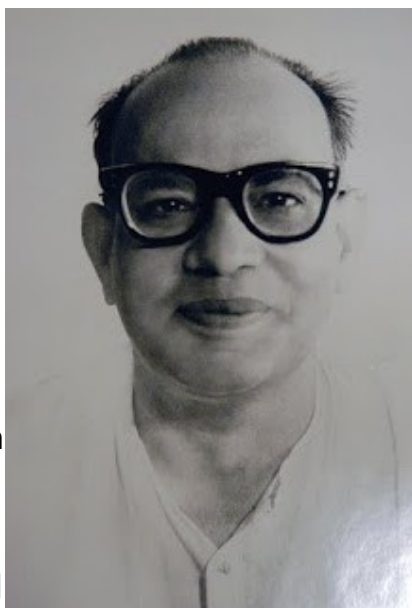


## Aghora Tantra

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, Kleepasundarananda 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 "vaira," a protective weapon to keep away immorality. In legends Padmasambhava used to use his power to restore dharma, or moral order, which is a very mythological. I think it is literally to move the world. I don't know if that is my ideal of him is kind of like a little more forgiveness for those who 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 word. "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.

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