

Psychedelic Goddess Worship the White Paper

Abstract:

My life's work of guerrilla research into sexual healing with psychedelic goddess worship has evidenced the following assertions:

1. Demons are invisible to the naked eye but exist as energetic parasites lurking all around us at all times
2. They are attracted by energy that's released during sex, aggression, intimidation, fear, etc.
3. They enter into cracks in the protective shield of our auric field and chakra system caused by abuse, trauma, neglect, lack of adequate love, negative thought patterns, etc.
4. Acts of sexual manipulation, abuse, exploitation, and rape create opportunities for them to spread and infect souls, virgin souls are a delicacy for them
5. With varying degrees of conscious awareness from relatively benign ignorance, to sinister intentionality: sexual predators are being possessed by demonic entities
6. Surgical shamanic exorcism must be performed to remove them
7. In perpetrators with full blown infections, their demons have spread and gotten control of their nervous system
8. Victims have incubating infections that if disinfected, purified, and healed before they spread into the nervous system, can prevent neurosis and sexual pathology
9. Surgical shamanic exorcism when combined with certain psychedelic plant medicines, ceremonial ritual allows for the patient and/or shaman to see the infectious parasitic organisms as if with x-ray vision
10. Goddess-centered sacred sexual healing arts such as Tantra when applied in conjunction with psychedelic shamanic exorcism produces a positive synergistic effect whereby an erotic exorcism can be performed
11. Most traditional psychedelic shamanic healing ceremonies are inaccessible financially and geographically by the average American
12. Most Tantric "Dakas" (male sexual healers) and "Dakinis" (female sexual healers) are inaccessible financially by the average American
13. A "poor man's" do-it-yourself-or-with-partners home-based procedure can be quickly, easily, and affordably trained for mass application with minimal risks and mild if any drug side-effects

I'd like to share my story of initiation into psychedelic goddess worship. To survivors of sexual abuse and those who love us, I hope you benefit from this candid overview of my healing journey.

Astral Ecology

Biological pest control strategies to limit population overgrowth of “natural enemies” are well known to gardeners who commission ladybugs to devour aphids. It’s been said by Bill Mollison, the co-founder of Permaculture, “You don’t have a slug problem, you have a duck deficiency.”

As above, so below. Wildlife in the astral planes (while of different vibrational frequencies and quantum densities) lives by (super) natural laws. There are trophic levels packed with predator, prey, and parasite species extending beyond our perception. Some species transect the earthly plane and can be harmful or helpful to us. Just as doctors have used leaches and maggots to clean infected wounds, shamans have been calling upon beneficial astral predators to clean infected chakras.

Demons as Chakra Parasites

While developing the Pranic Healing system, Choa Kok Sui hired clairvoyants to describe what psychological disease looks like in the auric field. They depicted dense grayish clusters of organismic entities penetrating and infecting the perforated protective webs and corresponding chakras of patients.

Religions call them demons, shamans call them bad spirits, I’m calling them “transdimensional parasitic organisms” (TPOs).

Visible to the third eye; infectious and contagious; edible by higher level predators; TPOs are arguably the primary cause of all psychopathologies including harmful paraphilias. I assert that abusers are in a state of TPO possession, and that only with hygienic methods of shamanic exorcism can we hope to rid humanity of their scourge.

Shamanic Dismemberment

I was a latch-key kid and survivor of extreme pre-lingual sexual abuse. Growing up my scarred heart resonated with the films *Dances with Wolves*, *Thunderheart*, *Medicine Man*, and *The Doors*. They gave me glimpses into the beauty and harmony of traditional societies, and while skewed by Hollywood, they provided compelling depictions of psychedelic shamans and the healing love that’s always accessible in the spirit world.

Naturally I sought out the psychedelic experience. In effort to break on through, I ran away at age 12 and had many mind blowing, heart opening trips. I was soon adopted into the local street punk tribe as a sort of mascot. Feral and free, I was happy as could be. But sadly, my passion for anarchy and psychedelia was subverted when meth and prostitution were pushed on me. I was quickly swallowed into the hell realms for shamanic dismemberment.

I didn’t know what I was getting into. Soon my little soul became a war zone. San Francisco Polk District pushers and pimps had me at times running for my life, at times drugged unconscious, and at times working as a sexual service provider.

I always yearned to get out. My warrior spirit was never crushed, it was just polluted and obscured. I knew I would get out of there someday and use my insights into the dark realms as recon to train future warriors of the Light.

At 14 years old I was finally apprehended and put in a lock-up rehab for almost 2 years. The cops that arrested me said I was lucky not to have been one of the kids they find hacked up in dumpsters.

My physical body survived, but my soul was shattered and my chakras had become condominiums for hellish creatures.

Psychedeliscope Discoveries

20 Years later, my destiny was fulfilled. The traditional psychedelic shamanic ceremonies that I set out to experience so many years before finally found me. Momma Aya found me. I started to see visions in the crystal ball of the purge bucket. I'd see the up close face-to-face hidden reality of what traumatic astral body wounds look like. It's not like dents on a car, or dust in a computer, it's like gangrene in an abscess. I could see dense swarms of repulsive pestilent insectoid entities feasting on my self-hatred, shame, depression, anxiety, and fear. Apparently the demons I struggled to fight off in the meth psychoses had not been successfully destroyed. Their larvae had been injected deep into my raped chakras where they were voraciously feasting in the gaping wounds.

No wonder I'd always felt like I was running on 10% of my potential energy. No wonder my life had been such a disaster ever since. What did I expect? You can't be a meth addicted child prostitute and walk away from it without a scratch. It finally made sense to me what those perpetrators were actually doing. They weren't just using me as a piece of meat to get off. The deeper, sicker truth is that they were possessed by TPOs and were fracking my auric shell so they could abuse my virgin light body as an incubator.

I told the shaman what I was being shown and asked, "Could it be true that demons aren't just superstitious mumbo jumbo, but rather biological entities with some kind of parasitic niche in astral ecology?" The short answer was, "Yes, they are parasitic organisms, and love is the disinfectant."

The Chakra Douche

After barely settling into my new circle of light working angel friends, I was about to have my mind blown yet again. I stumbled upon a powerful synergy of tantra and psychedelics. The little chunks of hell I had been purging out in ceremony would be dwarfed by a volcanic eruption that occurred after a night of tantric dancing with a new beloved.

Several years of tantric training culminated in this evening of devotional worship. I invited her up to my music studio overlooking the harbor area. She was a fashion model and devout Christian from a war torn region in Africa. We had bonded over our hope to restore the Garden of Eden. That night my prostration to her opened a valve of kundalini shakti that would effectively "douche out" my

heart chakra with hydraulically pressurized lava-like love energy. I had taken a small handful of shrooms to open my heart, but little did I know there would be a powerful synergistic effect.

It was just sensual dancing, kissing, and some erotic caresses, but that was enough to dilate the dimensional portals. When we laid down to go to sleep I began rattling like a freight train. I tried to breathe through it but as soon as I closed my eyes something tremendous occurred. It was as if some healing intelligence knew that it was time. It knew that enough hot fluid divine feminine energy had been poured into my heart chakra that a massive energetic offensive could be launched against the demon nests. The shaman was right: *love is the disinfectant*.

A voice repeated in my head, "What did they do to me..." I then lapsed into a flashback of being drugged unconscious on the street. I could see the evil truth of what was done. The same demons that hacked up and jacked into my chakras 20 years ago were towering over me as if it was yesterday, only in this moment they were getting violently ejected. They were blasted apart by a grenade-like explosion in my heart chakra. I saw the whole thing with my own third eye. Some people use the term "shakti bombs" in jest, but this was no joke, this was a serious "fire in the hole."

I was crying, foaming at the mouth and convulsing. My beloved was in a state of panic. I had to snap out of it and prematurely abort the process. I assured her that I was okay and this could be rationally explained. I told her all about the Aya purging, and how it seemed that we had induced a synergistic kundalini plus dry purge effect. She vowed to love me and to dance the demons out of me, but fate would separate our paths shortly thereafter.

Soul Retrieval

After this little miracle, I was as mortified as I was joyous. I went to another shaman and for the first time told the story of my youthful victimization in gory detail. It was casually explained to me that I needed a soul retrieval, that during traumatic events parts of the soul break off to avoid the horrors, then they're displaced by opportunistic, infectious demons. These demons must be exorcized for the soul to reunite with the body.

In the next ceremonial round, a group effort was put into my soul retrieval. An angelic team of energy healers surrounded me in a circle doing hands on work. They acted in concert with an outer circle of ceremony participants that increased the love voltage through song. Together they performed a surgical heart chakra exorcism. I could see and feel a continent of hell get hurled out through my crown after multiple waves of peristaltic contraction up my central channel. As the dislodged mass dissolved into the abyss, I laid back and saw the liquid bluish-white light of my soul pour into and re-inhabit my body. I felt reborn, but I knew that while this was a big victorious battle, it was not the end of the war. This was just the beginning.

Enter Kali: The Demon Slayer and Protector of Children

My lucky stars aligned when I met a feminist Hindu dance and yoga instructor online. I sent her my best poem and humbly asked if she'd be willing to consider me as a potential dancing partner. When she replied with some of her own poetry and an affectionate closing referring to me as her "Shiva", I knew the pillars of hell were gonna shake once we intertwined on the dance floor. Delighting in her videos I found a spoken word dance performance piece about divine feminine empowerment and liberation through devotion to the fierce Goddess Kali. I must have seen the iconic Kali depiction many times in the past but I didn't know the story. I began researching to find out that she is The Demon Slayer and Protector of Children.

My new soul friend and I got very close, began to trade healing skills, and ultimately discovered that our highest calling would be to collaborate creatively, share limited intimacy, but not entangle as long term lovers.

Deity Possession

As I continued to study the Kali mythology, paranormality became the norm. It began during our first dance. I asked for permission to ritually worship her with auric field sweeping, light brushing of the skin, sensual massage and full body embraces. She agreed and I did my thing. I started at a distance then began to close the gap between us, gradually uniting our energies. Throughout this process, shocking effects were observed. She would lash out in fits of rabid hissing, tongue and eye rolling. I knew exactly what was happening. This was deity possession. Think Dana as Zuul, but instead of opening the gates to hell, she was opening the gates to heaven.

She thought nothing of it, but I was mesmerized. I researched more to discover that confronting inner demons with the help of Goddess Kali was not just some cartoon mythology. It was in fact one of the core practices of devotees in traditional ancient Tantric practice.

It wasn't hard to get on my knees and bow to this living embodiment of her divine majesty. It came quite naturally to be humbled by her wisdom, talent, skill, and beauty. Her deep authentic soulfulness made me feel as though she had come straight out of the Khajuraho temples and traveled through time to save my soul.

Soon after our sacred mutual healing journey began, she felt called to the mushroom medicine. We started her off with a small dose to screen for adverse reactions. After a smooth evening of intimate cocoa-shroom bliss, we began to design an experimental ceremony that would attempt to invoke Kali on heroic doses. Synchronicities galore began to validate the righteousness of this endeavor.

The intention to have her enter the deity possession trance and conduct a second chakra healing was honored by divine forces. In the days leading up to it, I was given insights as to which tracks to put in the playlist, the tracks that would

best serve as the soundtrack to what would become a historic victory on the astral battlefield.

Raiding the Demon Nests

Our procedure was simply to dose together, cleanse and energize the chakras, enter an ecstatic trance state, then have me worship her in prostration, and see what happens... We caused what felt like a massive quake in the lower astral plane as Kali, hands full of kundalini snakes, stormed the lab. Kali (working through the body of my dear friend) both slayed and literally devoured countless scurrying evil creatures that were frantically evacuating from massive demonic nest cavities in my second chakra. It's no coincidence that she's been depicted for hundreds of years as the demon eater.

She actually belched after hissing, snarling, and swallowing who knows how many noxious entities. In this process the kundalini rising effectively acted like a plumber's snake, mechanically pushing through energetic blockages (demon nests) throughout the tubular chakra and nadi systems. It was as if my central channel was being plunged and scrubbed out with a serpentine pipe cleaner, ultimately to be squeezed into the snapping jaws of my Kali possessed dear one. After her feeding, I was given a third eye transmission with one of her hands vibrating my forehead and the other holding her yoni.

I was then witness to a channeling of what could only be described as, well, not a gospel, but more like a goddess spell. I was initiated into her worship and given orders and assignments. Her terse commanding voice and chaotic laughter were heard loud and crystal clear. I didn't talk back, just nodded along when she said things like, "Worship my Yoni...Men will bow at my feet or perish...The male ego will soon be consumed in flames..."

All that symbology around Kali destroying the ego is for real. She straight up ate large diseased chunks out of my astral body, slapped her belly, laughed, belched, and gave me sermons. Of course I became an overnight zealot. I supposed someday I might end up with a sandwich board and bull horn pacing around Pershing square chanting, "Worship Her Yoni, the End is Near, Repent, Repent." But I knew I could do better than that. After all I have an extensive professional background in educational marketing. The rest of my life would just have to be devoted to ritualizing psychedelic goddess worship in the lab. I guess I was christened to be of service as a sort of religious engineer.

So, I secured a bit of grant funding and began a year's worth of guerilla lab research in an attempt to connect these revelatory incidents of edible exorcism, with the more down to earth science of ecology. From within the misty acreage of a temperate rainforest goddess temple, my solitary experiments progressed. Though while many miles away from my human initiatress (who had since gone back to India to see to relatives) my relationship with Kali deepened.

More synchronicities unfolded in the months of continued weekly journeying. The Goddess gently possessed other women to play strategic roles in the research,

though I remained celibate for almost 2 years. During this sexual seclusion, the most exquisite experiences of my life began to occur. After many sessions of invoking Kali into myself, we began to copulate on the astral plane in a manner that is barely describable. I documented these erotic encounters into the song lyrics below:

Psilosecks

I cry and sing you near
Begging you to devour my fear

With one of your tongues you open my third eye
I see your arachnid body span the sky

You're dark as the chocolate medicine
That I must eat to see your skin

You gently fold back my chakra walls
And feast on the demons nested in my soul

You get your fill and lick my wounds clean
Then climb atop and envelope me

Clamping down with many arms and legs
Countless eyes beautifully gaze

I worship your shining black flesh
Inside and out, you're soft and wet

You're the queen of the Yoniverse
Have your way with me and break my curse

Dark goddess, my savior
Your nectar I savor

Our divine intercourse
Like nothing on earth

To earn your love again
I'll try never to sin

Please take me away
Hold me in your grace

Tantradelic Exorgasm

The simplest way I can translate her will is as follows: “Feed me your curses and demons, those are the appetizers, the main course is your orgasm.... “

My celibacy eventually ended when I found a suitable aspiring dakini consort, I had to disclose that I’m not just me, I’m now part Kali, and she may appear to us, act through us, and even speak to and through us, do not be afraid. It seemed like a lot to ask, but she was thrilled by the potential for otherworldly erotic encounters. I was relieved to be accepted and whole-heartedly embraced. After months of intensive training together, she’s become quite the Kalified sexorcist herself. That fierce loving, healing knowingness is undeniable and unmistakable.

I guess I can now say that I experience better living through psychedelic goddess worship in general, and tantradelic exorgasm in particular. Perhaps this is one form of alien love that Terrence McKenna always hoped for.

Where to now? Well, I don’t know how soon I can expect to be invited to give a TED talk on tantradelic exorgasm. I am working to raise funds to set up a clinic in a psilocybin decriminalized nation so that free, ethical, supervised healing sessions can be scientifically studied in proper laboratory conditions.

I’ve now come full circle to be a proverbial wounded healer. I went from operating at about 10% life force energy and being plagued by PTSD, to having a new purpose, new fountains of energy, and invincible connections to eternal bliss. I don’t call myself a sage, but I am a proud spiritual warrior.

My calls to action are these: if you have had any similar experiences I’d love to hear about them and possibly interview you on my [podcast](#). If you’re interested in supporting these efforts by any means, please contact me through my website at www.tantrapunk.com.

In loving devotion,
-Tantra Punk