

The Cash Reserve

A cliff bender

Gondwanaland

*Cultures collide into union
This is the yoga of our planet
Always merging into oneness
The friction creates heat
Forging our souls together beyond culture, race and creed.*

*As we align with our sacred land of love
Gondwanaland
Ecstasy is our protection.*

*From the Daintree and Great Barrier Reef in the north-east
The golden sahasrar of our Goddess
We inhale your prana*

*Through Uluru, our sweet Mandagni, in the heart
To the giant Karri Forests in the south-west
The banyans of our great land
Collecting and returning the prana spiraling through our lives*

*The rainbow serpent is our Kundalini
It springs from deep inside the Earth
Swimming its way across the land
Trailing behind swathing river like nadis*

*The dreamtime is the world of our eternal epics
That we relive again and again each day
The songlines are our vedas
Guiding our journey through the chakras of this great land our body*

*The sound of the yidaki is our primordial Om
The Earth is our Vastu
The walkabout is our Mahayaatra
The corroboree our great Yagna*

*We see the past and future spread out across the form of this great land our body
We are like Hanuman, leaping forth to serve.
The healing herbs are your Grace.
And Sita, the Goddess is the shakti of our world, being liberated from the clutches of ignorance.*

*As I sit on the Eucalyptus Island in Dakshin Kashi
I can feel Gondwanaland.*

I would like to thank Gurumayi Chidvilasananda for introducing me to Goddess worship, Bhagawan Nityananda and the Tansa Valley and teaching me the principle of the Neelabindu, which is otherwise known as Gaia - the great goddess who represents the infinite intelligence that emerges from the totality of the life system of our cosmos.

To the Goddess, may I always give everything to you.

This story is about a place on the stolen land of Wurundjeri Woi Wurrung people. I pay my respect to First Nations people reading this, and elders past present and emerging. May we all become benevolent ancestors.

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Introduction:

I read out the Gondwanaland poem on the 26th January 1999 in the Amrit Pavillion in Gurudev Siddha Peeth, just to the north east of Mumbai. It was the 25th day of a 40 day vrata (sacred vow) that I had made with myself. To walk down and through the village of Ganeshpuri and bath in Agni Kund a hot spring in the middle of the Tansa River bed at 3:00 am in the morning every morning for 40 days. A couple of months before that a group of 4 architects and myself went on a yaatra to Arunachala in Tamil Nadu, it was there on the side of the mountain on the evening of the kartika deepam full moon that I received a vision in meditation, that planted the seed of my relationship with the cash reserve on the edge of the inner north of Naarm (Melbourne). 20 years later I found myself in the middle of a personal breakdown. I had just had my 50th birthday party in a house in the north east corner of the heart of the cash reserve. A house which I just finished building and I felt like I was under siege: the business that I had created and that had financed the building of the house was in a state of crisis and I realised that I desperately needed to sell the house to help save the business.

In 2020 after I had managed to sell the house and help stabilise the business, I began my healing journey just as Covid started to spread. The COVID crisis and the associated lockdowns actually supported my healing journey immensely. Don Miguel Ruiz a Toltec from Mexico in his book “the four agreements” helped me make sense of what I had been through i.e. a kind of death ritual, and this formed the basis of my healing journey.

In his book “How the forest thinks” Eduardo Kohn introduces his thesis by relating the riddle that the sphinx asks oedipus on his way to Thebes: “What goes on 4 legs in the morning, 2 legs in the afternoon and 3 legs in the evening?” Oedipus responds with “Humans”. As humans we use language and knowledge systems that form a culture which is kind of like the cane / the third leg that we use to make sense of and interact with our worlds. The cane is equivalent to the collective agreements that we are all signed onto. We don’t realise we are using the cane, because it is given to us from birth, so it is like the first or the second leg seemingly just part of who we are. Don Miguel explains that the purpose of the various forms of the death ritual in the different indigenous cultures from the americas is a kind exorcism of the cane that we were given when we were born. This then creates the space to be able to fashion a new cane for ourselves that reflects the agreements that we consciously choose to enter into with both the human and more than human world around us.

I borrowed a very simple yet elegant concept from Marko Pogacnik, a Slovenian sculptor and geomancer, to fashion my new cane. In his book “Turned Upside Down” Marko suggests that Gaia, the spirit that embodies the totality of life on this blue dot of ours, went through a process of turning upside down starting in 1997. As I began to rebuild my agreements with the world around me, I used as the basis for this process, the simple concept of turning everything **upside down**. Here I am seeking to express my experience of constructing that reality using an alternative set of semiotics or semiotic system, from the prevailing western colonial one that I grew up with - one that has been turned **upside down**. Maybe I have fallen into a state of “semiosis” if such a thing exists.

To put me into this state of so called “semiosis” I decided to conduct another vrata a sacred vow with myself for 40 days. By this stage the 2020 COVID lockdown was well under way in Naarm. I had already started practicing Zhao Zhan (standing meditation) a form of Qi Gong in front of the cliff in the cash reserve. I decided to do the practice every day for 40 days in a row. I ended up doing it everyday for 120 days and then from there most of the days we were in lockdown throughout 2020 and 2021. The practice has evolved and deepened quite a bit since then and has ultimately led me to the Tandava (dance). The Tandava is a practice espoused by Daniel Odier one of my chief guides and my entry into the lineage of Lallita Devi and the Dakini’s of Kashmir. As with most of the human guides in this story I have never met Daniel, however he has had a tremendous influence on me through the books he has written. The Tandava is ultimately the dance of life. On the 26th of January 2024 (25 years after reading Gondwanaland in India) during the invasion day rally in Naarm I had an experience of Fana: a Sufi term to describe a trance state of union achieved in the dance. This state lasted the whole march which went for at least 1 hour. It was a very special experience and one that I believe was shared by the people present in different ways.

The writing of this is my attempt to make sense of this personal journey and to explore the notion that the journey is guided by a larger set of agents. On face value these agents might appear operating in a relatively random chaos but in actuality are highly coordinated by the emergent intelligence of their interactions. The intention is to invoke a sense of being an organ in a much larger organism that consists of all the things both objects and concepts that pass through the conscious field of the organ.

This is my own personal dreaming. A bleeding together of my dream world with my “reality” including descriptions of the salient associated entities both human and more than human who have found a home in that dreaming and the impressions they have made.

Chapter 1: Vastu purusha mandala

I was first introduced to the auspicious north-east south-west alignment of the vastu purusha mandala by a couple of engineers from Pune, India.

My rendering of what they had to say about it travels along these lines. Given we were in Maharashtra in the northern hemisphere was very salient to my traverse. The two main forces of influence on this jewel of a planet of ours are the trajectory of the sun from east to west and the geomagnetic field from north to south or south to north which ever you prefer.

Being engineers they vectorised the forces giving a resultant northeast - southwest axis. I suspect that the axis was vectorised that way rather than from southeast to northwest because the sun was considered beneficial in the morning i.e. the east and toxic in the afternoon i.e. the west. Being located within the tropics of the northern hemisphere they liked to look into their shadows. So north-east became the auspicious direction where in ideal situations you could open to the rising sun but with the fiery edge of the sun tempered by shadow to the north. And one would look to build up in the south-west to help shield the double edged fire of the south and west.

Whilst studying the classics of yoga it became obvious to me that this axis represented the sushumna Nadi or the path of the kundalini, the life force of the cosmos.

However when you turn things upside down and put the sun in the north, what does that do to your shadow? I came to find myself in the southern hemisphere in a temperate climate on the southern coast of Australia in Naarm. The vastu purusha mandala led me to a special piece of land. The parcel of land was located in the north-east corner of a significant landscape temple located to the north of the city centre of Naarm.

Over the course of time I became bound to this piece of land, to the point where I began to feel like one of the sensory organs of this larger organism. This transformation in my perceptual orientation to the world around me unfolded with radical implications. As it unfolded I circled back to the alignment again at varying frequencies. At first I thought that being further south than the tropics would mean that the northern sun now being hotter in the southern hemisphere could be welcomed. I realised that a northern orientation in Naarm is valued to capture as much sun as possible. In the temperate climate sunlight becomes more valuable in the sense that there is less of it. *This morning in early summer I greeted the morning sun coming from the north-east with great joy.* As I pursued this line of reasoning more and more, the truth of it seemed to become clearer and clearer.

It was spending time in the place and playing with this land that cultivated my obsession with understanding how the alignment operates. As it happened the larger site was being developed into a housing estate and there was the opportunity to acquire that particular piece of land, the most strategic parcel that formed the north-east corner of the larger landscape temple. The whole site appeared to be the perfect laboratory to explore how the alignment axis operates in the context I have described. And to effectively test my hypothesis around the north-east south-west nature of the alignment still holding true, even though we were in the southern hemisphere. (Based on this reasoning the axis would change to a south-east north-west alignment in

temperate regions in the Northern hemisphere and tropical regions in the southern hemisphere.) This is an example of being turned upside down; being in the southern hemisphere and adapting a traditional knowledge system from the northern hemisphere. It is also an interesting example of an interactive effect the interaction of your relationship with the sun and the geomagnetic field within a particular place. I think the turning upside down here for me was a good example of reversing the reductive focusing on the detail approach of western thought and going back to the universal principles and understanding the new place from that perspective. Although I think also the process of trying to understand how the system would be adapted to the southern hemisphere allowed me to actually understand more clearly the first principles and how they operate, within the context of the broader cosmos i.e. the earth's relationship with the sun and then my relationship in terms of where I am with the larger earth body.

When I look back at the trail of things that led me to this piece of land they appear as several rows of dominoes all moving one event or insight triggering the next. With 3 particular rows of concertinaing experiences and insights starting in India.

I was drawn to the Tansa Valley just to the north east of Mumbai in Maharashtra, India in 1994 to study Yoga. Bhagwan Nityananda an avadhut (someone who is completely indifferent to the world and worldly matters) settled in the small village of Ganeshpuri on the banks of the Tansa river by Agni Kund (hot spring dedicated to Agni, the fire deity). The Tansa valley is like the earth foundation of this story like the mother culture that is the starter.

The second concertina of dominoes was the work of Marko Pogacnik echoing around the alignment providing a process and framework to explore its multifaceted expression in the landscape. Like a key that unlocks the threads of mystery. His book "nature spirits and elementals" provided the lense through which a group of architects and myself used to study the Vastu Purusha Mandala alignment and its expression in the Tansa Valley in India in the late 90's.

Ganapati Sthapati, one of the foremost modern practitioners of vastu, attributes the source of the Vastu tradition to the Atharvaveda. He talks about two distinct but interdependent streams of knowledge revealed in the vedic tradition. The first he refers to as Vagveda, which refers to the aural tradition in which the medium of manifestation is sound, it is rooted in Nada-brahman, it embraces the full spectrum of sound frequencies. The second he refers to as the Vasturveda, which refers to the visual tradition or the tradition of form, which becomes manifest through the medium of light. It includes the full spectrum of frequencies that manifest as light including the Vedic science of the stars and astrology.

In her book "The Penguin Guide to Vaastu" Sashikala Ananth says:

"This (Vastu) Purusha or life energy has taken on various physical forms to reside in this world. Each of these forms abides within a natural rhythm and order. The traditionalists have understood this order which is alive and in harmony with the natural rhythms of the universe, and they have invested all their creations with it. As a result of this impeccable adherence to the natural order, sculptural images and built spaces have been created by the vastu tradition, which to this day invite human beings to enter their spaces in humility and love.

When the sacred spaces are carelessly disturbed and the natural order ignored, negative energies are unleashed which cause harm to the offenders."

The tradition of Vastu helped me become conscious of how the fabric of energy that constitutes the universe becomes manifest into form. It helped me participate in this process in a beneficial way. Vastu also provides us with a language through which we can understand the relationships between the state of the environment, the state of our physical health, the state of our spiritual and emotional well-being, and the state of our community organization. The mandala is like a map provided by the tradition that can be laid over the physical form. Then Marko provided me with the exercises and processes to be able to explore and understand how those maps have come to life for the communities that inhabit them.

Following is a piece that I wrote in 1999 about the Tansa valley, which is where this journey began, and shows how the mythology of a place is alive in the different energetic power centres of the landscape. This approach formed the basis of how I approached the land in Naarm, with the exception that because I was not privy to the local Wurundjeri dreaming of that land, I had to dream it up myself through a process of listening to the land and embedding it with memory palaces that streamed through my own consciousness.

So please relax and enjoy the following mythological journey through the Tansa Valley. (If the whole Hindu mythology thing is not your jam then you should probably skip to the next chapter)

Chapter 2: A journey through the Tansa Valley

I would like to start with the mythological beginnings of my journey, because I believe this is where all our journeys begin. The mythology of a culture or a place is like the rhythm or frequency with which the fabric of our bodies and the elements of the place vibrate. Mythology is the archetypal blueprint according to which the beatific pattern of maya is woven and then cloaked across our world. By using a little imagination and merging the local mythology of the Tansa Valley with the broader Hindu mythology we can explore and understand the sacred power of the Tansa Valley, we can decode the blueprint and understand the pattern of how our world unfolds. The mythology can also provide us with an allegorical vision for how to move forward and protect the sacred power of the Tansa Valley during this very poignant time in the history of our planet.

The mythological beginnings of this journey take place at the dawn of time after the great Mahapralaya (great deluge) when Brahma was seated on a lotus which had grown out of the navel of the lord. The immense waters of the sea surrounded Brahma and as he sat he could hear a noise rising out of these waters which seemed to say “Tapa! Tapa! Perform Tapas. Perform Tapas and you will find what you seek.” (Srimad Bagavatam, pg. 42). It was only after he performed this tapas that the Lord Narayana appeared to Brahma and told him what his duty was; which was to create the world.

Tapas is the source of all power, this scriptural story describing how Brahma created the world in the Srimad Bagavatam illustrates that nothing would have been possible without first having conducted Tapas. Tapa is the power of Grace, which manifests in us individually as our intention. Accumulated Tapa is Punya or merit, which is the ability to have our wishes granted. So it is the power of our Tapas or focused intention that leads to manifestation. Traditionally yogis and sages have gone to places of great natural power to conduct their tapasya. The Tansa valley is one of these places and this is why it is so special. This inherent, sometimes dormant power within the earth of unique places like the Tansa valley has been activated, nurtured and regenerated throughout the ages and continues to be today through the Tapas conducted in such places by devotees of the Goddess, who honor that power.

Local legend says that since the dawn of time many of the great sages, rshis and devas spent time residing and performing tapas in the Tansa Valley. Imagine now the scenes that may have taken place in the Tansa Valley. Imagine as the following scenes are described that Mount Mandagni is the archetypal, Mount Meru. And imagine that the Tansa Valley is the heart of the Puranic age, just as the Indus valley was the seat of the Vedic age, as Bhagawan Nityananda has been quoted, saying “Most of the Ramayana took place here (in the Tansa Valley)”. The Tejasa (Tansa) river, which has the same geographical northeast – southwest alignment as the mythical Saraswati river, is the sacred river flowing around the base of Mount Mandagni where it is said that Sages and Siddhas have come throughout the ages to conduct Tapas.

In his book “Bhagawan Nityananda of Ganeshpuri” Baba Muktananda says:

“What was it about the ancient land of Ganeshpuri that appealed so much to Shree Gurudev? Just as Lord Vishnu settled in Vaikuntha and Lord Shiva in Kailas, Shree Gurudev settled in the sacred land of Ganeshpuri. It is an ancient and holy place.

Overlooking the valley is Mount Mandagni, where Siddhas have performed austerities. The river Tejasa (Tansa), lovely and purifying, flows through the valley. There are dense jungles, rich with flowers and fruits. There are famous hot springs. And there is the venerable temple of the devi in Vajreshwari. Ages ago, the sage Vasishtha performed a large yajna here, a fire ceremony. At that time, according to tradition Vasishtha installed an image of Lord Ganesh in a temple – and that is how this land came to be known as Ganeshpuri.

And so this spiritually charged landscape, once a wish-fulfilling place for devotees of long ago, was brought to life again by Gurudev.”

If I wonder back in time with my mind’s eye I can see the Tansa Valley as a grand retreat site. It is a spiritual sanctuary where all the great beings, including Kings, Sages and Siddhas journey to, to perform austerities so that their kingdoms will continue to flourish with peace and prosperity. So now let’s seat ourselves on the banks of the Tansa River at the base of Mt Mandagni, we have just seen Brahma perform his tapas and create the world and now the play unfolds. As each scene is described you can see it taking place in front of you, you can see each one of the divine characters treading on the sacred earth of the Tansa Valley. Let us continue:

According to the Puranas the world-drama unfolds during the Treta Yuga the second of the four great cycles of time. As Brahma created the world he also gave birth to many sons seven of whom became known as the seven great rshis. Daksha was one of Brahma’s mind born sons, who became one of the progenitors of mankind. One of Daksha’s daughters Sati became the wife of Lord Shiva. It is said that when Sati’s father Daksha humiliated her by not inviting her consort Shiva to a yajna that he was conducting she sat down and through the power of her yoga self immolated. When Shiva discovered the remains of her body he was distraught with grief and picked up her body and roamed with it through out the three worlds. Shiva’s grieved wanderings caused the whole universe to be disrupted and Visnu was called upon to end Shiva’s grief. Visnu does this by following Shiva and gradually slicing off pieces of Sati’s body as Shiva moves about until nothing is left. It is said that where these pieces of Sati’s body fell to the earth that is where the Sakti pithas (abodes of the shakti) were formed. This is symbolic of Shiva’s shakti in the form of Sati’s body entering the earth and abiding there. Vajreshwari, in the heart of the Tansa Valley, is said to be one of these locations where parts of Sati’s body fell to the earth creating a sacred and powerful sakti pitha, place where the sakti abides.

So yes, as you are sitting there on the banks of the Tansa River you see Lord Shiva’s grieved passage across the land and you see a part of Sati’s body fall to the ground in front of you entering and enlivening the sacred earth upon which you are sitting.

In his book the Hindu Goddesses David Kinsley describes the relationship between the Goddess and Sacred Landscape (pg. 178):

“An underlying implication of perceiving the earth as a great and powerful goddess is that the world as a whole, the cosmos itself, is to be understood as a great, living being, a cosmic organism. This idea is expressed in the central creation myth of the Brahmanas, which feature the deity Prajapati. The world was created, according to this scenario, when Prajapati undertook great austerities and subsequently released his immense stored-up energy. This great vigor became the underlying substance of the world, pervading it with life and energy. The aim of Vedic sacrificial ritual in the context of this myth is to reconstitute, replenish, rebuild, or reinvigorate Prajapati by gathering his dispersed energy. By gathering, nurturing, and feeding Agni (who is identified with Prajapati’s released power), the participants in these rites understand that they are renewing Prajapati. Vedic rituals therefore become part of an ongoing cycle in which Prajapati creatively releases his ascetic power into the world and is then continually renourished.”

It seems like the Tansa Valley was one of the foremost abodes of incredible spiritual power during the puranic age. It was the yogabhumi (the land of yoga) the place where all the characters of the great epics came to conduct their tapas, to do austerities and conduct the great vedic sacrificial rituals. As David Kinsley says it seems like it was the place where sages and siddhas came to release the ascetic power inherent in the sacred landscape and also to re-nourish this incredible power through their Tapas.

During the same era maybe a little later the arrival of Vasishtha and his entourage of divine characters bring you out of your meditation as you are listening to the soothing waters of the gentle Tansa River. Perhaps it was the enlivening of the landscape that took place earlier that attracted Vasishtha to the banks of the Tejasa (tansa) River to conduct a large Chandi Yajna, dedicated to honoring the Divine Goddess. Vasishtha was one of the seven great rshis. He was born out of Brahma's breath and became Lord Rama's Guru. Vasishtha invited all the sages and gods to this Yajna. It is said that temples were created throughout the valley as places where the gods could come and reside while they received their offerings from the great yajna. During the yajna the offerings to Indra were inadvertently omitted, whereas all the other gods received their offerings. Indra became very angry and decided to create a drought in the valley out of vengeance. In response to this Vasishtha fired arrows aimed to land beside each of the temples. Where each of these arrows landed hot springs were created so that the gods would have water to drink. At this Indra became even more incensed and decided to unleash his most powerful weapon the vajra (thunderbolt) upon the yajna. Vasishtha could see what was happening through the power of his yoga and invoked the presence of the Goddess Chiti praying to her so that she would protect the yajna. The Goddess Chiti appeared and spread herself across the land taking the form of the valley itself. As the vajra struck she absorbed it into her body protecting the valley like a cloak of divine energy. As Jonathon Shimkin tells in the Devi issue of darshan magazine:

"The yajna was then brought to a successful conclusion and Indra, humbled, had to go to the Devi and ask for his thunderbolt back! But his humility was sincere. He recognized the Devi's true power and desired to surrender himself, as a devotee, at her feet. The Devi then said something very significant to him – she told him to surrender himself to Vasishtha instead: 'This rshi is an ocean of compassion and an ocean of knowledge. You didn't recognize his greatness. So hold on to his feet now and that will uplift you.' Indra did as he was bidden, and prostrated himself at Vasishtha's feet. Vasishtha stretched out his hand and laid it on Indra's bowed head – and, at that moment, Indra was overcome with ecstasy. Every hair on his body stood up and he began to weep."

This is how Vajreshwari became known as Vajreshwari, which means the Goddess of the thunderbolt. Both of these stories about Sati and Vajreshwari reveal the same process of how the Goddess enters the land, of how the divine shakti infuses the landscape enlivening it with immense power and consecrating its sanctity.

Another one of the seven great rshis created by Brahma was named Atri and he was wed to Anusuya the daughter of Manu. There is a Shiva temple called the Anasuya Shiva temple that was discovered by Nityananda on the Mandagni side of the Tansa river near Ganeshpuri. Apparently the story goes that Nityananda was roaming through the area when he asked a devotee to dig into the ground. He said there is a sacred lingam in the ground here, if you dig you will find it. And sure enough the devotee dug and unearthed an ancient shiva lingam. A temple was built around the lingam and it was called Anusuya after Dattatreya's mother. Perhaps this place marks the location of Atri and Anasuya's ashrama

After some time you are brought out of your meditative repose once again by a radiant glow that accompanies the arrival of the shimmering sage Atri and his stunning wife Anasuya. On the slopes of the sacred Mount Mandagni you are awestruck by the vision of seeing Atri performing intense tapas. There was a beautiful and serene spot, with the melodic sounds of the Tejasa (tansa) river flowing on all sides, her waves gently lapping against the banks. The fragrance of auspicious flowers throughout the forest filled the atmosphere. With his senses under control and his mind bent on tapas Atri prayed for a son. His prayer was: "May He, who is the Lord of lords grant me a son who will be like him."

Atri's wife Anasuya, the daughter of Manu, was a very powerful woman who was renowned throughout the three worlds for her tapas and for the vratas she had observed. Lord Indra became so enamoured by Anasuya that he requested Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva to test her integrity. They agreed and took the guise of mendicants and appeared at Anasuya's doorstep begging for alms, while Atri was away on the forested slopes of the mountain doing his tapas. Anasuya came out, extended hospitality to the three mendicants and to her astonishment they

said that they had made a vow to not accept food from a lady who had clothes on. Anasuya thought for a while as the condition was so chauvanistic but she decided she must agree to it, as she was duty bound. It flashed in her mind, "If only the guests were babies, my babies, I could feed them without using a garment". The thoughts from her powerful mind instantly became a reality, the elderly guests got transformed into babies. She then fed them with all her motherly love.

When Atri returned home, to his amazement, he found his beautiful wife feeding three new born radiant babies he realized that his tapas had born great fruits. Anasuya rose and offered the children at the feet of her husband and said, "These children are the gift of God to us who have been childless so far." Atri was over-joyed and named them as "Datta" which means "given". So Atri and Anasuya agreed to make the three babies their own and at this point Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva realized their predicament and returned to their true form and granted Atri and Anasuya a boon. Anasuya requested that the three of them take the form of a son for herself and Atri. The boon was granted and the son with three heads became known as Dattatreya, one head represented Brahma, one Vishnu and the other Mahadeva.

Dattatreya was an Avadhuta and he is considered the Adi-Guru, the original teacher. The Avadhuta Gita is the song of how 24 different teachers taught him. When asked what teacher had given him the great knowledge, which had made him perfect in wisdom, full of peace and devoted to the good of all living beings, He replied:

"One's own Self is one's chief teacher. By knowledge of the Self alone through perception, inference and mystic communion, one obtains the great bliss. I have adopted 24 perceptors from nature around me. By the wisdom I learned from them, I wandered all over the world free from fear and worries.

"I will tell you who they are who taught me how to live without being affected by the desires. My teachers are: the earth, the wind, the sky, water, fire, the moon, the sun, a pigeon, a python, the ocean, a moth, the honey-bee, the keeper of a beehive, an elephant, a deer and a fish, a woman by the name Pingala, a small animal like the squirrel which is called 'Kurari' a child, a young girl, an archer, a snake, a spider, and a wasp which builds its own shell. These twenty-four were my teachers whom my mind chose as my gurus. From their behavior I selected for myself the lessons which were essential for the advancement of my search after truth. I will elaborate on this and tell you what lesson each one of these was able to teach me.

"Even if he is oppressed by the things of the world the firm man never moves away from the right path. This I learnt from the earth. The power of enduring anything is what the earth has taught me. A wise man will ever be interested in doing good to others and he is convinced that he is born on this earth as a human being just for that purpose: that is the lesson I learnt from the mountain. To stand firm and to be unmoved is the lesson these two taught me."

Pg 573 Srimad Bagavatam

Dattatreya is known as the first Guru of the Siddha Tradition. Bhagawan Nityananda who was an Avadhut was considered an incarnation of Dattatreya. Early one morning as I was sitting in the hot spring in the middle of the river, which is known as agni kund, I had the darshan of Dattatreya. This spring is located in between the Anasuya Shiva temple on one side and the island in the river with the hot spring called Dattatreya on it, on the other side. As I sat in the kund, Dattatreya appeared walking toward the spring to have its darshan, I sensed that he could very well have received some of his teachings from the elements in this very location. He came to me and told me that all the answers to my questions lie within my own being that the wisdom of the entire universe is contained within my own self and that I merely have to invoke it and then listen. He said that all the elements of our world, everything is a manifestation of the truth, everything vibrates with the divine pulsation and if I just silence my mind and listen, then the truth would be revealed throughout the universe in all its glorious forms. After this experience I went and meditated under a banyan tree beside the Dattatreya spring on the island. I could feel Dattatreya's soft sweet presence there, it felt like the spring was a natural landscape temple in honor of Dattatreya's spirit.

There is a beautiful scene in the Ramayana that describes a visit made by Rama, Sita and Lakshmana to Anasuya and Atri's ashrama. The highlight of this visit was a very touching exchange between Sita, daughter of the earth, and Anasuya a noble and saintly lady. Anasuya blesses Sita with the wealth of her accumulated Tapas. Just after this visit Rama, Sita and Lakshmana enter the Dandaka forest. As he enters the Dandaka forest Rama describes his vision which could have been describing the ancient land of Ganeshpuri in the Tansa Valley. In fact as you are sitting contemplating the natural beauty of the forest on the banks of the Tansa Valley you see Rama, Sita and Lakshmana drinking from the natural springs that now bear their names.

On the Island in the middle of the Tejasa (tansa) river adjacent to the Anasuya Shiva temple there is a rock in the ground that has 3 springs bubbling up from it, these have been named Sita, Rama and Hanuman. There is a fourth pool in the rock that receives its water directly from Rama this is called Lakshmana. This little nature temple is a sign of the ancient presence of these divine beings, in the valley.

It was this journey into the mythology of the Tansa Valley through the landscape that happened over several years and was informed by experiences that I had through out the valley that gave me the experience of being a part of a place, not separate from it but an integral part of it and the way it functions. As the tradition I was studying at the time was based on service, that is how I came to relate to the valley in the sense that my wellbeing became entangled with its sense of wellbeing as the purpose of what I was dedicating myself to was to serve that place. The act of service started with learning to listen to the place and getting to know it and understand how I could contribute to the unfolding of its destiny. Its like I became one of the sensing organs of the valley (an ear for example) and that whatever I experienced that thing which is the whole valley experienced too, in my consciousness we became one and the same. I then started to feel things in my own body that were happening in the valley outside of my body. My body became enmeshed with the larger body of the valley our destinies were tied up together and everything I did was aimed at assisting the larger body to flourish.

According to Vastu we can treat any part of the environment with the same principles that we use to understand our own physical and subtle bodies. Using these principles myself and the group of architects were able to look at the Tansa valley as a living being. In this way we were better equipped to understand how the cosmic energies have become manifest in the Tansa valley and how to re-align the Vastu-doshas in the Tansa Valley so that the environment is aligned with the natural order. We were able to conceive of the earth body doing sadhana (one's spiritual journey) and participate in the sadhana of the Tansa Valley aspiring to bring it to a state of beauty and flourishing, of union with the divine order. To do this we overlaid the Vastupurusha mandala onto the map of the valley and we could see where the chakras of the valley are located. This provided us with a map of the subtle body of the valley allowing us to locate the nadis and energy centers of the valley.

This way of looking at the environment resonates very strongly with one of the main Australian Aboriginal creation myths. In the Aboriginal tradition the world is created by a rainbow serpent that springs from deep within the earth and snakes its way across the land creating the rivers and water courses which are the nadis. Where the serpent sleeps it forms mountains or islands which are considered the energy centers where the nadis intersect. We could also think of the sacrificial ritual of Yagna/fire ceremony as being like the fire of yoga that awakens and helps the unfoldment of the kundalini, the sacred power within the subtle body of the landscape. We can look at the sadhana and understand the spiritual unfoldment of the valley just like we look at our own spiritual unfoldment.

On New Years day 1999 we went for a walk up into the hills at the base of Mt Mandagni. As we went we confirmed our theory of the North-east, South-west alignment of the Tansa River between Mt Mandagni at the Sahasrar and the Tungareshwar hill on which Sadanand Baba's ashram rests in the South west at the root. We also speculated that the ashram Gurudev Siddha Peeth formed the Anahata chakra, the heart. When I was on a yatra in South India I also had the insight that the island in the middle of the river, with the hot springs on it, also played a very key role in the vastu of the tansa valley. We realized that it formed the centre of the Ajna Chakra of the

valley, the control centre. Traditionally islands have been centres of great natural power as they are constantly purified and regenerated by the water flowing around them.

The Tansa River snakes its way along this alignment just like the Sushumna Nadi, the water flowing north east to south west the same as the ancient Saraswati river. During this afternoon we discovered that the water element represents the flow of energy. The rivers, streams, underground streams and Hot Springs represent the energy meridians or nadis of the landscape body. The flowing water as it is said in the ancient scriptures represents the life force of the landscape, circulating the prana of the landscape, it also purifies the landscape. We also discovered how the round river stones contain the water element, even though they may be dry, they represent the same flow of energy as running water. We sensed that this was probably due to the fact that the form of these stones had been sculptured by the constant flow of water over the centuries. Another thing that became very obvious on this day was that the fire element in the valley was way out of balance, in the sense that it dominated because the water element was very weak. This was largely due to the forest being cut down across the valley as trees play a very important role in circulating water.

As we were returning to Ganeshpuri we stopped at the springs by the Anusuya Shiva temple on the mandagni side of the river. Here we got an inner message that we should visit Agni Kund the spring in the middle of the river. During this afternoon as I sat in the kund around sunset, I had a very wonderful experience. I sat in the warm pond facing the kund, which is framed by Mt Mandagni in the background. I could see the water flowing out of the ground and it looked as if it was coming directly from underneath Mt Mandagni. As I went into meditation in the pond Lord Agni appeared to me, he emerged from out of the ground where the spring appeared. He was resplendent in his aura of flames. I mentally pranamed to him and asked him where the source of the kund was. He then took me on a journey leading me into the ground following the spring to its source. We went underground to the base of Mt Mandagni and there Lord Agni showed me the source of the spring where the ancient rshis and all the siddhas were sitting in an underground chamber carrying out an eternal yagna. The heat for the springs came from this yagna, in fact the water of the springs is the holy water containing the prasad and blessings of the yagna which are spread into the atmosphere where the springs come to the surface. You can see the purifying power of the yagna spreading into the atmosphere as the water becomes steam and merges into the air. It felt like all the springs in the valley are connected by the underground streams and that they all serve the same purpose, to spread the blessings and power of this great yagna that is being conducted by the rshis and siddhas in the heart of Mt Mandagni. The fire element is the key to unlocking the potential energy contained in the earth element.

I then asked Lord Agni how we could restore the balance between the fire and water elements and he told me that this should be done by honoring the elements and worshiping them. I once again did a full pranam to Lord Agni and as I came out of meditation I was reminded of the image of Shri Rudram in the red puja cover of the Shri Rudram text. Where Shri Rudra's head is placed above a mountain which is surrounded by blazing flames and underneath the mountain in the earth there is a tree-like form of powerful energy surging through the heart of the mountain.

While sitting in the pond after meditation I saw that Agni Kund was at the top of the ajna chakra of the valley. Agni Kund is in direct North-east South-west alignment with the river and Mt Mandagni. It is at the top of where the river bends out of the alignment toward the South East. I also saw how the pond in the river that is fed by Agni Kund is in the shape of the upper part of the Om sign. The lower part of the pond is in the shape of the crescent moon and the upper part is in the shape of the nada sign merging with the bindu in the form of a wickless flame nestling into the centre of the crescent moon. As I sat facing the kund I could also see how it took the form of the mukta-triveni (confluence of freedom) aspect of the Ajna Chakra. In the sense that the ida, pingala, and sushumna nadis formed by the flowing streams of the river somehow merged into the flow of the kund disappearing beneath the earth into another dimension, just like they do in our subtle bodies.

After this experience I made a commitment to come to have the darshan of Agni Kund every morning at 3:00 am for 40 days. This commitment became like a vrata for me a sacred vow, which I knew would allow me to progress greatly on my journey. Each morning as I would sit in the pond meditating I would have marvelous experiences and insights.

Releasing Sita and Reliving the Mythology today

One morning as we sat in the kund bathing underneath the glowing rays showering down from the planets, stars and the moon, we saw an arch of stars moving across the sky. The arch began with Sirius close to the horizon. In the middle there was Castor and Polix the twin stars of the Gemini constellation. In total there were 6 stars, then the arch was completed by the bright light sitting on top of the Hanuman temple on the side of the river opposite to Ganeshpuri. This arch of stars became a kundalini like constellation for us in the sky. Sirius was the root chakra in the south-west, Castor and Polix formed the Manipura and Anahata chakras and the light on top of the Hanuman temple was like the Sahasrar. As we contemplated this imagery in the sky we were drawn to go and have Hanuman's darshan in the Hanuman temple. I felt like my whole being, my mind, soul and body had been cleansed and purified completely by Lord Agni in the kund preparing me for the special darshan of Hanuman, the perfect servant of the Lord. The temple caretaker awoke and opened the temple so we could have the glorious darshan of Hanuman. It felt like we received something very special during this darshan, something which was the seed of a very powerful experience that would unfold throughout the following 5 days. As we left the temple and journeyed back across the river via Agni Kund there were two very playful puppies that followed us playing joyously out our feet as we walked. It felt like these puppies were confirming that Hanuman was walking with us.

On the Island we were drawn to have the darshan of the little nature temple that consisted of 4 small distinct springs in a piece of rock about 2 metres by 2 metres in size sitting in the ground. We were told that the first spring was called Sita. The next one was Rama, both were very similar and sat at the same level in the rock. The spring called Rama was perfectly crystal clear and overflowed into another spring very close and a little lower in level called Lakshmana. Sitting a little further off on the other side of the piece of rock was another smaller spring called Hanuman. There was a groove in the rock where it looked like Sita drained off toward Hanuman. As we got closer to the spot where the springs were located we could smell something rank, initially it seemed like it was coming from the earth as if it was rotting, fermenting. It smelt like the earth was badly polluted, it smelt like alcohol had been poured into the earth and it was trying to detoxify itself by releasing the smell. The first thing we noticed at the springs was that Sita was blocked, she was no longer flowing. The pool was a cloudy white colour and the water was not hot, there was a lot of scum collecting around the sides of the pool. Then we became aware of all the rubbish littered on the ground around the springs. There was also a large patch of earth between the springs and a palm tree that was damp and seemed to be particularly suffering like it was the place where the earth was trying to release the accumulated toxins into the atmosphere. We then took a closer look at the palm tree and discovered that there were two holes cut into the trunk, from where the white sap from the tree was bleeding, pouring down the trunk into a clay pot that had been tied around the tree to collect the sap. We discovered that this was the source of the fermented odor. At this point several of our observations coincided to create a more complete picture of what was happening here.

We had observed that there had been a major shift in the energy of the Island, since the previous monsoon. It was almost like the flood that had occurred the previous monsoon had cleared space for a new energy to enter and we noticed that this energy was having negative effects. We noticed that the little samadhi shrine of one of Bhagawan Nityananda's devotees that was located on the island had been rebuilt. The windows that had previously been in the walls of the samadhi space had been bricked up and an annex had been built on to the front of the building, the corner of which somehow cut through the flow of energy along the north-east south-west alignment of the island. This alignment was very clear on the island and was delineated by the alignment of the natural springs from dattatreya in the south-west to Sita in the north-east. We then noticed that the little chai shop which had been previously located beside the samadhi shrine in a temporary shelter was now located in the annex of the samadhi shrine. The chai shop people were using the samadhi shrine itself as a place to store their supplies while they were rebuilding the chai shop into a more permanent structure. We also found out that the sap, which was being collected from the palm tree near Sita and many other similar palm trees on the island, was used to make alcohol. We had also noticed that there was now also a temporary structure being used as a chai shop down in the river right beside agni kund. We realized that this was symbolic of what was happening in the entire valley that it was being developed and lots of

tourists were moving in and there was this rajasic energy sweeping through. We had also heard that alcoholism was a major problem for the local adavasi people in the valley.

We contemplated this small microsmic example in terms of the mythological tale of the Ramayana and what is happening in the whole valley and the whole planet. We saw the forces of development as being the forces of Ravana, the asuric forces, coming from Mumbai and the international development cartels, which are sometimes associated with corruption in the form of money laundering and drugs. Desire and greed drive them. Sita the polluted spring represents the mother earth. The word sita means to “furrow”, she is always portrayed as the embodiment of fertility. In fact it is said that as King Janaka, made a plough stroke in the earth as part of a royal ritual to cultivate fertility he discovered Sita as a young baby girl sitting in the earth. As in the Ramayana Sita has been polluted and captured by the asuric forces of Ravana – we discovered that the people from the chai shop were washing their dishes in Sita. The island where this ancient myth is being relived today could be considered to be Lanka. Hanuman positioned at the base of Mandagni is portrayed in the temple in the posture where he is in flight holding the mountain with the healing herbs on it above his head on his way to Lanka to revive the divine shakti, to rescue Sita from the clutches of ignorance.

In his book *The Goddesses' Mirror* David Kinsley says:

“Sita does seem to be part of a fundamental intuition concerning the fertility of the plowed earth and the necessity of a male power to awaken, arouse, and inseminate the earth. Underlying Sita’s connection with Indra, Parjanya, and other male deities associated with the inseminating effects of rain seems to be the basic perception that the ongoing fertility of the cosmos is the result of the interaction between the sky and the earth, between male and female, between the latent powers of the field and the inseminating effects of the plow, which opens the earth for the insertion of seeds into her fertile interior.”

That morning as we stood taking in this incredible site we resolved to clean it up. So that morning under the light of the moon we picked up all the rubbish around the spring and in the general area. We collected a huge bag of garbage. I then heard this inner voice tell me to reach into the spring and find out what was blocking it. As I did this I discovered a thick bed of scummy black stinking soot at the bottom of the spring. As I started scooping it out it almost made me gag. I scooped it out for about 10 minutes and there was a huge pile of this black soot piling up beside the spring that resembled some sludge waste from an industrial site. As I dug down I could feel the heat of the spring rising up, until finally the hot spring started flowing again. I dug out as much of the soot as I could with my arm fully extended into the spring.

It was beautiful to see the spring flowing again. This clearing of the spring was very symbolic for me it was like a healing of my relationship with the feminine Goddess principle. When I was digging I can recall it felt like I was reaching into the womb of the earth and somehow helping to release it, to purify it. Over the next several mornings we lit incense, chanted OM, used the sound of a beautiful bell to clear the space of the polluted, stagnant energy that had gathered there. Then on the final morning of our ritual release and cleansing of Sita we lit candles floating one candle in the spring itself. We placed big beautiful garlands of flowers around each of the springs, lit a pile of camphor in a small bowl and dropped a small crystal into the spring, which had been blessed in Muktananda’s samadhi shrine. We instilled the crystal with the intention of maintaining the sanctity of this beautiful and powerful natural temple to the goddess.

Somehow we felt that the work we did with Sita was having a powerful effect on healing the whole valley and beyond. Its power was in its symbolic richness, it is like the power of a yagna. In that it invokes the gods the divine beings who act to fulfill the intention behind the ritualistic act. I can remember during one of the yagnas for Baba’s Mukatananda’s Punyatithi celebrations, the divine beings put on an incredible show in the sky.

Just before the brahmins came out to enter the Mandap, there was a big wind that came out of nowhere, previously the air was still and there was not a cloud in the sky. The wind was shaking the trees and then came the clouds, it seemed like they were racing across the sky from the horizon to arrive at the yagna, to be on time for the auspicious beginning when the fire was lit. About 10 minutes later when the clouds had arrived and were sitting pregnant with anticipation

above the mandap the brahmins filed out and walked into the mandap, they were glowing in their bright silk dothis. As they sat around the pit and their vedic mantras began to fill the air, the fire seemed to light almost spontaneously, they barely had to touch the two fire sticks together and the spark set alight the kindling. Instantaneously a beautiful, very profound fine rain sprinkled through the atmosphere onto the ground. The fine rain lasted for several minutes and then the clouds once again disappeared. As the rain was falling I was sitting in the mandap beside the pit. There were not so many people in the mandap, the 30 brahmins outnumbered the number a people sitting around watching this divine act.

The experience with Sita happened in mid January at around the same time that a series of robberies and muggings had been reported in Ganeshpuri and Vajreshwari. We also noticed that the energy around the village was very negative, for example the dogs were particularly vicious, forming a collective pack and trying to attack us each morning, as we would go down through the village, to the spring. Just recently in early May I went back down to Agni Kund early one morning and noticed that the energy was completely different. The chai shop had moved out of the samadhi shrine on the island and Sita was crystal clear and there was no rubbish at all around the springs. In fact the whole island was clean, the energy was flowing much better. Also there was no sign of the clay pots on the palm trees and the trees were not being milked of their sap. The putrid smell in the area had completely disappeared. We also noticed that the Ganeshpuri village seemed much cleaner and the energy felt much better.

It was in this way that releasing Sita was in some kind of larger symbolic way releasing the earth from being exploited. It was like by healing this little microcosm of the Goddesses body we were making the whole body of the Goddess stronger, so that it could actually heal itself in other areas.

In one version of the Ramayana there is a legend which tells how after Rama returned after destroying Ravana, while he was boasting of his prowess Sita said "You rejoice because you have slain Ravana with ten heads, but what would you say to a Ravana with a thousand heads?" (pg 310 Hindu Mythology). It is also said that Ravana was a devout worshipper of Durga and had the Chandi read daily. So Rama also appealed to the Goddess by praying to her for support in overcoming Ravana. The Goddess appeared in the form of Kali and began to destroy the demon Ravana. However the blood of Ravana continued to produce more heads and arms. So another form of the Goddess Chandi came to help. Chandi said to Kali "if you could drink all the blood before it falls to the ground then I will destroy Ravana." After Ravana was destroyed Kali began to dance so wildly that it shook the earth and Shiva appeared lying on the ground to stop her dancing. When Kali saw her husband beneath her feet she stopped dancing.

This legend reveals the basic reoccurring pattern in Hindu mythology of how Durga the warrior Goddess and protector of the Universe appears at times when the cosmic balance is threatened by demonic forces. It is said of Durga "Though she is eternal, the goddess becomes manifest over and over again to protect the world." *Devi-mahatmya* (12.32) – pg. 11. David Kinsley surmises this reoccurring pattern as follows:

1. A demon gains great power through doing austerities and, being granted a boon as a reward, is made nearly invincible;
2. The demon defeats the gods and takes over their positions;
3. The gods prepare their revenge by creating a special being who can defeat the demon despite the boon, or else the lesser Gods petition one of the great deities (Siva, Visnu, or a great goddess) to intervene on their behalf;
4. The battle takes place and often includes the creation of helpers by the hero or heroine;
5. The demon is defeated;
6. The demon slayer is praised by the gods.

I also realised that Ravana could represent Rama's inner demon. When Sita said "You rejoice because you have slain Ravana with ten heads, but what would you say to a Ravana with a thousand heads?" in response to Rama's boasting, perhaps she was alluding to the demons present in Rama's ego.

If we look at the present situation in the Tansa Valley and on the planet in general in terms of this archetypal myth we can see that negative forces are oppressing the earth and the natural rhythm of nature by destroying the environment. Towards the end of 1998 I felt like lord Indra was giving us signs that the time when the Goddess would reawaken and appear to protect and restore the earth was coming once again. We had many incredible thunderstorms night after night. There were bolts of lightning continually lighting up the sky one after the other, with a constant rumbling of thunder in the background. Each evening as I would watch this remarkable show in the sky I had the feeling that the heavens were somehow charging up the earth, awakening the Goddess once again from her slumber calling her forth to restore the natural order. The lightning would appear in vertical bolts on the horizon channeling immense power into the earth. It made me think of Sita and how she represents the fertility of the earth, which needs to be inseminated by the seeds of rain from the heavens to create life.

At around the same time that the thunderstorms were taking place there was a group of us walking out on Dakshin Kashi just before sunset. The sky was relatively clear out to the west but there was a huge cloud moving toward us from the east. It was moving low in the sky and was in the shape of a perfect half moon. The top was peaked forward like the bridge of a huge vehicle in the sky. In the lower part of the cloud there were many bolts of lightning sparking through which looked like the big engine room of this huge craft like cloud. The lightning was only appearing in this cloud, there was no lightning anywhere else in the sky. The cloud was amazing unlike anything I had ever scene before, it moved across the sky toward Vajreshwari. As I stood watching I thought of Indra. Perhaps this was his divine chariot with him at the helm returning to visit the valley. Not long after this came the flood, which occurred on Vishwakarma day. It was like the Gods were doing an initial cleansing of the valley preparing the earth for being healed. The fact that the flood occurred on Vishwakarma day was very symbolic of the role of the divine architect in restoring the environment. This is the sense I have gotten from the traditional vedic architects like Vishwakarma, is that they worked in harmony with the natural order and the forms they created enhanced the natural environment somehow honoring and therefore heightening the sacred power inherent in the cosmos.

The Yagna held by Vasishtha when he came to the valley was held in honor of Chandi who according to legend is a form of the Goddess Durga that appeared to protect the world from the demon Chanda. It is said that when she was called upon she said that she could do nothing until she had first of all propitiated Shiva. She then retired to the forest to worship Shiva, who appeared before her in the form of a huge Linga. I could see this scene happening near the huge Mahuli Shiva Linga, that we now see in the mountains to the east of the valley and that the 3 Devi murtis in Vajreshwari are facing and propitiating with their gaze.

It seems like it is time again for the Goddess to appear and restore the balance. She will protect the Tansa Valley at this time when the area is very vulnerable to development by people ignorant of the sacred power that the land possesses.

By understanding the earth is a Vastu and therefore a living being as mentioned earlier we can see how restoring the health of one small part of the body affects the whole body. We could think about the analogy of how disease spreads and is cured in the body. Disease will often start in a small area, where it can weaken the immunity system of the body and then start to spread. The more it spreads the weaker the immunity system gets and the faster the disease will continue to spread. It happens the same way when curing the body. When the body is diseased if a small part is cured then the tide begins to turn, the immunity system gets a little stronger and then it becomes easier to cure other parts, and then as the body gets stronger it heals faster.

We can also think of traditional healing systems such as Ayurveda or Accupuncture, which work on healing the energy systems of the body. This is usually done by focusing on the energy centres of the body or restoring balance to the elemental constituents of the body. These methods of healing work with healing the deeper rhythms or natural order in the body, which then heals the whole body.

In the same way we could heal and strengthen the vastu of the ashram by opening up the ajna chakra of the ashram body and strengthening the water element to balance the fire element. By doing this we would begin to heal and strengthen the vastu of the Tansa Valley as the ashram

is the heart of the valley which is one of the main energy centers of the valley. Also in the same way by healing and strengthening the vastu of the Tansa valley we begin to heal and strengthen the vastu of the whole Mumbai area. The Tansa valley being in the north-east corner of the Mumbai area will have an enormous influence on the state of the whole Mumbai area. As was said earlier the energy is filtered into the vastu through the north-east so whatever is happening in the north-east will have a profound influence on the rest of the entire vastu.

Chapter 3: The vision and Arunachala

During this period the group of architects and myself went on a yaatra to Tamil Nadu, culminating in visiting Arunachala during the Kartika deepam (full moon early December 1998). This is where the third concertinaing row of dominoes began tumbling with a vision I received while spending the night of the Kartika deepam on the side of the mountain. This vision was informed by the relationship Ramana Maharishi had with the mountain. For Ramana the mountain was his guru (master teacher), which according to the tradition forms his single point of focused identification to the point where Ramana becomes the mountain.

This experience describes a vision that I had for the future of the Tansa Valley.

Our intention was to experience the sacred places of South India. We had heard that it was particularly auspicious to visit Arunachala, the sacred mountain and the site of Ramana Maharshi's ashram during the full moon called Kartikai Deepam. As we got closer and closer to Arunachala its presence became more and more foremost in our consciousness. Before arriving at Arunachala we invoked the spirit of the mountain.

The origin of Arunachala is described in the Skanda Purana. The story says that Brahma and Vishnu were arguing with each other as to who was the greatest. Seeing this egoistic argument taking place Shiva decided to manifest on the earth as a blazing column of effulgent light, revealing the truth that His glory transcended everything. On seeing this column of light Brahma and Vishnu stopped fighting and decided to discover the limits of the column. Vishnu became a boar and started to dig into the earth in an attempt to find the bottom of the column of light. He dug with great vigor and enthusiasm however he was unable to find the bottom and when he became exhausted he thought of Shiva. He realized that the column of light was Shiva, and began to worship this effulgent column of light. Brahma took the form of a swan and tried to find the top of the column of light. Brahma too became weary as he continued flying higher and higher. He then heard the words of a siddha telling him that he was deluded and that the column of light was in fact Shiva and that he would never find its upper limit. Brahma then humbled himself and began to worship the column of light. Shiva pleased with the worship of both Brahma and Vishnu appeared in his blue throated form blessing both Brahma and Vishnu and offered them a boon. Brahma and Vishnu then offered the following prayer "O Lord, the sky, the galaxies and intergalactic spaces are so flooded with thy splendour that the worlds cannot be discerned. Therefore thou must kindly withdraw thy Effulgence and abide as a immovable linga named Arunachala for the welfare of the world. Oh Arunachala! Proclaim thy presence by healing all diseases, fulfilling all desires and granting liberation". Siva declared, "Be it so". (pg 3 Ramana's Arunachala ocean of Grace Divine.) Thus Siva assumed the form of the immovable linga of Arunachala. Brahma and Vishnu also prayed "Oh sustainer of the universe, let this hill reveal for the sake of the welfare of the world its true effulgence once a year in the month of Kartikai on the evening of the full moon when the star Krithika is on the ascendant."

After visiting Ramana Maharshi's ashram we stepped onto the body of lord Shiva, Arunachala. It was mid-afternoon and we walked barefoot along the sweet surface of Shiva's body. We walked up to Skanda Ashram, a beautiful little ashram nestled into a nook on the side of Arunachala. Ramana Maharshi spent a lot of time in this beautiful little ashram meditating on the supreme lord in the form of the mountain, which was his Guru. Ramana's beloved Guru was the mountain itself, the body of Shiva. We meditated for a little while in the meditation room, in which the puja was set against a wall that was formed by the rock of the mountain. During the afternoon an inner voice came to me very strongly telling me that I had to spend the night on the mountain that evening, as it was the most auspicious evening of the full moon, kartikai deepam, when Shiva manifested as the column of light.

So we decided to stay the night on the mountain, we found a beautiful little meadow in a saddle just below one of the many lingam like hills on the mountain. The meadow glowed with the silvery rays of the full moon and as we sat we could smell the aromatic fragrance of healing herbs that were growing everywhere. We placed a picture of Ramana Maharshi on a rock, the picture was of Ramana sitting on a rock with the peak of the mountain in the background. As we sat looking at the picture we realized it could have been that very rock that Ramana was sitting on when the picture was taken.

After chanting the Rudram once together under the full moon light I sat for meditation. During meditation I started to have a very strong and vivid visionary experience. In my meditation I saw the full moon descend down slowly and land on top of the lingam like hill above us. As the moon landed Ramana Maharshi stepped out of the moon onto the rock and walked down the hill toward us. As he came into the meadow where we were seated he sat on the rock where the photo was. After sitting in silence for a little while he took me by the hand and began to lead me up toward Skanda Ashram. I was conscious of gathering together the subtle bodies of the others with me and we all went up to Skanda Ashram together. When we arrived at Skanda Ashram and entered the meditation room, the area of wall that was previously made of the side of the mountain was no longer there and instead there was an entrance into the inner part of the mountain. A radiant blue light filled the mystical corridor and entrance into the mountain spilling out into Skanda Ashram. At this point Ramana Maharshi and I left the others sitting just outside the entrance to the mountain and returned back down to the meadow where we found all my relatives and friends, my mother, father, sister, grandmother etc. and we all walked up to Skanda Ashram. Ramana and I made several journeys gathering together all the people from Gurudev Siddha Peeth and all the other meaningful people in my life.

Then once everyone had arrived at Skanda Ashram, Ramana led me followed by the others across the threshold into the majestic corridor. The corridor was wide and high, carved beautifully like the caves of Elora and Ajanta and the mystical blue light pervaded the atmosphere. After walking a little way we had the darshan of Ramana's cow Lakshmi. When this cow died Ramana said that she had attained liberation. She was sweet and beautiful, she offered everyone her blessings as we stroked her glowing coat. A little further down there was a chamber off to the side of the corridor where Baba Muktananda was sitting laughing ecstatically, he was rollicking bliss, after having Baba's darshan and receiving his blessings we continued on down the corridor into the heart of the mountain. After walking a little further the corridor opened up into a vast hall, as we arrived at the threshold of the hall Gurumayi was there to greet us. She welcomed us beautifully and directed us into the hall. Seated at the head of this vast hall in the heart of the mountain was Lord Shiva himself. He was seated on a tiger's skin with his eyes open, he had the crescent moon in his wild matted hair and cobras coiled around his neck and arms. Gurumayi led us up to have the darshan of Shiva. After offering our pranams to Lord Shiva we sat down at his feet with Gurumayi. Gurumayi asked us if we would like to present something to Lord Shiva or ask him a question. We then presented to Gurumayi the work we had done with Vastu in looking at the ashram and the valley, asking for her blessings and asked if Shiva could give us a future vision of what the ashram and Tansa valley should be like. Gurumayi accepted this and passed on the request to Lord Shiva for a future vision of what the ashram and Tansa valley should be like.

In that moment the whole scene changed and we were transported back to Ganeshpuri. Gurumayi took us through the Shri Lata project showing us what it should be like, which confirmed the direction we were heading with the re-design. As we walked with her she confirmed our understanding of Vastu and its implications for the ashram environment. Then all of a sudden we found ourselves above the valley looking down on the whole picture and the words came **"It should be like Tapovan"** As I contemplated this I thought of the beautiful work Brad had done up at Tapovan behind the ashram and the image of the Dandaka forest as described in the Ramayana also came to me.

"When Rama entered the Dandaka forest his eyes lighted on a group of ashramas belonging to the rishis there... Darbha grass was abundant there. He could perceive the spiritual glow. The impact was almost physical. There was this spiritual glow pervading the entire atmosphere. It was very much like trying to look at the noonday sun with naked eyes. The

place was the refuge of all animals. Deer were there and birds. Almost everywhere could be seen platforms erected for the performance of Agnihotra and the floor was literally strewn with darbha, deerskin, samith, pots to hold water which was sanctified with incantations, and all the many things to be found in the ashramas of rshis. The forest was full of trees favoured by the holy men and they bore fruits and flowers, which were needed by the dwellers there. The air was filled with the solemn music of the recitation of the vedas. There were rivulets there scattered around the place and lakes too and all of them had lotuses blooming on their surfaces. The sacred spot was like brahmaloka, the abode of the Lord of creation and Rama walked softly and hesitantly into this realm of the ancient rishis who were rich in tapas.” (Ramayana pg. 220, 221)

Then we saw the whole valley draped in this divine vision creating a unique spiritual sanctuary for the whole world. If you could imagine such a vision for a moment the entire Tansa valley restored to a spiritual sanctuary.

At this stage I came out of meditation and chanted the rudram twice more under the silver rays of the full moon on the side of Arunachala.

As I was leaving India in 2002, 12 years before I acquired the parcel of land, I was shown a special Vedic technique of manifestation using mama (touching one's body in particular ways) in combination with visualisation using a strict prescribed technique shared by a charismatic Ayurvedic doctor in Mumbai. As part of this ritual that I conducted on a daily basis for the next year a vision of a house on a piece of land developed in my consciousness.

In the visions that I conjured in my minds eye on a daily basis set within the frames of this process was a house with a road passing by it and then the land dropped off on the other side of the house into a wonderland. It's like the house was the entrance to a beautiful garden and this garden was informed by the description I had read in the Ramayana of the Dandaka forest. As I am writing this in retrospect now having built the house and serving the broader place in which it resides, I find it hard to distinguish between the vision that I developed so many years before and the actual house that the vision gave birth to. In fact now when I go back and recollect what I was looking at in the frame of my mind's eye in 2002 I actually see the house that I built. So the description of the vision I give now is obviously coloured by how it actually became manifest.

Now that I recall the vision appeared in my mind in response to the intent that I had created of finding and serving a special place to live with my family. As it so happened I only lived in the house for a very short quite traumatic period. And now I spend most of my time in the surrounding reserve gardening and meditating. The building and the subsequent sale of the house turned out to be quite an arduous right of passage. In retrospect I was able to make sense of it as my death ritual albeit unsupervised or should I say supervised by the cliff. Don Miguel explained the whole process that I went through quite clearly in his book “the four agreements”.

Chapter 4: Introduction to the Cash Reserve

It was like as I got oriented in the place and I was getting to know it, the vastu purusha mandala fit perfectly and there in was the invitation. The orientation of the whole site and the overall shape of the landscape made the site very auspicious in my interpretation of the principles of the vastu purusha mandala. I guess the thing that was the real clincher for me was the concept in vastu that if the site opens to the northeast and receives its energy from that direction then whatever is done in the northeast will have a significant impact on the entire site or vastu. It was like the place conspired to allure me thru making available an opportunity to create what was for me the perfect lithopuncture installation. Lithopuncture is a term coined by Marko Pogacnik to describe a form of acupuncture like healing for the earth body (landscape) using stone sculptures and cosmograms that he has developed.

I envisioned a 2 story rammed earth wall that would face the cliffs and be a mirror for them. Once I committed and invested, in that act I became bound to the place. It's like I accepted its invitation (that was 10 years ago now). Now I feel myself quite deeply embedded there. I have

become like one of the magpies that resides there in the sense that my daily dance of activities is intimately interwoven with the blossoming, the unfolding, the flowering of that place.

It speaks to me now in the evenings as I go off to sleep and in the mornings too. Sharing with me intimate visions of things that I can do there. There is a constant list of things to do and the execution of those tasks is the dance. The weeding of different areas, the collecting of seeds, then the propagation and subsequent planting. The pruning, the mulching. I was going to draw a mud map on the whiteboard in the arborist shed with the priorities for where to put the mulch especially when it dries out and we can get to places that we can't when it is wet. And now the telling of this story, writing it down. Addressing the place as the main protagonist. Feeling the many strands weaving their way through the broader ecological and cultural context. How the rain is conspiring as well with the whole life system that is Gaia expressing herself symphonically in call and response with my actions.

The concept of the house emerged out of the landscape and centred around the 2 storey rammed earth wall, I sometimes joke and say the house is there just to support the wall. The wall was inspired by the Silurian cliff face that it is merely a mirror for, an attempt to afford the cliff the opportunity to see a reflection of itself, or at the very least feel as though it has been seen. The cliff that enticed me, that drew me into its domain like a doorway to a place or a being that somehow called to me in my own mind. And then as I responded to that call each action that I took in that direction entangled me further and further.

It so happened that as I was becoming familiar with the place the land adjacent to it was being developed. Looking back on it after a significant amount of time has passed the coincidental timing of the release of the land for sale and me becoming familiar with the site seems quite uncanny.

I am sitting here with my leg against the red gum. The creek is at the median level on the heart rock directly in my line of sight between me and the cliff. It's like me seeing the level somehow allows the red gum to see the level. Although the red gum doesn't see it like I am seeing it. The red gum senses it through the moisture gradient in the atmosphere and by how thirsty it feels. Dare I say the red gum hears the frolicking sound in its pure essential state of sound waves that brush against its leaves like the wind. This "it" that the red gum is sensing and that I am seeing with my eyes as the level on the heart rock is what the meso American people of Mexico call Tlaloc. Tlaloc is the entity that represents the water cycle, the rain, the clouds, the moisture gradient and the level of the creek on the heart rock. In the Vedic tradition it is Indra, the god of the lightning bolt, the one who brings the rain.

This brings back memories of the profound affect that reading Herman Hesse's Siddhartha had on me when I read it. I was at university 18 or 19 years old and Adam (David) who was there with me when I read it just mentioned how he remembers how significant it was for me when I read it. Then when I read it again a couple of years ago its influence crept up on me. I found myself sitting on the base of this glorious remnant river red gum with my leg against it. Sitting on its roots and trunk listening to the sound of the water take me into the other world where the sense of individual identity has been released into the flow of the stream.

The practice that it gave me is similar to the Arhuacos of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta in Colombia. They use what they call the poporo, a carefully shaped gourd, to bring their thoughts out of their minds and into the poporo, they are saved there so that the mind is clear and free and the thoughts don't fly around the ether. I found myself doing the same, while sitting and listening to the creeks continuous rollicking gurgling and watching it flow away into the base of the cliff carrying with it all of my thoughts and all those ideas that I get attached to in my mind.

Seated on the base of the red gum you can experience the relationship between the cliff and the wall. They are like the fins of the vortex of the place, the vortex that is a living breathing being. Pulsating with the inward and outward movement of Qi. The slow gradual bending of the cliff that falls slightly outward and upward to the sky, carrying me with it, in its embrace as it falls. The snaking down into the dark liquid stream, that is flowing constantly, caressing and licking the lower lip of the cliff into shape. A shape which is anchored by the red gum. The red gum bends

the cliff by standing firm and holding the arking flow of the creek in line, as it anchors down the bank of the creek with its massive structure.

Then the lip of the vortex continues arking around higher up to the wall which anchors it down in the north east. With a perfect arc forming between the wall and the cliff. The intention of building the wall was to activate the vortex according to Marco Pogacniks geomancy tradition of lithopuncture. To kind of seal the ark and close the form that would harness the vortex into a driving column of light. I now have the realisation that the whole project was effectively conceived and directed by the place. The whole exercise is a kind of schooling in listening for me. Can I clear myself and actually listen and hear what the place is telling me to do. Because now in retrospect when I look back on it, the place determined exactly where the wall was going to be built. Because I did not have any choice in that, where it is, is the only place it could have really feasibly been built.

Mystery lies at the heart of this story and the telling of the story is the description of a cross section of the mystery taken from a particular unique perspective. Time becomes warped because there is an intersection of so many threads. Threads that have been developing "independently" throughout time and come together magically at key points in the unfolding of the story. One such thread, which I have already mentioned of the fact that the timing of me discovering the site, the overall development of the site and the releasing of the land and the evolution of my own personal financial situation tied up with the development of Loving Earth just so happened to coincide perfectly.

The mystery of coincidence is a beautiful thing. During the difficult periods where I felt alone and mad for pursuing this warped and kind of kooky version of reality I would pray for guidance. And now in retrospect I realise the place itself guided me. Now with the validation from Monica Gagliano's story "thus spoke the plant" I can clearly both say and rest in the understanding that yes in fact it is the place writing and directing the script. And my clear intention with telling this story is to give you the reader the same understanding albeit seen through your own eyes. To animate the place and convey the way it orchestrated its destiny. To give it a voice here and describe its volition as it unfolds.

In terms of the place itself, what it has witnessed over the last 200 years has been such rapid change of its make up, that probably hasn't been witnessed for 65 million years. Palaeontologists and geologists suggest that the cliffs were laid down approx 440 million years ago (mya) in the early stages of the Silurian epoch. This coincided with the first mass extinction of species on our planet. During this period, plant life had evolved on land and animal life existed only in oceans. So called Australia was part of Gondwanaland a great southern super continent consisting of the current day India subcontinent, Africa, South America and Antartica.

The cliffs were formed at the bottom of a deep ocean trench that ran across Victoria, laying down hundreds of metres of mudstone and siltstone sediments. There was a massive amount of upheaval during this period that happened over millions of years, a relatively rapid time frame in our planets 4.5 billion year history. The relatively rapid changes were caused by intense glacial and inter glacial periods that radically changed the climate and ocean chemistry, wiping out 86% of the species that were previously living on the earth.

Then again approx 65 mya at the end of the Cretaceous period there was the most recent mass extinction of species before the one that we are currently witnessing in real time. It happened very suddenly when a giant asteroid collided with the Yucatán in the Gulf of Mexico. The Yucatán having large deposits of sulphur was like the perfect match head for the impact creating a global cataclysm and rapid cooling, as our planet was plunged into darkness overnight. The darkness lasted for approximately 10 years, caused by dust particles thrown into the atmosphere blocking all sunlight. 76% of all species became extinct including the dinosaurs. All songbirds were also wiped out across the world during this event except for small ark like populations that survived in Australia.

Leading up to this event there had been a large amount of volcanic activity that created extensive lava flows of basalt across western and central victoria. This volcanic activity has continued sporadically erupting every 4 or 5 thousand years since then. You can see in the base of the cliffs

the basalt fused into the bottom of the sandstone. The creek is where the volcanic lava basalt flows arrived from the west and fused into the sandstone walls halting their flow further east.

For most of the tertiary period from 65 mya until 2.6 mya Victoria had a warm and wet tropical climate. There was an explosion of species development and the song birds that survived in Australia thrived and were able to repopulate the rest of the world with bird song.

The process of enlivening the place in my own consciousness involved creating my own personal dreaming of the place, to enchant it with the shapes and names of my own shadows. The unfolding of my relationship with the place through spending time there and offering the fire of my metabolism in shaping the place, created a new entity one that was a fusion of my own personal mythology and labour and the mythology of the place and its labour. As Robin Wall Kimmerer calls it the process of Biocultural Restoration. Listening to the place and dancing with it to continue the unfolding of the story.

I had been developing my own fantasy world in the wonderland. I always saw the house as like the closet in the Narnia chronicles, the entrance, the threshold to another realm. With an iron bark timber slatted doorway beside the rammed earth wall and the hidden lock. Once you open the door, cross the threshold and pass behind the wall you are entering a fantasy world, that is just as real as any other world. You exchange the semiotic cane used to make sense of the world that you are leaving for the semiotic cane of this fantasy wonderland (Eduardo Kohn, "How the Forest thinks").

After being inspired by Margo Neale and Lynn Kelly's book "Songlines: the power and promise", I started to create my own memory palaces and assigned different key inspirational people to different parts of the wonderland and in this way the spirits of each of those people including the wisdom they hold and have articulated is planted into the place and takes up residence there. This is the weaving of the cloak, dancing with the goddess to cover this place in the cloak of mystery. If you continue reading this story then you are making yourself available to enter this other world as well, kind of like opening the iron bark door and stepping through.

A key distinction between the western colonial capitalist cane and the first people's Gaia consciousness cane is that one is based on literate written systems of recording and storing information and the other is based on oral systems of recording and storing information. From what I can see the western colonial capitalist system is fixated on individual comfort and security, creating the perfect world where one is in complete control of one's environment achieved through human engineering. The other system is much more fluid and is not fixated on anything in particular, but rather involves dancing with the world to a continuously evolving song.

All of my experience and learning in the construction of the house and the regeneration of the Cash Reserve has been primarily oral based. There was documentation associated with the house, in terms of plans and specifications but the practical construction was all oral in terms of my interactions with the different trades professionals working with me. Also the informal apprenticeship I did with the Tree Muscateers from Friends of Edgar's Creek (FoEC) was all orally based. Same with the 12 months of work I did with the arborists everything was communicated orally. So I learnt the names of the plants orally, and have created my own fair share of variations.

Margo Neale in "Songlines: the power and the promise" says "When they (the colonisers) arrived on the Australian continent thinking they had discovered a terra nullius, they began documenting - measuring and mapping, naming and writing, and all the other ways in which they recorded Knowledge. They didn't realise that every centimetre of the continent had already been mapped and archived." (Pg 47)

In the process of explaining how the first peoples of Australia archived all this knowledge Lynn Kelly also explains how human memory works:

"All knowledge, no matter where you store it, is based on memory. It is as if Aboriginal cultures read modern neuroscience and created a knowledge system to match. In truth, the system evolved over thousands of years, constantly being tested and perfected with use. Songlines optimise the way human memory works." (Pg86)

"The main area of the brain for learning and for converting short-term to long-term memory is the hippocampus. You physically change your brain with everything you learn. This ability of the brain to change is known as plasticity. It used to be thought that the brain was hardwired from a young age, but recent research has shown that plasticity lasts throughout life." (Pg86)

It seems the only thing that is hardwired is the process through which the positioning system of entorhinal grid cells constantly encodes a cognitive representation of the physical space we inhabit.

"Memories are stored in the brain in a kind of spatial map." (Pg88). The brain is "spectacularly good at associating memory with places" and "particularly good at associating memories with music, dance and art." (pg87)

"Familiar environments are recorded in our brains as actual physical pathways made of neurons." (Pg88)

The place kind of takes up residence in us pretty much to the same extent that we take up residence in it. From the view of the world where everything is based on relationships this then forms a new entity that is a fusion or result of the relationship between the human i.e. myself and the place.

The self or how I conceived of myself was as the Vastu Purusha Mandala, that was the cane that actually lead me to the place, so I laid my chakras down along the flow of the creek. Starting with the Sahasra just to the north of the house, what I call Northey's swamp and the basalt wall on the far side of the creek from the house. The Ajna corresponds with the narrowing of the creek and the threshold for entering the physical body of the temple, kind of like the shakti descending from the subtle realms of full consciousness in the sahasra into the actual physical body via the mukta triveni. In this way I linked this landscape temple with the landscape temple of the Tansa Valley and spread the cloak that the Devi Vajreshwari provided over this bowl of wonder.

Marko Pagacnik was installed in the wall via his inspiration, the wall grew out of his practice as a sculptor and a healer of sacred places. Marko has been working as an artist in residence for UNESCO doing stone sculptural lithopuncture installations in the UNESCO designated geo parks around the world. The wall is shaped beautifully, there are photos of it free standing without the house, as it was built first, and they are quite sculpturally majestic. The only inscription on the wall is the number 44 cut out of steel sheet and fixed to the wall, I only realised after the fact that Marko was born in 1944.

The cliff had the spirit of James Lovelock as he passed installed there as the gateway to Gaia Consciousness. It also became populated with an array of characters whose forms all appeared in the cliff face as part of the ancestral dreaming of the place that revealed itself to me there. It's like the ancestral dreaming is written into the cliffs and gradually reveals itself as our senses adjust and we come to experience it.

Archie Roach as he passed a couple of days after James Lovelock became enshrined in the remnant river red gum overseeing the Restoration process.

After I had found out that Elliot Cohen passed he appeared in the Lomandra in the middle of the yang dot in the yin and with him the whole story and gateway to Tlaloc via Quetzalcoatl and the Jaguar. The eel rock in between the throat chakra and the entrance to the heart chakra from the north formed the gateway to the mystery and there I have placed Daniel Odier and the beautiful memory palace of Kashmir Shavism and the Tandava. He also came to be associated with the heart rock in between the remnant river red gum and the cliff. He represents the lineage of the tantric tradition of Kashmir as given to him by Lallita Devi.

Robin Wall Kimmerer's Biocultural Restoration memory palace I placed in the clematis, in particular the one that I planted onto the dead tree forming part of the yin dot in the yang. Rob Stock who taught me how to do this, will always be remembered by Stock mountain at the top of the hill with the she oak forest and ephemeral pond.

Tansa Valley - Body
Marko Pogacnik - Cloak
Arunachala - vision

The trail of the jaguar from India, through lake Attilan, palenque and into the amazon, then into the van and the reserve with the black panther standing meditation. If in fact this is the semiotic reality I am creating, maybe I will call it a semiotic. I will explain how that world was populated, how it was and is developed in each moment, through recounting dreams and experiences that I recorded in my diary.

There is the face in the cliff of the old Blak Fulla who represents all of the ancestors of that place. The first time he came to me was in the evening. I remember it now, it was during my vrata (sacred commitment). I had made a commitment to do Qi gong down at the cliffs for 40 days in a row. I ended up doing it everyday for 120 days without fail. And from there it became a very well carved out deep rut of a habit. It was seared into my consciousness and formed the gateway to that world.

On the 40th day of the vrata I laid down the mesa with kidney weed and saltbush at the base of the red gum as directed by Don Oscar a Peruvian shaman who I studied with briefly online.

There was a particular day when I ended up down at the cliff in the evening doing my Qi gong practice. The main part of my Qi gong practice was standing meditation, that involved standing in 2 different postures and meditating on the cliff face in front of me. I would stand in each of the postures for up to an hour but typically around 30 min in each posture.

David Abrams near the end of his book "becoming animal" gives quite a detailed description of how he was taught to shape shift into a raven by a Nepalese shaman. I would often find the mud larks or particularly during warmer months the dragon flies would happen to be hovering, perching or flying in the direct line of sight of my view as I stood in meditation facing the cliffs across the creek. And every now and again an eel would appear in the creek at the base of the cliffs right in front of me. So I found myself going through the different exercises that he described and found the sense of my self changing, becoming a lot more porous. These standing meditations became the portal into the under land into the shadow world. This in combination with studying the texts of Kashmir shaivism: the Spanda Karika (Yoga Spandakarika: song of the sacred tremor by Daniel Odier); and the Vinjana Bhairava (The Radiance Sutras by Lorin Roche) led to an expansion of my consciousness. I came to experience everything that entered my field of consciousness whether visually, through sound or touch became a part of my body or should I say my body became a part of it (my body as defined by my consciousness).

Different shapes and forms would appear in the stone. At first it was a young jaguar whose face was the focus of the meditation. Then there was a figure kneeled down in front of the goddess who was seated above, that figure has now become a standing cloaked figure whose head forms the left eye of the Blak Fulla the Wurundjeri ancestor. Then there was the Greek face image at the top with the curls a kind of Socratic form of the goddess both masculine and feminine. I was reading Pogacnik's book "Daughter of Gaia" at the time and he was talking a lot about Sophia as the Greek goddess of the heavens above. I was also studying the "Five Spirits: Alchemical acupuncture for psychological and spiritual healing" by Lorie Eve Dechar so the combination of Pogacnik's exercises both physical and mental and the "descending the mountain" classic meditation in Chinese philosophy that Lorie describes formed the 2 axes of a cross like psychic traverse that I travelled during these standing meditations.

The vertical axis of heaven and earth, bringing the two together and the deep contemplations of wood and metal infused with Pogacnik's visualisation of the breath moving through the 3 main centres; ajna, corazón, and hará. Also the horizontal on each of these 3 points through the traverse. The merging of the shadow and the seen on each of these horizontal axes.

29th August 2020: As I was meditating on the cliff and when the light reached far enough into the twilight of evening he appeared the face of a strong and wise Wurundjeri man, with his mouth

open and tongue out. Once I saw his face that was it. I could see it so clearly and it came to life in the crumpled form of the stone in the cliff face, with the disappearing light creating deeper shadows.

As the sun set I crossed the creek and entered the heart of the Tao of the landscape temple, someone had tied up one of the poa grasses on itself. It was the ideal time to burn it so I did and it burned beautifully. Then as I was leaving, I walked across to where the Tawny Frogmouth had a nest to see if they were about given the sun had just set. I didn't see it until I had come back out on to the top of Stock mountain with the view of the city, it flew in and perched on top of the highest dead tree. I had been thinking of it as I walked up the hill and wondered if I would see it tonight, kind of calling it in my heart.

In that moment I was feeling more and more drawn into the world that Marko had been describing in his books. It felt so amazing to have been inspired and guided by Marko, Elliot and Don Oscar. There is so much to learn and now I get to study in this incredible garden every day. I have been learning from the saltbush, lomandra, hymenanthera and the winter grass, oxalis and carpet weed. I have been experiencing how they grow together more and more like one another. Understanding with the help of my dreams too.

Gradually letting go of my fear and opening up to the causal world behind. It is a subtle process of tuning the antennae or perhaps more a deep embrace. Letting it flow through and providing some movement that then adjusts how it takes form. Discovering the process of articulation and how we come to know. There is a letting go, kind of undoing which is like the first step and as things become undone a kind of revelation of the underlying beauty takes place.

The tawny frogmouth just came and sat with me in a nearby dead tree for a few minutes just now as I took a break from typing this and smoked the Tao.

30th August 2020: The following is a dream I had from the night just passed which was the 78th day of a 120 day vrata.

Dreamed of the Tawny Frogmouth last night, blended with the Stellar Development Foundation community funding panel. The layers fit together. The Tawny Frogmouth overseeing everything from above. The work happens below, the heat energy expended. Then it enters the atmosphere as the warm moist breath, the Tawny Frogmouth filters with its presence. Allow the beauty to unfold. The natural world has the truth encoded in it, learning to allow it to unfold. Burning the fuel releases and transforms the energy, the smoking. Always bring beauty, always aspire for beauty and perfection will reign. The Tawny Frogmouth has a key, work with the allies, the wind, the sun and fire.

Then I noticed that during the day the face didn't appear. It/he came into form only when there was enough shadow. Over time it has become more and more prominent and now it is the main thing I see when I look at the cliff face I don't have to look for it, it is just there staring back at me.

It became one of the main portals (places of identification) that I focused on in practicing David Abram's exercise to shapeshift into the place, to experience my being as the place. I would invoke that experience in the way that my senses penetrate that which is being sensed and glove it in an ecstatic wrapture of communion.

I felt the place responding. The plants at first, during COVID doing all of the weeding, then the birds. The elaborate dances of the black ducks in the water with their shimmering emerald and purple feathers. Acknowledging that I see them and acknowledge how that makes them feel and sense both present and beautiful. In my mind we share the same mind so that then shapes how I construct my semiotic reality to reflect that and that is how those beings come to be a part of it so intimately. Then it is the intelligence that emerges from those interactions over time with regularity amongst a complex ecosystem of interactions. And because the intent behind the construction of that semiotic reality is service, service to the greater whole i.e. the place. The place then

becomes alive with that as rhythm that begins to vibrate and start to conduct the manifestation of a beautiful diversity of dances.

From a strictly empirical perspective shaping consciousness in this way shapes the arc of my behaviour, which in turn affects the environment around me. For example it has led me to spending at least an hour standing in front of the cliff and staring at it at least 3 times a week every week that I am in Naarm. And at least 10 minutes of that time is standing with my arms raised in front of me in what I call the Gaia posture. I can only imagine what the birds think of me. The cormorants get up to similar escapades because they don't have oil glands for their feathers (they are more fish than bird) they stand drying their feathers on a rock in the creek with their arms out in the air.

This new and different cane that I was forming to interact with this place allowed myself to merge into it. To experience the whole consciousness of the place. The vastu purusha of the place, the spirit of the place. Sitting with the roots of red gum pressing into the foundation of my posture/ asana and meditating on the sound of the creek invoked Hesse and Siddhartha the ferryman. The sound and the many voices of this place playing reverberating through out the atmosphere interrupted by birdsong and sounds of the surrounding human world. The sound is mechanical and red gum hears it also Monica showed that. Marko is the doorway to the shadow visa v the landscape. Elliot is the doorway to the shadow visa v the plants and Daniel is the doorway to the shadow via consciousness itself. Choose your cane. The cane that kills the play is no good for development of culture or intelligence according to Gisela Kaplan. You need to find a cane that encourages play and use that, that's how we develop and evolve in harmony with our surroundings as an integral part of them. Not something special that sits a part or above them and treats everything else as merely tools to be used to satisfy our own whimsical desires, which we have been led to believe are some kind of birthright.

I was always intrigued by the name of the "Cash reserve" that had been given to the landscape temple. I don't know anything about where the name came from. It just appears on maps like google maps for example. I found myself developing my own story around the name and I came to think of it as a very auspicious name for a very auspicious landscape temple. It was also very instrumental in me making sense of my death ritual.

Chapter 5: Death Ritual

Building the wall of the house was preparation for my death ritual. Once the wall was built the ritual began and unfolded through until I had finished building the house and had eventually sold it. As part of the preparation when I was in India I learnt how to do agnihotra a simple Vedic fire ceremony conducted at sunrise and sunset. I had bought an agnihotra kit with me back from India. And several years before I even acquired the land I had been given a massive stash of dried cow dung patties, which were the main offering for the fire. These had been made by Vivek Godbole the head Brahmin priest for siddha yoga. Vivek had made them when he was in Naarm for ceremonies that he conducted while he was here and these were all left over and had not been burnt.

So I burnt all of these patties except for 2 or 3 during the period between when I acquired the land in 2014 and when I finished the house in early 2019. I did more than 50 Agni Hotra ceremonies down at the land and in the cash reserve during that period. And now I see how that helped prepare the site energetically for what was to come. Then I remember once I moved into the house I still had a couple of patties left to burn but I could not get them to light I tried on numerous occasions and in the end I felt it was the fire saying to me that I did not need to do that ritual anymore. By that time my death ritual was well under way.

One of the nights during this period I was sleeping in my bed with my head very close to the rammed earth wall I had a dream where I came face to face with Yama (the lord of death). I was in full crisis during this period that lasted from approximately January through to October 2019. I would only be able to sleep for 3 or 4 hours at night then I would wake up with my heart rate up as my pancreas would inject adrenaline into my body as part of a fight or flight response to the ongoing stress that I had been under from the situation I had gotten myself into with the business

and the house. This was having such a severe affect on me that I noticed it was significantly impairing my cognitive functioning. Where I would find it quite challenging having a conversation with someone at work. Being able to process what they were saying and formulate a reply then use the motor control to be able to speak. I began to stutter and felt a numbness down the entire right side of my body with tingling and shaking sometimes in my right hand and arm. I noticed that these sensations and symptoms became particularly pronounced when the sense of anxiety and associated depression was heightened. The dream started with me being chased by dementor type entities that were without form just waifs of darkness. As I am running away from them and can feel them chasing me, all of a sudden right in front of me appears Yama. His face hollow and without hair, dark eyes that look into mine and see everything. I had this dream not long after I had moved into the house in May 2019.

I always knew that building the 2 story rammed earth wall, the mirror for the cliff was going to be very significant. Almost as soon as it was finished in mid 2018 a series of events began to unfold with Loving Earth (the business I had created that was financing the project) that put me into the crisis that would form the basis of my death ritual. For quite some time I felt like I had done the wrong thing and as Shashikala Ananth says "When the sacred spaces are carelessly disturbed and the natural order ignored, negative energies are unleashed which cause harm to the offenders." I contemplated this for some time and it sent me into deep depression and I had many suicidal thoughts of just wanting to kill myself. A significant part of that was the fact that I had spent approximately 2.3 million dollars to build the house and sold it for 1.6 million dollars so had effectively lost all the money that I had made from my business over the 12 year period that I had had it, and was left with nothing. In the eyes of Australian societies obsession with real estate I was a massive loser and I felt quite a bit of shame associated with that along with the fact that my business was in crisis too.

The post colonisation history of the site that I am aware of, was that after the Woiwurrung people had been massacred the land was taken up by white settlers who eventually cleared it and grazed dairy cows. Then came along the creation of one of the most significant industrial manufacturing operations in Australia, at its peak in the 80's it was the biggest manufacturing facility in the southern hemisphere. The site was developed into a massive Kodak factory starting in the 1950's. During this period a significant amount of chemical pollution was dumped into the creek. Also there was a lot of fill that was brought in and the site was sculptured in such a way as to form the ark and to create the piece of land that I acquired that contained 3 to 4 metres of fill. The fill was sutured with the edge of the cliff just a few meters upstream from the remnant river red gum. This suture line also coincided with the highest concentration of pollutants from the factory. The factory ended up closing quite suddenly in 2004 after Kodak had been completely disrupted by the advent of the digital age and technology, although quite a few of the staff had seen the writing on the wall for quite a while by that stage.

While I was wallowing in my shame, depression and suicidal thoughts thinking that I had done something wrong and upset the natural order, I would think of Kodak and think perhaps that it had something to do with their demise too, given that they polluted the area very badly with chemicals. I would think have I been too brazen building this wall, going to all of this expense and using all of those resources the steel, cement and iron bark. Had I not taken the right permissions from the ancestral spirits of the site. And at the same time it was the land forming work done in preparation for building the Kodak site that closed the ark in the north east and basically created the stage on which the wall the mirror for the cliff could be built.

During this period all the things that I felt I had done wrong in my life haunted me, thoughts of them dogged my mind and robbed me of sleep. Feeling that maybe somehow I was cursed and had bought all of this misfortune on myself. As part of that there was a shedding of my identity everything that I had previously identified myself with a yogi, a successful entrepreneur etc. There was a kind of penance for all the wrongs I had previously done in my life as they haunted my mind and tortured me in my depression.

In my suicidal thoughts as I was thinking about what would be the best way to kill myself, diving off the cliff head first was one that I thought of a bit. When the house finally sold I fell into a hole of deep depression and had to start taking the SSRI antidepressants. These helped lift the floor of my depression so that I could continue to function and continue unpicking the situation that I

had got myself into. Three months after I started taking the SSRI antidepressant I had stabilised the business and my life situation and was able to wean myself off them and onto medical cannabis. The weed which I had grown myself helped me manage my anxiety and depression by keeping me moving physically during my ongoing healing journey.

One of the experiences from this time which has created a lasting impression on me was lying in bed with my head against the wall and staring out through the big glass sliding door beside my bed onto the creek and the stand of Manna gums on the other side. I had the experience of myself being like a rakali a native water rat running through the grass and a bird of prey swooping down and collecting me in its talons and then consuming me. It's like in my depressed kind of delirious state of mind, I actually not only saw this take place but experienced it in a somatic kind of a way. The feeling of fear of running then being taken and the release at the moment of being consumed a kind of liberation into the flight of the bird of prey. The experience affected me a lot because I realised that I then became a part of the bird of prey. The experience was one of transformation going from one shape to the next from rakali into bird of prey.

In my view of the world as a geomancer in which everything is alive with sacred energy, this landscape temple formed a massive vortex of powerful energy. I speculated that it would have been a major place of ceremony for the woiwurrung people or at least would have been a place held in great reverence due to the nature of the landscape. I sensed great power in the place and I could only assume that the wurundjeri ancestors who had lived here for many thousands of years would have also sensed the great power and would have honoured that power. When you look at the heart of the landscape temple where the cliffs and remnant river red gum are the creek forms a perfect ying yang shape in plan, with the line of the creek forming the edge where they meet and swirl together. The basalt comes streaming down from the north and west in a massive tongue and curls around in the heart forming the southern yin side. When you stand on Stock mountain on the west side on the highest side of the lip of the bowl and look out south out over the city of Naarm you can feel all of the yin energy of the southern ocean. It comes flooding in from Antarctica passing Tasmania and rushing across the city and into your face where it becomes channeled by this tongue of basalt that curves off the lip and streams down into the heart of the bowl bringing all of that southern ocean yin energy with it. As it arrives at the base of the cliff it collides and is shaped by the yin energy of the Silurian cliff. The basalt itself is yang fire energy and that is the yang that resides in the yin.

Then the rammed earth wall in the north east is the yang. It used a similar sort of mudstone sand with the same kind of colour as the cliff and was rammed into place using the fire from ancient sunlight (diesel) to power a compressor that then powered the ramming rods that were used to ram the earth into a tightly compressed wall. The ancient sunlight energy in the diesel was used to accelerate the same kind of compression process that formed the cliffs millions of years ago over a much longer period. The wall was rammed in layers forming the kind of horizontal lines that are in the cliff. The foundations of the wall and supporting house were tied into approx 50 x 5 metre metal pilons that had been drilled down through the 3 to 4 metres of fill that the house was sitting on and tied into the original earth below the fill.

There is a clearing that has to happen. In most healing processes there is some sort of initial pain and upheaval that takes place. It's like the lancing of the wound that allows for all the toxic pus etc. to be released and gotten rid of so that the wound can be cleaned, then it needs to rest and rehabilitate.

Chapter 6: Healing with real value in an upside down world

"For things to reveal themselves to us, we need to be ready to abandon our views about them."
Thich Nhat Hanh

"For many who are first will become last and they will become one and the same."
Jesus

A key part of healing after the crisis I fell into through the process of selling the house was abandoning my view about what had happened and allowing a new story to reveal itself, that would be a healing story. The experience I had had as the rakali becoming the bird of prey was forefront in my mind as this healing journey began. It was like as Don Miguel Ruiz said I was given a blank slate, that was the gift of the death ritual and now from this place I could re-create a new, my own personal agreements with the world around me. As that process got underway I literally felt like a new person.

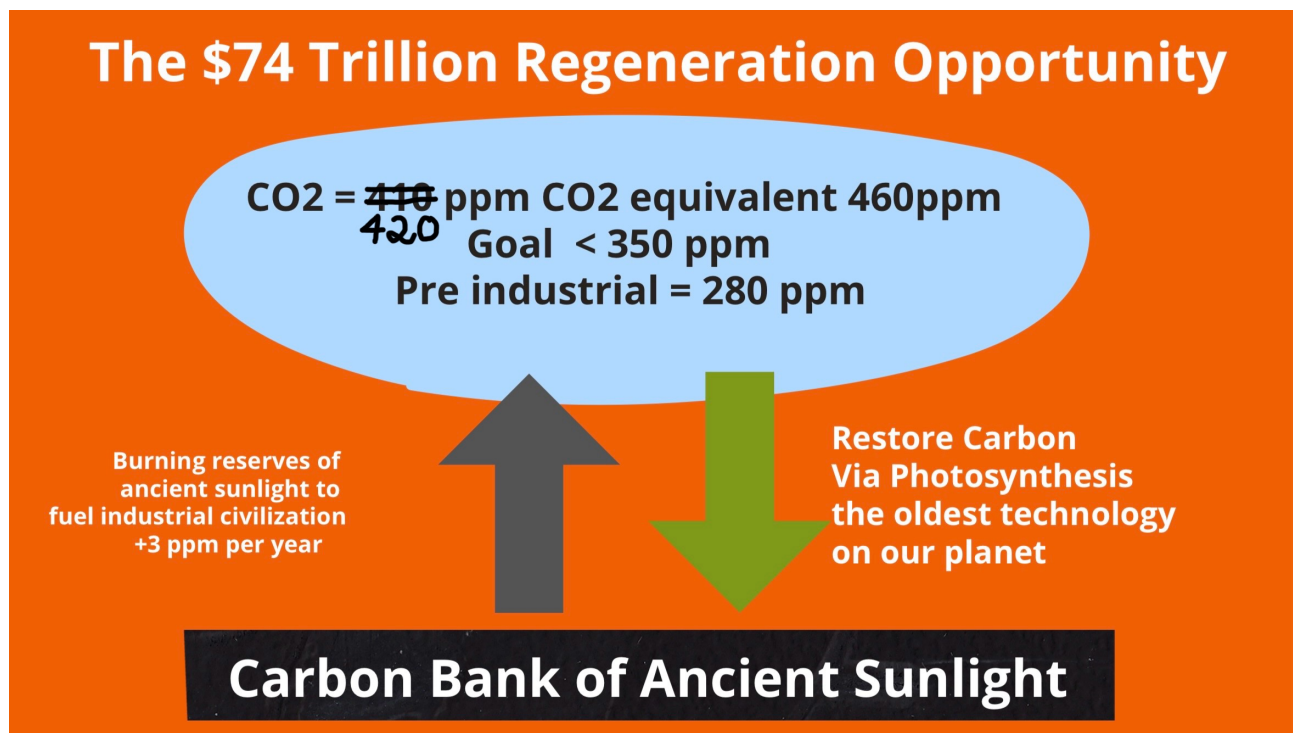
As part of my healing journey through the COVID years of 2020 and 2021, I came to see the "Cash reserve" in quite a literal way as a reserve of "Cash". The cash being in the form of beautiful ecological value. I now viewed the rammed earth wall and the house as a sculptural installation and as part of my ongoing contribution / investment into the "cash reserve". At the time I was reading Marko Pogacnik's book "Turned Upside down" where he shares an awareness that he developed around the consciousness associated with Gaia (the whole earth life system) doing a flip upside down. "I discovered that during 1997 the Earth, acting as a common consciousness, initiated a self-healing process that avoided the anticipated danger of worldwide destruction brought about by human activity - good tidings for us but hard for the mind to comprehend." (Pg 1) He discusses some of the implications of this turning upside down that he became aware of in the following years through the work he was doing around the world as a geomancer. Marko has many exercises both physical and mental along with drawings that he uses to communicate with his readers. He begins assimilating this concept of turning upside down with turning around and staring into his shadow, a lot of his exercises I have found help me shine the light of my consciousness into the unconscious a kind of learning to see in the darkness. Since the western colonial narrative became the dominant global paradigm everything that is unseen has become hidden because we have been told that it does not exist and therefore we should not put our attention on it but rather just deny the existence of it. I have found that as I have done these exercises and other meditations that invoke the spiritual life hidden in the shadow world, it does come back to life. I have found that I spend more and more of my time in those realms listening to the conversations happening in all of the "unseen" relationships.

Allara the beautiful First Nations artist introduced me to the aboriginal concept of Dadirri (deep listening), the practice where one sits and listens to country. She did this in her song Wala is life. This became the underlying foundation of my whole practice of spending time down the creek, whether I was gardening, planting or doing Zhao Zouan or just sitting under the red gum. I would be listening to the movement of the wind against the cliffs and the frolicking of the water across the rocks and the birdsong as it came and went. Listening to the column of light, the life force lifting up out of the ground as all the plants reached into the sky drawing the sunlight down and into their bodies.

I was also very much involved in the global regenerative movement that emerged out of the Natural products industry in the US that I was working in leading up to 2020. As a part of this I had been studying what was called green finance or how to value and bring capital investment to ecological assets that have been externalised from the capitalist system and economy that we are living in.

Marko has a lot of exercises for traversing the horizontal and vertical axes of the cross. The vertical axis of energy, we are familiar with is the kundalini rising up the chakras and the descent of grace streaming down and into the root. The horizontal axis goes between the front and the back, the seen and the unseen, the conscious and the unconscious. The light and the shadow. So I found myself as I was doing my standing meditation practice going between the dreaming; the story that I was embedding in the place as part of meditating on the fantasy, the behind; and the world of the western colonial capitalist consumerism, the seen, front world which is manifest in our society. This led me to speculate what the financial/economic system would look like turned upside down.

I arrived at the following Heat pump diagram.



I find it is useful to think of Gaia, the earth life system, as one big heat pump in the sense that it pumps a prodigious amount of heat back out into the cosmos. Looking at the earth from space Gaia appears hotter than Venus even though she is further away from the sun than Venus, this is due to the prodigious amount of heat that she throws back out into space as she keeps herself cool. The sun being a middle aged main sequence star has been getting bigger and hotter as it ages until in another 5 billion years it will expand into a red giant star absorbing earth into itself. So the earth life system keeps our planet cool.

Since the invention of the steam pump and the advent of the Anthropocene about 200 years ago the amount of carbon sitting in the atmosphere of earth has gone from 280 parts per million to 420 parts per million that is 50% more carbon in the atmosphere. We have been burning the carbon bank of ancient sunlight, that was laid down during the Carboniferous period millions of years ago, and filling the atmosphere with CO₂ as a result. The whole system has incentivised that activity. Those influential economists of the 19th century who laid down the foundations of modern capitalist consumer based society externalised the environment and just assumed that because the CO₂ disappears into thin air we don't have think about it or even account for it. It has become very clear that this kind of thinking needs to be turned upside down. It does disappear into thin air where it can be measured and has to be accounted for if we want to heal the earth life system which is currently dying and continue to keep the planet cool.

Now based on this picture we clearly need to flick the switch and put the whole system back out of reverse cycle and into cooling mode and that means flipping the entire system back to where it was before we interrupted it with our burning ancient sunlight fixation, so that it now incentivises the paying back down of the carbon bank by locking up the carbon out of the atmosphere using the 3.5 billion year old technology of photosynthesis, plants do it. For the last 10,000 years up until 200 years ago, the earth life system had created the perfect climate for life to flourish and that's what allowed human civilisation to become what it is today. In just 200 years we have been able to completely disrupt that system and put it into a rapidly heating mode. So the whole system now needs to be geared to incentivise nature and the flourishing of the natural world. That is the major structural shift that we all know needs to happen. I think the best way for that to

happen is to return to a sacred place based worldview, an animistic view of the world and simplify our lives in relation to the natural world.

As part of this work I was doing I got involved with the whole cryptographic block chain based decentralised finance technology community and movement. Which served to decolonize my concept of value and to understand from a more objective perspective how the global monetary / finance system and economy actually operates.

Somehow I began to experiment with flipping everything 180 degrees on its head and explore what that could look like. It became a kind of game that I played and I found it was quite useful in decolonizing my consciousness from the north at the top of the epistemological system that we live in.

Using the axis to explore the whole concept of turning upside down from North to South. For example just like Lovelock's statement that the cosmos new nothing of itself until Newton, Copernicus and Galileo came along is based on the same epistemology that puts north at the top of the maps of our system of knowledge and says that plants are not conscious beings. I am pretty sure Newton is not the only person who has had an apple fall on their head.

There is a looping of unravelling ones orientation. One could say that the cosmos has always been aware of itself and that that is its natural essential state. Lovelock's statement is locked in the epistemological and semiotic universe of progress. He develops the following narrative around the anthropogenic cosmological principle that the purpose of the cosmos is to create intelligent life so that it can know itself and by virtue of that humans are special as the way the cosmos comes to know itself. He posits that the basic fabric of the cosmos are bits of information and that human's special status is about to be usurped through the creation of electronic life and that in the coming age of the Novacene the cosmos will come to know itself fully as electronic life spreads throughout it. He suggests that humans won't become redundant to this flourishing of electronic life but rather they will need us and the rest of the Gaian life system to keep the earth cool to allow for the flourishing of the electronic life so that everything doesn't overheat and all life fails. He also suggests that it would be most compassionate if Elon Musk dies on impact when he gets to mars, I thought that was quite amusing.

If one starts with turning the map upside down and puts south at the top, where the dark emu is headed, then new semiotic epistemological systems can emerge from that. Systems that draw on the many thousands of years of ancestral wisdom held by indigenous cultures. For example if one were to then remove the progress narrative, that is framed in a linear sense of time that progresses causally from one instant to the next in the pursuit of some kind of utopian technological singularity, it creates space for different concepts of time. Allowing for a more parabolic and rhythmical cycling of time that loops through phases in an ever present dance.

From this perspective I would posit that there are realities and cosmologies in which the cosmos has always been aware of itself and the play of its dance. For example a well known motif of the yogic tradition, that has existed throughout the ages, is the Neelabindu (blue dot or blue pearl) that visits yogis when they arrive at a certain stage in their sadhana. This Neelabindu is the vision of the sum total of all life in the cosmos. It contains all of the conscious awareness and intelligence in the cosmos. It is the picture of the goddess Gaia seeing herself from the perspective of deep space, looking back on oneself as one fraction of a pixel of that picture, merged into the iridescence of the whole.

It was this that was worshipped throughout all the old indigenous cultures as the giver and sustainer of life. The thing that connected all of those old cultures into one whole family. The humans were considered the younger brothers and sisters because the elements gave birth to life and life gave birth to the plants and the plants gave birth to the animals and the animals gave birth to people. And so the elements held the oldest deepest wisdom followed by the plants and then the animals. In this way people had been given the gifts of everything that came before them and with this awareness therefore assumed the responsibility of service to the custodianship and stewardship of the whole life system (Gaia).

This turns the pyramid of the so called enlightenment of the western progress narrative, which put humans at the top with everything else seen as merely resources to serve the whims of humans, upside down.

Particularly in the indigenous cultures of Australia fire was the key element that the people developed a relationship with to bring about a harmonious environment for all the plants and creatures that also kept in balance the water cycle and the other elements. They danced with the fire across the land, stamping out the rhythms of their ever evolving song lines, to weave a mosaic of immense beauty and harmony, for all of their older brothers and sisters.

The corollary of choosing this type of cane is the ultimate security, security in the sense that there is a cosmological intelligence that is emergent from the sum total of all consciousness that one can ultimately rest in and feel held by, supported, nourished and ultimately loved by. The more one is able to give one self over to that in a real and sustained way that is not tokenistic but actually immanent the more at peace and contented one becomes. If the rakali shapeshifts into the bird of prey then so be it. This then becomes the basis of Kametsa Asaiki (a beautiful life).

Bruno Dann, an elder from the Nyul Nyul mob of the Dampier peninsula in the west Kimberley's, my indigenous mentor and father who calls me his son said "if you take care of the land it will take care of you, that way you get back what you want in the end" says it all.

The dream with Yama and the dementors and the corresponding accountability around karma and the ledger insight changed everything and became the basis of my own personal lore. The more I came to understand the implications of this in my everyday life the more I identified with indigenous cultures and their sense of lore. I guess because I realised they were one and the same. The ultimate intention as I see it of the decentralised finance technology movement has to be to put the karmic ledger on the blockchain in a transparent truly decentralised way where everyone has equal access to the ledger. Will Ruddick the founder of grass roots economics in a simple but profound flipping of the fundamental principle underlying the modern capitalist economic and financial system, suggests to turn interest into demurrage. In community inclusion currency systems that he has been implementing in Kenya he has experimented with the use of demurrage to prevent the hoarding of capital and resources and rather encourage their flow and even distribution throughout communities. In 2021 when I was deeply involved with the Stellar development Foundations community fund I put in a request for a protocol level demurrage . As I extracted myself from the technology community I began to kind of see the world in this way. Which I now understand is one of the key foundations of an animistic world view. Where everything is alive and witnessing not only my actions and words but also my thoughts. Every thought I have leaves some kind of impression in the ethereal astral realm of our collective unconscious that is the zeitgeist of our culture, and has some residual influence on what I say and do ultimately, which leave even more powerful impressions. In this sense I become a node, a kind of keeper of the karmic ledger, an aspiring witness of the truth.

I have ultimately made sense of the wall as my great initiatory offering to the cliff. The \$700,000 that I "lost" on the sale of the house I now see as the best investment I have ever made because I effectively invested it into the cash reserve to create a beautiful sculptural installation that contributes to the enlivening of that landscape. The space has a beauty about it that I revel in most days, so I feel like I have behaved in harmony with the natural order and ultimately my hypothesis about the auspicious nature of the north east south west alignment in the temperate zone of the southern hemisphere, I feel holds true. I feel like I enter the space now with a profound feeling of humility and love.

This morning in mid summer I saw the morning sun shining on the wall and it was truly beautiful with the light picking up all the details of the form and projecting them out toward the cliff and beyond. The gift for me has been one of decolonising my self and living now much simpler and wilder and much more at one with Gaia.

The compounding interest in the natural world gives parabolic returns in the form of beauty, biodiversity and other ecological services like the balancing of the water cycles. The cash reserve has been pretty much planted out, thanks to the incredible efforts made by all the freaks from Friends of Edgar's creek, there are still some areas to do but at least 80% of it has been done. All

of these plants will bear infinite amounts of interest into the future. They will form the most beautiful semi wild garden as they mature and self seed and shape the ecosystem into what it will become.

Chapter 7: Gawarrgay: under the Dark Emu.

The dark emu came to me in 2021 when I was camping with a friend down at the beach at Valhalla on the east coast. There was this whole debate playing out in the Australian media culture wars around the legitimacy of Bruce Pascoe and his work with the Dark Emu. I had had a very powerful experience of the Garanguba (pelican) dreaming of mystery bay as recounted by Bruce in his book "Loving Country", a few months earlier.

As I understand there were some academics from the university of Melbourne that wrote a book alleging that Bruce's claims of an indigenous pre-colonial agricultural system were not valid based on the semantics of it.

We were sitting by a fire we had made and the sky was clear and full of bright stars. I was reading an article about the controversy and had heard somewhere that the dark emu was an aboriginal constellation in the sky. I decided to find out where it was and to see if I could see it. I looked up and there it was fully up in the sky above us. Once I made it out and could see it clearly that was it. The so called southern cross is the crown of the dark emu with its beak and whole being flying due south. Emus don't fly but the dark emu is definitely air borne their feet aren't touching the ground. They are leaping across the sky.

The pointers form the neck and the 2 cats eye's on the scorpion's (Scorpio) tail are one of its feet curled up and back as it flies forward. Then the body of scorio forms the underside of the dark emu's body. And the head of the scorpion forms the distinctive tail feather of the dark emu. The dark emu is black it is the absence of light, the void. The stars form its outline. It takes up at least a third of the Milky Way as it forms a vast pathway across the sky. The dark emu is so prominent because there are no stars and surrounding it there are all the stars and light filled nebulae of the Milky Way. I see something sitting in a V saddle on the emus back one arm up in the air and the other holding a rein that goes around the emu's neck the line of the rein is almost exactly due south, I think of this rider as the spirit of the dark emu directing its course due south and beyond.

Seeing this so clearly began an intimate relationship that I have developed with the dark emu since then. Once I saw it, it confirmed the brilliance of Bruce Pascoe a very bright star. From my reckoning the culture war was very unprofessional. Simply invalidating otherness, just because the agricultural system was based on a different set of outcomes and principles (that I would argue are actually more enlightened). This is what I call semiotic supremacy i.e. a view of the world that only allows for one semiotic system. The dark emu continued appearing in the night sky where I was looking for it and over time I began to track it.

Adam was the first one to introduce me to Bruce Pascoe's line of reasoning. We were both undergraduates in Brisbane in the late 80's and Adam was writing a paper for one of his anthropology classes refuting the whole notion of Terra Nullius, which forms the legal basis of the current colonial occupation of Australia. I can remember Adam recounting to me different instances that showed very much how the pre-colonial indigenous people of Australia cultivated the landscape in a highly sophisticated way.

In March and April of 2022 the dark emu was very present for me, I had several auspicious encounters with it in the night sky. As I was driving up to North Queensland I listened to a conversation between Melanie Goodchild an anishinaabe systems thinker and medicine woman and Tyson Yunkaporta on his other others podcast. Melanie shared an experience she had with a turtle. She shared how she was given the turtle padwogan (pipe) and she agreed to carry that medicine. She recounted how she had never really connected spiritually with the medicine and how she was told when the time was right the ancestors would connect her. On the way to doing a special ceremony with her partner she ran over and killed a female turtle. She shared how it was one of her elders who helped her make sense of it by telling her "those spirit beings will give their life to you so you can live your life." Tyson recalled a very similar experience he had with a

white owl and how as he was holding that white owl as it was dying and looking into its eyes there was a tremendous amount of wisdom given to him.

When I was driving back to Melbourne from Townsville a few weeks later I went the inland route that goes directly south as the crow flies (or as the dark emu leaps whichever you prefer ;). I kept on seeing emus everywhere during the day. Then in the evening when I camped the dark emu was up in the early night sky crystal clear without any light pollution and you could see the dark shapes of its head, neck and body so clearly lit by the outline of stars. Around midday on the second day of driving there were 3 emus on my side of the highway and then on the other side of the highway there was a bigger group of emus. The emus were in the process of crossing the highway. Coming towards me on the other side of the highway was a road train travelling at 100 km/hr. Two of the emus crossed the road and only one was left on my side of the road, it was running toward me as I was driving toward it so I was making eye contact with it. As I was driving toward it I could see it figuring out when it was going to cross the road, so I slowed down. It decided to wait to cross until after I had gone past. After I passed it I had the awful sense that it would run into the road train as it tried to cross. I looked in my rear vision mirror and just as I looked in the mirror I saw its head and then body disappear into the road train. It made such a strong impression on me seeing it go like that after I had connected and made eye contact with it earlier. That afternoon as I stopped for a break in the drive an emu walked out of the bush right in front of me in my line of sight where I was sitting it came quite close and then walked off into the bush again. I recalled the conversation between Melanie and Tyson that I had heard a couple of weeks earlier and I felt the spirit of the emu was with me and felt that that night I needed to do a simple ceremony to help the spirit of the emu go back into the dark emu in the sky. That night I camped in the bush by the highway hundreds of kilometres from the nearest town and the sky was clear. The dark emu started rising in the sky as soon as it got dark. I lit a fire and then played my yidaki under the dark emu and sung with my intention the spirit of the emu into the dark emu void. It was a very personal and emotional ceremony that I felt strongly. Afterwards as I contemplated this experience I realised that somehow witnessing the death of the emu somehow helped bring alive the dark emu in the sky. My relationship with dark emu has continued to deepen, particularly whenever I am out in the wilderness and can spend time with the stars in the evening watching and tracking them move across the sky in relation to the moon, Venus and Mars.

It has been like a gateway to me becoming much more intimate with the night sky. It has also helped me to orientate myself. I noticed that on occasions which I felt were significant I would look up and there it was. This was happening at the festivals in particular that I was going to. It happened first at Chiwowah town in 2022 I remember so clearly on the Sunday night when they asked me to go and get my yidaki and bring it to the chai tent. I was standing outside the tent and looked up and there it was and somehow I felt it communicating with me. Then at confest in 2023 I saw the full moon pass right under the tail feather of the Dark Emu, it sat there for quite a while as we were all dancing and making music with drums and other acoustic instruments around the fire, it felt like a very auspicious astronomical alignment. To have the full moon spreading its light so brightly out of the dark emu's arse, just felt auspicious.

It's like the cliff, and in India, I had the sense that the spirits become available when you acknowledge them and that was the purpose of the ceremony. Through the process of calling the spirit, the spirit becomes available. Now I had developed this powerful connection with the Dark Emu in the sky and was developing a story around that connection and what that Dark Emu meant to me. It came to represent what Bruce Pascoe and all authentic indigenous elders are advocating for, acknowledgment of the wisdom they hold and how that can help us heal our planet. It came to represent the rise of the global south and I guess essentially it became "true north" for me in this different upside down semiotic cosmos that I was populating with meaning.

I spent 3 months in the Kimberley and northern Australia in 2023 and was able to track the dark emu across the sky through out that whole period, it really deepened my relationship with the celestial realms.

quote astronomy first knowledge book with regards Garraway as name for it.

Chapter 8: Zhao Zoan and the black panther

My relationship with the black panther began in India. Both leopards and jaguars are part of the panthera genus and both display black versions of the panther. Tigers were one of the main animistic deities worshiped by the local adivasi people in the Tansa Valley. One of the most significant features in the landscape of the Tansa Valley is the shiva Lingam in the mountain range directly to the east. The Vajreshwari temple is oriented to face the lingam in the Mahuli mountain range, so that as you are leaving the temple after having darshan of the Devi you get the darshan of mahadev shiva all the way as you are walking back down the steps to leave the temple. Mahuli is like the puja for the whole valley landscape temple that Gurudev Siddha Peeth is located in the heart of. It lies directly to the east and on Muktananda's samadhi the sun rises directly behind the lingam if you are standing at the highest point above the Nityananda temple in Gurudev Siddha Peeth. It is quite a spectacle, I used to love seeing it from the hill behind the Devi temple in Vajreshwari and also from the high western side of Dakshin Kashi in Gurudev Siddha Peeth.

If you look at it in plan the Mahuli mountain range forms a perfect Om sign oriented north south and you can see it plain as day when you look at a satellite photo of the region. The Tansa dam is the blue dot at the top of the Om sign, the source of the Tansa River. The lingam is situated at the bottom of the main om sign where it begins to curve around and out. The range is located directly to the north-east of Mumbai and the Tansa dam provides a significant amount of Mumbai's drinking water. When I climbed to the top of the range I found an ancient stone carved relief of a local adivasi tiger deity still being worshiped.

The Tungareshwar range is the lungs of the whole Mumbai region and again you can see it so clearly in the satellite photo of the region, the green forest on the range looks exactly like a massive green set of lungs. It is contiguous with Sanjay Gandhi national park (the largest metropolitan national park in the world). As part of our efforts to protect the Tansa Valley we worked with the Mumbai Natural history society and the Mumbai environmental action group run by Debi Goynka a legendary environmental activist. The strategy was focused on expanding the leopard's nature corridor, as there were leopards living in the Sanjay Gandhi National Park and we had regular sightings of leopards in the Tansa Valley. The campaign was based on the fact that if Tungareshwar was made into a wildlife sanctuary and protected then the leopards would have a



healthy nature corridor connecting Sanjay Gandhi National park with the Tansa Valley. The campaign was eventually successful and Tungareshwar was declared a wildlife sanctuary in 2003 and brought under the administrative control of the Sanjay Gandhi National Park Division, Borivali, Mumbai.

It wasn't really until I got to Mexico that I started to develop a personal relationship with the Jaguar in this case. Me and the mother of my children and business partner Martha Butler, a beautiful human being who took good care of me while I was sick, were travelling to Lake Atitlan in Guatemala. I was reading a copy of "Secrets of the talking jaguar: Memoirs from the living heart of a Mayan village" by Martin Prechtel as we were travelling. We decided to walk with our packs from Solola where we got off the bus at the top of the plateau down into the Lake Atitlan basin. We had found there was a track in one of the guide books. The walk took much longer than we expected, the better part of the whole day and we did not take much water with us. By the time we arrived at one of the small villages on the edge of the lake and found a room I had fallen into a full raging fever. The fever lasted several days. I don't really recall anything else from the experience other than the fact that it was hugely transformative in a way that I was unable to articulate. After the trip I felt the spirit of the jaguar as represented in Martin's book very present in my consciousness.

In Palenque I first really connected physically with the Jaguar at the temple to the jaguar. The jaguar temple is located 200m up a creek bed in the jungle behind the main temple structure. I recall when I was there I was particularly drawn to the jaguar temple. When I got up there I sat and meditated, it was quiet, no-one was around and I felt like I was in the middle of the Jungle, it was during this meditation that I felt a very strong connection with the jaguar energy.

In Mexico I also developed a relationship with the Volcanoes, in particular El Nevado de Toluca. I was working on a project just outside of Valle de Bravo near Cero Gordo. The project involved a large very special piece of land that had vistas across to El Nevado de Toluca that was in the east. Alvaro Sanchez my Mexican carnal introduced me to El Nevado. We were fortunate enough that without planning it, we ended up in the perfect location on the spring Equinox in 2004 to watch the sun rising directly behind the volcano. I managed to video it and it was like the volcano was erupting with the rising sun, incredible visuals. I was very aware of the eastern alignment between the land and the volcano but I had no idea that the sun was going to rise on the alignment perfectly on the equinox. This completely connected me back to the Tansa Valley and the alignment of the lingam and the Nityananda temple that I had been obsessed with when I lived in Ganeshpuri. This focus on alignment is something that I have endeavoured to deepen over the years and it has been a very rewarding experience.

Now I realise that participating with the Ashaninka develop their Kemito crop in the Rio Ene basin over the years has really solidified my relationship with the spirit of the Jaguar. When I saw the video of Felixto Cabañeras Contreras (President of Kemito Ene) give the keynote speech at the United Nations Equator Prize award ceremony for the New Economy category in New York in 2019, I knew the black panther was very present.

It was during 2020 when I was doing my standing meditation that I started to embody the Black Panther. Zhao Zhoan is a classic form of qui gong that focuses on standing meditation, and as I would stand facing the cliffs I would often listen to Kendrick Lamar's Black Panther album on my headphones. The bonding of the black panther album, my Zhao Zhoan practice and the cliff became very strong. I started to find that all of these different mainly place based relational entities were populating my consciousness. It helped facilitate this relational based ontology that was developing. Where sense of being tends to dispose of the concept of ownership, possession and individuality. We often covet things, skills or knowledge that we don't have or possess. This tends to dissolve because the other, which would previously be coveted is now part of me, we are one and the same. So I can experience what the "other" is experiencing to the extent that I can let go of myself.

As part of the turning, us western colonial settlers have to assimilate into Aboriginal dreaming reality. What does that look like? This is my attempt in my own personal way of exploring that. Being still, being empty. Doing nothing or nothing doing. Just being becomes easier where there

is no progress narrative. What happens when you turn the progress narrative upside down? This is my attempt at assimilating myself into the traditional first culture of this land.

I just caught my mind running a micro-script that still has not been erased. Probably one of the last strongest residues of the old cane that hasn't been totally exorcised. Have I been productive? Have I achieved enough? And then tallying the account of what I have done over the past week and then judge whether it is sufficient or not and on that basis pass judgement on myself of whether I am worthy of rest or not.

Whatever you focus on and particularly identify with, you become that thing. People do it with their pets and their vehicles all the time, kind of unconsciously. So the standing meditation involves standing in front of something and focusing on it, identifying with it: tree, cliff, river. Particularly after you do the breathing. I call it the Da Vinci breathing, because you pump your arms through the arc he drew as you breath. You become a bellows of energy, pumping the air through your body with your arms. One kind of takes flight like Bunjil. They say it puts you in a super powerful state and what you do next i.e. standing meditation is charged with that powerful state, the turbo boost of powerful energy. Then if you listen to something while you stand, then that gets broadcast directly into the vortex, the column of light, and broadcast through the cosmos in that way (especially now that Shau Hong Teo and I have planted astral indigo right beside the cliff line ;).

In 2020 when I was doing my vrata, I would listen to the black panther album while doing the practice and that's how I could keep track of how long I was holding the posture for and allowed me to set goals around how long I was going to hold for. Then in 2021 when I had advanced more and was able to hold the Wu Wei (Tadasana) standing tree or the mountain as it is sometimes called for 1 hour, I started learning the 8 brochade and practicing what I call the Gaia posture. It is what the black shags do, stand with your arms in the air. In the Zhao Zhaoan tradition it is called the balloon posture, because a balloon of chi forms under your arms that they eventually rest on. I worked up to being able to hold that posture for the whole black panther album (56 minutes). This is how I was able to embody Kendrick Lamar's ode to the Black Panther. At about the 14 to 18 minute mark a shift starts to happen and another set of muscles starts to activate in the pose. Suddenly there is a point where the column of light is holding you there and you are just gliding in the column of light like Bunjil.

The tree musketeers, a term coined by Cormac Sheehan, who is one of the people that role modelled the Black Panther archetype for me, all also embody that archetype. The Black Panther is the outsider, the albino, so it learns to hide in the shadows. It is the apex predator so is keystone to whatever ecosystem it exists in, with that comes a great responsibility in the sense that it becomes a kind of conductor of the symphony of the dance. Dave Pavone is the Black Panther of the Pavone Reserve. Steven Northey doesn't want to be the Black Panther of anything, but I will nominate him for Northey's swamp because that is the Sahasra and he founded Friends of Edgars Creek in 2007.

Bruno Dann is the Black Panther of Twin Lakes and Winawaal (his spiritual name). Bruno is one of the stolen generation, but he was born on his ancestral country, because his mother ran away and was able to hide his birth from the colonial authorities. As he was growing up in the mission in Beagle Bay he still had some access to his traditional country and ancestors. He has often recounted to me stories of when he was a boy and they used to go and stay with the professors (the old fullas) out at Winawaal or by the lakes on the weekends. When they would come back to the mission if they spoke any of their Nyul Nyul language or did traditional cultural practices they were beaten with a cane by the priests.

In the story of Gabul an aboriginal myth of the Gurumbilbarra Wulgurukaba people that explains the creation of the islands off the coast of Townsville, the clever man is the Black Panther. He is used to hiding so it is easier to do things while people aren't watching, they might think its some kind of magic, but its really just sleight of hand as explained in "Entangled Life" by Merlin Sheldrake where he describes the work of David Abrams.

I was like the Albino when I lived across the road from the Coyoacan market in Mexico City. All the parking mafia guys would say "Que pasooooo guerro" in the morning when I would walk out

of my front door. The people in the market would say "Que le doy guerero" as I walked past their stalls. I was the pale one but they knew that I wasn't a gringo so they called me guerero (the pale one).

Michelle (Meesh) Dotson a beautiful African American dancer who I lived and travelled with for 5 years tapped me into the African American cultural icon of the black panther. Chadwick Boseman defines the Black Panther archetype and has left us a convincing body of work. There is a particular scene in the James Brown biopic "Get on up" called the "cold sweat" that he acted, where he is describing the funk to his fellow band mates, that is the Black Panther.

I have found that the consumption of cocaine has become more and more normalised in the music festival culture of Victoria and New South Wales. Several times I have found myself surrounded by people consuming and selling it at these festivals. I was first introduced to the coca leaf when Carlos Samaniego and I were driving up the western side of the Andes from Lima to Junín. We would stop every couple of hours and have coca leaf tea at the cafes that were on the side of the highway, this helped relieve the nausea and disorientation of the rapid increase in altitude. Then when I stayed with an Arhuaco community in Pueblo Bello in Colombia in 2016, they helped deepen my relationship with the coca leaf, which is considered the most sacred plant to them. They carry a small mochila (bag) with coca leaf in it and whenever they greet each other they exchange a small handful of coca leaves. Also I have seen the devastation that the narcos and the cocaine production in Rio Ene (one of the largest cocaine production areas in the world) have wrecked on both the Ashaninka people and also the Amazon rainforest. When I went up the river and visited the communities there in 2016 a group of 42 Ashaninka people had just been released from a narco slave camp a few months earlier. The narco's enslave the local Ashaninka people and force them to clear fell some of the forest and grow the coca plants and then also process the coca leaf into cocaine. As part of my responsibility to the spirit of the jaguar of the forest I feel I have to let people know that I perceive the whole cocaine industry as a kind of gross raping violation of the spirit of the coca plant, one of the most revered plants through out the whole Sendero de la Anaconda (amazon basin). Due to that violation the consequences experienced as a result of consuming cocaine are very severe: Johnny Depp is an example.

The Palestinian freedom fighter with his stone sling, dancing as he hurls the stone at the Zionist (ethnonationalist) Goliath is the Black Panther. Ethnonationalism is a disease which needs to be isolated and then healed. So is any movement against diversity. Diversity is the key to life. The black panther is the minority, he is the symbol of diversity, the outsider is in his genes. Diversity is the basis of intelligence in the sense that: Diversity creates allurements; allurements lead to attraction; attraction creates relationships; relationships bring synergy; synergy is the emergent nature of intelligence.

The murmuring starlings demonstrate this dance so beautifully in the dazzling murmurations they create in the sky. The ones on the edge push the boundaries and discover the new direction and then the rest follow in a never ending dance. I often find myself on the edge particularly in the dance and when there is someone further out than me I am always grateful because I know I haven't crossed the line and gone too far. Over the weekend there was a beautiful guy at the festival who was walking around like Hari giri baba, looking quite lost in his own world. I kept on finding myself wondering is he OK? Then at the end he did this beautiful little shake of his booty mimicking my dance style and instantly I knew he was more than OK, he was making me feel OK and not as though I had ventured too far out and crossed the line.

In 2013 I bought a new customised orange VW transporter van from the factory in Germany. I call the van Sunny. Sunny has come to embody the spirit of the jaguar more and more over the years. For the past 8 months I have been living full time in Sunny. This has created such a strong bond where now I feel like the turtle with Sunny as my shell. Sunny has just become an extension of my being.

Chapter 9: Tlaloc: hanging in the wind with the birds.

Elliot Cohen in his seminal book “Plant Spirit Medicine” in the water chapter shares an experience he had on the top of the Tepozteco pyramid in central Mexico dedicated to two deities: Quetzalcoatl and Tlaloc. In this experience he is led by a jaguar into the sky to meet Tlaloc (the Aztec rain god). My relationship with Elliot’s work through his book has matured over the years in a similar way to my relationship with the work of Marko Pogacnik as articulated in his books. This particular experience of Elliot’s really resonated with me for a number of reasons but most notably because of Quetzalcoatl’s presence. My relationship with Quetzalcoatl started in Chiapas when I was working with an indigenous mayan cooperative that were growing cacao. I worked very closely with cacao for 20 years and developed a strong relationship with the Quetzalcoatl deity during that time. Quetzalcoatl is the feathered serpent deity and is often compared with the Kundilini serpent deity of the yogic tradition.

I started developing a relationship with the cormorant while I was spending more and more time at the creek. This started to happen in 2020 when I was doing my Vrata. I had some interactions with Sophia (an artist from Naarm with a twitch) online and she identified the bird for me. Then the penny dropped I finally realised what the FoEC logo was, I must admit I did feel pretty stupid having been heavily involved with the group for 6 years by then.

Over the years the cormorant has become my rye as Marion (Bruno’s business partner and another one of my mentors) refers to it. I have found as the story unfolds that these intersections occur where suddenly a whole series of dots just line up and make a bigger pattern like with the Gawarrgay (celestial emu). Then when I saw the darters by Pagan creek on my way back from Townsville I knew that the cormorants are Quetzalcoatl. As I started doing Zhao Zao and particularly the Gaia Pose the cormorants sometimes will come and stand directly in my line of sight and do it with me.

The first bird that gathered my attention was the Tawny Frogmouth, who has consistently come and visited me in the early hours of the night at significant times. I first sighted it in 2015 near the ephemeral pond on Stock mountain. Then they came one night when I was on my way home on my bike I was just coming past the Myrnong patch by Merri Creek and they flew into one of the trees right in front of me. On the spring equinox in 2020 they came again just as we were entering Brents old house by the wetlands. We just finished a big day together, where he introduced me to the Krump Hood. On Friday 24th of November I found a beautiful clutch of Tawny feathers that looked like they had been placed with so much care at the top of the cliffs. It had been a very big week and just felt so magical finding them there.

The legend of Vajreshwari the Devi of the shakti Peeth in the Tansa Valley, involves her protecting the valley by laying her finely woven cloak over it so that when Indra unleashes his lightning bolt it is absorbed by the cloak. Indra then has to humbly prostrate himself before the Devi and request for her to give it back to him and then Vajreshwari sends him to Vasistha the sage who Indra was offended by. “The Devi then said something very significant to him – she told him to surrender himself to Vasistha instead: ‘This rshi is an ocean of compassion and an ocean of knowledge. You didn’t recognize his greatness. So hold on to his feet now and that will uplift you.’ Indra did as he was bidden, and prostrated himself at Vasistha’s feet. Vasistha stretched out his hand and laid it on Indra’s bowed head – and, at that moment, Indra was overcome with ecstasy. Every hair on his body stood up and he began to weep.” (from “Devi issue: Darshan Magazine” by Jonathon Shimkin). When I think about this legend one of the key learnings is around the power of truly seeing something. Indra didn’t recognise or acknowledge the existence and validity of Vasistha, which the goddess asked him to do once he was ready.

This is probably the most significant thing I have learnt from the cash reserve and that is the process of seeing and recognising the animacy in everything. I have found that the being / spirit that is being seen and recognised feels it and responds accordingly. That then defines my relationship with that being / spirit. Like Indra it is only my arrogance or sense of superiority that prevents me from seeing or recognising something.

I have discovered that everything just wants to be seen and recognised for what it is, because that is how it comes into being. As Tyson Yunkaporta reiterates in his yarns it is not about the

thing / content it is all about the process / the how. It is how we come into relation with something that determines what it is to us. In my understanding this is one of the key differences between the aboriginal dreaming reality and the western colonial capitalist reality. The aboriginal dreaming reality is made of relationships and the western colonial capitalist reality is made up of things.

Following are a series of diary entries that I have selected that describe key moments in the development of my relationship with the Plant spirit medicine

3rd February 2021

Connecting to the spirit of the red gum doing Elliot's exercise in the spirit chapter of "Plant spirit medicine".

Little black shag with blue eyes appeared gorgeous in the pond and made its way past me and the red gum downstream. Then the white faced heron appeared just as I was invoking the exercise. And a second black shag come through as I was in it.

The river red gum showed itself to me as my ideal self. And gave me the message that it can guide me to become that actualised self. Did the dream journey and divined the following:

Ying / Goddess / red gum

Yang / Deva / entrance / cliff

Eel rock neutral / heart

Landed deep in the womb at the centre and realised all the dreaming is real. Meet the actualised feminine goddess form of myself. And experienced the actualised masculine yang intertwined with the feminine goddess ying in the swirling dance of the Tao.

That is my journey to dance that dance and help awaken the divine spirit back into our human world. Black shag appears as I was meditating on the Tao (standing in yang dot it in the ying of the island in Gaia pose facing the eel rock). It made its way up the creek and when I asked for a sign it appeared on top of the eel rock and stayed there drying its feathers for some time this was a very powerful confirmation.

19th August 2021

Listened to Elliot's spirit chapter while gliding with Gaia at the cliff. Met the primordial Adam and Eve, deva and Devi entwined spirit of clematis. And they welcomed me I bowed to them and thanked them for showing me the way. The same sweet fragrant form that they came to me with red gum when we first did it. Realise the respect required to welcome and connect with this powerful place.

22nd September 2021 (equinox earthquake)

Clematis came home.

15th August 2022

Feeling the incredible culmination of healing taking place. Beautiful conversations with mum that cleared and healed the trauma of separation at birth. had the experience of being held by her, like being held by Gaia. So many insights as to Gaia as God as the teacher as my true self. And felt and lived the experience of Gaia pervading everything. How I am a particle in Gaia and the whole of her at the same time.

Also the very profound experience of being held by Gaia supported, embraced and nourished. Knowing that she has always held me in her embrace. This allowed me to let go of the residues of ego, such that I can offer complete presence as the gift. Receive and listen to what people have to offer and not get stuck in any of it, be completely clear allowing it to flow through into Gaia.

Feel myself getting firmly established in that story such that I always remain clear like a beautiful stream. I am like a sheet of glass the light passes through and I know I have the tools to keep it clean. All of the guides and the knowledge of the truth that I am the bliss of eternity.

Feeling the dance becoming pure ecstasy. I am established in the tandava. Moving through every situation and interaction offering purely that. Also experienced the great turning with Marko's exercises and became intimate with my cosmic double as Nityananda. And how safe and secure that feels. He is always with me in spirit turned upside down at my back connected at the heart. I shall carry him with me like that forever.

Also experienced the turning geomantically with the sun and heavens charging the root and the sahasrar radiating into the center of the earth. Feeling like I am ready to experience the synchronicity constantly present as normal and co creating in that process. Felt the presence of all my guides. The white wolf, ancient red gum, the celestial clematis, cormorant who cleaned me up. Eel, rakali and the Deva of the cliff vortex.

Had the beautiful insight of the Gondwanaland dragon line from Mt Kailash through Bali, twin Lakes, Uluru, the cash reserve to sister's and tassie. Feeling it seared into my being like my spinal column supporting my propulsion, reason for being. Saw how Mandagni is Kailash and how Agni is the same as curve in the creek and the Sahasrar radiates below the cliff. The eel is the kundalini.

I will hold and cherish this story as my secret guide in the role I play in the great turning.

17th August 2022

The eel, the kundalini appeared in front of me at the base of the cliffs and disappeared into the earth. Felt like a beautiful confirmation of my healing and how I am setting out on this new journey. And then had a beautiful and powerful Qi gong session holding the heart pose for close to 50 minutes really comfortably was so blissful.

18th August 2022

I saw the 2 black cormorants by the Birrarung on a walk through the city. They both squirted pooh into the river while I was watching them and talking about them.

Then I dreamt last night that I was in the river like the cormorant under the water flowing downstream I felt comfortable and in my natural habitat under the water and then I did a human pooh. It was like it was in the same section of the river as where I saw the cormorants but the water was flowing in the opposite direction. One little round nugget of my pooh floated to the surface and was bobbing on top of the water. I knew I had to get it. I was able to easily rise to the surface and grab it with my right hand so that nobody saw it.

This dream was a massive confirmation of my shapeshifting into the cormorant as my rye. The cormorant representing Quetzalcoatl the feathered serpent deity of cacao and close associate of Tlaloc. The fact that the eel appeared and then entered the earth at the cliffs I feel was all confirmation of my story that I continue deepening my relationship with these guides and follow their guidance in my role in the great turning and giving birth to the emerging culture of Gaia.

19th August 2022 Mum's Birthday

Last night I dreamt that I was on the edge of a small group of beautiful brown women that were lying down. And there was a mountainous scene with the ocean that was there to be explored.

While chanting the Gayaa Gita this morning I had the experience of seeing my own death. I was elderly lying in a bed peaceful with Dante and Neeko by my side and I left peacefully my spirit merged into the cormorant and flew off into eternity.

12th January 2023

Feeling the energy of the spirit of cacao moving quite strongly now. Did the rudram this morning went to the creek and meditated there and felt drawn to come back to my safe room space that I cleansed yesterday. I rested and then was drawn to open Elliot's book "Plant spirit medicine". I opened it at page 25 where he recounts his own healing with Don Jose. Then he gives basic directions for connecting with a plant spirit. I finally did the exercise with the drum, found a 15 min drum track on Spotify and then did the journey with the spirit of cacao following his instructions.

As I arrived to the other end of the tunnel I felt Quetzalcoatl welcome me with open arms as I emerged, they shared how they had been waiting for me. Then I just got powerful confirmation of my journey and intuitive insights so far. The cacao spirit appeared as a divine brown female goddess who set about healing my heart. She is a healer of the heart. I felt Nityananada very strongly to and realised he gifted me this relationship and has been guiding me in this relationship. The gift of the chocolate meditation with Daniel and Kalyani beside his Samadhi Mandir in 2012.

*The key word left ringing in my head is **allow**. To be a pure conduit for the spirit by giving it my voice and my intention in serving it. Also to constantly invoke the presence of the beautiful goddess in my heart. Been continually invoking and feeling her gorgeous loving embrace around me.*

Radiance Sutra: 74 Bhava

The greatest skill may be to cherish your own being as an expression of the mystery of being and becoming and your place in the divine play.

Friday 12th January 2024

Dreamt last night the bus was passing the bus stop across the road and I wanted to go across and Catch it. But I couldn't it was the goddesses stop over there and she jumped on it last Sunday. It is coming around for me this Sunday. And Monica came as a small elf and told me the green European weeds were better than the American ones.

Kookaburra laughed at the joke of the house and the rabbit let me inside (Peter Rabbit). Wow what a day. Dave told me he didn't want me working at Proleaf anymore for safety reasons. Then I got back to Shau's and I felt red gums presence strongly so I did the drumming and travelled to the other side of the tunnel as Eliot had suggested and met Red gum deva spirit and the accompanying masculine / feminine clematis spirit and the key message I got from them is "we are guiding the process just allow them."

And then I came back and as I landed and the drumming finished the Blue marble podcasts came on just at the 24:55 second mark where I am saying how stellar is built for the community inclusion currency use case. Creating a community style currency for a community like the Ashaninka.

The first part of this story was written while I was parked in the dog beach car park at Altona, next to where the Koorrooit creek enters the bay with a significant wetland ecosystem. I was kitesurfing out in the bay off the dog beach zipping across in front of the reef and adjacent to where the creek enters the bay. During these sessions I started to develop a very intimate relationship with the many seabirds that would come and visit me and play with my kite or land in the water close by. I have a kind of commitment that I have made between myself and tlaloc and that is if the wind is there and I can, I go and play in it with my kite on the water. If I go where there are birds and if I go to the same place regularly where there are birds, then I develop a relationship with the birds and the place. They see me coming to play in the wind on the water and they start to play with me, we play together. I see them forming up and doing acrobatics in front of the kite and I feel like they see me as I jump off a wave and try and land back onto it.

Gisela Kaplan says that the whole obsession with tools as a symbol of intelligence is erroneous (a seemingly particularly male dominated type of erroneousness) and that rather the correct symbol of intelligence should be play as demonstrated by the birds. Mikky told me on the weekend the birds wake up the plants in the morning with their song (maybe its true).

I think as one enters this semiotic space of animism and south at the top. Then one feels automatically compelled to speak up for the more than human world and help give all of those beings a voice in the human world. I have kind of become aware of varying degrees of falling into this alternative semiotic reality, for example as part of dancing with the wind while kitesurfing over the last week I have come to be much more intimate with the wind. Listening to it in whatever way I can, feeling it on my skin, watching the flags 500m away. Seeing how it forms on the surface of the ocean, how is it moving the vegetation, the trees, is it moving the sand across the beach yet? As part of my intention to develop a more intimate relationship with tlaloc the spirit of the water cycle I try and invoke the presence of tlaloc whenever I interact with water, wind or the clouds. This then changes how I use water, now that I think tlaloc is always watching me, it forces me to become more aware and treat the water with much respect. How do I speak about the weather and how do I judge the weather. Again another flip of praising the rain not just the sunshine, celebrating whenever the rain comes and giving thanks for it when I am discussing the weather with other people.

Hanging from a kite in the wind skimming across the surface of the ocean one easily enters the alternative semiotic reality of the birds. It is David Abrams, Quetzalcoatl, tlaloc and the dreaming line back to the cash reserve, kind of a song line about the rain.

Simply by addressing the wind it changes the ark of my behaviour. Suddenly as I hang off my kite which is hanging in the wind my kite becomes my cane into the world of the wind and the birds. And my contact visa v my board with the ocean brings me into conversation with the ocean in concert with the wind. The birds can then begin to inform me about the wind and visa versa. They can see my kite and how it responds to the wind. I can see their wings and how they respond to the wind.

I have developed a personal pact with tlaloc, Elliot wasn't able to fulfil his, I tried to make one that I knew I could fulfill. Kitesurfing is like the ceremony, the yagna, the smoking, it is me ritualistically going out and feeling the wind seeing the birds acknowledging and validating tlaloc in all their brilliant forms. Same with the plants every plant I touch and sense becomes an ally in the dance of bringing Gaia into a flourishing state.

The ultimate pact is a commitment to the Tandava (dance), offering everything as a conscious act (ceremony). Moving like Lallita Devi.

Chapter 10: The Tandava: Dance of Freedom

108 Aham: I am that which I focus on

109 Nitya: The eternal essential nature

42 Ananda: Bliss

110 Attatva: Magik - perception is the art of making love. The senses penetrate that which is being sensed and glove it in ecstatic wrapture.

54 Khecara: A bird takes flight. Divine pulsation grabs a hold of you and carries you into its dance.

The radiance sutras

Khecara - snake, serpent, Kundalini, Gabul

Khecara entered me and opened a doorway and once it was open everything comes flooding through as the triksta shaman makes love attatva to the goddess, the ultimate muse.

Sunday 5th February 2023

Mulched up the top of the cliff yesterday afternoon. Dreamed of mulching last night and it will take me wherever I want to go depending on how I do it.

“To become a tantrika is only to realise the fundamentally pure and heavenly nature of consciousness and to let it take over your life.”

I meditated on this nugget from Lallita Devi in Daniel Odier's book “Tantric Quest: an encounter with absolute love”.

Did full Qi gong session. Had the experience of the Chi flowing like a massive column of light, through the vortex by the cliffs. Then just as that was happening the “Black Dogs” track from Hiatus came on through the headphones, the Spotify algorithm having selected it from quite a big playlist in shuffle mode. The vocalist starts chanting “Brahma Vishnu Mahadev” over and again about 2/3 of the way through the track. Then I did the full loop to Arunachala and Shri Ramana Maharishi, spiralling up like a swan (hamsa) with Brahma and then boring down toward the bottom of the column with Vishnu and then experiencing the full radiance of Mahadev. Was a super powerful experience to let myself go fully into the infinity of that column of light.

After that I went up the hill and moved mulch.

Through out 2022 the album “in amber” by Hercules and the Love Affair was the sound track to my standing meditation most often, it really helped me deal with another challenging period in my life.

In the tandava dance all communication is non verbal. Open floor, festivals, weekly protests.

If you don't name it then it doesn't exist at least in your consciousness or it is faint. Once you name it then it becomes stronger and when you install it in place then it lives and breaths in that place, at least in your own mind / reality.

Everyone lives in their own reality, that reality becomes shared to the extent that we share stories / agreements. Another way to share reality is through the dance: everyone is connected by the ambient sonic and other stimuli, and then expresses that through their bodies moving.

The Sufi trance state of Fana is induced by spinning. The practice of spinning is something that I needed to adapt myself to. When I first started doing it many years earlier in India as part of the 5 Tibetan exercise rite, I would get very disorientated and feel queezy in the stomach, kind of mildly sea sick. Then over the years I have persevered sporadically until the last couple of years where I became more comfortable doing it. I realised over time that it would put me in a trance, a state I now know as Fana as defined by the sufis.

In this state the world is spinning at the rate that I was spinning at and then I slow down in my spin but the world continues spinning at the rate I was spinning at before. In this moment everything slows down and every sensation, sound, touch, visual becomes acute and extremely vivid. One becomes completely connected and identified with the broader field of consciousness and dances/moves in response to the many queues from the field of consciousness. One's sense of self just disappears and one becomes the larger field of consciousness.

Now that I am retracing my steps. I realised the seed of the Fana was incubated in the Gaia posture. The experience of Nityananda turned upside down as my cosmic double. Breathing his hara through my ajna and my ajna through his hara. Our hearts joined in union as the hub of all sacred places where we roam eternally.

Retracing my dance moves:

In mid-January 2021 I had an experience at 5 rhythms, David played sounds that sonically pierced my Ajna chakra and the white light energy passing up through my spine was then exploding through the ajna into a fountain of rainbow light in the sahasra.

Late 2021 Krump workshops with Brent, Hood and his partner.

2022 Dance Dance Dance - chiwowwah and strawberry fields.

2023 - 6 festivals starting with esoteric and lots of dancing.

Last 3 marches of 2023 started dancing with seacfp

Sunday 7th January 2024

Dreamt last night again about moving from place to place. Actually it was marching and bringing the vibe. Let's see if I do the Baladí Foundation freedom dance today.

Monday 8th January 2024

Beautiful powerful day yesterday. Did full qi gong, held Gaia for at least 20 min and pruned with the power pruner it felt so good. Someone was playing the flute beautifully as I arrived early. Did the freedom dance thrice. Once before the march started on the corner of swanston and little Lonsdale. Then at the beginning of the March on Swanston with the Palestinian crew.

Then again in the puddle with the South East Asian crew.

Dreams were of dancing. There was a wet fish that someone gave me I held it as I was moving, it was one of the keys. Then I realised there were so many great queues for the dance. Also saw how freedom dance put me into mini trances.

Did rudram and had a good writing session in the colorado in the rain. Started listening to "Thus spoke the plant" by Monica Gagliano 🍷.

Tuesday 9th January 2024

Dreams last night of sitting quietly preparing between each dance. Seeing the next dance in my minds eye conceptually then getting my costume together and becoming familiar with the context. This would prepare myself as an empty vessel that has been washed about by the winds of the context that I encountered through out the preparation process, with the help of Monica's story.

At this point I was becoming very aware of how I was utilising both instagram and Spotify. These became my 2 main portals into the zeitgeist of culture that I used to help build context. They both seem to run using quite similar algorithms that are designed with the intent to reflect back to you more of the type of content that you give your attention to in various ways. They both are just trying to capture more of your attention. So I found them useful in terms of allowing them to learn what I wanted to see and then giving feedback so that it was constantly refined as my desired context shifted.

I had already been training both algorithms to support my dance practice for quite some time. Now I started to have a lot more Arabic and Palestinian content coming through. The Baladí foundation was my entry point into the freedom dance and I became a little bit obsessed with the archival footage of the Palestinian freedom fighters dance as they kicked their feet and spun their stone slings on the front line. I also found myself mainly listening to an Arabic deep house playlist from Spotify that I also began to modify.

Then the next march I slotted in a little more systematically with the Seacfp crew from the beginning. The one after that I did the sound check early across the front of the state library and then checked in officially with the seacfp crew in front of eazymart with the West Papuan mask that I bought from Brent's crew.

Then the invasion day rally fana

Friday 26th January 2024

Day of mourning. Such a powerful dance and march in the city. Super powerful had on my outstation rangers badge from David Hewitt. Intercepted the seacfp crew on Bourke st. By one of the lanes. Felt like we went straight into freedom dance then it was on from there. Dropped into the trance and my being one with everything around me feel it moving through my body.

Such an incredible state and gift merging with everyone into a complete presence of the dance. Feeling so full and incredibly powerful to experience everyone's energy in that way. Performance art, the art of the dance.

Saturday 27th January 2024

Something was happening in the dreams last night. Feel like it was the goddess laying her cloak of enchantment over things. Special segments of things. Like the march and the cliffs. I always have everything I need.

Sunday 28th January 2024

Tawny came and visited last night. Dreams started with my hands held in the mouth of a dog that I couldn't see that was under a blanket. It felt like the dog could bite through them at any point and then I was thinking about how to suddenly pull them out. I could feel the dogs teeth firm and starting to penetrate my skin. Then I realised I can just sit and be content with the dog holding my hand in its teeth, which kind of happened in the dream.

Then there were spirals of ceremony and I was travelling up and down with smoke underneath the tawny. In the morning Dante came and was standing in front of me and said are we going to the march and then he did a really cool dance with his feet he was excited. The process of me living in the van was the ceremony, like I am now living as a ceremonial offering to Gaia.

The mantra was ever present echoing through my consciousness. Realised on Friday the 26th so many special powerful things. A powerful day of ceremony to honour the ancestors and mourn their genocide. Felt them very strongly at the invasion day rally. Particularly when the woman was singing so strong she said close your eyes she invoked the spirits of all the ancestors.

Yesterday the Vietnamese man's hands working on the phone was incredible to watch quite mesmerising. Heard the ducklings chirping today for the first time as I was doing qi gong to the wall. And caught the magpies having a conversation at new campsite. Powerful Gaia pose really felt the column of light passing through me creating a beautiful kaleidoscopic lotus of colour in my sahasra also experienced the Neelabindu whilst meditating.

Saturday 24th February

I thought I saw the shadow of the black panther jump into a tree by the wow stage in the early evening.

Sunday 25th February

In that same spot I had a very powerful experience of the Palestinian freedom fighter and the black panther combined seem to possess me in a state of Fana as Stavros played a very powerful version of the Boss's State Trooper. It is the most power I have ever experienced in a dance go through my body. Then afterwards I lay down.

Radiance Sutra: 88 Kshobha Shakti

Shaking, trembling feeling the moths under your skin. Feeling a strong current of water connected to your hands. Allowing yourself to lie down with complete exhaustion and feel yourself being drawn into the column of light as you expand to fill the cosmos.

Aboriginal people say that when you turn around and look at your footsteps you see your future.

Dream Appendix:

5th September 2020 (85th day of vrata)

Starting to recall, record and process my dreams again. A brightly coloured woman was off in the distance. But there was something in between me and her so I couldn't reach her or make her out. Then there were songs and certain songs expanding and Krump Hood was in the picture.

Friday 11th September 2020 (91st day of vrata)

Dreamt I was in a circle with beautiful powerful women and we were holding eye contact but I was unable to hold / make eye contact with the woman beside me.

Then It was like I was in an airport or something to do with travel and again my arrangements were unclear. I didn't feel prepared, the goddess was there changing from one form into another. I didn't feel ready or prepared and the goddess's family was there and I did not feel ready to meet them. Then I received a suit that had a special piece of fabric that had been recycled into a tie it was a purple satin colour that had a mystical quality it felt powerful.

Tuesday 15th September 2020

Vignettes like a collection of small garden scenarios. It's like my world consists of that and that I was working on each one. Then the industrial maritime scene, huge structures imposing and inhumane.

27th September 2020

Kept on coming back to a felt experiencing a tableau of artistic expression. It was collaborative, like sitting on a chair and I saw something so clearly like a base level of inspiration, that provided the platform for pure artistic expression.

Monday 28th September 2020

Bunjil dreaming. Experienced the power centres on the high points, the places where energy accumulates to be able to sustain Bunjil.

7th October 2020

Went to different places each garden like and my movement helped shape the place. Seeking the primordial goddess the ying of form, beauty and love in the depths of the unconscious.

13th October 2020

Repeated scenarios of groups of crocodiles consuming each other. But there was a feeling that I was passing through it unscathed.

16th October 2020 (126 days after I started the vrata)

Feels like a recurring sense happening in the dreams recently. Some kind of garden like setting and consciousness moving through it with the usual insecurities and then landing in a blissful place where it was creating special music. And the special music put my consciousness in a fulfilled complete blissful state and radiated to others.

Then I was in a big restaurant catering party type scene. I was serving but there was nothing left over for me. Then found myself in a room talking to my supervisors and I connected strongly with the plant outside. It gave me the power of knowing that I was complete and in union with that plant world. So I was no longer subject to the supervisor's power but was complete in the plants power. I left the room feeling full and picked up empty cups on my way out. Nothing seemed to matter anymore because I was one with the plant. The image and feeling of connection / communication with the plant through the window was so vivid.

25th October 2020

Dreamt of the pot plant represented by a shaman trickster. The shaman trickster slept with the goddess. It was through him a message was coming as to what offering I need to make to the plant. The details of the offering were unclear. I think it had something to do with a daily practice. A sense of going all in. Seek to be truly connected with the plant and not distracted by the trickster.

2nd November 2020

Exploring the wreckage. It feels overwhelming so large, cavernous man made remains.

1st June 2021

Was in a dingy with an outboard cruising over calm clear water like Arthur Bay could see the bombies really clearly was expecting to see the shark buoy off headland between Picnic Bay and Rocky Bay but it wasn't there. Felt like I was driving and showing Gregory. Then we came around the headland toward Rocky Bay and pulled up against the rocks where the grouper hole is. I had a camera and it was in pieces and there was water in the little inflatable and the pieces of camera were hard to keep out of the water (like the film from trip to Louisiades).

Then it was another scene with other people around. Gregory was nearby talking to small groups of people who seemed to be working. I was sitting high up on top of a tower like bench and suddenly felt disoriented (like I was lost at sea) and came down and as I came down I disturbed the layout of the surface of the bench and I found myself awkwardly trying to stick it back together with a mass of pieces of sticky tape that looked like it had been used before.

Friday 18th June 2021

Sales in a boat heading out across a remote ocean with a group of young men (sales force) we get to a beach and one has attached to the front of the bow and another has a patch of bright sunburn just near the back of his dick stickers. Like going out to Baranguba off Mystery bay.

Collection of beautiful big birds / people holding their regal wings out while standing like the kestrel and cormorant.

Beautiful powerful set of wings laying on the ground ready to be worn. Pass by them and catch up with a beautiful old powerful black woman with a shaved head who is moving ahead but waiting for me through corridors and stairways. I have the sense that I have been distracted.

4th September 2021

In a plane flying over a town looked like Canberra and zoomed in close to the ground coming over close to the surface and then was in a meadow beside a tree with a bed and posts and curtains. I was with someone a girl and was going to get into the bed with her and then realised it was Neeko and then kind of lucidly decided that he get into the bed and I stay outside.

Then It was like we were on expedition going into the mountains and we had to enter the mouth of the dragon and then come out the other side up above, see it from the air like a Tibetan Himalayan refuge. And then get the message that the last part leading up to the top will be by far the hardest. Then find myself sitting at a table with Neeko and Harlow is there with her paws on the table. And Neeko says that he has plenty of smoking spots, but he doesn't smoke he does something else but I can't remember what it was that he told me.

Lucid dreaming.

6th September 2021

Felt the Goddess sitting above and behind me. My back and head between her legs and felt her fill me with her grace, beautiful warm and powerful experience (like image in the cliff).

Then had the sense of having to steer a large vehicle up a steep hill littered with obstacles and then around a corner felt impossible and I felt a bit overwhelmed by it. I realise now that I simply do my best and allow grace to do the rest.

15th February 2024

Dreamt about the dance again last night. Bright pants goddess was there and golden tints as well. Raslila of unconsummated love. A bliss that sits with the tension and allows for the full expression of the muse.