

**CONFESSIONS**  
of a  
**CLOSET YOGI**

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## CONTENTS

Introduction	1
1. Visions of Golden Light and Cold Beer	3
2. The Air Force for Dummies	14
3. Dreaming in German	47
4. Exiled to Cleveland	74
5. Lower Education in Texas	77
6. Auspicious Encounter at the Columbus Airport	101
7. Intelligence School: Classified Clowns	118
8. Top Secret Acid Heads	146
9. It Happened One Night!	162
10. Polish Sausage and Hungarian Light Bulbs	168
11. The Search Begins	179
12. Homecoming	190

13. Retreat to the Mountains	214
14. A Month with Maharishi	237
15. Mediterranean Meditations	252
16. Bible Belt Meditators	269
17. Master's Degree from the Master	304
18. Frat House Ashram	315
19. Higher Consciousness at Higher Altitudes	327
20. The Accidental Ashram	360
21. Island Paradise	380
22. New Delhi and the Sacred Industrial Park	388
23. Midnight Monster in the Closet	410
24. A Taste of Utopia	425
25. Back to Washington, Again!	437
26. Golden Dome in the Hill Country	452
27. Lost on the Mountain	461
Epilogue	466

## INTRODUCTION

When I decided to call this book *Confessions of a Closet Yogi*, I wasn't sure if the word *confessions* was appropriate, since it is usually associated with scandalous or criminal behavior. While my youthful activities weren't serious enough to warrant a long prison sentence, they certainly weren't something that I would put in a résumé. I felt that by recounting these stories of my life before I became a "seeker of truth," I could provide a frame of reference for the narrative of my transformation from an intellectually anesthetized hell-raiser to a dedicated and curious consciousness-raiser. It wasn't until I had the opportunity to meet Timothy Leary at Millbrook House in New York, and have my first LSD "trip" while working as an intelligence analyst at the Defense Intelligence Agency, that I realized that human consciousness has the capacity to experience a blissful oneness with the entire universe. This was my first step on a path of seeking enlightenment through meditation and Vedic knowledge. A few months after this experience in the spring of 1968, I left my job in Washington, D.C. and headed out to Berkeley, California, the epicenter of the counterculture, in search of a higher state of consciousness.

Although this is a true story, it is written from my subjective memory without spending a lot of time on research and checking for accuracy. Therefore, some of the dates and details might be out of sequence, exaggerated, or interpreted differently by others. For the most part, it provides candid insight into the Transcendental Meditation movement from my uniquely goofy perspective. As a matter of fact, the most bi-

zarre events are the most accurately described. Also, I have changed most of the names of the characters in the story to protect their privacy and have changed the names of a few locations for the same reason. My only agenda is to tell an entertaining story that includes the ancient wisdom of the Vedas. I like to describe myself as a “closet yogi” because even though I spend two to three hours a day in blissful silence, I still enjoy normal things like cutting firewood, hiking and sailing. I believe that meditation has resulted in immeasurable bliss and serenity for both Linnea, my beloved wife of forty years, and me. Who knows, maybe if we had never learned to meditate, it would have turned out the same. But we doubt it!

— Larry Wardwell