

C O N T E N T S



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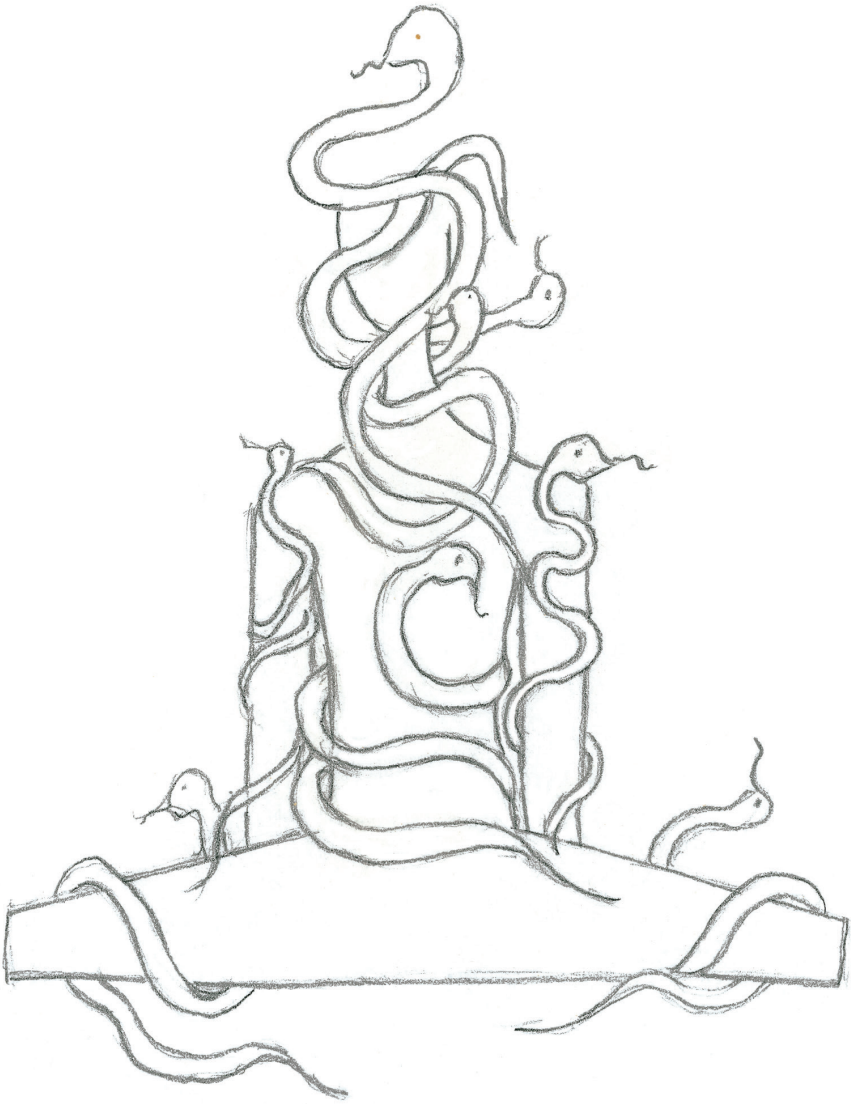
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Dedicated to the glorious *Kundalini*,
for unveiling herself to human perception.

T H E G U R U



Justice M. L. Dudhat was born in Ahmednagar on 11th March 1935. He completed his college education in Mumbai and started his legal practice in the Bombay High Court in 1961. A chance encounter in 1979, with *Swami* K. S. Ramanathanji (Jyotirmayananda), led to the inception of the first course on Mental Physics – also known as *Brahma Vidya*. After doing the course for three years with *Swami* Ramanathanji, Justice Dudhat started conducting the course independently from 1985 at different locations in Mumbai. Justice M. L. Dudhat follows the long tradition of householder *Gurus*, people who have gracefully borne the mantle of spiritual service while fulfilling the claims of a family and occupation.

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

I wish to express with love and joy my thanks to:

Guru Dudhat, under whose guidance my spiritual growth unfolded and who has had to exercise all the qualities of love, compassion, firmness, indulgence and patience at different stages of my growth and evolution. At times, he was like a parent; at other times, like a Master; and most of the time, like an intimate friend. That is the relationship I have envisioned and enacted with God all my life. The same got transferred to the *Guru*.

Gurus have been a part of my life from childhood and through the years, as life has moved on. They have kept pace with me, lending their support through various stages of my growth, be it material or spiritual. However, the Masters whom I have experienced more consciously in the last six years are Justice M. L. Dudhat, Master Charles, Eckhart Tolle, Jyotirmayananda and Ramesh Balsekar. They all convey the message of love and compassion; the difference lies in the way it is conveyed.

Nirmal Avi Almeida, the most gentle person I have known, for her patience and care in carrying out the initial corrections in the manuscript. Dilip Kolte, for diligently providing me books on Theosophy and arranging dialogues with like-minded friends.

My children Shibani, Nikki and Gautam who through their wisdom, have helped me become wiser.

Rohit Arya who, with his vast knowledge of mythology, inherent wisdom and clear perception has helped me realize, to some extent,

the immensity of the wonder that is my experience.

Gautam, without whose intervention the book would not have happened. I admire his keen sense of perception, perfection and determination.

In any relationship, what is important to me is:

“Do not walk in front of me – I may not follow.

Do not walk behind me – I may not lead.

Walk beside me – and just be my friend.”

My *Guru* probably sensed this.

F O R E W O R D

A visual journey in meditation. That's what this book is about. Perhaps the first of its kind, which deals with the experience of *Kundalini* on a visual level.

In 1995, Santosh undertook a course in spiritual development. Upon doing some sets of breathing exercises, meditations and affirmations as prescribed in the course, she started experiencing visions. She would promptly sketch the same, lest the visions be forgotten and lost forever. This process continued for three years, during which each day saw the birth of a new set of experiences and their corresponding illustrations. While this process was unfolding, she went through a lot of books written by Masters on the same subject and found, to her pleasant surprise, that what other realized beings had expressed as the written word, she had actually seen in the form of visions. As you go through this book, you will come across a few references from other books which describe what she saw.

Santosh's process of unfoldment was noted down by her in a diary. She felt the need to share this diary of her experiences and this led to her first book 'Conscious Flight Into The Empyrean' which records her diary entries till December 1995. Her diary entries from January to October 1996 are recorded in this book. It has been our endeavour to present her diary exactly as it is. No attempts have been made to disrupt the spontaneity of her drawings with professional retouching, although she has not been formally trained in art. Her text entries alongside the drawings have been retained

the way she wrote them, without attempts at editorial reconstruction, save for grammar and punctuation. The entries are in chronological order as maintained by her. Literally showing the step-by-step process of her spiritual unfoldment.

It was our intention to retain the purity of the process of unfoldment as recorded by her – an unfoldment which happened not to a sage sitting in his cave on a mountain top, meditating for over several years, but to someone leading a regular day-to-day existence in a busy cosmopolitan city. Someone who had no pretensions about her experiences, someone who didn't consider herself 'spiritually advanced' as a result of the same and, most importantly, someone who wanted to share her experience 'as it is', to serve as a pointer to the Truth.

The nature of Santosh's meditative experiences is vast, all-encompassing, moving across the entire span of the Collective Consciousness. Poets, creative artistes, even scientists have expounded on the nature of consciousness and manifestation through the ages. As Lord Byron said, "I live not in myself, but I become portion of that around me." In the words of Einstein, "Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one." Or, in a modern context, best-selling author Sarah Ban Breathnach says, "The greatest secret for living a happy and fulfilled life is realizing that everything is created in our minds before it manifests in the outer world. We must believe before we can see."

For those who have had similar experiences, here's a book they could well relate to. For those who have not experienced similar phenomena but practice meditation, or are curious about the same, this book will provide you some unique insights.

I personally like to think of Santosh's drawings of her meditative experiences as stained glass windows. They are there as part of consciousness, but we cannot see them in the dark. To see their magnificence, vibrancy and beauty, all we need is... Light!

Join Santosh on her journey. Encounter what she encounters, experience what she experiences. Think of this book as a road map showing the way – and you're bound to enjoy the trip. Undertake with her what is, truly, a 'journey without distance'.

In happiness and in peace.

– Gautam Sachdeva

P R E F A C E

This is the second volume in a series of three books that describes certain extraordinary and unusual experiences with the *Kundalini* energy that Santosh Sachdeva underwent. They are in the form of illustrations and entries in a diary that she kept from September 1995 to April 2000. When I first saw Volume-I, titled 'Conscious Flight Into The Empyrean', I was totally flummoxed – a situation that rarely transpires. In itself, there was an indication that this was something special. At first glance, the illustrations seemed to be childish drawings. However, they had this peculiar power of impressing themselves onto your mind, and then staying there like nagging fragments of a tune that refuse to leave you. The sheer visual impact of some of them was remarkable, which no amount of familiarity has been able to diminish. Also, the theme they dealt with – the awakening and subsequent experiences of the *Kundalini* – was unusual in itself.

Santosh herself was a most disconcerting person, but in a very positive manner. The book and the person made an intriguing combination.

What struck me most about her in subsequent interactions was the strange quality of holy innocence she had. This most untypical of persons had very little idea of the larger implications of her visions, and she did not seem to regard them as being in any way special. They were accepted with a calmness that still staggers the imagination, rather like a new and novel way of breathing but really not worth making a fuss about. Best of all, she had absolutely

no sense of self-importance because of these experiences. She did not, for a single moment that I knew her, expect to be treated as anybody special. This was so rare an occurrence in spiritual circles that it instantly endeared her to me.

Volume-I was an intensely personal recapitulation of the strange experiences she was undergoing, full of the haunting visuals she used to draw with no training in art whatsoever. For this volume, Santosh and her son Gautam asked me to put these visions in some sort of cultural or social perspective, little knowing that they were asking the master of procrastination to pitch in.

When begun, however, another serious problem arose.

There was too much eagerness on my part to demonstrate the extent of my knowledge. It was a megatherian ego trip where I explained relentlessly, until I explained away the whole book. Sense came later, along with the very necessary realization that my business was to let the book speak for itself, and to only contribute comments if they could add to the reader's understanding and appreciation of this process. Things went much better after that. However, there was so much material available that it was soon realized by all involved that three volumes would be necessary to do justice to the sequence and message of her meditative journeys. It is, of course, necessary to read all three volumes to grasp all the aspects of this marvellous adventure in Consciousness, but each book can be enjoyably read on its own too.

Of what use is such a book?

The answer to that could be that things spiritual are not to be judged solely by utilitarian perspectives. The 'use' of such a book is a tenuous notion and perhaps the wrong question to ask. However, the book does have a purpose and readers may probably gain much value from it.

In the first instance, the book is very useful (oops!) as a sort of reference map with significant signposts on the *Kundalini* journey. Santosh's own experiences vindicate this point of view. Once she had the book written down, she did some research and found an abundance of textual support that illuminated and paralleled her experiences.

It is important to note two things here. The first is that her own experiences were not photocopies of the Masters but personal variations on a large and accommodative template. The core of the experience remains the same but each human brings his or her own abilities to experience, as well as his or her own personal levels of

intensities to it. So, readers who are on the *Kundalini* path should not be surprised or dismayed if their experiences vary somewhat from those detailed in this book. They will still find enough similarity for them to recognize and be reassured that what they are experiencing is meaningful and that they are not going cuckoo.

The second important fact, and I cannot overstress this, is that most reports on the *Kundalini* experience are word-dependant. Everything we know about it was from the terse, reluctant statements of those who had undergone it and felt, correctly, that mere words were inadequate to describe what has to be experienced to be understood – and even then, silence was probably the best option. Most illustrations about the process were confined to figures of human bodies with the seven main *chakras*. They have become visual clichés today.

Santosh's work is pioneering and, to the best of my knowledge, absolutely unprecedented in visually representing many of the important processes and changes, transformations and insights that occur when the *chakras* are activated by the aroused *Kundalini*. That much abused and overused word 'unique' applies to this body of work. There has simply never been anything like this before in the field of *Kundalini* and that alone validates and justifies its existence.

Santosh feels very strongly that she has been given an *aadesh*, a spiritual command, to bring this work to the world. This sense of having been directed will be encountered at various points in the text. It is almost as though the book wrote itself through her, a willful emergence that she could not halt or turn around – rather like toothpaste squeezed out of a tube by invisible but purposeful hands. It may be that this reason is meaningful only to the author but at a spiritual plane, for those who are aware of these things, that is a very big reason indeed for the book to exist.

At this point, it is necessary to state that these drawings are not meant to be taken as literal illustrations of her experiences. They are symbolic representations of important stages and processes, not pictures from a *Kundalini* holiday, wishing-you-were-there. She is seeking to represent that which is inherently undefinable; not an enviable task by any standards. The drawings are like signs on a map; when you actually see the topological feature they refer to, your mind makes the connection with no great difficulty but you never mistake a map for an actual picture of the existing reality. This is an important caveat, for people may feel that they should

see and experience things exactly as represented in the drawings. Not so. The visuals are an aid to recognition – not a substitute for common sense – which, by the way, is the most important item of luggage you need on a *Kundalini* journey.

I have always been fascinated by the sheer fact that Consciousness exists. Mind, memory, imagination and visions all come back to that fundamental miracle. Myths, in many ways, deal with the varieties of consciousness, which is why they are ever popular with psychologists. Then, you stumble across a work like Santosh's, which is a rapid tour through so many different and unusual states of consciousness that you feel out of breath at times. To me, as a practicing mythologist, the primary attraction to this work was the many global mythic themes that she had accessed with practically no effort. The other points of significance emerged later. This book gave a possible answer to a core question in mythology – where do stories come from and why do they take the shape they do? They come from Inner Experiences, from strong visual imprinting. This is not just another version of archetypes though it is certainly connected to it. Not just archetypes, but all mythic thinking seems to exist in what Joseph Campbell called "the inner reaches of outer space." What this book seems to demonstrate is that such mythic structure is inherent in the condition of being human, which is why the tales of Man are so similar all over.

The differences in stories are due to differences in personalities and cultures – they are differences in interpretation of what is fundamentally the same set of inner visions. Most stories seem to revolve around a strong central image, and this book abounds in such images. Mankind has been losing its story-creating ability because modern life does not provide the sort of consciousness that makes it possible to access the mainsprings of story. The rapid explosion of the Sword and Sorcery genre of fiction, imitating the first myths, along with the New Age, is no coincidence by this understanding. They are both aspects of altered states of consciousness, indeed possible only because of such alteration.

Closely connected to this theme is the great one of cultural symbols. For those who are Hindus, this volume and the next will have many interesting insights as to how caste marks or distinguishing features and weapons of the gods came into being. What is important to note here is that these aspects do not seem to be arbitrarily designed by imagination. They are experienced

first, as Santosh experienced them, and then translated into cultural terms according to the predilections, abilities and conditioning of the person who saw them. But, Santosh does not see only Hindu symbols or even purely Indian symbols. Her experiences range freely over the Collective Consciousness of mankind, though she seems to have a special relationship with the archetypes of the Tarot. It is a lesson in how astonishingly similar humans actually are – all attempts to assert the contrary notwithstanding.

One of the disillusioning lessons learnt about people in my many years as a Tarot consultant, is that they cannot refrain from being dishonest with themselves. The mind is an instinctive pattern-making mechanism; there are good evolutionary reasons for adapting that style. However, more often than not, people use that ability to delude themselves; the capacity to gloss over and varnish one's experiences so that one comes out looking good is universal. It no longer disappoints to encounter it. But, Santosh was one person who was extraordinarily honest about her experiences and even more straightforward in admitting that she was, sometimes, all at sea as to how to interpret or regard the visions she was encountering. There was absolutely no attempt to strait-jacket any of this into preconceived notions nor was there any evidence of self-serving, pretentious humility. She reported exactly what she saw and felt and, as a consequence of that simple and rare action, she went into some interestingly deep waters. Since she did not seek to conceal her warts, she also did not have any hesitation in reporting experiences that may have seemed inflated. This honesty in reporting experiences is what is a really valuable quality of this book. You rarely encounter such clarity and straight talk.

Santosh often said, like a refrain, that her sheer ignorance (at the time) about matters spiritual, religious, psychological and mythological was what saved her. No doubt, ignorance was bliss. Since she did not have any opinions about the significance of what she was experiencing, she was neither frightened out of her wits nor inflated with pompous smugness at being somehow special. She could sail through experiences that would have seriously deranged more 'knowledgeable' persons and maintain her balance, long after the stage, when others would have been setting up a 'spiritual supermarket'. This is not to imply that she was not significantly changed by her visions; nobody can experience such intensity and remain unaltered. What is important here is that she never lost her common sense and her grip over daily reality.

In India, families discourage spiritual pursuits among members for the good reason that they usually render the person unfit for normal living. Most of them are also so swiftly infused with a self-awarded odour of sanctity, that they become impossible to live with. In Santosh's case, nothing could be further from the truth. If anything, her sense of humour has become even stronger and that is always a primary signal of engaging with life. The experiences documented in this book are proof that you do not need to live in a cave to be spiritual, nor do you go beyond the social pale by achieving certain levels of heightened consciousness.

So much fear-mongering has gone into extant literature about the *Kundalini* and its arousal, that this book is a great relief in its assertion of another possibility. The *Kundalini* and its arousal is a natural, physiological process available to anybody who is willing to submit to its discipline and is dedicated to its pursuit. The 'dangers' of *Kundalini* arousal are only as much as learning a martial art. If you overtax yourself and try too hard before you are ready for it, you can end up hurting yourself. That is an acceptable risk, for it is your responsibility not to act foolishly and cause harm to yourself. Ego and an inflated sense of self-importance, or a wildly optimistic appraisal of one's abilities, have to be left at the door of the *dojo* if you want to progress in any martial art. The same applies in the case of the *Kundalini* exercises and meditations. In fact, it is not unknown for martial arts practice, the forms-work of *kata*, to lead to spontaneous activation of the *chakras* and explains why a significant number of veteran martial artists also end up as Spiritual Masters. Santosh is living proof that the *Kundalini* is not to be dreaded but can become a good, wise and loving friend.

To continue the martial arts analogy, the one person who sees to it that you do not get into hot water and enables you to climb upward when you seem to have plateaued is the *Guru*. Santosh is absolutely clear about the importance and the vital necessity of the *Guru*. In the first place, proper activation of the *Kundalini* under a *Guru's* supervision goes a long way in avoiding the dangers that might befall you. And then, the *Guru* is always there for you in a manner that no other human relationship can permit. The book is very clear that without the grace of the *Guru* nothing is possible; you will find yourself in difficulties. The increased sense of bonding and identification with the *Guru Field* and, through that, with the Universal Consciousness, is one of the most interesting aspects of the book. It reiterates an ancient Indian lesson that the *Guru* is paramount. Santosh's reverence for her *Guru* was never syrupy.

He was a strong and empowering force that kept her out of all the byways of the dark side. It is an interesting and important point to keep in mind if you are planning to walk the *Kundalini* path.

Although it is never stated, a distinct aspect of the book is that death ceases to be the obsession it normally is when the *Kundalini* is flowing freely. This goes against the grain of the usual state of mind, but it is a very liberating breakthrough. As a way of being, it is startling in its freedom.

My comments on Santosh's illustrations and diary entries appear between symbols which look like this:



Just before the main text of this book, three visuals are displayed from the end of Volume-I to place this book in context as well as in sequence. Giving in to the temptation to generalize, one may say that Volume-I is about the experiences with the *Kundalini* that deal with a Personal level, while Volume-II sees those experiences expand themselves into the 'External' level, and Volume-III sees the process attain the Universal dimension. However, they are all experiences that take place in the interior realms of consciousness. Volume-III will carry forward the themes developed in this book until they come to a final resolution. The third volume will also have a special section where the archetypal and symbolic aspects of her visions will be explained in more detail.

Welcome to a singular and rewarding journey!

– Rohit Arya

T r a n s i t i o n s (F r o m V o l u m e - I)

These visuals are representative of the three levels mentioned in the preface and are indicative as well of the core issues of dealing with the *Kundalini* experience.

There is the activated, indeed extremely energetic, *chakra* in the first picture and what it signifies.

The primary importance of the *Guru's* grace and guidance in causing these transformations is clearly brought out in the second visual.

The third visual deals with the Universal Consciousness, also called *Shiva* in Indian culture. It is a prescient statement of the major themes in this Volume and the next one.

1 6 D e c e m b e r 1 9 9 5

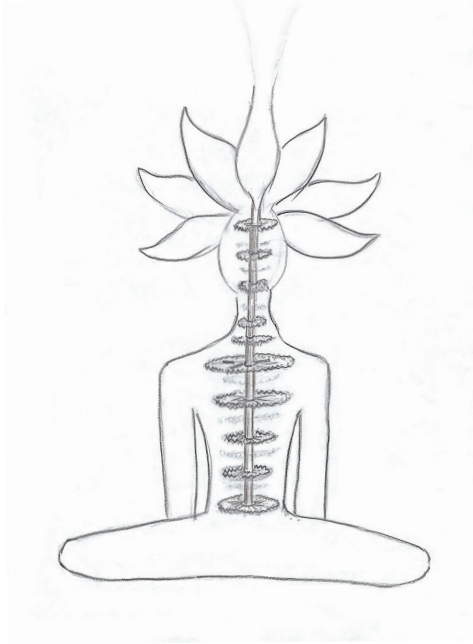
A straight rod runs down the body. A *chakra* starts rotating at the head, gradually travelling down to the base of the spine, then going up again, until it reaches back to the top of the head. It is rotating all the time. Once the *chakra* reaches the head, it becomes a luminous flame giving the sensation of a flower with petals folding and unfolding. Next, several *chakras* seem to pile up on the top of my head, with every *chakra* rotating in a different direction. This is another strange vision of the activation of the *Kundalini* by the descending *Pranic* energy.

1 9 D e c e m b e r 1 9 9 5

I see the *Guru* sitting on a disc, which is translucent and of a vibrant blue colour. The disc is throwing a beam which moves like a searchlight. As the disc starts rotating it emits blue rays. These rays get together and form a bottle-like container, which then forms part of a gigantic wheel, which starts rotating in a starry sky.

3 1 D e c e m b e r 1 9 9 5

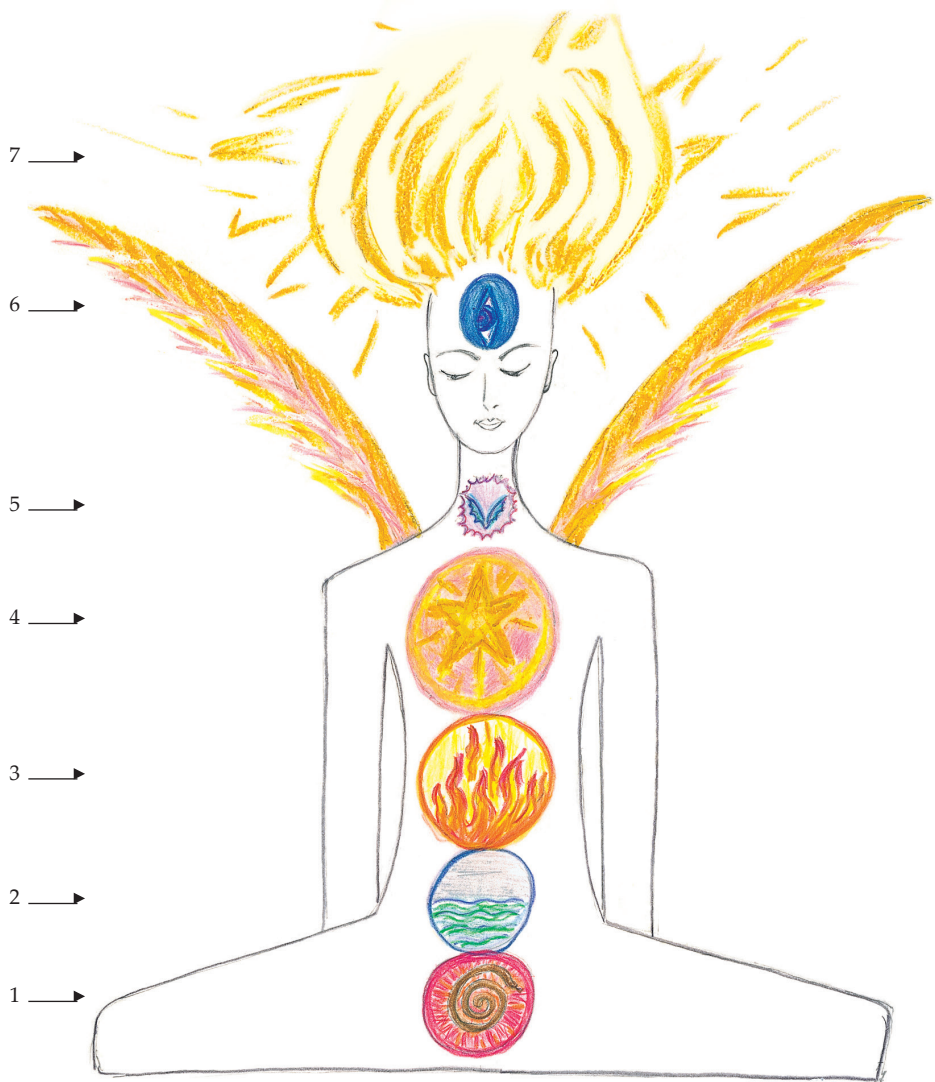
Early morning: I dream that I am in a hotel, looking down onto the swimming pool. Instead of walking down the stairs, I just take off into space, going down and then up again. I even start to experiment walking in space. I come across my mother's maid Sunita, who says that she will take me to a great *Sadhu*. I go there and see a group of people sitting on the ground. They are all dark-skinned, mainly children and young people, all of them being unclad from the waist upward. A form is sitting in *Samadhi* on a platform under a big tree. It reminds me of *Lord Shiva*.



CHAKRAS AND THE BODY TEMPLE

1. **Muladhar (Base chakra):** It is located at the base of the spine. This is the *chakra* where the *Kundalini* energy is in a dormant state. In this state, its function is to energize and strengthen the physical body. With the development of this *chakra*, the aspirant becomes highly intellectual. It belongs to the earth principle.
2. **Swadhisthan (Sacral chakra):** It controls the sex organs and their related function at the mental, emotional and physical level. When developed, this *chakra* opens up the dimensions of clairvoyance, clairaudience, intuition, etc. This *chakra* is said to belong to the astral plane. It is the physical creative centre.
3. **Manipur (Navel chakra):** When this *chakra* is developed, it gives the knowledge of the physiological and subtle body. The aspirant can enter other realms and attain knowledge of those planes.
4. **Anahat (Heart chakra):** When this *chakra* is developed, the ego of the aspirant is destroyed and that person can hear *yogic* occult sounds like: ‘chinchin’ – a bell ringing, the sound of a conch, the sound of high winds, the ‘Ummm’ of the drum, etc.
5. **Vishuddha (Throat chakra):** It is located in the centre of the throat. It is the centre for higher creativity. When developed, this *chakra* leads the aspirant to higher stages of evolution and travels into the region of the void.
6. **Ajna (Brow chakra):** It is located between the eyebrows. It controls and energizes the pituitary gland and the entire body. It is called the Master *chakra* because it controls all the major *chakras* and the endocrine system, and also affects the vital organs. It is also the centre of the higher or abstract mind and gives the power of Will, Wisdom and Activity. The three nerves – *Ida*, *Pingala* and *Sushumna* – meet here. The *Kundalini* starts her journey towards the thousand-petalled lotus or *Sahasrar chakra* from the *Ajna chakra*. (In this *chakra*, the aspirant loses body consciousness and extraordinary bliss is the result. Between the *Ajna chakra* and *Sahasrar chakra* is the *Manas chakra*, the *Soma chakra* and the *Niralambapuri chakra*.)
7. **Sahasrar (Crown chakra):** It is located at the crown of the head. This is the entry point of the Divine energy and the centre of Higher Consciousness.

The chart on the right, showing the location of the seven main chakras in the etheric body, is a stylized version created by the author. The colours and symbols shown here do not necessarily correspond to the descriptions in the traditional literature on Kundalini.



When consciousness at rest moves and the process of embodiment starts, the *chakras* are a part of that process. These *chakras* start moving till they come together and place themselves in a certain pattern and start rotating. Before I knew that they were *chakras*, I would call them discs. The *chakras* are of different sizes and are coiled like springs in different densities or intensities. There are various other *chakras* and they are placed outside the physical body, i.e. in the etheric body.

Each of the seven *chakras* has its counterpart in the physical body in the form of vital organs. The efficient functioning of these physical organs depends upon the functioning of the *chakras* in the etheric body. The more congested a *chakra*, the denser the related organ. Congestion of the *chakra* is related to the physical, mental and emotional baggage an individual body-mind organism carries throughout its evolution. Therefore, the major *chakras* not only control and energize the physical body but also control and affect the individual's emotional and mental body.

In my case, the *Spleen chakra* (which is located to the left of the bottom rib on the left side of the ribcage) became the *chakra* that was given special attention. This controls and energizes the spleen, affects the general *Pranic* energy levels, the quality of blood and the immune system.

Once my *chakras* were activated to a pace that was different from their normal rhythm, I found that they did not necessarily follow one pattern of movement and that they could change their size and shape, expanding and contracting according to their requirement. The movement pattern could also change from rhythmic to chaotic. They could twirl like a flipped coin or create a half-rolling movement like a coin standing on edge, they could move like a pendulum in clockwork rhythm going tick-tock-tick-tock, and they could move up and down, clockwise or anti-clockwise. At times, the *Ajna chakra* could start in a frenzy, activating and setting the other *chakras* into rhythmic and synchronized motion. I experienced the vibrations of the *Sahasrar chakra*, the *Ajna chakra* and the *Anahat chakra* as the flapping of a big bird's wings in flight. I experienced the *Manipur chakra* as a big flower with a shining, white globe as its centre. As I became aware and accustomed to their movement and change in rhythm, I realized that the changed rhythm would portend a particular event or form. I could identify the form, whether human, bird or animal, by its vibration much before the form appeared. I visualized a *chakra* like a spider's web. For a *chakra* to be fully open, all the threads have to dissipate so that the energy flows freely. This is totally a meditational experience. The thought of exercising this ability in my day-to-day functioning has never entered my mind.

A F F I R M A T I O N

I am now entering upon the greatest teaching accessible to man, for I am learning the secret of existence.

The riddle of the universe is about me; I am now solving it.

I learn why men die, why they are born and why they live.

I learn why men succeed and why they fail, why they are happy and why they are discontent. I have the power and the ability to live as long as I desire, to achieve whatever I wish and the doors of my mind are now open that I may learn how this is done.

I now learn that man is the master of his destiny, that man is the author of death. I realize that death is a mental concept and not a law of life.

I now realize that all negation is a mental concept and not a law of life.

I learn that there is only one law of creation – the law of life.

I am now developing the power and the ability to realize in my own life the one divine principle in which all success, happiness and peace reside.

And I thank the Infinite Spirit within me
For the knowledge of this wondrous truth
Now revealed to my consciousness.

*– Ramanathan, Swami K. S. – 'Mental Physics: Lectures and Lessons'.
(Private circulation), Bombay, India, 1980, p. 142.*



Chapter One

I N T R O D U C T I O N



*Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:
'Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.*

*Songs of Innocence
– William Blake*

"I would like you to realise a great child-likeness of spirit as you feel that, all down through the ages, we have been waiting to meet. You and I have been seeking each other, though not knowing how or why, and now, in this life, I am to make manifest to you the highest knowledge of the truth of life. I am the messenger; you must take the message."

– Ramanathan, ibid., p. 63.

As I look back on my life, I realize that the course of evolution for any organism is set from the moment of conception.

My grandparents had a *Kul-Guru* (family *Guru*). His name was *Swami* Mohangiriji and we would address him as *Swamiji*. He, along with three or four attendants, would spend a month or so with us every year. This pattern continued even after my grandparents were no more. We children grew up with this presence and with the routine of paying our respects to *Swamiji* before going to school and, in the evening, spending time with him and taking part in the evening prayers. I remember him as a gentle person with whom I was entirely comfortable. There was no barrier and communication on any subject would be complete. With him, one had the freedom of making mistakes, learning from them and then going back to him, knowing that he would understand. From all of us, I was the only child who was initiated.

Coupled with this, we had the good fortune of our parents migrating to the hill town of Mussoorie in 1948, after the Partition of India. Our father seemed to have a fascination for those in saffron robes. Since we were at the foot of the Himalayas, we would come in contact with the *sadhus* who travelled up and down. They were often invited to take refuge with us for a night, if they so desired. In a way, being in the company of holy men has been a way of life, a natural happening, which later led to my reading about the ones I did not know.

Nature, or the Almighty, has made sure that I, or this body-mind organism, have been in constant touch with the Source. So, when the time was right, the living *Guru* and the subconsciously seeking *shishya* would be a part of a spontaneous happening in the scheme of the functioning of Totality, and this would lead to a quantum leap for this particular organism.

What is recorded in this diary are my experiences brought forth by the breathing exercises and affirmations given in the course book 'Mental Physics: Lectures and Lessons'.

It was at the insistence of a friend that I joined the course in Mental Physics, conducted by Justice M. L. Dudhat in Mumbai, in August 1995. This is a course in self-development and comprises of lectures, breathing exercises and affirmations.

I have travelled a long road since August 1995, and it has taken me to new horizons of discovery. It has made me explore dimensions I did not know existed. I discovered the wonder of the human body, the mind and the identity of the Self.

How did this happen?

At the very start of the course, it was clearly indicated by the Source Consciousness that Justice M. L. Dudhat was the Divine Channel or *Guru*. I would get my spiritual instructions from him through thought, word or gesture. It would be up to me to inculcate the degree of receptivity, sensitivity and awareness that was required to grasp the transmission. I realized (intuitively) that this would only be possible if I dropped all defences and left myself completely open to what was emanating from the *Guru*. It is rightly said that when the aspirant is ready, the *Guru* will manifest himself. However, the aspirant has to be extremely alert, aware and attentive in order not to miss the great revelation. If it is missed, one can only conjecture as to how many more lives it would take for a similar opportunity to present itself, depending on the building up of further *karmic* debts.

The *Guru's* most simple words are loaded with power; one needs to take them as God's truth. They may be uttered most casually, but the true aspirant's ears will always be alert and will take each word as a command. The catch lies in the fact of this subtlety; the aspirant has to realize it for himself or herself. Knowledge just flows from the *Guru* – it is for us to be receptive and absorb.

I had the tendency to look beyond the simple words "Do not doubt, do not fear. The riddle of the universe is about me and I am now solving it," in the course book. These words lent a mystery to the whole system of Mental Physics and aroused my curiosity to the extent of disregarding caution and leaping into the unknown.

This 'unknown' introduced itself to me in the form of visuals. The breathing exercises had triggered the process of unravelling my past lives, giving me knowledge about the person I had been; a person who had gone through rigorous practice on the path of self-discovery. I visualized myself sitting in meditation at the cremation grounds. At another time in another life, I saw myself at the cremation grounds once more. A funeral pyre was lit and I collected a cauldron full of burning coal and ashes and poured it over my head, with the recitation of a *mantra*.

I think that this kind of *sadhana* requires a brave heart. I immediately started to reap the fruits of the work done in that life. I started to discover the inner world of light and the power of thought, which becomes form and is let out as the 'Word' already manifested, needing only to fructify. After realizing the power of

the 'Word', I learnt to be more aware of my thoughts before letting them out as words. I realized that the past and the future that we occupy ourselves with have no meaning at all – the past does not exist and the future is unknown. The need is only to be in the 'Now'.

For five months, it was action replay. I was being given a brief run-through of the power of the affirmations and the Word, and the effect they have inside and outside the body.

It was also during this time that the cosmic finger kept pointing at the teacher whom I was, in due course, to acknowledge as my spiritual *Guru*. It was important for me that the Source itself point him out to me.

Confusion, doubts and mutual testing are perhaps a natural part of this profound relationship between two individuals on the evolutionary path. The more I think about it, the more I realize that the testing is usually a projection of the disciple's inner turmoil. On the *Guru's* part, there is an ever-present genuineness, openness, acceptance and love as the result of being a Channel of the Divine. Once the veil of ignorance is lifted from the student's mind, there comes an almost instantaneous recognition of the *Guru*, bringing in its wake a surge of gratitude and surrender to the Master. In this transformation lies the seed of transmutation of several lifetimes of *karma*, bringing to fruition the manifestation of grace in the life of the seeker.

The *Guru* not only serves as a mascot for the outward projection of the inner teacher but also as a very real, nurturing, accepting and reassuring presence whenever the process of awakening is distressful.

It was only when I started to experience the movements of the *chakras* that I realized that something unusual was happening in my body. I was not unduly worried but only curious, and started to observe it. The following passage gave some clarity and understanding of the activity that was taking place in my bodies.

"The 'etheric' centre which keeps alive the physical vehicle is said to correspond with an 'astral' centre of four dimensions, but between them is a closely woven sheath or web composed of a single compressed layer of physical atoms, which prevents a premature opening up of communication between the planes... Each of these 'astral' centres has certain functions; at the navel, a simple power of feeling; at the spleen, 'conscious travel' in the astral body; at the heart, 'a power to comprehend and sympathise with the vibrations of other astral entities'; at

the throat, power of hearing on the astral plane; between the eyebrows, 'astral sight'; at the 'top of the head', perfection of all faculties of the astral life... When vivified by the 'Serpent Fire' they become gates of connection between the physical and 'astral' bodies."

– Woodroffe, Sir John – 'The Serpent Power'.
Ganesh & Company, Madras, India. First Paperback Edition, 1995, pp. 7-9.

In stark contrast to the writings of many aspirants, my experience underscores the love, the effulgent beauty, the gentleness and the glory of *Mahashakti Kundalini* unveiling herself to ordinary human perception. In fact, I found myself blessed to be in daily communion with this gentle, cosmic force residing within me. She made me aware of the special source for the feelings of tenderness and loving care, and of being cherished to a depth not possible in ordinary human interaction. The warmth that this beloved force generates cannot be described. It's the warmth of tenderness. It goes beyond any human touch. Not even a mother's embrace has it. It is like being in the womb of love.

The exercises not only awakened my hidden and dormant energies but also endowed me with good health, renewed confidence, vigour and a joyful disposition, bringing to a conscious level the very nature of my being. *Kundalini* transformed my body and mind. The Energy first cleared and set in rhythmic motion the etheric centres, which in turn energized the physical organs, thus ensuring their robust functioning. Once this was taken care of, the Energy started to do its work of clearing the *nadis* and lastly, it moved onto clear the brain of all its blocks, erasing, creating and blasting the ones that were really gross. When the blasting went on, there was the sound as if a skull had cracked on the funeral pyre and my physical body would get a jerk. On speaking to *Guruji* about this, he told me that this indicated the destruction of old *karmas*. This was heartening, because I didn't have to go through working them out. Sometimes, I was aware of a sensation of the brain actually moving to the left or right in the cranium as I shifted from analytical thinking to the more intuitive or dream-like state. There were times when the nudges and shoves became physically palpable.

My etheric centres were cleared by an outside agency. In time, I started to address this agency as the 'White Brotherhood' because I would see figures in white moving around. At times, they would be sitting with me with huge books, the pages of which would be turned for me. Or, we would be somewhere in space and I would be expected to give attention to some charts. Invariably, in the early hours of the morning, there would be a group of sages sitting with

me for meditation. This was probably done to keep the vibratory level at a certain degree to enhance my awareness or focus. It is recently that I have come to know what the words 'White Brotherhood' really stand for, as explained below.

"A large number of men have attained the Adept level – men not of one nation, but of all the leading nations of the world – rare souls who with indomitable courage have stormed the fortresses of nature, and captured her innermost secrets, and so have truly earned the right to be called Adepts. Among them there are many degrees and many lines of activity; but always some of them remain within touch of our earth as members of this Hierarchy which has in charge the administration of the affairs of our world and of the spiritual evolution of our humanity. This august body is often called the Great White Brotherhood..."

– Leadbeater, C. W. – 'A Text Book Of Theosophy'.
The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, India, 1912. Fourteenth Reprint, 1997, pp. 13-14.

There are distinct phases of meditational experience brought on as the direct result of the changes that take place in the etheric body like seeing the *Prana* and the *chakras*, becoming aware of the shifts in vibration and astral travel. I cannot express the wonder at being singled out to be the recipient of this sacred knowledge. How patiently and minutely the Source has drilled into me that I am 'That' – the all-encompassing Source Consciousness. Though there was a great sense of joy, wonder and curiosity, at no stage did I ever feel that anything strange was happening. It was as if I were assigned a project or a job that needed to be done. If I didn't understand something, I would ask for clarification.

Some of the astral beings did try to scare me off, but this, I think, was at a lower vibratory level. I would just curiously watch their contorted faces and hands trying to claw at me and my hair, or when they would lift me and smash me to the ground, the impact of which would leave me shaken. I figured out that these beings could not impact my physical body, so there was no physical pain. They had the capacity to attack only my psyche. When I did not respond to the violence, they deployed seductive tactics. They would play with me. I would feel someone come from behind me and cover my eyes with both hands. I would keep my cool and ask the entity to introduce itself. Someone would come and kiss me on the lips. It was all 'play'; nothing vulgar or obscene. I realized that this whole 'play' was a war on the psychic plane and after I had passed the test, so to say, I was ordered by a figure in white to move on.

It is my good fortune that I had not read much literature on *Kundalini*

yoga and the hazards faced therein. There were no conditioned responses; all happenings were dealt with as they presented themselves. I did not know I was supposed to be scared, petrified or even go crazy.

The realization dawned that I would have to sharpen my awareness and alertness in order to document those centres and parts of the brain which, when activated, would bring forth knowledge hitherto not visually documented. If I had been instantly aware of this, there would probably have been a much more detailed rendering of the subject.

The truth dawned that there can never be an end to creation; it is a rhythmic pattern, which like any other law – the eternal, everlasting, unchangeable, changeless, immutable laws of nature – has been going on since eternity, and will go on. If I, as a thinking and conscious entity, allow myself to flow with the scheme of things ordained for me, I will complete my cycle of evolution in a peaceful and harmonious manner without blocking the process that nature has ordained for me.