

The Quixotic Narco Slayers

It was a Sunday with my friends on the ranch. A man from the local village arrived on a 4-wheeled motorcycle. He was a person that did some occasional work for us. He was very drunk and came to ask me for money. I denied him but he implored. I just told him that he should spend the money I give him on food for his family so that his children don't have to come and ask me for food. There was no way I would give him any money so that he could continue harming himself and his family with his blind and rampant drunken rampages. His eyes flared with hatred and he started to descend from his motorcycle to attack me. I prepared to defend myself but knew that he would not be permitted to touch me. I had no intentions nor interests rather than that his family is provided for and knew that the universe would protect me from him. He saw I was not afraid, got back on the motorcycle, peeled out and started hauling ass out of the ranch. In order to leave the ranch he had to make a sharp turn where there was only about 15 feet of space before the parallel fence in which between was the road that led to the entrance. He was going about 30 mph when he realized he was going too fast and would not make the turn. He turned so sharply that he flipped over the motorcycle due to the inertia. He went flying like a cross, arms wide-spread and flying swiftly through the air after being flung from the tumbling motorcycle. He flew about 20 feet almost perfectly parallel to the ground in his trajectory until his erect body unified with a wooden railway post that we use to hang our gate. It was buried 4 feet into the ground with the desert soil packed solidly all of the way down. Now, to this day, the post is crooked.

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

I was impressed with this synchronicity. I was so keenly aware that his threat against my person was immediately followed by this accident. I went back into my mental registry to see what I was thinking during and after this confrontation. My mind was very clear and I remembered my every thought. I knew he couldn't hurt me but I was ready to call the Saint Bernard for a snack if he made one bad move. He was terrified of this monstrous dog who always used to bite him in the rear

when he worked here. Machismo is a false front, it is all about fear and dogs sense this. Almost all men around here fear dogs.

While he was peeling off and leaving I only thought that he had better be careful because he is offending an innocent person who has a lot of protection behind him. I did not wish him any evil but I knew that he would get an immediate reaction to his actions. While these thoughts percolated to the surface of my mind I am seeing him crash the motorcycle and become airborne.

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

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

Every time we chant or play music to create a positive vibration, he comes out on the motorcycle. I think he likes us because he detected us as peaceful but does not know how to show it. The first few times he came with his gun and just

observed from far away. Next, he came without his weapon and just drove around in circles like a mad man.

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

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

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

After this realization, I played music for them not so much to scare them but to try to send these poor souls something beautiful. If they really are like the youth in this area, then they probably have suffered many deprivations and have never really felt much human warmth and compassion. There are very few nuclear families and almost all heads of the household are alcoholics. There are almost no opportunities for these outcasts. However, the system has designed a strategy to get rid of them and make money selling arms and drugs in the process.

They had already tried to enter the ranch on a few occasions in the past. They are used to people being afraid of them. However, we decided to reprimand them. They were terrified. They said they heard voices in their heads and wanted to leave. They said they would give us their protection. "No thank you," was the reply.

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

For days they circled around our small 3 hectare homestead with their big, late model pickups pumping out the latest narco corridos, or narco pop-songs. I found their music even more offensive than their persons as it seemed to manifest and express the perverse spirit living behind these dim-witted demons. I had been playing my requiems for them every night. I knew their routine. Just before they would go out to do their dirty work during the “witching hours” of the early morning, I would play grave but beautiful music for all of the departing spirits that

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

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

I recalled some experiences within my family life that served to give me another frame of reference. My grandfather told me his grandmother was a Cherokee

Indian and I always remember that he always found arrowheads. He told me he always had a feeling that he would find an arrowhead on certain days and was certain that he would later find one on his walk. 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. He was a hero of the second world war. He was a farmer who was conscripted into military service. He continued to drive a tractor, albeit a giant one, all across Europe. It turned out that this intuition saved him several times in the war, from the crossing of the Po River Valley and on into Bavaria.

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

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

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

Also, a few weeks before all of this 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. 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."

The next morning I heard their motorcycle passing by the ranch. I wasn't sure if they were armed or not that day but I decided to charge the rider. I somehow knew there would be no violence, so why not create a drama? He saw me start running at him from 50 meters away. I hurdled the barbed wire fence at full speed with my flute as the only weapon. He saw me and had terror in his eyes. He tried to accelerate but the motor died and I came down upon him. I felt it would have been so easy to break his neck right then and there and that this act would be a service to humanity. However, that would be messy business. It was curious to see how this demon was terrorized by me so I terrorized him a little more by getting in his face and telling him he would be betrayed by his bosses and that he had better just leave now and never return or else just put a bullet in his own head. He was frozen with terror. I backed off and let him get back on his motorcycle and leave. Half an hour later he came back with his boss in a big truck. I had a dream few days earlier in which I saw that the leader was a big fat guy with a wife and child and that he was a chain smoker. It was curious because all of those previous days I had perceived the smell of tobacco and felt that somebody who smokes was sending me their mental energy by thinking about me obsessively. The boss was indeed a fat guy and he had his wife and child with him. He told me he was just an honest businessman who was selling land to people and that he wasn't a narco or a human organ trafficker. I told him I knew what he was and that he was the scum of the earth. He argued and said that he was a family man and that he wanted to take me to his ranch to see the place myself. I knew what he wanted to do with me. I told him to go to hell. He asked me if I wanted problems with him with a very sinister tone of voice. I said that we already had problems and that it would just be better for him to destroy himself instead of others. He left immediately and wasn't seen for a week. I knew he feared the Marines.

However, there was no raid and he came back a week later. My friends also returned and I came down a little from my euphoria. We all had a good laugh, at least something was happening to break this stale mate that has been going on for months between them and us. I knew that if I would have expressed fear instead of playful adventure then my 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 after I tangled with the narco butchers. The skunk knew it was all just a drama and that I really had no aggression in my soul, otherwise I would have been sprayed.



A few days later our faithful gossip source informs us that this narco is in police custody. He was in the local city without his armed band. He ran over somebody in the street and then went back over his body in reverse to make sure he was dead. He did this in a crowded intersection and many people saw it. I imagine that he felt so empowered that he could just do whatever he wants and whenever he wants. The police were forced to arrest him. Now I am the first one to say that they will let him go because they all work together. However, the local narco politician is now in higher levels of politics and he has a “list” of faithful servants whom he must do away with to cover his trail. Everybody around here speaks of “the list” and attributes this to the increased disappearances of the narcos who used to aid who is now in a higher political position. I think that most of the men around here are on that list. It sounds like a cheap Mexican “telenovela,” or soap-opera, but I have only recently realized how those cheap tv shows really do reflect while at the same time create the popular mentality of those devoured and

enslaved to the infraworld of crude matter by the capitalist Hydra and its urban matrix. I suspect these pop songs and violent machismo soap-operas with increasing narco intrigues are designed to create molds and forms for those who have lost the ability to choose and are but products of the system.

Recently, some heavy rains washed away the shallow mass graves in the valley. Body parts flooded the local village. Earlier, there was another mass grave discovered on some land of a political friend of a neighbor who has profited by the presence of the zetas. They give him protection and he grows the grapes and makes the wine for the narco-political crime boss. They even have events in which the bourgeoisie come and enjoy fine wine, all the while guys with assault rifles protect the entrance of our adjacent properties. It is as if we were also under this protection. The place is often full of dirty politicians in white shirts. Seeing it as such I speak my mind and interrupt their Masque of the Red Wine with a firm "Sieg Heil" salute and shout "wash down all of the red blood with your red wine."

They say I am crazy.

They are afraid the world will find out what happens around here because those Zetas and their Santa Muerte are untidy demons that have left big messes. Later, the neighbor's wife, a devout Catholic, comes to me with a dozen tamales as a peace offering. She knows my weakness, no doubt, but fortunately a 4 year old friend of mine dreamed the night before that somebody gave me tamales, I ate them, got sick and then turned into a tree.

When confronting evil forces that could easily destroy one's physical being, one's only protection is innocence and purity. There is fear because there are impurities. We don't yet fully understand that we belong to immortality and so we attach our identity to some relative, mundane notion of self. Meditation burns away the impurities and leads one to a natural state of innocence, at one with nature and spirit. "Who's universe is this anyway, by what right do these narcos, their narco state and puppet governors have to wield this terror upon us?"

"Love seeketh not itself to please
Nor for itself hath any care
But for another gives its ease
And builds a heaven in hell's despair." (W. Blake)

A sister wrote to me during this time: "Sometimes we wonder, how to battle wickedness, but wickedness is its own worst enemy, its enough to look it in the eye and say: 'I know who you are, I have other things to do.' Keep busy befriending goodness, remember that your greatest weapon is the power to create, to capacity to build. We forget many things, but don't forget this thought, That to build is also to fight. Things fall out of place, puzzle pieces scattered, but nature has its way, they will find their place again. When they do, we will appreciate it like we could not before they were disordered. Unknown friends are dispersed throughout the world. sometimes we find each other, and even when if we never meet, we are there."

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

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

If for some reason I can't concentrate in meditation, then a little spiritual music always helps. Instead of letting the mind be conditioned by terrible information coming from the world of men and their media, one surrenders to dharma, the silent and natural flow of events in the universe. One can truly feel the harmony of nature and spirit and that the force of dharma, the conscious force of nature whose only purpose is to serve what is pure and innocent. The best meditation is that which is totally surrendered to the I-Witness; one desires nothing but simply enjoys being at one with the infinite. Similarly, the best music is that which is played with spiritual devotion. While in meditation or playing music under the

neems or the nearby ceiba tree one totally gets lost in spiritual ideation. With music and meditation along with the protection of the neems and ceiba, one can do the necessary work and create a spiritually-protected atmosphere. To always feel that the I-Witness is near and dear, is always loving and looking over, dissipates all fear.

We play this 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 flute part very dominant as that sound travels furthest in the desert. Meet Quetzal, the chromatic Quena, striking 12 tones of terror into those mono-tone monkey brains.

[Padmasambhava](#)

“Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padme Siddhi Hum.” This is the classic mantra of Padmasambhava, a great yogi from India who brought Tantric Buddhism to Tibet. It is a mantra to purify the mind and environment for meditation. The “guru” awakens the kundalini at the base of the spine (padme) with the force of “Hum.” This elevation of the mind with “hum” gives one the power to overcome the lower tendencies in the human mind. This new power serves as a “vajra,” a protective weapon to keep away immoral forces, both internal and external. In the ancient legends Padmasambhava used this mystical weapon to punish sinister people and restore dharma, or moral order in Tibet. Some people think these ideas are just mythological. I think it is literal, at least the possibility of using spiritual force to move the world. I don’t know much about the historicity of Padmasambhava, but my ideal of him is kind of like Che Guevara with occult powers, but perhaps with a little more forgiveness for those enemies who surrender to his compassion and renounce their evil ways.



The Vajra 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.

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.

Below is a neighbor's dog whom I encountered on a walk back in 2011, just after 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.!



This violence is common in the north of the country near the border and near train depots. Not many immigrants who jump on trains make it all of the way to the border. the closer they get the more traps there are for them. State protected mafia (i.e. narcos) are waiting for them. It is rare that such extermination operations make the news but those who live near the border and the train stations know this happens. What is amazing is that these butcher shops are just on the outside of giant cities. Really, most people are too distracted to even care. I know people who say they understand what is going on yet they continue to live in their habitual manner, worried about what other stupid and frivolous people think of them while driving around in their late model luxury cars. This whole problem of human immigration is caused by economic exploitation and wealth inequity which is caused and sustained by the elite. These are the people who open the doors for imperialism, are in favor of NAFTA, that don't mind that their country is a prostitute for the U.S. and Canada, and are happy that they now have the same commodities as the mindless consumers of the north.

I recently spoke at the Navajo Nation at a conference about racism and social medicine. I spoke of how the narco war in Mexico is manipulated by government diplomats and corporations from both sides of the border to steal land for mines and fracking. I refer to my own experiences as well as some other confessions of people who I met that had inside information as employees of the state and assistants to diplomats. They told me of complex multinational schemes to take over the Mexican economic infrastructure. Many of the sources they cite are also publicly available if one knows where to look. I never doubted their authenticity because the horrific rumors I heard from these inside sources actually manifested into horrific social reality soon after I heard these confessions.

The paramilitary narcos are used to terrify people and seize their lands. The cartels are but extensions of the political machinery that do the dirty work of the rival political parties. The rival parties are in aggressive competition among themselves to sell out to foreign investors. Whatever political mafia that can secure the lands of interest can make the lucrative multinational corporate deals that rob their own people of what were once national resources. Since there is not an overt civil war, the "narco" cartels fight among each other in this proxy war. I also spoke of how the cartels are also doing the dirty work of getting rid of immigrants, of making sure they never make it across the border. Central American immigrants are taken from the trains and are assassinated. We have

seen how teenage males disappear from poor, Mexican suburban barrios of and are forcefully recruited into the narco cartels or just disappear never to be seen again. All of this is but "collateral damage" for the economic and social restructuring of Mexican society under the new order.

The Zapatistas heard of our plight and sent a quixotic knight to our community to investigate this. Nobody else had the courage to help us out. This insurgent said that our situation was even more terrifying than the revolution in 1994. I said that it was understandable how a machine gun might make one feel secure, but that our Vajra was a far deadlier weapon.

For decades the governments of the US and Mexico have planned the sale of Mexican infrastructure to the US. In these plans they have included social repression with the possibility of a foreign invasion to prevent a revolution. Also, they have used the disguise of the war on drugs to cover that reality. A year before this accidental political situation started on my part, a friend of mine was translating diplomatic documents from the FOBAPROA (when Clinton bailed out Mexico from its financial crisis) days when these deals were made. He tells me that hardly anyone knows about these matters but all the documentation is available in federal libraries. It is not a conspiracy theory but everything in these malicious plans exist in diplomatic documents between the US and Mexico. These plans are beyond any president in both countries and come from the global capitalist system.

A friend of mine is a teacher at a government college near the US border. His people have been in civil war with a lot of violence for many years. During Calderón's time, the federal military worked with the Gulf Cartel to annihilate the Zetas. The military closed the roads and let the trucks with "CDG" pass with armed men to attack the Zetas.

Everyone knew that the two drug gangs were aligned with the political parties. An incident happened that made these alliances so clear. My friend unfortunately worked under the government administered by the PRI. The Cartel Del Golfo was giving 300 pesos to the people to vote for the PAN. As a worker from the opposite party, he had to offer money too, but the cheap PRI could only give 200. He had to give the money to the people while the mafia of his party, the Zetas, guarded of the ballot boxes.

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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