

Yoga and The Psychedelic Mind

by Bob Simmons

HE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE LIVES IN THE MIRACULOUS - I CHING

Consciousness as described by current psychology is composed of three levels of awareness.

Normal ego consciousness as experienced in everyday social functioning, unconsciousness or pre-consciousness, the container of drives, wishes, dreams, and super-consciousness, which encompasses peak experiences, revelation, God-head, etc. Yet this description doesn't satisfy anyone who has taken acid, or tripped out on deep meditation. It doesn't respond to anyone who has peered into the intercelestial macrocosm or looked deeply into the world of micro-photography, of plants, leaf patterns, mushrooms, cells and snow crystals. It cannot qualitatively describe, express or map out in any way the evolutionary phantasmagoria I experience while tripping. I define "trip" here as divine sexual union, religious ecstasy, peak experiences in painting, filmmaking, swimming, fasts, conscious expanding drugs, prayers and/or any technique which takes you into uncharted realms of consciousness. Yoga and Hindu mythology on the other hand does. They provide a framework, a topographical sketch of the labyrinths of consciousness, and have been doing so for the past three thousand years.

I had my first hallucinogenic trip at Wally Ford's pad-palace in the heart of Medina in Tangier in 1963. It was Ma'jun backed by a lot of hash, a two day fast, and three weeks in the desert. It was pure. I was squat up against the wall in a 8 x 8 square room, everyone was smoking, Wally was playing his flute in time to the raga on the tape recorder, the walls expanded and contracted,

the people around me began to transform into swans, monstrous birds, reptiles and fish, and the pictures of my mind started flickering on the wall in uncontrolled projections. I was frightened, elated, ecstatic, desperate. I realized that I knew nothing. I also felt a tremendous breakthrough, as if I were standing on the edge of a new continent, or peering for the first time into the vast reaches of some infinite and unknown being.

When I got back to Europe I began reading and practising Yoga, it came naturally. Two months later I left for New York, the brain center of the world. There it was, the living phallic light bulb,

Ashrams were springing up out of nowhere, macrobiotic camps, communities, Bob Dylan's voice, and Millbrook, magnified in the black forest of my dreams. Everyone a Guru, everyone a doctor. I began discovering through meditation how to center while traveling, how to anchor while my mind transversed and floated through the hemispheres, the heavens and the hells of this universe; how to hold on by letting go. It was a begin-

alomania, polymorphous perversion or schizophrenia.

To Yoga psychology it is quite simply a part of the process, in which extrasensory perception, astral projections, and clairvoyance are unfolding psychic experiences leading towards consciousness unique powers not to get hung up on, or use for selfish ends.

Or, see the universe as infinite waves of sound vibrations, some subtle, others more dense. The most subtle being the potential (PARA), that which exists prior to manifestation. Then the mental sound waves (PASYANTI), thought waves and visionary vibrations. Finally the subtle sounds, wave lengths, radio, music growing more and more dense, becoming compacted quanta of energy and manifesting as solidified matter, material. We are both, the most subtle transmitter and receiver in a gross carrying case, not different or indifferent from the rest of the universe, tuned in to the extent that we are connected, openly receiving and energetically transmitting.

Yoga is based on the Hindu idea of the perfect state of being, living in accord with the infinite wisdom of the universe. This wisdom is inherent in every molecule, rock, tree, leaf, flower, insect, animal and person. Your inalienable right is the right to the realization of this God-given nature. The word for "God" in Sanscrit is "SatChitAnanda," or Being-Knowledge and Bliss. I think that is beautiful, that name for God. It describes God in terms that really turn me on. Then the triad that presides over this universe which is constantly involuting and evolving towards this God-consciousness is Brahman (the Creator), Vishnu (the Preserver), and Shiva (the Destroyer), and the way to this knowledge which is yours, which is already

NYC, pulsating away as frantically as when I had left it four years ago. A huge alien network, telegraphing dollar signs throughout the world, and, as always, people trapped in subways, people turning into billboards, mannequins dressed as people, cars jammed in the crack of walls, but something new was happening, a new spirit arising out of the dust.

After months of Hatha and Raja yoga practice I was able to experience not only the reaches, depth and power of my own BEING, but to tune into all the subtle astral planes of thought waves that had ever been projected within this universe and thereby have access to infinite knowledge, joy, beauty, horror and bliss. By psychological standards this is meg-

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