

9 January 1996

*Group meditation at the Guru's residence:* Today, the meditation is magnificent. I see my *Guru* at the head of a shining gold-dust circle, going around himself, and then seated on a circle of luminous pink dust.\* The meditation leaves me with feelings of child-like love, joy and freedom – unfettered and uncaged. I long to be FREE! FREE! FREE!

The cube-like figure that she draws to represent the *Guru* is remarkable because the square – and by extension the square in three dimensions, the cube – is the most stable form in the Hindu cultural view. The *Guru* is the author's point of certainty in the many momentous changes that were occurring within her. She has represented that certitude in this basic posture of stability. The gold-dust circle is actually a spiral of expanding consciousness and a common enough experience – though not always in conjunction with this cube.

*\*"This is the specialized vitality which one man may readily pour into another in whom it is deficient... A man in robust health usually absorbs and specializes so much more of this vitality than is actually needed by his own body that he is constantly radiating a torrent of rose-coloured atoms, and so unconsciously pours strength upon his weaker fellows without losing anything himself; or by an effort of his will he can gather together this superfluous energy and aim it intentionally at one whom he wishes to help."*

– Leadbeater, C. W. – *'The Chakras: A Monograph'*.  
The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, India, 1927. Thirteenth Reprint, 1996, p. 56.



10 January 1996

While practicing a breathing exercise the energy starts to rise, but my body cannot cope with it and goes into spasms and motions of retching. I stop the exercise and sit down to meditate.



19 January 1996

During the evening meditation there is a river flowing within me, both upward and downward simultaneously. After some time, it is joined by rain pouring all over me in big drops.

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This could perhaps be the feeling of having the rivers 'Varana' and 'Nasi', that bound the sacred city of Varanasi, flowing within the body. Varanasi is better known as Kashi, the sacred city of light, and is supposed to correspond to the highest of the seven *chakras* in the body. As the *Jabala Upanishad* puts it, "It is called 'Varana' because it obstructs (*varayati*) all sins of the senses and 'Nasi' because it destroys (*nashayati*) all sins of the senses."

The sacred city bound by these two rivers is supposed to be the meeting place of heaven and earth, and is physically placed between the nose and eyebrows. The rivers are streams of the *Ganga*, the sacred river that dissolves sin. The metaphor of cleansing continues with the raindrops.

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27 February 1996

While lying down and meditating, I feel the descending energy coming down on me till my gross body is flattened out like a board. I move out of the body and I go off to a place where there is bright moonlight and innumerable stars shining. Then, I seem to go beyond this scene only to come back and poise myself above my forehead as a ray of light and encircle my body. The *chakra* above the right temple starts working.

Moving out of the body is a new experience for me. I feel I am just experimenting and trying out different exit and entry points.



1 March 1996

12:30 am – *Shaktipat*: Dreaming while only half-asleep is a powerful experience. I am outside *Swami Rama's* study in Delhi, listening to *Swamiji* playing his *sitar* inside. I can hear a bird chirping. Something inside me starts fluttering. Suddenly, without any warning, there is a loud sound like a thunderclap. My body is blown to smithereens, disintegrating completely. I am out of the body that is left feeling totally lifeless and breathless. For weeks after this experience, I would hear a loud burst like a firecracker, going off in the head. It would happen at unexpected times, like when I was lying in bed reading. *Guruji* tells me that it represents the destruction of my past *karmas*. At some point, this curious sound stopped of its own accord.

“...there are only two ways of hammering the *Kundalini*. And the third way is an extraordinary way - the way of *shaktipat*, or transmission of energy. This is an astral way, and it needs a medium, a vehicle... You can be your own medium, but initially it can be dangerous. The *shaktipat*, the fallout of energy, can be so powerful that you may not withstand it. It is just possible that some delicate senses of your body are jammed or they break down... The medium of another person serves as an instrument regulating the energy in its relation with your capacity to withstand it... No one can do *shaktipat*, but someone's presence can catalyse it, cause it to happen.”

— Osho — *Kundalini Yoga: In Search Of The Miraculous — Volume 1*.  
Sterling Publishers Private Limited, New Delhi, India, 1997, pp. 151-152.

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The Tarot Trump, the Tower, is represented here again. This is a truly archetypal figure, crackling with raw energy. It is all the more unusual as Santosh has had no formal training in art and does not know how to 'create effects'.  
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6 June 1996

I find myself in *Devlok*, the astral plane of the heavenly deities. Nobody takes notice of my presence. They appear to be engrossed in their own revelry, dancing and merry-making. The men are richly attired; all of them wear identical golden headgear that is close-fitting with wings on the sides. The women are dressed in rich, flowing garments and they are adorned from head to toe with ornaments. Even the elephants and horses are adorned in ceremonial finery. Handsome men, beautiful women, music, dancing and total abandonment are the order of this plane. What makes it even more fascinating to watch is the fluidity and grace with which all the inhabitants move.

While it is true that Santosh identified the place as *Devlok*, the Abode of the Gods, their winged helmets strike a new note unknown to Indian iconography. It is reminiscent of Hermes, the Healer. More than anything else, it represents healing as well as a consolidation of her experiences. Hermes is also the God of Crossroads, the vital spot where one makes destiny-altering choices. The previous day, she had recorded that only her sense of duty to her household had wrenched her away from her meditation. She was unsure about the role one's duties and responsibilities play in limiting one's spiritual adventures. Then, Hermes, the God of Choices, appears the very next day as if to explain things to Santosh.

It is, without doubt, a crucial turning point in her inner journey. The quality of experiences shows a marked difference from here onward.

*"You will find a huge collection of Devatas and celestial ladies with various musical instruments in their hands... The beings and objects with whom you are in touch during the early period of meditation belong to the astral world. They are similar to human beings minus a physical overcoat. They have desires, cravings, love, hatred, etc., just as human beings have... The lustrous forms are higher Devatas of mental or higher planes..."*

— Sivananda, *op. cit.*, pp. 297-298.

