



## **The Breaking Point And The Possessed**

Personally, I fared very well growing up in the United States. My grandparents were farmers yet they sent all their children to college and they all progressed into the middle class. My mother was the only daughter who, due to my surprise arrival, did not finish college immediately after high school and only later did she finish her education. We passed through all of the socioeconomic spectrum while this single mother finished her education while living in a poor working class environment and gradually ascended into a middle class profession. I grew up close to the other members of my family kind of like an extended Latino family. Also, my grandparents, aunts and uncles helped me financially while I was studying at the university.

While my mother simultaneously worked full time in a low-paying job and studied, we lived in a rather poor apartment complex. Many parents of the white children did not allow them to play with the black children. My mother never imposed such ideas on us. I once received a black eye when I got into a fight with a black boy and had some of the black children angry with me. My mother made them cookies and made sure we were all friends again. She also scolded me and told me that I probably deserved it.

She learned this broad social awareness from her mother. Once, my mother told me about an incident when I was with her mother in a store in Alabama in the early 1960s. They reached the end of the check out line. The people waiting in front of them were all black women waiting for their turn to pay at the cash register. According to the convention, the ladies left their positions and tried to get behind my grandmother at the end of the line. My grandmother did not let them. She said they were there first and that they should go in front of her. The other white people were offended by this. "Why does another white person come here and break the rules of our established order?," they said. This happened in

the early sixties before the Civil Rights Movement.

I write this little piece of personal history to say that I had a very good life in the United States and that despite its racist past I have always seen great potential for universal human culture there. My teacher Anandamurti said that human society is like a garden with so many variegated and beautiful flowers and that each one has its place. I am in favor of so many different cultural expressions, but it is the ideas of white nationalism and arrogant patriotism that I find particularly unpleasant. "Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel." Nationalism and patriotism are abstract and politically constructed ideas that trample the flowers of human culture. They are limited and dangerous ideas, especially the militant and arrogant nationalism and patriotism that affects so many Americans.

In the 90s he had a group of friends who were yogis and meditators and also had a very progressive political awareness of "middle left." We saw the conventional American right as centuries behind the times and the American left as people who tried to be progressive but who were simply politically ignorant or too cowardly to face the hypocrisies of the capitalist system. Some people had a certain sympathy with Clinton, Gore and later "Obomber", but in our hearts we knew that these people were a false front for true democracy and only put a good face over the ugliness of the empire. Most of us liked Ralph Nader and some later supported Bernie Sanders. We were mostly white and middle class. Most of us were not radical enough to be fans of Che Guevarra or Castro, but the Zapatistas did have a human appeal, even if no one had seriously dreamed about picking up a machine gun and joining in the fight.

It has been a long time since the beaches of Normandy when the United States was hailed as a benevolent force in the world. The unfair wars of Vietnam, Afghanistan, Iraq and economic exploitation and interventions in the Middle East and Latin America eclipse past American glories. Now it is impossible to have a sense of national pride without telling so many lies. All kinds of distractions are created so that people never understand how they are exploited economically, culturally and spiritually. While the quality of education decreases, people eat junk food, wave flags, worship a white Jesus, buy and watch TV while the political-economic system continues to use its votes and taxes to wage war, steal resources and rape the entire planet. Most people are so distracted by divisive national politics and their pseudo culture that they could never understand what the empire is doing all over the world. Actually, the entire first world violates the third world, only Americans do better. They have 38 major military bases worldwide and according to the Pentagon's world property portfolio there are another 514 military posts located abroad.

As a US citizen, it is easy for me to go where I want to go and while I am in Latin America I see such unbridled exploitation of their economies. So many resources are taken from these countries and much of their work is exploited for the benefit of multinational corporations. Neoliberal imperialism creates economic imbalances in Latin American “colonies” and creates the need for people to emigrate from their economies devastated by unfair economic policies. Immigrants simply go to where the wealth is, where their stolen resources end up and where their exploited labor is capitalized upon. Rejecting immigrants when they arrive and seek refuge is another blow and a great hypocrisy of the racists who always blame the victims of their own crimes.

People who believe in the law of compensation, of action and reaction, should not think that someday Americans will suffer their negative reactions because of their global economic imperialism. The country is already a mental asylum. What people are not suffering on the physical level they are suffering on the psychological level. How can a country create ongoing wars to steal the entire world from its resources without reaping what it sows? There is not much compassion for immigrants and there is not much love among their own citizens in their own world. This mental illnesses increases exponentially with so much internal political struggle, alienation, neurosis and medicinal and recreational drug addictions. There are no substitutes for culture and humanity. If people could only understand the selfish causes of their own suffering and those that they harm, then perhaps they could escape the vicious circle of suffering. Finding a little humane feeling within and giving up materialism and narcissism would solve a large part of the problem, but that requires too much moral strength and character for most. One simply has to admit this and ask for forgiveness with humane acts. But we do not see it and do not change and, therefore, descend even deeper into an abyss of suffering.

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

On my last trip back to Mexico, I was surprised by the calm atmosphere on the plane. Half of the people seemed to be Mexican and the other half seemed to be American. Normally, when I travel in the United States, I feel a lot of neurosis in the environment and the overall vibration is quite heavy. Although Mexico is a totally chaotic country, most middle-class Mexicans (people who travel at airports) do not seem as neurotic as Americans. I have nothing against Americans and I love them as much as any other people. However, I think they suffer more psychologically and are more psychologically alienated than any other “developed” society on the planet. On the plane it was a relief to see people who seemed friendly, natural and self-confident, and I began to think that maybe there really is some hope for Americans. When the flight arrived in Mexico and we were waiting on the immigration line, I realized that most of these people were Canadians. Well, that explained it. Although many Canadians speak and resemble Americans, I generally notice that Canadians are much less neurotic.

I have not suffered from depression or even melancholy for decades. I once told a friend of mine when I was 25 that it was impossible for me to get depressed. She asked how it was possible. I said because I know that I am not my mind. It is the mind that thinks and feels depressed. If the mind recognizes that it is witnessed by the calm and peaceful “I”, the “I-Witness”, then one feels peace, joy and is reconciled eternally with the infinite and therefore depression or any negativity takes to its heels.

In recent years I have gone through a total hell with the [drug war in Mexico](#). My house was surrounded by 4 paramilitary camps and I witnessed the most extreme violence and I even had to defend my life. I listened to people being tortured and mutilated and was always under threat of being kidnapped by the narco assassins of Santa Muerte. Sometimes I thought I would fall into pessimism or depression and that I would have to eat my previous words. However, remembering the “I-Witness” floating weightlessly over the tribulations of the relative mind always saved me. I even got mad at Tao for allowing me to be at peace in such a terrible situation ... it almost seemed perverse and out of place, but our essence really is eternal bliss and, in fact, it is possible to be one with bliss under all relative conditions and circumstances.

Because of this resistance to depression, I feel that I am a good indicator of depression. I can feel depression in other people’s minds and in environments where depressed people live and interact. I feel intense pressure in my head in such environments or when I am close to depressed people. I try to say something nice to those people if I feel I can have any effect or just avoid such situations altogether. That’s why I like small rural communities instead of big cities. When I

go to the United States, I clearly see that it is a society plagued by depression. It is difficult to find places, communities or cities where the vibration is not really heavy. I have noticed this since the 1990s when I began to become sensitive. I have only noticed that the collective vibration has only become even more depressed over the years. Even Austin, which was once a very positive place with a very progressive and alternative culture, is now a zombie camp. I used to say that the United States was a neurotic and depressed society, now I say that it is beyond that and is moving towards psychosis. I don't know how much longer a society can remain integrated under such degeneration. When will we reach the breaking point?

## The Possessed

I was born in 1972 during the Vietnam War, at the beginning of the country's final decline. Eisenhower tried to warn us about the dangers of the military-industrial complex more than a decade earlier than when I was born. With the secret manipulations of the Vietnam War, President Johnson had just sold out our democracy to the international bankers and multinational corporations that would eventually totally undermine the credibility of our government. This time was roughly the beginning of the end for the U.S. I felt it in my early childhood. My home was a safe haven but sometimes when I was out in the city with my mother I would feel that people were just not happy. I didn't understand why intellectually, but I certainly felt the pervasive depression and ennui of materialistic, capitalist culture. I still have exactly the same feeling when I enter large cities and areas where really mundane people gather.

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

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

He once had to clear the path across the Po River which was blocked by American tanks destroyed by German artillery. His officer gave the order and he said, "I don't mean to be disrespectful sir, but there are 2 dozen dead men in those armed tanks that tried to cross the river. My tractor is open-caged and all I am wearing is a t-shirt." His officer replied, "Don't worry son, we have got you covered." It took him 30 minutes to clear the path. All the while he had bullets bouncing off of his tractor and shells exploding all around him. When he returned to the shore nobody could believe he was alive.

His fellow soldiers started to note how he escaped the most impossible situations and began to stay close to him in conflicts because they knew he would be alright. He was always very calm and peaceful. I always felt safe with him and always lived nearby.

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

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

aggression are based on crude lies.

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

She arrived and gave a faint smile to everyone. I hardly recognized her. There seemed to be nobody at home. My friend took her into a back room of the clinic away from all of the people participating in the festival in order to talk with her and give her some naturopathic treatments. I could see her husband was very concerned and was having to give a lot of time helping to care for the baby.

About an hour later I was called back into the room. My friend asked me to touch the crown of her head. She asked me if I could feel something strange. I did so and felt a terrible, evil presence. It was similar to the feeling I had with my boil but much, much stronger. I knew that this was an evil too powerful to be coming from her. It was like a giant, super-personal plasma blob of evil that was in the room. I felt sick and went into the next room to lie down. Ten minutes later my friend came in and said her patient was feeling much better. By that time I had already begun to decipher what was affecting her. My friend saw that I was abnormal and asked me if I absorbed something. I replied that I believe I had. My heart was pounding as if I had run a marathon. I could distinctly feel another presence inside of me. I had never felt like there was some other being existing inside me before. Yes, maybe I had had some strange experiences with deeper parts of my existence but it was always an experience with the various aspects of my own self. My friend immediately lost her non-attachment as a healer and began to worry about me. She wanted to take me to the hospital, which was quite ironic because she always "stole" patients from hospitals before the butchers took people's organs out. She was crying and begging me not to die. I laughed and told her to shut up because I am fighting for my life with all of my force and the last thing I need is for my doctor to say I am going to die!

I lied there all night listening to the suggestions of this dark entity. I knew it was either it or I that would be alive in the morning. Fortunately, my life was very full and vibrant and I didn't accept any of the suggestions from this evil. It was like a pattern that simply made everything negative and distorted- pessimistic and destructive thoughts, hateful feelings, while at the same time it siphoned the life out of the body. It was a contest to see which mental pattern would control this body, the evil plasma of war and violence imposed on humanity or my own conscience. I could now understand very well what was affecting our friend and her family.

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

### How I Learned to Love the Apocalypse

There is an occult story about some yogis meditating in the Himalayas who intervened in the second world war. They were secretly moving astral energies so that the world would not be totally destroyed. They had the ability to enter and influence the minds of the mundane political figures on the world political scene. They knew that the dark forces of the Nazis and the Communists were actually able to destroy the entire civilized world if there were no great psychic intervention by yogis and highly realized beings. They made a deal and called in some celestial force from on high. But there was a problem. There were no "good" forces on the planet that these virtuous spiritual forces could manifest into. They could see that the entire planet would undergo radical apocalyptic changes within one hundred years. These changes would eventually destroy the domination of materialistic ideologies like capitalism and communism, but this time was still very far away and it seemed like the world would not make it through the second world war.

The operation would require some special tinkering. They would have to use the best material available; the least evil: the Americans and the English. Now this was a difficult decision because these evolved beings saw almost no good in the imperialist English and Americans. They really helped spawn reactions to their own insidious imperialism with repercussions like Nazism and Communism.



However, there was absolutely no good in Communism nor National Socialism. So these microvita or spiritual beings entered the bodies and minds of the Allies. It would warp and accelerate evolution. The war could be won, but the societies of people that received this boost would become very unstable afterwards. Most people would not be able to assimilate the new evolutionary speed and would most likely degenerate instead of evolve. It was a meta-physical political intervention on a very grand scale, and with great and necessary sacrifices to ensure that we would make it to the real and benevolent apocalypse in the future; a time when the materialistic forces will receive a final death blow.

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

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

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

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

to evolve your nervous and glandular systems? Have you put your neocortex to good use? Are you ready to become the new human that your conscious, higher nature wants you to be?

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