

# **Light And Dark Tantra**

**William Enckhausen**

## **Introduction**

I was initiated into a Rajadhiraja Tantra Yoga tradition when I was a student in Austin in 1993. I adopted a very healthy vegetarian lifestyle without drugs and alcohol. 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, 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 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. 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.

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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.

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 Anandamurti 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 dasha.” 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.

This is a work in which I write about subjective mystical experiences in the context of 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 a Mayan teacher whose "Tantra Maya" practices that I later encountered only deepened my understanding of the Indian Tantra I had been practicing for years.

## Personalities

[When I was arrested in India](#), Chidghananda voluntarily went to the police station and said that he was my host and so he should also go to prison. We were released under house arrest a week later. He gave a brilliant press interview and later when the BBC and India Times reporters cornered me I tried to mimic his style of interview. A reporter asked if I was tortured. I said no and then later heard of so many stories of monks and nuns being tortured while in the very same prison during the Indira Gandhi regime. It was then that I realized how great of a risk Chidghananda made by voluntarily going to jail to protect us. In spite of this mental pain I began to experience tremendous bliss in meditation while I was with Chidghananda. I was in my early twenties. He told me my experiences were rare and that I would probably never have a normal life again. I did not worry about that as the bliss was so intense that I thought I could dissolve into light at any time. Soon after this I began to hear confessions of monks who were tortured. To this day I am still trying to neutralize the painful effects these accounts created in my mind.

When we were finally released under house arrest I spent my time meditating and reading Anandamurti's books, among some other books on yoga. I was supposed to be the first student in the tantric research project at Ananda Nagar and I was living near Chidghananda. I was supposed to learn under two teachers, Samanvayananda and Chidghananda. Samanvayananda was really a wizard. He overtly demonstrated all kinds of occult powers. He wanted people to understand the higher intelligence and power of the mind and because he knew so many secrets he was always showing them off. Later, Anandamurti would discover that his disciple was abusing occult powers and then beat him with a stick. Later, Samanvayananda would learn a new trick and start showing it off and then get beaten again. I will write more about my relationship with him later. He was controversial but his friend Chidghananda was more of a sage. He did not really seem to have any vanity. He spent a lot of time alone but he really loved people and was always interacting with people who would come and see him. People always got the impression that he could see right through them and give them advice based on his intuition even without engaging in psychological dialogues and disclosures.

I was reading the yoga sutras of Patanjali one day while under house arrest at Ananda Nagar. In one of the later chapters Patanjali is speaking about how advanced yogis connect with higher spiritual forces that help divide the personality into separate components so that the yogi can finish his samskaras, or

karmic reactions more quickly. Instead of one person doing the work, there could be 2 or 3. It sounded like multiple personality disorder but Patainjali was speaking of it as a very advanced and subtle practice of connecting with the fundamental structures of the personality. Could this be an enlightened understanding of the “Gestalt Round Table” in which one starts to dialogue with the different aspects of the personality?, I wondered. It is a psycho therapeutic technique where one gets all of one’s internal personalities together in an imaginary round table so that they can all communicate. For example, in an imaginary dialogue the angry part of the person expresses his view, and then the insecure part and then the strong part. Instead of having separate wills competing for the control of the ego, the therapist guides the dialogue so that the fragmented parts of the personality all begin to understand each other and synthesize into an integrated being.

This Gestalt idea helped me orient myself to this strange idea of Patainjali. While discussing this idea with Chidghananda about Gestalt Psychology he began to say that an enlightened or nearly enlightened mind has integrated the disparate parts of the personality. They are beyond the duplicity and the incongruities of the lower mind. Instead, the enlightened parts of their personalities come to full expression. Dada explained that certain microvita intelligence connect with each part of the person and the yogi uses his or her own personality as a vehicle to express these deep aspects of the personality. He explained how Anandamurti could be so sweet and loving and would heal people spiritually. On other occasions he was the task master and social leader that had to keep everything in order. He could be like a mother as well as a 5 starred general, and had full confidence in all of the various aspects in his integrated being. He also explained how the guru would have certain moods that he expressed, each one according to situations and people he was guiding, and each one with a very special transformative power. He was always taking the samskaras of his disciples and using the different parts of his personality to do this. Chidghananda’s explanation went far beyond what Patainjali mentioned. Patainjali was speaking of how a nearly liberated being uses this technique to achieve liberation from all samskaras. Chidghananda was explaining how Anandamurti completed this process and instead of finishing off his own samskaras, engaged with other beings to help them evolve the samskaras that bind them.

I playfully asked Dada if I had any “friends” accompanying me, because I felt like I was moving so fast that I would disintegrate. He laughed and said we would speak more of that later. Later, I got deported. He died, but kept his promise and we began to speak about that again, but more on that later.

There were also dreams with the form of Anandamurti which were always illuminating. I once had gastritis and it had bothered me for 6 months. I dreamed

that Anandamurti came to me as a doctor dressed in white. I did not recognize that it was Anandamurti. The doctor touched my stomach and I felt immense psychological pain which revealed the reasons why I had gastritis. Then a soothing light from his hands passed into me. I looked up to see who this doctor was because I was doubled over in pain and had not seen his face. I saw the face of Anandamurti just for a fraction of a second and then saw an infinite white light. At the same time I woke up and felt the light inside my stomach curing me. I stopped taking medication that very same day and have never suffered from gastritis again.

Chidghananda was there when I had these experiences. I was living next door to him when I had these experiences and I strongly suspect Chidghananda's influence. I was surprised that such a mature and great man acted like I was his best friend. It was the greatest honor of my life.

I did not want to be deceiving myself with false visions. I was educated as a scientist and always tried to be very critical of my own subjective experiences, especially these strange mystical visions. I ate psychedelic mushrooms once in college and it was beautiful, but it was really nothing compared to these meditation experiences at Ananda Nagar. The experiences were so much more powerful than mushrooms and did not require an altered state of consciousness. The practice of yoga and a few hours of meditation a day induced these experiences. I was vegetarian, used no drugs nor alcohol, and in the company of Chidghananda I truly felt like a monk. He was a perfect gentleman around women and he showed them so much respect, yet I never saw him overstep his monastic boundaries. Having an example like that really made a young man feel confident that one could live a happy monastic life like him.

Every time I meditated near him he went into trances. All of the air would immediately be pushed out of his body with an extremely loud "Hummm" sound as the kundalini would rise. Then his body would get really tense and shake and then he would stop breathing and was totally calm, as if he were dead. I asked him what he experienced. He said he always heard the Om sound but when he meditated he would let himself go and be absorbed into it. Sometimes he would see the form of Anandamurti just before entering into this samadhi trance, other times the experience was completely formless. He encouraged me to meditate on formlessness but always said there was something very special in the form of Anandamurti. He never dogmatized about it and when people asked him if Anandamurti was really the incarnation of god, or Taraka Brahma, or some other concept, he would simply say, "Baba was Baba. Anandamurti himself said he was a mystery and will always remain a mystery, so what can I say?"



I look back on my time with him and some other older disciples of Anandamurti and realize that the form of the guru worked through all of them. It is not that the entire force of the guru manifested through one particular person, but it was so clear that these men were connected to some invisible mind field that was very powerful and benevolent, that could awaken the kundalini within any person who had prepared themselves. These monks really understood the inner, mystical secrets of yoga. However, as you can see in this video, Chidghananda never leaves rational and practical thinking or asks the listener to accept some authority or dogma or fantastic idea. He was a true and rational disciple of Anandamurti who understood that proper and balanced reason awakens intuitive faculties with a very balanced vision of spirit.

These dreams and visions through subtle form and intuitive concepts give one some confidence in the practice of contemplation, but are not proofs in themselves. They simply clear the confusions from the path so one can have formless experience. These were all preparatory experiences for learning to achieve the state of total peace in meditation, like Chidghananda experienced regularly in the breathless state of samadhi. The “proof” comes in samadhi, with the revelation of OM within the eternal I-feeling which absorbs the little “I” of the relative ego. One understands that one is infinite and pure behind the mirage of mind and world. After that one has no doubts. Remaining in the body one can suffer greatly, pass through trial and torture yet never, ever be able to deny That, “Tat Tvam Asi” – Thou Art That

### Eating For Kundalini

“I am the food of life. I am the eater of the food of life. I am the two in one. I am the first born child of immortality born before the gods.” – Upanishad

At Ananda Nagar I sometimes only slept a few hours and heard Om through the night. I started getting really far out. Fortunately, I was with some good friends that always made fun of me and that kept me in line. Whenever I would go without eating and get really high they would make me eat. At other times, after hours of meditating, I would eat and eat and eat and never get full. They were constantly laughing at my bottomless pit and each new full plate was a new joke.

I got very, very thin but I had tremendous energy. Sometimes while sitting in the lotus posture I would enter into a state of bliss all too suddenly. My body jumped 2 feet off of the ground when the kundalini would rise. My friends told me that when they were sitting next to me. It was involuntary, but it was not one of those energetic manipulations of TM and kundalini yoga where people bounce around like clowns and call it yogic flying. The kundalini rose from the base of the spine

like a lightning flash and struck the Anahata chakra in the chest. This resistance shot my body up 2 feet into the air very quickly. It was not a gradual levitation but it was a vigorous jump. There was also once an experience of levitation, but that is another story.

After these experiences I got terribly hungry and would hurry home to eat but I hardly had energy to walk. I bought a can of ghee and started pouring the ghee on top of mounds of rice and lentils. I would then sleep a few hours in the night and start the cycle again. At breakfast I would force myself to eat until it hurt because I knew I would be hungry again in an hour. Then I would quickly go down by the river to meditate before I got hungry again. I would immediately enter into some trance. I could just barely keep my observing intellect active so as to not get swept away. I was a student the year before and was very interested in bio-psychology. My friend Lowan and I would talk about mysticism, psychedelics and neuropsychology for hours on end. I still had those questions in my mind and wanted to observe my mind and brain in these states of concentration. I tried to keep reading scientific books but I was losing interest. I felt it was too much of an attachment for my mind. Chidghananda said that the desire was almost finished and that I should just indulge it. I once found him reading my copy of "The Tao of Physics." He said he really liked it. He browsed through "Order Out of Chaos" by Prigogine and said "these are revolutionary ideas but you will soon loose interest in them."

Dada explained to me how Anandamurti said that microvita research must be conducted by people with conceptually developed minds along with yogis who could guide them intuitively. So therefore the yogi must also be somewhat familiar with modern scientific ideas. He said I did not need to read any more books. What was more important was to remember these ideas when the mind was coming down from samadhi, to see these ideas in a new light, an eternal light. One understands that the object one thinks upon is unified with the deep thoughts about that object. For example, if you think of a plant, your mind becomes at one with the plant. The plant becomes part of your objective mind, or chitta. Knowledge is the subjectivization of external objectivity, or bringing outside what is inside. A superficial conceptualization of it sees the plant outside of oneself in time and space. One may study it deeply, dissect it, discover the secret of its genes but the plant still remains outside of one self. A partial subjectivization is an intuitive understanding of the plant in which there is a feeling of "oneness" with the plant. One conceives it deeply but also feels into it and knows its inner secret. Healers may have this connection with plants and also with the human body and understand the healing relationships between them. Total subjectivization is when there is no longer subject and object. There is no longer a plant nor a mind perceiving the plant. The mind spiritually merges into

the Atman and there only remains pure subjectivity. This is spiritual knowledge. One who knows the supreme Knower or Subjectivity attains liberation.

Just as one overcomes the objective-subjective barrier to reality created by the limitations of the conceptual mind, the intuitive mind also transcends its subtle concepts and realizes that all cognition is ultimately dependent on the witness of the mind, the atman. From the point of view of the atman, one is capable of seeing all things. And from this vantage point one can see what nature and mind really are and have very exact ideas about them. Furthermore one sees the structure of thought itself, the stuff that dreams are made of. I asked him if he could see microvita. He said yes but it is more important to conceive them than to simply see them. He said they were a moving collage of geometric forms and colors that were in constant flux behind the physical world. The quantum void is full of prana, or vital energy, and the microvita play these strings of prana which ultimately “collapse” into material reality.

He said I should do as much meditation as possible at Ananda Nagar because he was not sure how long the house arrest would last; months, or years, perhaps. I continued with my meditations and the more my breath stopped in meditation the less my intellect could analyze these states, and the less that I desired that it continue analyzing them. The bliss that was entreating me called, “Just let it go now, it is time for bliss. Adios little German intellect”

Meanwhile, these experiences really required a lot of energy and I became even more exhausted. I asked Samanvayananda, the wizard friend of Chidghananda, for advice. He told me to get a can of ghee and a mound of rice as well. It was hilarious that we came to the same conclusions. He used to get the younger monks to prepare him food. He would entertain everybody by really pigging out. They could not believe how much he could eat. Then he would say “I am going to the river to meditate now. Have some more food ready for me in two hours when I return.” He passed through these states for so many years without sleeping and meditated all through the night.

[Video Of Chidghananda](#)

## Persons and Places

Everybody I have met has been very nice to me on these 46 orbits around our Sun I have traveled thus far. It is as if an invisible god has been accompanying me who jumps out and enters everybody I meet, giving that eternal salute from yet another unique perspective.

All of the unresolved questions that remained for me about the mystical experiences of my childhood and youth were answered in those brief years I was living with yogic monks and nuns in India and in Missouri. Before that, I had many deep and powerful experiences that my friends also shared and experienced with me. My mother always believed me and helped me find some answers to these mysteries. She introduced me to her friends that meditated and practiced yoga.

Such experiences were blasts of clarity and insight that always seemed to occur with interesting existential and emotional “synchronicities” connected with my friends and family since childhood. However, it was when I learned tantric meditation that all of these experiences became clearly understood. It was as if these earlier experiences needed to be cleared up in my mind so as to make space for newer experiences.

And so it was; the more I assimilated the earlier mysteries, the more I experienced newer ones. By the time I went to India I started entering in states of deep, breathless meditation. It was as if I were dead but my mind was very active on the inside, processing memories of those deep experiences in my youth with friends and family. Everything made sense and all was good...my family and friends gave me everything.

Chidghananda said my spiritual work was done. All I have to do is give and serve others. I was no longer bound by attachment to my past. What now?, I wondered. As time went by he started to speak of the future, as if he really wanted to tell me something important about not just my future but the future of humanity. I began to have very uncomfortable experiences and visions after those very blissful trances. Everything that I experienced was sublime yet terrible. I saw so much suffering and knew that there would be difficult times ahead. Chidghananda confirmed this and said that I would suffer miserably and be involved in huge political dramas for some time but after it ended I should just live a normal life.

At the same time I met another yogi who gave me another piece to the puzzle. I

didn't know him at all but we liked each other instantly and he started to tell me very interesting and insightful tips that seemed to be exactly what I needed. He told me that yogis could consciously invoke the "Near Death Experience" with certain yogic techniques. In such a state, one can see what one needs to see, and all of the way into eternity. He said that I could enter into the Hall of the Immortals and ask any liberated being any question that I wanted. He gave me the technique, I practiced it and indeed verified that he was correct, that yogis can invoke the near death experience through meditation.

I saw my whole life flash in front of me. I saw my future homes in great detail. I remember many of these vivid visions but recall with each new experience in life a feeling of déjà vu and realize that I have already seen this too. I saw everything in that vision, yet I consciously remember fragments. When I have déjà vu, there is no mystery of where the feeling of familiarity comes from; the familiarity came from the fact that I had already seen this part of the drama unfold in that near death experience, or what really became a series of near-death experiences. It is like when a friend shares a memory with you. It was the same experience but when he or she recalls it to you then you remember the picture more completely. You hadn't forgotten those aspects, they were just unconscious. Similarly, when I would have feelings of déjà vu I would contemplate on where I actually did experience that memory and actually recalled when and where and it the origin always came back to those experiences of near death, in the eternal now. Near death is so close to Life.

## **Tantrics of The Dark And The Light**

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 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.

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 slinging 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 among 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. I once tried to take a stand against their corruption and some of CobraKiller's closest conspirators created and propagated filthy, false lies about my mother! On another 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, Krpasundarananda (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 some householder teachers 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 protester 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 Fleury 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 Fleury 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 priestcraft 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 among 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. People like Nabhaniilananda "Monk Dude" and his friends in North America who promote the CobraKiller as a great acharya are but slaves for Ravana, the serpent who abducted Sita in the Indian epic, The Ramayana. The crimes of these acolytes

of Shamitananda are no less destructive than those of Ravana, and that is why Ravana is the classic "mahapapii", or "great sinner." He is great in that regard because after abducting Sita in the guise of an acharya dressed in orange so many people doubt the good intentions of all acharyas.

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, a wretched mass of undigested mental sludge that these impostors 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.

## **Form And Formless**

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.

There are as many levels of healing as there are levels to our minds. A physical doctor uses physical substances to treat a physical body. A psychologist uses ideas to treat imbalances in the conceptual mind. An energetic healer works with plants subtle energy currents in the subtle body. A spiritual healer works at even deeper levels of spirit and penetrates the essence of the mind.

When healing one always has to mitigate negative energies. Healers always use deep intelligence and/or intuition to transform the ignorance that creates negative states of mind which result in illness. Therefore, healers are always besieged with negativity. If one is not suited for such an occupation, then one gets sick or becomes mentally imbalanced and abandons the endeavor. For example, psychologists always receive the "transference" of their patients. In the old psychoanalytic traditions of the past century, these psychoanalytic therapists had the highest suicide rate of all occupations. The irony is that the healers ended up worse off than their patients.

As one moves up the higher levels of mind and works with the cognitive and emotional patterns of those levels of mind there is a more potent healing potential but there is also a greater risk of imbalance. I once had some monastic friends that were helping people at very deep levels of awareness by helping them awake their dormant spiritual potential. The wisest ones were always the

most careful and prudent due to the fact that they had been burned a few times and learned how to get their own minds out of the process and truly let intuition guide the process. These people healed only those who were ready to take responsibility for their lives and knew where not to waste their energy and efforts. Others who were less mature were always getting attacked with the energies that they were trying to transform. Perhaps they had some vanity or some ambition to be healers and they learned the about law of karma with intensity. Really, nobody can heal except the inner self and the true healers are those who learn how to get out of the way of the essential process and teach others to do their own work.

From a spiritual perspective, from the point of view of the Atman, the I-Witness of the mind, all illness has a mental cause and the remedy for balancing the mind is taking the mind to a spiritual level of awareness; a place where one sees the entire mental structure from an infinite and eternal vantage point. All of the mental distortions and their corresponding illnesses eventually are straightened out by imposing the the graceful, infinite wavelength of the Atman on the incongruities of the finite mind.

When I was in my early twenties I had dreams that I was a woman in my past life. It made me feel very pure. I wasn't sure if it was literal or a symbolic truth. I was a psychology student very familiar with Jung's ideas of the "anima," the feminine, unconscious part of the male psyche. The "animus" was termed the masculine part of the feminine psyche. Contemplating this idea never created any confusions nor distortions. On the contrary, I began to feel that transcending one's exclusive sexual identification was the key to transcending "maya," the great illusion. On the inside it is quite sane and healthy for a man to discover his unconscious feminine qualities as they make one more whole and complete. One remains a man, of course, and with the natural desires of a man. However, the impulsive qualities of masculinity begin to wane.

I asked Chidghananda about my dreams. I wanted to know if these were symbolic dreams or if perhaps I really was a woman in my past life. He said that I was indeed a woman. He said, "excuse me, but you were indeed a lady," just in case some masculine part of me may be offended by this information. I wasn't in any way offended, he realized this and laughed as if to say "I just wanted to make sure.." He told me stories about this person and even how she died. I only had seen fragments of this life in a dream but he was filling in so many details that I had never seen. When he realized his knowledge exceeded my own, he stopped and said "okay, that is enough for now." He really helped me to understand something very deep. Once the sexual desires were all transmuted into meditation, my mind had tremendous energy. He began to teach me about spiritual healing and I recalled Tireseas, the blind sage with healing powers who



was mysteriously both male and female. He told me to always sleep alone and to never share a room with other people nor let people touch my bed. Most of my work would be done while sleeping and my mind would be very sensitive to the vibrations of other people while I was undergoing this healing training. However, I began to lose the desire to sleep until I was only sleeping half an hour every night. I was not tired, and I meditated instead of slept.

### The Flying Frozen Turkey

I was living with some yogi monks in the Ozarks while in my mid-twenties after my time spent in India with Chidghananda. 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 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 their political problems. I was used as a public speaker by the organization. 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, 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.

## Back From The Dead

My friend Dharma once told me of how a yogi neurologist discovered some new psychoactive medication and started doing laboratory experiments on his friends. They had a team of doctors as well as yogis and psychics who could supposedly see the kundalini rising, which this doctor believed was facilitated by this new drug. He told me that most people cried and felt bliss and saw how their lives were now more complete. The psychic said they had their kundalini awakened just to the second chakra. Their trips lasted only briefly. When it came time for my friend's dose, he immediately saw everything go dark. He entered deep inside of himself and said that he saw all of his complexes and was terrified. He wanted to see more because he knew it was all true but it startled him. He remained unconscious for half an hour. Nobody else had become unconscious. The psychic said that his kundalini was awakened into the heart chakra, much higher than with the others who only felt a little bliss with a superficial awakening. I understood how my friend was a little more prepared than the rest for a deep vision.

He was a little older than my father. He had passed through some really tough lessons in his life in the 60's and suffered many losses afterward. He was from

the Bay Area and said his friend G. was the first hippie to ever exist. It was 1964 and this man grew his hair out and started a gardening company called "Flower Power" with a Volkswagon van. Everybody thought he was crazy because there was yet no social reference for this strange form. A few years later, it was the trend. Well, we all know the 60's had quite an impact on people. He told me the whole story of how the hippie movement went from innocent expression to sheer degeneration in just a few short years. He pulled himself back together and left the 60's some time in the 80's, returned to his yoga and meditation and lead quite an exemplary life. He was so compassionate and could not stand to see people suffer, especially people who were falling into the same traps that he fell into. He reminded me of "The Catcher in the Rye."

Sometimes, I saw him as a father figure when he expressed his lived wisdom. I realized that people like him were spiritual soldiers who had stormed hell, learned some valuable lessons, and then returned to tell the rest of us how NOT to make those very same mistakes. Other times I saw him as a big brother but sometimes he treated me as the big brother. He reminded me of my childhood friendships.

He and I were the non-monastic residents in the community. We used to pull the engines out of the cars that the monks destroyed and replace them with new ones. I wasn't a mechanic but I somehow understood these things. Some crazy monk would overheat an engine and we would replace it in a few days. A week later, another crazy monk somehow destroyed the new motor. In the end, all we could do was laugh.

I was still very young and only remained in the community for a few years. The community had passed through a great trauma. One of the monastic leaders tried to murder a nun with cobra venom. He created division in people's mind and successfully created a parallel and rather perverse movement. My friend was very close to the "CobraKiller" and suffered this fragmentation of the community. CobraKiller left our community but my friend remained with the new director. I was once listening to the CobraKiller telling him over the phone about how bad the new director of the community was. He was inventing all sorts of political divisions and trying to get people on his side. CobraKiller had stolen 60 thousand dollars from our community when he left. It was so clear that this man was deluded and was projecting all of his own criminality on to everybody else. It was soon after this that he tried to murder his unrequited love with cobra venom. To this day, he still influences people as the grand-daddy spiritual leader, even they know he is an attempted murderer. My friend's mind was very disturbed by this dissolution of his spiritual family. We discussed how the monk was totally out of line as a monastic and also mentally imbalanced. We agreed but Dharma was still very attached to this monastic leader. At that time the monk

had only pursued the nun like a psychopath, before catching up with her in India where he gave her the mango lassi drink laced with cobra venom. He told me he was afraid he would start drinking again. He didn't return to alcohol, but he had chronic back pain and became addicted to some powerful narcotic pain medication. This was so painful for me to see but there was nothing I could do as I hardly ever saw him any longer because I moved away.

Years later he hung himself. I remembered how we once went camping and I was amazed to see that he was a little shaken up by being in the mountains for several days. As if he were a small child, he wanted to sleep with me in my tent. That is how I felt him after he died. I felt him so close to me. He became a part of me. I began to live his sorrows as well as his joy. As time went on there was only joy but I knew there was still something that I must see.

I had just turned 40 and was deciding if it was time to leave my body. The CobraKiller's friends once tried to say I was a very special person with so many spiritual qualities. Later, after declaring I was not their poster-boy, they said I would die because of my intense kundalini experiences very soon, definitely before I was 40. I had just turned 40 and was laughing at this because I was thinking I would leave my body in bliss, not in some kind of illness created by a kundalini imbalance. I was living alone on a mountain in Chiapas and each day I meditated I saw my end getting closer and closer. There was no despair nor any desire to escape life. On the contrary, my life was just too full of eternity, too full of the eternal Om calling me home.

One day I stopped breathing for a very long time. I felt the kurma nadii in the Vishuddha, throat chakra become really tight. The kundalini could not go back down from there. My breath had stopped but I was perfectly calm and only thought that if I don't breath, then I will soon leave my body but I felt such bliss that I did not care the least about this. I felt the tension in my neck grow more and more intense. It was impossible to breathe. All of the sudden I feel the presence of my friend and I experience his last moments in life when he hung himself. It was as if I had hung myself. I was aware of the irony- the tension in my neck, no breath and near death, a spiritual parallel to suicide. I was going to die in joy but my friend had died in despair. From that state of near death I could see what Dharma saw, the "bardos" or dimensions where souls travel after departing from this world. I recalled how my friend had seen life a little deeper than the rest and was actually a hero. I saw him as a soldier who was storming hell once again and that the knowledge he brought me was so very useful. I later began to see the other ones who had departed in a circle of light, just like people report in near death experiences, yet I was perfectly conscious and still in my meditation.

I felt these ancestors desire to continue living through me but I questioned how this was possible because I could see myself passing from this world. Then I saw them as rays of light forcing themselves back down, opening the Vishuddha chakra and entering my chest with the sound "ka", the sound that controls the propensity of hope. Without a hopeful vision one cannot live well in this world, but in eternity even hope isn't necessary as all is complete. In this state of "death" I received a new and optimistic vision for the future with some new activities that would bind me for a while. I began to breathe again and gradually came out of meditation. A friend's baby crawled over to me and repeated the sound "ka."

I returned to the ranch in the desert and became a [quixotic narco slayer](#).

## The Sons of Brahmins

There was once a foreign visitor to Ananda Nagar, India. He was supposed to only be there for one month. He got lost in the deep meditation of the spiritual environment which had been cultivated over thousands of years by yogis who could come to finish their spiritual work down by that river and enter the final stages of samadhi.

He would enter the state of breathlessness for long periods of time. Many of the Indian monks hated him for this, while others loved him. People started coming to him with their confessions; older monks who were tortured by the communists.

The old saints were dying off with strange neurological diseases and brain tumors because they ate too many sins from the irresponsible and fallen spiritual society. The sangha was becoming a madhouse and the true saints said that their own sangha (spiritual society) would kill the saints.

He returned home, and continued his practices in another place. The same thing happened. He was hated as well as loved. Some of those who loved him ended up being the most selfish, however. The monastics would bring him the cases nobody else could manage. If they thought he was too high in meditation, they would place a "crazy brother" in his custody. There were rumors that he could heal and some people said he was a saint and a "prototype for future human evolution." What a valued possession! Little did they know that they were making him ill, aggrandizing their own ambitious egos, and creating a scapegoat for all of their own frustrated illusions that they would later cash in on.

I had a conversation with this friend the other day. He left them long ago to regain his life and health. They still want to bring him back and some still say he is a saint. What was the “saint’s” reply?

He laughed heartily and said: “those sons of .....b...b...b....b....brahmins!”

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..

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 Evolution of Tantra Maya**

“Brahma alone is the guru.” This saying from the Upanishads 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 ameagre? 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 a 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.

When I first arrived at the Indian ashram 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 on 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 the order 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 the order was and how the guru 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 the guru 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. People have asked me how they can have such experiences. I would never want the responsibility of teaching such extremely advanced techniques to others and risk dangerous errors. However, they could 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 the guru, 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 the guru'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 the guru yet many of my students continue to have similar profound experiences and dreams of the guru. It is something that only continues to grow silently inside of me and others. The guru 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 tantric 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 the ashram. 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 the order 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.

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, afterall. 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 the guru 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 the guru 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 the guru 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.”

I have come to such conclusions not through comfortable living, but through austerity, not through faith, but through experience. I have never had much in this life and the more I live, the less I seem to have. Whatever I haven't renounced willingly ends up being taken from me anyhow. Such is the path of contemplation. This is happiness and freedom.

Tantra Maya, like Tantra and Taoism, was developed by people who possessed almost nothing and lived in the forests or mountains. I continually find this as a source of inspiration and hope that others can see that there is a great potential to find practical forms of spirituality that aren't products of the historical dialectic, that weren't created for the convenience of empire, or for the comfort of the ruling class, or, in modern times, the pseudo-spiritual market. I don't ask that we all become ascetics like the yogis and taoists, but if they can find bliss with almost nothing, then perhaps those of us who are more “comfortable” can begin to understand what these mystics are speaking about.

Tantra Maya is a synthesis between the ancient spiritual practices of the Maya and the classical tantric meditation system of India. Tantra is derived from 2 Sanskrit words, “ta”, which means dullness, and “tra”, which signifies expansion. Tantra is therefore “expansion from dullness.” It is the rational and ethical spiritual practice of using yoga and meditation to expand one's spiritual potential. “Tantra Maya” has a dual meaning. One may interpret “maya” as the spiritual practices of the Mayan people. These practices have been transmitted through mayan lineages for centuries. While writing about Tantra Maya, I interpret “maya” according to the Sanskrit definition: the divine mystery of how the infinite being hides itself in the finite realm through each and every being only to eventually desire a return to a state of essential oneness with the infinite consciousness.

Tantra Maya is therefore the advanced and experimental study of Tantra as a universal intuitive science as well as a system of Mayan meditation. Over the years I have developed some basic practices of meditation and yoga as a synthesis of these two lineages. In my books I have tried to explain the depths of these tantric philosophies in terms of modern, humanistic psychology.

The Tantra Maya healing and meditation practices are remarkably similar to the oriental practices of Tantra Yoga. Like Tantra Yoga of India, Tantra Maya was developed in the jungle by Mayan mystics and healers who lived close to nature. Many of the exercises and meditation postures are named after animals. Both systems are practical sciences in that the practitioner follow certain disciplines and meditate to understand and verify the theoretical knowledge offered by these systems.

The practice of Tantra Maya also involves healing, herbology, and astronomy. They were all one science integrated science. I learned some meditation techniques necessary to merely begin to understand mayan astronomy, which is an intuitive science that requires direct, mystical experience. This requires one to unify 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, Taoism, 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.

## **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 and.... When I awoke I was perturbed because I hadn’t even thought of sex for several months. I asked myself “why Vermont? What do I have to do with 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 position 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 preist 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 famous [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 was also 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 bizarre 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.

### The Soul Gazers

Fortunately, as a youth I was taken in and given shelter by some of the purest monastics in Ananda Marga. My first mentor, Chidghananda, whom I have written about in many writings, was considered a great saint and healer. He was a classic "sin eater." Even though he criticized the corruption he loved everybody and even became ill himself by trying to help and heal those monastics who were falling from the path all around him. In the end these criminals created all sorts of lies about him so as to not have a pure ideal of any monastic hovering over their corrupt conscience. All monastics needed to become dirty in their minds and so that they could have some justification for continuing to fall from their path.

I knew another great healer whom I became very close to. He became a monk while still a teenager. Even before he became a monk he was imprisoned in India by Indira Gandhi for his association with Ananda Marga. A direct representative from her offered his release if he only renounce his guru, Anandamurti, but he instead remained imprisoned under cruel treatment and conditions for a few years. He considered me his spiritual son and it was easy for me to see him as a father figure. I knew he could see right through me but I never felt uncomfortable around him. He was one of the most innocent people I have ever known. One day I asked him about what gives certain people the capacity to read the minds of others. He responded to me with the desire of trying to hide an ability that people would consider very special and so he referred not to his own ability to read minds but instead to the ability of certain monks who can read minds. He said that "yes, sometimes we can read people's minds. However, with you Westerners it is very complex. We can read your minds and see your thoughts but we have no idea why you think the crazy things that you do."

I was roaring with laughter at the irony. Here is a man sufficiently intelligent to peer into the soul of another with pure objectivity and compassion but because

of the distorted nature of our unnatural and warped thought patterns, he could not understand it all! He was not an unsocial and isolated monk. He really loved to be around people. He watched the news and read magazines. He liked music and literature and even movies if they were not vulgar or violent. For me he was a barometer of spiritual maturity and social correctness. He had never been with a woman yet did not show any fear or repression around women. He was very respectful towards them and was a great friend to my mother.

Years later, after the Purulia Arms Drop and the FBI classification as a terrorist organization, the movement fell apart completely. They hardly even exist now and most of the time that you hear anything about them it is pure scandal and degeneration. People like my “father” suffered greatly as they carried the spiritual burden of leadership and responsibility. Like Chidghananda, my “father” also became physically ill. Most of the monastics were falling into sexual scandals and had no respect for their vows of monasticism. Instead of being congruent and honest they remained monks so as to continue to feed off of the prestige and respect of others, yet roamed around like titillated tom cats ready to mount anything that moved. I wrote the following essay a few years ago while reflecting on this situation.

### "Opus Gei"

My initial exposure to Ananda Marga monasticism was very pure regarding sexuality. There were not 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 repressed and distorted instincts. Ananda Marga was a spiritual society based on the practice of tantra yoga.

In the beginning, before the fall, I could see how the monastic 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 endeavour. 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 did not 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.

According to a recent article I read in The Guardian citing modern social scientific data, only 7 to 10% of the population have homosexual tendencies. Within this 7 to 10%, only a small percentage of people are completely homosexual (2 or 3% of the general population) while the remaining 5 to 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. Later, I became friends with some more progressive Liberation Theology priests who were more honest about the hypocrisy of the supposed celibates. There is no spiritual vitality left in the church and most priests are really poorly adjusted people that don't understand their natural impulses. The Catholic church with their very gay "Opus Dei" have propagated this plague 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 is not 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, and hopefully people would not use such an argument as a diatribe against homosexuals, but rather against hypocritical priests. Perhaps this notion may help distinguish between more innate forms of homosexuality (people actually born with physical, androgynous bisexuality) and those manifestations of homosexuality that are simply caused by temporary confusion, weakness, psycho-social maladaptation, and general 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?

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 non-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.

## The Debate

6 months before the Purulia Arms Drop I participated in an Ananda Marga debate about whether terrorism could ever be justified. Ananda Marga was a pacific revolutionary organization that denounced both the materialistic philosophies of capitalism as well as communism. The focus of the ideology was primarily on yoga and meditation but there was a lot of emphasis on social justice and activism as well. My friends in Ananda Marga were fans of the libertarian socialist ideas behind the Mexican Revolution of 1910, the Spanish revolution of the 30's and most especially the Zapatista revolution in Mexico which was still occurring at the time of this debate. Nobody in the debate could really defend terrorism. We evaded the idea of terrorism and focused on the justification of using force against the state by violent revolution. However, the other side said our idea of revolution was not terrorism because it is a declared political and revolutionary military movement which does not target civilians like terrorist attacks. We were ideological rebels, but nobody was aggressive enough to really talk about terrorist attacks. I led our team in the debate and we could argue that the capitalist system is more terrorist than any terrorist organization, but when the opposing team asked me specifically if that gives us justification to use violent force against the system which would include attacking innocent civilians, we could not argue this position. We could not even pretend to and we clearly lost the debate. The leader of the other group was a Vietnam war veteran who was very well spoken and even though it was all a structured formality, his sincere non-violence stance made us somehow feel that we were in the wrong and did not want to be a part of the debate.

There were many brilliant people in Ananda Marga, especially in India and Anandamurti's organization became the enemy of the state, both the national capitalist state as well as the local state of Bengal, which was governed by communists. Anandamurti infiltrated the state by creating an army of civil servant yogis who follow a strict definition of morality, Yama and Niyama. Anandamurti worked for the Indian railways and many of his disciples worked in various levels of government. Having these leaders apply yogic principles in society would help establish a new order of non corruption. Spiritual people who perform their duties with honesty and noble character will be loved and trusted by others. These highly respected ethical leaders would be the vanguard of a new society and collective spiritual awakening. It was very clear that this is the type of spiritual revolution that Anandamurti wanted. He was not non-violent like Gandhi and thought that sometimes force is needed in a revolution, but his efforts were clearly focused on spiritual and social revolution. The organization he created was revolutionary and instead of battalions of soldiers he created battalions of social service workers who teach the ancient principles and practices of tantra yoga.

In the early days Indira Gandhi's (Nehru's daughter) regime wanted to incorporate Ananda Marga into the Indian state. When Anandamurti refused then the trouble started. This assault on Ananda Marga only helped the movement to expand beyond India. When I visited India just a few months after the debate, I went there in full confidence that I was in the company of peaceful rebels persecuted by the

state but I never once thought that Ananda Marga would end up in the middle of an arms deal and a failed revolution which got me thrown into jail and an Indian Supreme Court trial for charges of terrorism.

After returning from India and being declared innocent in their Supreme Court I stayed at an Ananda Marga community in Missouri. Some black, unmarked helicopters began to appear periodically during the meditation retreat. I recalled the debate 6 months earlier and could hardly believe the absurd situation of the present. I saw the leader of the opposing debate team, the Vietnam Veteran, and he was frantic about the black, unmarked helicopters. He said they were sent by "them." I thought he meant the CIA or the government, but he started speaking about reptilian beings. This person who read Chomsky and had very enlightened and clear political views now seemed to be possessed by Alex Jones. He began to drive around our community in a jeep with a trailer connected. The trailer had some long object covered by a plastic tarp. We were already so deep into the real life Theater Of The Absurd that we said it was probably a missile he had stock piled to shoot down one of them buzzards hovering overhead. All we could do was laugh at it all. Most people thought that we were being harassed by the government because of what had just happened in India. They wanted to make us nervous, that we were being watched. Their strategy was obviously working.

I had just returned from being under house arrest in India. It was the greatest blessing of my life, like Brer Rabbit being thrown into the briar patch. I was not allowed to leave the immediate area and all I could find time to do was meditate on the sacred grounds of Ananda Nagar, a place used by Buddhist, Jain, and Hindu tantrics for centuries to finish their spiritual practice. They said the rocks still held a great vibration which was absorbed by the environment during their great samadhis, or spiritual realizations. I got lost on those rocks. However, at the same time the ashram was surrounded by Indian military. We used to joke about how they had surplus World War II rifles. An Irish friend of mine who was also under house arrest with me jokingly called them "musket loaders." They would sometimes raid the compound to scare people and we would make jokes saying "here come the muskets." Returning to the present narrative, in the U.S., the military now surrounds us, but with very silent black helicopters. A few years later Ananda Marga was placed on the FBI's top ten terrorist organization list. We were simply dumbfounded. A.M. was up there with the IRA and Al-Quaeda and Hamas, but what had A.M. ever really done as far as terrorist activity? Sure, they got in some scrapes in India when they tried to defend themselves from the government who violently attacked them but they were the ones who always got massacred and never massacred anybody else.

Anandamurti was a very mysterious person. He was first put under surveillance by Nehru before the Independence from the British Empire, while Nehru was leader of the Congress Party. Nehru liked the letters that the 17 year old student had sent to Congress and they were read aloud. People wanted to know who this youth was. He eventually initiated some revolutionary leaders in congress into tantric practice. By the time of the 70's A.M. was infiltrated by the CIA. I know people who saw Anandamurti perform many "miracles" in front of many people in

A.M. Many of these miracles involved healing but it was also known that Anandamurti knew all sorts of things. When my Vietnam veteran friend was planning on going to India he was very nervous because he was a secret chain smoker and he was afraid of getting a scolding from the guru. He had heard rumors that Anandamurti knew everything about his disciples and that he even scolded them for things far in their past of which nobody else knew. When he arrived he entered Anandamurti's room with great apprehension. Anandamurti stared sternly at him and then smiled saying "smoking is just a bad habit, not a crime."

I know so many people with so many similar encounters with Anandamurti. I even saw that some of the elder disciples also had some mystical knowledge and healing powers. There is no doubt that Big Brother knew about the mysterious powers of this great yogi. I truly believe that A.M. was infiltrated and disintegrated not because they were a terrorist organization but because they never wanted the world to know of the great man behind the great and humane revolutionary ideas that they were so frightened of.

When groups of really intelligent people rise to power and influence in politics, culture, and society in general, then they draw the attention of other "intelligent" groups in power and all sorts of subtle and crude conflicts ensue. I was but a witness to all the dramas and personally have little interest in politics. Political situations have always come my way but I never sought them out. They always came when I was in a very spiritual state and I saw those situations as video games of a live and conscious universe full of unlimited games and dramas. They were just games. Perhaps such situations kept me forcibly attached to the drama of the world because I really just wanted to dissolve in infinite light and bliss.

What made the Ananda Marga experience so interesting to write about was that this society was not simply a political movement, nor a completely dogmatic religious cult. There was really a sincere spirituality embodied in a rational philosophy of human social service.

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.

[The Arms Drop movie trailer](#)

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 contemplate my memories of Ananda Nagar the weeks before this incident and remember how there was a humorous, supposedly ex-Marine with a USMC bull dog tattoo giving fitness training to illiterate tribal boys who were employed 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.

Viirendra disappeared the day before the arms drop and we simple observers were sent to jail. 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. They chose the design and didn't purchase the building as such.

Prior to this home, he lived in a recluse ranch in Colorado where a proud monk named Krsnananda would visit him. Krishnananda told me himself that Viirendra had to report to the people in the black helicopters that came to see him at his hidden ranch. Krishnananda 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.

I was never seriously drilled by Indian intelligence because they knew I was innocent. They sent a file clerk to interview me. He was the sweetest Bengali who really wanted to know if I liked Bengal and wanted to know all about my family. He was sincerely hurt when I said the vacation didn't turn out quite as I suspected and that I would prefer not to be in this situation but that I would probably be content here otherwise. He really wanted me to be happy.

This was not the case when they interviewed Devashish, however. They kept him in the interrogation room for hours and had their best agents drilling him. He was obviously nervous. Later, knowing that he needed to give the rest of us some kind of reason as to why Ananda Marga is being framed as a terrorist organization and why we are under house arrest, he decided to give us a story.

He was sincere. I never thought he lied about anything because they were very humiliating confessions. He told us all about the underground A.M. mafia and how they operated. Most of it seemed pretty innocent compared to most mafias. In the early days they were simply smuggling electronic equipment into India to sell on the black market. The money was funding schools and orphanages in India and Africa. Anandamurti prohibited these activities but many people still participated in them because it was very easy and few considered it immoral. I realized that I had even participated in this unknowingly by agreeing to carry a video camera into India for a monk who would later sell it to an Indian contact. If immigration were to ask me what happened to my camera, I was to say that it was stolen and that was the end of the case.

However, I did expect that there were a ton of things that Devashish wasn't telling us. He confessed that he had been to federal prison twice for his activities with Ananda Marga mafia. He had worked in various counterfeit operations with the great mafia giant and pimp, Karunananda. Hopefully, he had nothing to do with Karunananda's Love Shack, the monastic prostitution service for all of the celibate monks in Ananda Marga. He only confessed to counterfeiting and credit card scams. This was a step up from smuggling electronics and it was impossible for me to condone A.M. involvement in these activities.

I suspected that he had been compromised by somebody, by the FBI, or some agency. He told me that the FBI came to his house during the 84 Olympics in Los Angeles and spoke to him the whole day about how A.M. are terrorists. He argued the contrary but the FBI agent had all kinds of inside knowledge of A.M. and cited conversations of Anandamurti that were given only in closed circles. The FBI agent argued that followers of Ananda Marga believe Anandamurti is "Taraka Brahma." They had subtle arguments about how this is a belief system and not some official doctrine, as the agent wanted to argue. This was my first piece to the puzzle of how A.M. got infiltrated, was thoroughly studied, and later

disintegrated.

I began to think of all of the complexities and dissonance that this whole Ananda Marga experience was creating in my mind. Ananda Marga was a very complex world view, an alternative and revolutionary society in all of its aspects, and Big Brother was afraid of them for this. I contemplated the A.M. from the texts and the immediate A.M. culture of which I was immersed in while being under house arrest in their “Mecca” of Ananda Nagar. Now I am seeing that there are so many other voices that could try to define what A.M. is in contrast to the official doctrines and the norms of the movement. The mafia activities were a great contradiction to the ideology, for example. And now I had to consider that there are now really intelligent and powerful people who are trying to impose and define what Ananda Marga is all about and that they are only interested in its destruction and dissolution.

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 Ananda Marga were informants to the CIA and the senior members of the organization knew of this. Kim Peter Davies worked in North America with a gang of Ananda Marga 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 were probably used as informers. 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.

I think we need to hunt down Devashish and have a conversation with him. Devashish made a joke with me just after the court case and our deportation to the U.S. He said, “Have you seen Nirvananda’s new face yet?, he looks good with his new plastic surgery.” I asked him if I ever met this monk, not knowing who he really was. The pictures of him in the newspapers resembled a friend of Devashish’s that visited him in India at the time of the arms drop. Devashish did not respond to my question but just laughed and walked away.

## Ramananda

Below is a publication from 2017. It was written at a time when Ananda Marga was already mostly disintegrated. The situation has not improved, to say the least. I wrote it while I was still at El Misterio, when I had more contact with the A.M. world. Now I see the whole show from afar, like a story that has already been told, that has already come and gone.

Currently, I see more vitality in the teachers who are younger and came to Ananda Marga because they understood the ideology and have benefited from the spiritual practices. Instead of treating A.M. as a religion, they see A.M. as a system of meditation and way of life. As far as the older monastics go: the best ones are already dead. The respectable, older ones still living suffer a lot and still try to give people a rosy colored filter of the present with stories from the past. There is very little present activity inspiring anybody and so they tell stories of the glorious past. Unfortunately, they end up being sanctimonious priests who, while doing no direct harm with any negative actions, end up creating a false narrative of the movement with their spin-doctoring. Just last week I saw that a very well respected monk published a eulogy for the famous Ananda Marga mafia man, Karunananda, saying that he was such a great asset to Ananda Marga and the entire planet would miss him. I wrote about my experiences with the gangster pimp Karunananda and the Ananda Marga mafia in ["The Debate."](#)

I confronted the author of the eulogy because I know him well. He said he believed my account about Karunananda but still has the eulogy posted on his timeline. He said he did not know about Karunananda's criminal acts. Everybody knew about Karunananda, at least the people who were around since the 1970's and 80's. How is it possible that when I was 23 years old in 1995 and only involved with A.M. for 2 years that I could find out about Karunananda's criminal acts from decades ago while senior monks know nothing? People working under Karunananda went to jail and this was a huge scandal in the 80's that was very well known. These older monks remember this and were in A.M. even before I was born!

The author of the eulogy is right, the global society of Ananda Marga will miss their false figure heads. They really have nothing without them. Instead of making sincere efforts for self realization in the present, they love to hear stories about their great departed guru and the lineage of priests. They idolize these priests who manipulate them by giving them their "likes" and comments of "Baba Nam Kevalam," just like a Hallelujah! I am afraid the religious cult mentality of the movement far stronger than any of the rational fragments that remain, yet there are still a few fragments and also a little truth left and so the story continues....maybe,,,,,, hopefully?

Ramananda - 2017



Last year one of the few remaining noble monastics from Ananda Marga came to visit me. I considered him their spiritual and social leader, their wisest. He wanted to join us in the revolution and said that our work was exemplary. I knew he had suffered greatly remaining within the old, corrupt order. He admired us for being moral rebels and going against the grain of our own tradition and withstanding the attacks against us for this. We are not monastics nor formal meditation teachers yet people around the world think that we are doing the work of Ananda Marga when in fact we are entirely independent. I told him that I was commissioned by some of the older, direct disciples of Anandamurti to help continue the work of Ananda Marga after the organization had failed. I told him about our meeting with Ramananda so many years ago and how Ramananda spoke well of us just before his death and said we were doing the work that Anandamurti intended. I met with some leaders of Ananda Marga after the Purulia Arms Drop in 1995. They knew Ananda Marga was infiltrated and was no longer really Ananda Marga. Some factions of A.M. had sold out to the Indian government, others to the communists in West Bengal, while others had sold out to Big Brother to help frame Ananda Marga as a terrorist organization. Due to this an entirely different approach must be taken. Anandamurti had foretold this years ago and said that the social organization of Ananda Marga would be annihilated but the ideas would later continue under new forms. Ramananda, although still holding a very high organizational rank in Ananda Marga, inspired us in this revolutionary direction.

After hearing this history the noble monk visiting us slammed his fist on my table, alighted upright and shouted "Let us tell them all to go to hell and start over with just Yama and Niyama and Kiirtan!" (the basic practices of meditation and ethics) I was so happy because we needed some orange in this revolution, monastics who can work outside the organization, yet still follow the essential discipline of Ananda Marga monasticism.

I thought we had some hope. However, he went back to his tribe in Ranchi that is controlled by gangsters and and nun beaters and told me we needed to make deals with them. This effectively put an end to any possibilities of working with him or any other Ananda Marga monastics.

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 induced 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 once again met Ramandanda in Mexico in 2002. 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. A few months later there would be a great and violent confrontation in India between the "Hindi" and "Bengali" factions of A.M. where they would crush each other's skulls! 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 and could not conceive of how such clandestine activities were possible. 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 practiced my meditation. 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. I knew I should 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.

## **Ananda Marga, A Revolution?**

“Ananda Marga does not discriminate between a householder and a sannyasi (renunciant). The place of a chief or head of family in our Ananda Marga is more important than the place occupied by a Sannyasi, on the understanding that the head of the household does not depend on anyone for support, while the Sannyasi has to depend on others. A householder is like a strong tree that stands by itself, while the Sannyasi is like the vine that wraps around the tree for support. A householder, therefore, deserves more respect than a Sannyasi according to the trend of thought in Ananda Marga. This in itself is a revolutionary idea. No philosopher or thinker, either in the East or in the West, has dared to declare that a householder is worthy of more respect than a hermit or sannyasi. It takes the valor of a revolutionary to say this.”

This portion of “Ananda Marga: A Revolution” was eliminated by the acharyas after Anandamurti left his physical body in 1990. Here Anandamurti clearly expresses the importance of the householder and even more places it above the acharyas (monastics). Ever since it was published for the first time many Acharyas were bothered by it but of course dared not show their dissatisfaction with their guru. In 1991 that part of the discourse was removed and the books that still remained and had been published with the full discourse were burned on orders from the highest authorities of Ananda Marga Inc. in India. Nine years ago a dedicated scholar discovered that in the editions of 1991 onwards the above portion was not published.

## **Taraka Brahma**

Anandamurti reintroduced the old tantric concept of "Taraka Brahma."

Taraka means "bridge," and Brahma is "infinite consciousness" and so Taraka Brahma is the bridge to the infinite entity of Brahma. Taraka Brahma is the point just between the unmanifested infinite ocean of Brahma (Nirguna Brahma) and the manifested creation, or Macrocosm, of Brahma (Saguna Brahma). Essence and creation are both Brahma just as waves are part of the ocean. The essence of Brahma is like an infinite ocean without waves, the pure Consciousness behind the Macrocosm. The universe in which we live is the creation of Brahma, the Macrocosmic manifestation of Brahma. This vast universe full of planets, stars, nebula and galaxies are but waves that vibrate the surface of the infinite ocean of Consciousness and which make them appear as separate from the essential ocean. Taraka Brahma is the tangent between these two aspects of Brahma, the link between the manifested Macrocosm and unmanifested consciousness behind the Macrocosm.

The pure, unmanifested Consciousness is infinite and transcendent of the creation. It is the ground of being, the eventual destination of our spiritual journey beyond all of the variegated vibrations in this created universe. The universe is the home of our physical being but our spirits home is in the infinite consciousness of Brahma. Human beings are microcosms, miniature expressions of the universal Macrocosm: "As above, so below." Our spiritual evolution takes us through so many relative experiences in this universe, so many forms of life and meaning that make us one with the Macrocosm, but evolution eventually leads us toward union with pure Consciousness. The manifested Macrocosm is eternally active and occupied with Generating, Operating, and Dissolving its creation. The unmanifested Consciousness of Brahma is too unoccupied with the Macrocosmic universe to be able to liberate us, while the Macrocosm is too

occupied with its own creation to liberate us. Hence, the idea of Taraka Brahma, the tangential entity between the unmanifested Consciousness and manifested Macrocosm of Brahma. Taraka Brahma sees and may touch all of the waves of this universe yet remains unperturbed by them while resting in the infinite Consciousness. Taraka Brahma is a special vehicle that functions through an incarnated being to express the Consciousness of the Macrocosm. It exists so as to liberate beings from the finite bondages of the Macrocosm and unify their minds with the infinite Consciousness.

Anandamurti clearly explained that this idea of Taraka Brahma is not the same as the divine incarnation theory. Divine incarnation is an illogical dogma because what is infinite can never manifest as finite, that the entire essence of Brahma could never manifest in a human form. Instead, the idea of Taraka Brahma is that the infinite being between the manifested and unmanifested consciousness expresses itself through a vehicle or a medium. As to what degree of expression Taraka Brahma may take is a mystery. Anandamurti said very little about that. He never said that he was Taraka Brahma either. He said that he was a mystery and will always be a mystery.

Most of his disciples believe that he was deeply connected with Taraka Brahma yet after his death it seems to have become an established dogma that he WAS Taraka Brahma. Anandamurti was not some typical guru who impressed people through a few tricks and lower occult powers. His spiritual power was sublime. He cured thousands of people, mended their errors and continued to guide them along the spiritual path. He gave all of his energy to guiding human beings along the path of spiritual evolution. Although I never met him personally as he died a few years before I went to India, I met some of his disciples who had characteristics similar to him: people with a very deep understanding and love for humanity that actually healed and guided people so that they could progress

spiritually. These were humble people who truly manifested some degree of their teacher's power and wisdom but never thought they were anywhere close to parallel with the force of Anandamurti. These people never manipulated the idea of Taraka Brahma with the end of controlling other people.

I truly believe that the spirit of Taraka Brahma worked through Anandamurti. However, that is not the same as saying that Anandamurti was Taraka Brahma. Taraka Brahma continues to work behind the ideology and spiritual practice of Ananda Marga. Those who get samadhi (spiritual realization) through Ananda Marga spiritual practice connect with Taraka Brahma and are endowed with great power and spiritual responsibility. The advanced sadhakas will collectively manifest the force of Taraka Brahma, however, I do not believe that anybody else has manifested more of this consciousness than Anandamurti. Perhaps no one person could ever manifest what Anandamurti did. I believe Anandamurti gave all of his vital force to this manifestation, until it killed his body. Also, I see that his more realized saints suffer the same burden, of having to guide others and take on their samskaras. Taraka Brahma is a serious idea and is not to be used for social manipulations. Those who blasphemy the idea of Taraka Brahma become perverts and criminals because they are trying to wield a force that could never be manipulated and this omniscient intelligence reveals the true motives of these people and exposes them as clowns or criminals.

In "The Libetration Of Desire" I wrote about how I overheard a senior Ananda Marga monk, Karunananda, discussing how he set up a prostitution service for sexually repressed monks under his supervision. What I did not write about is how this event happened while Anandamurti was still alive. Now if Anandamurti

was the all-knowing incarnation of Taraka Brahma, then he certainly would have stopped him, so as to not let these activities contaminate the monastic order. Why start a monastic order with rules of celibacy if later the same monks are going to set up brothels? What was going on? Everybody used to speak about how strict Anandamurti was and how he kept everybody in line. By the 1980's Ananda Marga was thoroughly infiltrated by not just the Indian intelligence, but the KGB, CIA and the FBI. At the same time Ananda Marga mafia activities were wide spread throughout the world. What did Anandamurti do to stop this? I believe that Anandamurti was originally very firm but later he lost his strength and was no longer able to keep people in line. I see no evidence that he fell into scandal himself, but was unable to stop the degeneration occurring all around him. Ananda Marga is a swamp of cognitive dissonance. Stacking lies on top of lies is a psychotic tendency. Instead of coming to terms with these limitations his disciples keep the myth of the omniscient and omnipotent Taraka Brahma rolling all the while criminality, sexual perversion and mental illness continue to disintegrate the monastic order.

The law of karma and samskara, or action and reaction, is totally impersonal. It functions as inflexible and universal law such as gravity or the effect of cold or heat on the atoms of physical material. It does not take anything personal into consideration. Fire burns any hand that is placed in it. Once an action is done, the reactions have to bounce back, whether in the physical or mental worlds. Even the greatest and most powerful gurus get sick from taking too much reaction or samskaras from their disciples. The idea of a "savior" of humanity is relative. There are teachers who can heal and mitigate the effects of samskaric reactions to a certain number of people but it is impossible that an incarnated being could save everyone. Anandamurti healed many people for many years but he always



got sick afterward because his body had to experience the reactions he had taken. Although the mind was enlightened, free and divine, the body is bound in the physical plane where the law of action and reaction dominate. Before he died of a heart attack, he had initiated a hundred monks. Some rose to spiritual life while others fell deeply into ambition and pride. Not God itself, the consciousness of the Macrocosm, could control, guide and care for that process of healing totally as action and reaction are inviolable laws. Perhaps an enlightened being, in union with the Macrocosm, can mitigate the effects of the action and reaction of human beings by taking them within his/herself, but he/she is not an omnipotent being. One expresses a certain power of the Macrocosm but in the end the human incarnation is a microcosm, albeit an elevated and evolved one. Although maybe a myth and not actual history, they say that Jesus consumed the sins of his followers, but had to be sacrificed to do so. He did not have the infinite power to simply make the sins of others disappear. If it were really possible to take the samskaras or "sins" of all, the kingdom of Christianity would not be the disaster that it is and has been for two thousand years. Similarly, if Anandamurti were all-powerful then his organization of Ananda Marga would not be the mass of perversion and priest-craft that it has become. Anandamurti died for the sins of his followers. Although the Indian state and the Hindu "Pharisee" had tried to kill him on numerous occasions, it was ironically the crookedness of his own disciples that "crucified" him.

It is the ignorance and despair of human beings isolated from the consciousness of the Macrocosm that creates the ideas of absolute gurus and all powerful messiahs that exist to save everyone. Priests are all too ready to provide tricky ideas of divine incarnations and messiahs to exploit these natural weaknesses in people. Only the consciousness behind the Macrocosm could save everyone because it is the whole of all parts, the Macrocosmic Consciousness for all microcosmic consciousness.

I recently saw "The Wild Wild Country," a documentary about Rajneesh and his followers. It was very absurd but very fun to watch. It made me think of the pitfalls of social and spiritual leaders, as well as their followers. The Rajneesh show was much more superficial and vain than what I am writing about but I think it reflects the same dynamics of corruption and narcissism in alternative mass movements with charismatic leaders. Where there are leaders with strong egos and blind and devout followers their ambition and vanity too often ends up consuming their ideology and personal sincerity. Not many people are self-reliant and capable of following their own conscience and so they look toward another to guide them and project so much of their own power onto the leader. The fall of the leader is traumatic for their communities and this deception causes great karmic harm. In the end one cannot fool the universe and nature makes one the fool. It is as if the conscious macrocosm rejects and punishes such acts to compensate for those transgressions. When one deceives human society with hypocrisy the Macrocosm makes one a clown and/or a criminal.

One is left thinking if the Macrocosm is an impersonal entity, an intelligence field that controls the laws of the universe such as evolution, involution, expansion, contraction, and action and reaction. If this idea is true, the Macrocosm is in the generator, operator, and destroyer (god) of the universe but it has nothing of a personal relationship with my life, my feelings, desires and sufferings; the Macrocosm would only be an impartial governor who created the universe and its laws and continues to maintain the universe automatically like a machine.

It is only when we know our personal life as an expression of the Macrocosm that we understand that there is something personal in the Macrocosm. One can only understand this when the mind is free of narrow ideas and mundane and limited desires. If the Macrocosm is the whole, then my mind with its thoughts and desires and emotions is also an expression of the Macrocosm. Without me, who will call it "god" or Macrocosm? When "I" approach Om, the sound of generation, operation, and dissolution, there is always something offered to continue with the drama of incarnated, microcosmic life. "Do you really want to dissolve in my infinite Om now and end the cosmic drama, or should I tell you some deep secrets about your purpose and the purpose of the universe?" Thus when one finds the silence and stillness of meditation, one reaches the edge of existence and non-existence to discover the mystical secrets of life. They have to be experienced, one has to go to the seashore to know the sea and not just listen to stories of others' visits. You have to jump in and immerse yourself completely.

It is when one is restless to free oneself from the sufferings of life and even ready to surrender everything to the infinite that the infinite reveals the meaning of relative, microcosmic existence. By our sincerity of effort we are compensated with knowledge and meaning of the life in the created universe. We know the reasons for our sufferings and why things happened to us in this world. It is also revealed the great potential and purpose of our lives that may live in harmony with the universe instead of avoiding existential responsibility and escape life with the desire to be saved by some guru or messiah. It is the explanation of our personal mind by the omniscient awareness of the Macrocosm that makes us understand that the Macrocosm is also a personal entity, an entity that takes care of me and guides me. The Tao, or the movement of the Macrocosm, extends far beyond me, but it is also within me, and so this transpersonal entity includes my

person. Tao is the creator of the stars and galaxies and also the fundamental identity of all human beings (microcosms) as well as the heart behind each heart. Through contemplation and meditation we are taught the absolute law of karma and samsara, of action and reaction. We understand how to walk with virtue to avoid suffering from reactions based on spiritual ignorance and selfishness separated from the consciousness of the Macrocosm. One trusts oneself and has true dignity because the infinite lives within. It gives us meaning and joy to relative, microcosmic life but also frees us from microcosmic life when we die in union with the infinite consciousness of the Macrocosm.

The creator is eternal and creation is eternal and constant. We are being created in every moment of the eternal present. Everything in the universe evolves into the bliss of infinite consciousness behind the Macrocosm, the great interconnected universe. From inert, material chaos the conscious Macrocosm guides the biological, or "microcosmic" life towards its liberation and union back in the consciousness of the Macrocosm. This infinite consciousness is beyond all conceptual attributes but the human spiritual heart and mind can always experience the mystery of mysteries as infinite love.

The only reason we have to ask "why?" is because we have forgotten that essence and purpose and inspiration for everything. We act as separate actors with fear, ambition, or vanity and forget the essence. Action and reaction, or karma and samsara, exist because of our forgetfulness of the innocence and

security of flowing in faith and love. As wayward drunkards we create illusions and fantasies of another life, illusory bubbles between the great life of the Macrocosm and our imagined life so poor. We continue to experience actions and reactions for as long as we believe and adhere to our microcosmic self-spun creation. It is better to return to the shelter of the Macrocosm as soon as possible, to see where one has been confused and mistaken and surrender with the confidence that the Macrocosm corrects us. Once again take refuge in love and ask that you never are let loose again. All beings continue to learn this fundamental lesson. It is the only way to stay connected with bliss and not suffer meaninglessly in life.

In the final stages of the evolution of the microcosm, after the fire of purification and the errors of ambition and selfishness in the physical and social world, the microcosm seeks its liberation from within the psychic and spiritual planes. Meditation is nothing else to remember who is inside. There are two types of memory; composite and essential. Composite memory is when the mind remembers an objective experience. The mind keeps that impression and can remember it by its imagination. The "I" remembers what he has done, seen, or experienced. All experiences are finite and have occurred in time and space. The relative experiences of the microcosm in evolution help the mind to develop and expand the concept of "I" from the gross and material to mental and, ultimately, spiritual desires. Although relative, they are necessary to build the soul. One can have family, career and a complete life in the material and social world without falling into ambition, fear of loss, and vanity if one remembers where one's well-being comes from, if one has reverence for the conscious and living universe that sustains one's happiness. An undeveloped mind falls into materialistic tendencies and always suffers the loss by the laws of action and reaction. The spiritual and reverent mind does not accumulate so many negative reactions because it can be

seen that the relative world takes the necessary steps to develop the spiritual consciousness and is not the end itself. The memories created by the positive reactions continue to propel the microcosm forward towards continued psychic expansion and spirituality.

Essential memory is when one remembers nothing more than the essential "I", the witness to everything one could do, see and experience in the mind. There are no acts in the "I-Witness," only the essence of feeling one's existence. That mental subjectivity, or "Mahat" is the internal and subjective part of the mind. It is so internal and calm that it seems the same as the essential consciousness of the Macrocosm. Although there are no experiences or references for the ego to feel "I am this or that" or "I have felt or seen this or that" at some point in time and space, one recognizes that the Mahat is one's very own "I-feeling." It is something that precedes any experiences of "I am this or that" because it is the "I" behind the qualities that modify the "I am" or ego. Mahat is where consciousness gives birth to the mind, the place of the human soul. Only being aware of this subjectivity and continuing to inquire about "who am I?" in the end leads one towards the core of the mind, the essential consciousness, or "Atman." The evolution of the microcosm is complete when all desires focus on liberation, when the actions and reactions of the mind fuse into the Atman.

Anandamurti once stated that emancipation (moksha) is not attained through the desire to stop the mind from all activity (nirvrtti) nor through total mental

activation (pravrtti) but through mental equilibrium (samvrtti chitta bodha). I understand this to mean that the mind matured by meditation allows the Macrocosm to do the work. There is no need to seek to quiet the mind nor is there a need to worry about what work one should do. One only observes what the Macrocosm does through one's microcosmic being. One identifies with the Consciousness witnessing the mind instead of the mind itself. It is not to say that one should be lazy, but rather to say that at the very end one realizes that the Macrocosm is the only "doer," the only actor in one's being. Taraka Brahma ensures one's transcendence (nirvrtti) but also takes care of all actions and duties (pravrtti) when one has absolute trust in stillness and mental equilibrium (samvrtti). This tangent between absolute activity and absolute stillness is where Taraka Brahma, the bridge to Brahma, is found. The microcosm in the end is but a drop in the infinite ocean and it has always been the Macrocosm that has evolved and becomes through us. The mature meditator simply allows this to happen without interference from the separate will of the microcosm. Those of us who feel separate from the Macrocosm should continue to meditate, cultivate discernment and live with the hope that whatever we need is already taken care of.

## Aghora Tantra

This is a version of [“A Requiem”](#) that I wrote for some old yogi friends. During these adventures there was a parallel drama that was occurring simultaneously. I felt this parallel drama had too much synchronicity to seem believable if it were included in [“A Requiem”](#), and so I included the parallel drama in the following account.

A few weeks before the following adventures started I had a dream that prepared me for the experience. The guru appeared as an officer giving me orders to jump out of an airplane. I was a paratrooper and was the only soldier in the airplane with Him and I realized I had no parachute. I looked at him and saw a glimmer in his eye, so as to say that everything will be fine. I could see that there was only rocky mountains below me and that, rationally, even if I had a parachute there would be nowhere to land. It was an order and I felt joy in obeying and so I jumped. I merged with the light in the infinite sky and became as light as the immense atmosphere as I floated down in pure bliss.

The meaning of the dream became very clear a week later while I was alone in the desert base and the narco assassins had me surrounded. There is no doubt that the fearlessness and immense bliss I felt during those apparently dangerous times was due to the dream with the guru. I have had many dreams with Him over the years and every one of them was very significant and often involved what one could call "miracles."



Last year, I wrote about in "A Requiem" how a friend went into a meditative trance and told me my future. There would be a fat man who smoked and had a wife and child with him. He was the leader of the other assassins. They were planning on putting me in a giant clay jar to drown out the sound of a pistol when they shoot me. I was told all of this before it happened. My friend didn't remember any of this. It was as if this person had fallen asleep and was dreaming while awake and moving. When this person returned to normal, there was no recollection of what was said. A few days later while I was alone the assassins came for me, exactly as the oracle predicted: the fat smoking guy, his wife, baby, and the rest of the zombie gang. That is when the fun started.



In those days it was all out psychic warfare against the Santa Muerte narco assassins. Anandamurti said that one day the tantrics of this world would have to fight using their meditation against the dark forces in the world. The social and political systems of the world would become so oppressive and the world would become such a social and environmental disaster that only psycho-spiritual force could protect us. I never could conceive of such a situation until I found myself in it. It was the microvita war that Anandamurti had spoken of. It was an event in time, seen from beyond time. The field of events were but charged reactions, the karma of the planet working itself out, exploding into a giant drama. I had seen it in my dreams for decades. At that time one of our tantric “generals” went into a meditative trance and told me exactly how it would unfold: how they would come for me and try to persuade me to come to their ranch where they would execute me. The number of people and their physical descriptions were quite accurate down to the detail of the fat smoking man with his young wife and baby. With all of this in mind the situation seemed like a video game. There were certain rules to be followed but victory was certain. It was said that I would be all alone but accompanied by my spiritual ancestors, who would fight with me. This person remembered nothing of the information in the trance and simply bid me farewell, unknowingly leaving me to the situation with the narcos which would occur in three days. Similarly, one can see social and environmental disasters from beyond time and understand how the actions and reaction, or karma and samskara, will play themselves out in these situations. With such a vantage point, it is possible to enter into the most terrifying situations from a higher perspective and put a unique spin into it. This is how microvita function in molding human destiny, and how the tantric must understand the field of action.

Just before this affair with the narcos I had a conversation with an old yogi, Vimalananda, about microvita and occult power. He said that a tantric should never use positive microvita (positive psycho-spiritual force) for something destructive, but, at times, it may be necessary to use negative microvita (negative psychic force) for something positive, such as destroying an evil force. One should never use spiritual force in the physical plane, but sometimes one may have to transmute very dense and distorted energies in order to do something good, so as to release negative force from the physical plane. To call down psycho-spiritual force to act in the material plane would create too much imbalance. Instead, negative microvita trapped in the physical plane are transmuted and released to destroy some other negative force instead of using spiritual force and positive microvita for this destruction.

A week later, the drama with the narco assassins started. Things were going well; no fear nor anger, nor even aggression stirring in my soul, even though they had me surrounded and I already knew of their intentions.

At that time an old friend writes to me and implores me to forgive “CobraKiller” Shamitananda. He was a monk that we both knew who had committed a terrible act. I asked if he was asking for forgiveness and had confessed his crime and renounced his monastic position. No, was the reply and so I was not able to forgive him for his attempted murder of a nun by poisoning her with cobra venom, as well as the crimes of his acolytes and the other acharyas who tell lies and cover up these transgressions. My old friend became angry with me and insulted me. I was no longer a member of the Ananda Marga society, nor was I Vishal, according to this little weasel. He was this very same person who told me about Shamitananda’s crime. I couldn’t believe it in the beginning but he and others presented convincing evidence and personal testimonies and even visited the victim. They could gossip about it, but could do nothing to correct this transgression, In the end they participated in the conspiracy to cover it all up. They forget that they once belonged to Ananda Marga, a very ideological and disciplined spiritual society that was created by Anandamurti. It is a shame that the ideological and disciplined people have already left Ananda Marga.

That was a big mistake on his part because everything was so intense as I was fighting for my life against the Santa Muerte. My friend angered me and helped me to confuse categories of immoral, “adharmic” people in my mind. I then began to see the CobraKiller conspirators of North America and the Santa Muerte as the same filthy band of dark, “avidya” tantrics. They all go toward the same degeneration in the end. I looked at that fat, smoking man who wanted to kill me and all I saw was the CobraKiller himself. The guy I chased after on the motorcycle looked just like that old mobster friend of CobraKiller, Krsnananda. I liked the projection and knew it really wasn’t my projection at all, but a template given by the cosmic mind; a convenient way to “kill 2 birds with 1 stone,” so to speak.

I told the fat guy that I saw his future and he was already a dead man. It wasn’t my desire, but it was clear that this is how it would end for him. I gave him my blessing. I filled him with the OM I had heard so intensely in those days. I had no hatred toward him but I told him that I would destroy him because he was the filth of the planet. He went insane a few days later and committed a terrible public crime, went to jail, and was executed by the police while in jail.

I only sent him love. It penetrated him and activated his own latent “karma.” I also send the same love to my old friends that have betrayed dharma by lying for the crimes of CobraKiller and his acolytes, to those who have disgraced the ideology and have made A.M. such a heinous scandal. They were warned and were given ample time to renounce their hypocritical positions as priests. I once offered cranial trepanations with my bamboo flute to all of the rotten oranges. That would be too intense, even for them. Now, this aghori just wants to give

them all very firm hugs.

I was having 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 friends 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. This photo was taken a few days after I tangled with the narco butchers. The skunk knew that I really had no aggression in my soul, otherwise I would have been sprayed. I only thought of Shamitananda, Krsnananda, Madhuvidyananda, Mokseshvarananda, Nabanilananda, Kreepasundarananda and all of the rest of the acolytes of Shamitananda that covered for the Cobra Killer Shamitananda.

What is most ironic is that we later discovered that an Ananda Marga monk, Cirananda “The Headkicker” is closely tied to the narco politician who is responsible for this terror in our area. He publicly threatens not just me but his neighbors with his connections to this narco politician. This narco was the local mayor when the genocide was most intense and it was also at that time that Headkicker connected with him. This narco is currently under



investigation by the FBI for accepting narco money in his previous campaigns. With Headkicker entering the scene, my “projection” against the dark tantrics turned out not just to be symbolic, but factual as well. This is even more reason to boycott the acharyas of North America. I don’t claim that Headkicker is part of the genocide, but that he is ambitious and uses the wrong people to make alliances

with.

Just after Headkicker became friends with the narco the intense genocide started. Since then the locals have stopped eating jackrabbits because they have a strange taste. Jackrabbits are known to eat dead animals, but now they have become carnivores. Also, the coyotes now attack the goat herders in the evenings on their way home, such is their habit of eating human flesh nowadays. And all of this just 2 hours from the border with the U.S.!

### [Listen to "Padmasambhava"](#)

We play our recording from here at el Misterio to protect our environment from the real and present dangers of the Santa Muerte who practice human sacrifice in our valley. I made the double flute part very dominant as that sound travels furthest in the desert. Meet Quetzal, the chromatic Quenacho, striking 12 tones of terror into those mono-tone monkey brains.

“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 flows both upward and downward. Vajra controls Ida and Pingula. Digesting good as well as evil, only those who become completely still inside the Shushumna may wield its power.*

“Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padme Siddhi Hum.” 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.

The garland of the 50 skulls is the garland of letters, the 50 sounds or vrttis that control the mental tendencies. These 50 sounds are also the 50 sounds of the Sanskrit alphabet. Also, the 50 letters on the garland of skull in the traditional Kali image are the 50 sounds of the Sanskrit alphabet. In tantra the idea is that the Macrocosm uses sound as the fundamental material cause of the universe. These

fundamental sounds are reflected in the 50 psychological propensities of the human mind. When yogis heard these sounds from deep within they were repeated vocally and this is the basis of the Sanskrit alphabet. It is curious that this alphabet is very complete and reflects most of the phonemes that the human voice can express.

The guru is one who devours all of the mental propensities of the disciple's ego and thereby gives them liberation. He stands on the ego. This Tibetan image is of one of Padmasambhava's gurus. It is clearly an image borrowed from an earlier Indian image of the goddess Kali, Shiva's wife, who is an image for Shakti, the divine creative energy.

This appears as a frightening image because it signifies the death and destruction of the ego. The goddess Kali is often depicted as dancing in a cremation ground. It is only when we experience divine terror that we can let go of our egocentric fear and separateness from the divine and understand that all is really beautiful grace. The Vajra is real. Its force comes from an unwavering confidence in dharma, the universal moral order. One has absolute faith from the understanding that when one is innocent and in harmony with dharma (Tao,) then no dark force can harm you. Whatever dark force sent your way will be returned to the sender, and with due interests.

### Aghora Phobia

There are brigades of relatives of missing persons accompanied by brigades of activists and forensics experts searching all over the country for the remains of loved ones. They are getting close to the epicenter of the genocide there in the north. There are more than dead bodies buried under the earth there and the richest and most powerful men in the country have stakes in it.

There are great gas reserves in northern Mexico. Besides using narco terrorism to run people off of their lands, the narco government has also used this area for its shady mafia activities. The narco presence was already there as paramilitaries clearing the way for fracking contracts and so they also got involved in other dark activities like kidnapping and organ trafficking. However, it goes even darker than this in that they practice death rituals. The Santa Muerte like to make their victims suffer the most imaginable horrors before they butcher them up. All of these activities have been protected by and perpetuated by the state. This isn't just another discovery of a mass grave, but a place of many mass graves and the most unimaginable horrors. If the world really knew what happens there, then word would spread to every corner of the globe and there will be an immediate effort for the responsible parties to blame this on another. Mexico is on the brink of civil war and the rival political parties and their cartels may be provoked into conflict.



Around here it has been pure Aghora, or extreme tantra, for the past five years as well. Tantra is composed of two Sanskrit words. “Tan” signifies “dullness” or “inertia,” while “tra” signifies expansion. Tantra is the spiritual science to free the mind from ignorance and inertia. A tantric should have no fear to look into his or her dark side. One must move through the personal shadow with a great guiding light of inspiration moving one forward. All people must confront their limitations. Aghora is extreme tantra, and so therefore one must be encountering the shadow in an extreme manner, perhaps beyond one’s personal shadow and into the collective shadow of humanity.

The true aghoris are both dark and light, pure and impure. Aghoris traditionally remain near grave yards to send the minds of the departed into the next realm. The pure aghoris do this as service to the universe. They don’t eat human flesh, they eat human sin. They also utilize the prana, or vital energy of the departed to do their tricks. The dark aghoris also do this, but for selfish ends and occult powers. They participate in all kinds of dark rituals to accustom their minds to work at these levels beyond physical existence and see life and death and pleasure and pain as One. They try to get beyond desire by indulging desires and even performing what are considered the most disgusting acts while trying to remain detached from pleasure and disgust. The desires and instincts of the brain’s limbic and “reptilian” systems are consciously reconditioned.

Recent reports indicate how the Santa Muerte practice rituals of cannibalism. The ritual makes them cruel and inhumane, and capable of any cruelty. The Santa Muerte are not true aghoris, they are just stupid Satan worshipers without technique. A crude imitation of dark aghora, they are but shadows of shadows. They have no metaphysical power like the dark aghoris, who seek this power willingly and for psychic power. The Santa Muerte are but dispensable instruments of the state. They are converted into “demons” via cannibalism so that they can continue to kill other poor people who are no longer needed by the socio-economic system. The whole structure of the “narco war” is to make poor Mexicans kill other poor Mexicans.

A true aghori of the light neither seeks or practices any of this, yet has darkness imposed upon from without, and so must struggle to find a way out. This aghori seeks only light but must descend to the depths of darkness. Many interesting truths are discovered and the aghori takes this knowledge back to the plane of the living, thus raising hell on earth while returning to the light.

As you know, 21 grams of unknown mass is lost from the human body at the time of death. Science has no clue to what this might be. Aghoris live and work with this energy. With so many years of accumulated prana, our Double-Barreled Vajra is loaded with the wildest variety of metaphysical “grape shot” imaginable. Think of our Vajra as a cosmic canon. We put everything in there, all of the suffering and

horror, but also a desire for justice. It is pointed back at them. May all of the terror of the victims, refined and purified in the fire of Brahma, swim back upstream to the minds who perpetuate this genocide.