curiosity kept me from feeling duplicitous that I could have such a friend. "Maybe he is different? Maybe if we could just convince some of the elite to be more humane?, He does practice yoga, maybe he can wake up?," were my inner thoughts. On our last meeting our group of friends was openly discussing how the wealthy and powerful are actually exterminating humanity in a highly organized manner. The over-concentration of wealth, overpopulation, environmental crisis, and rampant degeneration of the exploited masses has left no other alternative for the elite than to start planning wars and making enemies all over the globe. Nobody denied it was happening. Most expressed how appalled they were with such a world as ours. My rich friend remained quiet. I personally confessed my horror stories while recently living in northern Mexico surrounded by narco extermination camps where they steal immigrants from the trains and buses and are never seen again. I knew that the system was responsible for these highly organized activities. Anybody who reported these activities to the military or police simply disappeared. I started to write about this on the decentralized social network of Diaspora as I was always getting hacked on Facebook.

The next morning the conversation continued. For argument sake, I tried to take the side of an American elite, imagining the thought system of old friends from college who took the path of ascension into the capitalist Hydra. I was really being absurd and ridiculous. I said that "the educated people in the U.S. know their life-style depends on the destruction of others. It isn't that we are essentially evil, rather it is that our materialistic life-style simply demands such actions. Capitalist imperialism can function in no other manner than to subvert and subjugate the autonomy and democracy of others. We must have our enemies and our wars to rob others of their resources if we want to maintain our material "freedom.""

Such was my argument. This is the epitome of "satanic logic", when the lost mind has to make the most absurd and immoral excuses to justify its perversions, whether personal or social. Only somebody who has already sold-out spiritually could hold such beliefs. I know this is how the elite think but wasn't thinking about the case of my particular friend when I said this. Rather, I was trying to enter the mentality and psychological reality of such poor philosophers. However, my rich friend seemed to agree with me. He unknowingly took the unintentional bait and said to my other friend who was aghast at my satanic logic and told him consolingly that perhaps it really is good that "they" do it, to keep the economy, which is the base of our social order, in balance.

My other friend was shocked. It was as if our whole conversation had been just to convince him to accept what he saw as most terrible. I immediately clarified that I was being absurd and that there were many intelligent and humane alternatives to human extermination and to capitalism. I didn't speak any more to the rich friend because I was processing what he had just said. I think he realized that his thoughts were way out of the range of acceptability with us and he also kept quiet. After some reflection, I realized that his thoughts are very typical, and that when people reach that level of control and manipulation they become slaves to a system of thought that takes away all freedom, virtue, self-reliance, creativity and authentic individuality. The elite believe that only they are able to fully possess these qualities, or at least purchase those who do possess them.

Last year there were so many dead bodies around our valley that I had to keep the dogs inside so they wouldn't eat rotten human flesh. The narcos who invaded our area practice human sacrifice. Sometimes they have so many bodies that they just throw them by the road or up in the mountain. People used to eat jack-rabbits around here until they started getting a strange taste. The goat-herders noticed that these animals were eating the dead humans. Sometimes we could not sleep for the sound of machine guns and the screams of the tortured. Most of the victims are immigrants stolen from trains while trying to cross the U.S. border. The wall on the border already exists! How is that for collusion between the mafia and the state?

The military and police turn a blind eye. Let us not forget that the Mexican and American intelligence and military are now working together in this. They legally operate as one entity since the legislation passed in Calderon's time and his narco war. A few months ago the police finally raided a compound that the narcos used for organ extraction. The place was a human butchershop. There were bones everywhere. This is the nearby base described in my writing, "The Quixotic Narco Slayers." There were too many reports about this operation and the police were forced to act but the leader of the operation was set free the next day.

If only Americans could see themselves, see their own shadows as individuals as well as a collective society. They cry about immigration but who wants to keep their own corporations within their own borders, reverse NAFTA, and take responsibility for their frivolous, materialistic lifestyles that really require such brutal imperialism. These paramilitaries and "narcos" are necessary to kill others, steal their resources and undermine entire economic and social orders

just to maintain our sick, criminal indulgences. My fellow Americans, are you offended? I hope so. Maybe if you performed your moral duty of resistance and revolution then maybe you will get over your illness.

Nobody escapes the law of karma. What right does the American populace have to this happiness when their materialistic life-styles that require so much killing and stealing deny happiness to the rest of the planet? So much of what I hear about from the U.S. is how depressed everybody is. I first noticed that the entire population was heading toward collective depression 20 years ago and with each year the people just get sadder and sadder. I believe that psychosis is now working its way into the mainstream consciousness and I am not sure whether I am safer here in Mexico with the narco demons or up there in the U.S. with the zombies. As time passes, these reactions will only become stronger and people will become crazier, yet the truth will be revealed. Human beings need love, culture, and nature and without it we become ill.

So much of the elite, the shrewd, the cultured, don't even know how to live well and are truly without culture. Not just the upper elite, but much of the upper middle-class and "new rich" have similar attitudes. People live mostly by forms and images that aren't their own. These socialites lack real, authentic identity, and their inner "I" feeling is so inter-twined with their swindled possessions, property and their shady, exploitive activities that the human being inside becomes ill. Their consciousness has been converted into a sick mind that only desires matter and narcissistic pleasure. The underlying paranoia of the separate, superficial ego begins to make the mind even more desperate to satiate itself. This stress wreaks hell and havoc upon the nervous system and the organs because the body was never meant to be the temple of unending, unlimited indulgence. They are condemned to solitude, as narcissists can never love. Instead, they become ill, physically, mentally, and spiritually. These degenerated patterns in the mind fortify themselves and become negative archetypes for all who think and feel in the same manner. There remains almost nothing to their character other than some warped conventional attitudes and a superficial mental form adorning an underlying brute instinct. The materialistic ideas of capitalism as well as communism and the very limited mental structures that have projected these materialistic ideas are but termite-ridden homes. When these ideologies guide the mind, then the whole society becomes mentally imbalanced. The collective human consciousness begins to degrade. A human being cannot live without a natural human spirit that seeks a greater

understanding of the universe. I think it was Maslow who said “the normal in society is the psychopathology of the average.” Welcome to the Zombie Apocalypse.

Around where we lived in the north of Mexico, most men are alcoholics. The economically privileged go to prostitutes and their “gentleman’s” clubs and indulge in cocaine and alcohol while the women divert themselves with shopping trips to the U.S. and secret rendezvous with their lovers. My wife once had a patient with pancreatic cancer. He was a rich businessman with some practical intelligence but a very mundane, hedonistic life-style. Through strict discipline that he followed, she eventually cured him from what his doctors said was fatal. Elated, he went to Las Vegas to celebrate. His cancer came back and he died a few weeks later. On the day that was to be his last, he sensed the end was near and summoned all of his energy to be able to go out for one final steak dinner. At least I can say he was congruent with his ideology to the very end! Humans who didn’t learn enough about their own humanity create families that are like mental institutions. Children are emotionally abandoned and completely vulnerable to all of the pseudo-cultural influences and vices. Drug and alcohol addiction is about the same as those in the poor barrios. Oh if only they were destroying just themselves in the process! However, these parasites accumulate everything but only let it rot in their coffers while destroying whoever gets in their way. They really set the precedent for the rest of the corrupt, shallow, mean-minded materialistic society that envies and follows their example. But who really wants to hear all of this? There are bills to pay and things to buy and so many lies to tell.

In the last few years here in Mexico I have seen things that I can hardly talk about with myself and my closest friends. I had to make sure the dogs were very well fed because of all of the human carnage in the near-by mountains. Mass graves became too much work. Later, they just started dumping the bodies by the road-side. However, I know there is a greater eye that sees all of this and can put it into perspective. I have seen remarkable examples of heroic resistance to this terror from the most simple and faithful people who inspire me. A lady in a local village ran out of her home during a drive-by shooting against her family. She ran straight toward the assailants shouting “Baba Nam Kevalam,” a mantra that means “there is only love.” She rushed upon them and took the gun out of the hands of the teen-age assassin. They had never encountered such fearlessness and were simply stunned. We have lived through hell here in Buchenvald, Mexico. But these are passing, human affairs. And what is humanity but a passing affair? The earth is still alive and is really about to show us as such.

“Those who protect dharma are protected by dharma.” The only time I have ever feared losing my life was in a state of spiritual emotion when I was so overpowered by an inner joy that I thought it would sweep me off into the Infinite before being able to see the full awakening of the Sixth Sun and the return of “Mexico Indio.”

The Divine Mother

The year before last was at the height of this so-called “Narco War” in Northern Mexico. The narcos controlled the whole region and the local village. There was a command center 2 kilometers from our home where there were human skulls hung on the fence. Many of the local men were hired as lookout scouts to inform them if there was going to be an attack. The people in the village were very destitute and poor. Many families had inadequate food and clothing while the men spent their money on beer or crack.

Rancho Misterio began organizing some social service activities in the local community with distribution of food and clothing. We teamed up with some very progressive priests who were working in the area. We even organized a mass with a very good Catholic Father in which the chanting of Baba Nam Kevalam was incorporated into a mass which the father gave. “Baba Nam Kevalam” is a Sanskrit mantra chanted by yogis before meditation. It means “Only Love Is.” It was a beautiful confirmation for the father to confirm that there is only one god of love while explaining the mantra to his Christian flock before the mass.

Giitanjali continued to take our crew to chant kiirtan (Baba Nam Kevalam) twice a week with the community members. I usually stayed behind in the ranch with the heavy artillery in deep meditation and remained confident that nothing evil could befall my family. They felt that as long as I remained in deep meditation while they were helping people that everything would be alright. As such, they would enter the community. During those sessions the locals would pray to the Virgin of Guadalupe before and after singing kiirtan with us. During those times my meditation was so full of beautiful ideas about the motherly, feminine aspect of the deity. These are symbolic qualifications. I never call god “Him” nor “Her.” However, I felt so closely the divine, motherly aspect of the divinity protecting us. “She” never appeared as a form to me, but rather the love that fills all space between all of the stars of the universe. At that time that I felt my mind expanding into infinite space I realized the form of the Virgin of Guadalupe has a shawl bedecked with stars.

The Virgin of Guadalupe isn't an original image and its historical authenticity is very dubious. However, the image in itself speaks of great truths. She is really a synthesis between an indigenous Meso-American goddess and the Virgin Mary. She is a unique symbol of the Divine Mother as the Mother of Stars. At least this goddess image has a connection to nature and a live universe full of stars. It is hard to imagine Her sublimity trapped in some little church. In my own way I had these internal apparitions and it was nice to feel like I understood something of the meaning of the Divine Mother behind this image that I have no experience of nor personal attachments for. It is another affirmation that the divine cannot ultimately be trapped in any single image but rather may use these universal images to express such deep truths about the Supreme Consciousness. At that same time, there was an apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe over the village. Everybody who wasn't drunk or high saw it; that is, all of the women and maybe one or two of the men.

Ch.12 "The Quixotic Narco Slayers"

In one of the very first dreams I had of Anandamurti he told me to "see the world as a frameless photo and wander through the night." They were very poetic words and it was amazing they came to me from inside a dream. I understood he was directing me toward a rugged path of spiritual non-attachment. Then he told me all that matters is to do "dhyana dasha." I didn't understand those Sanskrit words until I looked them up in a dictionary. "All that matters is to do service through dhyana, or meditation." Each successive dream was a continuation of the ideas that were expressed in earlier dreams. I never met him while he was alive, but in the early years of meditation I had so many regular and meaningful dreams with his figure.

Once while at Ananda Nagar, I had a dream with him in which I saw my whole life flash in front of me. As I live my life I have constant deja vu. However, I recall where that feeling of deja vu comes from and it is that dream. I recall, "oh yes, I have seen this situation in that dream back in '95. I have already seen the outcome of this situation and all is going to be well." Because of this confidence in the guru, I began to have fewer dreams of him. Let him spend his energy on others who need help. However, I still get a dream whenever I need one. The last one I had was just before we got surrounded by narcos and human exterminators in our valley a few years ago. I saw myself in an airplane above our valley, alone with Anandamurti. He was dressed as an officer and gave me the order to jump.

I realized I didn't have a parachute and he also knew this. We just smiled at each other and I jumped without a parachute into the precipitous peaks below, laughing with eternal joy all the way down.

After so much death and destruction these past few years we are still here, by grace.

O yogi, sit in lotus under the sacred neem and together make impenetrable conscious force with nature. The death troopers will receive a great blessing from your practice. Infinite, white burning light penetrates and ignites their darkness. An immediate reaction shakes their world. Those who dealt so much terror may die in terror of Mother Kali, protector of the planet and of yogis. The next embryo they inhabit will finish its recapitulation with gills and fins. There they will "swim in idle waters and drink other fishes piss."

Not many people understood the context of these phrases when I published them with this photo last year. It was a very dark time and I remembered a very dark punk rock song from my youth about reincarnation and how Oedipus complex-ridden perverts are reborn as fish ("they will swim in idle waters and drink other fishes piss"). I never thought anything useful would come out of those memories but I realized that they were quite insightful!

Prelude to the Santa Muerte

It was a Sunday with the family on the ranch. A man from the local village arrived on a 4-wheeled motorcycle. He was a person that did some occasional work for us. He was very drunk and came to ask me for money. I denied him but he implored. I just told him that he should spend the money I give him on food for his family so that his children don't have to come and ask me for food. There was no way I would give him any money so that he could continue harming himself and his family with his blind and rampant drunken rampages. His eyes flared with hatred and he started to descend from his motorcycle to attack me. I prepared to defend myself but knew that he would not be permitted to touch me. I had no intentions nor interests rather than that his family is provided for and knew that the universe would protect me from him. He saw I was not afraid, got back on the motorcycle, peeled out and started hauling ass out of the ranch. In order to leave the ranch he had to make a sharp turn where there was only about 15 feet of space before the parallel fence in which between was the road that led to the entrance. He was going about 30 mph when he realized he was going too fast and would not make the turn. He turned so sharply that he flipped over the motorcycle due to the inertia. He went flying like a cross, arms wide-spread and

flying swiftly through the air after being flung from the tumbling motorcycle. He flew about 20 feet almost perfectly parallel to the ground in his trajectory until his erect body unified with a wooden railway post that we use to hang our gate. It was buried 4 feet into the ground with the desert soil packed solidly all of the way down. Now, to this day, the post is crooked.

He hit the post straight on and bounced back in the opposite trajectory from which he arrived, landing 6 feet away from where he smashed against the post. I was certain that he was dead. However, it is a common fact that drunk people often survive accidents because their bodies are so loose and uncoordinated that their bones don't break or muscles don't tear. I was amazed at his brute strength. He got up after a minute and then fell back down again. While I looked for one of his family members to come and bring him home on a donkey my friend counseled him to stop drinking. He spit blood out of his mouth and said "never."

I was impressed with this synchronization. I was so keenly aware that his threat against my person was immediately followed by this accident. I went back into my mental registry to see what I was thinking during and after this confrontation. My mind was very clear and I remembered my every thought. I knew he couldn't hurt me but I was ready to call the Saint Bernard for a snack if he made one bad move. He was terrified of this monstrous dog who always used to bite him in the rear when he worked here. Machismo is a false front, it is all about fear and dogs sense this. Almost all men around here fear dogs. While he was peeling off and leaving I only thought that he had better be careful because he is offending an innocent person who has a lot of protection behind him. I did not wish him any evil but I knew that he would get an immediate reaction to his actions. While these thoughts percolated to the surface of my mind I am seeing him crash the motorcycle and become airborne.

The Narcos

This happened 8 years ago, before our Apocalypse. Those were the "good old days" when the local degenerates were just beer guzzlers. Now they have all moved on to crack and work for the narco-traffickers who have taken over the valley. People are so terrified and now they easily give into pressure from local politicians to sell their lands. Corporations end up owning these lands and the mountains. There is a huge gas reserve beneath us that many local and even national politicians have invested in.

These narcos are into everything. They are into all levels of government and nobody with a little social awareness can deny that Mexico is a Narco State. I have never met an honest man or woman in the Mexican government. There may be a few honest civil servants, but above these levels, all are corrupt. Each party has their cartel allegiances and they are really fighting a masqueraded civil war via the national cartel conflicts. They also always end up taking over local mafias or developing their own illicit trades like kidnappings and serving as hit-men for the multinationals and local bureaucrats. Around here the main local businesses seems to be meta-amphetamine production and human organ removal, two prime export products to the people of the U.S. packed with the most hellish suffering imaginable from Central America and Mexico. Here is the north of Mexico and the narcos have their own border patrol for immigrants trying to get to the U.S. Many disappear and nobody asks about them, nobody wants to know their fate. Most stories like the following don't make it into the news, but this one was just too big. Only a few kilometers from here there was found a dump with thousands of disconnected body parts. There is no explanation, no suspects, just an impression of terror left for all who hear and view such news.

The Gaze of the Assassin and the Mind of Buddha

They have small paramilitary camps darted all throughout the valley. Each one has a few men with machine guns and bazookas. One of these camps is nearby and there is a man on a 4-wheeled motorcycle who drives by with his machine-gun strapped to his shoulder. It conjures up memories and I know they will suffer the same fate as the drunk from years earlier if they try anything nasty. I could hear the motorcycle coming from far away and so I ran down to the corner of our property to meet him. I wanted to see if a human being could be so evil, and see into the eyes of a murderer to see where the person is, if there still exists a person within that shell of wicked existence. I just observed him. He passed by and acted like he did not see me. He turned my way again and nodded in a friendly manner, looking for confirmation that he was okay with me. He seemed really insecure and wanted some friendly confirmation. I was stunned. I could feel that he did not want to tangle with me, but rather sent me a friendly nod. I suppose even human butchers need to have some form of social interaction. I saw him from within the Buddha Mind as a part of this essence, so how could he not have a Buddha within, waiting in some dark hell to be liberated from such sufferings. I may judge him socially as a danger to human society; I may even strike him if he tried to harm us, however it is now impossible to believe that there is not at least some goodness in the most evil of people. I thank Reality for showing me this.

Every time we chant or play music to create a positive vibration, he comes out on the motorcycle. I think he likes us because he detected us as peaceful but does not know how to show it. The first few times he came with his gun and just observed from far away. Next, he came without his weapon and just drove around in circles like a mad man.

Very positive vibrations frighten very negative people. Even the violent drunk who crashed realized something of the law of karma. Each time he thought about us negatively, he had a minor accident and confessed this to his wife who later told us. Mundane people cannot understand the laws of spirit and subtle energies. Even sophisticated intellectuals who have little introspection and natural harmony know nothing of the higher realms of Mind that work for our well-being if we would only let them.

The other morning I started playing requiem music again for the bad guys in the area. They never live long and every time they start to get too curious about why we haven't abandoned our home to them, something always happens and they never return. New death soldiers come to inhabit the old places and then they die and this cycle has happened time and time again. I was in meditation retreat even before they arrived I became one with the spirit of the desert. I feel these new arrivals as if they entered inside my own mind and I have struggled to comprehend what it is they do and why they do it. They know their time is short and so they worship the Santa Muerte. However, there is still a small part of them that is still human and suffers.

I welcomed them back with a solo of Gluck's "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" on my kena bamboo flute. I finished and they returned the message with gunfire. "Okay, now you all want some of my oboe too?" I truly felt protected and I didn't worry. At first, I saw it as an ideational, meditative stance to create a protective field around our territory so as to keep their evil away. "As you think, so you become," say the yogis. I won't even consider it a possibility that they harm us, and so they won't. However, as I continued to play and further pound them with Gluck and Bach, I realized that I was probably playing requiems for their upcoming departure from the planet. I thought of how those boys were probably forced into the paramilitary part of the cartel and they probably weren't that different from the rest of the youth in the area. Human beings will do almost anything under forced coercion, at any time and any place. Soldiers hardly ever really know what they fight for. These boys are dying in a war insidiously designed to make Mexicans kill Mexicans while the gringos continue to rob their country blind. The plan is to let the locals do the raping and pillaging while the imperialists purposely take advantage of this situation.

After this realization, I played music for them not so much to scare them but to try to send these poor souls something beautiful. If they really are like the youth in this area, then they probably have suffered many deprivations and have never really felt much human warmth and compassion. There are very few nuclear families and almost all heads of the household are alcoholics. There are almost no opportunities for these outcasts. However, the system has designed a strategy to get rid of them and make money selling arms and drugs in the process. They had already tried to enter the ranch on a few occasions in the past. They are used to people being afraid of them. However, we decided to reprimand them. They were terrified. They said they heard voices in their heads and wanted to leave. They said they would give us their protection. "No thank you," was the reply.

Our community, Rancho el Misterio, is becoming a small naturopathic, yoga, and social service community. My wife was recently in Acteal, Chiapas distributing our medicines and giving naturopathic treatments. They are a community that has suffered from a lot of trauma since the massacre in the 90s when paramilitary forces under government direction massacred 45 people who were all unarmed and mostly women and children.

I remained here alone at the ranch in the north during that time. It was too dangerous to ask anybody else to come. Also, fear weakens the energetic defenses created in a natural environment conditioned to intense spiritual practice. I heard from a local villager who hears the gossip of the local narco mafia bosses that they were planning to kill me, that they planned to put me in a giant clay pot to drown out the sound of them shooting me. They fired their guns off at night and even came to the edge of our property with a chain saw running at full throttle at 2 a.m. I could hear it but, by grace, I heard Om a little louder. This always happens to me when I am alone; I remember my true and infinite love and lose myself Here.

For days they circled around our small 3 hectare homestead with their big, late model pickups pumping out the latest narco corridos, or narco pop-songs. I found their music even more offensive than their persons as it seemed to manifest and express the perverse spirit living behind these dim-witted demons. I had been playing my requiems for them every night. "The killer flautist awoke before dawn, he put his boots on and said", 'Narco, I want to kill you!'" I knew their routine. Just before they would go out to do their dirty work during the "witching hours" of the early morning, I would play grave but beautiful music for all of the

departing spirits that these guys were mercilessly sending into the after-life. I knew that they too wouldn't live too much longer. Recently a neighbor called the Marines to report these activities because he had already informed the army but they never even came to investigate. It was the same case with the Marines: they never arrived. I was certain that the narcos were the low rung in a chain of command that goes up higher and more northern than most would imagine. This was the system, the underlying brute force of imperialism, the grossest, macabre extension of the capitalist Hydra. These para-military death soldiers serve the system by removing the inhabitants of the valley which is coveted by multinationals for its gas and minerals. Later the land is sold to local politicians who make deals with the multinationals.

I got really tired of them bothering me. I knew if I were an atheist or materialist with an accidentalist, random, meaningless philosophy of life I would have much reason to panic and I certainly would have left this place long ago. But the holy sound of Om was with me day and night and I felt like the most spoiled and beloved brat of the Infinite, so why shouldn't I take action and attack them first? What could happen? The miracle of Om was with me and there was nothing but bliss. I knew it seemed like madness, but perhaps total madness would be my greatest defense. "Is there any way to mess with the heads of these motherfuckers?", I pondered. My bamboo flute had already been bombarding them with Bach and Gluck and now it was time for the invasion. What do I have to lose? Immortality is calling me and without this drama I was afraid Om would take me home completely some night in my sleep and that I would leave my mortal coil. So I summoned the spirit of Don Quijote and called my donkey Relampago back down from the mountain where he roams freely. I shouted to the mountains after playing the flute. "The Marines are coming, the army has betrayed you and will let them kill you." I wasn't sure about this but I knew these people had a constant terror of this happening as the local government had switched political parties and these changes always effect alliances between the cartels and the various state military forces. When an enemy wants to kill a yogi one can be sure that the yogi feels the mind of those who think on him/her. I knew they had terror and I therefore wanted to exploit that terror. I convinced myself it was a matter of life or death. What would any normal person do? People have the right to defend themselves and their families against such evil.

The next morning I heard their motorcycle passing by the ranch. I wasn't sure if they were armed or not that day but I decided to charge the rider. He saw me start running at him from 50 meters away. I hurdled the barbed wire fence at full speed with my flute as the only weapon. He saw me and had terror in his eyes.

He tried to accelerate but the motor died and I came down upon him. I felt it would have been so easy to break his neck right then and there and that this act would be a service to humanity. However, that would be messy business. It was curious to see how this demon was terrorized by me so I terrorized him a little more by getting in his face and telling him he would be betrayed by his bosses and that he had better just leave now and never return or else just put a bullet in his own head. He was frozen with terror. I backed off and let him get back on his motorcycle and leave. Half an hour later he came back with his boss in a big truck. I had a dream few days earlier of Pluma Blanca in which this dream spirit told me that the leader was a big fat guy with a wife and child and that he was a chain smoker. It was curious because all of those previous days I had perceived the smell of tobacco and felt that somebody who smokes was sending me their mental energy by thinking about me obsessively. The boss was indeed a fat guy and he had his wife and child with him. He told me he was just an honest businessman who was selling land to people and that he wasn't a narco or a human organ trafficker. I told him I knew what he was and that he was the scum of the earth. He argued and said that he was a family man and that he wanted to take me to his ranch to see the place myself. I knew what he wanted to do with me. I told him to go to hell. He asked me if I wanted problems with him with a very sinister tone of voice. I said that we already had problems and that it would just be better for him to destroy himself instead of others. He left immediately and wasn't seen for a week. I knew he feared the Marines.

However, there was no raid and he came back a week later. My family also returned and I came down a little from my euphoria. We all had a good laugh, at least something was happening to break this stale mate that has been going on for months between them and us. I knew that if I would have expressed fear instead of playful adventure then my family would be frightened and they would worry about me and never leave me home alone again. I knew it was all insanity, that nobody in their right mind would consider me right-minded, but I knew what I did was right and would do it again. I am just glad I am a pacifist and not back in my native Texas where I could legally have an arsenal and get myself involved in some old-fashioned feuding. A few days ago our faithful gossip source informs us that this narco is in police custody. He was in the local city without his armed band. He ran over somebody in the street and then went back over his body in reverse to make sure he was dead. He did this in a crowded intersection and many people saw it. I imagine that he felt so empowered that he could just do whatever he wants and whenever he wants. The police were forced to arrest him. Now I am the first one to say that they will let him go because they all work together. However, the local narco politician is now in higher levels of politics

and he has a “list” of faithful servants whom he must do away with to cover his trail. Everybody around here speaks of “the list” and attributes this to the increased disappearances of the narcos who used to aid who is now governor. I think that most of the men around here are on that list. It sounds like a cheap Mexican “telenovela,” or soap-opera, but I have only recently realized how those cheap tv shows really do reflect while at the same time create the popular mentality of those devoured and enslaved to the infraworld of crude matter by the capitalist Hydra and its urban matrix. I suspect these pop songs and violent machismo soap-operas with increasing narco intrigues are designed to create molds and forms for those who have lost the ability to choose and are but products of the system.

I don't recommend this technique unless one is very fearless and has a really strong mantra! When confronting evil forces that could easily destroy one's physical being, one's only protection is innocence and purity. There is fear because there are impurities. We don't yet fully understand that we belong to immortality and so we attach our identity to some notion of worldly temporality. Sadhana or meditation burns away the impurities and leads one to a natural state of innocence, at one with nature and spirit. “Who's universe is this anyway, by what right do these narcos, their narco state and puppet governors have to wield this terror upon us?” I finally realized what Anandamurti meant when he said that there are humans that are even less conscious and sensible than animals and are really no longer even human in their minds. Rather, they are like demons. However, I still see a spark of consciousness behind all of this. It doesn't manifest, but because it is still conscious it has what seems like infinite shame and self hatred (two fundamental self-conscious tendencies) and a desire to escape this mental hell. Killers are the most unhappy people imaginable. It is no wonder that after I saw the eyes of that assassin that I felt that he had intense desires to commit suicide. I don't want to get near that dark energy, but it now seems so clear as to why such dark mental parasites exist. Maybe it is just like a physical parasite, but in the mental realm. It has its place in nature to maintain balance, but sometimes it gets out of control. These energies can never touch one whose mind surrenders to the Supreme Consciousness; they only attack minds that are too engrossed in violence and destruction. Low self esteem is a form of self-hatred, albeit in a much milder sense than in the narco assassin. Many good people who lose their confidence and faith in life have opted for this way out of their problems as well, but suicide is only a victory for the illusionary ego. One came to believe that there was nothing else than one's little, miserable self. We should never attach judgement to these ideas about suicides because sometimes people have the most profound sufferings that would be unimaginable

for us to conceive. The only way out is through deep insight into suffering, like my Buddhist friends sincerely tell me. This realization gives one compassion for all beings that suffer in this apparently crooked, rickety wheel of existence. This distorted ego concept of control over one's imaginary self is a defense against an underlying self-hatred for one's own fear based, and self-centered mental creation that has gone awry and lost its purpose and guiding function. One despairs, then later makes some poor judgements. Life requires great ideas, or else we are done for, as one is crushed under this cruel wheel of mundane existence. Everything depends upon one's ideation and outlook. Like Blake said:

“Love seeketh not itself to please
Nor for itself hath any care
But for another gives its ease
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.”

Circumstances have given me proof time and again that the only true protection in this world is to be at one with dharma, the moral order of the universe. “Those who protect dharma are protected by dharma.” Dharma is not about beliefs or religion but rather getting to the essence of things by deep contemplation and then know how to react to the situation from this pinnacled, illuminated perspective.

Meditation and music keep away these and other negative energies that erroneous human minds are proliferating. Our greatest defense against them both physically and mentally is our devotion and that terrifies the narcos just as much as it does the negative microvita. We won't let them control us with their terror, and thereby direct the destiny of our minds and spirits. Our lives have a higher purpose and our eternal well-being is stamped and sealed if we have just a little bit of devotion. Without even trying, our spiritual energy sends their dark motives back upon them. Kiirtan is the greatest defense because it is an act of surrender to the I-Witness that brings positive spiritual force, positive microvita. Our war is one of will, faith, and reason against materialism, lies and destruction and as well as the thoughts and energies behind these delusions.

If for some reason I can't concentrate in meditation, then a little spiritual music or kiirtan always helps. Instead of letting the mind be conditioned by terrible information coming from the world of men and their media, one surrenders to dharma, the silent and natural flow of events in the universe. One can truly feel the harmony of nature and spirit and that the force of dharma, the conscious force of nature whose only purpose is to serve what is pure and innocent. The best meditation is that which is totally surrendered to Brahma; one desires

nothing but simply enjoys being at one with Brahma, the supreme entity. Similarly, the best music is that which is played with spiritual devotion. While in meditation or playing music under the neems or the nearby ceiba tree one totally gets lost in spiritual ideation. With music and meditation along with the protection of the neems and ceiba, one can do the necessary work and create a spiritually-protected atmosphere. To always feel that the Supreme Entity is near and dear, is always loving and looking over, dissipates all fear.

While I was a student at UT, there was a story passing through the psychology department of how a group of drunken fraternity boys pushed a piano through a window that fell 10 floors and killed 2 people in the street below. All of these bone-heads got together and decided they were not responsible. They collectively blamed the victims. "Why were those stupid people walking the streets at 3 am?" they argued.

We marveled at this phenomenon of "cognitive dissonance." Cognitive dissonance is a mental state that occurs when there is a major contradiction in the habitual thought structures of the ego. The ego seeks consistency with its thoughts and projections so that there is a centered and consistent self-concept. A powerful event that is different and contradicts the projections of its habitual reality creates a state of dissonance and inner tension in the mind. Instead of being only superficial and frivolous boys, they are now guilty of killing innocent people. They thought they were good people, perhaps the best, and now they are seen as criminals. To neutralize this cognitive dissonance, this state of tension induced by a great contradiction and confusion to the ego's reality, one has to invent excuses that serve the confused ego and create an acceptable story so that one can continue thinking in the same way as before so that one's projections about oneself and one's "reality" are not contradicted and interrupted. The defensive and guilty psyche must avoid at all costs this painful state of cognitive dissonance. We are all cognitive misers and always look for easy excuses and pretexts rather than the complex truth. If you can not find an excuse, then you live in torment. In the case of frat boys, they can not bear the social censure and personal guilt and simply pass the blame on some "other". This is, of course, much easier when each individual has the rest of the "team" supporting him.

These superficial socialites with the Greek letters were often conformist nationalistic and patriotic types that become model citizens and leaders in capitalist society. Very few individuals on our planet are given the privileges and liberties of these fraternity boys. Although this is an extreme example of selfishness and a complex and contradictory self-serving bias, the irresponsibility

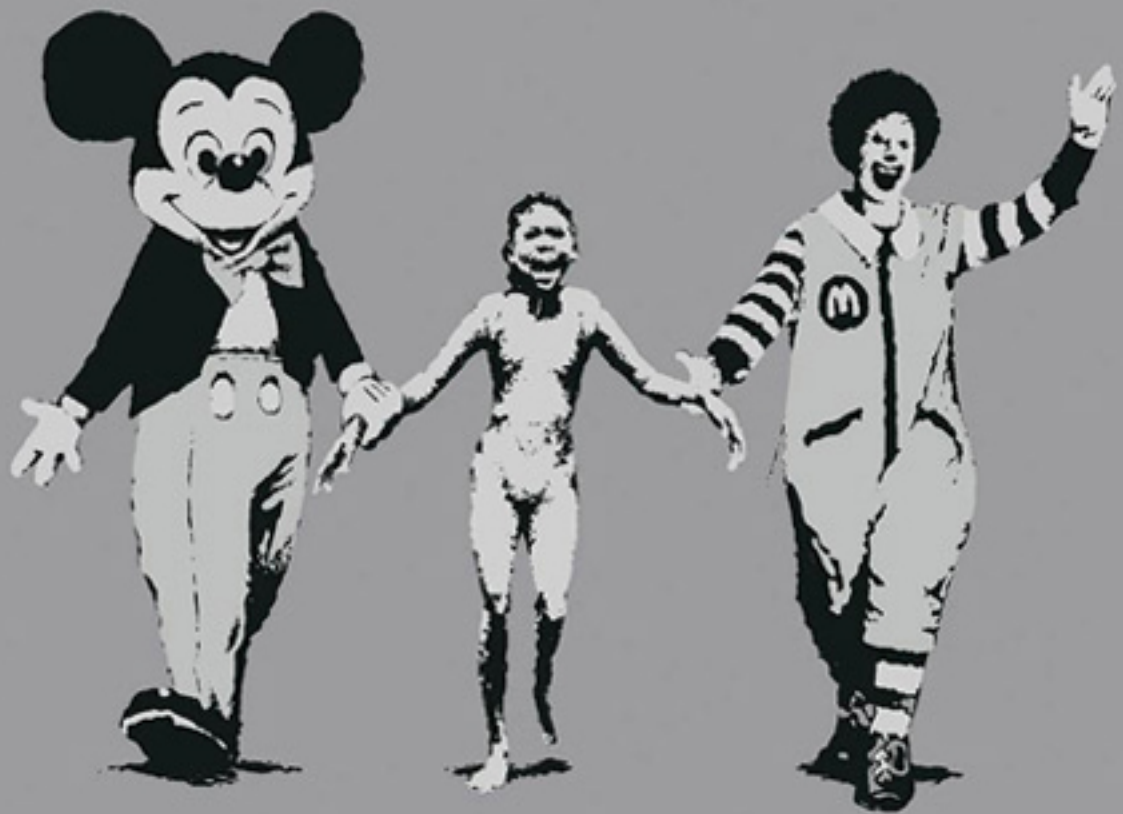
and selfishness of these students really reflect the mentality and biases of materialistic, capitalist society in general. Western capitalist countries have committed mass genocide all over the world and have interfered in the natural evolution of so many cultures and still continue to subjugate and exploit them. Within those imperialist societies there is also so much exploitation, inequality, and injustice. The frat boys tried to blame their victims to justify their own irresponsibility. Similarly, the entire collective mentality of a society can be manipulated by the media spin-doctors, priests and politicians to become bigoted or racist and blame social problems the poor, the blacks or the latinos. Or perhaps a nationalistic and xenophobic sentiment is generated and directed toward people of other races or nations that we about to invade.

Under the shadow of materialism, we live more separated and isolated and only care mostly about our own selfish well-being, or perhaps only our near and dear ones. The dominant stream of materialistic culture fosters desires that are based mostly in material comfort, and so often tend towards excess. Few think about the consequences of such a life-style; the environmental degradation, economic exploitation of other people on the planet, and widespread degeneration of the human soul trapped in this materialistic, deterministic cage that so much of our world has become. Not many people are concerned about economically motivated wars motivated by our military-industrial complex that undermine democracy by sabotaging the economies and governments of weaker nations. Such destructive acts against humanity create psycho-social illnesses. Our entire society has become mentally ill as we have distorted our most fundamental human values by accepting lies like Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Irak. We are constantly forced (at least if we are honest) to see how our society so often goes against democracy and humanism, while at the same time we try and maintain the idea that we are the most humane and democratic.

Most of us are just like repressed frat boys on the inside. We ignore the reality of our immediate community, society and our planet and prefer to watch TV and buy strange things to fill our spiritual and existential emptiness. Nobody will criticize me if everyone is living in the same way, each in our own island. It can not be bad if everyone else is part of the scheme, if some narcissistic and selfishly biased ideals give one an opiate to filter anything that may create the cognitive dissonance when one realizes that all of this makes one really unhappy. One can buy something new to fill an inner void, seek some adventure to divert the ego when it is bored and empty. Or when Conscience begins to tell you that your world is destructive one may continue trying to raise the flag a little higher

than one's cognitive dissonance. Our selfishness, conformity, laziness and ignorance enables individuals and society to continue their impunity and irresponsibility while we remain dazed and psychologically divided.

Our mundane and selfish mentality will not take responsibility for the damage that it is creating all around the world. Most people trapped in materialism do not care so much about what happens to people in other places, as long as they continue to live in material comfort. Their biased ideological distortions and selfishness hide the ugly truth that our imbalanced socio-economic system must steal the natural resources and brutally exploit the labor of others in far away lands, and even create wars to do so. This predatory lifestyle is responsible for so much destruction and suffering for the rest of the planet and its people. Under globalist capitalism, the first world is the parasite of the third.



It is best to just forget about the world's sufferings and to just focus on the clowns.....and become slowly insane with cognitive dissonance.

Personally, I have received great benefits from being born in the first world: a good family, education and a safe environment in which to live. However, things change when one peers out of the false security bubble of a world that is really only sustained by perpetual violence, exploitation, and political subterfuge. One begins to look outside of the box to find true human culture and spirituality. With humane culture, art, literature and meditation one develops a natural, spiritual and universal consciousness. It is natural that one's socio-spiritual awareness expands and one begins to see and understand the terrible things that the politicians, bankers and corporations are doing to the world. So that a few can live in wretched excess, the masses of humanity have to live in misery. And for what end? The modern materialistic society of the U.S. and Europe is so full of mental pathologies that people often end up suffering more than the oppressed and exploited in the third world. Often I see more light in the eyes of the indigenous who live under tin roofs in the mountains than in the people of modern suburbs where I grew up. Though poor and forgotten, at least those

people still have a piece of land and have not been forced into overcrowded urban slums to be devoured by the capitalist matrix. There are still people who are truly of this earth.

However, this situation is an absurd instability that can not last. The people whose profession is to lie and create war and destruction are in a deep part of their psyche actually well aware of the weaknesses in their networks of lies. No matter how sick and distorted their minds have become there is always a live witness that sees through their game of lies. They are not dumb beasts, but degenerate intellectuals ridden with extreme cognitive dissonance. There remains some portion of an inner awareness that makes them uneasy and restless within as they continue to trap themselves in exponentially greater lies without.

Whether we are speaking of the corruption and exploitation in our government, religion, or social group, the dynamics of power and mental manipulation within these distinct structures share a common psychological ground. We enter this world weak and ignorant and we require much struggle and effort to overcome these debilities, whether they be physical, mental, or spiritual weaknesses. Some people are more strong while others are weak, some are more sharp and others are dull. The strong lead or control the weak. Such is the law of nature at all levels: physical, mental, and spiritual. The only problem with this law is how we define "strength" and "weakness" and how people are treated in accordance with those definitions. When leaders become too empowered and selfish, they begin to exploit their followers economically, socially, and ideologically. Eventually their dogmas, prejudices, policies become completely corrupt and go against the common good. Then begins the process of manipulation that trick us into believing and following something we should not. And finally tyranny and repression toward all who resist their hypocrisy and impunity. This cycle causes untold harm to individuals and just as certainly as it brings death to empires. This is essentially the same pattern for all types of social manipulation and spin-doctoring whether we are speaking of the exploitation of the ignorant and weak by the shrewd and strong in the religious, economic, cultural, racial or class structures.

When rational and moral human beings are forced to believe in something irrational and immoral, we become existentially confused and psychologically fragmented. We are overcome by cognitive dissonance. We can never develop a clear picture of reality because the cognitive models we acquire about ourselves and our worlds are so often very contradictory. From the yogic point of view, the

Aham or feeling of “I am” can never reconcile itself with the Mahat, the pure feeling of “I exist” which is eternal and pure and unconditioned by the external world. The “I-am” or ego is midway between the inner and outer worlds and so is in part socially conditioned. It is not really separated from the Mahat within, only limited definitions of the ego make it appear as such. Without progressive spiritual culture we are stuck in an imposed and warped definition of the “I am” that doesn’t permit us to see the true “I” within.

The victims of cognitive dissonance imposed by the priests or the politicians are always ready, in their confusion and dissonance, to accept some story that makes sense. Weak and separated from inner truth, we are all too ready to believe in some explanation. The trembling masses accept the stories prefabricated for them that only further sustain the mental exploitation and control over them. This is the perfect state of control over a social body: we fear them, yet we simultaneously seek their approval and protection. With such a fear complex imposed by institutions it is no wonder that few people ever find a way out of this web of maya, or cosmic delusion created by errant human minds.

Dogmatic ideology would have that or mental development remain in the lower rungs of the Aham or ego, far away from the self-reliant and vastly intelligent qualities of the Mahat or true “I” within. This is a natural human duality that dogmatic ideology tries to exploit by keeping us enslaved to matter and the market, to class and color, or perhaps within some church with some savior. We become neurotic individually and collectively as a result. Some people may not be strong enough to protest and take a stand. This is unfortunate because the exploiters and perpetrators usually continue in their downward fall into even more gross and perverse actions which require even more cover-ups. Such is the self-condemning path of the lie; one has to keep lying to cover up previous lies until eventually one is trapped in an inescapable quagmire of psychotic non-reality.

I recently wrote about an example of [injustice in a spiritual society](#) not just because I am taking a stand within that one particular society to resist injustice, but also because the psychological dynamics of this example are just so universal when we examine the dynamics of brain-washing. Abuse of power leading to crimes, then the conspiracy to cover up, then the blaming of the victims; these are the steps on the path of the lie for all that tell it, be it the state, a church, or some other expression of human society. The result is further and further degeneration with this web of lies and mental illness until we reach absolute disintegration or revolution.

If we combat these universal thought distortions of power and manipulation and understand how they work, then we will have taken at least a chunk out of the monstrous structures of power that we humans create and carry in our mind-body system, in our DNA. Only by finding discernment, the perfect balance of universal love and reason, will we be able to remedy our frailty and lack of true faith in our inherent power of reason and love. This fault has permitted us to accept the lies and manipulations of others. The infinite Consciousness is beyond name and form, freely available to all. It lies with our own "I-feeling" or Mahat. These warped beliefs were created in our weak egos by spiritual scheisters; they fermented there because we couldn't see an alternative, we couldn't conceive of something higher, or the belief gave a false sense of security. It is only in this confused mental space that the powers that be can impose their dogmas. Our pinnacled reason and moral responsibility must dissolve these false mental structures that only serve to make us all ill. As such we may begin to purify the collective consciousness of humanity.

To reflect and resound these lies back to them is the duty of all who love liberty and seek a better and more balanced world. Leaders play the game of psychological terror, as well as actual, aggressive terror. Should we not find a more subtle and intelligent way to return this package? Should we not rise above their petty little ideologies and feelings with the highest universal humanism and spiritual strength to reflect their hell back upon them? Make the mind a laser that penetrates through this darkness to send this mass of foul lies back to the perpetrators. This refined interior tantric light will protect you personally and help repel their attacks on our collective human society. We must tap our reserve forces in the deepest part of the mind to defend against this degeneration and impunity. Neurosis and psychosis is the natural result of most people who do not renounce the path of lies and destruction. Let them destroy themselves rather than others. The stronger you are as a universal human being, the more their own distortions fall back upon them. There is some good that torments this fragmented and sick state of existence. Their weakness is in the same point as their cognitive dissonance and false consciousness. What does the shrewd capitalist know of the greater forces in the universe, these brutes who exploit and kill for finite matter, poor ideology and petty ego? Perhaps some will change, but most eventually be devoured by their own psychopathology because of such internal distortion. They are cunning, but a deeper moral intelligence connects us to true power and knowledge in the universe. They do not know the power of Tao, of dharma, the universal moral order of the universe. A mind without spiritual awareness is like a ship lost at sea, full of holes, and sinks slowly.

The leaders and also their followers also carry the burden of truth through the lie. Those who accept the popular lies also pay the price in the end. Although most are not aware that they are ultimately working towards truth, even through his own degeneration. The materialistic and narcissistic example of existence with all its pathology has given proof to the world of its non-sustainability and its inevitable madness. This giant collapsing on itself is teaching many lessons to the world of how not to live. Do people still perceive the subtle, yet inviolable law of compensation? The collective “karma” of a society affects all of its members. The universe holds all individuals accountable, those who lives in conformity, pays taxes, and pledge allegiance to such a monster. I recall a stoic philosopher who roamed about in broad daylight with a lantern saying he was looking for honest men.

“Duplicity” from “Anahata”

If there ever were a favorite hiding place for psorax in the human mind, it must be in the vortex or vritti of duplicity. Recall that psorax is the term that Pluma Blanca referred to as the centripetal or return force in the universe that always pushes back against and apparently punishes microcosmic, outward actions that are not in harmony with the original, balanced actions of the Macrocosm. This outward, frustrated projection remains lodged in one’s mental and physical body in the form of a reaction like a constant itch under the skin, or something much, much worse. Every previous mental action still weighs and acts upon the mind in the present. Only in the spiritually ignorant microcosmic mind is there a need for this act of compensation to put the universe back into order after distorting it with an impulsive will. Is psorax really evil? It just pretends to be the bad guy to reflect our own shadow. Behind everything in this phenomenal world exists an underlying love.

With duplicity the mind has evolved what seems to be an efficient mechanism of allowing 2 contrary systems to function side by side without any contradiction, or so it seems. The “raging bundle of desire in a dying animal” and the sincere, responsible, conscious human being incarnate in the same being. Hermann Hesse’s *Steppenwolf* comes to mind here. Duplicity acts as a form of repression and distortion of what really is true about our lives in the more shadowy area while at the same time giving free reign to the wolf inside without compunction or pangs of conscience. In short, duplicity is a lie. It is an attempt to save face, to not admit that one is governed by the shadow. The shadow, and therefore psorax, is everywhere humans are; in individuals and the collective. The grossest

examples exist common society, in our daily conventions, and especially religion and politics. The imperialist governments create their own enemies or “terrorists”. They themselves promote, manipulate or even create corrupt foreign regimes who prostitute their natural resources and human labor to the powerful nations. They will never hesitate to make the most absurd lies so as to wage war and kill millions to steal the natural wealth from the rest of the world. The average citizens go along with it and wave their flags and get fat while unwitting soldiers and private security forces and other drones go off to other lands to kill people and bring their “demonocracy” to all. Where does psorax fit into all of this? What kind of shadow is created from an individual that believes these lies and what kind of greater monster is created by a collective body that goes along with the myth? Even greater and darker is the shadow of the shrewd people that fabricate these false realities for their own benefit. The reactions from these actions are all so apparent in the collective depression, neurosis and zombification of the common people who have little notion of or feel helpless to the false realities of their lives. A life unconnected to the subterranean flow of unity consciousness will always be compensated by cosmic law; the grosser the transgression, the grosser the reaction.

Whenever the personality makes a jump from one *kosa*(mental layer) to the next there is of necessity a shift of psychic energy as well as the objectives of that psychic energy. A healthy evolutionary leap from one *kosa* to the next would gradually incorporate the lower tendencies into the higher. As we have seen there is a recapitulation of prior tendencies in successively subtler forms. If the old patterns of expression is not transmuted and integrated into the new, then a split within the personality occurs. The lower tendencies exist and function at the same time as the higher. And because there is a great difference in thematic structure at each mental level, there are therefore very definite incongruities in such a personality. What was once the major them of a particular vortex becomes the unconscious shadow of the next higher vortex. For example, the propensities of the 3rd vortex that were not incorporated into the Anahata level of personality become the shadow for that personality.

The tendency of duplicity or hypocrisy manifests itself when the Anahata-intelligence of the personality is unable to fully integrate the lower, now unconscious propensities, of the vortexes preceding it. Instead of the Anahata Vortex being able to transmute the psychic energy of the lower propensities into one of its own, the mind at this level tries to mask, deny, distort, or suppress these incongruent tendencies. Here we may have the case of a personality endowed with some finer, conscious qualities and intelligence; for example a

little moral conscience, a warm affection for others, as well as a spiritual outlook on life. This same personality, however, still contains remnants of a previous pattern of mental functioning that run contrary to the current sense of being. Instead of consciously recognizing and working to integrate these disparate tendencies into a harmonious and conscious synthesis the mind can use its cognitive abilities to distort and mask these contrary tendencies and thereby permit them to exist side by side with the conscious personality or ego. Different environments will bring out these different, opposing tendencies. In one environment one may behave in an uninhibited manner, expressing what is normally unexpressed, while in another one may act according to social protocol. What is meant here is not the expression of different facets of the personality that actually accord to a current situation. Instead duplicity is the act of covering up, putting up a show or “persona” to cover up an undesirable inner reality.

This mixing of antithetical positions within the same mind causes the cognition to cover both fields, “to hunt with the hounds as well as run with the hares.” At one time the assertions, compulsions, hatred, etc. can assert itself. At another time one is kind and fair. Duplicity is when the kind and fair side refuses to really recognize its shadowy counterpart. Or perhaps its the stable side of the personality with its seemingly confident sense of identity that distorts or denies a weak and insecure part of the personality. Duplicity can manifest itself in various ways. What is central to this tendency is that it is an attempt at keeping two antithetical forces from clashing with each other. At the same time this tendency is a block to integration and wholeness that is possible at the Anahata Vortex. Duplicity manifests as hypocrisy when the more intelligent part of the being recognizes its inferior parts but attempts to compensate for them by setting up higher standards that cannot possibly be met by a dual and divided mind. For example, such a person may express crude and lewd behavior in the company of his friends, but denounce that same behavior while at work or church in order to uphold a persona of social respectability.

Duplicity is all too easily found in religious groups where insecure people have the need for others to guide or influence them spiritually. Without even mentioning sexual deviance, there is still a mountain of dangerous examples of duplicity in religion. Duplicity allows hidden tendencies to burrow deep into these minds while the “demons” of spiritual vanity and the desire to manipulate and control others become the primary objective. Once good intentionality has degenerated, what virtue is left to protect one from the darkest parts of the shadow? Its the same situation whether they wear white collars or orange robes or rattle off scriptural sayings in Latin or Sanskrit: people that deceive and harm

others spiritually through their hypocrisy have very hard falls into perversion. What was repressed and hidden becomes so painfully evident after a fall. Spiritually-minded people with discernment, or viveka, cannot tolerate these activities and belong to any groups that lie and cover up these truths. A spiritually conscious person either has to get out of the web of lies or become an agitator or revolutionary, a “heretic.” Insight must extend beyond the names and forms of religion. “It is alright to be born into a sect, but not to die in one”, said Vivekananda.

It is natural to have duality in human existence. Sometimes we are strong and other times we are weak and cannot resist negative tendencies. There is so much uncertainty in deeper existential matters and values. Duplicity, however, is when the mind censors and covers up the inconvenient truths by fractioning off and compartmentalizing the personality into a false image. This image is untrue in that it is an argumentation against another, undesirable part of one’s being. One declares war upon oneself. Natural duality and indecision take on a distorted belief system about oneself where only one side of the dual equation is true. The more one represses and distorts the shadow, the more of a “true believer” one becomes. Fanaticism and a lot of argumentation is needed to quell the shadow. It takes a lot of internal psychological work and/or spiritual practice to integrate the disparate parts of the personality and become whole. And this is only possible with a very positive view of existence that permits the shadow to dissolve in this light little by little. Instead of becoming whole and congruent, duplicity loves to project its inner, repressed tensions of conscience onto some “other”. Instead of seeing what is vile and low inside oneself it is much easier to find a scape-goat outside of oneself. Be careful entering into the shadow area of another, whether it is an individual or a collective society. Projections of the shadow are the perfect medium to transfer one’s own dark side onto another. The “other”, the “enemy” may turn out to be the revealer of truth, however. It may be your best friend in that one can really begin to understand this unconscious game of shadow projection that has the whole world going insane. Is psorax really evil? Is it a punishing force, or does it just pretend to be the bad guy to reflect our own shadow? Perhaps the universe uses this dialogue to show that behind everything in this phenomenal world there exists an underlying love.

The most subtle expression of duplicity is the recognition of the fact that there is only one, integral consciousness in the universe but I still can’t let go of my ego with its projections of name and form onto the supreme unspeakable reality. Following a particular religion or path is an ephemeral reality of ego that deep inside I know is quite relative and very limited but always seems to stick to me

and convince me of its reality. There is also the fear that Jesus, Baba, or whomever is one's guru will punish one for letting go of the name and form and approaching the nameless godhead. The formless god says "no more of this" and unifies you with the Om that is beyond but vibrates every particle of this universe! Om will always drown out your little words for god. Only a direct, unmediated understanding of Oneself destroys all religious belief and dogma.

The complete purification of this vritti of duplicity purifies the right, solar side of the Anahata Vortex and allows one to contemplate the pure "I" at its seat in the human spiritual heart. Without this vortex of duplicity vibrating and bifurcating the right side of the anahata, the vedantic sages contemplated the pure Self in the right side of the chest where it radiates outward in innocence and purity. After duplicity there are two more vrittis in the anahata, argumentation and repentance. One can keep up the act, the duplicitous war of soul attrition, a little longer with the ammo of argumentation or put an end to it with a deep feeling of regret or repentance and change course toward what is eventually complete surrender of the ego.

Dogma Doctrine and Spiritual Anarchy

For the past 6 years our spiritual community has been in a constant state of alert. Here in this part of Mexico the narcos control the government. Their paramilitary operations are but extensions of the political machinery of the Narco State. Each political party has a preferred cartel. Sometimes the narcos fight against the military when there are changes in politics and one competing cartel is favored over another through dirty mafia politics. At other times the military protects their heinous activities that extend far beyond drug trafficking with kidnappings, land-grabbing, serving as guns for hire as corporate hit-men, and human organ harvesting. They do the dirty work of counter-revolution that the state cannot take credit for, yet owes its continued existence to. Around here it is common to see these invasive neighbors riding around with AK47s in broad daylight. They force people to sell their land, which ends up being owned by local politicians to be sold to corporations for mining or gas exploitation. People who call the military authorities to denounce them end up dead.

Besides maintaining the internal spiritual integrity within our own eco-village and spiritual family, the next most essential element for surviving this holocaust is organizing activities with the local community. So many people here have been incorporated into the illicit activities of the narcos. Almost all of the men of the local village are employed by them as lookout scouts. Many were thieves and alcoholics to begin with and the now easily available drugs like crack and meth

have made them even more degenerate and insane. However, there are still several good families that are resisting this terrible situation. We try and connect with as many of them as possible. Here we meditate with Huicholes, Catholics, Buddhists, and Yogis. These friends each consider us one of them, and vice-versa. This level of respect is only possible because of the dynamic created by our interaction. If true unitive and spiritual synergy is being generated then it is something greater than all of our ideas as it unites our various and potentially divisive ideas. Maybe our spiritual interaction will someday be as natural and pure as our project of creating a vegetable garden for the community. Everybody loves vegetables, or is that too a dogma?

I began to admire a group of local fundamentalist Christians. Their community is still strong and their revivals reveal a lot of enthusiasm. While everyone else is breaking down and falling into despair, this community remains strong. These communities tend to be a bit exclusive; if you don't strictly agree with their doctrines, then they usually try to persuade you. I have always avoided such societies because the all too common lingo of "you must accept Jesus as your personal savior" is always an aggressive blow to true understanding and kinship. I know other sincere Christians, and they have never tried any of that tricky business on me. They always accepted me as one of their own, but in spirit instead of forced confession.

Due to the strength of their dogma and exclusiveness, we have not been able to connect with these neighbors very closely until now. Perhaps this crisis is helping us to break down barriers of belief and prejudice that are rooted in our fears and insecurities as separated, suffering beings that don't understand our place in this creation? Like everybody else on this planet, they seek a safe refuge from chaos and despair. Their recent prayers here with us were mostly positive and for the well-being of others. To focus on that positive aspect of their spiritual practice will hopefully divert their attention from their tendencies to try to control and manipulate others. Call It Jesus or Buddha without the correct spirit and you only get a clown show full of lies and scandals. However, some people call It Jesus or Buddha and help other people truly understand the living spirit behind the teachings. *Advaita* or non-dualism goes beyond all names and forms and proclaims that the name of the spirit is only heard in silence and cannot be repeated or revealed except through the quietude of mystical vision. What is simply Is. There is ultimately no point in trying to convince anybody of anything. Religion is eternally envious of Oneness. Why preach what is Self-evident? Trying

to convince others is to admit separateness and is usually a power move for the ego. Compassion is all that is needed to create community, and it is the essential expression that burgeons out of the state of oneness with the Infinite.

There is very little moral order left in human society at this end of this capitalist era. The planet is being ravaged and is being coerced out of balance by human activity. The social order is descending into chaotic, brutal anarchy. The shrewd and powerful just do what they want and make laws to justify and implement their policies based on their exclusive interests. Corporations and governments become organized crime institutions under the hegemony of the global capitalist system. Multi-national corporations, federal reserve banks and their military industrial complex continue killing and/or controlling us all. Under the holocaust of globalization, the survivors are being forced to live off of the blood and sweat of others. Without great lies and psychological tricks of self-deception, very few people now live in good conscience. The first world is the parasite of the third world and the globalist legislation is but a low argument for parasitism. What is nature's response to our civilizations downward slide? Will we be shrugged off of the planet by the protective forces of nature? If all is already brutal anarchy and the world only continues to slide into greater darkness and destruction, then why not consider a higher form of anarchy?

Advaita is pure anarchy, spiritual anarchy. Not even the best ideas control the mind under this philosophy, much less governments or institutions. The idea of Oneness of spirit in all beings, an "Oversoul" behind all particular minds, reveals the greatest inner freedom and bliss. At the same time this vision inspires a sacred duty toward ethical action in harmony with this common spirit. Instead of promoting and projecting an immature and selfish bourgeois freedom, one's conscience demands truth in all aspects of existence. Without the torch of conscience, lies and delusion distort one's freedom and make mundane, dualistic existence a cage for the soul. Congruence with one's deepest conscience and holding to it under all circumstances is the greatest defense against dualistic, separate thinking and all of its manifestations in our human world. Spiritual anarchy, the spontaneous, natural, and intuitive order and organization stemming from a state of social and existential chaos, has its roots in a profound respect for other beings that transcends name and form. Spirituality must be a truly unitive force instead of a divisive one. If it is true, then there are good fruits for all. If untrue, then it poisons the minds of individuals and creates disunity in the world. A newer, more conscious form of humanism may begin to evolve as Shakti, the divine force of nature, molds us into a higher form of being. Whatever doesn't evolve toward this practical ideal of Advaita, of essential oneness with

the Infinite, is ultimately crushed under the wheels of the gods as divine mother nature (Shakti) reclaims all of these errant expressions through her destructive and regenerative forces.

Dogmatism and religion have little to do with *dharma*, which is the “essential” purpose of a human being. They are static containers of dead ideas, like garbage bins. Dharma is an ideological flow of evolution through thought and action and really takes you somewhere and causes a stir of movement deep in the soul. Dharma refers to the state of spiritual freedom whereby one is only capable of following nature’s laws and a spiritual way of life. If one lives more by the laws of spirit than by customs, then religion, politics, and social conventions are mostly lies and weak prompts for desperate or blind mentalities that haven’t found their place here on earth. Existential and social alienation create a state of spiritual ignorance which make one vulnerable to the many snares of dualistic thinking.

Our lack of mindful awareness makes space for a whole host of foolish ideologies. Egoism is for infants. Materialism is for brutes and Barbies. Racism and imperialism are for Neanderthals. Nationalism is but a reunion of Cro-mags. Religion mostly just keeps people from having to face hard truths themselves, and thereby take a leap of faith by sheepishly following the established ideas of others. Spiritual anarchists like Thoreau, Aurobindu and Tolstoy could not be contained within the confines of social convention and corrupt substitutes for dharma. Instead, they sought a higher union with both Nature and society and offered something new and bold for humanity. In this day and age it is hard to have faith in “systems” that don’t sprout up from a natural order based on local necessity. Spiritual visionaries have always and will always respond to the needs of their local human and natural environments and offer a new vision for the world inspired by the genius of eternal dharma. These practical examples show how some great truths are implemented through the most practical and humane expressions.

Ancestral Memory and the Eternal Return

Everything we experience in human life is an expression of the Macrocosm. Whether one calls the Macrocosm “Brahma”, or “Tao”, or a “Unified Quantum Field”, it is the source and ground of our physical, mental and spiritual being. The source of the Macrocosm is purely spiritual, It is pure Consciousness; the silent I-Witness behind the active, oscillating mind. When you are quiet, this infinity is yours. The mental part of the macrocosm only faintly manifests in human intelligence. When humans become more intelligent they will have then merged a little deeper into the mental and spiritual aspects of the Macrocosm.

Only the outer reflection of this pure and unified web of being is material. It is material and separate only in our minds, however. One can have a spiritual experience of the physical world of matter and form and still not be convinced of the absoluteness of matter. Form is but a manifestation of spirit.

Everything and everyone has deep, reserve parts of their being that are latent and only waiting to manifest when the external ego is a little more mature and calm. A person who has lived away from civilization for many years returns to see the world of form and matter. His physical world had become the mountain, river, sky, and body. They all secretly speak of spirit, however. He remembers the old forms of cars and malls and wars and all of the dread of material existence. These forms only seem a little more dead now.

If one really believes in the reality of these things then the mind actually becomes like those things. Mind is a living entity that vibrates and takes on the form of material objects. "As you think, so you become." If you believe that "objects" are a part of the unified web of the Macrocosm, then matter is a delight. Your being may flow into the being of all at the delight of a flower or taste of a berry. Things vibrate and are sustained and invigorated by an invisible, vibrant energy that pervades even empty space. If objects are something to purchase, possess, and fill inner voids, then the objective material world is quite simply an existential hell of separation from natural truth.

If people are a manifestation of spirit, then "brother" and "sister" are everywhere. If people are objects instead of Subjects, then we have separation, continual strife and chaos.

Places and spaces, physical, mental, and spiritual- all vibrate with the tone of spirit behind them. Energy and ideas congeal into things. A sensitive person will easily detect an unhappy house or an unhappy city. There is an aura of discomfort vibrating around these places. The mental energy that created and inhabits these spaces is desperate, compulsive, separate and fearful. Humanity's unconscious being is simply revealed in our social and personal habitations. My teacher, Dada Chidghananda ("Dada" = "brother"), couldn't stand entering cities. He always saw deep into the being of others and knew even their inmost thoughts. When he entered the city he was bombarded by so many unseen thoughts and energies that inhabit those spaces. Little was hidden from him. It is the same phenomenon with cyber spaces. To enter the internet, most especially social media, is but to enter into all of the unseen mental desires and needs that drive humans to project themselves into mental-social spaces. People also project their unseen needs into these spaces and they in fact vibrate and live there. Some spaces are vibrant while some are really dead and only try to devitalize the mind with cyber reflections of what was already a mundane, unnatural, and uncreative mental projection to begin with.

Nietzsche spoke of a rather odd phenomenon that he called the "Eternal Recurrence." According to this theory the reality that we construct by our own free will repeats itself eternally. We may try to escape our freedom by taking

refuge in social conventions, traditions, religion, or philosophical systems, but they are all always projections of our limitations, weaknesses, and our desire to escape this radical freedom that we have somehow inherited. In the end we always confront ourselves and our projections, eternally. He was deeply immersed in Buddhist literature as a Sanskrit philologist and this idea seems to be a very original and subjective interpretation of the archetypal idea of reincarnation that he surely encountered in his studies.

When I was 22 my mentor Chidghananda spoke to me of my supposed past lives. He only did this because I playfully tricked him into it. I knew he wouldn't tell me anything, so, instead I asked him to verify if what I thought I knew was true or not. He said, "Okay, tell me, what do you know?" I mentioned a few details from recurrent dreams and then he then elaborated on them. When he saw that his vision extended mine and that he was telling me new information, he laughed and said "You got me." I knew he could see very deeply into Reality although he rarely spoke about occult issues. He was a true yogi, a classic Upanishadic contemplative with a great devotional heart and didn't get lost on psychic or occult issues. I "tricked" him to speak a little on this subject of reincarnation. However, what he told me was very very serious and took away all sensational mystique of this phenomenon. He only told me what I already knew, really. He barely exceeded that, and only clarified what were for me new revelations about my inner life. Nobody had ever guided me so clearly in my personal development. I had two very loving grandfathers in this earthly life, and Chidghananda beamed with the love of a hundred noble grandfathers. He always spoke of his guru, whom he called "Baba." "Baba was Baba, a complete mystery," he always told me. He was an infinite mystery that he (Chidghananda) never tried to capture in any final, dogmatic conception.

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When my spiritual grandfathers in India began to depart from this world, I began to see where they went, because they went to a familiar place inside of us all. They all went into a blazing light. Some remained working there for some time like figures of light who only try to ensconce the living in their light. Later, they disappeared into the light without form, while others just merged directly after death into the infinite white light beyond death and birth, where not even angels fathom.

I felt like they sent me a spark of love so as to say good bye, or to say hello. They only went into the Witness, the very same Witness which is mine as well as theirs as well as yours. Their lives somehow became mine. Some went on into moksha at death (union with the godhead and no re-birth, similar to the idea of Nirvana), but many took mukti (liberation from reincarnation but oneness with the eternal activity of the Cosmic Mind of Brahma or G.O.D.- Generator, Operator, Destroyer.) Those who enter into mukti wait for the absolute emancipation of moksha while they remain active and united with the Cosmic Mind serving the

entire universe. They can get a lot of work accomplished because they are at one with the infinite and eternal activity of the mind of Brahma as opposed to being at one with the godhead beyond generation, operation, and destruction of the created universe that comes from the infinite source of the godhead. Even the ones that went into moksha left some important gifts before their absolute union with the Infinite One beyond even the mind of Brahma. They were a non-local, decentralized force for their departed guru and continue to pass on that sublime shakti within the collective mind of the living disciples from now into the future. Chidghananda never died for me. When he left his physical body I felt him near me whenever I thought of him. He showed me the way to the guru in life and he only continues to do so in death. Our Dead Dada's Society is everywhere and nowhere; it is super-personal, decentralized, free and wild.

Chidghananda told me that my work was done, and that I only had to a little more of a martial form of meditation, or sadhana. Other than that, I had no other duties. Sure, he told me I could write books, raise money for service projects or help out in any other way if possible, but my only real duty was to fulfill my spiritual duty with this sadhana. After so many years of trying to understand this, I came to the conclusion that those days were but an experience of liberation from past samskaras (reactions to previous actions). I was free to create new actions in the present, not blindly or impulsively, but with compassion and conscience. This liberation has more to do with the realization of the inner "I" rather than the outer "I am" of the ego or personality. The personality may still exist but it has no past nor pending desires. One becomes innocent and simple. Memories of life begin to be whitened, purified and unified in the eternal present beyond recurrence, even the eternal recurrence. Yet Chidghananda further told me that I would pass through inconceivable sufferings but that I would never fall because the guru would guide even these difficult adventures. Sure enough, there has been nothing but conflict and resolution, but also a little revolution. Falls were controlled falls, always below and to the left.

"The dice of the gods are always loaded." No actions are original or separate. Free will only exists in theory. When the past ceases to exist then the ego is a mirage and the question of "free will" becomes silly and infantile. Only Brahma (The Macrocosm in itself) is real, yet one must continue to choose and act in the human world while paying the eternal sacrament of sacrificing the fruits of "independent" action into the eternal fire of Brahma.

While I am hesitant to speak of past lives or future lives, I do think it is important to recognize the idea of "reincarnation" if we know that it really effects us in an experiential, phenomenal manner. I think it is more important to see repeating cycles within ones present incarnation rather than try to see them in previous ones. Shrii Cube once told me that he never wanted to know his past lives because he is only just beginning to understand his present one. Nature is intelligent enough to show one's samskaras through this very life if one develops a little intuition. Life itself teaches all of the patterns of conditioning, both inherited and aquired, by always bringing us back to where our issues lie.

I once became good friends with a young monk from Europe. He was an exceptionally bright person, fairly well educated but not an intellectual in the formal sense. He seemed like the type of person who remembered everything he ever learned and that school was probably very easy for him. I think his intelligence became more focused on intuitive and practical questions than intellectual ones.

One day we were talking about how very few people in the order really understand ideas like karma and past lives yet everybody seemed to accept these ideas implicitly because the guru spoke of such ideas and people just accepted them because of that. He was more critical, however. He told me that if one wants to know of one's past lives, then it is really as simple as recalling one's earliest childhood memories. Before the abstract intellect and self-concept develops in a child, their minds often wander beyond time and the present incarnation. Small children can recall their past lives and in their day-dreaming are actually remembering their pasts. His ideas were sincere and he seemed to be speaking from experience, which was much more than the dogmatic people who just accepted these ideas because they made some sense or just because the guru said that they were true. He told me how he remembered very clearly since his childhood that he was a Russian monk in his past life.

I recall this conversation several years later. I was never interested in knowing about past lives, but the idea of clearly remembering all of my early childhood was very appealing. I felt that as time goes on my memories become purer and clearer and that childhood was a well-spring of happiness. Sometimes I would meet people who suffered things that were unimaginable for me, traumas in childhood that had left them psychologically hindered. Later I would have dreams about their state of mind. It was sometimes incomprehensible because I did not have the experience in my own life to draw similarities with. Later, I would begin to have dreams about traumas that happened to me. I knew these dreams weren't mine but that somehow our sharing of these powerful emotions worked their way into my own sub-conscious and I began to dream of them as if they were my complexes. I found myself as the protagonist in these dreams and experienced terrible traumas. When I awoke I was not disturbed but relieved. I felt that the dream helped me release this unprocessed content that my mind was experiencing with another. For this reason was I interested in early memories. Mine seemed so positive that the shared experiences of others didn't leave a mark on me. I felt that my own past was a mighty fortress that no present suffering, mine as well as others, could penetrate.

One night I lie awake trying to clearly see and feel my earliest childhood memories. One was actually a dream that I remember from when I was very young. It was strange that one of my first memories was actually a dream. In the dream I was sitting in my high chair surrounded by mysterious figures. They were kind and loving but altogether different entities. I always remembered that dream but could never figure out who those strange loving beings were. Their skin was dark, their eyes large, and their faces were very round. When I grew

older and learned about surrealistic art I thought that perhaps I was dreaming of some primitive archetypes as they really did look like masks. I saw the dream as a union of my life with the life of my human ancestors. I was never sure about the interpretation but the memory always produced a feeling of security and love.

So I lay awake that night trying to feel and remember that dream; trying to see clearer the faces and ask my memory if there was something more. The vision wasn't any clearer and I still saw the same faces. It had been several years since I had tried to recall this dream and I had encountered many new people in my life. I began to think that these faces were the faces of indigenous mesoamericans. I liked the idea and it made me think that perhaps I dreamed of significant people I would meet in my future while I was a toddler. All of these very personal and idiosyncratic ideas would have remained solely in the unconfirmed and unverifiable realm of imagination if it weren't for a certain experience that occurred at precisely the same moment as I had those ideas. There arose the idea that one of those faces was actually my wife. At exactly the same time, not even a second apart, my wife awakes and tells me that she was dreaming that she was visiting me in my childhood. I immediately knew that the dreamed happened right now, not in childhood nor in the present flow of time, but in the Eternal Now. It is from this space that we can understand our lives and see all of the meaningful connections, both past and future. Perhaps this is where one also is able to see beyond one's birth? Children live more in the eternal present but we can return there at any time if we know how to understand and interpret the flow of consciousness both in and beyond time.

I had a strong spiritual awakening at 21 years of age. Concurrently, I got caught up in an absurd revolution in West Bengal, India, where I was accused of being an arms dealer. It was absurd because I was an innocent philosophy student hanging out at an Indian ashram and knew nothing of the mafia side of Ananda Marga which linked us to the arms. Ananda Marga introduced me to Indian intelligence, Interpol, and the CIA. I wanted nothing to do with this scene. I came to distrust most people who wear uniforms in Ananda Marga, and I still do. I always retained a deep reverence for my teachers at Ananda Nagar, however. Very few people in Ananda Marga were complicit with the CIA, but they were very key people who have helped disintegrate that organization.

Last year, at age 42, I passed through another spiritual storm even stronger than when I was 21. I had not been around Ananda Marga for 15 years but I heard news of how they want to sue us for publicly promoting "their" supposedly universal mantra, "Baba Nam Kevalam." We even got a death threat from an Avadhuta preist, Cirananda, who kicks non-compliant monks in their heads and threatens people with death when they don't submit to his will. I was also amazed to hear that nobody had ever done anything about Shamitananda, the monk who tried to murder a nun with cobra venom. I knew the attempted murder was true, just as did everybody else in these circles. I confessed for him and announced publicly "Shamitananda is CobraKiller" and immediately went into the breathless state of samadhi for 8 hours while the Ananda Marga

followers of Shamitananda dined on cognitive dissonance. The mind remained absorbed in the sound of OM for this period.

This experience helped me to realize that Ananda Marga is a spiritual entity, a set of ideas and practices with its own built in self-defense system. The social organization tries to reflect these sublime principles and practices, but is not in essence Ananda Marga. Ananda Marga is the path to convert physical energy into psychic stamina and further convert this stamina into spiritual cognition, which brings spiritual bliss, or *ananda*. Ananda Marga is a vehicle of dharma and those who misuse or distort its teachings degenerate very rapidly and in very extreme manners as they act against dharma, the moral laws of the universe. Similarly, those who defend the true path, or *marga*, are protected by it. *Ananda* is the blessing to which this path leads.

Nothing in this universe is an accident, all is incident. The closer our meditation moves toward the First Cause of OM, the more we see the universe as the dream of the Supreme Consciousness instead of a series of disconnected accidents in alienated minds. What seemed like accidents were but misconceptions of reality from minds too caught up in the mundane to notice the subtle movements of meaning trying to break through our layers of obliquity. Reality is more meaningful and circumstances in life have more of a symbolic and moral meaning than our intellect and our mundane desires can conceive of. Creation is always trying to guide us closer to the Atman by showing us the way through life by creating interesting dramas and synchronizations. "Time is a moving image of eternity," wrote Plato. Sometimes the signs that appear to guide us appear from beyond time. The responses sometimes manifest before all of the questions and conflicts manifest in our awareness. Perhaps a dream foretells something important or some great synchronicity continues to repeat itself cyclically in our lives. Somehow, one was prepared for what was yet to come and this synchronicity inspires one with awe. The greater "I" within shows one from beyond time what one needs to know to let go of time's little tricks and live in the eternal now.

I recently resolved one of the greatest mysteries of my life. I have never been able to provide anything close to a rational explanation for this most absurd experience. My friends and family have always enjoyed this story. People who don't know me may think me crazy.

I was living with some yogi monks in the Ozarks while in my mid-twenties. One morning I had to pick up a nun very early in the morning at a far away bus station. She was asleep on the return trip. Just when daylight broke and I could

see the beautiful countryside there appeared some flying object in my peripheral vision. I turned my head and saw just a dark blur about 50 feet away from me along the side of the highway. It looked like it was coming straight toward me. There was only an open field behind its trajectory and it appeared to come out of nowhere. I had at least a few seconds to see it getting closer. At about 20 feet away I realized it was an object that looked like a frozen turkey wrapped in plastic. As it got closer I could see the image of the flying frozen turkey getting clearer and closer. I was dumbfounded. Time was moving very slowly and I kept asking myself "is that really a turkey?" All of the sudden it crashed into the front of the truck. The nun woke up and asked what that sound was. She was startled. I told her just to go back to sleep because she would never believe me. She couldn't go back to sleep and so she asked me to tell her. I told her and we had a good laugh. We joked that I had been handling too much basil on our farm. It always made me feel happy to work with the basil and make pesto. Perhaps it made me too happy and gave me creative visions? I felt that this experience made us friends. She noticed it was dawn and told me the meaning of the her monastic name, *Usha*, or dawn. It refers to a state of sunrise when birds start to sing.

Years later this person got involved with a [dark rebellion within her order](#). She started making alliances with perverse people like the infamous CobraKiller. I was not a monk but they wanted me on their side and insisted on alliance but I resisted. I just got out of jail in India for the dirty acts of this order. I was in the wrong place at such a time and I was involved in an international legal case. I defended this organization in front of the press of India and the BBC while I was under house arrest. Everyone loved me because I spoke well of them but they never told me the truth about the [Purulia Arms Drop](#). I was a poster boy. They knew that I was suspicious and they felt ashamed that they were lying to me. They used to say I was somebody so very special and then they started to hate me as much as they loved me. This nun hated me so much that she began to attack my mother by creating lies about her character so as to completely destroy our image in this society. Other monastics also jumped on the band wagon and started inventing all sorts of lies. It harmed my mother very much and sent her on a negative spiral in life in which she ended up being very depressed. My mother followed me into this yoga society and hardly even knew these people yet they attacked her. I have never tried to forgive the nun. I have always thought someday in the future I will forgive her, but seeing how she has been very cruel to others as well, it is easy to put it off.

The other day a friend reminded me of the name *Usha* when describing the bird songs at dawn. I recalled the experience with the nun Usha and thought of the "bird song" that morning 20 years ago manifested as the thud of a big Butterball turkey! I wondered why I had such a mysterious experience with a person that turned out to be very negative. Finally, *artha*, eureka! It was now so perfectly clear. Usha was the goddess who called the dawn, not with a beautiful bird song, but with a dead turkey that crashed against the bumper. She would later attack me and my mother but the universe had already chided her from beyond time and has her showcased in its Theatre of the Absurd. Who needs revenge? Everything is already resolved. It is so easy to forgive a turkey.

So many years after the Purulia Arms Drop, the arrest, house arrest, and Indian Supreme Court case, I contemplate my memories of Ananda Nagar and remembered how there was a humorous, supposedly ex-Marine giving fitness training to illiterate tribal boys who were used as lackeys by Ananda Marga. At the time I really believed that Viirendra, the ex-Marine, was helping train official guards to protect the election boxes of the Indian state for the upcoming elections. It sounded rather odd that the Bengali government would trust its foe Ananda Marga with such a duty, but I didn't criticize this inconsistency at the time because I was so distracted by the humorous environment of the "fitness training." Viirendra finally got to be in charge as a drill sergeant. He had some sensitive yogi qualities but was really a jar-head at heart.

The trainees underwent rifle training one day with a b.b. gun. All 30 of them took turns with the one and only b.b. gun. It was just like the one I got on my 8th birthday. An old guard of the V.S.S. (the elite guard of Ananda Marga) took pride in being the leading official and decided to instruct the trainees himself. He instructed one boy to point the gun at a nun, who like us, was peering over the fence and snickering at these antics. "Okay, you hit the target, now point the gun at the nun, right between her eyes," the guard said. The nun was laughing and screaming at the same time saying "no, no" while we were roaring with laughter at these Gomer Pyle antics. Viirendra grabbed the gun, invoking the archetypal drill sergeant from Full Metal Jacket and screamed, "I'm gonna shove that gun up your ass, soldier." That sweet nun and the Indian boy fortunately couldn't understand these words. It was all too comic and absurd to accept as reality. This is ample proof that Ananda Marga is not essentially a terrorist organization. The system tried to impose it on them with infiltrators like Viirendra, but militant radicalism really wasn't in the nature of the majority of the monks and nuns.

I was recalling this several years later and remembered this incident. I already knew there was great conspiracy and CIA infiltration in Ananda Marga. I hardly understood who were the links in this alliance, who were the betrayers of Ananda Marga that help the CIA turn Ananda Marga into a terrorist organization, but later realized that I already knew the most important conspirator. I almost forgot about Viirendra entirely until recalling those memories years later. I recalled that he disappeared just a day or two before the Arms Drop and some of us simple observers were sent to jail. And a few years after that I hear that there is a pentagonal meditation room in the Asheville,

N.C., in an Ananda Marga community where Viirendra has settled. That is ironic because in my experience, people in Ananda Marga, especially in the U.S., put special spiritual significance in architecture, especially architecture for meditation rooms. Hexagons and hexagrams are more of their style, not pentagons. At the very least, it is a curious synchronicity.

Prior to this home, he lived in a recluse ranch in Colorado where a proud monk named Krsnananda would visit him. K. told me himself that Viirendra had to report to the people in the black helicopters that came to see him at his hidden ranch. K. also told me that his brother, who is also a monk, was in the airplane when the arms were dropped. As a crescendo I also get news that Ananda Marga made it on the top 10 terrorist list of the FBI around the year 2000. This understanding turned my whole Ananda Marga experience upside down and inside out. All the while that I was lost in deep meditation at Ananda Nagar and beginning my studies at the research institute, these miscreants were planning an international conspiracy with the CIA against Ananda Marga.

The producer of the documentary cites another author that considers it is likely that Kim Peter, or Nirvananda, was aided and protected by the CIA. The producer leaves the question open for scrutiny. Some people in A.M. were informants to the CIA and the senior members of the organization knew of this. Kim Peter worked in North America with a gang of A.M. monks. He is still seen as a Robin Hood type of figure. In the beginning, they only smuggled electronics into India to raise money for orphanages and schools. However, they later moved on to greater ventures. Many members of this underground mafia extended into immoral and dangerous international mafia connections. Some were caught and forced to be informers to the FBI and the CIA. I knew who some of these people were and I think they were used as tools to help frame Ananda Marga as a terrorist organization. After the Purulia arms drop Ananda Marga was placed on the FBI's top 10 global terrorist groups list for several years. Now, they are practically non-existent in North America. However, we must thank them immensely for showing us a bad example of Ananda Marga. They have made it very clear what Ananda Marga is not and have perhaps liberated this great philosophy from a corrupt international crime family that Ananda Marga has become.

I spent 6 months under house arrest in India waiting for our trial in the Purulia Arms Drop case in which I came out completely clean. Police were always watching me during that time. Due to this my Irish friend once got a little down. To cheer him up I used my own thick imitation Irish accent that the Indian military police could not understand very clearly. I made jokes about their sadistic lieutenant's "fat arse" and his old, surplus World War I rifle. We roared with laughter always.

Ever since Purulia I have had interactions with highly intelligent American citizens who are ex-military and highly educated. They knew I had nothing to do with Purulia and we had very interesting philosophical conversations. Instead of talking about Ananda Marga, we had conversations about the Atman and how the

idea of “Atman is Brahma” (microcosm is Macrocosm, and vice-versa) is related to medieval neo-platonic ideas. He even cited John Scotus Erugenia! Still, I got regular visits from such people, but we never discussed the social organization of Ananda Marga.

Last year, here in the present in Mexico, I got visits from less-prepared intelligence agents, apparently for reasons other than Ananda Marga. They were nothing like the U.S. agents, and are most likely common criminals with very little education who work for the corrupt narco state. We have had many visits from many dangerous people- military, paramilitary, narco-assassins and even a spy who infiltrated us and later confessed. There is much tension in our area. Many politicians have stolen land around here with hopes of future fracking contracts. Their pit-bulls always seemed to come on days when I had very high meditations and no harm ever came to us. As I wrote about in *The Quixotic Narco Slayers*, we have recently been under seige by narco military camps that have surrounded us for several years. I wrote about a powerful narco-politician that has terrorized us. Recently, we discovered that an Ananda Marga monk, “Headkicker,” has ties to this politician. Normally, only in the wildest psychotic projections are such connections possible, and so I was dumbfounded to really believe it was true. I could not believe that Reality created a connection between the crooks of Ananda Marga and the narco politicians in Mexico, that once again these spiritual “revolutionaries” are lurking about in the cess pools of political underworlds! Headkicker told me that if I didn’t erase my critiques of A.M., then he would use his influences with the governor to quiet us.

And so here we go again on the upward spiral path of eternal time, like a mountain pass that spirals upward. Each spiral trip and return to previous points is a little higher and one can see the past with more clarity. These higher cycles become shorter and faster and ever so more intense as we strive for the apex point in the Atman.

