

# Diary of Awareness

**When someone is going through intense spiritual experiences it's very easy for that person to feel alone and isolated, as if he or she is the only one in the world who's ever experienced what he or she is experiencing. For that reason I decided to share some of what I've experienced and undergone, in hopes that whoever needs this writing will find it and realize that others have been where they're going. For those people who need it, I hope what I have to say will provide support and encouragement.**

When I think back on what I've read that has meant the most to me, it has been without a doubt the personal accounts of people's spiritual experiences. Those accounts gave me something to relate to, to compare notes to, sometimes to argue with: something to interact with. I first read Muktananda's Play of Consciousness less than a year after my 1978 experience, and it was the first writing I'd come across that I could relate to. I cannot describe how much it meant to me to be able to read someone's first person account of experiences that were incredibly similar to my own.

Shortly after that, I discovered Longchenpa, and shortly after him, Milarepa's Hundred Thousand Songs and biography. To this day, I still dearly love Milarepa: reading him is like coming home.

Awhile later I discovered my attention being drawn to the right side of my chest during meditation, and a few weeks afterward I came across Franklin Jones' autobiography The Knee of Listening, another excellent first person account. In that book, Jones mentioned Ramana Maharshi, whose name I knew but whom I had never explored —specifically, he talked about the right side of the chest and Ramana's emphasis on it. So from there, I became acquainted with Ramana's writings, and his first person accounts of his experiences. I had discovered that all I really needed to do was follow myself back, just relax into myself, rather than do any kind of complicated meditation practice, and I was overjoyed to read Ramana basically saying the same thing.

So in that spirit, remembering how much those writings, and others, have meant to me, I decided to resurrect my old Spiritweb writing, with some updates. My hope is that someone will find my writing useful, and that it will give them something to relate to in their own spiritual growth and experiences.

**I've considered putting this phrase at the end of every paragraph, in bold red type: "What I am, you are. What you are, I am. Everything that I've experienced you can experience; everything that I am, you are. Everything that you are, I am also." One of the most important things I can give you is to tell you to pay close attention to how you limit yourself, to how you don't let yourself be your Self. Please don't limit yourself by thinking that my experiences are somehow unavailable to you: they are available to you. They're your natural state, they're what you are.**

Links (click link to go to page)	
<a href="#">Original 1995 letters that first appeared on Spiritweb</a>	<a href="#">Blue Stars</a>
<a href="#">1998 Spiritweb Additions</a>	<a href="#">On the death of my cat Oscar, 2003</a>
<a href="#">2000 Addition</a>	<a href="#">Bits and Pieces (Short pieces on a variety of topics)</a>
<a href="#">A letter I wrote about the death of a friend of mine, 2001</a>	<a href="#">Early Experiences (as a child and prior to 1978)</a>
<a href="#">2002 Addition</a>	<a href="#">Teachers and Gurus</a>

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## 2000

*A letter to a friend of mine who was having such strong Kundalini flow that she was leaving scorch marks on her bed sheets.*

One thing I say to people is “follow yourself back”, but I’ve come to realize that it’s not really clear what I mean by that. I want to attempt to describe what I mean by “following yourself back”. All I can do is describe my own experience, but I hope that what I describe will be relevant to others, or at least give someone a loose framework to hang things on.

Please bear in mind that even though I’m writing about things to sound like separate sections, layers, planes, etc, what I’m really describing takes place as a unity, and that unity is completely contained “within” the field of the pure presence and pure consciousness of I AM **as the field of pure consciousness**. Read that last bit again just to make sure you get it: “as the field of pure consciousness”.

Similarly, all “identities”, all “I am this” or “I am that”, “I am Light”, “I am Darkness”, even “I am Everything” and “I am Nothing”, are the manifestation of the pure presence of I AM: “I am Roger”, “I am Michael”, “I am Yvonne”, “I am Cecilia”, “I am Oscar the cat”, “I am Muskeg the dog”; further: “I am hungry”, “I am lonely”, “I am happy”, “I am loved”, “I am unloved”, “I am proud”, and so on—all are manifestations of the pure presence of I AM—**all individuality and all egos are that manifestation, and are not separate from the pure presence and pure consciousness of I AM. You do not have to overcome individuality or ego to become one with the I AM. All you need to do is follow yourself back.**

So, with these things in mind, I’m going to describe the diagrams going in two directions: first, from the top down, so to speak, and then from the bottom up, so to speak:

From the I AM to my physical body (I should perhaps add here that I use my physical body as a reference point, but this could be to anything on the physical plane. There is really only one physical body): as the I AM I experience myself as pure presence and simultaneously as pure consciousness. I think of the field of pure consciousness as an ocean of suns through which I, as pure presence, move. And yet I don’t move— an analogy would be the way electricity flows through a wire: we say that the electricity “flows”, borrowing the idea of water “flowing” from one place to another, and yet electricity doesn’t flow like water, rather it moves by induction—one atomic particle inducing its neighbor to vibrate at a certain frequency (sorry if this isn’t quite correct and I offend any physicists or electrical engineers).

As pure presence I can feel myself interacting with the ocean of suns (of pure consciousness) and I can also feel myself interacting with each “individual” sun in the ocean (note the quotes around “individual”). If I focus my attention on an individual sun I can see that it has a field of blue around it, and that this field is made up of an infinite number of blue stars or blue pearls. As pure presence my presence causes the sun’s light and warmth, and this light and warmth causes the blue stars or blue pearls to vibrate. The vibration rate of the blue stars/blue pearls is the OM vibration, and this OM vibration gives rise to all creation, to all that is. All creation is contained in the field of the blue stars/blue pearls and all creation arises from the OM, which arises from the blue stars/blue pearls vibrating in response to the sun’s warmth. The sun’s warmth is love. (A side note: this vibration effect also takes place between person and person. If one of the people has an awakened kundalini, meaning that their vibration rate has been raised, that vibration rate will awaken the kundalini in another person if the other person is at all receptive, consciously or unconsciously. This vibration effect from person to person is frequently called “shaktipat”)

The OM vibration permeates and sustains all of creation on all levels—it is the core vibration behind the oscillations of subatomic particles on the physical level, it is the heart of light on all planes of creation, from the physical to the astral, to the mental to the causal.

As pure presence I follow myself through the blue star/blue pearl into creation, into the causal, into the mental, into the astral, into the physical—and yet I am always the same, I am always pure presence. I follow myself from the individual blue star down to this individual human body on this planet, and yet I am always the same, I am always pure presence. As pure presence I experience myself sitting here at my computer, feeling the room warm up (it’s going to be hot here today), hearing Oscar my cat snoring under my desk. I take a drink of iced tea and I am still always I AM as pure presence.

Now, going in the other direction: it's early morning and I'm awake because Oscar, my cat, has decided it's time for me to be awake even though it's barely daylight (typical!). Oscar's sitting on the floor beside my bed looking at me; I can see my clock behind him. I'm looking at Oscar, and the clock, and I'm annoyed that I'm awake and that the clock says it's 4:10 in the morning. At the same time my entire body is full of the OM vibration, not only that, but I can hear it fill the entire room and everything in it; I can hear it in my head, in my arms and legs, in every cell of every part of my body. I close my eyes and I can see it in the form of an infinite number of tiny bright blue/white lights in every cell of my body, all vibrating with the OM. I open my eyes and Oscar's looking at me: Oscar the cat is filled with tiny blue white points of light, all vibrating with the OM, and Oscar the OM cat meows at me and the primary vibration of his meow is OM. I follow myself back to the source of the vibration, to the vibrating blue star/blue pearl and I become the source of all creation as the blue star vibrating with the OM, and yet at the same time I'm still lying in bed looking at Oscar and my clock. I am still pure presence. I go back farther to the sun and I feel myself as the life of the life of all creation, and I feel myself causing all the blue stars to vibrate and in their vibration to give birth to all creation. And yet I'm still lying in bed, looking at Oscar and my clock, and being the blue star vibrating the OM, giving birth to all that is. I then go still farther back and I am pure presence moving through an ocean of suns, an ocean of pure consciousness. And yet I'm still lying in bed, looking at Oscar and my clock, being the blue star vibrating the OM, being the sun and the sun's warmth causing the blue star to vibrate and give birth to all that is. Finally (for now anyway—who knows, there could be more) I move back to being pure presence and only pure presence: I AM. And yet I'm still lying in bed, looking at Oscar and my clock, being the blue star vibrating the OM, being the sun and the sun's warmth causing the blue star to vibrate and give birth to all that is, and pure presence moving through the ocean of suns. Actually, I suppose there's one more step, but it's really the same as the first step, which is experiencing myself as one continuous presence, present before the beginning and after the end.

## 2002

In the past couple of years I seem to have developed, or become aware of, another level of “body” that is quite interesting, and which makes the most sense to me (i.e., it's the one where I'm most comfortable). I find myself with a large body with the “central sun” at the heart, and a belly full of blue stars, the “Mahadeva” that I mention below. The light of the central sun shines onto and through the blue stars, which creates a field around and among the stars which contains all of creation that is generated through the blue stars. All of everything takes place inside this large body, including everything that I've written about the central sun—the central sun is the sun at the heart of this body (see below: I know find that everything that I wrote in 2000 to my friend Cecilia, who was scorching her sheets with Kundalini heat, is now happening inside my body, my large body, and is mirrored in my physical body as well). If I focus on my lower abdomen, thighs, legs, and feet, I see all the creatures of creation: humans, birds, ducks, snakes, insects, plants, rocks, everything. I find within the past six months or so that I can initiate this state by simply focusing on my own physical body and following it back: i.e., first there's my physical body, then I shift so that “Roger” and everything that “Roger” contains, body, emotions, thoughts, etc, are on my lower right side, with every female that “Roger” has known on my left side. I then step back from that and find all males on my lower right side and all females on my lower left side. (For the most part I always experience myself as being half male and half female: males in the right side and females in the left.) If I step back once again, I become “Ardhanarishvara”. And yet I'm still Pure Presence and Pure Consciousness, and relate to this “newest” body as Presence and Consciousness in the same manner that I relate to any and all bodies. And I see this newest body manifesting in the field of Pure Presence and Pure Consciousness of myself.

If I step back from Ardhanarishvara, I usually find myself in a large blue body with a large blue column above it (“column” isn't the right word here), and then I move back further into an even larger multi-headed blue body, perhaps five heads, all with columns above the heads. The best representation I've seen of this body-state are the pictures and especially the statues of Mahadeva—the pictures I've seen of the Mahadeva statues in the Elephanta caves are probably the best representation of this state. If I move back farther still, I'm simply pure presence looking at the Mahadeva body being illuminated by the central sun, and I, as pure presence, am the light of that sun. From this state I can move into and around the body of Mahadeva: the Mahadeva body is full of blue stars, blue pearls, and the light of the central sun energizes the blue stars and causes them to start vibrating. The sound of the vibration is “OM”. As a result of the vibration, creation takes place in the “spaces” in between the blue stars: the blue stars contain potentials for anything and everything that could ever exist, all polarities, and all creation, all time and space, takes place in the space in between the blue stars in the body of Mahadeva.

## Blue stars

*Random thoughts about “blue stars”—this ties in with what I wrote above*

On more than one occasion I’ve been walking down a busy city street and suddenly my vision shifts and instead of “people” I see blue stars, or blue flames, floating around each other, each holding a body in front of it in much the same way that party goers hold masks on sticks in front of their faces at a masquerade ball.



I always see one or several blue stars floating around me: sometimes they just flash and are gone, but often they stay for several seconds. Sometimes I see an entire field of blue stars stretching out around me, especially if I do an open-eyed meditation.



If you think of the blue star as a stained glass window, any and all incarnations of the being that is the blue star on any and all levels of being are like the projection of the stained glass image onto the floor in a church (or wherever). The projected image on the floor is the “life” (or “lives”) on all levels associated with the being who is the blue star (stained glass window). Where there are many stained glass windows (many beings), there are many images projected onto the floor, some of which overlap, some of which interact, some of which modify others, etc. This multiplicity of projections is how worlds are formed.

Note, however, that there really isn’t a floor to be projected upon. Rather, the whole projection is created “in space”. However, this “space” isn’t empty; rather, it’s the field of pure consciousness that I alluded to earlier (I said: “Please bear in mind that even though I’ve drawn things to look like separate sections, layers, planes, etc, what I’m really describing takes place as a unity, and that unity is completely contained “within” the field of pure presence and pure consciousness of I AM as the field of pure consciousness”). Pay attention to the “space” around you, between objects, between your face and these words: this “space” is the field of pure consciousness. It’s the same space into which we project all of creation— and yet we don’t really “project it: rather, we make creation manifest as a vibratory matrix in the field of pure consciousness. Right here, right now, between your eyes and this word. Tan tanpura: everything is vibration.



In the analogy of the blue star/stained glass window, there’s another component: the sun. The light of the central sun is the “light of the world”—it’s the creative and sustaining force of all that is, on all planes. And this is where kundalini comes in (since that’s what we were talking about). To me, kundalini is the “effect” which results from the interaction of the “central sun” and the blue star, and the results of this effect are projected onto the “floor” as a “kundalini awakening” in that particular life or series of lives.

When I see individual blue stars or even fields of them, I can see that some stars are quite a dark blue, others are a bright clear blue, and others are bright clear blue with a sort of bright white corona, and still others are fading from bright clear blue with a white corona into what I can only describe as a “dissolving” or “blending” into the white. And still others are bright white with only a slight bluish tinge. This color change is a progression, due to the intensity of interaction with the central sun—the stronger the interaction and relationship the whiter and brighter the blue star becomes, finally turning into another sun.

On the “floor”, there the lives are being projected, this interaction with the central sun, and the resulting change in the blue star, manifests as kundalini, and kundalini for the most part manifests as clearing and cleaning (kriya), restructuring, and reintegration (metanoia). This can present lives that can be very chaotic as the kriya occurs. As a result, beings that are quite “high” can project very strange, sometimes difficult lives as the clearing and reintegration takes place.

At some point, the being who is the blue star learns to act and participate consciously in the kriya, restructuring and reintegration process, which tends to lessen the need to act things out (and/or act things out by incarnating various lives). The

most important stage in learning to cooperate and participate in the process is when the being who is the blue star realizes that everything he/she (“he/she” isn’t “he” or “she”, but rather “he” and “she”, since the blue star contains the seeds for both male and female) has ever longed for, has ever missed, has every really desired, is “embodied” in the central sun—everything down to the last minute instance of need for anything— life, love, ecstasy, food, everything — in any of the lives projected on the floor, are all in the central sun— that all the being’s eternal longing is really for the central sun.



You asked me about what I experience. I always sense the central sun over me, in front of me, around me: when I close my eyes I can see it, feel it, sense it. When I go to sleep, I see it visibly, and I either move towards it, or it moves towards me, and I dissolve into it, completely or partially. This isn’t just on a non physical level—I don’t leave my body to do this—it’s as though every cell in my physical body knows this, is aware of the central sun, and welcomes it openly. When I feel the light and love of the central sun I feel it on all levels, right down to my toes, in every cell of this body. At other times it’s as though things are reversed and I become sort of a window or mirror for the central sun, so that it shines into the world as best it can through me. For my part, I can’t have the process happen quickly enough.

For me, true spirituality starts on the “other” side of the blue stars, on the other side of the omkar. Everything this side of the blue stars, this side of the om, is the same: we call things spiritual and unspiritual, good and bad, light and dark, etc, but in actuality they’re all the same.

## 1995 Letters

*What follows are excerpts from a series of letters to two friends: one lives in England, the other in Canada. The exchange allowed me to write about my experiences for the first time, and for that I owe both of my friends boundless gratitude and thanks, especially for encouraging me to make our correspondence available to a wider audience. My hope is that others will also find what I've written useful.*

### (To a friend)

As far back as I can remember I've had out of body experiences, but have never been interested in them enough to want to try to control them. For a while I would generate a second body (in the image of my physical), but now I usually just find myself expanding—I don't mean my physical body, or any body, expands—I mean my awareness expands, so that I feel like I'm looking in all directions at once, or else I just see scenes of other places, times, etc., without going anywhere at all. It's like the places come to me, instead of my going to them—this holds true for all planes. Back in June or 1978 I was living with some people on a farm in Alberta when I thought I was coming down with the flu or something—I felt nauseous, lightheaded, etc., so I went to my place to lay down and started to relax my body—I thought I might as well try to do a conscious out of body experience, since I was lying down and going nowhere—I must have done it for about 15-20 minutes or so when this blast of energy went through me from below my toes and up out the top of my head and I went into a complete bliss state for I don't know how long—if the best sex imaginable were a '1', this was off the scale at the other end. Some time later I felt the energy 'turn', for want of a better word, and head downward. After that all I can remember is this huge vortex of energy point-down over my sternum/mid-section, and my being drawn up into it and disappearing—I can remember starting up, and I can remember coming back, but nothing in between. I can remember lying on my bed and doing nothing but laughing—just laughing and laughing, for God knows how long afterwards. When I finally looked at the clock something like four hours had passed. I finally got up and went outside and the whole world had changed—it was like everything was transparent—like holding a 35mm slide up to the sun and looking through it—except that the physical sun, the one in the sky, was also transparent, and there was this huge, intensely bright "sun" that I could see shining through everything (like looking through a slide at the sun). People, trees, dogs, cats, horses, sun, stars, clouds, —I was looking at this huge intense sun through everything. My body had no weight—I wasn't floating, but I couldn't tell when I sat on something whether I was on it or above/around it. People said I was glowing, said they could see it even in the sunlight (I couldn't see it, but I could feel it). I remember a couple of days later it started to rain—I had no sense of cold or warm so I just sat out in it to see it—I remember sitting there and the rain was just pouring down, and I was looking at the raindrops as they fell and there was this tiny blue Buddha in each one—each raindrop. I remember sitting out in the rain watching this and just laughing my head off. I remember sitting and doing what I've come to call 'watching the world being made'—looking up in the sky and seeing an outline of a huge tree, and then there are successively smaller trees 'cascading' down to finally arrive at the physical tree on the ground. This state of affairs lasted until about mid September of that year, and slowly things returned to 'normal', but not really. I started pursuing a crash course in Eastern philosophy, which I had before that basically dismissed— I needed to find new or at least different ways of thinking and new models for things, but mostly I just wanted to compare notes—compare with the authors of the books, but also find some common ground so I could share with other people—I had many private maps that worked fine for me, but I couldn't give them to someone else.

So, I did the Eastern spiritual thing, meditated, which I'd never done before and which now was mostly spontaneous and highly desirable as far as I was concerned. Learned a lot. Two years and a bit later, I moved back to BC, lived in a small cabin up in the mountains outside Nelson, and meditated a lot—got up one morning, went down the path to visit my dogs (had two huskies at the time), looked out over the meadow and found I could change my vision to see anything I wanted—I could look at the distant mountains, think that I could see them up close, and suddenly I could see every detail, and they appeared to be right in front of me. I thought this was neat, then I looked around and found I was looking through my body at the world, like my body was a view-port to the world, like my body was one of those rubber gloves that are attached to the sides of a sterile box, and you put your hand into the glove and into the box, only my body belonged to the world, was a part of it, and not just attached to the side. Next thing I knew I was aware of being a bright 'sun' in a field of bright suns, and we were maintaining the field of the world, creating the world, in the 'space' between us, like a hologram floats in space, and we were all in perfect instantaneous telepathic linkup.

Other stuff happened, I moved to the west coast, other stuff happened. One that stands out: I wake up in the middle of the night for some reason, and I'm drifting back to sleep, but only my body, I'm wide awake. I start expanding, no big deal, done that before, but this time it's different. I go to a point where I'm seeing millions, billions of blue stars, blue pearls—like grains of sand on the beach. I look into them to see what's in them, and they're like zillions of polarities—on one end, call it the top, of each blue pearl, were the highest forms like saints, gurus, buddhas, etc, and on the other end were the polar opposites of them, the Hitlers, worse. What struck me most was my reaction to the polarities—from my point of view they seemed of equal value—Jesus and Hitler, no difference. Diamonds and dog shit, no difference. Then I found myself moving again, this time becoming this tremendously huge figure, looking in all directions at once, and out of my mouth was pouring all of these blue stars, these blue pearls, like a river, an ocean. I'd been there before, so I wasn't too surprised at that (but I hadn't noticed the river of blue, and hadn't looked into them). Next, I found myself moving again, going back to the blue stars, and I was breathing into them, like blowing into them, and they were vibrating—like blowing on violin strings— and they started to hum and to produce sounds and the energies in them started to flow between the polarities, and they made life on all planes in all universes. Then I moved back up to the big blue figure and found that I was breathing into it and it was vibrating also, and producing the blue ocean of stars. And then I realized that what it meant to be the life of the world, and also the life of the life of the world.

Now, when I sometimes look out at the rain, sometimes I only see rain, sometimes I see little blue buddhas, and sometimes I see my own face in the raindrops.

#### **(To a friend, Nov. 95)**

Well, I guess I've been sort of off the planet for a while— I'm still off the planet, but now my hands can at least find the keyboard on my computer. When I finished up that long string of work I was totally fed up with my life— felt like I had to be anybody else but myself in order to survive, and if I was myself I'd starve to death. I'd got to the point where surviving was nothing but a nuisance, and a waste of my time. I'd been feeling that way for quite a while, but it sort of came to a head. I decided that what I wanted for my birthday was my own life back— and I was serious. I went to bed one night, just started relaxing, but thinking intently about how much of myself I'd given away simply in order to make a living and to be able to be part of this local community, and I was lying there when suddenly this huge column of light came down on me from above and hit me just about mid sternum and then sort of radiated outward in large ripples all around me— like someone pouring water into me. I could feel all sorts of things being 'rearranged'— for want of a better word— stuff sort of being 'peeled' off of me— the ripples extended down past my toes and up over my head. For the next couple of weeks I walked around sort of spanning creation— like I had one half of me in infinite light and one half of me in the world, and I was this sort of bridge between the two— immersed in this overwhelming love. The past week or so I've been slowly sliding back into the world, and I'm trying really hard not to feel trapped, trying to maintain the bridge— especially since I need the feeling of love, the contact with that, to be able to stay here. I need that more than I need food for my body. I can feel that my physical life is very different now, but I don't quite yet know how. I'm really hoping that my body changes— there's nothing I'd want more for myself than for my physical body to be able to live off that light. Back in '78 when I had that initial experience my overriding concern was how I was going to make a living— it was like I couldn't be in both places at once, and yet I couldn't leave here. Maybe now I'll be able to be in both places. I don't know.

#### **(To the same friend)**

The point of doing the dream yoga, etc, isn't really about having lucid dreams, or out of body experiences— these are sort of 'teasers' to keep a practitioner motivated. It's similar to doing yoga practices to develop sidhis— supernatural powers and abilities— people see these as the goals and do the practice ardently, but usually when they get to the goal they find they're not interested any more. In fact, as I'm sure you know, many schools stress the avoidance of pursuing sidhis because they can be such a trap. Anyway, the point of doing the dream yoga, or of doing one-pointed concentration, etc, is to develop what is called 'witness-consciousness'— where you never lose yourself in what you experience and in doing so identify with the experience, ie, take on the identity of the experience as being who or what you are. When you start to become steady in this state you'll have the sensation of always being the same, of always being yourself, of always being the "seer", the witness— you say "it makes no difference whether I close my eyes...I can still "see".."— same thing. And yes, it'll make you sad, because you've been looking for something in all your experiencing, and all that experiencing just turns out to be "experiencing"— and whether you experience

this world, or an astral world, or absolute nothingness, or nirvana, there's still you being the experiencer. Remember I used the image of a central 'sun' ? And remember I wrote to you back in November about being immersed in this overwhelming love, and how I got there, etc? If your attention and identity are focused on the body, as most beings here are, you'll experience the sun as the fulfillment of bodily goals, which is primarily eternal life (all life strives to live forever, all life develops infinite survival strategies to try to guarantee a chance of living forever, either as an individual organism, or as a species, or as an ecosystem, or as a creation); if your attention and identity are focused on your emotional center, your heart, you'll experience the sun as infinite love, as the fulfillment of everything you've longed for in terms of emotional nourishment (everything wants to be loved— heavens and hells are defined by the presence or absence of love); if your attention and identity are focused on your identity, your third eye area, then you'll experience the sun as your true self, as who you really are. A lot of traditional yoga paths follow this last way to the sun— which is why there's such a strong emphasis on developing the ajna chakra— and the ajna chakra is also where you begin to experience 'witness consciousness'— the more you isolate yourself in the ajna the more you'll experience the witness state— but the more you isolate yourself in anything the more you'll begin to experience things solely from that standpoint. The problem with the witness state is exactly what you've run into— well, here I am, what do I do now? And right there is the main thing— what do you DO? All life, all planes of existence from the physical to the mental to the super-mental to the buddhic to nirvana, are all DOING, they are NOT Being. All spiritual striving, all yoga practices, all going from discipline to discipline, teacher to teacher, life to life, is DOING. You can hang out in witness consciousness and look for what to DO next and what you will get is more doing. What you have to do is not do— you have to let go and just be. I'm not talking here about how you live your everyday life, I'm talking about letting your awareness let go of looking for the next doing— especially when you're in the witness state. It's like trying to fall asleep— the more you try, and the harder you try, the more you'll stay awake— when you finally stop trying to fall asleep is when you usually do. You have to go from the witness state and trying hard for the next doing to a sort of falling asleep into the sun, and you do that by not doing, by just being. And then you'll experience yourself as the sun, as the source of being, as the source of consciousness, and as the source of love. After that it's between you and the sun— you may simply merge into it— the classical samadhi thing; or you may become a sort of bridge with one foot in the sun and one in the world, which is where I seem to have wound up.

### (To my brother)

Hi, I've been thinking about the relationship between your past profession, psychology, and some of the stuff we've been talking about, and I keep coming up with images from a couple of 'dreams' I've had (note the quotes). One of them was just a couple of months ago— I was standing on this large flat plane (a geometrical plane, not an air plane) and there were a lot of people walking around, and there was this large staircase near me that I had just finished building. The staircase was solidly on the plane, but went up to just above my head and then disappeared from sight— it appeared to vanish into thin air. The people I could see around me were all dressed in black and white striped clothes— prison outfits— and so was I, except that under my black and white striped jacket I was wearing my carpenter's toolbelt. And I was really annoyed because no one seemed to want to use the staircase, and I couldn't figure out why. It occurred to me that perhaps it was because it appeared to go nowhere, but I knew that it did, so I decided to check things out some more. So, I climbed the stairs but tried to view it as one of the locals would, and I realized that as I looked up to see where the stairs were going all I could see was a mirror reflection of myself, and I realized that the whole 'sky' above this plane was a huge mirror, which was why the stairs appeared to be going nowhere, and furthermore, that anyone climbing the stairs would be climbing toward a reflection of themselves that got bigger and bigger the higher they climbed and the closer they got to the mirror surface. I also realized that the image in the mirror, or rather, how they *saw* the image, was completely dependent on how they perceived themselves, or how they'd been taught to perceive themselves, so more often than not anyone climbing the stairs would run headlong into their own self-image and turn around.

Now, a second dream, from a couple of years ago. I'm standing looking at a mirror image of myself, something I see frequently in dreams— there's no mirror, just the image— and I realize that I've been seeing this image a lot and it's pissing me off that I don't understand why, so I decide to go into and through the image, just to see what will happen. So, I go through my image like Alice going through the looking glass, and immediately I'm in this large luminous space full of this gold-white light, and all I can see are thousands of hands reaching out toward me, some are applauding, many are touching me, sort of moving me along. I realize that they're moving me toward the intensity of the light, that the light is getting much brighter until finally there are no hands, just the light, and I'm moving into the light and slowly dissolving into it.

The image in the mirror above the plane in the first dream and the image of myself (or anyone else) in the second dream are the same. The stairs in the first dream leads to the experience in the second dream.

Now, about psychology— it seems to me that psychology gets people to the point that they can look at themselves in the ‘mirror’ and not turn away— it ‘unskews’ their self-image. But that’s where it stops. It stops because it sees its goal as producing well -balanced individuals in the world— people in prison clothes with smiles on their faces; it also stops because it sees its own well-balanced reflection in the mirror and thinks that that’s all there is— it can’t get past its own narcissism.

However, if you can integrate what you’ve learned about fixing people’s self-images with your being able to stand at the top of the stairs and helping them through the mirror, you can combine the best of “both” worlds.

#### (To a friend)

I find that every day I face dealing with the problems of survival— food, money, health, and so on— and I’m constantly asking myself “what am I getting back for all of this foolishness”— I work so I can make money to buy food so I can have energy to work to make money to buy food so I can have energy to work.....Beyond the basic survival instincts, like pulling my hand off a hot stove, I can’t think of any reason to be here if all I get out of it is participating in consensus reality and a stupid north american society that I really don’t want to participate in in any case. Even simple things like eating drive me nuts— why do I have to keep feeding this thing— why can’t my body just be? I find I have to be very careful not to get very self-destructive— normal life, everyone’s goal, everyone’s joy, is a prison for me. But not in terms of wanting to be somewhere else, because any ‘somewhere else’ looks good until it becomes ‘normal’, and then you’re stuck there again. No, it’s just a matter of not wanting to do this any more, of having seen it a thousand times, and of realizing that you don’t belong here any more. And I think that that’s the key— of outgrowing this world, of seeing it for what it is, so it loses its magic. For me, I know that I won’t be back here again, that this is my last life, and that in this life I’m basically reviewing and integrating everything I’ve learned from being here in god knows how many previous lives. This also means that I’m developing an immunity to the things that have trapped me here in the past. This is all very hard work and I’ve had to go in directions and into areas I never thought I wanted to see. It’s not about renouncing or giving up anything— it’s about recovering all the pieces of yourself that you’ve given to others— whether it’s to your mother or father, or to Hitler, or to Christ. I think that at some point the desire for wholeness becomes as strong as the desire for life, the desire for survival— and I think it’s this desire for wholeness that will get you through tough times even when your desire for life has faded, or when you’re telling yourself in your heart that all this bullshit really isn’t worth the effort. Unfortunately it’s really easy when you get to the tough parts to just give up and walk away, even to give up your life— unfortunately, also, the drive for survival only operates ‘inside’ a life, while the desire for wholeness operates inside your soul— so you’ll keep coming back until you’ve found all your pieces. The desire for life is universal— everything wants to live. And everything wants to be whole— that’s also a universal drive.

#### (To a friend)

Ok, now I’m going to try to write about things I haven’t written about before— I’ve written *around* them, but not directly at them, if you know what I mean. Whenever I think about telling someone else about this I immediately start getting all kinds of ‘interference’— can’t think clearly, get distracted easily, find something else to do all of a sudden— when, and if, I write what I want I think you’ll understand why. If you come to terms with the feelings you talked about, the weight on your chest, the sense of guilt, but what for, etc, you’ll discover the key to this particular world— especially if you don’t think of it in terms of a physical location so much as a layer or type of consciousness.

You wrote:

*I remember crying and the thought came over and over “how can I ever be forgiven” or some such thing...although forgiven for what? So thats where I seem to be stuck at the moment...and I can feel this huge huge weight on back and chest from being unable to forgive myself...not even knowing how or for what..*

Also, remember how you wrote me that you somehow felt responsible for my being sick?

*...when I heard you were sick I felt guilty like it was my fault..*

The key to this world is in that feeling of being guilty, but not knowing for what. It's the feeling that's behind the idea of original sin, behind the idea of karma— most especially the idea of gaining merit by doing good deeds and losing merit by bad deeds, and being able to more or less buy your way out of the world by accumulating enough merit. Most, if not all religions of the world are morality based because they are based on this notion of 'unconditional guilt'. This guilt does not belong to you—I repeat: THIS GUILT DOES NOT BELONG TO YOU. It belongs to the fabric of this particular world, this particular place of consciousness— it does not belong to you, but belongs to and with this world just as much as the different species of plants and animals belong to this world. And just as you TAKE ON the identity of one (or more) animal forms—most notably the human one— when you come here, you also take on the emotional and intellectual forms of this place, and that feeling of aimless guilt is just one of those forms. It does not belong to you, but insofar as you buy into it, insofar as you accept it as you and yours and what you are, you thrash around in it trying to resolve it so that you can be good enough, or meritorious enough, or holy enough, to be free of it. The only way you are going to resolve it is to see your own true face, the one you had before you bought into the package of this place.

I can remember the first time I realized this: I was standing in the middle of my cabin in Nelson, doing what I call watching the world being made— watching things move from energy forms to 'solid forms' — and I suddenly became incredibly angry, outraged, because I realized I'd bought into a ruse, a trap— I realized that the whole notion of karma was a lie— that there was nothing to work ourselves out of, that we were 'trapped' here because we bought into the idea that we were trapped and had to earn our way free. It was several years later that I finally saw the other side of this, when I realized that beings on many layers had an interest in maintaining the status quo of this world. I found myself going to 'negative worlds' quite a bit at one point, exploring them, not their physical makeup but their conscious makeup. I found that as I went into different worlds they would have different dominant emotional makeups, different flavors if you will— anger, sadness, etc, and that the true residents of those worlds were committed to maintaining the status quo of those worlds with as much vigor as anyone in any other world, positive or negative. True, the residents of those negative worlds would moan and groan and complain of their plight, but that was also part of the inherent fabric of those worlds, and the way out of any one of them was the same— finding your 'original face'— following yourself back. On one occasion I came across a very strange scene— I saw a man's head with a lot of light energy around it— the head was horizontal, as though the man was lying down— and beside the head was this very dark, even black, being, fairly featureless, who was sort of reaching into the light energy around the man's head and gathering it up. The being then took the light energy over to a 'table' to two other dark beings, and the three of them began to 'eat' the energy, for lack of a better word. Suddenly the first being became aware of me for the first time and it's mouth flew open wide and it leapt across the room at me. I immediately came back into my body— and the first thing I noticed astounded me— I felt this overwhelming sense of guilt, this overwhelming sense of failure at everything I'd ever done, this awareness of every "mistake" I'd ever made— and I simultaneously realized that these feelings had resulted from my contact with these dark beings. I realized that these beings fed on the type of energy that was generated by those kinds of feelings, and that furthermore they actively promoted and encouraged those kinds of feelings in physical beings much as a farmer would encourage certain characteristics in a breed of cattle. I further came to realize that these kinds of feelings, the kinds necessary for these beings' survival, can be passed on from person to person like some kind of virus, and that this transfer is especially potent between members of the same family— a sort of hereditary virus, only in this case it's an emotional virus.

I came to the realization that most religious institutions bought into this and were infected by this, and that even forces that appeared as 'light' against 'dark' or 'good' against 'evil' in the world were infected because they generated the suitable type of energy for these beings. I further came to realize that whenever I even think about telling someone else about this I get a strong sense of being 'under attack'— that I shouldn't be talking about this because I'm upsetting the fabric of the world, and any increase in awareness in any one person means one less energy 'generator' for those beings. Further, they work quite hard to 'capture' beings with high energy output— the more energy the stronger and more secure their world is. And they work quite hard to maintain their hold on someone if they think they're going to lose them.

The guilt doesn't belong to you— don't buy into it— it's a trap. It's how this world is made, but it's not you, and it's not yours. I think I said something somewhere about this world being a good place to develop an immunity — what I've just written about is what you develop an immunity to.

### (followup to above letter)

More about the black guys— when I first started encountering ‘them’ I thought they were things like my own projections, or perhaps a sort of metaphorical way of thinking about psychological processes, like projecting my ‘shadow’ into them, etc. But then I realized I’d been seeing them with my eyes open, so to speak. I always see little blue ‘sparks’, lights, spheres, floating around— these to me are people, some of whom I know on the physical level, some I don’t. Sometimes I’ll see a sort of flash from one of them and immediately think about someone I know. Some time back when I wrote you about “wanting to dance”— you were sort of floating around in the room when I was writing you— I saw you as a blue sphere about the size of a grapefruit that was dancing around in front of me and moving back and forth through my body. What I also see is these little black specks that I’d started calling ‘the flies’, but I didn’t know what they were until I became aware of them as beings— the black guys. What I’d noticed is that these ‘flies’ would gravitate toward trauma— I first noticed this while watching TV— if there was a real trauma on the screen— a real war, a real murder, etc, I could see these flies sort of streaming toward the TV screen, but they seemed to be able to distinguish between real events and fictional trauma. I found that I could draw them toward me by changing my thought forms.

What I also realized is that you can’t merely resist them by maintaining a positive attitude in the face of trauma, physical or emotional, if you have ‘subconscious’ weak spots— psychic bruises— because these guys are masters at finding your weak spots and ‘magnifying’ them out of proportion, and exploiting them— and the primary psychic bruise is all the stuff involved with the weight on your chest— or on mine. The only way to protect yourself is to face the stuff head on, and realizing how you got it and where it came from— your father, my father, your mother, my mother, etc. It’s your awareness that will free you— it’s the light of that awareness that the “flies” can’t handle— they need to be invisible. I figured that I could “blast” them with love, because love conquers all, etc, but that’s not true— beings react to love according to their own purpose— for a mosquito love would be your letting it suck you dry, for a great white shark love would be your letting it eat you without a struggle, for Saddam Hussein love would be your unconditional surrender to his will. Anything you send love to will grow and flourish, but on its own terms— if you send love to a tumor it’ll grow and be happy, send love to the HIV virus and it’ll be fruitful and multiply. If you send love to the “flies” they’ll be happy, but on their terms, or at best they’ll want to make you “lord of the flies”.

I’ve found that the trick to going into ‘dark’ places is that you always have to be able to find yourself— I don’t mean being able to know where you are, but being aware of yourself as separate from your location, even though you may be mirroring your location and the beings there, even though you may feel and think things AS your own that are not your own but belong to the location. Not all thoughts and feelings are necessarily yours— most belong to the fabric of your location. That’s important because when you get into the ‘dark’ places you’ll find that events, people, places in your life that have a ‘resonance’, if you will, with that darkness will sort of start to vibrate more and you’ll become more aware of them in your memory, and more aware of your emotional responses to them, and more aware of the emotional and psychic bruises you’ve incurred as a result of interacting with them— all your shit will start to surface. Remember the stuff about how these ‘viruses’ get passed on— think about the chain of transmission in your own life.

This is all sort of an immunization program— like being inoculated against small pox— you get a little bit of the real thing in your system so you can develop an immunity— the bits and pieces of the ‘virus’ you pick up from the world and from your family are the diluted strains for the inoculation.

### (To a friend)

Remember all the stuff I wrote about beings wanting to maintain the status quo of the world? When you effect things prior to creation it isn’t just a matter of “causing the right people to appear at the right time etc”. If you ‘radiate’ the light of the sun, so to speak, you will effect the beings who want to maintain the status quo of the world if you are in their world. Even a little baby sun/son radiates enough to upset the status quo when it starts to shine beyond the world’s comfort level. Some of those beings will be attracted to you, and some will be repelled by you. Most will not know why in either case, and most will invent some reason for it, or will respond on their own level— for example, women might be attracted to you but will interpret it in terms of sexual attraction. Someone else might be repelled, but will interpret it as not liking your tone of voice, or whatever. We value attractiveness in this world — we like to have people like us and we like to be attractive— we want the power to draw people to

us, which is what being attractive means— but you have to understand, and this is very hard to deal with sometimes, that most people don't know what's happening and that more importantly if you are radiating the 'sun', your capacity to attract or repel is because of the 'sun', and is nothing personal. Most importantly, attractiveness is easy to deal with because it's a 'feel-good' thing, but you can get trapped in it; even more importantly, if you repel people because of your radiance, it's nothing personal— it's not a personal rejection. I'll say that again— IT'S NOT A PERSONAL REJECTION— so be very careful if and when it happens that you don't take it personally and start overcompensating to win approval. I've learned this the hard way, believe me. When I was in the process of learning this I had this dream where Muktananda and I were standing beside this stream, and there were fish in the water and flocks of birds overhead, and he was pointing them out to me, and I saw that one of the fish was me, and the I saw that one of the birds was me, and I realized that I was a fish because that's the way fish saw me, and I was a bird because that's the way birds saw me, and I was a human because that's the way humans saw me, and individual humans see from their individual viewpoints, my cat from his, etc. Remember that we talked somewhere about how the 'sun' mirrors (I think it was in the context of backing into the sun?) This is the same thing.

### (To a friend)

A lot of spiritual traditions arise because of the attitudes of one person in a state of enlightenment who is speaking from his relative position (point of view), and then these statements are 'canonized' into a 'way of being' that, if followed, will lead to enlightenment. The idea of equanimity is one of these canonized precepts— equanimity is a way of describing what it feels like to be in a particular state, but practicing equanimity won't necessarily lead to that state, any more than wearing orange robes will produce enlightenment just because someone who is enlightened wears orange. People see what they think of as high beings being indifferent to their physical surroundings, for example, and think that indifference is necessary to enlightenment and moreover use indifference, etc, as a standard to judge the spiritual 'development' of people (if he/she isn't indifferent than he or she isn't spiritually developed— this is similar to an orthodox Jew's judging the piety of a person by how well he or she observes the 600 odd mitzvahs that are necessary to fulfill Jewish religious obligations— if the person claimed to have 'seen God' but hadn't fulfilled the mitzvahs then the person obviously hadn't seen God because only people who had observed all the mitzvahs could see God.) True equanimity is an outgrowth of spiritual activity, not a cause of it, but in any case it isn't always present— sometimes it arises spontaneously as an outgrowth of kundalini activity in the same way that people perform spontaneous yoga postures as a result of kundalini activity— I suspect that the spontaneous postures came first, and then people began imitating them in hopes of achieving spiritual advancement. The bottom line is that you can't gain Pure Consciousness by practicing indifference, although some beings in pure consciousness may be indifferent— due to the fact that they've 'anchored' their attention in their upper chakras to the extent that they can't sense anything (but of course that's the goal of yoga, isn't it— to move your attention permanently to the upper chakras— but my experience says this is incomplete— I don't think this is enlightenment, but then I don't think the realization of Pure Consciousness is enlightenment.)

Maybe I should speak more from personal experience— when I'm running around in the world being a person, being a carpenter, eating, talking, feeling tired, feeling energized, I feel that I'm somehow off to my left side, for want of a better way of saying it, and that my attention, my consciousness, is focused towards the left. On the left I feel all the polarities of existence as if they were in one body on one side of me— male and female, good and bad, light and dark, Christ and Satan, satgurus and drug dealers, heavens and hells— unless I'm especially anchored in one point of view I can feel myself flip back and forth from one polarity to the other— first I'm male, then female, for example. If I move myself towards my right I become more 'aware'— first of the relationships of the polarities (most people get lost in the polarities and have no awareness of being in one or another of them), and as I move further towards the right I move into 'spaciousness', at which point I become aware of the totality of the body of polarities on the left— and feel that I'm the 'life' of the polarities; if I keep going I wind up on the right as Pure Consciousness with the body of polarities to the left, so to speak. If I move to the center between the two bodies, the body of polarities and the body of pure consciousness, then I feel that both are a part of me— and if I merge the two bodies by moving both towards the center then I experience different levels of bliss as the two bodies merge, at which point I become the bliss and the qualities of both bodies— the bliss of the union, the consciousness of the right and the 'beingness' of the left, and yet I also stay the same as a 'presence'. To me it's quite easy to think of the left body, the 'beingness' body as feminine and the right body, the pure consciousness body, as being masculine. When I look at the right body I see lots of guys, yogis, but almost always men, in meditation, and my initial reaction to them is that they are dry— that's the word that comes to mind — 'dry'— as if the left

side, the feminine, were wet, and these guys are dry, and out of touch with the feminine. They had no emotions, no heart. To me these guys are in a dead end, and if they are ever going to advance, ever going to get out of the dead end, they're going to have to integrate the feminine. And yet these same guys and the position of these guys, is the ideal and the role model for much of eastern spirituality. Of course their opposites are too 'wet', too immersed in the ocean of desires. Most 'enlightenment' practices, most spiritual pursuits, come from one end of this polarity and are directed towards the other, but there's no integration and no transcendence of polarities— both 'ends' feed off the energy generated by the polarity and so nothing ever really happens because on the overall scale the status quo needs to be maintained to maintain the energy that both sides need. On this level there's not much difference between mainstream spiritual teachers and those who 'need' to be taught.— that's why nothing ever really happens in the world— people talk about this and that major change, new age, etc, but things keep going (business as usual)— just sort of change shape.

One dream of mine had a lot of impact on me—I was very depressed for a couple of months afterward when I realized the impact of it—I dreamed I was standing in the quadrangle of the university I went to, and was surrounded by this intense gold light— I had just come back from 'higher' places and wanted to share what I had picked up— the energy of the gold light— across from me were just about everyone I knew— people I hadn't seen in years, college friends, people I only knew in passing— this one girl, Suzie something-or-other who I knew from college, came up to me as a sort of spokesperson for the group— she said "we don't want your kind of love in our world"—it blew me away— I said "fine", and made myself disappear. I woke up in tears, and stayed blown away for months—I kept wishing I could make myself disappear as I did in the dream— until I realized what I told you about all life desiring eternal life, etc.

About raising your own level— you can't raise your own level any more than you can pick yourself up by your own bootstraps. All the good works and karma burning exercises in the world won't do the job— what you need is what you've already got— an active kundalini, which has its own mind and knows what its doing — you have the grace that you need, you just have to learn how to work along side it, how to pay attention. Kundalini activity on the physical level shows that something is happening at a higher level— it doesn't much matter that you understand what's going on, or how you understand it (you can understand from a cultural level— Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, etc). Information, teachings, practices don't change things unless the person is already active and needs to know so they can cooperate with the process that's taking place on a higher level. If you have an active kundalini on the physical level it means things are happening at a higher level and that you are effecting beings at that level (you experience yourself as 'them' partly because you are effecting changes at that level)— by just being you effect other beings who in turn effect others— but this is done at a level prior to creation, so you effect the level at which the beings who create and maintain the world in fact create and maintain. Whether you actually teach, i.e., pass on information, etc, is not as important as being. And one of the hardest things is to be in the face of all the bullshit of the present level of creation— you can look at it from your own level of 'comfort' and think 'who needs this shit, who would ever want it', and it's very hard not to either give up and 'terminate' yourself because you don't want what's here, or succumb to it and just go along with the 'norm' out of loneliness (or run around trying to save everyone from the world— and so become a participant in the melodrama). At this point your being in the world becomes a sacrifice.

More on the matter of balance— as the heart area balances, the difference/indifference, desire/desirelessness, emotion/emotionlessness quotient changes depending on the individual— I went from being very detached and indifferent (I used to meditate up to 9 hrs a day when I was in Nelson) to being quite a bit more emotional, full of desires— and yet not caring that I was more emotional and had lots of desires— this is a balancing between male/female sides—I mentioned before about gaining weight, being more aggressive—this is part of same thing— some people go to being less physical, less aggressive, some to more. Some to more grounded, some to less— you can't go by mainstream expectations—you have to let kundalini do the job— don't set limits on it, don't tie yourself up with expectations just because they agree with mainstream spirituality.

**(To a friend)**

Ok, I'm going to start on this topic, but I don't know where I'm going to wind up because it's such a large and important area— I may just keep writing until I run out of steam or then again I may make a bunch of general statements and observations and we can pursue them over a period of time. There is a direct link here between what you do as a medium and what you have and will experience in terms of 'higher awareness' or whatever you want to call it.

First, about the heart chakra. When your heart chakra is open (or perhaps too open, depending on your point of view) you will experience other people's thoughts, emotions, and sometimes physical sensations as your own— you will not be able to differentiate you from them— not know whose thoughts they are, whose emotions, whose physical sensations. When I get 'strange' thoughts or emotions I always have to check myself to make sure that I'm not mirroring someone— that person doesn't have to be physically present— and one way I do it is to see what my face feels like— I check to see whose face I'm wearing. When I'm relaxed and, for example, lying in bed, if I think about someone I know and am fairly close to, I can feel my face change into their face, and I get the accompanying thoughts, emotions, etc. For example, I have a friend who's married to an RCMP officer— she and I are quite close so she's easy to reach— but when I get in touch with her and feel my face change, what I get is what I've come to call the 'police radio'— I hear all of these police conversations, law enforcement phrases, etc— because she so strongly mirrors her RCMP husband. Here's another example: some time ago, six years or so, I was in a relationship with a woman where I got stuck in the 'mirror' thing— on one occasion I lay down on my bed and closed my eyes, and immediately started thinking about her— where she was (she was out with some friends), how she was, etc. I lay there for a while, then decided I had to take a leak, so I got up and immediately began staggering around the room with my head spinning, bumped into the wall on the way into the bathroom and fell down. I lay there on the floor trying to figure out what was wrong with me and the best I could come up with was that I felt like I was piss drunk. As soon as I thought that, and then realized that I hadn't been drinking, the whole sensation went away and I was back to normal. The next day I found out that my lady friend had got herself totally pissed the night before, so much so that she was staggering, falling down drunk. (I'm just glad I didn't have the dry heaves the next morning.) This woman also had a depressive streak and on several occasions I got stuck mirroring her depression, to the extent that I was in tears, feeling suicidal, etc— and had to call a good friend of mine who fortunately also knew this particular woman, who told me that I sounded exactly like this woman— my voice over the phone, my choice of words, my phrasing— it took me great effort to regain my own 'mind', and for some time after our relationship was over I had to be careful about my dreams— if I dreamt about her in any way I would have to check my face when I awoke to make sure it was mine.

This sort of mirroring, in fact all mirroring, takes place at the heart level. Imagine what can happen if you're in an intimate relationship, or imagine what can happen when you're a newborn baby and you pick up on your parents' vibes just like a sponge soaking up water— you don't even know you're doing it, you mirror them completely, and you're doing it because of your relationship at the heart level with them— out of love. The expression 'you become what you love' is exactly true at that level. This is how we become enmeshed in the world— we love the world and so become the world — and then try to straighten ourselves out by trying to fix the world. We lose ourselves in the world and forget ourselves because of love. This is why it's so important to 'remember yourself', to be able to find yourself— how many times have I said that— because it's not just a matter of 'enlightenment', but of spiritual survival. Most spiritual traditions try to renounce the world, some try to embrace it, but they are all attempts to 'solve' the world— you can't do that until you know 'you' first. You said that "I, or ordinary consciousness, was very AWAKE and looking on... I was a huge spaciousness." — you have to follow THAT one, that 'I' which is both ordinary and spacious. You also said you felt "totally whole... no "male, no "female" just whole..." (that's why I like to quote back what you've written— so I don't have to type it :) )— that's because you were viewing things from beyond that sort of duality. The resolution and integration of dualities takes place at the heart level when you are moving upwards in the kundalini flow; the creation and generation of all dualities takes place as you move downward in the kundalini flow. The resolution and integration gives rise to the experience of bliss— nirvana; the creation and generation are samsara— both arise from the heart area— when you hear the expression that everything arises out of bliss and subsides into bliss, this is what it means. The integration of the heart area is the goal of classical yoga. Look at how you described your experience— there was both the experience of yourself as a "huge spaciousness" and also as "ordinary consciousness". You find the term 'spaciousness' coming up again and again in Vajrayana and Nyingma writings (I'm thinking here especially of Longchenpa). But notice that ordinary consciousness stayed around. Both the spacious consciousness and the ordinary consciousness arise in the heart. (Now, go read Ramana— not what someone else says he said, but his own words.)

If you look at drawings of chakras, etc, the heart area is always shown as containing two superimposed triangles like a star of David. These triangles represent the union of Shiva and Shakti, the divine marriage, the alchemical marriage— the upward pointing triangle moves up from below, the downward pointing one moves down from above— Yin and Yang. The most important mandala/yantra in Hinduism is called the Sri Yantra, and is a series of stars of David, if you will, receding into

infinity one inside the other, and at the center of the yantra, at the point where all the stars would meet is a tiny blue point, a bindu. The yantra represents, among other things, how the world is made— out of the continuous divine union of Shiva and Shakti. The Hindus say that the first thing to be manifest in the process of creation is sound, and the first sound is “OM” which causes vibrations to be set up which give rise to all things. (If you remember back in the ‘resume’ thing I said something about at one point breathing into the blue points and they started to vibrate— at that point I could ‘hear’ the vibration as an ‘om’) Anyhow, certain schools of yoga have made a science of studying the sounds that arise after the ‘om’ (and as a result of the ‘om’) and have classified them and graded them (you hear this sound when you’ve reached this stage etc). You don’t begin to hear these sounds until your heart chakra begins to open— in fact they say that the sounds arise from the heart — there are sounds like bells, flutes, wind, thunder, and so on, and they change as you move towards to ‘om’. Another thing that happens with that kind of focus on the heart chakra is that you may experience physical symptoms such as heart palpitations or small pains over your physical heart, usually on the left side of your chest. You may also experience heat, either locally or all over your body. Sometimes the heat is so strong that people near you will notice it— I’ve read accounts of people actually scorching table tops from it. You’ll also find that if you have sex with someone your body may heat up so much that you feel you’re about ready to ignite— your partner will definitely notice it. Some schools of Tibetan yoga encourage the propagation of this heat, called *Dumo* in Tibetan, and use the strength of it as a gauge to measure spiritual progress. It arises as a byproduct of the ‘re-union’ of Shiva and Shakti (the physical act of sex mirrors the spiritual act of ‘re-union’, the physical act is a sort of ‘acting-out’ of the ‘re-union’— this is the foundation for tantric practices— so the heat is generated in the physical act, but after a while you don’t need the physical act for the ‘re-union’, or the heat, to take place)

I’ve just realized that I’m sort of jumping around to different areas, writing things as I think of them. So, here’s another jump— you mentioned that you had found yourself at someone’s feet, but that you couldn’t see whose they were— if you had merged with that someone and seen through ‘his/her’ eyes, you’d have seen the ocean of blue stars that I talked about in the first thing I sent you, the ‘resume’ thing— the blue stars are the same as the blue bindus at the center of the Sri Yantras— each one of the infinite multitude of them is a yantra.

Now, back to the progression through the heart space. At the outer layer you will do the ‘my face is your face’ thing with people in the world, or near the world, you will mirror them— channel them— in effect I was channeling my friend and her depression when I was talking on the phone and the other person recognized the change in voice, etc. You can do this at any level— channel non-physical entities, etc. On a broader level we mirror the world, we channel the world and become it and if we don’t know ourselves, we get lost in it. So, the first step is to find our own mind— our ‘original face’. If you go deeper you begin to experience yourself as dualities— male/female, life/death, the desire for life/the desire for death, light/dark, good/evil, and so on. If you don’t get lost in these you wind up at the spaciousness. Once you can maintain the spaciousness (ie, are comfortable) you can begin to experience the things I talked about in the ‘resume’— the ocean of blue stars, the large figure looking in all directions with the ocean pouring out of his/her mouth, etc., and you can begin to experience them as further progression of ‘forms’, for want of a better word, that give rise to still more forms, all of which you give life to (including the one at whose feet you found yourself).

So now there’re the forms and there’s the spaciousness— is that one or two, is that another duality? Go find out. Follow yourself back and see...

#### **(To a friend, who’s a trance medium)**

You wrote:

*what if there is no “normal” and you no longer “return” to it? when consciousness of some “body”, some outer skin between “me” and the “environment” falls away...the happy delusion of me and them or it or other that calm happy separateness that we all meditate to go beyond...and then there is no control...I suppose that is what frightens me...no control over what is happening...*

In one of his songs Milarepa said something to the effect that “psychic illumination isn’t transcendental illumination”. It seems to me you have a couple of things going here— one is that you have the ability to be a trance medium, and the other is

that you've had glimpses of transcendental illumination (that sounds way too pompous to my ears, but that's the translation). If you have the tendency towards trance mediumship it means you have the capacity to dislocate from yourself, and to give control over to another entity, or to another part of yourself. If you do this with chosen entities that you are comfortable with you can feel safe in relinquishing control. It's as though you're on a locked-in frequency with another entity or part of you. However, if you take the same capacity to dislocate and do it on a 'general broadcast' level as opposed to a specific locked-in frequency, you will become a sort of receiver for anything and everything that's 'in the air,' so to speak. Most people, when they begin meditation or spiritual practices, can barely receive their own signals and are utterly amazed that someone can actually pick up someone else's, so most meditation practices are designed to deal with most people and most people's barriers. If someone with an innate capacity to dislocate, with an innate capacity to receive, does the usual exercises and sets the usual targets and goals that are prescribed for most people, that person will most likely be thrown off balance because he/she will be on too wide a broadcast beam. It seems to me that what many trance mediums do is to un-ground themselves to be able to go into trance, and many do it automatically and unconsciously, so that as soon as they begin to do a meditation practice they automatically un-ground themselves as a matter of course because they see themselves as 'going to a higher plane,' 'being spiritual now' or whatever. If you have this tendency towards trance mediumship, and if you unground yourself as a matter of course as a prerequisite to spiritual practice, or as what you see as feeling more spiritual than the way it feels to be grounded, and if you go into a general receiver mode, then you may run the risk of feeling like you're losing control, and the 'terror' sets in. If you associate this feeling of loss of control with approaching the boundaries of a transcendental experience (because you've automatically ungrounded and dislocated yourself as a regular part of your practice), then it's no wonder you back away.

Transcendental illumination (that phrase!) is like experiencing yourself as water, the ocean— the ocean can be seen as a solid seamless whole or it can be the sum total of all the drops of water in it. 'Normal' perception is to see yourself as a drop of water experiencing other drops of water (usually with no recognition that there's such a thing as the ocean, or perhaps the ocean is 'God' or 'Buddha' or whatever, but you just figure it's there because you are and others are). You may then perhaps consciously experience yourself as a drop of water in an infinite expanse of drops, or you may experience yourself as the totality of the drops of water, or you may experience yourself as the seamless ocean with no drops— and say that separate 'dropness' (drophood?) is an illusion (and tell others that they have to overcome their illusion of 'drophood')— or you can experience yourself as the seamless ocean, the totality of drops, a drop in the infinite expanse of drops, and an individual drop— at the same time. This last one is transcendental illumination. Transcendental illumination includes 'normal'— it's not someplace else.

You wrote:

*what if there is no "normal" and you no longer "return" to it?*

Transcendental illumination includes 'normal'— it's not someplace else. Is the ocean a seamless expanse or a collection of drops?

**(More to a friend, who's a trance medium)**

You wrote:

*I suppose I'm distracting myself with the Heart Sutra (from the fear of Non-Being) but also learning to relate to compassion which is the only way of dealing with the terror. That was/is the worst of it all...how to describe...the sense of the total indifference of the universe (as if we don't exist) which we don't.*

What does 'Non-Being' mean to you? Are you talking about death? Do you feel the 'terror' on a bodily level? When you're out of your body do you still feel the terror? When you had your initial experience was the 'terror' there, or was it only later, when you came back to 'normal' that you felt it? Is the one who experienced herself in your initial experience different from the one who feels the terror— how do they relate, how do they connect? If you experience yourself as the ocean, and then experience yourself as the water that's filled up a bottle on the bottom of the ocean, aren't you the same water, the same ocean? What would it feel like to be the water in the bottle looking out, as it were, at the ocean? How would the bottle determine and influence how the ocean looked to you from inside the bottle? Is it YOU that initiates and produces the terror, or is it your body?

Your body has its own consciousness, and the primary drive of that consciousness is to survive at all costs— to survive as an individual, to survive as a species through reproduction— all life wants to live forever— all life wants eternal life— all the sexual politics, all the species adaptation, all the territorial disputes, all the inter-species competition (including competition among human sub-groups and the ‘negative’ tendencies of greed, selfishness, theft, etc, etc)— all express the desire for eternal life. Anything that is SEEN as counter to that desire (note the emphasis on ‘seen’) will induce ‘terror’. The irony is that even the experience of eternal life will induce the terror because it means the end of the pursuit of eternal life— the end of ‘normal’ life. Isn’t that how you experienced yourself in your initial experience— as eternal life? When you experienced yourself that way, aren’t you also the same as the one who experiences the ‘terror’? Aren’t YOU the continuity between the two states? Aren’t YOU the thread that links them?

Again, you wrote:

*(as if we don't exist) which we don't...*

Existence is an illusion? Who says so? I mean WHO says so? Does the one who says that exist? Is that like putting your hands over your face and pretending you’re invisible? Whether existence is an illusion, or is illusory, or is ‘real’, aren’t YOU the same?

**(To a friend)**

Actually, my ‘model’ isn’t Jungian, but from alchemy and the Kabala— the spiritual, or alchemical marriage, which surprised me because I hadn’t seen any of the drawings or diagrams of the alchemists or Kabalists, either Jewish or Christian, until well after I had had the images become part of my own thinking— and both forms of Kabala come from a common ground that goes directly to the Sufis. The Taoist meditations you’re doing are the oriental form of alchemy, with the same results— I did them for quite a while back fifteen years or so ago. Doing the exercises is really good ‘Kriya’ yoga- - it does a really good job of clearing the nadis, the meridians— it’s really interesting because most people think that their thoughts are ‘in their head’, that their thought patterns are ‘mental’, but when you get into the clearing exercises you find that your thought patterns are all over your body in the energy centers and meridians connecting them— everything from gross physical blocks to emotional blocks to mental patterns to personal identity. I don’t know if you’ve ever done any body work— Rolwing, etc— when I moved to Nelson it was to build a house for a Rolfer I’d met in Edmonton, and we traded carpentry for Rolwing sessions— somebody works on the muscles under your shoulder blade and you start having memories of things you’d completely forgotten from your childhood. So, I’m glad you’re pursuing that because it’s really effective and productive. In some schools of Zen and Chan meditation there are three stages, three ‘enlightenments’— ‘earth rises to heaven’, ‘heaven descends to earth’, and ‘the union of heaven and earth’. The first one, ‘earth rises to heaven’, is what you experienced with the energy going up your spine (doing the hollow tube meditation, etc)— that’s the classic model of ‘enlightenment’, and most people stop there. The second, ‘heaven descends to earth’, comes from a reversal of the flow, so to speak, as if it were coming down on you from above, like grace, like the descent of the dove in the New Testament— sheer peace. For that to happen you, as a vessel, have to be able to handle the inflow, which is where the purification exercises come in. This can sometimes be quite scary because things will happen to you that are definitely out of your control— from physical movements to emotional things (crying for hours on end, for example), to finding yourself in life situations you wouldn’t have dreamed of. Part of what you get with the descent are periods of being immersed in overwhelming love— if you don’t know what it feels like to be loved like that, or if you don’t think you’re worthy of being loved like that, you can have a rough time until you realize that the ‘rules’ for that love are that you don’t have to do anything to earn it, or get it, or deserve it, and when you go through all the bullshit motions that we go through on earth in order to be loved on ‘earth terms’, the very act of going through those motions is a turning away from the love you experienced with the descent. (Maybe I should add here before I forget it that part of process of the descent is sort of like pouring clear water into dirty water in a glass— at first the dirty water sort of swells up and overflows the glass and all you see is dirty water pouring over the top even though you can see the clear water going in; sooner or later the dirty stuff starts to wash away and the clear takes over— sometimes the transition areas can be a bit rough). Perhaps I should also add that the clearing process takes place in both you, the physical embodiment, and your ‘other part’, the missing side (another addition— I think both men and women have ‘animas’— female for men, male for women— they appear to be different because of the perspective from which they’re seen, because we identify with one side of a polarity, male/female, and so see our unmanifest side as being the

opposite pole, and being what we need to be complete). When both sides, manifest/unmanifest, are clear is when the spiritual marriage can take place because it's only at that time that both 'sides' can see each other, so to speak, for what they are without the interference of subconscious projections, etc. (That's why the stuff about your father is important). To me it's at this point that real spirituality starts.

The ocean— if I look at the ocean in your beach scene, I see an ocean full of things— TV sets, cows, gurus, garbage trucks, saints and slum lords— all the things of existence, the ocean of existence, full of polarities. If you dive in and get lost in one side of one of the polarities, you keep going back looking for the other side of the polarity in order to make yourself whole again, in order to find yourself. You try one polarity after the other until you can't remember who you are— that's karma— the left over identities of polarities that you keep trying to resolve in order to find yourself. You can get back out by remembering yourself— by remembering your original face, as the Zen guys say— by following yourself, like following a rope back out of a cave, except that you're both the one following the rope and the rope itself; or you can get back out by doing 'drying out' exercises to get the water out of your eyes and ears so you can get your bearings; or, most often, you can do a combination of the two. Just don't stop until you can feel the heat of the sun.

### (To a female friend)

OK, now let's see if I can write in the morning. I've had to spend a lot of time and energy on the male/female thing because I needed to figure out my own balance. Perhaps it's best if I give you some of my own experiences so you can see why. In the quotes I sent you last night I said something about being balanced male/female and then projecting the female onto a woman to work out my own inner balance. There's more to this, much more— like how subconscious that is for most people (women project their male half onto men to work things out— if you haven't had a father all you have is a big emptiness to project, so you don't have any standards of measurement; similarly if a man hasn't had a mother, he has nothing but an emptiness to project— he has no standards of measurement— because most people subconsciously select their mates, their 'other halves' based on their parents— a man's mother is his first female 'other'; a woman's father is her first male 'other')— you also have to deal with your own perceptions of what it means to be male or female based on the role models you've had (or haven't had). That's just a sketch— therapists make a good living dealing with all that. The entire structure of the world runs on that projection mechanism.

Anyhow— experiences— like meditating one time and feeling myself moving up and to the left, then coming back down with the distinct feeling that I was a woman in a man's body. I spent the next two weeks being a woman inside a man's body— and since I was working as a construction superintendent running a job building a new hotel this was very interesting. I couldn't get my voice to come down into its normal range, I was hitting on any cute guy I saw, mud and grease and dirt were suddenly 'icky' (the word I used in my head at the time), my hair changed to being quite curly and I liked the feeling of being 'cute'. After a while I started thinking that this was all very nice but it was a nuisance so I sat in meditation and consciously decided that I had to change back, at which point I went up and came back down 'male'. I learned a lot about why and how people are gay from that experience.

After this I had a growing awareness of my female half sort of coming into consciousness on her own— I would be looking through my (male) eyes, my (male) emotions, and then switch to her eyes, her emotions— it was like I had two heads and two hearts and two sets of genitals. My first reaction was to make her conscious by projecting her onto the woman of my dreams— trying to find a woman that was 'her' in the flesh— and I'd go around looking into women's eyes thinking 'is this the one, is this it?' I went through a couple of very intense relationships trying to work this out— basically because I wanted my other half to be fully present 'right in front of me'. You may recall I told you about my staggering around the room because a woman I was having a relationship with had gotten herself drunk— that was one of the relationships. And yet whenever I was in a relationship I had to endure the problems of projection that I told you about (empty left side, etc)— one of the problems of that projection was the ability to feel her as me so I couldn't tell the difference. I finally realized that my 'other half' was nowhere in the world, but was part of me already, and once I had learned about how we project like that (I had to sort through my relationship with my mother, with societal expectations about getting married and what that meant, with women's and men's perceptions of me and the social pressures involved, as well as the issues of self worth and place in society, etc, etc ). Once the problems of projection were more or less resolved I realized that what I was really dealing with was spiritual union and that

the foundation of that is the balancing and awakening of both male and female sides in me and their conscious union, their marriage. (One of the things I did along the way was to watch tv for hours on end— I'd watch anything and everything and feel my reactions and preferences change and flow as the type of program I watched changed— going from a soap opera and crying during the emotional scenes, preferring 'relationship' movies, to watching football and action movies (Top Gun stuff), and getting into what I call 'moose mind'— bull moose will charge fully loaded logging trucks or even trains during the rutting season.) What surprised me is that the change in balance went in directions I hadn't expected— the more I balanced I became the more I came to deal not with my 'feminine' side but with my 'masculine', to the extent that my body changed (I think I said something in the Chris stuff about that — gong from 160 lbs to 190 in a month and a half, etc) and I realized that I had been fighting my identification as a 'male' for most of my life— especially the power aspects. There other interesting things— for example, I've always been aware of people's hands, I like hands, and because I work with mine I'm very aware of my own (like how they have a mind of their own when I'm working— they know what to do— they know when a board is smooth (or still rough) long before my eyes do, or when a curve is flowing and right— anyhow, at times my left hand feels and acts and moves and touches like as woman's hand, while my right moves and touches like a man's.

All of this is the process of the 'spiritual marriage', the 'alchemical marriage' in western spirituality, the 'union of red and white' in tantra. The most important 'dream' of my life is the one that explained all this to me when I was in the midst of it— perhaps I should say the 'throes' of it, because a lot of it was definitely a descent into hell. In the dream I was sitting with some people in a sort of court yard in an old Romanesque church — at the same time I could see the scene from overhead and I could see that there was a wing of the church that could only be seen from the air— you couldn't tell it was there from the ground. So, on the ground, I decided to see if I could find the wing and I wandered around until I came to this descending passageway which I followed. I came to the end of the passage and there was a door at the end and I started towards it when this large 'dragon' suddenly appeared as a sort of guardian of the door and it started toward me with menacing gestures. I suddenly realized I had a large key in my left hand and that I was entitled to go through the door— I held the key up to the 'dragon' so show it to him, and then I walked through him as though he had become a hologram and went to the door, unlocked it and opened it and went through. The door led to the hidden wing of the church— I went down a sort of hall way and into a large round room with large pillars around the edge forming large open portals looking out into a vast blue space. In the middle of the room was a large round table. As soon as I saw the table I realized that I'd been here before and I realized that I had made it back from 'something'. I suddenly felt quite lonely and remembered that there had been others there at one time— my first thought was 'where's everybody else', and immediately I heard this voice say "they either got married or succumbed to self-inflicted wounds". I said 'I don't get it' and immediately remembered a dream I had had a couple of months earlier, and then I 're-dreamed' that dream as if it were for the first time . In that dream I was once again going down a long passageway and came to a door at the end— as I approached the door I became more and more anxious but I sort of willed myself through it. The door was very ancient, studded with nails, and I thought 'man, I haven't been in here for a long time'— I finally forced the door open and went into the room, which was very dark and musty and I was still anxious so my first inclination was to make some light , so I started pulling off all these old worn out tapestries from the walls and the walls underneath were bright white. The more tapestries I yanked down the brighter the place became until finally I could see a rough rectangular table in the middle and I realized there was an opening in the ceiling of the room. I had no sooner seen that than a shaft of light came down from above the ceiling and shown on the table. Immediately in the shaft of light there was a sort of holographic image of a large chalice or cup and as soon as I saw it I said "that's what I've been looking for" and jumped on the table and grabbed the image to my chest. As soon as I did that I started to go up the shaft of light with the image clasped to my chest, and the farther I went the more solid the chalice image became. Now I flipped back to the church, only I was both in the room and looking at the scene of the room on a large tv screen and there was a small blue person standing beside me and he said "now do you understand" and then reached out and fiddled with the tv image to make it sharper. As soon as it was sharp, I stepped through the screen and into the scene again. I looked out through the portals at the blue light and began to realize what I had done, and suddenly the blue light changed to this intense white and the scene began to dissolve and I dissolved with it into this overwhelming love. The end.

If you were to ask me where I got the key to unlock the door, I'd have to say that I took it from my mother when she was asleep— it was mine, and I gave it to her when I was born, but I forgot about it and thought it was hers. Your father has your key.

### (More to the same friend on the same topic)

About the key in the dream I told you about— if you don't have the key then the dragon appears to be real and threatening and resides in a place where you definitely don't want to go, so you can't even imagine that there's a door, much less that the dragon is guarding the door. The dragon is like the wrathful deities in Vajrayana— they're only wrathful and only inspire fear if you're not aware enough to see them for what they are, and not intent enough to want to see what's on the other side of them— usually you get intent enough when you've got no place left to go. The trap of being able to reach subtle planes, or of being able to abstract or detach oneself from the 'normal world,' is that it's usually easier to bliss out or space out, or tell yourself that the world is an illusion (it's funny how that gets translated— I think 'illusory' would be a better word— like a hologram, or the image of a stained glass window on a floor) and go into denial ("when things get tough, I can always take consolation that the world is an illusion"— that kind of attitude). When you feel you have to option to 'leave' and yet know that you have to face the dragon, and to do that you have to find your key— is very hard. If you follow most traditional, especially Eastern, spiritual paths, you renounce the world and you move off into the subtle realms and possibly to the space I talked about when I said I saw these guys meditating on the right who were completely out of touch with the feminine (or something to that effect— I can't remember how I said it)— but these are dead ends. To find the key you have to go where you don't want to go, you have to go into the very things that made you want to find 'a better place' or to escape the wheel of birth and death— you have to go into the heart of the world, not away from it.

For any man, finding the key begins with his mother, for any woman with her father— because the first projection from the left side (for man or woman) is toward his mother for a man, and toward her father for a woman. Men frequently wind up marrying their mothers and women frequently wind up marrying their fathers because they simply and automatically replace their mothers or fathers with the next closest reasonable facsimile— and then call it love. If you don't have anything to act as a template you can't find a facsimile, there won't be any, and you go around trying on everything hoping it's the one you're looking for.

The love and the wholeness we keep looking for in the 'perfect partner' is really a search for that wholeness in ourselves. There's a story in Plato about how men and women were created: how at one time human beings were spherical in shape and were both male and female at the same time and were extremely powerful; and how the gods were very fearful of the power of the humans so they devised a way to split humans into male and female beings who then spent all their time and energy running around looking for their other half so that they could return to wholeness.

## 1998

*I'd like to write about my experiences and changes in a more direct mode than I had in my previous writing of 1995 (if you want to jump to those letters, [they are here](#).) In those letters I sometimes intentionally didn't elaborate and sometimes suggested things or used metaphors because I felt it was important for the people I was writing to find their own ways of thinking. Metaphors are excellent because they tend to change shape and meaning along with and according to the perception and growth of the person reading them, and they give the person a strong "ahhah!" boost of discovery so they can see their own progress and growth. The last thing I wanted was to have someone memorize what I had to say and ingest it as some kind of final word or gospel truth. What I did want was to act as a prod, an encourager, a reinforcer, as someone who gave someone else the permission and encouragement to be themselves, and perhaps at times to be a midwife assisting in someone's rebirth. The Greek word "metanoia" is appropriate here: it means "spiritual rebirth". I've had the privilege to attend a few metanoias: some are quick and easy, some are slow and painful, but they always result in "oh thank God" and sheer joy. So, in that spirit...*

*Much of what follows is going to be in the first person, and will be only about experiences. Grand spiritual theories or systems don't really do much for people in the throes of metanoia any more than theories about the biochemistry of digestion do much for hungry people, so I hope this will give those who need it something substantial to chew on.*

In 1978 when I had my initial major experience my reaction to it wasn't one of surprise, bewilderment, or panic. On the contrary, I felt as though I'd been waiting for it to happen all my life and it was about time. Finally! It was the first time in my life that I felt "normal"; that I felt like I knew who I was and what I was doing. When I looked at the world and saw the "central sun" shining through it I knew I was seeing myself; and when I sat in the rain and saw tiny Buddhas in each raindrop I knew I was seeing myself. When I read accounts of "enlightenment" that talked about kundalini rising to the top chakra I knew I'd been there and done that for many life times, but what I didn't know was where to go next because I knew that those accounts and descriptions of "enlightenment" were only partially true; in fact they were descriptions of views seen from false summits. For the past twenty years I've explored and grown into the "next".

After the 1978 experience I began meditating regularly and sometimes intensely, and a fairly regular sensation would be that I'd start off being in my physical body, sitting there meditating, and I'd feel the energy change— sometimes as if rising up my spine, sometimes just as a sort of blip, after which I would distinctly feel as though I had a body inside my body, but not as a second body that you might use in out of body experiences. Rather, it was as though I was in a large body with my physical body extending from the tailbone of that body to the solar plexus, and I would experience both bodies simultaneously. From the larger body I could see the smaller body, and could see all the classical signs of kundalini rising in that body— I would experience the crown chakra of the small body, my physical body, at the height of the solar plexus of my larger body, and see the energy rise up the spine of the smaller body to reach the crown chakra of that body (at the solar plexus of the larger body). (I think I should say here that while I'm using the term "physical body", that term actually includes the whole body-mind continuum— physical body, thoughts, emotions, etc.) Sometimes, instead of either experiencing the kundalini going up my spine and then going to the larger body, or "blipping" to get to the larger body, I'd experience myself as moving with the kundalini up to the crown chakra and then I'd move to the larger body. When this happened I'd usually experience myself to be moving through a tunnel of lights, or rings or wheels of lights, or spheres of lights, with a very bright light at the end of the tunnel. This latter experience directly parallels accounts of near-death experiences, except that I've always experienced myself as moving inside myself and into the larger body.

I've taken to calling this larger body my "universal" body because I tend to experience it as filled with stars and space, as filled with the universe. I can also expand and contract myself inside this universal body in much the same way that we become conscious or unconscious of parts of our physical bodies by paying attention to them, by being in them. This is a body I enjoy very much — I enjoy the feeling and sense of complete expansion, and find it a huge relief from being focused and located in a physical body, which I'm coming to regard as more of a nuisance than anything else. In this universal body I can

feel myself moving through the universe, and physical life more or less springs up in suitable environments as I pass through those environments and interact with them— an example of this: I'm moving through open space and find myself sort of rising up through a planet from underneath it; as I finish my pass through the planet I see a small organism on the planet's face, a sort of sea anemone creature, but on land, and half covered with a coating of ice. I realize the planet can only support life to this level and that the ice coating helps to preserve the organism's core temperature during the planet's night. I also realize that the organism is there as a result of my interaction with the planet— the organism is the best life that I can produce in that environment. I love the little ice covered anemone intensely.

(This has caused me no end of grief being physical in this world because I basically have to make myself very numb to my feelings about the beings here if I want to participate in this life. Beings here survive by eating each other, either directly or indirectly— directly by literally swallowing and digesting each other; or indirectly, consuming each other's money, property, and so on. When I participate in this and allow myself to feel much of anything at all I distinctly feel as though I'm eating my own children, and that my own children have been reduced to eating each other in order to survive on this planet. And I don't know what to do about it, I don't know how to change it.)

Some corollary experiences to the universal body in the physical world are that I frequently feel other people's emotions as my own, and in very many cases also feel their physical sensations as my own. In some cases, usually with people that I am particularly fond of, I can look at them and have the very distinct feeling that when they are looking back at me I am actually looking at myself looking back at me— not that I am in two places at once, but that I am in both them and me, like the ocean being in two underwater bottles at the same time.

Another example: I've just completed an out-of-body experience and I'm above my physical body looking at it when I suddenly realize that my relationship to it has changed drastically— instead of the normal sensation of looking at a sleeping organism I realize that I'm looking at a shell, a husk, much like a cicadas shell or a shed snake skin, and that I've "downloaded" all the information stored in the DNA of that body into me. I know that I can recreate all of the life stored in all of that DNA information, and that I can do it by making that life out of myself.

Still another example: when I was living in the cabin in Nelson I once heard a small squeaking sound and followed it outside the cabin to a tiny baby mouse who had fallen from a nest and landed on a window ledge. The little guy would have fit in a teaspoon and had obviously been out there for some time so I carried him/her inside and just sat there holding him in my hands trying to warm him up. It became obvious that he wasn't going to last long and he eventually died in my hands. When he died there was a sort of tiny explosion in my hand, a flash of light and a release of what I can only describe as joy, and the light rose up and disappeared into me, directly into the center of my chest. Some years later I had a distinct dream in which one of my dogs was running toward me and then jumped into the center of my chest. Two days later my dog died and returned into me just as the baby mouse had.

When I move beyond the universal body I experience another distinct "octave" change, as I call it, much in the same way there's an octave change between the physical body and the universal body. This time, however, it's a bit more difficult to describe so I'll resort to an analogy that I use to think about it: what comes to mind for me is the image of a tennis ball turning itself inside out so that the fuzz is on the inside, without the ball splitting or deforming in any way— just "pop" and the fuzz is on the inside, or maybe "pop" and the fuzz is on the outside. In any case, what I experience is the "pop" and then being in front of a huge white luminous sun, the same sun that I saw shining through everything, and I'm this huge white luminous face that's the other half of this huge white luminous sun— the sun and I are the same, we are the same "entity", the same being, there is no difference between us, except that as this face I'm "sweating", for want of a better word, in the presence of the sun, and the beads of sweat roll down my face as brilliant blue stars, blue-white pearls. And I experience each blue star as a creation, each blue pearl as an "everything", and there are drops of my sweat as numerous as there are grains of sand on the beach, there are oceans of blue stars, there are seas of "everything's". During the "tennis ball pop" I have jumped from being the universal life of one of these stars (and all of these stars) to being the source of these stars. And yet I'm continuous from the presence in the physical body to the universal body to this first body— I am the same all the way through because I am the same as the central sun.

When I move beyond this first body giving birth to creations I do so only because I am continuous and the same as the

central sun — and I become ONLY “presence”, again for want of a better word. When I wrote in the original letters about following yourself back, this is what I meant. At any point, from physical body to universal body to first body, you can always, always follow yourself back because first and foremost we— you and I — are “presence”.



A lot of my energy and focus in the past fifteen years or so has been to come to terms with and try to heal or at least integrate life here on this planet, bearing in mind what I wrote above about life arising on planets and my feelings about life here. In the past few years I’ve been doing a huge amount of “house cleaning” and sorting— much of what I said in the [1995 letters](#) about sexuality, male/female polarities, the spiritual marriage, and so on, have to do with that. When I first started doing the house cleaning I realized that it was entirely voluntary, and I really didn’t have too much sense about where it would take me. In hind site it has been a huge ordeal, a major gut wrenching undertaking, and I seriously doubt I would have been able to do it if I hadn’t first been able to follow myself back at least to the level of the universal body simply for some relief.

I want to write about that next.

A dream: I’m looking at an ocean of stars and I can see the ocean narrow down and turn into a river, and I follow the river until it comes to a place where it’s narrow and congested and most of the river of stars doesn’t get through, only a trickle. I follow the trickle down until I come to a town. The main street of the town has all kinds of buildings and stores with their names on the fronts, but any building or store I go into only seems to be a barbershop and all the barbers are women. They all want to give me a haircut, but I say no thanks.

For the longest time I thought this dream was about life on this planet in a planetary sense, and in that context I could make sense of the river of stars turning into a trickle, but the barbershops, women barbers, and haircuts didn’t really fit in. What I immediately associated with the haircuts was the story of Samson and Delilah, but I couldn’t integrate that into a planetary scenario. Later on, after I had gone through the whole process of the “spiritual marriage”, of reclaiming my left side, and so on (you’ll have to re-read parts of the [1995 letters](#) for this), I came to realize that the dream was personal rather than planetary although in most instances it applies to most people on this planet.

This how I understand the dream now: the ocean of stars is my universal body, as I wrote about above. The ocean turning into a river is the interface, if you will, between my universal body and my individual existence. The river should have been flowing freely all the way into the town, but it had been congested at a certain point and reduced to a trickle. It had been reduced to a trickle because of my relationship with women, because I saw women as other than me, because I gave myself away to women because I wanted to be loved. I wrote this to my brother:

“Remember we once talked about giving away your left side to someone and then having your life revolve around them? Or WANTING to give away your left side and not finding anyone, and not feeling complete until you’ve given away your left side? After you’ve been in a relationship for awhile, especially a long while, you forget what it feels like to own all of yourself — the very first relationship, the very first time you give away your left side, is to your mother. Most men try to recreate that, continue that, or fix that relationship in the women they meet and have relationships with.

The pain of the emptiness of an empty left side is all the stuff you’ve been feeling, and all the stuff anyone feels after a broken relationship. In the end, everyone wants to find a relationship that will be permanent, eternal, and that will forever end that emptiness. You can only do that by reclaiming your left side and your own other half (feminine in this case). No mother and no other woman can do that for you, but they can all be vehicles on the way since they’ll contain and mirror your projections of your relationship with your (supposedly) missing side. Note “supposedly”. That entire process of reclamation is the “spiritual marriage”, the whole thrust of alchemy and kabbalah and tantra.

The left side thing: .... do you remember the dream I had that I describe in the stuff I wrote— about going down into the cathedral? Here it is again— note the line “I suddenly felt quite lonely and remembered that there had been others there

at one time— my first thought was ‘where’s everybody else’, and immediately I heard this voice say “they either got married or succumbed to self-inflicted wounds”. That’s what happens a lot (most) of the time when people come face to face with that left side pain and emptiness— but there are other choices than those two— unfortunately the world runs, recreates itself, and maintains itself through the coming and going of that pain, so if you really want to make those other choices you immediately find yourself at odds with the world. I personally prefer to be at odds...

*(here’s the dream again:)*

All of this is the process of the ‘spiritual marriage’, the ‘alchemical marriage’ in western spirituality, the ‘union of red and white’ in tantra. The most important ‘dream’ of my life is the one that explained all this to me when I was in the midst of it— perhaps I should say the ‘throes’ of it, because a lot of it was definitely a descent into hell. In the dream I was sitting with some people in a sort of court yard in an old Romanesque church — at the same time I could see the scene from overhead and I could see that there was a wing of the church that could only be seen from the air— you couldn’t tell it was there from the ground. So, on the ground, I decided to see if I could find the wing and I wandered around until I came to this descending passageway which I followed. I came to the end of the passage and there was a door at the end and I started towards it when this large ‘dragon’ suddenly appeared as a sort of guardian of the door and it started toward me with menacing gestures. I suddenly realized I had a large key in my left hand and that I was entitled to go through the door— I held the key up to the ‘dragon’ so show it to him, and then I walked through him as though he had become a hologram and went to the door, unlocked it and opened it and went through. The door led to the hidden wing of the church— I went down a sort of hall way and into a large round room with large pillars around the edge forming large open portals looking out into a vast blue space. In the middle of the room was a large round table. As soon as I saw the table I realized that I’d been here before and I realized that I had made it back from ‘something’. I suddenly felt quite lonely and remembered that there had been others there at one time— my first thought was ‘where’s everybody else’, and immediately I heard this voice say “they either got married or succumbed to self-inflicted wounds”. I said ‘I don’t get it’ and immediately remembered a dream I had had a couple of months earlier, and then I ‘re-dreamed’ that dream as if it were for the first time . In that dream I was once again going down a long passageway and came to a door at the end— as I approached the door I became more and more anxious but I sort of willed myself through it. The door was very ancient, studded with nails, and I thought ‘man, I haven’t been in here for a long time’— I finally forced the door open and went into the room, which was very dark and musty and I was still anxious so my first inclination was to make some light , so I started pulling off all these old worn out tapestries from the walls and the walls underneath were bright white. The more tapestries I yanked down the brighter the place became until finally I could see a rough rectangular table in the middle and I realized there was an opening in the ceiling of the room. I had no sooner seen that than a shaft of light came down from above the ceiling and shown on the table. Immediately in the shaft of light there was a sort of holographic image of a large chalice or cup and as soon as I saw it I said “that’s what I’ve been looking for” and jumped on the table and grabbed the image to my chest. As soon as I did that I started to go up the shaft of light with the image clasped to my chest, and the farther I went the more solid the chalice image became. Now I flipped back to the church, only I was both in the room and looking at the scene of the room on a large tv screen and there was a small blue person standing beside me and he said “now do you understand” and then reached out and fiddled with the tv image to make it sharper. As soon as it was sharp, I stepped through the screen and into the scene again. I looked out through the portals at the blue light and began to realize what I had done, and suddenly the blue light changed to this intense white and the scene began to dissolve and I dissolved with it into this overwhelming love. The end.

If you were to ask me where I got the key to unlock the door, I’d have to say that I took it from my mother when she was asleep— it was mine, and I gave it to her when I was born, but I forgot about it and thought it was hers.”

I simply cannot describe to anyone how hard it has been to navigate between the two usual choices of getting married or succumbing to self-inflicted wounds, as well as to maintain a physical existence that basically requires me to numb and disassociate myself from my true feelings and even from what I know to be true about existence. However, I seemed to have survived.

Now I find that the river of stars goes clear down to my toes. When I go to bed at night and relax my physical body I can feel it’s outline changing into the earth, becoming a body-shaped line of hills covered with green growing things of all sorts. Then

it becomes open and spacious and fills up with stars and the dark blue-black of open space and the stars and the space fill my body. And then I do the “tennis ball pop” and my body becomes the first body, white and luminous— only now the blue stars pour from my whole body from head to toe instead of just from my face. And then I fall asleep.

## Losing a Friend

*This is another letter to the friend of mine who scorched her sheets, concerning the death of a friend of mine from breast cancer. For this public version, I've changed some names to respect people's privacy.*

I think you might find this useful — it's an email I wrote to my friend Chris, the fellow to whom I was writing back in 1995 that led to the bunch of my writing that you have. Here's the note to Chris, and then I'll add some more at the end:

I'm not sure where to start this, so I'm just going to begin writing and see where things go — and hope I don't leave anything out! I can't remember if I told you about a woman, Ann, who I was helping to care for — she had terminal cancer (started with breast cancer about four years ago), and went into a hospice back at the beginning of last October with the expectation that she had perhaps a month to live, at the most. I'd met her and her husband, Bob, about six months before that, and at that time she was hoping to live for a number of years even though the cancer, chemotherapy, and radiation therapy had taken their toll on her. By the end of about three weeks in the hospice she seemed to be stabilizing, and certainly wasn't going to die in the very near future, so it was decided that she could go home again — provided that there was adequate care for her at home, which meant that more people had to be involved than just her husband. So I volunteered to spend time with her once or twice a week, for two to four or five hours at a time — sometimes to just give her husband a break, sometimes to help with something specific. In any case, it was generally assumed that she might, if things went well, live through Christmas, but not much longer. She made it through Christmas, but was getting progressively worse, with the cancer reaching her brain just around Christmas, and spreading through her bones, causing her a lot of pain. On March 9, 2001 she suddenly took a turn for the worse, and her doctor said she would most likely not live another week or two at the most. So she went back into a hospice on March 9. I, and many other people, visited her in the hospice — I went every day after work, and took one day off work to spend with her, until she finally died on March 17, 2001.

I had been to see her on the evening of March 16, and she was pretty well unconscious, as she had been for almost all of the times I'd visited her that week. Usually there were several people in the room visiting her, but on that evening there was only her husband and me, and he needed some time to do some paper work, so I sat with her for about an hour and a half. He had been staying in the hospice with her, as had their dog, a golden retriever named Rusty. As I sat with her I could see a bright glow of light around her head, and when I put one hand on her forehead and another on her heart I could tell that almost all of her energy was withdrawn from her body — there was no energy in her heart area; it was all at her head or beyond — so I knew she didn't have too much longer to live. I hadn't had a chance to talk to Ann alone since she'd entered the hospice, so I was glad for the chance — I knew that the hearing faculties are the last to go when someone is dying, so I spoke to her out loud and told her that if she wanted me to be present when she left her body she'd have to find a way to let me know, to tell me that she was about to leave. I also told her a an event that happened to me about twenty years ago: I was awakened from sleep by something, and sat up in my bed, only to find that I was out of my body and sitting “waist deep”, so to speak, in my physical body. In my room was a young boy, not much older than nine or ten years, translucent blue-white, who said to me “I don't know where to do, I don't know what to do”. I immediately realized that he had just died and was lost, so I said to him, “I'll help you. Come with me,” and I took him by the hand (I was fully out of my body by this time). My house was a two story affair, and had a central stairs leading up to the second floor. At the top of the stairs was a landing and a window. I led the boy up the stairs, and when we got about two thirds of the way up the wall and window at the top of the stairs disappeared and the stairs appeared to continue upwards. When we reached the second floor landing I pointed up the rest of the stairs (that now went upwards into space) and told the boy that this was what he was looking for. He started up the stairs, went about twenty steps or so, and then turned around and waved at me, turned back around, climbed a couple more steps, and faded into the light. I went back down, and climbed back into my body. After I told Ann this story I told her that if I could help her in any way as I had helped the little boy, I would do my best, and that all she had to do to find me was think about me.

I went home that night wondering if I'd see Ann alive again. The next day, March 17, I was quite tired and really didn't feel like making the trip to the hospice. I kept telling myself that I'd feel better in the evening, and that I'd go visit Ann then. About 2 PM or so I suddenly got a strong urge to phone a friend of mine, the same person who introduced me to Ann and

Bob. So I phoned our mutual friend only to learn that he'd just gotten off the phone with Bob, who'd called to say that latest prognosis was that Ann had perhaps four hours to live, and most certainly wouldn't make it through the night. So I quickly got myself organized and headed to the hospice. When I arrived there were perhaps six people in the room, along with Bob and Rusty the dog. Ann was obviously in the last stages of her life. She was breathing rapidly, sometimes gasping, her skin color was changing, and her hands and feet were taking on a blue tinge.

Bob had been a monk with the Holy Order of Mann, and both Ann and Bob were/are very spiritually inclined, as are their friends — including everyone in the room, and everyone who came to visit. Most of the people in the room had done at least some Reiki training so they could sense her energy, and all were interested in providing Ann with a loving and comfortable transition out of her body. No one was crying or upset; all were quiet at times, and sometimes talking and joking, but always loving and positive. The general consensus was that Ann was very clear, and calm, and happy in what she was about to do. People were chanting mantras, and there was a CD running a loop of the Gayatri mantra, one of Ann's favorites. At about five minutes to seven that evening her whole demeanor changed — she started gasping for air and it became obvious that she was close to the end. We all gathered around her bed and her husband began to read out loud the rites of passage from the Tibetan Book of the Dead. At a couple of minutes after seven her eyes opened but only stared straight up, and her breathing became more and more slow, with longer and longer pauses between breathes — fifteen seconds between breathes, then thirty, then nothing and you thought she'd gone, then another breath, until finally she stopped breathing. We continued to stand around her bed and do the rites of passage for another half hour or so, and then notified the hospice staff that she'd left her body.

Ann had left instructions that she didn't want her body disturbed for the three hours following her death, except that she had asked Bob to do an anointing with special oils, but only in her forehead area. So Bob did that, and the rest of us sat around being quiet for Ann, as she had requested. More people arrived, people came and went. By about ten PM most people had gone home, and only Bob, our mutual friend Bruce (whom I'd phoned earlier), six or so women, and I remained. The women had volunteered to wash, dress, and tidy up Ann's body, and her room needed to be cleaned out since there were a lot of gifts and flowers, as well as both her and Mark Paul's personal effects from a week of living at the hospice. So, while the women looked after Ann's body I took Rusty for a walk. We headed up the road, up the hill above the hospice, and out into the desert until we mutually decided we'd gone far enough and turned around to head back. I was walking along looking at the stars, thinking about a conversation I'd had earlier with Bob — after he'd finished anointing Ann's body, Bob stepped outside to look at the night sky — I followed him out and we looked up at the Pleiades — he told me they were Ann's favorites. So I was walking along the road with Rusty, headed back to the hospice, and looking at the Pleiades, thinking about our conversation, when my eye caught this bright blue/white sphere bouncing along the tops of the cacti off to my left. It was very persistent in my vision, not just appearing and disappearing but staying and bouncing along like one of those "follow the bouncing ball" sing along bouncing balls. I looked towards it, it stayed put, and I thought towards it "hello there!". As soon as I thought that, the sphere took off through the cacti and trees and disappeared. Rusty and I were just about at the top of the hill leading down to the hospice, and as soon as we reached the hill crest I could see a blue white sphere way down the hill, heading towards me like a bullet. It came right at me and went right through me and out the other side, and the feeling I got from it was as if I'd come across a sixteen year old kid, flying down the highway in a sports car with the top down, his/her hair blowing in the wind. I knew immediately that it was Ann and that she was absolutely ecstatic to be free of her body and its pain and frustration. I also got a complete recall of the talk I'd had with her the previous evening (where I'd told her she'd have to tell me when she was leaving her body, plus the story about the stairs), and I realized that my sudden impulse to phone our mutual friend earlier in the day had come from her — it was her way of telling me that she was on the verge of leaving her body. Needless to say, I was laughing myself silly as I walked down the hill back to the hospice. I told her husband about what had just happened, which made him very happy.

Just after midnight we loaded up my truck with whatever personal effects Ann and Bob had at the hospice, someone phoned the mortuary, and I and three women headed off to Bob and Ann's house to get things set up. The mortuary people were going to bring Ann's body back to the house, where she would stay until the following evening, when she would be picked up again by the mortuary people to be taken away for cremation. The time at the house would allow for a visitation period for those people who wanted to pay their last respects, as well as a vigil for those who wanted to participate. An alter

had been previously set up with Green Tara and Quan Yin statues, candles, and incense; there were more candles around the house, several other smaller alters, Buddha statues, and so on. And there was a covered table in the middle for her body. At about one AM the mortuary people arrived with Ann's body and placed it on the table. Bob got out Ann's jewelry box and we placed her favorite necklaces and earrings on her, and surrounded her with some of the plumaria blossoms that had been sent to her from friends in Hawaii.

It had been decided that someone should stay with Bob for the entire night, so Bruce (our mutual friend) and I said we'd stay until four AM (since it was after two when we finished getting things set up and taking care of Ann's body), and a couple of the women stayed until after three. At about four AM a woman arrived and stayed until about six thirty. Most of the night we just sat around talking quietly, frequently slipping into meditation, with Ann's body there with us. Somewhere around five AM Bob was playing CD's, picking out Ann's favorite songs, and songs that were meaningful to them. He'd just put on one song when I noticed a blue white sphere floating around in front of him, passing through him, and finally coming up above his right shoulder where it flashed a reddish pink light toward him. I asked Bob if this particular song was one of Ann's favorites, and he said it was her very favorite — at which point I told him what I'd just seen, saying that the pinkish red light was Ann sending him love (personal love looks pinkish red, impersonal love looks green). He didn't see her, but he could feel her.

At about eight thirty another woman arrived and Bruce and I finally went home close to nine on Sunday morning. I'd been awake for close to thirty hours by the time I got into bed, but I only slept for about an hour and a half, then got up, had a shower, ate, and headed back to Bob's house. The mortuary people were scheduled to pick up Ann's body at just after seven that evening, and I wanted to be there to help in whatever way I could, even if just to be there to support Bob. So I went back and stayed until about ten that evening, helping to remove Ann's jewelry from her body, as well as a jacket she was wearing which had been promised to someone, pack up the plumaria blossoms that had been around her, and generally do whatever needed doing in the way of cleaning up, straightening up, and so on.

The next night, Monday, I was awakened in the middle of the night by Ann's voice, as if she were in the room, saying over and over "with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, with Joy..." I closed my eyes and saw her face, and also saw me talking to her husband, so I knew she wanted me to tell him what I'd heard. I also got the strong sense of what she meant by "with Joy": several times over the years I've had the experience of being part of a large group of people, standing under an intensely bright sun that fills the sky, and we're all singing, only not singing but rather standing with our mouths open and our heads back while this sound energy passes through our bodies and out our mouths — a heavenly choir, if you will. I knew that Ann was experiencing that — that she was "with Joy" — in the Presence of Joy. The next day I phoned her husband to pass along the message.

Last week, the day that Ann was cremated, a friend of Bob's happened to mention to a friend of hers that a woman she knew had just died. She didn't tell her friend anything about the woman, just that she died of cancer. That night the woman's friend had a "dream" in which she met a woman who identified herself as "Ann", who was wearing exactly what she had been dressed in by the women at the hospice — the same red dress and white jacket — and who kicked up her heels and told the woman that she "loved to dance" (Ann loved to dance). The next day the woman phoned her friend to tell her about the event, only to learn that everything in the "dream" was completely accurate — remember that she knew nothing about Ann, not even her name, much less what she was wearing or that she loved to dance. Needless to say, her husband was overjoyed once again.

This was all a very exciting experience for me — I don't know if "exciting" is the right word, but in some ways it is. I've always had trouble feeling sad about death — I certainly get sad about losing someone from my life, but I don't get sad or upset about death itself, and I can't mourn a death. Perhaps you remember I once wrote about finding a baby mouse outside my cabin, and holding it in my hand until it died — at which point there was a kind of mini explosion of light, a mouse sized supernova of bright light, of ecstasy, as the mouse rejoined the infinite. For me that same explosion, that same moment of ecstasy, is present at both a birth and a death — the energy, the ecstasy, is the same. And I experienced this quite strongly as I spent a week watching Ann leave her body. Fortunately most of the other people involved with her passing also sensed it — some as just her final relief from her cancer ridden body, some as more than that. So, on the one hand I

could watch her leave her body but I could also sense her relief and joy in her freedom, but I could also participate in the ecstasy of the event — which was just like being in a room when a baby is born.

What I also found interesting was to watch how the various people in the room perceived her death. For the week previous to her passing I'd been able to see a blue white sphere coming and going in her hospice room and I knew it was Ann being in and around her body, and sometimes leaving altogether. On the evening she finally died I could see the blue white sphere in the room, see it over Bob's shoulder as he read the Tibetan Book of the Dead to her. For me, the being of the blue white sphere is the being who was Ann, who occupied the energy matrix that made up the body, emotions, thoughts, etc called "Ann". And yet several people who were sensitive enough to feel the energy flow of her dying could put their hands in the space above her bed and feel her energy leaving her body, who would say "she's almost entirely out now", or "she's out now, she's free." — and I realized how strongly people identified each other by their energy matrices rather than by the being that occupies the matrix. The energy matrix of Ann's physical body will disappear, the matrices of Ann's emotional, mental, causal bodies will also disappear, but at a very much slower rate (in fact, even her astral body will last through many cycles of physical creation). But the blue white sphere of the being that inhabited and inhabits those matrices is what lasts, is what goes from matrix to matrix, from life to life — and that being is what you follow when you follow yourself back.

OK, that was the email, and now here's some more about it. When I told you to follow yourself back I meant it in just the sense that I talked about it above—that you don't follow yourself back as Cecilia, or that the being who was Ann doesn't follow herself back as Ann, but rather that you follow yourself back through your own sense of "I am" — that you follow your "I am" sense back rather than following the energy matrix that makes up Cecilia, or Ann, or anyone or anything else. When I'm talking about doing that, I'm talking to you, the being who "inhabits" the energy matrix called "Cecilia"; I'm not talking to "Cecilia". Do you understand the difference? Notice in my description above that most people were saying that "Ann is almost out of her body", etc — and that what they were talking about is the energy matrix dissolving. Most beings identify with their energy matrices, whether it's on a physical level in a physical body, or on an astral level with an astral body. Most beings need to find a body to relate to in order to relate to themselves. Note that by energy matrices I mean the sum total of the energy complex in an environment—the physical, emotional, mental components—so that when you change your environment you will change your physical, emotional and mental aspects also (i.e., in a human world you'll have a human body, human emotions, human thoughts, etc. In a canine world you'll have a canine body, canine emotions, canine thoughts.) In a higher astral environment you'll have a higher astral body, higher astral emotions, higher astral thoughts, while in a low astral environment you'll have a lower astral body, lower astral emotions, and lower astral thoughts (i.e., a dark body, negative emotions and thoughts). But throughout all of this, you are still you—you are still the "I am" that you can follow back — you are still the blue sphere that will separate from whatever bodies you occupy in whatever environments in whatever realms on whatever levels. And it's that "I am" that you need to be able to follow back — it's that 'following back' that will get you where you want to go.

This isn't just all a bunch of theory — it isn't just some spiritual thing that doesn't relate to anything. The events I described surrounding Ann's passing (or rather, the events surrounding the leaving of an energy matrix by the being who occupied it for a time and was known as Ann) are true, and they've been seen and known for millennia. The entire Tibetan book of the Dead is about just this event, which is why the Book of the Dead was/is also seen as a meditation practice as well as a guidebook. The central point of the Tibetan Book of the Dead is that the being of the blue sphere learn to actively and consciously move out of the energy matrix on all levels and to realize it's own "true nature", it's Buddha nature. Which is the same thing as following oneself back.

Ann died, but the being who inhabited the matrix known as Ann doesn't die. Cecilia will die, but the being who inhabited the matrix known as Cecilia doesn't die. Roger will die, but the being who inhabited the matrix known as Roger doesn't die. In other worlds, in other environments, in other realms, on other levels, we'd inhabit other matrices that are determined by those other realms and levels. In all cases those matrices, those bodies, on all levels, will die. Astral bodies last longer than physical bodies; mental bodies last longer than astral bodies; but none last forever. None. But the beings who inhabit those matrices last forever — only we sometimes get lost and forget who we are, and identify with the matrix we happen to be inhabiting, and then we keep coming back again and again, life after life, trying to find ourselves — until we finally remember.

# On the Death of My Cat, Oscar

October 5, 2003

Last Monday my cat, Oscar, died. He'd been with me for 19 years. He was about 22 years old, and old guy by cat standards. He'd been deaf for a couple of years, had bad arthritis that bothered him even after pain killers, and eventually succumbed to renal failure.

Oscar had always been "more than a cat". For instance, about a month or so after he first showed up in my life, one of our other cats was hurt: she liked to hang out with the horses in the pasture across the road, and somehow managed to get kicked or stepped on by a horse. We found her dragging herself up the driveway by her front legs, her pelvis broken. We took her to the vet, who told us there was nothing to do but keep her confined for six to eight weeks in hopes that her pelvic bones would heal on their own: the bones were too fine to operate on, and she was a very small cat to begin with. So we got a large wire dog cage, put in a litter box and some blankets, and put the little cat in the cage until she healed. She was to remain in the cage for three to four weeks, after which time we could open the door and hope she could manage to regain her hind legs. Oscar either slept on top of the cage, or beside the cage, for the entire three weeks we kept her confined, and every hour or so he'd poke his paw into the cage and tap the little cat on the head. She'd wake up, they'd make eye contact, and then go back to sleep. He kept watch over her the whole time. When we finally opened the cage door, the little cat at first had a very hard time walking. Oscar would sit in front of the cage door and quietly meow to her, coaxing her out of the cage a bit at a time. As she struggled to walk across the floor, he'd sit just in front of her and call her, encouraging her to make the effort to walk. When she'd finally make it to him, he'd lick her on the head. With Oscar's help, she finally regained her rear legs, and could walk once again. He treated people in much the same way. When I was down or depressed he'd come sit by me, or try to get me to play with him: anything to make me feel better. When people would come to visit, he always insist in being in the middle of the conversation, not just as a cat looking for attention, but rather as a participant. If we were sitting on the floor talking, Oscar would join the group as if he were another person, his eyes and head turning to follow the conversation. And every person he met he treated like a new friend.

Three or four weeks before he died, he began losing weight drastically. At that time I noticed that I'd sometimes look into his eyes and couldn't see his pupils or irises. Instead of seeing his normally greenish-yellow eyes, I'd see an iridescent deep blue that seemed to go on forever. At first I thought it was just a trick of light, but it wasn't: it was present in all kinds of different lighting conditions. About five or six days before his death, I was thinking about what an amazing being Oscar was, the things we'd gone through together, and how much our relationship had meant to me. In that frame of mind, I sat down on the floor next to him. I started talking to him out loud, knowing full well that he was deaf and couldn't hear a word of what I was saying. At one point I said to him, from the heart, and without even thinking about it beforehand, "I hope your relationship with me has meant as much to you as my relationship with you has meant to me." I was sitting with one hand on the floor, with the palm facing up, and as soon as I had spoken those words, Oscar reached out his paw and put it in my upturned palm, and left it there. He had heard what I said, and his reaching out was his way of telling me he'd understood, and what our relationship meant to him. I closed my hand around his paw, and we just sat there.

The night before Oscar died, I'd had a sense that he was close to going. I was hopeful he'd make it through the night. I went to bed, but every time I turned over or moved in bed, I'd wake up, and every time I woke up I'd get up and check on Oscar. At around 2:30 in the morning I got up, checked on Oscar, petted him and ran my hands down his body to smooth him out, and then went back to bed. Oscar had been lying on his left side, and as soon as I got back into bed, I also automatically rolled onto my left side. As soon as I did so, my body became a large cat: Oscar and I had basically merged consciousness, and we were overlaid on each other like two flashlight beams blending, shining on a wall. I could sense him, and his body, as well as my own body, merged. In the middle of "us" was a large glowing blue white light, with an even more intense white light in the center, and I was saying to him, "this is where you have to go when you die. Remember this, pay attention. This is what it feels like," as I took him, merged, into the white light at the center. I took him in and out several times, each time telling him to pay attention, reminding him not to get distracted, and telling him that if he got lost he could think of me and remember again. After some time, this process stopped and I came back to my normal body. The next morning Oscar was obviously worse off, so I spent the day with him, keeping him comfortable, keeping him company.

About an hour before he died, I sensed a change in him, and knew he didn't have much time. To comfort him I began running my hands over his body, and began talking to him, once again knowing that he was deaf and couldn't hear me. I suddenly found myself saying to him, "remember what we did last night, remember what I showed you. Don't forget. Remember." I said it over and over, hoping he'd stayed focused. In the midst of all this, I suddenly began telling him, "this is your last physical life. You don't ever have to do this again. Remember what we did last night."

A couple of minutes later, Oscar died. I sat with him for ten minutes or so, and then got up and wandered around the house. I decided to phone my mother to tell her about Oscar's passing, but when I thought about talking about it, I couldn't manage the words. I realized I hadn't eaten anything in over twelve hours, so I decided to fix some dinner and give myself time to regroup. I was sitting in the living room chewing away on my dinner, staring off into space, thinking about Oscar and our life together. I was sad and tired. So I sat, chewing and staring at the wall, when suddenly there was a bright flash of light in the room, bright enough to block out everything in the room, and at the same moment there was an explosion of absolutely intense joy and bliss in my heart. Absolutely intense, enough that I went from chewing and blankly staring to having tears streaming down my face in an instant. And I immediately knew that Oscar had become one with the light, that he had made it, that he had remembered, and that I was feeling what he was feeling at the moment he broke free. I was ecstatic. I hollered, "Oh my God, he made it! He did it! Holy shit! He did it!" I was jumping up and down in happiness for my dear friend. Later that evening I sat down to do a short meditation before finally going to bed, and as soon as I sat I went back into the bliss and joy, and I could sense Oscar's presence totally immersed in an ocean of love and bliss—and I was experiencing it with him. Moreover, I could "see" what he was experiencing: he was moving through world after world—there were worlds with golden-white spirals and spheres ascending and descending, all in a state of intense bliss. There were animal worlds, people worlds, faces; faces going by very rapidly (I interpreted the faces as being Oscar's past lives).

Before Oscar's death, I had seen a blue-white sphere about the size of a ping-pong ball, floating around and near his body. This was the being who had been Oscar. Now, at the end of the "flight" through all the worlds, all the faces, I finally saw this being once again, but this time it looked like a miniature sun: instead of being blue-white it was a brilliant white-gold, with streams of white-gold light pouring out of it. And all in an infinite field of white-gold light, a sun in a sea of suns. I buried Oscar the next morning, and the house felt very empty. For nineteen years he had been waiting for me outside my bedroom door when I got up in the morning, and now there was no one there. I missed him very much. But whenever I find myself missing him, I also find myself remembering when he reached out and put his paw in my hand. And as soon as I do that, I can still feel him just as I felt him on the evening he died, breaking through into the ocean of bliss and love.

I now have another cat, Yogi, who first showed up at my place in the spring of last year, while Oscar was still alive. At first he would just sneak in through the cat door and steal food (or so he thought, I'm sure. Actually, I had a spare bowl of food out for other cats; more than one would come in at night looking for dinner, but Yogi was the most persistent). By about mid summer I'd managed to make friends with Yogi, enough that I could pet him outside; he was still to nervous to do such a thing indoors. By September or so, Yogi was nervously comfortable about being in the house, but never seemed to have any kind of strong relationship with Oscar: they just seemed to tolerate each other— Oscar was very old, and dying, and involved in his own processes, and Yogi seemed to want to stay out of the way of that.

One the evening before Oscar died, Yogi was in my bedroom, hanging out with me, when Oscar staggered in. Oscar was pretty toxic at that point, and didn't look too well. He was very obviously on his way out. Yogi took one look at him and ran to hide under a chair. Oscar came further into the room towards Yogi, at which point Yogi started shaking and threw up— twice— and then bolted from the room and out the cat door. The next morning there was no sign of Yogi, and no one had been into the cat food.

By late afternoon there was still no sign, and I begin to worry that Yogi had been so distressed by Oscar that he'd run off with no intention of returning. That evening, about five or so minutes before Oscar died, I saw above his body a blue star, as I mentioned before, but at one point that star was joined by a second star— both hung in space, perhaps three inches apart, and then the second star disappeared. Less than a minute later I heard a meow behind me, and turned around to see Yogi standing in the doorway. He'd been gone over twenty four hours, and had returned just at the end of Oscar's life. And I realized that the second blue star I'd seen with Oscar was Yogi, and that Oscar was handing off the torch to Yogi, so to speak. Yogi's so it'll be interesting to see what he does with this life. He has some large shoes to fill.

## A Collection of Short Bits and Pieces on a Variety of Topics

I've been going around dropping lives and parts of lives like I was shedding skin. I can see them sort of floating around me and I can go into any one of them and feel the feelings, think the thoughts, etc, and then I just sort of let go of them and I'm disengaged from that life. Past and present lives all have the same weight and value, and I can see them as though they were composed of multiple layers of colored patterns and shapes that overlap and project images — and I'm the light of the projector, so to speak. The layers are made up of layers inherited from the people and environment in my life— my parents, society, the world. They're sort of like templates— that's the word I used once when I was watching the 8 year old son of a friend of mine run across the field in front of me I could see very plainly a sort of crystalline, translucent shell around him and that shell was in the shape of his father. The boy had assumed his father's shell, and his father had given it to him, or perhaps even insisted on it's being there— and I knew that the boy would grow up trying either successfully or unsuccessfully to fit into that shell, that template. Attachment to and identity with the shells, the templates, is how we go from life to life, linking similar familiar shells, trying to recreate the pleasant ones and heal or avoid the unpleasant ones. Living with my brother for the past 9 months (until mid Oct) has given me a good opportunity to see the templates that make up our family and how he has assimilated and processes them. A couple of days ago I'd come back from a bike ride and jumped into the shower— as soon as the water hit me I felt like I was being washed clean— more than physically clean. My immediate reaction was to sit down in the tub with the water pouring down over my head, and I spontaneously started chanting with all this water going over me. I must have been in there for an hour (good thing for gas hot water), and I felt like I was being reborn, and also being washed clean of my own birth, so that I felt as though I was giving birth to myself— as though I'd washed away my parents, and my physical birth, and that I was now doing it out of myself— being the father and the mother and the son, if that makes sense. At night I lay in bed and hear a loud “om” sound in my head, and during many nights Haidakhan Baba is around— I don't see him physically, but I can feel him. It's as though he merges with me and his energy washes me clean and breaks my ties with my lives. I wind up being this bright sun with all these lives around it, and my light shines through them and gives them life, but it isn't only life energy, it's consciousness. During the day I walk around in this body, seeming to be this body consciousness, and I'm aware of a bright sun inside me, but I also feel that I, as consciousness, am the sun looking back at itself— as though I can see the sun through a window, but my body-state is the window and I'm looking back through myself at the sun, which is really me. Well, I know what I mean, in any case— the consciousness is continuous, there's no break and no difference between my ordinary, in the world consciousness, and the sun. At night the whole thing switches and I become the sun with the lives around me.

Early this morning Oscar came in and woke me up and I lay there with him beside my head— he's purring away (he's really loud), and I'm aware of him, and the bed, and the room, and being the sun at the same time, as well as illuminating everything in between.



Experiences, Krishna, etc.: I've been doing a lot of restructuring lately (talk about unloading and unloading). The past month or so I've been working out my relationship with my body. What I mean is that I've always found it more trouble than it's worth to take care of, but about a month ago I must have spent most of one night apologizing to my body because I came to realize that it was my attitude that was keeping it from getting what it wanted. What I mean is this back in 98 I wrote something about all bodies wanting immortality, wanting eternal life, and how all survival “tactics” were geared toward producing eternal life— something that will live forever, either as an individual or as a species. This includes all reproductive tactics- sex, territory, attraction display, fear, fear display, aggression, aggression display, eating, hunting, keeping from being eaten, etc, etc, etc— everything that every being, animal, plant, multi celled, single celled, blue whale or virus— does in order to survive and perpetuate itself and others of it's kind. At some point in the past couple of months my body has become consciously aware of the “central sun” — aware down to the cellular and even sub-atomic level— and knows that everything it has ever wanted or needed is really an expression of what it wants and needs from that central sun— I think we talked about this a bit? When I realized this, and realized that my body knew it even at the smallest level, then I also realized that my body and all the rest of me all want the same thing— nothing is at odds with anything else in any part of me— except for how I'm going to get my internal life and my external life to harmonize— by “external life” I mean the way I make a living in the

world, etc. This last bit has become noticeably harder since even my body knows what it really wants now, and so I don't have even the bodily anxiety driving me about "what will I eat" etc— even my body wants the internal and external to harmonize. What's been happening the past month is that I seem to have acquired a "new body"— what I mean is that I very frequently experience myself as this large gold body with my head in the central sun and my feet on the earth. When I say "gold" I don't mean golden light, but what looks like solid gold, with gemstones on it at various places. The point where my feet touch the earth is the point where my physical body is, and there's this constant flow of light/energy from the central sun through me to my point of entry in the earth. And that's my purpose, to establish and maintain that flow, which means maintaining my feet in the earth, which means maintaining a physical body. So now my body has become not a burden but a fulfillment for me— but I still don't know how to coordinate the inner and outer (except for those times such as what I described happening in Nelson). But, yes, the whole this is not like Shiva, but like Krishna, or like Christ. I just need to find a way to maximize it, to gain maximum energy flow and still maintain my body here. As it is now, when I lay down to go to sleep, I just let go of my body and we all— me, mind, emotions, body, whatever else— immediately come into the presence of the central sun, and we want the same thing, and everything dissolves into bliss except for my sense of presence, which is always there. And that's where you'll wind up too. Feeling yourself becoming the same "I" that's in everything and everyone is part of the process— by planting your feet on the earth you take up the "cross" of the earth and by doing that and making the connection to the central sun you "redeem" the earth, to use biblical phrases— but that's what it is, that's the process. Why? Love, of course— "for God so loved the world.... etc". But you already know that.



Upon waking and feeling myself moving "away" from God (in any case, feeling my moving away from a very bright light, where I know I have been)— immediate feelings of anxiety, fear— all arising spontaneously as a result of the separation. I realized that these feelings DO arise spontaneously, and are the VERY SYMPTOMS of separation from the Center. We then go around in the world acting out these feelings, and because we all have them in common so long as we feel that we are separated from God, we all act in concert (?) with these feelings of anxiety and fear as the common basis for all our actions. These actions become "normal" (defined as what is "normal") and we base all our religious and spiritual beliefs and practices on this "normality". THUS— the "return" to God is seen as having to give up what we are, giving up this "normality"— this anxiety and fear— when in fact it's a return to sanity. Further, "going back to God", to the Center, becomes a fearful and anxiety ridden endeavor until we learn to just let go. Parallel to this is the feeling of low self esteem, of self-loathing, that arises.



Several years ago I had a very vivid dream where I was sitting on a stool in the middle of a room with a light shining down from somewhere above my head. Rajneesh came in and handed me a folder, a booklet, titled "Spiritual Psychology"— there were pictures of various people and some text. He then laid both his hands on my head and blessed me, and I felt like he was passing something on to me. He walked away and I followed and grabbed his hands and looked at his palms— there were no lines on them, and the skin looked as if it had been burned (not black, but the way a burn scar looks), and I realized that this was from the sheer number of people he had blessed. I also realized that his whole "program", what he had done here, was a sort of exercise or experiment in spiritual psychology and that in his blessing me as he had he was passing on to me some of what he had learned in some way or other (not sure how much of it I actually got, though!) I've never been any kind of Rajneesh fan, always thought those people running around in terminal orange were basically strange and out to lunch, and the whole Oregon thing summed it up— so I can't say I was looking for a Rajneesh experience. Anyhow, I've come to think of my past 15 years or so as a class in spiritual psychology. But I don't know it's purpose yet— is it just for me or for others? I do know I've very tired of it and I want to get on with things one way or another.



The heart— uh huh— everything resides there, comes from there, and returns there. Last week I woke up in the middle of the night looking into my heart space— like I was looking into a pool of water— I could see the ripples on the surface, the reflection of the sun, and all of this life moving below the surface — all life moving below the surface. Then I noticed the reflection of the sun on the water once again, and realized I was seeing my own reflection, and laughed. (There's a clue in there

for you )



I was going to write about “immunity”- or developing immunity. I was in a very intense relationship about ten years ago— the woman would get suicidal at times — not actually, but just thinking about it with substantial emotional force. I’d find myself feeling those thoughts/emotions as my own and it was all I could do to keep from acting on them, especially in the beginning when I didn’t know their source (I was actually hiding knives from myself — work was a disaster— me and a whole pile of very sharp tools). In fact I didn’t know their source until one time when I was feeling that way and was talking on the phone to a very good friend of mine, who suddenly told me that I sounded just like Joan (the woman)- my choice of words, my phrasing, even my laugh— and I realized I’d assimilated a large part of her, way beyond what I was conscious of. After that I began to notice her more. At one point I was again talking on the phone to my friend when I said off the top of my head that I thought what I was really doing was going through the process of developing an immunity to her— to the way she was. As soon as I said that the whole room lit up, like it’d gone from a 25 watt bulb to a 100 watt bulb, and I knew I’d hit the nail on the head. This was also why I’d watched so much TV— picking up the emotions and thoughts and then dropping them, watching which ones stuck around longer for me (and why those would last longer for me and not for someone else, etc). So I had to learn to protect myself, and that was how I did it— not by “shielding” myself but by becoming transparent, or at least less “sticky”.



1995: When I finished up that long string of work I was totally fed up with my life— felt like I had to be anybody else but myself in order to survive, and if I was myself I’d starve to death. I’d got to the point where surviving was nothing but a nuisance, and a waste of my time. I’d been feeling that way for quite a while, but it sort of came to a head. I decided that what I wanted for my birthday was my own life back— and I was serious. I went to bed one night, just started relaxing, but thinking intently about how much of myself I’d given away simply in order to make a living and to be able to be part of this local community, and I was lying there when suddenly this huge column of light came down on me from above and hit me just about mid sternum and then sort of radiated outward in large ripples all around me— like someone pouring water into me. I could feel all sorts of things being ‘rearranged’ — for want of a better word— stuff sort of being ‘peeled’ off of me— the ripples extended down past my toes and up over my head. For the next couple of weeks I walked around sort of spanning creation— like I had one half of me in infinite light and one half of me in the world, and I was this sort of bridge between the two— immersed in this overwhelming love. The past week or so I’ve been slowly sliding back into the world, and I’m trying really hard not to feel trapped, trying to maintain the bridge— especially since I need the feeling of love, the contact with that, to be able to stay here. I need that more than I need food for my body. I can feel that my physical life is very different now, but I don’t quite yet know how. I’m really hoping that my body changes— there’s nothing I’d want more for myself than for my physical body to be able to live off that light. Back in ‘78 when I had that initial experience my overriding concern was how I was going to make a living— it was like I couldn’t be in both places at once, and yet I couldn’t leave here. Maybe now I’ll be able to be in both places. I don’t know.



The ‘pole’ thing— I find what usually happens is that I bounce back and forth between doing clearing work ‘down low’ (legs, or below, for example) and balancing things ‘up high’— the more you clear and release down below, the more your vision clears ‘up above’. If the human energy system is defined by the base chakra, the muladhara, at one end and the crown chakra, the sahasrara, on the other, a lot of work takes place below the base chakra and above the sahasrara in ‘old guys’. I find that if I go down below the base chakra I start getting lots of images of animal life progressing ‘downward’ into plant life— like sort of reversing the flow of organic evolution— with lots of sexual energy, which is the creative energy of these levels of life. There are always lots of warnings in classical kundalini literature about the perils of reversing the flow of kundalini so that it flows downward— they warn about becoming sexually depraved, etc. You can do it if you have the top end cleared enough so that you can maintain your awareness. You always have to maintain contact, maintain a link, with the one in the mountains that you experienced— you can do that by being aware of your own awareness— if you project yourself into animal forms, for example, you can get lost in them, but if you maintain your awareness as the one in the mountains experiencing

animal forms, or human forms, or astral forms, or anything else, you can follow your own awareness back— even when you feel lost, you're still aware that you're lost, and you can follow that awareness back. That works in all situations. You'll be that awareness aware of itself experiencing life as Joyce— or anything else, or everything else, or everything with no 'else'. Being able to identify with awareness and to follow your awareness back— perhaps it's better said as 'being able to follow yourself "as" awareness'— is important when you start getting into areas of stronger polarities. For example, if you go into some areas, notably what are usually thought of as 'lower' areas, you'll get into strong 'life' energies, sexual energies— you'll get into areas with an all-consuming desire for LIFE— wanting to live at all costs, wanting to reproduce at all costs in order to continue to live at all costs. At the opposite end, you'll get into areas that want to die at all costs, that do not want to live— for any reason. The Eros-Thanatos polarity. The micro-cosmic counterpart of this in humans are the first and second chakras as wanting life at all costs— and the areas around the upper chest and throat areas, specifically the throat chakra as wanting freedom from life at all costs. When the throat chakra is active is also when you begin to experience the full effect of astral planes— instead of just seeing them, you feel them, you feel the blissful energy of them, so they can be extremely seductive. To a great extent, balancing energies means balancing these two polarities. You can see the manifestation of this polarity in 'normal' spirituality— on the one hand, the mass of beings on this plane involved in 'life at all costs', whose greatest fear is death, and on the other end, the usual sort of spiritual practitioners who are bent on renouncing life, at all costs, in order to pursue 'higher purposes' or to simply lose themselves in nirvana or whatever. In fact, what has to happen is that the 'lower end' has to rise up in spite of its fear of dying and losing everything, and the 'upper end' has to go down, in spite of its fear of life and fear of entrapment. The 'upper end' has to go into the chalice well if it wants to find the Grail— it has to go into the heart of the world.



What does 'Non-Being' mean to you? Are you talking about death? Do you feel the 'terror' on a bodily level? When you're out of your body do you still feel the terror? When you had your initial experience was the 'terror' there, or was it only later, when you came back to 'normal' that you felt it? Is the one who experienced herself in your initial experience different from the one who feels the terror— how do they relate, how do they connect? If you experience yourself as the ocean, and then experience yourself as the water that's filled up a bottle on the bottom of the ocean, aren't you the same water, the same ocean? What would it feel like to be the water in the bottle looking out, as it were, at the ocean? How would the bottle determine and influence how the ocean looked to you from inside the bottle? Is it YOU that initiates and produces the terror, or is it your body? Your body has its own consciousness, and the primary drive of that consciousness is to survive at all costs— to survive as an individual, to survive as a species through reproduction— all life wants to live forever— all life wants eternal life— all the sexual politics, all the species adaptation, all the territorial disputes, all the inter-species competition (including competition among human sub-groups and the 'negative' tendencies of greed, selfishness, theft, etc, etc)— all express the desire for eternal life. Anything that is SEEN as counter to that desire (note the emphasis on 'seen') will induce 'terror'. The irony is that even the experience of eternal life will induce the terror because it means the end of the pursuit of eternal life— the end of 'normal' life. Isn't that how you experienced yourself in your initial experience— as eternal life? When you experienced yourself that way, aren't you also the same as the one who experiences the 'terror'? Aren't YOU the continuity between the two states? Aren't YOU the thread that links them?



You asked about dream work, etc. To be honest with you I've fooled around with it, done the Tibetan stuff, done the Monroe stuff, but mostly got bored with it— at least with the \*active\* pursuit of any sort of experiences — I was happier just to let things happen — or even happier to have "dreams" where I really learned things, rather than just 'explored' and fooled around. Note that I put "dreams" in quotes, because those \*dreams\* are much more than dreams — in the stuff I wrote that's at Spiritweb I used the term 'dreams' to mean much more than mental cartoons. "Dreams" (note the quotes) are ways of communicating with other aspects of yourself and also with others at a much different level and in a different way than we normally do. In the case of both out of body experiences and "dreams", I found that pursuing a technique of one sort or another mostly just got in the way — it was easier in the end to "just do it" (with appropriate credits to Nike) — rather like trying to figure out how it is you can chew your food and not bite your tongue— when you start watching what you're doing, or worrying about technique, you wind up biting your tongue (try it!) However, more and more my entire life— my physical, emotional, mental, supra-mental, whatever— seems to be slowly, or not

so slowly, being absorbed into the \*sun\* that I kept talking about in the Spiritweb stuff. Most of my “dreams” now, at least the ones that mean anything to me, are of seeing a brilliant sun above me and either I’m being absorbed into it, or it’s shining down into me and sort of transforming me, sort of flushing out all the remaining dark or obscure parts— I usually experience this on a bodily, physical level, while I’m lying in bed — i.e., I’m physically conscious of it. At times I’m aware of a sensation of looking at myself in a mirror, seeing my body image, and the mirror image is full of light — not colors, but just bright sunlight, sparkling — sometimes the mirror image just stays in front of me and sometimes it merges into me, into my physical form (this happens with my eyes shut, of course) The more the remaining dark and obscure parts are turned to sunlight, the clearer the mirror image looks. So, with this going on I don’t really have a lot of interest in simple out of body experiences — returning to the \*sun\* and becoming one with it are what everything in existence wants to do— all life strives to do that— the entire “fight” for survival, on both an individual and species level, is a fight for life, a fight to live as long as possible— hopefully to live forever — a striving for immortality and ‘eternal life’ that can only be really fulfilled by returning to the \*sun\*. And once you’ve experienced that, and know it, everything else just gets in the way. So, I just answered your very first question to me— about “where is this all headed” — hadn’t planned to do that, but there you go ) I don’t think, however, that this really answers your questions about dream work— but maybe so. Later on in the day I’ll probably get a bunch of ideas that I can’t think of right now, or think of things I should have said. It’s been a while since I’ve thought about actual techniques — I find that most anything that works for you works for you if you have the right attitude — if you think of yourself as being a body, or of yourself as being in a body that you have to get out of, then that’s where you start, because that’s where you have defined your starting point. I don’t really experience myself as ‘going somewhere’ anymore— as an entity in a form, ether physical or non-physical— but rather as a \*presence\*, for want of a better word— it’s more a matter of where I turn my attention and seeing what I want to see— than of being ‘here’ and going ‘there’ in some sort of vehicle or form. If I want to be in a non-physical body then more than anything else it’s a matter of \*thinking\* or \*imagining\* (‘imagining’ is the better choice) myself in one or as one. Or remembering what it feels like to be in one and then imagining it strongly enough that it happens. (While at the same time remembering to forget what it takes to navigate in a physical body, and remembering to relax away from my physical body — no small feat, in fact, where most people get stuck)



Last night I had a dream— better, an experience— where I was in a room with a bunch of people— I got the sense that you and your friends were there also— and I wanted to demonstrate something to you, so I told you I would consciously die. You were all horrified, but I went ahead and laid down on the floor and proceeded to let go of my body. Someone in the group insisted on performing Last Rites (don’t know what the Swedish for that is, but I hope it’s close enough so you know what that is)— so whoever that was started waving a rosary over me, and someone else held a crucifix over my face, etc. That annoyed me, but I kept going. From my point of view, all I did was to dissolve my body back into myself by just relaxing my body back into myself— so that instead of being a body lying on the floor I was a pool of light. Nothing changed for me. And this is what I experience more and more— for a long time I’ve sometimes experienced creatures and people dying as dying back into me (when my oldest dog died I had a dream about him running toward me and jumping into my heart— three days later he died)— but the past year or so I keep having the experience of giving birth to myself and of dying back into myself— and yet I stay the same. Anyhow, no one in the room understood what I was doing, and what I had done— even when I gave birth to myself again so that I was a body again lying on the floor in front of them. I related the above dream to you because in order to get to that point of feeling yourself give birth to yourself you have to get past thinking in terms of living and dying— which means you (a general “you”, not necessarily you “Ulla”) have to get past your fear of death (even though you can go through that tunnel under the wall when you remember that you can) and you (a general “you”, not necessarily you “Ulla”) also have to get past life, either in terms of chasing it at all costs , or trying to avoid it in pursuit of something more or better. It’s easy to see the fear of death issue— your friend Ulf runs into it when he hits the blue star zone since being there automatically reminds him and his body of every time he’s died— which is why it comes across as a near death experience. What frequently happens is that you (again, general) wind up rebounding back and forth between the blue star zone with it’s memories of dying and an intense life energy who’s only purpose is to reproduce and create at all costs to avoid death — and that intense energy usually comes across as strong sexual energy since that’s how life reproduces for the most part. What also happens is that you (general) wind up realizing that it’s basically futile, so you get depressed, intensely depressed at times, because nothing works anymore. And along with the depression you get anxiety because, if nothing works

anymore how the hell are you going to stay alive and what will happen to you? The good news is, however, that once the polarities of life and death get integrated— which is to say, once your lower chakras get cleared out enough so that you can more or less integrate with respect to the blue star energy— you'll find that the depression lifts.



*“Later, the sensation I'd been getting at the third eye (vibratory) began to make itself present at the crown chakra, only at first it was like a low voltage of electricity from the crown to the back of my tongue!”*

This is quite common— the usual model for kundalini is that it starts at the base of your spine and goes up to the crown of your head, but this is incomplete. What it does is to make a loop circuit through your body and one of the connections that it makes when it's working its way through you is through the roof of your mouth and your tongue. Sometimes you'll have your tongue curl up and backwards to the roof of your mouth (way back, so your tongue is almost touching your uvula). Sometimes you'll get a sensation in your mouth like you're tasting and swallowing honey or a sweet fluid, sometimes like something sweet is dripping from the roof of your mouth. These are all good things and good signs. You may also find that you get red marks, lines, down each side of your mouth and down onto your throat. The energy will work itself down your front and eventually wind up back at the base of your spine. As this happens you may be very aware of the energy flow and of various physical, mental and emotional effects and changes. The energy will also go down your arms at this point (so you'll wind up being bitten in the wrists by kundalini snakes ) )

*“But frequently, I have been feeling lost. I am unusually tired all the time. Feel only like sleeping. Can't seem to stay focused enough to do any one thing well at home.”*

Yep, this happens when you get too much of your physical energy in your head, so you feel tired and like sleeping — this should change when the circuit clears itself so the energy doesn't pool up so much in your head. If you get a lot of excess energy in your head you'll also feel disoriented and lost, but this can also happen when you become ungrounded — when you lose the energy balance in your feet and lower legs — which can happen when kundalini naturally demands more energy to do its work, but also if you do any sort of traditional eastern spiritual practice which has as its model the ideal of collecting the energy in the crown and ajna chakras and disassociating oneself from the world (i.e., the 'lower' chakras). If the ungrounding is a natural result of the demands of the kundalini process then that's one thing, but if it's because of your learned or acquired attitude toward the world then that's quite another. You may want to do some work to ground yourself a bit more — even going for walks works well — watching TV with your feet up doesn't ) and in fact will unground you very quickly. Also, if you are going to school and doing a lot of reading and 'head work' you'll naturally draw energy up into your head and eyes - you may want to increase your physical activity — not in a gym or on a treadmill, but do something to touch the earth, find someplace where you can walk and feel the ground and see and hear and smell the natural world (having said that, I don't know where you live and if this is possible for you).

*“I know that my wavering in and out of this world is not from some kind of “will to ground myself,” but happens because the world obviously must still hold some attraction for me”*

So you see the world as something you have to escape? I wrote the stuff about grounding and spiritual attitude before I had scrolled down to what I just quoted from your letter. Did you ever stop to think that perhaps you're here not because the world holds some attraction for you (and from which you have to escape), but because the world needs you here and your being here in itself is a gift to the world? You may experience it as a sacrifice, even a crucifixion, because you have memories of other places, but that in itself makes your being here as a gift even more important, even though most of the people in the world won't recognize it as such. Perhaps your rebuilding of your complete kundalini energy path is a way for you to take up part of the world and rebuild it, redeem it? I find it interesting the way some words fit together and express something more— for example, the words “Krishna” and “Christ” both come from the root word 'kriya', which means both “to purify” and “to redeem”; kriya yoga is a purification yoga for the onset of kundalini...



Have you ever seen a slow motion movie of a lightening strike? Most people think that lightening hits the earth wherever it wants, hitting the highest point in an area, or the best conductor, or whatever— in any case, it's the lightening coming out of the cloud and hitting the earth — the lightening strikes the earth, the earth just sits there. However, if you watch a stop action movie of a lightening strike the whole event looks very different— way before the lightening comes down out of the sky and strikes the earth, the earth sends up what's called a ground leader— you can't see it with your naked eye, but you can see it on a video/movie— this ground leader reaches up from the earth to the sky, and if it's strong enough the lightening “senses” it and connects with it. What you see with your naked eye is only one-half of the event. I wonder if the earth has a desire to reach the sky and sends up the ground leader, and the sky has a desire to reach the earth but can't until a ground leader goes out? So you send out your ground leader to God, your desire to be with God, and what you feel in you and around you— the love and the glow — is what you can sense so far of God's responding to your ground leader. I'd wager that as your awareness grows you'll sense more and more— and you'll change— and your thoughts about God will change, and your perceptions and ideas of God will change. The trouble with your changing is that at some point it'll be very hard to be “here” when everything you want is with God. But you can't be one with God or “merge” with God the way you can with another human or soulmate, or whatever— it's not that kind of thing. I think you'll discover that God isn't the supreme object, but rather the supreme subject— so that if you want to merge with God what you have to do is follow yourself— your Self— to God. If you do that you'll probably find that the ground leader going out and the lightening coming down are one and the same.



About the way of Knowledge and the way of Communion — they're different sides of the same thing— in the end you have to give up both in order to go beyond them, because both cause you to assume a position of duality — knower and known, communer and whatever-the-hell-the word-is-for-that-with-which you commune (or is it the 'communee' and the 'communor'?). The bottom line, and the way through the door, is knowing the nature of the one who does the knowing, or communing, or seeking. Knowing is through the head, communion is through the heart — you have to have a marriage of the head and heart. About knowing — I find that the 'normal' world is off to my left, and that I connect to it and participate in it via my left side, via my left, physical, heart. Most people operate in the world off to their left. If you change your center of interest, your point of focus, by moving to the right you begin to perceive the world more than you participate in it— you begin to “see” the world. At this point you can watch the world being made, and experience yourself as contributing to the creation and maintenance of the world. For example, one of my favorite things used to be (don't do it too much anymore for some reason), sitting someplace alone— a mountain, beach, etc, and shifting my focus to where I can see the world being made— it's as though there are, for example, huge tree-forms that extend infinitely up into the sky, and then inside those are slightly smaller tree-forms, then smaller ones still, and so on until you get down to the condensed tree-form growing on the horizon ( I think this is why I like fractals — it's how I perceive the world being made). You can experience yourself as contributing to the creation of this by watching the world being made and at the same time paying attention to your solar plexus area — if you catch it right, it'll feel as though you have a movie projector in your solar plexus and you're watching the movie at the same time. We all participate in doing this. Another way is to pay attention to how you maintain your center of focus in the world. You'll find that you usually maintain a center of vision, a center focus of your field of vision. If you do an open-eyed meditation by sitting and relaxing, and \*softly\* (note, \*softly\*) relaxing your vision on one area, then putting your attention on the outside corners of your eyes and paying attention not to your center of vision but to your peripheral vision, to the far left and right of your visual field — if you do this you'll see how your vision tends to come back to center — if you practice this until you can maintain your awareness at the outsides of your vision and not return to the center you'll find that the world will sort of 'pop out' for you — you have to practice so that when you get the opportunity (in the mountains, etc) you can do it. I should also add that you should also pay attention to which eye you tend to look out of, which side you use more for seeing — try to move from one side to the other to see how it affects what and how you see (beyond the fact that you may have one eye better than the other). Also pay attention to the tension in your face and neck, if there's more on one side or the other — try to relax and equalize both sides. You may also notice the sounds in your ears, that one side is louder, or different, than the other, or that they change as your vision changes. Be aware, however, that the results of practicing this will sneak up on you at inappropriate times- I can remember driving to work and suddenly having the world 'pop' and I'm experiencing everything as though I'm sitting still and the road and scenery are moving towards and around me, and the whole thing is being projected from my midsection — hard to handle driving a pickup truck at 60mph on the highway— I had to pull over and refocus. This is the point, though, of always being able to find

yourself, because if you can't you can get lost in the 'dream', in the creation — if I hadn't been able to find myself as distinct from the experience and the body-in-the-circumstance, I could have done some serious damage — at other times it's ok to let go and let things develop. The way back out of the door to "freedom" is being able to find yourself and follow yourself, your own scent, your own footprints, your own presence of being, back out — like following a string back out of a cave. It's one thing to be lost and be aware that you're lost, it's another to lose yourself — to lose your 'self'.



Anyhow, basically the shift is something that you can do without doing the 'visual' thing, but which will also happen \*when\* you do the visual thing, if that makes sense. You can do the right shift on perceptual levels other than just the visual — it's a life saver on the emotional level because you can shift and "see" your emotions, i.e., understand them, rather than getting lost in them. This is especially valuable when you're dealing with universal creative processes like sex and survival — it helps you to see their 'universality' as well as how that universality works itself out in and through you and all individuals. In fact, you can see from that perspective how 'individuality' is a universal process at this level of things. A bit of a short answer to your other mail about the space, etc— I've never had a problem with 'space' — I find voids very comforting and relaxing — I like looking up at the night sky and feeling the space in between the stars. On the other hand I find the 'normal' world incredibly claustrophobic. Expanding into space is like going home to me — I have nothing to lose. I most definitely don't lose myself — if anything I tend to lose myself in the 'normal' world that most people find so secure, and I find that I'm most myself when I'm expanded. No fear there — not for you either once you get comfortable with it. You're still you, aren't you, regardless of where you are, or who you are (i.e., what body and personality you're occupying)?



Just a quick note about your 'dull sphere' that you kept seeing — I hadn't really focused on it before, but the other night I was laying in bed and did a conscious shift to the right. Usually what happens is that I notice my awareness increasing, as though I am beginning to see wider and farther, as it were. I usually have the sensation of my awareness being a sphere expanding in all directions at once. At some point I begin to see images, places, people, etc. This time, however, I paid attention the interior surface of that sphere, and guess what it looked like to me — yep, dark with white specks. I never really paid much attention to it, it was always just there and I took it for granted. It never starts close to my face however, but rather about 3-4 ft out around my head. And the 'dark' is usually sort of a midnight blue. So, here's my guess you experienced the same thing, only it was close to your head because you haven't had it develop quite as much, and that it's 'dull' for the same reason, and that as the energies balance in your third eye area the sphere will become larger and will clear up in color. And you'll become more comfortable with it, and with the perceptual changes it brings— although perhaps 'perceptual' is the wrong word, because the changes aren't just about 'seeing', i.e., visual stuff, but about knowing, about awareness. And yes, your awareness of your everyday world will change, including a de-emphasis of things you once thought important, etc. So if this rings a bell with you and you feel "oh yea, holy shit, that's it!" then that's good, because this is a good thing and a good change — exactly what you want, because it will allow you to see things from the perspective of your third-eye area. Don't confuse this with seeing auras and so on; it's a much higher way of knowing — like looking at a pond from above the surface, as opposed to swimming around under water — although that change of perspective may take some getting used to — you might be a bit disoriented until you get the water out of your eyes )



Anyhow, the right-shift thing. I tend to use my body as a mandala— what I mean is that I use it as a reference point to initiate conditions, etc, that may not be body related at all, so when I talk about something happening on the right side of the chest it isn't necessarily something that takes place physically — although you can focus your attention in a particular area and generate physical symptoms such as tightness or warm or pressure. What this means is that there isn't necessarily a cause-and-effect thing happening — if you focus on the right side of your chest then this thing will happen because you've focused on the right side. I can bring on the right shift very strongly by focusing on the right side of my neck, relaxing it up into the occipital region behind my right ear. Similarly, I can do it by imagining myself sort of reaching out to the right and pulling the space to the right of me over toward my left, or imagining the space to my right flowing toward me. It doesn't \*have\* to be me

who's moving into something or somewhere else — I can pull the space to me, or the somewhere else to me. This is something that's important, that's \*key\* — in the 'sphere' state, where you have the sphere around your head and you get to the point where you feel your awareness is in all directions, you can forget about being 'here' and going 'there,' because you can draw 'here' and 'there' to you. You don't need a second body to 'travel' because you don't need to go anywhere, you don't need the sort of classic OBE scenario anymore. A couple of very good examples in the stuff I have at Spiritweb there's one point where I wrote about the rubber glove thing that you mentioned— just above that I said "I looked out over the meadow and found I could change my vision to see anything I wanted—I could look at the distant mountains, think that I could see them up close, and suddenly I could see every detail, and they appeared to be right in front of me." — what I was describing there was being able to pull space toward me — I could see to whatever level of detail I chose, only I was doing it with my eyes open. I'd done this before several times — once I was sitting in a sort of cave/alcove space up in the Canadian Rockies near Jasper, on the side of a cliff that overlooks a large hanging glacier, and my vision shifted and I could see the ground a couple of hundred feet below me as though my nose were pressed up against it — at the time I was \*very\* tempted to step off the rock and onto the ground below — it was so close and I had the distinct, but probably very foolish feeling, that I could make that step — I chose not to, but I still sometimes wonder what would have happened — beyond the big splat I would have made as I hit the ground from 200 ft. You asked about what happens on other perceptual levels than the visual— first and foremost, being able to be aware from that level allows you a 'safe haven', and overview, so that you can both participate in the events of your life and understand them — because with that shift of awareness you also gain the shift of understanding. This is especially important when you have emotional issues to deal with because it will allow you to both experience them and understand them from a larger perspective. Somewhere in one of Castaneda's early books he talks about Don Juan watching his son die — I remember it as being Don Juan's son, but in any case I think it was someone close to Don Juan— and Don Juan says something about his (DJ's) choosing to shift his awareness to watch the person die. It's like that, and it works in all arenas. I think, though, that each individual has their own particular 'brand' of perceptual mechanisms under the 'shift' — some people are more visually oriented, some more auditory, some more sensation/feeling — and you have to find the most comfortable combinations that work for you. Sometimes I find that one or another 'mechanism' seems to predominate depending on what I've been doing/thinking before making a 'shift' — the awareness that arises from the shift will also help you to recognize where you were 'standing' when you made the shift, and eventually you can learn to choose your position. This is also very valuable because it'll help you become aware of how you interact with the world, and especially with the people around you that shape/shaped your life — parents, brothers and sisters, significant others, etc. In this regard it's especially valuable because it will help you to see through the unconscious areas of your life — and help you to set yourself free from whatever traps you in negative patterns — when you find yourself in such an area you can do a 'shift' and 'see' the underlying patterns and structures rather than just react to them. The third eye burns karma.



The problem with a lot, if not most traditional spiritual pursuits, methods, schools, etc, is that they have next to no knowledge of human psychology, much less human biology or physiology. So when someone is going through something like what I've described above the usual answer is to control your thoughts, control your emotions, fast, pray, curse the devil, whatever. And of course none of that works and the person in the depths of the transformation, with the accompanying depression, anxiety, sleeplessness, and so on, thinks he or she is doing something wrong, or is cursed, or has bad karma, or whatever. And worse yet, these spiritual traditions tell people to renounce the world, give up the "low" life in favor of a "higher" "spiritual" life, etc— and with that attitude just about make it impossible for people to go into the mental and emotional spaces they need to go into to deal with the depression, anxiety, etc that comes along with the transformation— they make it impossible because they make it "wrong" or "unclean" or "fallen" or "sinful" to think about sex, or anger, or rage, or anxiety, or fear— and those are the very things that need to be dealt with during the transformation. So this is where "normal" and "spiritual" psychology interface and work in concert with each other. You get to a point in all this where you're not really dealing with personal issues so much as universal issues, at least as far as being on this planet is concerned— you're dealing with survival, you're dealing with species issues as well as national and racial issues, and you're dealing with all the subconscious issues of the human race. How big a jump can you imagine it is, and how much work can you imagine it takes, to go from seeing and relating to yourself as someone born into the world from human parents to feeling like you're giving birth to yourself. Beyond the basic biological issues involved, there are also the issues of being parented— including being loved and nourished and sustained by your parents— and a host of other things.

I find that a lot of people who get involved in spiritual groups are very afraid of facing any of the things I just mentioned, so the promise of something more, or better, or whatever, is very appealing. And these same people can form very tight knit groups that don't tolerate differences very well— they need to have all the answers.



About raising your own level— you can't raise your own level any more than you can pick yourself up by your own bootstraps. All the good works and karma burning exercises in the world won't do the job— what you need is what you've already got— an active kundalini, which has its own mind and knows what its doing — you have the grace that you need, you just have to learn how to work along side it, how to pay attention. Kundalini activity on the physical level shows that something is happening at a higher level— it doesn't much matter that you understand what's going on, or \*how\* you understand it (you can understand from a cultural level— Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, etc). Information, teachings, practices don't change things unless the person is already \*active\* and needs to know so they can cooperate with the process that's taking place on a higher level. If you have an active kundalini on the physical level it means things are happening at a higher level and that you are effecting beings at that level (you experience yourself as 'them' partly because you are effecting changes at that level)— by just \*being\* you effect other beings who in turn effect others— but this is done at a level prior to creation, so you effect the level at which the beings who create and maintain the world in fact create and maintain. Whether you actually \*teach\*, i.e., pass on information, etc, is not as important as \*being\*. And one of the hardest things is to \*be\* in the face of all the bullshit of the present level of creation— you can look at it from your own level of 'comfort' and think 'who needs this shit, who would ever want it', and it's very hard not to either give up and 'terminate' yourself because you don't want what's here, or succumb to it and just go along with the 'norm' out of loneliness (or run around trying to save everyone from the world— and so become a participant in the melodrama). At this point your being in the world becomes a sacrifice.



Remember I used the image of a central 'sun'? And remember I wrote to you back in November about being immersed in this overwhelming love, and how I got there, etc? If your attention and identity are focused on the body, as most beings here are, you'll experience the sun as the fulfillment of bodily goals, which is primarily eternal life (all life strives to live forever, all life develops infinite survival strategies to try to guarantee a chance of living forever, either as an individual organism, or as a species, or as an ecosystem, or as a creation); if your attention and identity are focused on your emotional center, your heart, you'll experience the sun as infinite love, as the fulfillment of everything you've longed for in terms of emotional nourishment (everything wants to be loved— heavens and hells are defined by the presence or absence of love); if your attention and identity are focused on your identity, your third eye area, then you'll experience the sun as your true self, as who you really are. A lot of traditional yoga paths follow this last way to the sun— which is why there's such a strong emphasis on developing the ajna chakra— and the ajna chakra is also where you begin to experience 'witness consciousness'— the more you isolate yourself in the ajna the more you'll experience the witness state— but the more you isolate yourself in anything the more you'll begin to experience things solely from that standpoint. The problem with the witness state is exactly what you've run into— well, here I am, what do I do now? And right there is the main thing— what do you DO? All life, all planes of existence from the physical to the mental to the super-mental to the buddhic to nirvana, are all DOING, they are NOT Being. All spiritual striving, all yoga practices, all going from discipline to discipline, teacher to teacher, life to life, is DOING. You can hang out in witness consciousness and look for what to DO next and what you will get is more doing. What you have to do is not do— you have to let go and just be. I'm not talking here about how you live your everyday life, I'm talking about letting your awareness let go of looking for the next doing— especially when you're in the witness state. It's like trying to fall asleep— the more you try, and the harder you try, the more you'll stay awake— when you finally stop trying to fall asleep is when you usually do. You have to go from the witness state and trying hard for the next doing to a sort of falling asleep into the sun, and you do that by not doing, by just being. And then you'll experience yourself as the sun, as the source of being, as the source of consciousness, and as the source of love. After that it's between you and the sun— you may simply merge into it— the classical samadhi thing; or you may become a sort of bridge with one foot in the sun and one in the world, which is where I seem to have wound up— I experience myself as both the world (as a person in the world) looking for and at the sun, and as the sun itself. That seems to be where the sun wants me and what I was made for.....probably so I can write letters like this :)



Anyhow, about having your sperm dance up your spine, shaktipat, etc. I think the idea of sperm or semen actually going up your spine is a sort of eastern way of saying that the energy from the base chakra turns and goes up— the energy is transmuted, as it were. Transmuted from a base metal into gold (you know about the kabbalah, so you know about alchemy, so you know that the transmutation of base metal into gold — you need the caldron and the heat, etc — the heat is a byproduct of the spiritual marriage— sometimes called the ‘alchemical marriage’ — you once mentioned about producing dumo, or body heat— when you’ve got the transmutation underway you find that your relationships with women will be a sort of acting out of your relationship with your own feminine — and you’ll probably notice, or she’ll notice, that you get very hot, physically hot, when you make love — she’ll probably notice it— “are you ok, you’re just burning up, it’s like you’re on fire, do you have a fever?” ) The full transmutation occurs when the energy from the base chakra steadies itself in the throat chakra (and in the heart with the culmination of the spiritual marriage — the union of opposites as shown by the Star of David at the heart level)— when the energy steadies itself in the throat the creative energy is sort of transferred to a higher octave and this is when you can begin to create using letters and words—and it’s also when you can begin to give shaktipat, although I don’t really like that term very much. I don’t like it because it has connotations of power and will. I like the Sufi term ‘baraká’, which means blessing or grace. If I recall my kabbalah correctly, the Aleph is made up of three aspects, three groups of letters that I can’t remember the name of, one group stands for love, one for will, and one for creation— you can read the letters from left to right or from right to left, and depending on which way you read them you get a different message— if you read from ‘will’ to ‘love’ you get something like “destruction” but if you read from ‘love’ to ‘will’ you get something like ‘continuation’ — the point being that you have to start with love and not will. You also need ‘wisdom’ in there, which means you need to know how to use and not use your shaktipat or baraka— what all too frequently happens is that someone gets a hit of shaktipat and then either mishandles it or lets it die, as it were — as the giver you have to recognize fertile ground in which to plant the seed— although most of the time you plant by the broadcast method and some seed lands on rocks, some in weeds, some gets eaten by the birds, and some hopefully lands on fertile ground. Then again it can be like teaching an egg to fly if you give shaktipat to someone who isn’t ready— you can keep the egg in the air, but only by your own will— it won’t stay up there on its own, and when it falls it makes a mess. If you go from ‘will’ and power, you run the risk of running a flight school for eggs; if you go from love you give the eggs time to hatch and grow wings. More about the throat and dumo (heat)— I find that I can consciously generate heat by relaxing and energizing my throat chakra— usually by focusing on the large cervical vertebrae and relaxing the muscles in my shoulders (the trapezius, etc), and then imagining an energy flow coming from both sides to the center in the throat. (You can tell when your base chakra energy is beginning to transmute at the throat area because of the color changes you’ll “see”(internal vision) at your throat area — it’ll start off blue, then go to green, and then to red when the energy is fully transmuted. Sometimes there’s also a sort of technicolor, or multi-hued phase, in there as well.) But, and a \*big\* “but”, you’ll probably find that you gain the most when you stop trying to control— it’s like making love with someone— if you try to control the situation, and control your partner, you lose more that you gain, and if she senses it you’ll alienate her also— you have to go from ‘love’ to ‘will’ rather than from ‘will’ to ‘love’ — and when you do your throat area loosens up and the energy flows properly — if both partners do that you wind up making incredible love. You’ll also find that you’ll “heat up” (dumo) more easily, and you’ll be able to carry it over into other areas of your life like your mediation. At least that’s been my experience. This has sort of wandered all over the place — makes perfect sense to me :)



Listen to me YOU ARE NOT A FUCKUP! You just don’t understand who and what you are. Yes, you are moving in the opposite direction, from enlightenment to darkness, but for a reason. Yes, you will feel as though you’re going in the opposite direction from everyone else on the “spiritual path” because you ARE — you’re coming \*from\* the place everyone else is seeking —you already have what they want — what they want is where your home is. It’s like bringing light into the darkness, or as I said in the stuff you got from Spiritweb, it’s like you wind up with one foot (or half of you) in the world, and the other foot (or other half) in the light. Your act of establishing yourself in the world, of putting your foot down in the world, feels \*to you\* as though you’re moving in the downward direction— and it’s very hard to do because it’s not something you’ll want to do naturally or with any kind of pleasure — ALL of you will want to go home again — and there will be a lot of local resistance to your putting your foot in the world and especially to your putting any kind of weight on it, if you know what I mean (hence, the malevolent beings you encountered — but the more you know who you are the less they will bother you). But it’s what you came here to do.

When I had that stuff happen to me in '78 (the stuff in the “resume”) I had the immediate feeling of knowing for the first time in my life what I am — the way I thought about it to myself is that I felt like a kind of spy called a deep sleeper, or that I was under deep cover— meaning that I'd ‘infiltrated’ a local area, and had established myself as one of the locals and lived the life of a local, and then one day 33 years later had gotten a phone call telling me it was time to go to work — at which point I started remembering all sorts of stuff that I'd more or less filed away— I could read accounts of yoga, of enlightenment, of yoga practices, and it was all old ground to me— in fact in most cases I discovered I knew more and had done more, and that the traditional accounts hadn't gone far enough. But even with all that I still found myself looking for validation, so I read spiritual literature, did spiritual practices, until I realized that I didn't have to do that, that I didn't need anyone to validate me or initiate me in order for me to be me — I just had to let it happen — I just had to BE. And then I could do what I came to do, which was to act as that bridge, with one foot in the world and one in the light. And that's all you have to do. Your inclination to do kriyas, etc, is your way of clearing out a place for you to put your foot down in the world, and your way of making a clear conduit into the world — I did that also. But you don't need any more validation or initiation to be \*more\* than you are, or to get something that you don't already have. If you \*think\* that you need things you've already got then you wind sort of walking around the world looking for your feet, if you get my drift. Here's a dream I had about a year ago that's very relevant— I'm sitting in a room behind a desk, and I'm opening what looks like a can of sardines— I have the can in one hand and the key in the other, and on the can lid is a fish symbol— like the Christian ‘ichthys’ symbol — I peel back the lid and inside are a whole bunch of what look like small rods, thin and black like pencil leads— and there's a line of people passing in front of the desk and I'm handing out one of these rods to each person that passes by. Suddenly the scene changes and I'm outside standing beside a house— green grass, sky, a woman outside hanging up laundry, a kid playing in the yard— but coming down ‘out of the sky’, sort of semi-transparent, are all these beings— who are more or less passing through the objects in the scene— the trees, the house, the sky, etc— like the beings aren't fully physical— and the woman and child (and others) become aware of these beings and start running around trying to prevent them from coming into this particular world — the woman grabs something that looks to me like a large piece of chicken wire and sort of stretches it out like a net, trying to prevent all these beings from coming down, it doesn't work and the beings pass right through it and keep going. And I immediately know that the “Sons of God” are coming back— that was my immediate thought.



As something of a footnote you again referred to yourself as a screwed up/fallen Yogi. I don't think so — you may not conform to the eastern models anymore (see my last paragraph), but that doesn't mean you're fallen or screwed up. You can't integrate with your ‘feminine’ if you keep isolating yourself from what's contained in the feminine, and you can't be in a relationship if you think that you're fallen and screwed up and not worthy of love. Yogi's always talk about infinite bliss, but that's only the beginning, kind of like the infinite rapture of cosmic sex. But there's more, there's also infinite love, which is really very quiet. The thing is, you have to open the eye of your heart in order to find it and experience it, and that can be really scary because then you get into issues like trust and openness.

## Early Experiences (prior to 1978)

**Every now and then people will ask me about any early experiences I might have had as a child, and prior to 1978. Below are a few that I can remember.**

I've always remembered being one with infinite light before I was born, then falling through layers of color to wind up on the physical plane. Always wanting to get back to the infinite sun. Always feeling emptiness, the emptiness of feeling separated from that light, and trying to fill that emptiness to make up for the feeling of separation from infinite sun. Filling the feeling with what people call "life", with relationships, with projects, with work, with distractions. And in the end, everything always just got in the way, and I always knew whatever I was doing wasn't what I really wanted.



When I was seven or eight, just old enough to see over the kitchen counter top, I remember standing in the kitchen, looking at the tile behind the counter, feeling as though I was trapped in someone else's dream. And that dream was a kind of collaborative effort of my mother and father, their parents, plus people at large. And I kept trying to wake up from the dream, to get myself untangled from someone else's dream. My body, my personality, my "Roger" was this collaborative dream I was stuck in. I later realized that for me to be able to recognize I was in the dream meant that I was awake in the dream.



Many times as a child, and later into my adult life, I had a recurring dream in which I was wearing some sort of brown robe, and flying over a very desolate, mountainous region. In my dream I could see a town below me with one distinct feature that I always used as a landmark: there was a large, multi-storied stone building, fairly rectangular, on a small hill; and behind it was an enclosed open area that looked something like a parade ground or a sports field. Whenever I flew over the area I would drop blessings on the town: as a child I always thought of it as being like Tinkerbell flying around dropping pixie dust. Many years later I came across a copy of *National Geographic* from 1978 in a second-hand book store. The magazine had a full page picture of the very area I flew over in my dreams, including the stone building and the parade grounds behind it: the building was the old palace in Leh, Ladakh, and what I was calling a parade ground was a polo field behind the old palace.



Got kicked out of Sunday school twice, once before I was six, and once again when I was about eight: both times for asking too many questions. I never went back. On the other hand, I loved going to church, especially Catholic high mass—I liked the idea of it, what it represented in its purest form. (I went with my father and his wife to Europe when I was sixteen—and I annoyed the hell out of them because I always wanted to spend all my time in the cathedrals—Notre Dame in Paris, Westminster in England, Marienkirche in Munich.) Which I now find strange, since I have next to no interest in ceremony or ritual. But now, as then, I still appreciate the spirit of the ceremony or ritual.



In the summer when I was nine, we went to visit my mother's uncles and aunts in Missouri. I slept in a bedroom by myself, on a large feather mattress that threatened to swallow me whole if I didn't sleep near the edge of the bed (you have to know about feather mattresses to know what I mean: feather mattresses are, as the name says, stuffed with feathers. And if you're small, and you try to lie in the middle of the mattress, the thing will fold up around you like a huge pea pod. So you have to learn to sleep near the edge of the bed to keep from getting swallowed.) The bedroom had a Bible in it and I decided that I'd read the New Testament while I was there, at least the four Gospels. So that was my project each night when I went to bed: read the four Gospels. As I read I realized that things were terribly wrong, so I rounded up some thin "airmail" paper and a pen (in those days sending a letter by air mail was expensive, so paper makers made very thin, light weight paper specifically for email letters). As I read the Gospels I made notes, writing down what I **knew** Jesus had said. When I had finished my project I had perhaps six or seven handwritten pages of what I **knew** were Jesus' words, and I carried those pages in my wallet until they finally disintegrated when I was about seventeen or eighteen. What struck me most in reading the Gospels is the major

disparity between what Jesus said and how it got interpreted by those around him, the Disciples, Paul, John, etc. The whole New Testament is about going to heaven, avoiding hell, not to mention Armageddon, and accepting Christ and confessing your sins as a way to do that. Heaven is some place “up there,” and hell is some place “down there”. And yet in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said to “seek first the kingdom of heaven...”, and someone in the crowd asked him where heaven is, and Jesus said that some people say heaven is here, or there, or whatever, but that in fact the kingdom of heaven is within you. And I could never get what Jesus said, about the kingdom of heaven being within, to jibe with heaven “up there”, or going to heaven, or hell, or whatever. Either I was missing the point, or people weren’t listening to Jesus and were more interested in pushing their own agendas. But I was a nine year old kid, so what did I know.



When I was a kid I loved organ music, especially Bach, especially when I learned that he frequently wrote “AMGD” (“Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam” — “to the greater glory of God”), at the end of his compositions. When I was in prep school I somehow managed to get forcibly auditioned for the glee club and chapel choir, and got semi-forcibly drafted (the payoff, the bribe, was that we got to go to girls’ schools at least once a month). I couldn’t wait to sing in the choir every morning— it was my own private offering.



Even as a young kid I loved being out in the natural world, preferably alone. I’d go out into the desert around Phoenix, ride my bike way beyond any boundaries my mother had set up, and just sit out there, doing nothing but being. Being alone meant that I didn’t have to be “human”, that I could just be myself. I’d frequently experience a glow, a brightness emanating from everything— a gold-white light that I always thought of as the “light of the world” — not sun light, and not auras, but the light that makes everything what it is. And sometimes I’d see a sort of blue web connecting everything— in some places it would be fairly solid, while in other place it would sort of jump from plant to plant, tree to tree, rock to rock. As I grew up I parlayed my love of being alone in the natural world into solo backpacking trips in the summer, and solo back-country ski trips in the winter.



Was a philosophy major in college. This was a huge compromise— if there had been a theology major I would have done that instead. Was miserable in both prep school and college— pretended to fit in, but didn’t. I probably shouldn’t have been there, but in those days there were no “eastern studies” majors, next to no ashrams in North America at all, and those that were here weren’t known well at all.



One summer, when I was in college, I worked in Frankfurt, Germany. Before heading back to college, a friend and I took a motorcycle trip to the German border to do some climbing in mountains that are the border between Germany and Austria. It rained almost the entire time we traveled, and we spent most days being cold and wet for hours on end on the motorcycle. At one point we stopped in a small village, bought something to eat, and then looked for someplace dry to hang out for a few hours and dry out before finding a place to camp. We wound up going into a tiny German Baroque chapel, large enough to seat maybe fifty people, plus a choir loft and a pipe organ and, of course, an altar. My friend sat down in the back row and promptly fell asleep. I walked around the chapel, looking at all the baroque ornamentation, the statues of the saints, the Virgin Mary, when a teenage girl came in and climbed the stairs to the choir loft and began her organ practice. The organ was an old, wheezy, baroque organ, and she played Bach. I sat in the front row and enjoyed her playing. After she was finished, and had left, I walked around the chapel again, waiting for my friend to wake up (he’d slept straight through the organ practice. At one point I found myself standing in front of the staff that would have been used in the processional: it has perhaps seven feet tall, with a gold cross on top, and was resting on a holder attached to the altar railing. I was transfixed by the thing — I just kept looking at it. Suddenly the chapel started to fill up with a bright gold-white light. The surroundings faded away until all I could see was the cross at the top of the staff. Then that too faded away into the light, and I lost all sense of being in the chapel, standing in front of

anything. There was just me in an infinite sea of gold-white light. I think at one point I faded away into the light myself— I say that only because I had a sense of being gone and coming back, after which the cross gradually came back into view, then the rest of the chapel slowly appeared as the light faded, and I was eventually back in the chapel, in front of the staff once again.



Experimented briefly with psychedelics as a spiritual avenue, but got bored. Realized I was bounded by the limits of the chemicals. Used to play with willing/intending my perception past the psychedelics— allowing the drug to disassemble my perceptual field, and then willing my perceptual field back to “normal”. (Once took some strong LSD, enough that my perceptual field was broken up into lots of little floating diamonds, each diamond containing a piece of my perceptual field, all floating in open clear space. I’d then will the diamonds back into a coherent whole and the world would appear “normal” to me, then I’d allow it to break up into the diamonds again, then will it back whole. After I learned I could do that, I lost interest in psychedelics. I was much better off just going to the mountains and letting go, watching everything glow with the bright light, seeing the blue web of creation. That, and music were much more meaningful to me.



In 1973 I was camping up on some cliffs overlooking the ocean on Pender Island (British Columbia, Canada). I’d set up my tent fairly close to the edge of a thirty to forty foot cliff, and gone to bed, setting my alarm clock to wake me up early the next morning. Some time during the night I was awakened by an enormous weight pressing down on me, as if something was on top of me. I struggled to throw off whatever it was, and when I finally did, the next thing I saw was a man’s face floating in space in front of me. He had straight black shoulder length hair with a red headband of some sort. He felt very menacing, as if I’d invaded his territory (to me he looked Native Canadian). I could see his face, and I could see my alarm clock, and the tent walls, so I knew I wasn’t dreaming. He quickly disappeared and I lay there scared, thinking “holy crap!” Then I realized I could hear sheep bleating, which would have been no surprise because there were tons of wild sheep on the island— only I realized I could not only hear sheep bleating around me, but also underneath me. The bleating sheep sounds around me finally disappeared, but one in particular remained underneath me, and I could hear it sort of moving away from me, the bleating getting more and more faint.

I lay there, looking at the clock, wondering what to do. My inclination was to get the hell out of there, but it was the middle of the night and I was camped eight or ten feet from the edge of a thirty foot cliff. If whoever owned that face decided to come back and jump me while I was outside the tent and standing up, I could easily have wound up going over the cliff; so I decided to wait until daybreak to leave. Plus, the first ferry off the island wasn’t until early morning, so I couldn’t get off the island in any case.

So I decided to just lay in my tent and stare at the clock until daybreak, but somehow I must have managed to fall asleep because the next thing I knew I had something/someone very heavy on top of me once again. I was on my stomach, with my head turned toward my alarm clock, which I could see quite clearly. Only this time, instead of reacting out of fear, I got really angry. Since I was on my stomach, I pushed myself up with my arms, onto my hands and knees, with whatever/whoever still on top of me, mashing me down. I hollered at the top of my lungs, “get the fuck off of me!” and reared back onto my knees. Whatever was on me went flying off. I looked at the space in front of me and realized that I was out of my body. Then I looked at “me” and saw that I had this very brilliant red/gold luminous body, and a feeling of immense power, as if I could have put my hands into the earth and torn it apart like you’d tear apart an orange or a peach. I then laid back down into my physical body and woke it up, and laid there until daybreak when I packed up and headed home. I never saw whatever/whoever had been on top of me ever again.

At the time this happened I was working building a house. For the most part I worked on the house alone, by myself, especially doing the finish carpentry and cabinets. When I went back to work a couple of days later I was once again working by myself, putting up door and window trim, only now I had the distinct feeling that I was working in a house full of people— I couldn’t see them, but could sense and feel them, like doing carpentry work in the middle of a very busy train station, pounding nails in Grand Central Station at rush hour was how it felt, with the distinct sense that people were standing behind and beside

me, looking over my shoulder as I worked. At the same time, I started going into spontaneous meditation: sometimes I could barely keep my eyes open at work, and always wanted to go sit in a back room and meditate— so much so that I started keeping track of my meditation down-time and would deduct it from my weekly time sheet.

Three years later, in 1976, I kept having experiences at night where I'd be out of my body, and have hands on either side of me, guiding me through all kinds of colored planes, then bringing me back again. I knew that my marriage was going to break up and that my life was going to change, but didn't know in what way. Two years after that, in 1978, I had the major awakening I wrote about in my [1995 correspondence](#) with my friend Chris.

## Teachers and Gurus

I've had so many people I've learned from that I'm hesitant to write about any of them for fear of leaving someone out. So I've decided to write about those beings who have had a primary influence on me. I'm going to write about them in the order they appeared in my life, or perhaps I should say, in the order I became aware of their being in my life.

### Haidakhan Baba

My first conscious meeting with Babaji was in 1980. I was in bed, asleep, when I suddenly awoke, feeling as though there was someone in the room with me--my first thought was that someone had broken into the house and had come into my bedroom, but neither of my two dogs was making any fuss. My reaction was to lie very still, not moving, until I could figure what was happening. So I lay there, on my chest, my eyes barely open, and I had this feeling that someone was passing his or her hands all over my body, just above my body, making passes with his or her hands up and down the length of my body. I could see and feel the energy moving in my body. After some time this stopped and I sat up in bed. In the room with me was this bright golden white "figure"-- I use the term loosely-- surrounded by a golden white aura. It wasn't someone I recognized, but I had the very distinct impression that the figure was waiting long enough for me to definitely focus on it-- for me to make sure I was fully awake and not dreaming-- and I had the distinct impression that even though I didn't recognize the figure, at least by name, that I'd know who it was shortly. When I'd absorbed all that, the figure vanished.

The next day I went down to a local store to do some shopping. They had a small book section that I always browsed when I shopped there. The previous weekend I'd seen a small, black-covered book with a very intense person sitting cross-legged on the cover-- it wasn't someone I recognized so I didn't pay much more attention to it. When I went into the book section this next weekend, the day after the figure appeared in my bedroom, here was this same small black book facing outward on the shelf so that the cover was in plain view, with this intense person on the cover looking at me-- and I knew immediately that he and the being in my room the previous night were one and the same--and he turned out to be Babaji. And that was the beginning of my conscious relationship with Babaji.

I frequently feel as though Babaji is "inside" my body, or super-imposed on it—I'll bend down to pet my cat and it feels as though Babaji is bending down with me, "inside" me. Or I'll be taking a shower, and be washing my chest, when I feel as though I'm washing Babaji's chest. Or I'll be sitting in meditation and suddenly feel him literally come into my body from across the room (I make sure to pay close attention when that happens, because it usually means I'm going to learn something!) Sometimes I'll sense him in the room, around me, and I'll know enough to sit still and pay attention.

### Nityananda

I became consciously aware of Nityananda through Muktananda's book *The Play of Consciousness*. Some time after I read the book I moved to the cabin above Nelson, B.C. While meditating one day I became aware of a figure coming into my field of view (my eyes were closed). As it came closer I realized it was Nityananda. He kept coming closer and finally merged himself with me, doing a kind of overlay, like two flashlight beams blending together. I then experienced myself starting to spin in place, for want of a better term, feeling like I was spinning faster and faster until I/we "launched" and I experienced

myself/ourselves moving rapidly through space: I could see stars, nebulae, galaxies; at one point I picked out the constellation of Orion. We seemed to be accelerating, and quickly moved into a kind of blue-white light, and eventually came into a world of very intense blue-white light with many beings. I had the overwhelming sense that it was to this world that I really belonged, and that Nityananda was showing me my home so that I could remember. I got the sense that this was what Muktananda had called “Siddha Loka”. After this experience I would feel Nityananda around me quite often, especially when I was meditating.

Perhaps ten years later, I was living on Vancouver Island, B.C., and feeling quite depressed and lonely. I was sitting in my bedroom, very lonely, wishing I had a woman in my life and thinking that it was never going to happen-- I was very polarized off to the male side. I stood up, and suddenly off to my right I saw Nityananda, plain as day, moving toward me. I was wide awake, standing up, eyes open, looking at my bedroom, and I saw him move toward me, merge into me without wiping out my awareness, but so that I could see the world through his eyes-- and I saw every female as myself, I saw every male as myself, but especially every female (females of all sorts, human and non-human). About a day later my awareness returned to “normal”-- note the quotes. I can always return to that state at will now because of what he gave me. He was reminding me of what I knew, and what I’d experienced before, but what I’d forgotten in my unbalanced emotional state.

About five or six years ago I was trying to make sense of my early life, my life as a child and young person, the experiences I’d had, and so on. I knew that to some extent I was interpreting myself and my spiritual experiences through the eyes of my parents and my family, that I was forgetting events, and that I was unable to form some kind of continuity with what I’ve experienced as an adult. I went to bed one night with those thoughts in mind: that I knew I didn’t understand my early life, that I was forgetting and misinterpreting certain things, and that I really wanted to get things figured out. I hadn’t been asleep very long (judging by the clock when I woke up shortly after) when I had a very intense vivid dream: I was in a small room, perhaps the size of a small bedroom, and on the wall was a large picture of Nityananda. As I looked at the picture, it started to move, to come alive, and Nityananda stepped out of the picture and into the room. He sat down on one of the chairs in the room, and motioned to me to sit on another. And we talked. We talked almost the entire night. I woke up perhaps three or four times during the night, once because of my cat, and each time I was fully awake, got out of bed, went to the bathroom, got a drink of water, fed my cat, and so on. And each time when I went back to bed I would immediately be back in the room with Nityananda as soon as I closed my eyes. Nityananda showed me my childhood, my early life, and it was as if he was picking it up piece by piece and with each piece was saying, “look at it this way. Change your perspective, try seeing it from this angle.” And he told me about what it was like for him to be in the world, how hard it was for him to live a physical life, and I could see parallels between what he was telling me about his life and my own life-- not so much in the actual events of our respective lives, but in the way it felt to be here.

I cannot express in words how grateful I am for that conversation. I sat there talking to Nityananda, feeling that he loved me very much and that I loved him just as much, and that he was intimately concerned about my well being. It was like I was talking to an older brother who was telling me about his life when he was my age, letting me know that I wasn’t alone. Incredible. I still sense him around me, and I always feel his love and caring for me.

## **Karunamayi**

Karunamayi is someone who has helped me immensely, healing those parts of myself that I couldn’t reach on my own, and giving me a grounding that only an incarnation of the divine Mother can give. She has an ashram in India, and visits the U.S. and Europe once each year during the spring and summer.

It took me awhile to figure out the depth of my relationship with Karunamayi, whom I’ll call Amma from now on. Back in about 1997 or so, a friend of mine phoned to ask me if I’d be available for her to practice jin shin do (basically shiatsu/acupressure); she liked practicing with me because I could give her feedback about her technique. So a couple of days later I was stretched out on my friend’s massage table and she was doing pressure points on me. Somewhere along the line I decided to pull in some additional energy: I did this by focusing on my heart, “reaching” from there straight into the space above my body, and pulling energy into me. I found myself shifting a bit to my right heart (I always experience myself as having three hearts: one in the center, one on the left, and one on the right), when suddenly there was a much larger influx of energy—nothing overwhelming, but more than I’d expected. At the same time I heard a fairly loud voice say to me, “You are my beloved son.” That

seemed rather Biblical to me, so I just kind of ignored it in favor of the loud crashing that was coming from above my head. I thought my friend had tripped over something, since she'd been standing at my head, and had her hands on my head when the energy influx happened. I noticed that she'd removed her hands and I could hear her shuffling around and things being moved on the floor. A short while later she again put her hands on my head, then quickly removed them. Some time passed and then she tried again to put her hands on my head, and this time she stayed.

After the session was over, I sat up and looked around: my friend was standing there giving my very strange looks. She asked, "What happened?" I said, "Not much. Why?" She told me that she'd been standing above my head, with her hands on my head, when there was suddenly such a strong burst of energy that she was thrown bodily against the wall behind her, which was probably six feet from where she'd been standing. The noise and shuffling I'd heard was my friend trying to get back on her feet. After she got back up she again put her hands on my head but couldn't keep them there-- they kept getting repelled.

Shortly after all that my life changed and I started thinking about moving back to the US, from Canada, where I'd lived for thirty years. By the beginning of 1998 I'd pretty much decided on the move, but I was still very apprehensive about it: I loved living in Canada. But every time I started questioning myself about moving I would see my entire room light up with a very bright light, and I knew I was doing the right thing, regardless of my fears at the time. At one point, a few days before I was to leave, I was outside loading my truck and again questioning myself, and again the whole world lit up with a bright white light, as if to tell me not to worry.

So I moved to Tucson. I didn't meet Karunamayi until a couple of years later. The first time I went to see her, I hadn't heard of her and went basically out of curiosity, or so I thought. I listened to the evening talk she gave, received a quick darshan, and went home not sure if I wanted to go back the next day. She wasn't saying anything that I hadn't heard before, and it was information I'd known for many years. I lay in bed that evening, trying to decide if I really wanted to go back the next day, and the next, much less go to the homa (fire ceremony). As I lay there it occurred to me that I was missing something, that I was approaching her based on what she had to say rather than who she was or might be. So I decided to go back the next morning, only I'd go back with a different approach: I'd see her through my heart rather than through my head.

I sat there the next morning, perhaps thirty feet from her, in the middle of the rest of the people sitting in front of her, and I consciously chose to change my means of looking at her: I looked with my heart instead of my head. And as soon as I did so, she looked straight at me, smiled and nodded her head, and put her hand over her heart. And everything changed. It didn't matter to me what she was talking about: I didn't care if she was talking about Sanatan Dharma or making compost. For me it was, and still is, only about being in her presence. Everything else is secondary.

A few years after my first meeting Amma, we had our first meditation retreat with her here in Tucson. At that time we had three day retreats (the good old days), and this retreat was at a guest ranch just north of Tucson. At the end of the first day of the retreat we all lined up to get a blessing and darshan from Amma. When I'd done this before, she usually said something like "my child," or "my baby" to me and I assumed to everyone else. But this time it was different: this time, as she put her hand on my head, she looked me in the eyes and said, "My beloved son." I went back to my tent that night and thought about the possibility of Amma being the source of the large energy influx and the voice that said "My beloved son" when I was on the massage table back in Canada. Next day, the second day of the retreat, I was sitting, kind of half meditating, half listening to what Amma was saying, when I started thinking about Amma calling me her beloved son and the connection to what had happened in Canada several years earlier. At that point, something like seven years had passed between my friend getting thrown against the wall and my sitting there with Amma. So I was thinking about that when I suddenly realized that Amma had stopped talking. I looked up at her, and she was looking at me, saying nothing, and making hard eye contact. I looked back at her and thought, "was that you back then, when I was on the massage table in Canada?" And she continued to look at me, making eye contact, and then she nodded, not just a single nod, but nodding her head "yes."

So for me, the primary purpose of my moving to Tucson was to meet and be with Karunamayi. It's now late April 2008 and she was here a week ago for four days. I sometimes feel as though I live the rest of the year just for those four days that she's here.