

SOUNDINGS

Tom Kenyon



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Only three U.S. workshops
in 2006!

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**Only Three U.S. Workshops
in 2006!**

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*Tom Kenyon and Judi Sion with
two canine friends at the foot of the
Matterhorn.*

Hi There!

Well, here we are again with another issue of Soundings: An Occasional Psycho-Spiritual Inquiry. Perhaps we should have underlined the word “occasional” since the last one was about two years ago. But you see, Judi and I decided we would only undertake one of these behemoths when

it felt joyful to do so. It’s a huge undertaking, and for a long time neither of us had much to say publicly.

Although these newsletters are occasional they have a long shelf-life, as one of our friends in the publishing business recently said. These issues tend to hang around a lot, get read and re-read. And we know for a fact that these newsletters get passed around to friends. We get emails from all over the world asking for copies. I don’t know how some of these people, say like in Poland, even know about the newsletter. But it is indeed a strange and mysterious world we live in. Since the last issue, a few people begged for second copies because the friends they loaned them to refused to give them back.

If you’re not on the mailing list and you’d like to receive a copy, contact our office and ask to be put on the newsletter mailing list. We’ll also ship in bulk to bookstores anywhere in the US, if you’d like. Just email us. We never share our mailing list, so your personal information is safe with us. We also invite you to join our email mailing list by emailing us at office@tomkenyon.com.

We thought about charging for these critters because they do take so much energy and focus. And, to be quite frank, they have more editorial copy than most national magazines. But in the end, we have decided, once again, to make it our gift to the world. We will gladly hand them out as long as the supply lasts. Once we run out of an issue, we do not reprint it. However, you can find the articles from all our newsletters on our website—www.tomkenyon.com.

Tom Kenyon

The Unbearable Light of Awareness

Tom Kenyon



The irony of the moment did not escape me.

Only an hour or two before, I had been reading the Diamond Sutra, a treatise attributed to Buddha, in which he discusses, among many things, the practice of the six Paramitas.

The Paramitas, sometimes known as the Six Perfections, are attitudes or behaviors that greatly increase the likelihood of enlightenment. They are a lighthouse, the diamond light of Mahayana Buddhism—or what is called the Great Vessel.

This enigmatic term refers to the undertaking of enlightenment not just for oneself (which is called Hinayana, or the Lesser Vessel), but for all sentient beings as well.

The Greater Vessel, or Mahayana, is the realization that we are all in the same boat, so to speak. We all live in the realm of samsara or illusion. And it is the nature of samsara that all things and all beings are impermanent, transient and empty. This was one of the great insights attributed to Lord Buddha, though there is evidence that other earlier traditions may have stumbled onto the same realization—notably the BonPo of ancient Tibet.

In any event, quantum physics agrees with the Buddha's realization, which he attained around two thousand years before the advent of modern quantum physics.

The Buddha as Sage and Scientist

If I may be so bold as to summarize some aspects of the cosmology of quantum mechanics, it is this. All things that exist in the universe are impermanent. From the tiniest subatomic particles, to the largest quasars and galaxies, to you and me, our days are numbered, so to speak—though of course, when it comes to the lifespan of galaxies and other heavenly bodies, their time of existence is measured in millions of years—not decades or centuries.

Indeed, from the cosmic perspective, all of us, including our civilizations are birthed, live and die, in but the blink of a cosmic eye.

One of the sufferings of being in samsara (a Buddhist term meaning the illusion of the physical world), or relative existence, to use a very quantum term, is that we, and all we know, will one day no longer exist. At the physical level of existence we are, each of us, nothing more than oscillating patterns of subatomic particles dancing the temporary dance of existence.

This is one of the cardinal principles, if you will, of quantum mechanics—though some quantum theorists may argue that the nature of light is actually the first cardinal principle of quantum physics. And I would certainly agree with them that



"That good meal is never the same." Rennes les Chateau, France

it was through the study of light that quantum mechanics came into existence in the first place. That's why I said that impermanence is one of the cardinal principles of quantum mechanics—not the first cardinal principle. I belabor this in case some of you reading this are, in fact, physicists.

Another principle of quantum mechanics is that all physical objects are comprised essentially of space. Buddhists would say emptiness. But science and Buddhists are fundamentally saying the same thing.

According to some physicists, our bodies are something like 99.9% space. The actual physical matter that makes up our bodies is only about one-tenth of one percent. In fact, according to these estimates if you took all the physical matter that makes up your body and put it in a pile, it would all fit on the tip of a pin. The rest of you is space.

It gets even stranger. If you were to poof down to the size of an atom and measure the distance between the electrons closest to the nucleus, you would have a very small measurement indeed. But if you brought that same atomic ratio up to human size, the distance between that electron and the nucleus would be about the size of a football field. In other words, atoms—the building blocks of all physical things—are comprised primarily of space.

The Nature of Suffering

In the Diamond Sutra, Buddha talks about these two qualities—impermanence and emptiness—as essential characteristics of all existence. He also discusses the nature of suffering.

Essentially he says that all suffering is the result of desire—specifically the desire for sensory objects. Sensory objects can take many forms—a good meal, a nice glass of wine, pleasant surroundings, a new car, a new lover, or the newest techno gadget. The list is virtually endless, but the fundamental underlying catch is when we see, hear, feel, smell or taste something that we really like, most of us try to get more of it, or hold on to what we have.

But, alas, we live in a quantum atomic world of impermanence. Physical sensory objects to which we attach ourselves will eventually dissolve back into the quantum soup (emptiness) they came from, and we won't be able to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell them anymore.

That good meal is never quite the same again. The nice glass of wine eventually turns into vinegar. Those pleasant surroundings will one day disappear, if you hang around long enough. That new car will get a scratch in the parking lot, and eventually dissolve into rust. The new lover will not turn out to be whom you thought he or she to be, and eventually the rosy promise of youth turns into the inevitability of old age and death. And don't even talk to me about those techno gadgets. As soon as you get the newest hot sensation, just wait a few months. Before you know it, that razzle dazzle must-have device, is an out-of-date piece of techno junk.

Now according to the Buddha, desire, as I said earlier, is the cause of all suffering. But for those of us in the post-modern world, and in the West rather than the East, perhaps a more useful concept is to say that the root of all suffering is not desire per se, but rather the attachment to our desires.

This view is shared by certain traditions of Buddhist practice—notably Dzogchen and Vajrayana, both of which share the reputation as being rapid paths to enlightenment. In some Vajrayana practices the yogi or yogini is actually encouraged to experience certain types of desire with full awareness. It is this union of awareness (or bodhicitta, meaning the mind of one's Buddha nature) with the impermanent and empty nature of desire that leads one to illumination. It is, however, a tricky and treacherous path. It is not suited for everyone, and it requires a high degree of training, discipline and detachment.

I mention this other view as the cause of suffering because for modern individuals, especially in the West, our desires are the engines that drive much of our culture—not to mention our economy. To abandon all desire is a big jump for many, if not most of us.

Understanding that our attachment to desire is the root of our suffering allows those of us unable to abandon all desire a way to begin letting go of the bonds that bind us. In other words, enjoy the world, but don't get attached to it.

Dharma Lost by the Sea

All of this leads me back to the Diamond Sutra and the incident I mentioned at the beginning of this article. It occurred of all places, while I was sitting, minding my own business, drinking a cappuccino by the Red Sea.

The Dharma, for those unfamiliar with Buddhism, means the way of the Buddha. Thus when one practices the Dharma, one lives one's life according to one's own inherent Buddha nature (or bodhicitta), which traditionally is revealed to oneself

through the practice of meditation. If one does not have a direct connection to one's own Buddha mind, then one follows some of the external precepts or codes of conduct—like the Paramitas, for one example.

This is similar to a Christian who follows the precepts of Christ. He or she could be said to be living the way of Christ, just like a Buddhist might be said to be living the way of Buddha, (the Dharma).

It is possible to live the Dharma and temporarily forget it, lapse if you will, back into old ways of being that lead not to enlightenment but rather to further delusion and sensory attachment. This is what happened to me at the edge of the Sinai Desert.

Judi and I had just finished taking about fifty people on a tour of Egypt. The journey was over and we had come, at the suggestion of our guide, to the Red Sea for some R&R.

The problem was that the trip from Cairo took eleven torturous hours over bad roads. My seat in the van was broken, leaning me back and slamming my right shoulder into the window over and over again. When we reached Dahab, I was in excruciating pain.

The hotel doctor was on vacation and a new doctor, who had recently graduated from medical school, with a degree in pediatrics, treated me. To make a very long story short, he misdiagnosed my injuries and gave me some mild painkillers, which did nothing to alleviate my suffering. Weeks later, when we finally got to decent medical attention in Spain, MRIs would show that I had in fact, torn tendons in my shoulders and had both a damaged bursa and deltoid muscle. When the emergency room physician in Spain looked at the meds I had been handed in Egypt, she rolled her eyes and immediately ordered intense pain blockers.

Back in Egypt, competent medical treatment was in my future. In the moment, I was in a state of near constant pain. I would have to hold my useless arms against my sides and bend my elbows using both hands to eat or drink.

I have often found that humor is my best ally in difficult situations. And I agree with Mark Twain who once said that “some things in life are so serious, all you can do is laugh.” I nicknamed myself Flipper.

One afternoon, lying in bed, as sitting or walking was too painful, I propped up a copy of the Diamond Sutra and began to re-read the Buddha's teachings.

The Paramitas are jewels of enlightenment that radiate a spiritual light just by reading them. I was lifted up for a time into the numinous light-filled realms of spirit, and my pain seemed to lessen a bit the whole time I was engaged in reading the text.

I decided that I would try and practice two of the Paramitas to see what might be revealed as I struggled with my physical condition. The two Paramitas I chose were the Paramita of Patience and the Paramita of Generosity.

Later that day, as twilight began to set in, Judi and her daughter, Adrienne, went shopping for gifts to take back home. I decided to join them and have a cappuccino as a distraction from my pain. The fact was that if I stood for more than a few minutes, my arms and shoulders would ache with a searing pain that sometimes left me breathless. Sitting or lying down were the only relatively comfortable positions.

And so I took a seat at an empty table looking over the sea to Saudi Arabia. The moon was clear in the sky and its silvery light reflected off the dark waters.

I had chosen this spot because there was no one else there. I could sit alone and nurse something in my hands, buying some time to sit before having to stand up and head back with Judi and Adrienne to our hotel.

When the coffee arrived, I was in such bad shape tears came to my eyes from the sheer agony of nerve pain, which is like nothing else I had ever experienced. But I discovered that by slowly raising the cup between both hands, I could find a place where the pain was less, and in some positions

almost non-existent. But if I moved the cup as much as a half-inch out of this small range of motion, the shooting pain returned. And so I sat there looking over the water to Arabia and finding slight solace in a warm cappuccino.

At this point in my plight, I did not know if I would ever be able to use my arms again. I did not know if I

would be able to play the crystal bowl or piano, or even eat properly for that matter. I also found that I could not write. The stress of typing on my laptop sent shock waves of pain up my arms and into my shoulders. I knew something was very wrong, but just how wrong I didn't know for sure.

And so in the face of such uncertainty, my mind wandered far and wide into scenario after scenario of an impoverished and handicapped life. My mental meanderings reminded me of another comment attributed to Mark Twain, “I have lived a life filled with misery, hardship and ill-fortune, most of it imagined.”

So as I did my best to keep my coffee cup poised in that small range of movement that wouldn't send blasts of pain up my arms, I also did my best to keep my mind poised and not give in to my growing apprehension.

For a moment in the cacophony of my own samsaric circus (my personal term for samsara), my pain had, more or less, disappeared. I was enjoying the warm sensory object of my coffee and the light of the moon reflecting off the Red Sea.



I was savoring the moment. And I had unwittingly become attached to the sensory objects before me and in my hands.

Then my reverie and the fulfillment of my desires were suddenly and rudely interrupted. A rather large woman smoking a cigarette sat down at the same table I had chosen. She plopped down right in front of me, blocking my view of the sea and the moon. She sat her year-old, or so, son on the bench next to her and pulled out another cig.

How dare she come and sit down here at my table? How dare she ruin my moment of quiet calm between my bouts with pain? I wanted her to leave, and I wanted her to leave now.

In short, I had lost my patience and my compassion, all within an hour or two of reading the Diamond Sutra.

Then I noticed his eyes. The young boy was sitting next to his mother looking up at me. It was one of those tender curious looks you often see on the faces of young children. They still carry that mark of the other world they came from and have not, as yet, been marred by life in this one.

His obvious innocence reminded me of a Balinese custom. In a traditional Balinese home, a child is not allowed to touch the earth for the first year of his or her life. The belief is that they are too new to this world, having been birthed from the spirit world. To touch the ground at such an early age would be too large a shock to their tender souls.

The boy in front of me was not Balinese, but he looked through me with an innocence that was disarming.

I felt my heart begin to open, but then I shut it closed. I was pissed. His mother had ruined my moment of pleasure in a sea of pain. I wasn't about to let him or her off the hook that easily.

I ponder this reaction in myself from time to time—when for whatever reason, I choose to withhold love or compassion.

The woman suddenly, and for no apparent reason, put her second cigarette back into its pack, grabbed her son and wandered off into the crowd of tourists. The moon was beginning its descent from view across the sea. Only a slight sliver of it remained visible from behind a mountain. There were only a few sips of coffee left in my cup. The sensory objects of my desire were coming to an end. I smiled at the strange and bitter irony of the moment.

One of the many things I appreciate about Buddhism is its central belief that we are all living Buddhas. It may take a lifetime or ten thousand lifetimes before we fully realize our own Buddha nature. But this does not detract from the fact that we are intrinsically already Buddhas. It is just not our time to become fully self-aware.

The seed of an oak tree is not yet an oak. But it carries within itself the potential to become one. Perhaps a better

metaphor in this case would be to say that a coffee bean is not yet a coffee tree or cup of coffee, but given the right circumstances, and the skilled hands of a good Barista, it can fulfill its potential and become a cup of coffee, a cappuccino, a latte, a macchiato, or whatever. There are, after all, many ways a coffee bean can become a cup of java. And, no doubt, there are many ways a human can reach Buddhahood as well.

But until the moment of full self-realization, we can do things that are not expressions of our innate Buddha-self, but rather expressions of our own delusion and attachments. Thus, when I withheld love and compassion from the young boy in front of me, I had missed a moment of shared bodhicitta.

Shared bodhicitta is a true treasure for those practicing the Dharma. It is a meeting of mind and heart with another. I have experienced it with lamas and nuns in Tibet and with pilgrims in Lhasa. I have experienced it with Zen roshis, and I have

experienced it with strangers who would have never called themselves Buddhists.

Check-out clerks who smiled at me as I paid for my purchases, babies in grocery carts looking up at me with chubby faces, their eyes luminescent with a simple yet profound spiritual light, drivers pausing to let me enter the street with my car—these are all moments of shared kindness, one of the more simple, yet significant manifestations of bodhicitta.

As the boy and his mother turned a corner and were lost to my sight, I realized what had just happened. My attachment to my desire for a moment of refuge in an ocean of unrelenting pain had made me grasp the sensory objects of my desire—a cup of coffee and the setting moon. My mental picture had not included a stranger sitting in front of me smoking a cigarette, nor her young child staring up at me. I had wanted to be alone.

And so I suffered. Not because the woman invaded my space, but because I refused to let go of my attachment. And in my frustration with her and the situation, I failed to see the young Buddha sitting right in front of me.

And then a truly odd thing happened. A single tear fell from my left eye. And I suddenly felt ancient and very very Buddhist. It was as if I had become Avalokeshavara, the Buddha of Infinite Compassion, known in Tibet as Chenrazig.

Chenrazig is often depicted with a thousand arms, and in each hand there is an eye that sheds a tear for the suffering of all sentient beings trapped in samsara.

Now I know that I am not Chenrazig. I had, after all, just dismissed a young Buddha from my presence because I was blinded by own desires. And yet the vision continued.

I was no longer just Tom sitting at a table with an empty coffee cup; I was a witness to the Great Mandala of existence.



For a moment, the veil that separated me from the awareness of the profound sacredness of all beings and all things was lifted.

The single tear was still on my cheek. And it was for the young Buddha—child who had just been carried off by his mother. It was also for his mother, who had probably taken a seat in front of me because she was tired of carrying him around.

I shed the tear for the Barista, the young Muslim man who had made my coffee and whose eyes were constantly searching the crowd, his right foot continually tapping the floor with a nervous tension.

I shed the tear for the cats and their kittens that skulked in the shadows from restaurant to restaurant searching for scraps. And I shed a tear for myself, and all of us who miss those sacred moments when a Buddha, or whatever you call the Divine, is sitting right in front of us.

And then the moment became surreal. The air felt pregnant with awareness, as if creation had, in that moment, become aware of itself. Colors seemed more vibrant, even though the moon had disappeared across the sea somewhere in Arabia. And there was a sudden and unexpected sweetness in the gentle breeze from the waters of the Red Sea.

In Christianity the Peace That Passeth All Understanding is called Grace. In Arabic it is called Baraka. In Tibetan, the deep well of peace is called Rigpa.

Om Mani Peme Hum. This is the mantra of Chenrazig. It means Hail To The Jewel In The Lotus, and it is chanted and meditated upon by Tibetan Buddhists throughout the world. The jewel is compassion and the lotus is the heart. Through the power of all the Buddhas, may we all find the jewel and the lotus, and may we all also find a good cup of coffee.

The Six Paramitas

Dana Paramita—the perfection of generosity, the open heart of being-ness itself. This paramita is similar to what Christians call charity, though it doesn't mean just giving money to the poor. Dana also means unattached generosity, boundless openness, and what some might call unconditional love.

Sila paramita—virtue, a deep sense of morality

Shanti paramita—patience and tolerance of others

Virya paramita—energy, diligence and courage

Dhyana paramita—meditation, contemplation, concentration and absorption into the transcendent realms of consciousness

Prajna—transcendental wisdom



A Tantric Warrior with a Dharma Sward. This powerful symbolism speaks to the path of the Tantric Warrior as someone who uses the tantras (energy practices of consciousness) to cut through his or her own egoic delusions. Kathmandu, Nepal.

Personal Thoughts

For me, the tap root of the Paramitas is hidden within the very last paramita on the list—that of Prajna or transcendental wisdom. When prajna is glimpsed, all phenomena, all existence is seen as essentially empty and impermanent. What looks solid is seen for what it is—essentially emptiness. One realizes that the illusion of solidity is a trick of our nervous systems. There is, in truth, no one and nothing to grasp, nothing to hold on to. Add to this emptiness the insight of impermanence, and you have a heady-soup called samsara in Buddhism.

This would, indeed lead many, if not most of us, to a deep sense of despair and hopelessness were these two insights (emptiness and impermanence) not offset by two other qualities inherent in transcendent wisdom (prajna). These are bliss and luminosity.

This type of luminosity is not the type you can read in a book or see the world by. Rather, it is the luminosity of awareness itself. Tibetan Buddhists call it the Clear Light. As one approaches the center point of consciousness in one's self, there is a spontaneous arising of prajna or transcendent wisdom. This type of wisdom brings with it not only the luminosity of self-awareness, but also a kind of bliss. In Sanskrit, bliss is called ananda. And consciousness is said by yogis and yoginis to have three aspects—Sat (existence), Chit (knowledge) and Ananda (bliss).

For Buddhists, chit (knowledge), is replaced by bodhicitta, or the knowledge of one's own inherent Buddha nature.

Through the inherent power of Buddhist and yogic meditation practice, I have, occasionally, experienced the radiant luminosity of prajna. I thought in those moments, that I would forever possess the light and bliss of awareness. But alas, this was not to be the case.

For one thing, there was nothing to possess and no one to possess it. This is one of the critical and central insights of the Diamond Sutra. Such concepts seem odd to us when we are caught up in the sensory display and personal desires of samsara. But it is self-evident as we enter prajna or transcendent wisdom. And what is this self-evident realization that occurs in prajna? It is that all things are both real and unreal. They, and we, are much like clouds or mirages having no real substance.

This sounds like gobbely-goop if you are in your ordinary mind (sensory based awareness). But it is self-evident when you reside in your Buddha mind (bodhicitta or prajna, transcendent wisdom). I think it might be helpful to bring this odd juxtaposition of reality and unreality down from the ephemeral metaphorical language of prajna (transcendent wisdom) into the language of quantum physics. It might help us to better understand this central enigma of the Diamond Sutra.

Let's take your hands for an example. They are obviously real—at least at one level of awareness. They are, for instance, holding the paper that this article is written on, or if you are reading this on a computer, you use your hands to move the cursor, which moves the text. All of this is quite real.

But move with me, if you will, down into the microscopic and subatomic world of your hands. Here there is a whirling dervish dance of subatomic particles, all swirling about in space. In fact, as I mentioned in the first part of this article, there is more space than solid matter at the atomic level of

reality. As we move deeper into this subatomic space, emptiness seems more real than solidity.

It is here that we must abandon quantum physics as our guide, since now there is nothing to measure or quantify, and in order to have science you have to be able to measure something. But here, all we have is emptiness.

When our personal awareness resides in this emptiness (through meditation), all things are seen as essentially illusory—empty and devoid of substance. And so it is that your hands that appear to you as solid and real in one moment can, in the next, through the power of prajna or bodhicitta, appear as unreal. The Diamond Sutra takes the unusual philosophical stance that things are both real and unreal, both existing and non-existing. And it is this state of non-duality that shapes the experience of enlightenment.

The other reason I was not able to remain in these heightened states of awareness,

quite frankly, was because I had not mastered the first four paramitas, which act as a kind of ground for prajna (transcendent wisdom) into everyday life. In other words, through meditation or dhyana paramita, I caught a glimpse of the vastness from the top of the mountain, but when it came time to come down into the valley and actually live life, I forgot the View (prajna).

The first four paramitas train the mind so that it (the mind) can eventually reflect the luminosity and wisdom of one's own bodhicitta. This type of mind training was deemed vital by the Buddha for anyone desiring self-realization, and is one of the main focus points of The Diamond Sutra.

Let's take a look at these, beginning with the fourth paramita—virya. Virya is both diligence and energy. It also implies spiritual courage. Indeed, anyone attempting to become self-realized must find or generate these qualities in him or herself. Samsara is often represented as a snare that catches us, and it takes immense energy, diligence and courage to escape its clutches.

In more realistic and less metaphorical terms, it takes energy, diligence and courage to stand up to and transform our own negativity. And if this dynamic self-transformative energy is not part of one's innate nature, it must be cultivated.

The third paramita—shanti is characterized by patience and tolerance of others. Again, this is a method of training the mind to move towards its inherent bodhicitta. Patience and tolerance are expressions of prajna, and as one gets closer to self-realization these two qualities spontaneously appear. However, it has been my observation that shanti does not mean to make oneself a doormat, or to let others take advantage of you. There is an old Buddhist story though its roots may actually be Hindu.

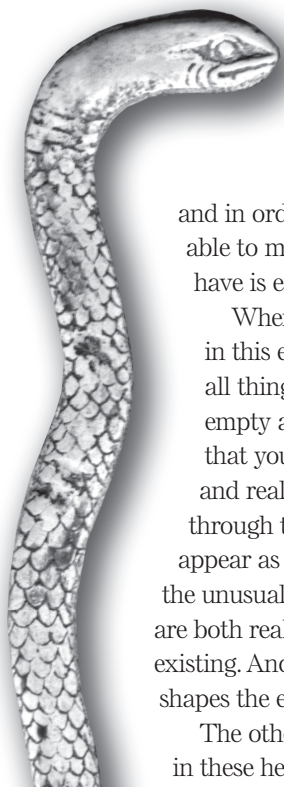
According to the folk tale, an enlightened yogi was walking through the woods when he was attacked by a large poisonous snake. Using his yogic powers he avoided the attack, and the snake, stunned by the yogi's abilities, asked to become a disciple. The yogi taught him the third paramita of shanti, which literally means peace.

Some time passed, and the yogi revisited the woods to see how his serpentine disciple was doing. The large reptile was ravaged with cuts and wounds. His guru asked, "What in the name of Buddha has happened to you?"

The snake explained that after his conversion to peace, he no longer wished to harm the local villagers. When they found out that he was a pacifist they kicked him and hit him with sticks for fun.

The yogi said, "I told you to practice the paramita of shanti, but I never told you to stop hissing." In other words, in the duality that is samsara we may at times have to stand up for ourselves, but when doing so we should strive not to harm.

The second paramita—sila, means virtue or a deep sense of morality. This attitude is an expression of prajna (transcendent



wisdom) and comes out of the fundamental insight that we are all interconnected. When we are acting out of prajna we cannot knowingly harm another being. But when we are in deluded states of mind, such harm is commonplace. This paramita of sila is an external code of conduct. It means not to steal, not to kill or harm another. When we are in our right mind (meaning prajna) then such actions are simply not possible. But when we are not in prajna (meaning our ordinary mind) such actions are possible, and the sila paramita protects us against ourselves. It is, in another way of looking at things, a safety device to avoid creating negative karma.

The first paramita—dana is the perfection of generosity, the open heart or what some might call unconditional love. When we reside in our Buddha nature (bodhicitta), or our transcendent wisdom (prajna), we are naturally and spontaneously openhearted. This is generosity of spirit, and it is one of the signs of emerging enlightenment.

When looking at the six paramitas, one can say that the first four are codes of conduct or internal attitudes. The fifth paramita is the practice of meditation, which reveals one's own innate bodhicitta, and it is here that prajna, or transcendent wisdom is spontaneously revealed.

Now I personally have some difficulties with the first four paramitas, or more accurately, how they are sometimes practiced. I have written about the quandary of spiritual ideals on several occasions because they are truly double-edged swords. Whereas the fifth paramita, dhyana, is the practice of meditation, and prajna is its fruit, the first four paramitas are prime territory for making spiritual vows—meaning that we state our intention to practice them.

This is fine in and of itself, and in fact, I think one has to put a lot of energy and intention into the paramitas for them to work as a means towards enlightenment. But what do we do with ourselves when we screw up, when we fail to keep our vows? Do we beat ourselves up, or do we just take it as important information about our own negativity and start again?

What originally attracted me to Buddhism was its seeming lack of guilt. But as I studied Buddhist thought and practice from various cultures, guilt and shame raised its ugly head again. Depending upon the tradition one is involved in, guilt and shame do sometimes show up.

I consider guilt and shame to be some of the most deleterious attitudes to ever befall humanity. They are useless emotions in that they do not lead us into greater self-awareness. They are just ruts to wallow in and used to self-flagellate ourselves. Insight into why we did what we did is far more resourceful at changing future behavior than condemning ourselves, or another for that matter.

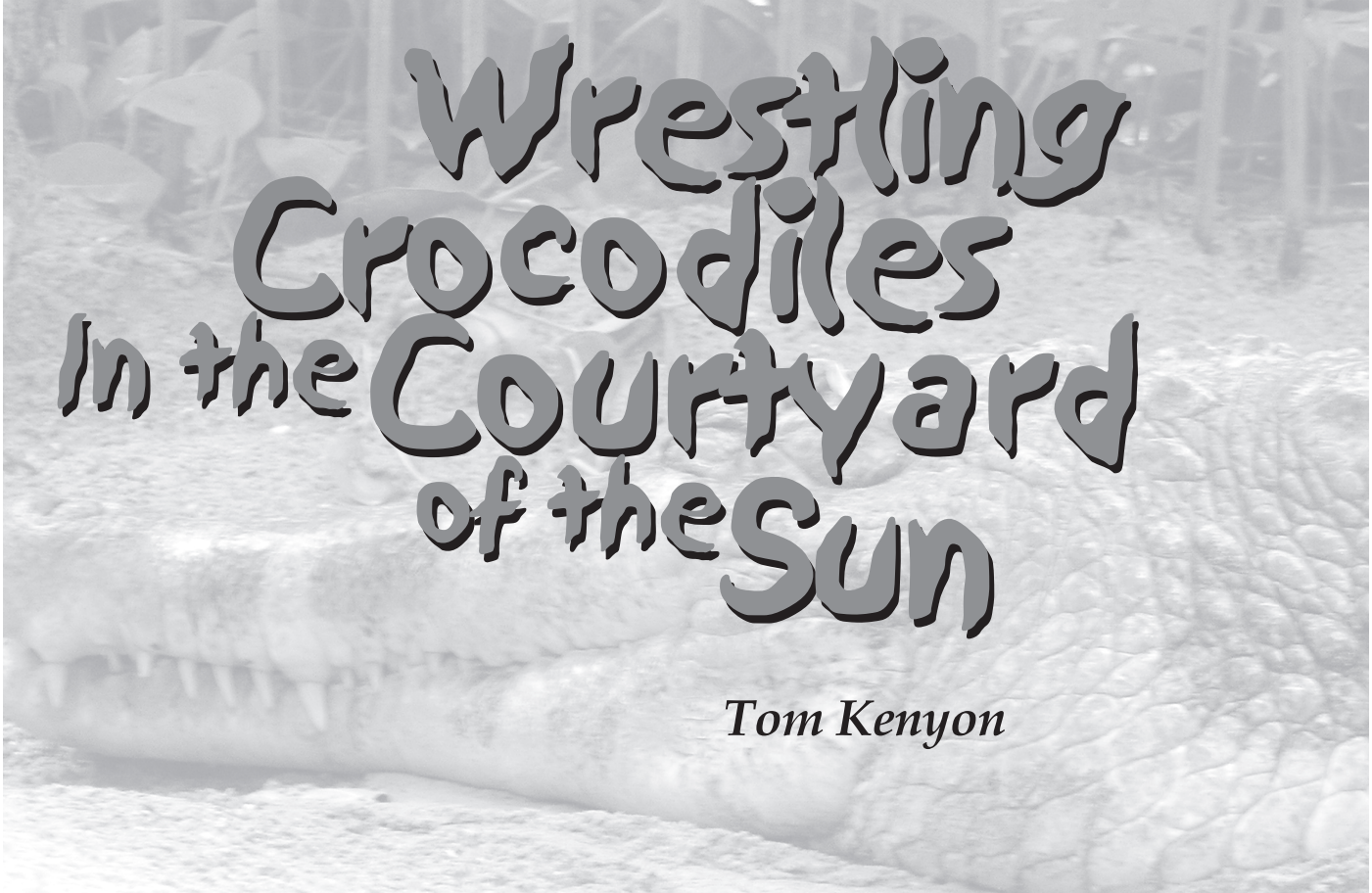
And so, when by the Red Sea, I screwed up and failed to fulfill my intention to practice the two paramitas of shanti (tolerance) and dana (generosity of spirit)—all within a period

of about two hours—I had the opportunity to condemn myself for breaking my own vows. Fortunately, I had resolved to experiment with the two paramitas rather than take a vow to practice them no matter what. As a result, when I recognized the fact that I had failed in my undertaking, I was not gripped with shame and guilt. Instead, I felt the bitter truth of my own personal attachment. I had told myself that my desires were understandable given my state of unrelenting physical pain. A little refuge was all I had hoped for—a cup of decent coffee while sitting under the moon by the sea, and to do this alone.

When the realization dawned that I had missed an opportunity to experience the presence of the young Buddha in front of me, I did not experience guilt. Rather, I experienced grief—the type of grief that comes from standing face to face with one's own emotional limitations. And then in a moment of grace, perhaps due to years of meditation practice, the grief changed into a form of luminous awareness in which prajna, transcendent wisdom, revealed itself to me for a few shining moments.

I offer this little bit of insight for those of you who choose to experiment with the Paramitas. My personal experience is that they are well worth the effort. And I suggest that anyone undertaking them read the Diamond Sutra. Why drink from a cup when you can go to the stream itself?





Wrestling Crocodiles In the Courtyard of the Sun

Tom Kenyon

You can still see it today, and in fact, it is often one of the first stops for cruise boats as they ply up and down the Nile. The ruins are of a temple the ancient Egyptians called Kom Ombo. It is here that one of Egypt's most ancient of gods resides—Sobek.

Sobek is part human and part crocodile. He represents our most primal feelings, including fear and terror. His symbolic message is poignant. In order to reach the inner sanctum of spiritual illumination, we must confront and transform our deepest primal negativities.

It is here, at Kom Ombo and the waiting crocodile-god, that neophytes desiring to become Initiates undertook a dangerous rite of passage. They had to jump into an underground chamber filled with water, and swim deep into a dark and murky pool to one of two openings. To make matters a little more challenging, the pool was home to actual physical crocodiles—hungry ones.

One of the holes was pitch black, while the other radiated light. And the neophytes had to make a split second decision—swim to the light or swim into the dark. If they swam into the wrong opening, they would not have enough air to make it back to the top. Their initiation would end right then and there. If they didn't die from lack of air, the crocs would get them.

It turns out that the two openings were the reverse of what you might think. The opening that was light filled led to a

dead-end. But the dark portal led to a channel that opened into air and new life. A result of this life and death rite was that the would-be Initiate had to discriminate between true light and that which was false.

Things haven't changed much, except that now we don't have to go to some distant temple for initiation. Modern life provides us with a plethora of opportunities for spiritual discrimination.

I think one of the essential elements to understand here is that safety or spiritual ascent does not always come to us when we follow the light. Sometimes it comes to us, paradoxically, when we find the courage to enter the dark. By darkness, I do not mean evil, as is often associated with the dark, but rather I refer to the dark as the subconscious (meaning that which is below the level of conscious awareness). At another level I am also speaking about the dark as an entrance into the collective unconscious—that transpersonal repository or inner pool of the collective mind. Finally, I refer to the dark as a portal into space itself, not so much outer space, although it is certainly part of it, but more inner space—the space between subatomic particles and that most subtle space that is the quantum womb, the Mother, if you will, of matter itself.

A lot of my writings have dealt with the subconscious mind, so I won't go into it much here—except to say that it is a good thing to know what's down in the cellar of your own mind. Self-knowledge is power, and when we disregard our personal issues; we do so to our own peril. You can go to our website to read some of my thoughts on these matters if you desire. Just go to the articles section.

What I wish to focus on here is what I referred to earlier as the collective mind. And as I look out at world events I am deeply troubled by what I see. It is as if we are, as a collective, going stark raving mad. And it reminds me of a comment made by the late psychiatrist, Carl Jung, shortly before his death—mankind, he said, must come to terms with its own collective shadow, or humanity will destroy itself.

What is it that fuels our tendencies toward self-destruction? Some of it is, no doubt, due to a quirk in human psychology, and some of it is, I think, due to our biology. There is evidence that self-destructiveness and aggression may be rooted in our mammalian natures. Baboons and monkeys have been observed to occasionally organize their aggression into group activity—a kind of war. And dolphins have also been observed to kill their own kind, especially their young, all of which bears a striking resemblance to human violence.

Darkness in the Temples of Light

Several months ago, I read an account of an attack that occurred in, of all places, a Buddhist temple. It seems that a personal growth trainer had been asked to speak. As part of his presentation he went over and peed in front of a statue of Buddha. Maybe it was to stir things up; I don't know. But it pissed off the sangha (spiritual community). Enraged, some of the male members of the community jumped up and beat the living you know what out of the dude. I don't know if Gautama (Lord Buddha) was aware of what was happening in front of his statue, or not. And I don't know if he would have laughed,

cried or been unmoved. But it was indeed odd that such a thing could occur in a Buddhist community. If anything, Buddhists strive to be harmless to other sentient beings. What then, short-circuited the minds of those men in the sangha to the extent that they got up and pummeled their guest?

While we are on the topic, what allows some Christians to righteously kill others in the name of Jesus? I mean, for Christ's sake, didn't they read his words? If these Bible thumping zealots believe in taking the King James Version of "the good book" literally—then they should do what the Messiah said—love your neighbors. I don't know about you, but in my mind that doesn't mean kill them.

To be fair, not all Christians are fundamentalist hotheads. Some of them actually do their best to live a life that imitates Christ, and I have no qualms with these people. Many of them do wonderful and even great things. And I think the world would be a much better place if we all lived with more love and charity in our hearts and actions.

But the question continually crosses my mind, how do we humans manage to get so far off track? Well I think a lot of it has to do with our shadows—our un-owned psychological material. And this is nowhere more clear to me than in the New Age. Let me explain.

While I agree that spiritual light is a vital part of our spiritual evolution, so is the dark—meaning again, the inner recesses of our own consciousness where we are less aware—in other words, our

subconscious and unconscious minds.

The problem is not with living in the light. The problem is when we disregard the dark. I actually feel uncomfortable with many "spiritual people," meaning people who call themselves spiritual. There is something in their fields that makes me wary. I can't relax because their own darkness (un-owned shadows) is leaking out all over the place. And rather than take responsibility for their unresolved personal issues, they project it onto others. In fact, if I had to spend my last days with either an un-conscious-all-love-and-light-new-ager or a cowboy, I'd take pretty much the cowboy any day (with the exception, of course, of G.W. Bush and his gang of borderline sociopaths).



Sobek, the Initiatory Crocodile God at Kom Ombo



Entrance to Kom Ombo Temple

I say the cowboy because you pretty much know where you stand with these guys. But someone who is all-love-and-light and without any self-knowledge regarding his or her own negative aspects speaks, as the Native Americans say, with a forked tongue.

On the one hand they are busy living a spiritual life as best they can, while on the other hand they disregard things in themselves that they have judged not to be spiritual. It is very uncomfortable to see our self-reflection when it is petty, cowardly, hateful or vindictive—just to name a few uncomfortable self-reflections. Thus, some of us strive to live a spiritual ideal to the exclusion of everything else, especially when we catch a glimpse of an unflattering reflection of ourselves. When there is a mismatch between a spiritual ideal and the reality of life, many of us spiritual folk have a tendency to tuck away—out of view—that which does not match the ways we have been told we should be. In an extraordinary mental slight of hand, we dim the light of self-awareness and deny to ourselves, and perhaps others, that we are actually thinking and feeling something that is taboo—and I don't mean the perfume. In certain spiritual circles, we could be condemned simply for what we think or feel. Diversity of opinion or experience is not always welcome in spiritual and religious communities.

Yes, the mirror of self-awareness can be a real son-of-a-bitch, and anyone who has wrestled with his or her dark unconscious aspects can attest to this. But without coming to terms with our own darkness, we risk the distinct possibility of losing our way, and losing our way, in, of all things—the light. Now here I am not speaking of what could be called true spiritual light, but the false light that seems to be true.

In Search of the One True Path

Let me be a little more clear here. There are all kinds of paths to god/goddess/enlightenment or whatever you wish to call it. Some of them may appear a bit strange or even spooky to you or me, but if they get the person where they want to go without harming anyone else, then I don't see the problem. The problem is actually with the Spiritual Gestapo, those petty, narrow-minded hall monitors that keep an eye on everyone in their spiritual community to make sure they are doing what they should be doing and not doing what they shouldn't. Of course the question here is—who had the audacity to actually make up the rules on how to be spiritual?

I know some people who pray when they smoke, and their holy ritual is just as valid for them as High Mass or an Empowerment might be to someone else.

I have a fellow Buddhist friend who was working at a Zen Buddhist center and after his work was done he headed off to a local bar with a friend. A member of the sangha (spiritual community) reproached him as he was leaving. She demanded to know how he could still be a good Buddhist and go off to a bar. Didn't he owe the sangha more than that? What type of example was he setting for the younger Dharma students? My friend politely gave her the finger (metaphorically speaking) and headed off to the bar with his friend for another type of spiritual experience.

I guess he shouldn't have felt too bad because the same thing happened to Jesus. He was asked on at least one occasion why he hung out with harlots and sinners. I forget his response to this hard-nosed line of questioning, but I suspect that part of the reason may have been that sinners and harlots are often a lot more interesting and a lot more fun than the self-righteous. And it doesn't matter whether the self-righteous are fundamentalist, evangelical, Bible-pushing Christians, or all-love-and-light NewAgers—at least in regards to the A.S.S. (Annoying Spiritual Stupidity) scale. But then you see, I must confess that I am fundamentally a Libertarian. I say let the people worship the Great Mystery in whatever ways they wish. Just don't annoy me by pawning off another one of those “one-true” versions of the truth. In this matter, I agree with the Agorha yogis of India. These dudes are fascinating, and by our western standards really, really odd, but there is a method to their madness.

Agorhas are sadhus, which means they wander around India without possessions, other than the clothes on their backs, which ain't much because some of these guys run around naked. They may have a begging bowl and some carry a trident (a three-pronged kind of pitchfork that symbolizes mastery over the three gunas, or the most subtle forces of consciousness. And that is pretty much it. They believe that every atom of the universe is a manifestation of God; every speck of dust is as sacred as anything else, including the great marble temples



where the Brahmins worship.

They sleep on garbage heaps. They meditate on corpses, yes, corpses. You see, in India and many Hindu countries, bodies are burned in public. While the bodies are waiting to be tossed on the funeral pyre, an Agorha may be found meditating near or on top of the corpse. Why do they do this?

Remember, everything to an Agorha is sacred. And they see life as it is—an ever- changing juxtaposition of life and death, the living and the dead. I suspect it is a type of shock therapy to dispel the grand human illusion—that death will somehow not touch us. But to an Agorha, this is not comfort; it is delusion. They seek to pierce the facades that we use to protect ourselves from the awareness of both our divinity and our temporality. Every action of an Agorha is a form of worship, but were you to visit, say, Calcutta and run into one of these sadhus, you might simply conclude that you had stumbled onto a madman.

But madness, especially of the spiritual variety, is highly relative. Without understanding the philosophical and yogic underpinnings of an Aghora, you cannot begin to understand his external actions or behavior.

My point in even bringing up the Agorhas is that there are many paths to self-realization. It's just that some of these are more exotic than others, and although they may look weird from the outside, they make sense to the one who is traveling that path; otherwise he or she wouldn't be on it to begin with.

If you take a good, hard look at spiritual and religious traditions (without the gauzy filter of misplaced devotion), it is quite interesting. Take for instance, Christianity. It is hardly the homogenized white bread religion many of us in the US believe it to be.

It is an extremely diverse religion, as I might add, are most other religions as well. Consider the Eucharist, or Communion, as it is referred to by Protestants.

In Catholicism, the Eucharist is one of the sacred rites of the Church. Beneath the beauty, pomp and circumstance of the Mass, the sharing of bread and wine is a primal ritual that traces its origins straight back into the roots of a more ancient religion—paganism.

You see, the Church still believes in the concept of Transubstantiation. What this means is that when the faithful partake of the bread and wine, a miracle of alchemy takes place. The bread literally becomes the flesh (the body) of Christ in the belly of the one who has eaten it. And the wine becomes, literally, the blood of Christ.

Is this not a type of spiritual cannibalism? To non-Catholics in the modern world, spiritual cannibalism may seem shocking. But this would not be a source of concern to a pagan. It would make sense.

To some Protestants, the Catholic way of giving Communion is an abomination.

Some Protestants consider it a sin to drink wine, or even dance for that matter. So they give out grape juice when it is time to celebrate the ritual remnants of the Last Supper, even though their language still refers to the bread as the body of Christ and the grape juice as the blood of Christ.

Some Christians worship their God by handling poisonous snakes, harking back to a statement in the Bible that the faithful will not be harmed by even the most deadly of vipers. Although snake handling is illegal in some states, it is still practiced in churches especially in Appalachia. Snake handling may seem really weird to some Catholics, but to some of these snake handlers, their ways of worshiping the Lord make more sense than drinking his blood and eating his flesh.

Another group of Christians worship by surrendering themselves to the power of the Holy Spirit. Their spiritual ecstasy comes from speaking in tongues and shaking uncontrollably in the aisles. Other Christians sit quietly in group prayer, and when they speak, it is in hushed whispers.

I am not taking sides, mind you. All are welcome at the table of the Great Mystery. My point is that one person's way of worship may seem odd or even downright heathen to another. Relativity operates not only in the realm of physics, but in religion and spirituality as well.



But let's not end our quick survey of the diversity of Christianity here, lest we leave out a fascinating offshoot of this religion—voodoo. You see, when Christian

missionaries entered Africa in order to convert "the heathen barbarians" to the one true religion, their pure

breed of Christ's message underwent a transformation, an amalgamation really. (Side bar: What the missionaries could not have known was that ancient African cultures eclipsed Europe centuries before the Renaissance. But I digress.)

Some of the African converts (especially those who were taken into slavery and shipped off to the New World) incorporated the new religion into the banquet hall of their old gods and goddesses. They did not abandon the old ways; they just added some new faces to the party. Thus voodoo is a rich tapestry of ancient African deities along with Jesus, Mary and some of Saints. There is a great misunderstanding of voodoo in the US, associating it with evil intent and darkness of the deepest kind. Some voodoo priests and priestesses, no doubt, have questionable intent, but, frankly, so do some Catholic priests who have been caught with their pants down, literally.

The Catholic Church, in case you haven't been following the news, has been awash in lawsuits from adults who had been sexually molested as children by their priests in the back rooms of their Churches—talk about misplaced trust.

Hollywood has also added to the misconceptions of voodoo because we Americans love to be scared by exotic and strange rituals. Again, to someone outside the understanding of its philosophical and spiritual underpinnings, voodoo may seem very strange indeed. But much of voodoo is undeniably positive, at least in its intent. The packaging may be a bit squeamish for the average white person, but that does not detract from the fact that voodoo is a valid form of worship.

A similar situation exists in South America. When the Spanish Conquistadors invaded, they brought with them missionaries from the Church of Rome. True to their European history and strategy, the Catholics promptly dismantled the temples of the conquered and built their new cathedrals from the very stone and on the very sites of the former religion. But, the symbols and deities from these ancient civilizations did not die so easily. As in voodoo, isolated groups joined together the figures of the new religion with their old gods and goddesses. To this day, you can find fascinating forms of Catholicism throughout South America. But although

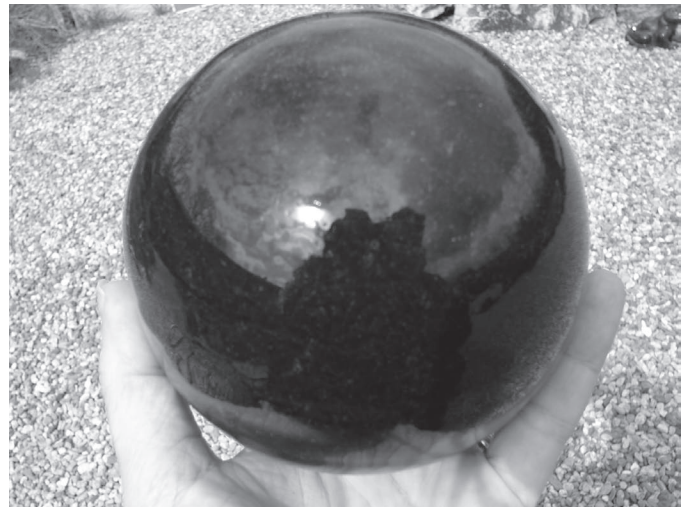


Another amalgamation of the crocodile called the Anmit, an Initiatory Protector, the Anmit is part crocodile, part hippopotamus and part lion. He devours those who do not deserve passage into the higher realms of consciousness.

they are Catholic in name, their allegiance is not to the Pope or the Vatican. It is to a uniquely personal territory of the psyche where myth is still alive and well, and the old gods dance with the new in an extraordinary tango of diversity.

What is my point in all this comparative religion? Well, for one, there are many ways to worship God, or in some cases, the Goddess. I think it is truly a form of spiritual arrogance to deem any

one religion or spiritual path the one and only true way. And I find it personally annoying for a traveler on one of these paths to declare someone else on another spiritual path a sinner and doomed to an eternal life in hell. Or if you are Eastern in your orientation, your arrogance might be to say that only your spiritual lineage will lead to Enlightenment. To which I say—dudes, you are really getting up there on the A.S.S. scale.



Mirror, mirror on the wall. Who can I get to toss you out of the hall?

The Dark Mirror

In the Great Hall of the Self there are two mirrors. One reflects only our good qualities, and when we look into that reflection we see ourselves only in the ways that match our spiritual ideals. It is good to look into this mirror from time to time so that we can acknowledge the goodness that we have attained. But it is dangerous to look into this reflection for too long.

The danger is quite real and has snared innumerable persons on the spiritual path, drawing them into self-absorption and self-adoration. When we look into this mirror for too long without looking into the second mirror, we can fall prey to an insidious psychological and spiritual trap—narcissism.

In the myth of Narcissus, the youthful boy-man is so dazzlingly beautiful that he falls in love with an image of himself that he sees in a pool of water. He becomes fascinated and enthralled with his own reflection to the exclusion of relationships with all other persons. This tragedy of misplaced attention reaches its climax when a tear falls from an eye and disturbs his reflection on the surface of the water. He realizes that his love affair with himself has been illusory. There was, in fact, no one there. When we become seduced by our own spiritual reflection without regard for others and the realities of the world around us, we are lost. For a time we may revel in the legend of ourselves that we have created in our own minds, but we lose our souls in the process. And unfortunately, we may harm those around us because we are not attending to anything or anyone but ourselves.

The second mirror is discomforting to gaze into, and so most people avoid looking. It is the Dark Mirror in the Great Hall. It reflects our flaws, our defects and sometimes our most vile attributes. Who would want to gaze into this hideous thing when the beautiful mirror of goodness is right beside it?

But without gazing into the Dark Mirror we lose contact with vital information about ourselves—our behavior, as well as our hidden agendas, and cloaked intent.

Sometimes the Dark Mirror is revealed to us through the hard won act of self-awareness. We catch ourselves thinking or doing something that we know to be wrong. Although the Mirror gives us the grace of clear in-sight into our questionable thoughts and actions, it cannot stop us from thinking or doing them. That takes an act of personal will. For some of us, the Dark Mirror can be so disturbing we will do anything and everything to avoid looking at it (and ourselves).

Mirror, mirror on the wall.

Who can I get to toss you out of the hall?

Sometimes the Dark Mirror takes the form of a person who tells us in no uncertain terms that we are out of line—doing something, in other words, that we have no business doing. But to someone who is lost in the labyrinth of narcissism, such feedback is not appreciated. And in fact, such persons can become downright hostile or in some cases, dangerous, when confronted with their dark un-owned material.

Spiritual leaders and religious figures are particularly vulnerable to this dangerous abyss. And many a spiritual teacher has fallen from grace by not looking long enough or deep enough into the Dark Mirror.

The thing about spiritual narcissism is that those of us who fall into its trap do not recognize that we have been snared. We do not see that we have become self-obsessed. It just seems natural for us to be the center around which all things should revolve. We become a legend in our own mind. And all our self-importance grows like poison mushrooms in the shade of night—the deep darkness of self-forgetting.

But it is equally important for those of us who find the courage to gaze into our own Dark Mirrors not to gaze too long, or become too obsessed with what we see. Confrontation with darkness requires some degree of detachment if we are to survive the encounter.

While it is imperative to gaze into these uncomfortable reflections of ourselves as well as our behavior, it is vital that we do so in balance. And so it is best if we look in both mirrors—the mirror that reflects our goodness and the mirror that reflects our unconscious questionable intents.

Crocodiles In the Courtyard of the Sun

All of this brings us full circle back to Kom Ombo, the Initiatory Temple by the Nile. Back then, one had to outwit the hungry reptiles and decide in a moment's notice which portal to enter—the portal of light or the portal of darkness.

Today, few of us have to swim through crocodiles. Instead we must wrestle with them in what I call the Courtyard of the Sun.

This Sun is not the central star of our solar system upon which all life on Earth depends. But rather this is a Spiritual Sun, a metaphor actually, for Spirit itself. It is an ancient symbol of spirituality that we have inherited from cultures before us. And it is deeply imbedded in our collective mind



Sobek with uraeus symbolizing the union of our primal nature with spiritual vision and insight.

and religious aspirations.

It is not in the scope of this article to go into this as deep as I would like, but I think it important to at least mention it. There are two major celestial symbols for consciousness that we have inherited, and they are in fact, held to be antagonistic by many. And what are these two symbols? They are the sun and the moon.

Symbolically, for at least last two thousand years or so, perhaps longer, the radiant light of the Sun has been associated with Spirit as well as the masculine aspects of consciousness. The Moon, on the other hand, has been associated with the Earth, the feminine and darkness.

For various reasons, way too complex to go into here, the Light has become associated with all that is good. And indeed, many religions and new age philosophies aspire to leave the world behind and enter into the Promised Land of Eternal Light. Darkness is feared by many people on the spiritual path, and yet it is within some types of darkness that the greatest self-awareness and spiritual illumination takes place.

In the Courtyard of the Sun we are surrounded by light and seeming goodness. But all is not what it seems to be. Best not be fooled by the radiant light and think that our journey has ended. The crocodiles are waiting. They take many forms—arrogance, spiritual pride, envy, impatience, to name just a few. Perhaps the most dangerous of them is self-importance. Many of us on the path have been devoured by this insidious creature.

The bitch of it is that there is not just one courtyard. Each time we grow spiritually and gain a little more light, a little more wisdom, our path opens up into a new courtyard. And a new initiation awaits us, and the outcome depends upon what we have learned about ourselves and the world.

I have no words of wisdom here, for each of us must take our own journey into the Mystery and find our own ways through the labyrinths that confront us. I do, however, have a few final words of advice. In the Great Hall of the Self, there are two mirrors. Take the time to look into both of them. Don't become seduced by either. Keep your wits as well as your sense of humor. Sometimes your laughter may be your best ally on this strange and wondrous adventure. And may the cosmic farce that passeth all understanding be with you.



Tom with one of his crocodiles.

Dear Diary

Judi Sion



Montesossa al Mare, Cinquetera, Italy

Every other year for the last six years, Tom and I have lived outside the US for one year at a time. Sometimes I can scarcely believe we live this wondrous/schizoid life, which has now taken us around the world three times, plus. There are those times, when I've been searched and fondled for the fourth time in one day at one airport, like recently in Frankfurt, when I curse what it takes to travel in this world



turned fascist overnight. For Tom and me, it is the commitment to a promise Tom made the Hathors years ago. They asked him to take their sounds around the world. They just didn't say how many times.

For a year or more at a time, we live out of suitcases, constantly organizing and searching for misplaced items, translating enough words to get where we need to be, exchanging money, figuring out pay phones, hunting reasonable hotels, picking up rental cars, getting lost returning them, finding the gas tank on the car

and making the gas pump work at a French gas station without an attendant. Finding good food is a matter of sheer luck, if we don't have a friend in the area. We wander streets, looking for a menu in English with items that we recognize, not always an easy thing to find, especially in Japan.

That first year we lived abroad took us to Egypt, Malta, Turkey, Italy, France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Greece, the Ukraine and to Russia with love. We combine the places where Spirit requests that we anchor the sounds with locations that

request a workshop. This is our way of getting the sounds of the Hathors, and all the Beings who work through Tom, into many places that desperately need those sounds. Many of these places couldn't afford a workshop, not in the normal sense, so we subsidize these locations, when asked by Spirit, through other workshops. One workshop in a country where people have funds supports a country where the sounds are needed but the people have nothing.

We were not prepared for the dismal, pale and sickly look of the fish served us in the Ukraine. I casually held my fork, fish impaled, but not yet touched, as I looked out the window at a deathly looking river running alongside the restaurant. I gingerly asked where Chernobyl was. The fork dropped when our translator said it was about a half hour up river, from whence came the fish. When we got to our hotel room, we asked the Hathors why on earth they had brought us so close to Chernobyl and they said they'd have put Tom in the reactor if they could have, as the radiation would hold the sounds for thousands of years.

They turn off the hot water in both Moscow and Kiev for two weeks every spring, to work on the systems. Somehow we had managed to be in both cities on this auspicious occasion. Moscow is cold and wet in May and a warm shower would have been really nice. Instead, we had hot cups of boiled water and our baths were in the kitchen pot.

In Moscow, we were loaned an apartment, with much fanfare. It was, we were told, one of the nicest apartments in all of Moscow. It would have housed 12 people, or three or four families, during the Cold War. It was only a few blocks off the walking street, Arbat. We were warned not to go out onto the balcony, and after seeing it, we would not have considered stepping out on it. Several people in Moscow die each month when the balcony of their badly engineered garden-style apartment building collapses. These 8-12 story apartment buildings were built during the Stalin era, to show Russia's might and contemporary capabilities, but they were shabbily and hastily built, mostly for show, not intended for long-term living. Their elevators seldom work, and when they do, as in our building, it is quite like submerging in an ancient submarine, complete with ominous clanking sounds and a porthole window in the door, obscured by a mesh screen.

We visited a Tuvan shaman. Her apartment was, luckily, only on about the sixth floor. Her elevator had not worked in over a decade. She had been cooking rotten meat for days, to honor us in ceremony and the stench pervaded everything on several floors nearing hers. We drove for about an hour, to get to a place in Moscow where there were enough trees clumped together for her to perform her healing ceremony. She pulled a branch from a nearby tree and told me to take my shoes off. She then thrashed me across the bottoms of both feet, taking away all the negative energy I had walked through that year, she said. I was lucky. She used the branch on our translator's head, whipping her severely across the crown and forehead.

Our translator—what else, Natasha—had been a Communist Party Block Leader during the Cold War. They say she was a fierce soldier, who always dressed in men's uniforms. People were afraid of her, and she had the reputation of being stern and deeply convicted to upholding

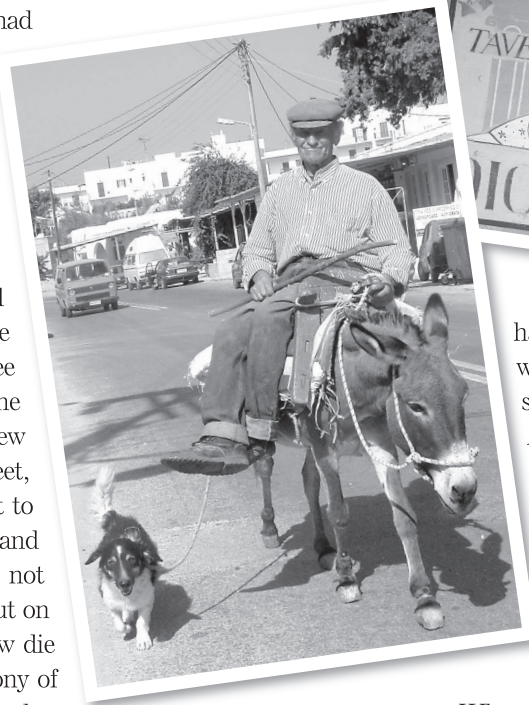
Soviet tenets. They told us how people trembled when she approached them. That was hard to believe of the soft, feminine woman who translated alchemical teachings for Tom. She had had, they said, a real change of heart in the years since that system fell.

There was hardly any food to buy in the grocery stores, and so we lived on

hard-boiled eggs and potatoes. (Not to be confused with Fiji, where we lived on hard-boiled eggs and spaghetti made of eggplant with canned tomatoes. A cyclone had washed away all their crops. See Fiji Postcard on the web site.)

One day we went to lunch in a Japanese restaurant on Arbat Street. We thought it strange we were the only customers. The cheapest items we could buy on the menu cost us over \$125 and tasted horrid. Not many people go out to lunch in Russia we quickly realized.

When we were first left alone in our apartment, we used the remote to turn on the television, which was on a Russian news station when we arrived. We changed it to the BBC and then took a walk on Arbat Street. When we came back, the television was set back on a Russian news station and the remote was missing. There appeared to be no way to change the channel without the remote. After hours of fiddling—what else did we have to do in the rain in a freezing cold Moscow May—Tom managed to get the station back to the BBC. We



searched the mostly empty apartment, top to bottom, and never found the remote.

Cars are not allowed on Arbat Street, only pedestrians. But as we walked along, looking at Russian dolls and scarves, we often felt an ominous presence and when we turned, a huge SUV with dark windows would be creeping along behind us. If the car stopped and a window opened and they called someone over, the whole street held a collective breath. The Russian mafia loves big SUVs, and they make their own rules. They go anywhere, including cruising down the middle of a pedestrian-only street. They are what the KGB used to be, and they still have immense power.

Our translator told us Stalin had killed 20 million Russians during his reign of horror. It is a fact very few people know about. They told us when someone was arrested, their families were told they were taken to prison in Siberia. Few of them were ever taken to prison. Why spend the money to take them to Siberia and feed them? Many of them were tortured and killed in the basement of KGB headquarters, the grisly evidence found years later, with the fall of Communism.

Many years ago, a good girlfriend had been stationed with the US foreign service in Moscow and she had told me the old KGB tricks used to make the foreign service people feel uncomfortable, to remind them they didn't belong there. They frequently shifted her drawers around. Returning from a short shopping trip, everything would appear just as she left it, on the surface. But her underwear would be in the drawer where she had her blouses before she left; and in the kitchen, the silverware was where the knife drawer had been. They were masters of little things that could drive you crazy. They sat by her on the bus and exchanged a duplicate camera with the one she had by her side, to get her film and see what she'd been photographing. When she developed her film, she got pictures of something they wanted her to see, just to mess with her.

So when the station was changed and the remote missing, I recognized the tactics. The day we were scheduled to leave, we went walking one last time on Arbat Street. When we returned, the television was, once again, back on Russian state news and

the missing remote was lying on the sofa. Our bags had been opened, and our airline tickets lay on the hall table, opened to the ticket that showed we were to leave that day. It was just a way to remind us we didn't belong there; we'd had our time; and now it was time to go.

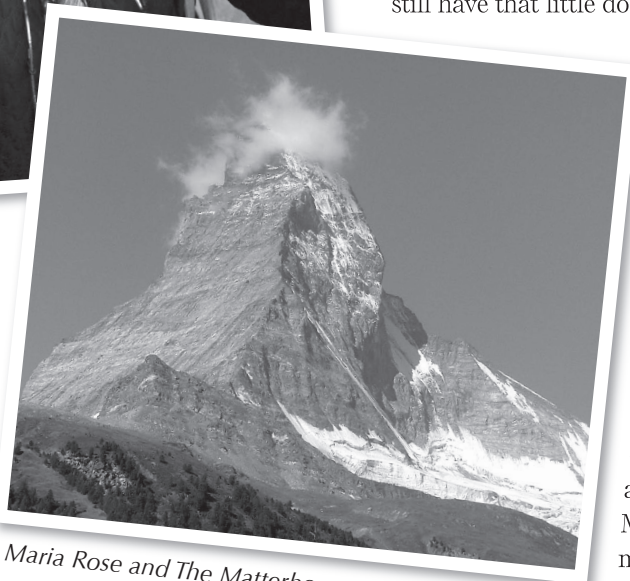
But the people of Russia are among the warmest and most heart-felt we have experienced anywhere in the world. They love their Motherland, the Great Mother Bear, in a way I have never loved a place, and I can feel them calling us back to this day.

I accepted a figurine from a woman in Moscow. She ran after me after the workshop was over and placed an object in my hand, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"This is my most beloved possession. Please, it must be yours now, to thank you for changing my life. Please do not forget the people of Russia. May this bring you back to us." Tears burst through my eyes, feeling her authenticity. As I walked away, I looked down into my hand to see a tiny little porcelain of a Scotty dog. I still have that little dog.

I can't write my history so long after the fact. Only large things stand out now, like the Scotty dog and the woman who sang to me on the train platform in Monterossa al Mare in the Cinquetera in Italy. I had desperately wanted a message from Magdalen and by now, many of you know that I frequently

comment that Tom hates to channel, and we were packed and leaving in minutes. I don't remember now why it felt so important to have contact with her, but I remember feeling that she had a message for me. Tom and I were heading into a particularly trying time, a time of great Initiation and I desperately wanted a blessing on the journey. As we stood on the train platform, waiting for a train to Milano, I saw a short, thick older Italian woman heading in my direction. She made a beeline for me, dodging through the hundred or so people queuing on the platform. She was dressed like a great lady, perhaps a Duchess or Baroness, like no one else I'd seen in the Cinquetera. She was "put together" immaculately, from an era long ago. Her navy blue suit was



Maria Rose and The Matterhorn

impeccable and her shoes and bag matched and spoke of some grace one seldom sees on a train platform in Italy or anywhere else for that matter. She approached me and asked me a question that I cannot recall, something about our travels. Then she took my hands and looked me deep in the eyes and began to sing to me. She held me in a trance, singing a blessing song to me, a song so deeply haunting and beautiful I will never forget the energy of it. Then she just turned and walked away. I was transfixed so long I almost lost sight on her in the growing crowd. The minute the trance broke, I ran after her. She was halfway down the stairs when I spotted her and called to her.

"Please," I said, "may I ask, what is your name?"

"My name is Maria Rose." She smiled it. She didn't say it. She smiled it. And that is how I received the Magdalen Blessing I needed that day in Italy on the Cinquetera, where Magdalen once stopped on her way to land on the marshy shores of southern France.

Frankly, Tom and I didn't want to go to Japan on our first trip there. We were quite happy sitting on a reef in Fiji, where I left another part of my heart. But the Hathors asked us to please get the sounds as close to North Korea as possible. That's when the North Koreans were posturing and threatening to fire nuclear weapons, four or five years ago. So we went. We didn't tell them the reason we accepted that initial invitation was because the Hathors wanted their sounds close to North Korea, and Japan was as close as we were willing to go. Now the Japanese have become good friends, as have the Germans and the Swiss and the Austrians and people all over the world, and we return to serve them as often as possible, our circumnavigations organized around stops along the way where Tom has audiences.

I almost died in Australia, first at the hands of a Customs Inspector who didn't approve of my drum and then in a head-on car wreck. I've spent a night in the Russian baths and been swabbed and scraped by an old Turkish woman in the baths in Istanbul. We bought our peanuts in Istanbul from an old one-eyed man who sold the best peanuts in the world. Over 400 people came to hear us speak in Istanbul and they were among the most sophisticated audience we have encountered in teaching abroad. Our facilitator insisted that I speak on the

program. I didn't understand why he'd want me to speak at that time, but he told me I was the famous one in Turkey, not Tom. Seems a publisher had pirated my old book on UFOs and consciousness, and it had become a bestseller in Turkey. So after I spoke, I smiled at the long queue and sat down and signed the pirated copies. Why tell these people they'd bought a "stolen" book?

Over 700 people attended the Ghandarva in Kiev in an ancient cathedral with seven separate domes and no sound system, and Tom's voice carried impeccably through all seven domes, a miracle of engineering we cannot duplicate today. We paid homage to the Great Him, the Matterhorn, in Zermatt, every morning for a month, and we've sailed the Cyclades,

from East to West and back again. In fact, our hearts were stolen in Greece and mine has not been returned since I left. I left it on a silly little island, hardly worth naming, but that the major part of my heart that is not on Fiji or in southern France, resides there on that ordinary little Cycladic Island. I shall go back one day, to retrieve it, over feta and wine and rockets and philosophy with Lambros and Dimitri.

Dimitri lost his mind last year, we are told by Lambros, who is jealous.

"He does not remember anything, even who he is," Lambros shook his head. "I wish that could happen to me."

One day, in better times, Lambros was considering whether to marry his girlfriend, who was claiming to be pregnant by him.

"You should marry her," Dimitri

Lambros advised Lambros. "If you marry her, then you can divorce her, and then you can regret. If you do not marry her, how will you ever know regret?"

Regret is big in Greece.

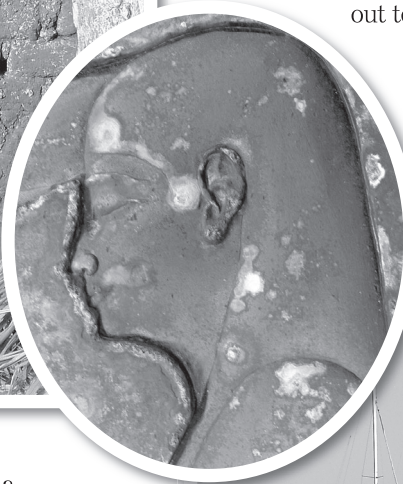
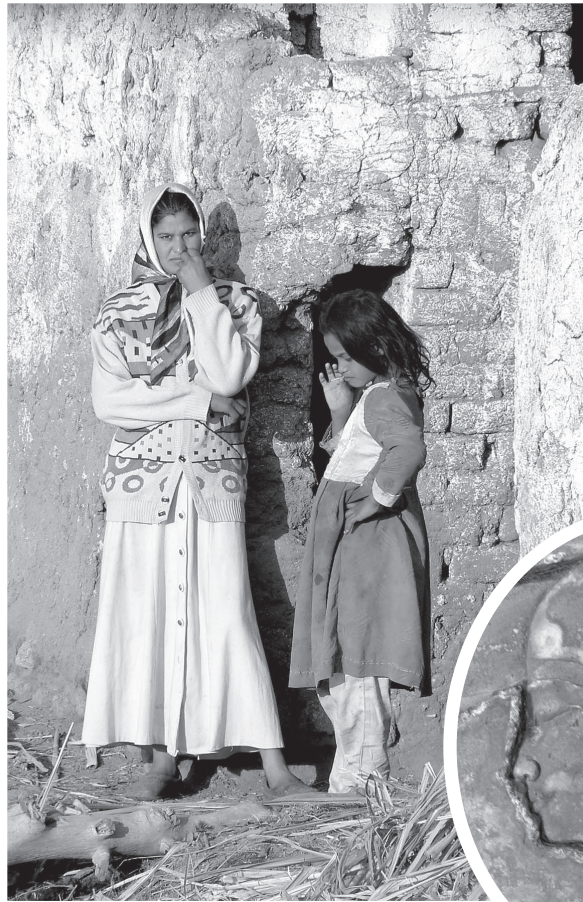
We've taken the bullet train to Kyoto and climbed Mount Kurama twice, most recently in deep snow this past December.

Some things I cannot write about, like Tibet. It haunts my soul like no other country. I thought Egypt was my country and Tibet would be Tom's, as he is the compassionate Tibetan Buddhist in the family. I am the spiritual and political anarchist. I turn dogma upside down and rail against constraint and formality, and I don't tolerate dogma. I voted for Dionysus, not Apollo. Both are welcome in my temple, mind you, as I must admit, Apollo does clean up after himself, unlike Dionysus, who has never seen the long end of a broom, theoretically speaking.

In truth, it is the balance of the two for which I so ardently strive.



Something fishy



While Tom reads Tibetan sutras, I read Zecharia Sitchin and Neil Freer and I love a good juicy conspiracy theory, and I turn headlines upside down and always think, "Now why do they want us to think that?" I never believe what I read or hear in the state-run conventional media, i.e. Fox News, usually including CNN. I love to travel outside the US, because I get much better news, and I feel so much safer and much more free in my heart, and the vegetables taste better. I hear things reported that we never know about in the US. Tom would stay home but he honors the promise he made the Hathors.

What Tom calls deity, I call alien intervention. It's all the same thing to me, and through the years, we have learned to overcome our semantic differences with the tremendous love between us.

So when we went to Egypt this year, Tom called forth the lunar boat with Hator to come from Dendara to the Great Pyramid and the solar boat with Horus to come forward from Edfu. And they both came, in their great boats. It was an event that has not occurred in thousands of years. When we poured the female oil into the male oil on the lip of the sarcophagus of the Great Pyramid, an alchemical event took place. And so when we lifted off the ground, flying out of

Cairo, Sehkmnet came to Tom with a tear in her eye and said goodbye, as she knew she would not be seeing us in Egypt for a very long time, as the work in Egypt is finished.

Looking back on these last few years, certain things stand out.

We left Thailand just before the Tsunami. Adrianne had been climbing on the tall spires of limestone on the beach only days before it hit. She left two friends behind when she left. They were still climbing. One got an urge, out of the blue, to go to Cambodia for the weekend, to visit Angkor Wat, and so she was saved. The other just happened to be right at the very top of the tallest tower of rock when he felt something behind him. He dropped down on his safety rope and rappelled off the tower, spinning around, only to see the tsunami bearing down on the beach under him. He watched people being dragged out to sea from above the wave.

We had just arrived in Hawaii.

We left Japan just before people were stranded in the airport due to heavy snows. Nepal erupted into rebellion and riots just as we were leaving, and we got out of Dahab just before the bombs went off.

Timing is everything.



When we began our adventures, back in 2000, the United States still maintained the appearance of being guarded by the precious language of the Constitution and each of us basked in the light of that protection. In six short years, we have allowed a dark beast to usurp our most precious gift, freedom, aka, free will. And now the world is mired in chaos, and a

universal collective sadness, deeper than the trenches under the great oceans, has slipped over us. The in-breath of involution is sucking the potential, and we gasp for breath in the darkness.

The tremendous protections Tom and I have been afforded, to allow us to do our work, hover over us, like a great umbrella, and we are immensely grateful for the grace that has honored

us. And when I look back over my shoulder, as I do when I write these entries, I am humbled by the guidance that allowed us to so delicately move through the world, shielded on all levels, though we do bear a few battle scars.

I am reminded of a story I was told by a man who pioneered conflict resolution. He once told me about his experience with taking the concept of conflict resolution to the Soviet Union and presenting it to a room half full of Soviet veterans of their war against Afghanistan and half full of US soldiers who were veterans of Viet Nam. The precepts he was espousing were not working on this audience, and the two sides of the huge stadium glared at each other, menacingly. It was the height of the Cold War. Russia had been told about the Ugly Americans, and we had been told about the nasty Communists. And you could feel the propaganda-fed hate across the room. It erupted and two men moved onto the floor, one Russian and one American, in each other's face, screaming.

"Look what your ideals did to me, you Capitalist Pig!" the Russian almost spat in the face of the American vet. And he pulled off his prosthetic arm, showing his stump to everyone.

The American said, "Oh, yeah! Look what your damned Socialism did to me, you Commie Bastard." And he took off his prosthetic leg and threw it at the Russian. And so they went, showing each other their scars and battle wounds, until the absurdity and humor of it all overtook them and they went from wrestling into rolling around in laughter. And that is how the notion of conflict resolution was introduced to a group of war veterans in Russia.

I now limp from the auto accident in Australia, but I should be dead. It was a head-on collision, with the equivalent force of well over 100 miles an hour, directly into me. And believe me, it felt like it. But I'm alive. I defied the intention of that accident.

And though Tom can barely lift his arms now, with two torn tendons, a damaged bursa and horribly inflamed deltoids on both shoulders, he can at least play a keyboard for a few minutes at a time now. And his voice is fine. So who needs the keyboard? And we just missed that dreadful accident that was only inches away from us in the Sinai.

None of us knows what tomorrow brings. We can imagine—and perhaps it is best left to the imagination—but no one knows for certain what our world will look like in ten years. Will we have water? If the big volcano blows, will we have food? Will the earth be frozen from the Conveyor Belt stopping, or will Global Warming have fried our asses? Will the air be breathable? Or will the Carlisle Corporation be selling the air and water, as prophesied so long ago by Chief Seattle?

Our Constitution is a moldy old document now, thrown out of the current Bible, deemed not the words of God, like the Nag Hammadi texts, not acceptable in polite circles, replaced by an UnPatriot Act. We should bury a copy in a clay pot in the desert, to be found in a thousand years, to prove we once had civilization.

Evangelicals now set the standard and a stifling conservatism, hovering close to Puritanism, has swept the courts and the police departments, and for all practical purposes, one is now guilty until proven innocent. Police no longer have to knock before entering a home if they have a

warrant. Trials are held on Fox News and the truth is a small item hidden at the back of a long-lost book, kept on a dark shelf behind locked doors, while we are kept busy with reports of missing blondes visiting strange islands somewhere.

Is there someplace we have all agreed to go when it gets so bad we just can't stand it anymore and someone

forgot to give me the location? Is there anywhere in the world where bliss and freedom are the standard?

The only place I know left to go is inside and the only God you'll have to turn to is yourself. And the only way we're going to have bliss is to generate it at will, as the Hathors recommend. So I'd turn up my generators if I were you.



The House of Relationship

Tom Kenyon, M.A.



Painting by Glenna Morea

In some ways, relationships are like houses. They have a lot of rooms, and every room has a unique view of the world. Some rooms have giant windows that look out onto a world immense with possibilities. When we live the dance of relationship in these rooms, life seems pregnant with promise and boundless potential. Love (romantic and otherwise) can thrive in these rooms.

But some rooms in the house, look out onto brick walls. And some are so dark there is not even the glimmer of a chance for illumination or self-awareness. These are the difficult spaces that those of us in relationship sometimes (or perhaps often) find ourselves in.

And while these uncomfortable spaces in the house of relationship are challenging to say the least, and deserve much attention on their own, in the brief space of this article I would

like to confine my discussion to the bathroom—the toilet actually—and to be as specific as possible, what to do when the damn thing backs up.

Now I know that some people think that Sacred Relationship is all wonderful warm fuzzies and happiness rainbows. But sometimes, when we least expect it, the toilet stops working, and the shit hits the fan—so to speak.

As I write this, I am reminded of an incident that took place over fifteen years ago at a personal growth intensive I was conducting with a friend and Rolfer. It was a body-oriented psychological workshop and there were about a dozen people, all of whom had gathered at the Rolfer's house. In about the first hour or so, it became clear that there was a lot of psychological shit to deal with, if you know what I mean.

It was about then that the toilets in the house stopped

working—no joke. The suckers wouldn't flush. For the two-day intensive, we had no working toilets—a mind boggling and irritating synchronicity, or coincidence if you want to be more rational about the thing. Anyway, on the last day of the intensive, in the last hour, we heard this weird sound from all the bathrooms and suddenly the toilets started belching. One of the participants tiptoed into the nearest bathroom and suddenly, for no apparent reason, the thing flushed! Now I have seen some pretty weird synchronicities/coincidences in my twenty-three years of working as a psychotherapist, but this ranks, I think, right up there in the top twenty.

If I look at the toilet weirdness from a symbolic perspective, then we were really holding onto our shit. And it was only when we let go of it, psychologically speaking of course, that the toilets freed up.

In the House of Relationship what happens with toilets is that they sometimes back up. And those of you in relationship may have noticed that these types of toilets often back up at the most inconvenient and socially inappropriate times.

Now I could blabber on and on about this metaphor because I love the labyrinthine passageways that metaphors open in our minds. But for the sake of brevity, I will get more to the point. What usually backs-up the toilets (in relationship) is nothing more and nothing less than good old fashioned resentment—yep, resentment.

Honey, Why Are You Pissing Me Off?

Most anyone who has been in relationship long enough has probably experienced resentment from time to time. It just comes with the territory of interpersonal interactions.

Sometimes our resentments are little, like when our friend or partner takes the last bite of our dessert. I recall an incident at a nearby table in a restaurant awhile back.

The waiter was taking dessert orders, and I heard the woman say, "Nothing for me; I'll have a bite of his."

"To hell you will," I heard her male companion blurt out. "You always say you are going to have just a bite, and then you wind up eating more of it than me!"

Yes, food resentments do happen. But usually our resentments center around more significant things—like promising to do something, and not following through with it, or when we hurt our partner's feelings.

These types of resentments and resentment in general have, what I call, a festering-shelf life. What I mean by this is that an unacknowledged resentment can go underground where it is put on a shelf—much like one of my aunt's pantries where she would put up Mason jars of vegetables and fruit from her garden. They just sat there until she needed them, and then voila, in the middle of winter, she would pull out a jar of strawberries and plop them on the table.

Resentments can be like that sometimes. It is an odd quirk of human nature that when someone pisses us off or makes us sad, we sometimes show it and sometimes not.

When we don't express to our partner our authentic feelings in the moment, especially when they are of the resentful variety, they tend to be set aside, psychologically speaking. And then when we least expect it, our partner may grab them from their dark shelves and plop them on the table, right in front of us. The toilet has backed up.

These types of everyday resentments can be difficult enough to manage in a relationship, but there is another type of resentment that is much more insidious, and in some ways, much more difficult to manage—because it lives in our unconscious. Returning to the metaphor of the house, this resentment festers in the basement, far from the other rooms. Most of the time we hardly know it is there. It is only when it barges in, unwelcome and unannounced, into our living room or bedroom that we even know it exists, much less that it was pissed off.

So what is this resentment of which I speak? It is the resentment born from when our partner fails to live up to our image of how we need or want him or her to be. To explain this beastie, we will have to take a little walk down into our own basements—our unconscious minds.

It's tricky down there, because as you go further down the stairs, you tend to get sleepy and forget why you came down there to begin with. So before we actually descend into our own pit, we'd best, I think, talk about it a bit.

The Androgyne Within

As odd as it may sound to some of you, each of us is two—at least in psychological terms. Now, what I am speaking to here is not what some refer to as subpersonalities—which are aspects of our personality that can sometimes have a life of their own. And virtually anyone who has done any kind of real self-inquiry has probably discovered the rather odd truth that there is more than one of him or her. We have a plurality of selves, some of them in opposition to each other.

Say you have decided to stop smoking. As soon as you set up a psychological tension like this, it is almost as if you have two selves. One wants you to stop and the other wants you to keep lighting up. If you have a vivid imagination, the one who wants you to stop may appear like an angel in your mind, while the other self appears as you know what.

And while subpersonalities are a fascinating topic and certainly of importance when undertaking self-transformation, the beastie I am talking about lives at a deeper level of the psyche. To find him and her, we will have to descend into the very darkest part of the basement (dark, in this instance, meaning deeply unconscious). Notice that I said him and her, not him or her. That's because this beastie is both.



In the murky cauldron that is human psychology . . .

At a deep archetypal and psychological level, each of us is an unusual dyad. The psychiatrist, Carl Jung referred to this dyad as *anima* and *animus*. The *anima* is our feminine self, while the *animus* is our male self. These two selves are not related to biological gender, but rather they are psycho-spiritual aspects of consciousness. Thus, all men have both an internal masculine and feminine, and all women have both male and female aspects as well.

These potent forms of *anima* and *animus* are usually birthed from a combination of our innate spiritual essence and our primary relationships, i.e., our mothers and fathers. In some cases a powerful or significant figure other than a parent can be internalized as well—like a strong grandmother, a grandfather, or some other person close to the child.

In the murky cauldron that is human psychology—it is inevitable that certain types of men represent aspects of our own introjected male, while certain types of women represent aspects of our own introjected female. This is because the outer male or female expresses qualities or attitudes that match or resonate with our internal *anima* and *animus*.

The weird thing about all of this is that the person in the outer world probably has no idea that they are activating the *anima* or *animus* of the other individual. But to the person whose *anima* or *animus* has been activated by the presence of a man or woman, that man or woman will have a magnetic quality about them, to which one is either drawn or repelled. And this attraction or repulsion has little to do with the actual person, but more to do with the internal psychological forces of one's own *anima* or *animus*.

Let me get a bit more specific so that, hopefully, the concept will make a little more sense.

Bob (not his real name) came to see me because he was having problems with his wife. It was his third marriage, and as we explored his psychological territory, it became clear that the same problem had cropped up in his previous marriages

as well. With all three wives, he was initially drawn by their physical beauty, and all of them were blondes. But as the marriages unfolded, he felt nagged, criticized and undervalued. Emotional gulfs appeared and he and his wives inevitably drifted apart. This was, of course, Bob's version.

Karen, his current wife (also not her real name) felt that whenever she pointed out anything negative in Bob's behavior—like leaving his dirty clothes on the floor—he would go nuts. To her it seemed like a reasonable request. But to Bob it was inflammatory, critical and questioned his very manhood.

As it turned out, Bob's mom was a blonde (like Karen and his previous two wives). His mother was also physically beautiful, and had, in fact, been a beauty queen. But there was a toxic element in their relationship. She hated men and voiced her distaste for men in general, and Bob's father in particular. This put Bob into what is called a double bind. In other words, he was fucked. He was a boy—which meant that someday he would be a man and a recipient of his mother's anger. But he didn't have to wait for manhood in order to become his mother's target. She regularly criticized him and belittled him for the smallest things. The net result was that he internalized his mother's criticism. His *anima*, which by nature should have been a source of intuition and inner-connectedness, was poisoned. She (Bob's *anima*) carried his mother's venom. Because Bob had not realized this, he had not undertaken the psycho-spiritual task of transforming his own internal feminine negativity. Instead, it got projected outward.

When Bob got into a relationship with a woman, it was with the unconscious hope that this one, this beautiful goddess that he had fallen in love with, would redeem him. She would not be the toxic mother he had grown up with. She would be the all-loving, all-embracing female he yearned for. Unfortunately, his psychological agenda rarely matched reality. The all-loving female eventually, in his mind, turned into a critical shrew. In reality, Bob was acting like an idiot and not taking responsibility for the behaviors that brought forth critical comments from his partners. The bitter irony is that they were never questioning Bob's manhood, nor criticizing his being. They simply wanted him to pick up his freaking laundry!

This is one small example of how an un-owned *anima* or *animus* can wreak havoc on relationships. The same principles apply, by the way, for women in relationships with men. If the father/daughter relationship was imbalanced, a woman may find herself projecting the perfect man archetype: say the Knight in Shining Armor, or the All-Knowing-God/Man, or some other type of equally ridiculous baloney, onto the actual man she is in relationship with. And if her father was critical of her, she will feel undervalued and criticized by her partner. In extreme cases she will feel that she has no rights—that what the man wants and needs is the most important thing, eclipsing her own needs—a belief that is, unfortunately, actually held to be true by a large portion of humanity to this day. A woman

who has been psychologically poisoned by her father, or in some cases by her mother, must transform this negativity before she can step into her own sense of personal power.

Just as with heterosexual relationships, unresolved issues with one's mother or father can affect same sex relationships. The dynamics are very similar, since, as I mentioned earlier, our anima and animus are not related to biological gender—but to universal aspects of human consciousness.

Psychological projections are thus not confined to heterosexual relationships either. Same sex relationships can fall prey to the same dynamics. And in some instances, I have known individuals who thought they were gay who discovered that they were actually projecting their un-owned anima or animus onto their same sex partner. For instance, a man may misinterpret his attraction to men. It may not be sexual at all, but rather psychological. He might be projecting his un-owned animus, or he might be trying to fill an emotional vacuum left by a father who wasn't present for him. The same can hold true for women, as well. To be clear here, I am not saying that all gay relationships are a result of this type of psychological projection, just that some are.

In Jungian work, one of the primary tasks is to bring one's own anima and animus into a state of equality so that the inherent abilities of both can be used in the task of living a balanced psychological life.

So what, you might ask, does all this have to do with personal relationships—a lot actually. What is it that attracts us to someone? While personal tastes and personalities undoubtedly play a role, so do the unseen forces of anima and animus.

A man might find himself drawn to a woman with a particular quality because he is projecting this quality from his own anima to someone outside himself. This is often because he is unable to own his own feminine side, and is thus driven to seek it outside—to complete himself as the saying goes, by being in the presence of a woman who has those qualities.

He might also be trying to fill a psychological hole in himself due to a dependent and negative relationship with his mother (or a central female figure during childhood). In this case, he might unconsciously draw life force and inspiration from the women he is in relationship with because, without them—he believes—he cannot psychologically survive. These types of relationships are inherently draining to the partner who is being projected upon and inherently frustrating for both, because these types of psychological holes or needs cannot be filled by someone else. It is an impossible Herculean task.

A similar dynamic sometimes shows up with women attracted to men. A woman can easily project her own animus onto a male figure and desire to be in relationship

with him. Unfortunately, if the projection is strong enough, she may fall in love with her own projection and fail to see the character of the actual man. Some women get involved with inappropriate partners because they “see” the potential of the person they desire to be in relationship with while conveniently disregarding the danger signals of their partners’ actual behavior. I think it is vital for such persons to clearly understand that one cannot have a real or fulfilling relationship with potential. Women who fall in love with the projections of their own animus may find that their men become like phantoms—enigmatic and perhaps attractive, but possessing no real substance.

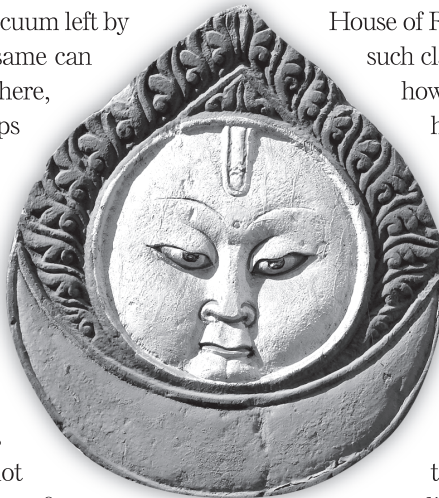
From both Jungian and Alchemical perspectives, one of the most difficult and crucial tasks is to stop the process of psychological projection and to take personal responsibility for one's own anima and animus, which brings us back to the House of Relationship. Sometimes we see our partner with such clarity that it takes our breath away. Sometimes, however, we barely see our partner through the hypnotic fog of our own projections. This type of fog usually arises when we are psychologically distressed, frightened or threatened. If an action of our partner resembles—in any manner—actions or attitudes we remember from our primary childhood relationships, the ground is fertile for the emergence of psychological projection.

What triggers all of this hubbub is the shock of a psychological mismatch—between the hypnotic effects of our projections and the reality of the moment. Let us turn our attention back to Bob and Karen for a minute.

When Karen was asking Bob to pick up his dirty clothes, she was, in her mind, making a very simple reasonable request. But in Bob's mind, the scenario was quite different. When he asked Karen to marry him, it was not Karen he was asking. It was the all-loving goddess he had projected onto her. The real Karen was lost in the misty, romantic and delusional world of Bob's projection. Now to give Bob some credit, I think he did see and value some aspects of Karen, the real honest and good person. But there was a lot of projection mixed in. And thus the stage was set for the third act of his tragedy.

You see—in the course of living real day-to-day life, Karen was simply pointing out a need for Bob to clean up his act a bit. But he internalized Karen's comments as critical and demeaning. In these moments when he went “nuts” to use Karen's own words, he was no longer seeing his wife—he was seeing his mother. In other words, the venom his mother had injected into his being as a child was polluting his relationship with Karen.

Bob's anima was disturbed and nothing short of extricating his toxic mother would free him, his anima, or his wife from this bondage.



As part of his therapy, we began to work with both his anima and animus through a form of deep transformational imagery called Psychosynthesis. This type of work is highly effective at dealing with conflicting psychological forces through the use of internal images and spiritual light.

But while this addressed his inner world, Bob needed to deal with his external reality as well—namely the dynamics of his relationship with Karen. First of all, he had to start picking up after himself around the house. This is just basic relationship stuff, and it amazed me that Bob could be so smart in some areas, and so stupid in others. But then that is often the case when it comes to our own emotional stuff.

Since we are on the subject, I would like to mention the fact that it took Bob working on both his internal world of thought and feeling, as well as his external world—his behavior—to resolve the issues between he and his wife. Bottom line—if you want to truly transform yourself, it takes work on both the inner and the outer. You can't just think about it, you have to actually do something about it.

Bob and Karen learned new strategies to communicate with each other without blaming the other and without stepping off the edge into irrational behaviors. This part of their healing was tedious to say the least, but it was greatly facilitated by our going over some basic principles in interpersonal relationships.

It is not in the scope of this article to go review these fundamentals, but if you are struggling with your partner around communications, you might benefit by taking a look at Harvel Hendricks' book, *Getting the Love You Want*. Hendricks' book is a primer, something like Communications 101, so its simplicity may turn some people off. But I always say that it is sometimes good to review the basics—especially if you never learned them to begin with.

The sad truth is that the majority of people lack these basic skills, and without them relationships have little hope of evolving into what they could be—a wellspring of mental, emotional and spiritual sustenance. Instead, most relationships seem to eventually deteriorate into one of those soap operas you can catch on late-afternoon TV. A lot of relationships could, I think, be saved from such a fate with just a little basic understanding in how to talk and listen to each other.

The Kitchen of Hope and Despair

Somewhere in the House of Relationship is the kitchen. It is here, of course, that we prepare the nourishment that sustains us. I know of a psychiatrist in New York who had a kitchen built in his office. After each therapy session, he would take his patient into his kitchen, and give him or her some soup that he had made himself, from secret recipes that he had perfected over many years. He firmly believed that his psychotherapy was more effective because his clients took in physical nourishment that had been prepared with love and awareness.

In the kitchen of Relationship the ingredients that we make our soup with are how we speak with each other, how we touch, and how we do the myriad little things for, or against, each other.

We partake of this soup every day when we live with another person. And the emotions and thought-forms we experience with one another become metabolized as a part of our physicality just as much as do the nutrients in the food we eat. The emotional tonality of our relationships either elevates us, keeps us stuck in the same-old-same-old, or brings us down. Thus our view of life and ourselves is directly affected by the hope or despair that we emotionally eat on a daily basis.



Krishna and Radha, their union symbolizes the divine marriage, or alchemical/spiritual union. Dhucar Square, Kathmandu

Man versus Woman

I saw a bumper sticker several months ago.

It read—Women Are From Venus, Men Are Idiots.

I imagine that the owner of the blue van had simply had it with her male companions. Indeed, male-female relationships can be challenging, if for no other reason than sheer biology. Our brains work differently and our hormones are different—all of which means that we see and experience the world in radically different ways.

The late ethno-biologist, Terrence McKenna, once said that testosterone (the hormones dominant in males) really only has three questions. When a guy meets someone new, his deeper biology asks: Can I fuck it? If I can't fuck it, can I eat it? And if I can't eat it, can I kill it?

Admittedly this is an over simplification because not all males fit into this niche, but it does have some bearing on male behavior. In addition, many males seem to have a deep-set desire to inseminate as many females as possible. This is in stark contrast to females who generally desire to find a single mate to nest with. And all of this goes back, at least according to biologists, to our evolutionary roots.

An essential thing, I think, for men and women in relationship to understand is that they do, in fact, experience the world quite differently. And many of these differences are rooted in their unique biology—hard wired, if you will.

Now some of the differences between us men and women are rather fuzzy when it comes to the nature versus nurture question—how much of our difference is due, in other words, to our biology and how much to the ways we are socialized. Well, the verdict isn't in yet, but child psychologists have made some interesting observations.

A group of boys and girls who were under the age of two, non-verbal and presumably with little socialization were put in front of a television to watch cartoons. For no apparent reason to the children, the cartoons stopped and the screen went blank. When the girls toddled up or crawled to the TV to try and get it to work, their efforts failed. In almost every case, they started to cry.

But when the boys went up to the TV and failed to get it working, they started hitting and kicking it. It would appear that there is an inherent difference between the sexes when it comes to how we handle frustration.

There are also fundamental differences in how our brains manage information. Some neurologists have estimated that the average woman (whatever that is) has about 23% more connections in the corpus callosum than the average man (again, whatever that is). What this means is that women tend to have more communication channels open between the two hemispheres of their brains. One effect of this is that they have a greater ability than men (in general) to communicate their feelings through language.

However, some of the differences between men and women are, I think, a result of socialization. I recall a summer afternoon years ago when my youngest son, who was seven at the time, and I had gone canoeing. When we returned to the dock and got out, he fell and hit his leg against the railing with a loud thud. He grabbed his leg and grimaced in pain. A few tears came out of his eyes from the intensity of the pain, but he didn't make a sound. It was striking to see. Although I had never given him the message that big boys don't cry, he had obviously picked it up somewhere.

There are a few guy laws that are implicit between males. Not crying and not showing vulnerability are certainly two of the more important ones.

But this innate reluctance (or in some cases an inability) for men to show their feelings and vulnerability is problematic in male-female relationships. For one, women, to make a broad generalization, tend more to the interconnectedness of relationship. And sharing feelings and the emotional vulnerability that sometimes comes with them are important markers that validate the relationship. Men, on the other hand, tend more to autonomy, and emotional vulnerability can feel quite threatening—depending upon the man's life experience with such matters.

While it is certainly an oversimplification to say that men rely more on thought than feeling, while women rely more on feeling than thought, there is some truth to it—though to what extent I am not sure. As a psychotherapist, it was quite common for my women clients to complain that their male partners were up in their heads that they refused to, or couldn't, feel. And this lack of access to feelings presented real problems in the relationship.

On the other hand, I have known many women clients who had the same problem, in that they were unable to feel, and lived their emotional lives up in their heads. These women, though biologically female, demonstrated very clear culturally biased masculine traits. Thus, I think that thought vs. feeling may not be as rooted in gender as many suppose.

This points out, I think, one of the many challenges in the area of gender-based behavior—namely that our cultural filters come into play. We expect men to be a certain way and women to be a certain way. While this is sometimes true, often it is not. To confine anyone to strict sexual stereotypes is essentially a type of mental and social imprisonment. In reality, some men act more like women (from our socially biased view), while some women act more like men. This could be a result of many factors, their



Another mythic union, Neptune, symbolizing the deep primal waters of the unconscious with Aphrodite, representing sensuality and erotic love. Berlin museum.

personal anima and animus, which we discussed earlier, being one of them. But whatever the reasons, when one person in a relationship sorts the world solely through his or her thought while the other sorts solely through his or her feeling, the ground has been laid for difficulties in the relationship.

Men, in general, are challenged in their relationships with women due to several factors. For one, they tend, as we mentioned, to avoid emotional vulnerability and thus don't really enjoy talking about their feelings. This is problematic for the female because she, generally speaking, uses feelings as a barometer to tell her where the relationship is.

Another challenge in male-female relationships is that men tend to be solution oriented when emotional problems arise. I have seen it over and over again with couples in therapy. When the woman was sharing some difficult emotional material, it invariably threw the man into a state of panic. Males tend to be autonomous and action oriented. When their partners are

in distress, they want to do something to fix it. But sometimes, perhaps more often than not, when a woman is sharing her feelings, she is not wanting her partner to do anything per se. She just wants to be heard, to be understood, and for her feelings to be validated and not discounted.

Denial and Pride

Most of us don't like to admit that we are wrong. And when we are caught in the act of doing something we know we shouldn't, many of us seem to lie about it.

I recall an incident several years ago, with my former mother-in-law. She was diabetic and was not supposed to eat candy, a habit she was never able to shake. One afternoon while waiting for a taxi, I noticed that she had deftly slipped something into her mouth from her purse. The air was suddenly filled with the faint smell of chocolate. Her husband turned to her and said, "Are you eating candy again?"

"No!" she said, the word muffled by the size of the bonbon in her mouth. He grabbed her purse and opened it to reveal a stash that would have made any Halloween trick-or-treater proud.

Many of us, me included, operate by what I call the Merlin Factor. I am not referring to Merlin the fabled magician, mind you, but to our family dog. Now Merlin was a hodge-podge canine, part Saint Bernard, part Bloodhound, part Great Dane and part Mastiff. At his prime, Merlin weighed in at around 160 pounds and was a bit more than six feet from tail to snout.

If you allowed him to do so, he would try to curl up in your lap. He also liked to watch TV with the family in the den. And this is no exaggeration—he would sit on the edge of the couch with his front paws in front of him touching the floor. He was that big.

But his favorite position was to be sprawled out on the sofa beside us, behind us, and over us—something we discouraged because, well...he was part Bloodhound, and the body odor could be overwhelming, especially after he had rolled in deer shit, which he dearly loved to do in the woods around our house.

It was a ritual that we went through at least a few times a week. And it made me think that perhaps the psychology of denial has canine roots. You see, Merlin thought that if he couldn't see you, then you couldn't see him. So he developed this method to sneak further onto the sofa—into places he

knew he shouldn't go. He would sneak up onto the couch backwards, yes, backwards. And he would look away from us as he did it, as if by doing so he became invisible. Invariably, one of the members of our family would say "MERRRLIN" with that disapproving tone that dogs almost always understand. He would always look back at us with shock on his face—like how did you see me?

Human denial is like that I think. If we pretend not to notice something, then perhaps those around us won't notice it either. While this can be comic at times, it is a real problem in relationship, or to be more precise, Sacred Relationship.

Denial actually works in some relationships. In fact, without it, some of them would fall apart. But Sacred Relationship is built upon a bedrock of mutual trust and truth. Without honesty between partners, Sacred Relationship cannot exist. And so, denial is a kind of death-knell to this type of relationship.

To be clear and honest with each other about everything in the relationship can be a very humbling experience. It can also be, quite honestly, annoying. To be confronted by oneself or by one's partner around an attitude or a behavior that doesn't serve the relationship is to come face to face with one's own character—or to be

more exact one's character defects.

I will never forget a comment made by a friend who was in her eighties at the time. "We all have fatal flaws; the important thing is what we do with them. That's what counts."

The honesty and impeccability required by Sacred Relationship can quickly bring to conscious awareness our hidden flaws and defects. While this type of self-knowledge is difficult to deal with, without it, authentic psychological and spiritual growth cannot take place—at least in my opinion.

The problem for many of us is that seeing our own flaws and defects can be so demoralizing, we either pretend they don't exist, or if forced to see them, we flip into pride.

I am not speaking here of the kind of pride that has to do with positive self-esteem. I am speaking of a pride that sidesteps issues. When nothing else works to avoid being confronted by self-awareness, pride will often do the job. Perhaps arrogance would be a better word, though the two words are interchangeable according to the Thesaurus on my laptop. Arrogance puts other people off; it creates an immediate gulf, and in the presence of such an attitude, most people give up and back off.

I have personally found it helpful to nickname my various arrogant sub-personalities. And Charles Thomas is one of them.



"Are you telling me the truth, honey?"

This was my father's name, and my own animus (internalized male aspect) has, unfortunately, some negative qualities—like stubbornness, for one. I also have another aspect that is rather Ostrich-like. Ostriches, as you may know, have a quirky behavior in the face of danger or threat. They stick their heads in the ground! This may be their version of Merlin, the family dog I mentioned earlier.

Anyway, it helps to defuse some of the emotional charge around these aspects of our psychology when we give them nicknames. Try it for yourself. The next time one of these nasty un-resourceful selves raise themselves from your own psychological underworld, shock them and call them by name.

I offer this funny little suggestion because anyone attempting Sacred Relationship needs to have his or her wits about him or her. We need all the resources we can muster. And when an aspect of ourselves arises that is not only un-resourceful, but downright negative in its effects, then we'd best deal with it promptly. Negative aspects of one's self can wreck havoc on a relationship, so my advice is to meet them head-on, and nothing works quite as swiftly as humor.

Those of us attempting to live the experiment of Sacred Relationship do so without the aid of maps or cultural understanding. It is indeed, the road less traveled. So as one traveler to another, I offer this simple practical advice: denial, pride, and arrogance may be our worst and most elusive enemies. They can pop up at the strangest of times, and when they do, my suggestion is to take a deep look inside. What are you trying to avoid and why?

Final Thoughts

If there is any advice I might have for those of us living in the House of Relationship, it is to genuinely seek to understand each other without projecting our un-owned desires onto each other. And we need to celebrate the differences between us. After all, it is our uniqueness that makes life interesting. A thriving relationship does not require that both partners do the same things, or that they see or experience the world in the same way—so long as there is acceptance, appreciation and mutual respect.

Finally, just know that from time to time the toilet is going to back up. All this means is that one or both of you have swallowed too much resentment (shit) and now it is time to deal with it. Admittedly it is easier and less messy to deal with resentments when they are small, but if you missed the opportunity to deal with them, and the toilets won't flush anymore, take some action.

You might be amazed at how many people think it is a sign to abandon the House when there are plumbing problems or when things get emotionally difficult. To these people I have three little words—get a life. Take some responsibility. Have a heart-to-heart conversation with your partner. Clean things

up. And next time, don't swallow any shit from your partner. Bring it to his or her attention when it happens, without blame, without manipulation and without shaming him or her.

Now, sometimes it may actually be in your best interest to leave the House, and, as the song says, hit the road Jack, and don't come back no more, no more. If you are being physically threatened by your partner or emotionally abused, you might want to figure out a way to get the hell out of dodge. Some relationships aren't worth fighting for. Some of them

are toxic and need to be abandoned. But unfortunately I don't have any magic ruler by which you can measure whether your House deserves to be saved or not. Only you can decide that. But if your partner isn't willing to even discuss your feelings about the relationship, and insists that everything is fine the way it is when you know deep in your gut that it is not—well then, I would say that's a pretty good sign to start packing, or if leaving is not possible, then find ways to take care of yourself, psychologically speaking. In other words, don't let a negative relationship undermine your own sense of yourself or your self-esteem.

For those of us who choose to stay in the House of Relationship and find the courage and grace to allow each other to be who we really are, magic is often the result. Partners who may have been obscured from each other by their psychological projections and their resentments, suddenly find that they see each other clearly—in some cases for the first time.

Those rooms in the house that were so dark suddenly become illuminated with the hard-earned and precious light of self-awareness. And those rooms that looked out onto brick walls are suddenly filled with sunlight, because the walls that separated us from each other and from the world simply dissolve.

The Alchemical Symbolism of Anima and Animus

In some alchemical traditions, especially those out of Europe, the balancing of the anima and animus is called the



The Androgyne stands on the moon symbolizing that it is through the powers of the moon (the feminine mysteries) that Sacred union is attained.

Sacred Androgyne and is represented as a hermaphrodite—half man and half woman. In some traditions, this figure is actually called the Sacred Hermaphrodite, a word which is the union of Hermes and Aphrodite, male and female faces of the divine.

In alchemical iconography, the figure of the Androgyne is often depicted coming out of a furnace or a fire, sometimes with the sun and moon overhead. The fire represents the alchemical fires of purification required for the attainment of the philosopher's stone—a heightened state of spiritual awareness (at least in the esoteric forms of inner alchemy). In the exoteric (or outer) forms of alchemy, the philosopher's stone was believed to be a key catalytic agent that could turn lead or base metals into gold.

In esoteric alchemy, the sun and moon above the hermaphrodite represent the balancing of the solar and lunar aspects of consciousness. Alchemically speaking, the sun represents the male (animus) and spirit, while the moon represents the female (anima) and matter. The sacred task of spiritual alchemy is to balance the sun and moon to produce the Sacred Androgyne or Hermaphrodite, so that one gains access to higher realms of spiritual perception.

This is very akin to the task of Jungian psychology, though in the alchemical form, the context is spiritual. In Jungian work the context is psychological—or perhaps psycho-spiritual.

The use of the hermaphrodite within alchemical iconography shows up in other traditions as well. There is a form of Shiva that is highly androgynous. Shiva is the Lord of Death as well as the Protector of Yogis and Yoginis, and in his androgynous form he is merged with shakti (the feminine power of the cosmos).



Ardhanarishwara, the hermaphrodite god/goddess, symbolized by the union of Shiva and Shakti (spirit and primordial energy).

to yogic anatomy, we have three subtle channels that run up the spine to the top of the head. The central channel is called the sushumna and is the path of kundalini shakti (which is represented as both a coiled up serpent of

In his Ardhanarishwara form, Shiva is a hermaphrodite, both male and female, and is depicted with the genitals of both sexes. This unusual symbolism speaks to one of the deepest alchemical secrets of Tantric yoga—that great spiritual power is gained when one's internal male and female are conjoined in balance.

This balancing of one's own internal energies is indeed the task of certain types of yoga. According



The Sacred Hermaphrodite stands on a dragon representing both life-force and in some cases our "lower" primal emotions. The Earth is depicted with wings, representing the transformation of matter, symbolized as flight or ascent. This act is nothing less than the Opus Magnum (the Great Work) or classical European alchemy.

life-energy and as feminine in nature). As she rises up the spine, she enters the head and joins with Shiva to produce enlightenment, or liberation.

On either side of the sushumna are two channels, one associated with the internal sun (or masculine aspect of consciousness), while the other is associated with the internal moon

(or feminine aspect of consciousness). The solar channel is called the pingala and the lunar pathway is called the ida. When the energies of the pingala and ida are balanced, then the yogi or yogini is able to catch a glimpse of the ever-present transcendent Self.

The theme of balancing the masculine and feminine aspects of consciousness shows up in Tibetan Buddhism as well, in the form of Kalachakra, which depicts the union of male and female deities in the act of sexual and spiritual ecstasy. From the viewpoint of Kalachakra, this balancing point of male and female is the root of all existence and all creation whether human or super-human.

Moving our attention from Eastern traditions to the Judeo-Christian, we see the theme of the Sacred Hermaphrodite repeated in a most unexpected location.

The Gospel of Thomas, is a manuscript which was lost until the mid-twentieth century when it was discovered in Egypt as part of what has come to be known as the Nag Hammadi texts.

In this Gospel, Jesus is quoted as saying something that bears a striking resemblance to the Sacred Androgyne of classical alchemy and even the Ardhanarishwara form of Lord Shiva.

"When you make the two into one, and when you make the inside like the outside, and the outside like the inside, and the above like the below, and when you make the female one and the same, so that the male be not male, nor the female female... then you will enter (the kingdom)."

I don't think that this passage has anything to do with physical androgyny, but rather the kingdom is a state of mind or awareness that is attained when one balances the internal male and female aspects of consciousness.



Thoughts and Feelings from the Edge of a World Going Mad

Tom Kenyon

What a long strange trip this has been.

Judi and I left for our third around-the-world teaching tour in December of last year and went straight away to Japan to do both a Hathor and a Magdalen workshop.

Both of us find it interesting that the Japanese are so fascinated with the Magdalen. I recall our first workshop in Tokyo a few years ago on the Magdalen Material, which took place at the request of our publisher. One of the first questions from participants was, “Who is Mary Magdalen?”

As we explained the history and legend of this enigmatic figure, we also explored with them the place of women in Japanese society. It was, no doubt, a naïveté on my part that I thought shame and guilt would be lacking in a primarily Buddhist society—far from it. What struck Judi and me so deeply was that as men and women shared their insights and feelings about their society in light of the Magdalen material, it became clear that Japanese women face many of the same

challenges that women face throughout the world.

After the workshops, we left for our favorite city in Japan—Kyoto and climbed the first part of Mt. Kurama to do some personal work. It had snowed intensely several days before and it was bitterly cold at the Buddhist monastery. The monastery is unusual for several reasons—the first being that the spiritual leader is a woman in her eighties and the second is that it is believed that on a slope of this mountain, Sanat Kumara, ascended in what they call his “heavenly chariot.”

The spot of his ascension is marked by a small shrine and is a pilgrimage place for many throughout Japan. One of the interesting things about this monastery, which is spread out over the side of the mountain, is that there is a small model of Sanat Kumara’s heavenly chariot. It is made out of sand and molded into what legend holds to be its actual shape. And what is this shape? Well, it kind of looks like a large bowl sitting on top of a larger plate, and bares a striking resemblance to



A model of Sanat Kumara's "heavenly chariot", Mt. Kurama, Japan

what I would call a flying saucer. I had hoped to take photos of it to share with our readers, but alas, the thing was under a blanket of snow. But Judi took a photo of it on our first trip to the monastery a few years back, and here it is.

Japan was turning colder

and colder and fortunately we left for Bangkok just before a record snowfall plunged the country into a virtual crisis. People were stranded in Tokyo airport and sleeping on the floor waiting for flights that had been cancelled. We had gotten out just in time.

We spent some weeks in Thailand with our Asian guide, Ken Ballard, planning our upcoming trips to Tibet and Burma (see information about these tours on pages 77-79). We then all left for Kathmandu, Nepal. It is here that we often take our Tibetan tour groups in order to acclimatize for altitude before flying into Lhasa. We were there to meet with Hari, one of our young porters from the last Tibet trip, and with an amazing man named Krishna whose life service is taking care of orphans from the Maoist-led conflicts in Nepal. We were also there to go through another collection of rare Tibetan bowls, which are getting harder and harder to obtain.

While in Kathmandu, we attended a Buddhist Full-Moon Festival at our favorite stupa in Nepal—Bodinath. After circumambulating the stupa several times with thousands of Tibetans, we sat down at a small café for some tea. As the full moon slipped over the top of the stupa I felt intoxicated from the chanting and display of devotion. My reverie, however, was disturbed by three explosions that shook the air. It turns out that Maoist rebels had penetrated into Kathmandu and had blown up three police stations and shot several army personnel nearby. The air in the city the next day was decidedly tense. Armed soldiers were everywhere, even more than before. We had two more days in Nepal before we could leave on our flight. I chanted and prayed a lot in those two days for our protection. Finally, our flight left Nepal and we headed for Egypt. We received increasingly desperate emails from our friends in Nepal. The country was falling apart, and as you may know, the king's powers were greatly reduced by a national revolution by one of the smallest countries on Earth.

The story gets even weirder. And I must say that from here on I became a believer in that odd phrase—life is stranger than fiction.

We flew into Cairo and met Abdallah, one of our land guides from Guardian Travel. And before we get any further, let me say that they deserve the name. This was our second tour to Egypt with Guardian and they look after and protect their charges like no other tour company. If you are considering a

tour to Egypt on your own, or if you are thinking about taking a group there, you could not do any better than Guardian Travel. You can reach them by going to the web. If you email them, tell Mohammad that Judi and I said hello.

So...we arrived in Cairo a few days before the group to rest and finalize plans with Guardian. For the next two weeks, we traveled Egypt and sailed the Nile with a group of travelers that made the trip sheer magic. And for all of you who were on that trip, we thank you for your sincerity, ability to roll with the challenges that always arise on journeys to less modern cultures and for your great sense of humor.

I was deeply touched by the ancient sites of Egypt, as there is still magic in the air—a testimony to the depth of their alchemy and the power of their inner and outer technologies.

But back to our odyssey—Mohammad, Guardian's Director, wanted to gift us with a few days of R&R in Dahab right after the tour. Dahab is a downscale seaside resort on the Sinai that may sound familiar if you follow the news. It was the site of a terrorist attack where three bombs went off killing a lot of people just a few weeks after we left. Watching the horror of the aftermath on TV, we recognized the restaurant, the store and the bridge we had crossed many times.

Mohammad had suggested Dahab because he knew that we love to snorkel. The thing is—the Red Sea, during that time of year, is colder than a well digger's ass to use an off-colored phrase. In order to get into the water for more than a few minutes, most people have to use wet suits.

I won't rehash the trip to Dahab because I go into it in the article entitled *The Unbearable Light of Awareness*. What I didn't mention in the article was what happened as we tried to leave Egypt and get to decent medical attention in Spain.

If you choose to read that article you will find out how I tore tendons in both my shoulders leaving me remarkably helpless, barely able to lift my arms. It was the worst pain I have yet experienced in my life, and it left me truly humbled. All metaphysical skills went out the window. The



Snapshot of pilgrims circumambulating Bodinath during Full Moon Festival, Kathmandu, Nepal

only input into my brain was mind-numbing pain. I suddenly understood the concept of unrelenting anguish, and the only spiritual practice I could undertake was the Practice of the Compassionate Mandala in which you realize that there are other sentient beings suffering the same ways you are. And you send compassion out to them without knowing their names or where they are. (I thought some of our readers might be interested in how to create the Mandala of Compassion, so I have included some basic directions at the end).

I know that what I am about to tell you may seem like hyperbole, but it is the actual truth, and I have five witnesses who can verify this.

The road trip out of Dahab back to Cairo took us another eleven or so hours due to a freak rainstorm. It was past twilight, right at the edge of night, when I had an ominous feeling that something was terribly wrong. I had what I thought was a fantasy that we were heading for an accident. I told myself that I was just paranoid and stressed from my injuries. I still could hardly move my arms and was incapable of lifting much of anything. But a deep instinct told me to start chanting silently. It was the same feeling I had had on our last trip into Tibet when we had to drive across the Tibetan Plateau. Our Toyota Land Cruiser blew a rear tire at the edge of a precipice that from the looks of it, dropped down about a thousand or so feet. I started chanting, silently, for the entire three-day trip into Lhasa.

And so here on this strange road in Egypt, I started chanting in my mind. Unknown to me, both Judi and her daughter Adrienne had strange premonitions and thoughts about car accidents at the same time.

Several minutes into my silent vigil an army truck carrying six armed soldiers sitting in the open back of the pickup, lost control right in front of us, flipped in mid-air and rolled onto the desert floor off to our right. Our driver slammed on his brakes and we just missed hitting the vehicle by inches.

There were screams in the night as the soldiers were thrown across the desert breaking their arms, legs and God knows what else. We were told to stay in the van as this was Bedouin country and they were known to rob and kill travelers. It was one of the more surreal moments in my life. There I was, unable to move my arms, listening to the sounds of men screaming in pain in the darkness of the night.

When ambulances arrived our driver headed on to Cairo. The van was silent, all of us lost in thought. The driver drove very slowly and cautiously all the way to the edge of Africa's largest city—which took several more hours.

It took one more day to actually get out of Egypt, due to the fact that we had to change our airline tickets. This involved



Sinai desert

driving through Cairo to the Lufthansa Airlines office, which was, in and of itself, a journey. If you've been to Cairo, you know what I am talking about. The sheer volume of cars and people and the cacophony of noise makes New York look like a little suburb. Cairo is a mad swirling multi-dimensional mandala of sheer chaos.

After packing our bags at the hotel, we rushed to the airline office only to be bogged down in traffic. We finally got there shortly after twelve noon. Our agent was processing the tickets, when she looked up and said—"I assume you are planning to take the flight tomorrow"—to which Judi replied, "No we are leaving today."

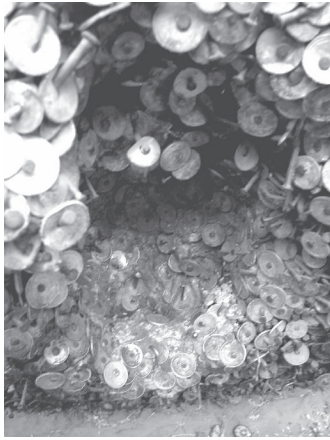
The agent looked up at the clock and said, "You will never make it."

Judi, without blinking an eye, said, "Yes, we will."

Sometimes when it is time to leave a place, you need to leave as soon as possible. Judi and I had talked about this and agreed that the signs were there—get the hell out of Dodge.

The agent hurried through the ticket procedure and reserved us seats on a flight for two days later as well—in case we didn't get to the airport in time. We ran out to one of the Guardian vans with our tickets in hand and headed off to the airport—well over an hour away in good traffic, and the flight left in less than an hour and a half. Time wasn't just tight; it needed folding.

And it was here that I witnessed one of the most remarkable displays of intuition in action that I have ever seen. Ehab and the driver continually spoke in Arabic to each other, planning our route of escape. They would pause at choked intersections where buses, cars, and camels stood still as pedestrians ran for their lives to cross the street. Ehab and the driver would point in different directions, intuitively and logically planning what road they should take. Miraculously, we arrived at the airport



A photo of "the good luck corner" where locals nail coins for good luck. Thamel, Kathmandu

about twenty minutes before the flight took off. The gate should have already closed.

There were hordes, and I mean hordes, of people milling about. You could hardly move, but like a modern day Horus—undeterred by the obstacles before him, Ehab managed to rush us through the first level of security and up to the counter, just as the gate was closing.

The agent at the desk rolled her eyes at the massive

amount of baggage we had—we were, after all, traveling the world for an entire year with video cameras, audio equipment, clothes and miscellaneous items. We looked like a traveling circus, but there were only two of us.

One of my three Egyptian doctors had given me a note for assistance with my hand carry items, as I could not lift my arms. It was determined by the desk agent that I should have a wheelchair even though I didn't think I needed one.

As the agent weighed our bags, one of the handlers winked at me—an Egyptian signal for baksheesh. You see Egypt, like many of the third-world countries we have visited, has a whole system for handling problems like this. We call it a bribe, but it isn't really a bribe, as we understand the term. It is more like oil for the machinery. And so I winked back and asked Judi to hand him the equivalent of twenty US dollars. She palmed it to him, and he whisked off and got me a wheelchair and started to roll me through customs. But there was a hitch.

A short male supervisor stepped forward and started looking through our tickets for any problems—any details that were missing from our documents so he could deny us entry onto the flight or demand that we pay an exorbitant sum in over-weight. What he didn't realize was that everything was in order and although our luggage was excessive, we had been approved by the airline to carry this much. He also didn't realize that he would be dealing with Judi—whom I sometimes call Kaliana, after the Hindu goddess of death and transformation—Kali.

Normally Judi is very calm and friendly, but if someone does something outlandish, out of integrity, or attacks one of her loved ones, she will, metaphorically speaking of course, cut their throats. The diminutive agent launched into his speech, and Judi cut him short. Everything he said, she countered. The agents surrounding the desk seemed to be in some kind of shock. Time was standing still. Finally, the supervisor acknowledged that we were within our rights, waived his hand in the air, and walked away.

Ehab turned to Judi and whispered, "That was impressive. You bested him. I've always wanted to see someone do that to him." The desk agent handed us our boarding passes, and we were quickly rushed through security and onto the plane by the attendant we had handed twenty dollars. We entered the plane, just as they were getting ready to shut the doors.

As our Lufthansa jet left the runway, heading to Frankfurt and then onto Spain, I was reminded of a bumper sticker I saw a few years ago. It said, "The question is not, are you paranoid? The question is, are you paranoid enough?"

Fortunately, the Costa del Sol area of Spain had great medical treatments and an attitude that put the US medical system to shame. A series of MRI's were ordered that would have cost me over \$3,000 in the states and here they were \$250. Not only this, but I could read them for myself and see what the doctors were talking about. I was handed them after they were taken, and it was my responsibility to take them to the doctor. They became my property, not hoarded by some gargantuan system that doesn't give a shit about the individual. And I was treated with a degree of respect and courtesy that I have rarely experienced with the US medical system. Ummm. What's wrong with this picture?

Well, to make a long story short, thanks to the efforts of some great doctors and physiotherapists I was able to complete our teaching tour in Europe and return home in much better shape than when I left Egypt.

I also learned a lot.



Now I am not of the opinion, like some, that the universe contrives to give us lessons. I think it is much too impersonal to care what happens to me specifically. I do, however, think that we can possibly learn some things about ourselves and those around us if we are

willing to pay attention. So here are a few of the many things I have learned this time around the world, after almost getting bombed, shot and nearly killed on a road in the Sinai.

#1. Don't get cocky. I had trained for this trip by going to the gym three times a week for months. When we left the US I was doing lat pulls of 150 pounds. When I left Egypt I could barely lift a glass of water.

#2. Enjoy your time here because it won't last forever. With apologies to the physical immortalists, life is not permanent. Life's impermanence became so clear to me as a result of multiple encounters with disasters, I was almost stunned from the harsh reality of our human condition. I must admit that for a time, I felt rather depressed about the whole affair. But now, it has served to strengthen my resolve to make the most of this life.

#3. There are times when we need to do things by ourselves, and there are times when we need to ask for help. For an autonomous guy like me it was quite an FGO (Fucking Growth Opportunity) to ask for help with things like pouring water into a glass, or helping me put on a jacket. As I said, the experience left me humbled, which, although I didn't care for it much, was I think, a good thing. (P.S. If you wonder why humility might be a good thing, then you probably need a good dose of it).

#4. Always eat dessert first. You never know when a bomb might go off.

The Mandala of Great Compassion

Preliminaries

First of all, some basic concepts would be helpful before proceeding.

Mandalas are painted geometric patterns that are related to forces or aspects of consciousness. They are used extensively in certain types of Buddhist and yogic meditation. A typical mandala has a center and four directions. Depending upon the type of mandala—the central figure(s) may be separate from the outer spaces of the mandala or may be emanating (sending energy) into the outer spaces of the mandala.

In this practice, The Mandala refers to all of the phenomena that are occurring in the universe at this moment. You are at the center of the mandala that is your life, because it is from your personal perspective that you experience the world. In turn, each of us is also at the center of the mandala that is our life. As a result none of us experience the world in exactly the same way because our centers (our personal sensory perception and ways of being) are different.

Tantric yogis and yoginis (female yogis) view this in somewhat different ways depending upon the lineage they are working in, but essentially they would agree that our experience of the external world is a result of subtle energies within our nervous systems. In other words, the world does indeed exist independently of us, and our mental/emotional experience. But how we experience that world is a result of how we personally internalize it through our senses.

According to Buddhist tantra, at the moment of death these subtle energies of consciousness, called *lung* (loong) in the Tibetan language, or subtle wind element in English, dissolve, and with them our experience of the world disappears as well. *Lung* is not the same as breath, but rather refers to the movement of life-energy through minute energetic channels in our subtle bodies (called *nadis*). Taoists call this type of subtle energy *chi*, while yogis refer to it as *prana*.

The practice of The Mandala of Great Compassion is based upon the understanding that in any given moment,



Tara, a Bodhisattva; Goddess of Compassion

innumerable beings are suffering. Suffering from the perspective of Buddhist tantra is a result of attachment to sensory experience. Thus, when someone feels a loss as experienced through his or her senses, there is suffering.

As humans, we can experience suffering around almost anything—the loss of a relationship, possessions, money, health and so on. The list is virtually endless.

This practice is based upon the understanding that suffering is inescapable. And so tantric practitioners do not seek to end suffering, but to transform the roots of suffering within their own consciousness (called *mind* in Buddhism). If he or she can assist another being to avoid suffering, he or she may undertake to do so. And certainly, in moments of personal suffering he or she would do what could be done to alleviate it. But whatever actions are taken for self or others takes place within a specific context—the knowledge that all beings suffer as a result of being in *samsara*—the illusion of relative existence in the physical world. The task of a tantric practitioner, then, is to transform his or her own negativities so that the bliss of *nirvana* is realized in the midst of *samsara*.

There is, from my experience, a lot of confusion about the terms *nirvana* and *samsara*. Part of this confusion arises, no doubt, from what stream of Buddhism we are talking about. Some lineages focus upon leaving this sensory world in order to experience the bliss of *nirvana* at death.

Other lineages say that one can experience the bliss of nirvana in the midst of life, in the hot bed, if you will, of sensory-based samsara. They point out that nirvana is experienced whenever one is at the center point of consciousness. In fact, according to many yogic and tantric traditions, the center point of awareness, or one's transcendent Self, is, by nature, bliss (ananda, in Sanskrit).

Most people have to die in order to quell the sensory circus of life so that the bliss of nirvana can be even momentarily experienced. However, a tantric master can experience glimpses of nirvana whenever he or she enters deep meditation (Samadhi). But while experiencing bliss is an important benchmark for tantric practitioners, it is not the goal.

Buddhist tantra deals with the realities of being in samsara. Its goal is nothing short of dissolving the illusions of samsara while in the midst of samsara itself. This is a Herculean achievement, and those who do so are called Tantric Heroes or Heroines in Buddhist lore.



The Practice



In moments of personal suffering, of any kind, including mental, emotional, spiritual or physical, it is an ideal time to practice The Mandala of Great Compassion.

I say this because this practice imparts understanding as to the nature of your suffering, and it builds spiritual merit (or positive force). The beauty of this practice, then, is that merit is generated in the midst of one's own suffering, and may also assist to decrease the suffering of others.

I must digress here for a moment and talk about what I consider to be great misunderstandings about the nature of spiritual merit in spiritual communities in general and Buddhist sanghas in particular.

True merit arises when we give spontaneously from the heart, or take a beneficial action with no thought or desire for personal reward. It is this spontaneous expression of bodhicitta (your innate Buddha mind) that generates merit. There is no Buddha in the heaven worlds with a little book marking when you do good things or bad things. Rather, positive actions strengthen one's innate bodhicitta, and one of the results of this is that prajna or transcendent wisdom increases. In other words, we move closer to an enlightened mind.

Doing something good in order to get merit does, in fact, not build merit. It only perpetuates self-obsession, and in my experience there is nothing quite as distasteful as spiritual ego. Give me good old-fashioned ego, any



day, over someone who is infested with self-righteousness.

The practice does not require any particular type of posture, incense, prayers or even quiet time. I have done it while shopping for groceries and even driving. Ideally it is done in the very searing heat of one's own suffering—in the moment that it is happening.

There are three parts to the practice—focus of attention, mantra, and a union of the view and emanation.



Focus of Attention

Place your awareness in the center of the chest, behind the sternum about midway between your chest and your spine. This is the location of your heart chakra, and it is from here that you generate the energies of Great Compassion.



Mantra

The mantra for this practice is that of the Buddha of Infinite Compassion, called Avalokiteshvara (in Sanskrit) or Chenrazig (in Tibetan). This Buddha has many forms, one of them having a thousand arms and a thousand hands, and in each hand is an eye that witnesses the suffering of beings in samsara.

It is vital to understand that this Buddha figure is nothing less than your own highest spiritual nature. It is not separate from you, but rather it is an archetypal being that represents a quality inherent in your own being—compassion.

According to tantric understanding, mantras carry the energy of the deity they correspond to, and the deity resides within the vibratory fields of the mantra itself. But deity in Buddhist tantra is different from the creator gods of other religions. These tantric deities are manifestations of powers or aspects of one's own consciousness. By chanting the mantra silently, or out loud, one activates the residing deity of that mantra.

The mantra used in this practice is Om Mani Peme Hum or Om Mani Padme Hum, if you prefer the Sanskrit version to the Tibetan.

It means Hail To The Jewel In The Lotus. The jewel is compassion and the lotus is the heart chakra.



The View and Emanation

In order to enter into the practice of The Mandala of Great Compassion, you first realize that no matter how miserable you are in this moment, there are other beings suffering as well.

After you have this clear mental concept in mind, sense yourself at the center of a giant mandala that fills all of space. There is no part or parcel of the universe that is outside this three-dimensional mandala that has you at the center. This is the View.

Then simply focus your attention in the heart chakra. Breathe naturally and whenever you inhale, silently repeat the mantra so that you feel its subtle vibratory energy in the heart. As you exhale, normally, you send the emanations of compassion from your heart out to all other sentient beings who, like you, are suffering in that moment.

There is no need to do anything other than intend that the emanations of the mantra and feelings of compassion be sent out from your heart. Depending upon your level of sensitivity to such things, you may just experience this as an idea, or you may actually feel the vibrational energies of compassion radiating from your heart chakra to all beings who are suffering, as you are. If you are aware of spiritual light, you may also see various colored lights emanating from your heart for the benefit of other suffering beings. If any phenomenon arises like lights or sound or other non-ordinary sensory experiences, just let them be. Don't focus on them. They are not why you are doing this. They are a side-effect of the subtle energies of consciousness.

The reason for doing this practice is that it increases self-awareness around your personal suffering and builds spiritual merit by releasing a beneficent energy into the world.

You do not need to be in suffering to do this practice. You can do it whenever you wish to send beneficial energies to sentient beings. But when you do find yourself in suffering, it changes both the quality and understanding of your suffering.

Sometimes our personal suffering may be so intense that we cannot even muster the will to repeat the mantra. If this is the case, then simply send feelings of compassion out on your exhales into the Mandala of the Universe.

And what exactly is compassion? In its root, it means to feel with. Thus when we feel compassion for another being, we feel along with them. This is not the same as sympathy, which is feeling sorry for someone. Compassion recognizes that we all suffer, and when you extend compassion to another, you are a witness—nothing more and nothing less. And yet through the power of being a loving or caring witness for others, we somehow mysteriously help to transform their suffering as well as our own.

A Short Prayer for the Dispelling of Obstacles

For those of you who undertake this practice, I offer this simple prayer.

May all the Enlightened Ones come to your aid. May you find the pathways into the jewel that resides in the lotus of your own heart. And may all beings benefit by your attainments.

May all beings of the Sambhogaya, the Pure Lands of Light and Sound be with you.

May the grace of the Bodhisattva, Tara bless you in your pursuit.

Om Tare Tutare Ture So Ha.

May All Beings Be Happy. May All Beings Be Free.

A Short Clarification for Buddhist Practitioners

If you are a Buddhist practitioner, I feel the need to clarify a few things.

First of all, this is a Mahayana Practice, in that its goal is to emanate beneficent energies to those who are suffering in the

grips of samsara.

This is, however, not a tonglin practice. In tonglin, as you may already know, the practitioner takes on the negativity of others and transforms it. But that is not the intent nor the method of the The Mandala of Great Compassion.

The underlying concept of this is somewhat more Hinayana than Mahayana. Each sentient being is a co-creator of his or her reality and life. Thus, it is his or her own responsibility to transform his or her personal negativity—not yours.

When you, yourself, are suffering, practice of The Mandala changes the quality of your suffering. It quickens your bodhicitta, and you gain a deeper insight into why and how you are creating suffering for yourself. This is, from a tantric standpoint, one of the great gifts of The Mandala Of Great Compassion. It generates self-awareness of aspects or tendencies in yourself that perpetuate your own personal forms of suffering. At the same time the practice emanates positive energies to other sentient beings.

When you undertake the practice of the Mandala at those times when you are not suffering, you are also building merit (if done with the proper attitude). But at no point in the practice are you advised to take on the negativities of others. To do so would be an error in this particular practice.

In other words, the boundaries of self and non-self remain intact at the level of Nirmanakaya (the physical world) during this practice.

The practice can be done, as I mentioned earlier, when you are not actually suffering. For these times, when you undertake the practice solely to emanate positive energies to the cosmos, you may wish to recite the personal form of the Short Prayer for the Dispelling of Obstacles. This is in keeping with traditional Mahayana tantric meditations that call upon protector deities and also dedicate spiritual merit to the elevation of all life. The personal form of this prayer would read as follows:

May all the Enlightened Ones come to my aid. May I find the pathways into the jewel that resides in the lotus of my heart.

And may all beings benefit from my attainments.

May all beings of the Sambhogaya, the Pure Lands of Light and Sound be with me.

May the grace of the Bodhisattva, Tara, bless me in my pursuit.

Om Tare Tutare Ture So Ha.

May all beings be happy. May all beings be free.

I wish to point out, however, that the practice of The Mandala of Great Compassion is designed to be used in the heat of samsaric delusion. In such instances, there is no need to recite the prayer. Indeed, in moments of extreme suffering such undertakings can be very difficult. Just move into the View and start the practice without need of formalities. I mention this for those members of the sangha who have become attached to the form and dogma of right meditation.



Finding Hari Krishna

Judi Sion

I came to Kathmandu this year for the minestrone. And for Hari. The minestrone only makes sense. I credit it with saving my life last year. I was suffering from my fifth bout of food poisoning in about a month and I hadn't eaten for five days. Food made me gag and I recoiled from dishes brought to the table. I was aware that Tom was watching me, beginning to worry about when I'd eat again. We had returned to Kathmandu, having just driven across the Plateau of Tibet, a life-changing experience on all levels. I'd tried ordering

rice and spinach and lentils, but I'd pushed them all away, gagging at the sight and smell. And then, one day, at the New Orleans Café in Thamel, Kathmandu, I smelled apple pie, and it smelled heavenly.

So it was that I broke a five-day fast with apple pie and a cappuccino. After that, I lived on a daily ration of minestrone and cappuccino, from an Italian Restaurant called Fire and Ice at the edge of Thamel. I may have broken the fast with apple pie, but it was the daily minestrone that

healed me, and I return whenever I can, to worship there.

But I really wouldn't have returned just for the minestrone. We really returned to Kathmandu this January, 2006 for Hari.

The year before we took a group to Tibet. At the last minute, South China Air decided to stop flights from Kathmandu into Lhasa. We faced difficult choices, none of which included canceling the tour. In the end, we hired a fleet of Toyota Land Cruisers and drove from Nepal into Tibet, across some of the highest mountain passes in the world, and I'm quite sure no one who traveled with us will ever be the same. It was the most grueling, but without a doubt, the most transformative experience of my life.

Every turn on Life's Road offers choice, whether we think it does or not, with or without our understanding of where the twists and turns might take us, or where the road will end. The drive to the Friendship Bridge and the border of Nepal and Tibet is arduous on many counts. Had we not chosen to drive across the Plateau of Tibet, life would probably be very different for many people and that's the point I want to make. Life turns on a dime and you never really know how it's going to land when you throw it in the air.

I will forever be haunted by prayer flags over high Himalayan passes and glaciers and Turquoise Lakes. I sleep with long horns in my dreams and the cadence of drums and bells. I smell yak butter tea whenever I tilt my head just so, to one side, any side.

If we hadn't chosen to drive, we would never have met Hari, and Hari would still be living near the bridge, spending his days carrying heavy bags across the bridge, from Nepal to Tibet, over and over, every day. And I wouldn't have ever dreamed the dream of recording the nuns of Gyantse.

Maybe our tour guide tried to tell us what crossing the Friendship Bridge and driving into Tibet would be like, but clearly we were not capable of grasping the full picture until we lived it.

On the Nepal side, the road winds its way up through mountains and eventually turns into a dirt rut, with deep trenches designed, no doubt, to impale tires and throw riders from side to side as the wheels slip in and out of the hardened tracks. Then the road emerges into a cacophony of shacks and mud huts with half-naked children running everywhere, including the road. We drove past monstrous Tata trucks, emblazoned with huge Shivas and Ganeshas in bold, horrid colors. Taste is not a requirement in a Tata truck. These trucks begin to back up in long lines about five miles before the border.

We moved as fast as we could, as far as we could, but it became a one-lane dirt rut and continuing to move ahead meant backing up when an oncoming truck pushed you backwards; so forward movement slowed to an eventual halt.

You must walk across the Friendship Bridge. No vehicles are allowed, so the trucks inch their way up, as close as they can

get, and then porters carry the goods across on their backs. On the Tibet side, the trucks are doing the same thing, inching up and off-loading goods to be walked across the bridge to meet a truck on the Nepal side to deliver them.

We were offloaded from our tourist bus, like all goods going to Tibet, like so many sacks of potatoes, over a mile of ruts and filth from the bridge itself. We walked that long mile, stepping around half-naked babies, diaper trained by leaving them naked from the waist down, and mangy dogs. We negotiated around and between moving trucks and dodged people going in both directions. It was madness. Our guides negotiated with available porters, and they began to move forward to take our baggage. The young boys and men who carry the bags and goods across the bridge have little hope of a future, their spines condemned to stress and rupture.

One boy had his hands on my bags when a younger, thinner Nepali boy came from nowhere and stepped in, taking hold of my bags and clearly announcing his intention to be my porter. The other boy stepped to someone else, and so fate was sealed and lives changed forever in the moments that followed. He lifted the heavy camera bag onto his back, along with several other loose pieces I had, plus the crystal bowl. It was a daunting weight for so small a body, and I walked alongside him, constantly trying to take something back and carry it myself. He seemed so small and thin. We danced our way to the border, me trying to make his job easier, him gesturing that he was OK; he could handle it.

He missed nothing in our trek to the bridge itself. He watched my every step and put out a hand when a rut was about to twist my ankle. I tried to take at least one bag back. It didn't seem right for him to carry everything and for me to walk with no weight. I felt so American, creating the weight and having someone else carry it. But he would not allow me to shoulder any weight.

As we neared the Immigration and Customs booth on the Nepal side, he began to pantomime how to move through the bureaucracy. He got me the correct forms and found me an ink pen. He only spoke a few words of pigeon English, and I spoke not one word of Nepali, but we could communicate, somehow, this little Nepali boy and me. When we neared the Bridge, he again began to "tell" me where it was safe to take pictures and where I needed to hide my camera or the Chinese could confiscate it. I could then warn others in our group who were still taking pictures too close to the red line down the middle of the Bridge. The other porters just carried bags. This young man began to carry my heart. He was smart and considerate. When I slipped into a rut, he pulled me back up. He balanced me. He watched every step I took, to be of service if I had a problem.

As we neared the waiting convoy of Toyota Land Cruisers, which would be our daytime home for the next two weeks, we each slowed, realizing our time together was growing short.

When he loaded my bags into the vehicle, I pulled him to me. We had walked a mile together, and I knew him in some way I cannot explain. He stiffened, as if he'd never been hugged, but under the embrace of my arms, he softened and fell into me.

"I be here. You come back?" I knew what he was asking.

"Long time before I come back." I didn't know how to explain that we'd be gone for over two weeks. And I had no idea what time of day or night it would be when we approached the bridge from the Tibet side.

"I here. You come back," he said.

"What is your name," I asked?

"Me, Harry," I heard him say.

And we drove off, entering into the magical realm of Tibet, leaving behind a little Hindu boy named Harry, a boy I thought I'd never see again.

I have never been able to write about Tibet, because of all the places I've been in circling the globe three times, nothing has ever so enchanted me, so captured my heart and mind, as Tibet. The adventures in Tibet are for another time and place.

This is Harry's story.

We spent the night that night in an unforgettable Chinese hotel. The lobby was open air, with no doors, and we sat freezing while our guides argued for them to honor the reservations we'd paid for months before. Chinese military officials had commandeered the hotel the night before and many remained, so they didn't think they had enough rooms. There was no other hotel in any direction. They finally found enough "rooms." The cubicles had no heat and no hot water. The sheets were filthy, with hair and blood on some of them.

"Chinese military probably kill girl here last night," one guide suggested. Probably.

The next day we were up well before dawn, to head out for Gyantse. It was a drive of over 18 hours, and we had to get there before people began to fall asleep in the vehicles. We were not adequately acclimatized for 18,000 foot passes and we could only risk taking people over while they were awake, for fear of altitude sickness.

Weeks later, we all returned to the Friendship Bridge, to cross back to Nepal again. On the return trip, Tom and I were carrying precious goods in our vehicle, and he said many prayers that the Chinese Customs agents would not choose our car for inspection. We had agreed to bring back scriptures for Tibetans living in the Northeast who didn't have access to their sutras. We didn't really understand what this meant when we agreed to bring them out.



Hari Khadka last December

The scriptures consisted of 17 boxes, each about two feet long and about six inches deep. They weighed a ton it seemed. Along with the seventeen boxes of scriptures, was the largest thanangka I'd ever seen. It was at about five feet long in one direction, which would likely mean it was six to eight feet when unrolled.

Now we understood why we couldn't fly and why Spirit possessed us to agree to drive across the Plateau of Tibet, a route seldom undertaken by Westerners. If we'd flown, we'd never have gotten the scriptures out. A nunnery had worked for several years to create this duplicate of their ancient scriptures, so that their spiritual abbottess, Ngawang La, who had escaped to the US, could share the prayers with Tibetans in the US, and this precious cargo was now in our care, bouncing around in the back of our Toyota Land Cruiser. The thanangka was sealed with prayers and special threads. The scriptures were ceremonially tied in yellow cloth and fabric ties.

When we finally got them to Kathmandu, Tom bought yards and yards of red fabric and we sat up all night one night, cutting the fabric with the dullest scissors I've ever tried to make cut. We individually wrapped each box of scriptures again, to ensure them arriving in pristine shape from the final shipment to the US. It was over 200 pounds of scriptures that Tom and I shipped back from Nepal, and Ngawang La gratefully accepted them when they arrived in Philadelphia. We shipped the thanangka separately, through a dear friend in Kathmandu who trades in antique thanngas. He knew how to protect that for shipment better than we did. People visit these sacreds now from all over the world, and the exiled abbottess, Ngawang La, is trying to raise funds to build a sacred space to house them so they are available to everyone.

So we all breathed a sign of relief when we were waved through Chinese Customs. We inched our way as close to the "Friendship Bridge" as we could get, and popped open the door of our Land Cruiser. My door had no more than begun to open when Harry jumped in.

He hugged me tightly and then grabbed my bags and began the arduous journey back across the bridge to meet our buses waiting on the other side. I was elated and exhausted. There was so much to be thankful for. We had gotten our precious cargo past the Chinese, one small coup for the Tibetan people in the US who awaited them, and Harry was waiting for me. I have no idea how long he'd waited that day, hoping that was the day. That meant he had to have crossed the bridge to wait on the China side, hoping our caravan would show up. How many days had he crossed the bridge and waited, not knowing when we'd be back?

My daughter, Adrienne, caught a photo of him while he was

still engulfed by my hand carry items. When he deposited my cameras and other hand-carry in our van on the Nepal side, I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to leave him there, his little back way too young to be so burdened with weight day after day. But life goes on. So, in the end, I hugged him, and turned my back, and got in the van. I wiped away a tear as we drove off.

I remembered how he first shrunk away from my hug on our first encounter, and I remembered how he jumped in the car to get a hug on the way back. I remember how he hesitated when he finished putting my things in the van on the Nepal side when we returned. And I remembered how I had to turn my back, in the end, to break the moment, and to hide my tears.

But he haunted me. For months and months he haunted me. And then our friend, Erama, said, "Why don't you send his picture to my friend, Krishna, who lives in Kathmandu. Maybe Krishna can find him for you."

And so I emailed the photo Adrienne took of him to Krishna, who we'd never met. And Krishna emailed me back and said, "So I will go looking for him. And if I find him and his parents have been killed by the Maoists, what should I do with him?"

That's when I realized I was about to enter a domain that would change lives forever, his, mine, and Tom's.

And when the Maoist blockade eased, Krishna got on his motorbike and rode the potholes for five hours, up to the Chinese Border, to the Friendship Bridge. And he walked around with the photo until someone recognized the face, and he found Harry.

I had asked Krishna to find out what Harry wanted in his life. Krishna explained that you can't ask a Nepali boy a question like that. They have no idea how to fathom making a choice about what to do with their life. "What do you want to do?" has no meaning Krishna explained to me. The notion of doing what you want isn't even a possibility. It just doesn't compute.

In the end, we determined that Harry really wanted to go back to school and we offered to pay for boarding school for him. He'd left school in the fifth grade, to go to work. And we found out his name was Hari, not Harry, and I laughed because between them, that made Hari Krishna! They still don't really see the joke, though I still laugh at the irony of such loving beings so deserving of the name Hari and Krishna.

And so Krishna took Hari around to many schools. He had Hari tested and found a boarding school that would take him, though they forced him back to the third grade. So at 14, Hari went back to school, in the third grade.

So the truth is, though I really do love the minestrone at Fire and Ice and the apple pie at the New Orleans Café, the truth is, we really went to Nepal to see Hari again, for the first time since he carried my bags across the Friendship Bridge that, despite the Chinese, created one real friendship that will last a lifetime.



From left, Krishna Pd. Lohani, Samyan Lohani (RAMA), Kamala Adhikari (Lohani) and Hari Khadka

They only allow English to be spoken at the school, so when we returned to Kathmandu, less than one year after we put Hari in school, he could talk to us in English. Though he started the school year well after it had begun, at the end of his first year back in school, at 14, Hari was number two in the third grade, and he was the star soccer player for the whole school.

And the last night we were in Kathmandu this past January, Hari sang for Tom and Tom sang for Hari. I will never forget that little boy dwarfed by a conference table in a boardroom table in the Marriott at Kathmandu, which was the only private, quiet place we could find, mustering the courage to sing for Tom Kenyon.

We just got an email from Krishna and the new school year has just begun. Hari is so smart, he was moved up to the Fifth Grade, and as the star "bootball" (soccer) player, he will be featured on Nepali television each week this season, being what he never was before—a little boy playing ball.

When we get to Tibet this year, to record the nuns, maybe Hari will sing for us all again. And I'll take him back to Fire and Ice and buy him a bowl of minestrone. Hari now loves Italian food.

^{the}Hathors *and the* Ascent of Spiritual Evolution



In the late 80's a group of interdimensional beings approached me during a personal meditation retreat. They said that they were known as the Hathors, and that they had worked through the ancient Egyptian temples of the goddess Hator.

Hator was the goddess of sex, ecstasy and fertility. Temples to her were erected throughout ancient Egypt. Nowhere, however, could I find any references to the Hathors. Nevertheless, they continued to show up in my meditations imparting to me a fascinating body of information regarding the use of sound and geometry as a means to elevate consciousness.

It has now been nearly twenty years since they intruded into my inner world, and I can honestly say that their insights have been profound, amusing and almost always uplifting. Now from an epistemological standpoint, I still can't honestly say for certain, if they are separate from me, or a manifestation of my own inner psyche. They claim to be separate, and they do seem to have access to information that still boggles my mind from time to time. And so, after these many years and many interactions with them, I do believe that they are whom they say they are—beings from another dimension of consciousness who have come to offer their insights into the mystery and the physics of spiritual evolution. To my personal relief, they do not claim to be infallible. They tend to speak in terms of probabilities and possibilities rather than absolute certainties. They believe that we, like they, are the co-creators of our destiny—whether we are conscious of it or not.

I always tell my students to have an imaginary box by their sides. If something I say doesn't make sense, toss it in the box. Don't accept what I say, or what anyone says for that matter, as truth. Test it out yourself. Filter it through your life experience, your sense of logic and your sense of values. If it makes sense to

you, experiment with the ideas. If they don't make sense, toss them into the box. I also think it is an evolutionary catalyst for us to think outside the box as much as possible. If nothing else, it stretches our minds to conceive the improbable. This process of stepping into new perceptual worlds is a very good thing because it makes us more creative—so long as we keep our wits about us. In other words, experiencing other realms of consciousness can be a beneficial and uplifting thing—so long as we keep both feet on the ground.

I suggest you use that concept of the perceptual box whenever you read channeled material in general. Just because a being is disembodied does not make him/her or it any wiser than the guy down the street, or any more benevolent. You shall know them by their fruits is very good advice, I think, when looking at channeled information. And in this regard, the Hathors have demonstrated a few qualities consistently throughout the twenty odd years I have had contact with them.

For one, they are non-interventionalists in that they recognize the vital truth of our nature—the evolutionary necessity for personal will. Without the capacity to choose for ourselves, we cannot evolve. And so they do not impose their will on anyone.

The Hathors also see all life as sacred. Although you and I may consider some forms of life less significant than others, to the Hathors, all life is an expression of the great mystery of consciousness—the expression of spirit into matter. And so, for them, all beings are, by nature, sacred.

Finally, the Hathors see life and consciousness as intrinsically amusing. This may be due to the fact that they are outside the constraints of time and space. They see things from a very different perspective than us. I appreciate this; for I have long contended that a good sense of humor is one of our greatest allies in the spiritual journey.

My attitude to communications from the other worlds (different realms of consciousness other than our day-to-day world) is very pragmatic. Do the ideas presented by a being from another realm of consciousness have practical benefit? And in that regard, I can honestly say that the Hathors have always offered a unique and elevating perspective on three-dimensional reality—the world you and I live in.

You can, by the way, read the full transcript of their numerous messages on our website, www.tomkenyon.com by clicking on the tab labeled Hathor messages. We have been posting these planetary updates at their request for over a year now. There is no charge to read them, and they cover a wide range of topics.

A Personal Overview of the Hathor Messages

The first thing I would like us to consider is what I think to be one of the central points in all of their messages. The quote below is from one of their communications in April 2006 regarding the volatility of planetary evolution.

“No one can say for certain what your future will be like, either individually or collectively, because there is always the possibility for conscious choice at any moment. And conscious choice or intent can and does alter the quantum field of consciousness itself and thus eventually even physical reality (if the power or choice or intent is strong enough). And so it is that we do not predict your future. We are only saying what we see in your timeline unless you collectively make different choices in how you live your lives and how you deal with each other and the Earth.” — The Hathors

I think the purpose of prophecy or future telling is to point out the obvious. As the Hathors indicated, there is always the possibility for a new choice at any moment. But we must first be aware that we even have a choice.

About a year ago, I was driving in downtown San Francisco. A dear friend of mine, who is in her eighties, was sitting in the back seat. I heard her suddenly say, “Tom, I think you are running a red light!” Sure enough I was. Instinctively I braked and stopped just short of a taxi that had entered the intersection. This is rather what I am talking about.

Had I said to myself—“Oh God, I have run a red light and there is nothing I can do,” we would have had an accident. Instead, I changed the “prophecy” and put on the brakes. I think this is a big part of what the Hathors are saying here. Collectively we need to put on the brakes and stop moving in the direction we are heading as a culture. Now personally, I don’t see it happening, short of some kind of miracle—which I am always open to, by the way. But...if the Great Miracle doesn’t happen and collectively we are unable to make a shift into more benevolent ways of living—both with ourselves and with the Earth—things may get a little rough. It doesn’t take a psychic to see that things are amiss on our planet. The challenge then becomes: how can you and I, as individuals make a shift in ourselves, even if the bulk of humanity does not? According to the thirteen Hathors who communicate with me in meditation, it all has to do with vibration—specifically the vibrations of appreciation, gratitude, ecstasy and bliss.

Essentially they are saying that when we live in these states

of being, we are protected in many ways. And in the midst of chaos, these states of mind will allow us to pass through the eye of the needle—difficult situations—with a modicum of ease and grace.

I wish I could tell you that I have found the way to do this, and that I live continuously in these elevated states of consciousness. But then I would be lying. The truth is that I have experienced them on occasions and have learned, to some extent, how to create them at will—some of the time.

But like a friend of mine recently said, I live with a part of myself that is a whiner and a pessimist. What do we do with these aspects of ourselves when there seems to be so much negative evidence around us?

Well, I have asked the Hathors this on several occasions and their answer is always tediously the same. They advise us to learn to create these states at will, and to practice over-riding your own negativity at a moment’s notice.

Over the years, the Hathors have had a lot to say about our evolutionary situation from their perspective (which, is admittedly, outside of time and space and the pressures that we experience here in the pit of gravity), so I think it might be helpful to summarize some of what they are saying.



Hator column, Isis Temple, Philae



Hathor relief, Initiatory Crypt, Dendera, Egypt

Essentially we are witnessing the transformation of an old world, characterized by very specific types of economics, national politics, as well as philosophical and cultural beliefs. These aspects of our civilization are transforming right before our eyes into what will be a radically different world. This shift from the old world to a new world (yet to be defined, or clearly understood) is essentially a chaotic process. There is no way around this. There are various reasons for this, some of it having to do with power plays, but when any system changes, there is a period of instability before the new system emerges from the old. This is true of virtually every level of the cosmos—from the relationships of subatomic particles and atoms, to biological life, to relationships between people, and most definitely between cultures and societies.

According to the Hathors, our monetary systems, food, water, weather patterns, ecological and geological stability may, and probably will, be challenged as we pass from the old world into the new. But to what extent and just how disruptive these changes will be, remains to be seen. They are of the opinion that the more disruptive and destructive elements of the transition from the old to the new can be mitigated by how humanity chooses to live with each other and the Earth.

Although they are from another dimension of consciousness, the Hathors are essentially pragmatic—and so they have made some suggestions for individuals to consider. Should the Earth enter a phase of intense spiritual purification, they advise us to avoid jumping into the irrationality that will be swirling about us. Instead, learn to live increasingly in joy and ecstasy (through an act of conscious choice). Be appreciative and in gratitude for the smallest gifts that life brings you. These feeling states will set

up a vibrational field that is protective. Thus we may find our paths made easier even in the midst of chaos.

That in a nutshell, is how I see the essence of what they have been saying. Hope for the best, and prepare for the worst. That may be good advice for our times. It also reminds me of an Islamic saying—trust Allah and tie up your camels.

The following message provides some fascinating information on how to create ecstatic states of mind by joining feelings of appreciation with focused attention in the heart. According to the Hathors, these ecstatic experiences are powerful evolutionary agents, and they suggest that we master the art of generating these states of awareness at will. You can read about other Hathorian methods for creating ecstasy as well as their perspectives on the energetics of spiritual and planetary evolution by going to www.tomkenyon.com.

Ecstasy and the Heart,

Received April 18, 2005

“We wish to speak with you in this section concerning the generation of ecstasy through focusing on the heart. We do not speak of the heart chakra in this instance, but rather we refer to the physical heart, the heart muscle itself.

This technique involves your focus, or attention, joined with the emotion of gratitude or appreciation—whichever you prefer to use.

As soon as you focus your attention on the heart, you may notice a flow of subtle energy. From our perspective, your focus of attention operates much like the central point of an energy vortex. This is especially true within your physical body and the field surrounding your body—your energy field—what the ancients called the aura.

Your ability to create a focus of attention is not just a cerebral, or brain, activity. It is an activity on many levels of consciousness. Wherever you place your attention within your body, or within the energy field of your body, there is an immediate flow of subtle energy to that point, or area, which has an enlivening effect upon the cells of your body, and/or the luminous light fibers that comprise your energy body.

Your focus, indeed, creates a warping effect at the subatomic levels, what you might call quantum field effects. These field-effects create distinct flows of energy, geometry and harmonics within you.

To alter the quantum field through the power of your focus is an important ability we urge you to master. Its applications are numerous, the cultivation of ecstasy being just one of them. In this method, you use this ability to hold focus or attention, joined with the emotion of appreciation or gratitude. These two

emotions have a coherent effect upon your energy field and upon the rhythmic magnetic emanations of your physical heart. This combination of focus and coherent emotion can be used to generate high states of ecstasy.

As we have said previously, the generation of ecstatic states of consciousness is an important evolutionary catalyst. We strongly suggest that you learn to create states of ecstasy throughout your day.

We realize that for many of you, your daily life may not be conducive to the cultivation of such states, but we urge you to find times throughout your day where you can practice attaining these states for at least a few minutes at a time. A little bit of time spent in ecstasy is better than no time at all.

This practice will set up a harmonic or a relationship with the Earth, as a conscious living being, and with the harmonic waves of catalytic evolution that are flowing through your galaxy.

In this technique you focus your attention on the physical heart. As you focus your attention on this area, you generate the feeling of appreciation or gratitude. It is not the thought of appreciation or gratitude—but rather the emotion. In this method, thought will not activate the subtle energies needed to generate ecstasy—only feeling is capable of activating the energy vortices within you.

As you focus on the physical heart and generate the feeling of appreciation or gratitude, a waveform of energy begins to flow throughout the body—carried by the magnetic fields of the heart, which emanate outward from the physical heart to encompass your entire body. As the flow of energy begins throughout the body, there is a spontaneous arising of ecstasy—cellular ecstasy.

Experiment with this technique. Sense what happens in your body as you focus upon your heart and generate these feelings of appreciation and gratitude. Physically feel what seems to be happening at the cellular level as the one trillion (or so) cells of your body receive this coherent energy of gratitude or appreciation.

Once you have established the ability to create ecstasy as described above, and once you are able to generate ecstasy whenever you desire it—at will—begin to experiment with your energy field—what some call the subtle energy body.

In working with this method your attention is, again, on the heart, generating feelings of appreciation and gratitude. And as you sense ecstasy beginning to arise in your body, you shift your attention to the field around your body. This field of energy looks very much like a luminous egg when viewed clairvoyantly. The wide part of this luminous egg shape is up around the shoulders and the more narrow part is around the feet. There is a central line or axis that runs through the

center of this field, and it happens to also run through the center of your physical body—through the top of the head and down through the perineum. This line is the central axis of the magnetic field that comprises the subtle energy body. This subtle body extends above the head and below the feet a few inches to a several feet, or even yards. In certain highly charged energy states, the axis and subtle energy body can expand much farther than that.

By shifting your attention to this central axis and to the field surrounding your body, you allow the ecstasy to move out from the physical body into the field. This is very positive and creates powerful harmonic patterns that bring you into resonance with the waveforms of accelerated evolution that are flowing through your galaxy.

Do not underestimate the powers of this technique. Though it is very simple, it is profound and effective. It will bring you into a higher state of resonance and vibration.

And this is, from our perspective, crucial in order to pass through the energetic portals and transformational energies that your Earth is now experiencing and will continue to experience.

There are things we would like to say to you about your nature and your destiny, but they would, most likely, not be understood by you unless you are, at the very least, in a state of ecstasy.

This is because the reference point for consciousness is established not only by belief, but also by one's emotional harmonics. And without you being in a state of ecstasy, it would be like trying to describe a sunrise to a blind person who does not have the ability to directly perceive what you are talking about. To such a person it would be a make-

believe world you are describing. But if suddenly this person could see, he or she could sense the sun directly and verify that your description of the world was accurate. And what was once deemed to be in the realm of myth will now be seen as real.

And so we leave you in this moment with what may seem like a myth, but which we hold as self-evident. You are creator beings in the midst of creating your future and the future of generations yet to come. You hold within your heart a key to the Mystery of Mysteries. And the threshold, the opening into this mystery is through your capacity to enter ecstasy. Be bold and find your path, your way of living upward into this elevated state of being. Do know, however, that ecstasy is not the end of the way. It is simply the beginning.

Try the method we have laid out for you here. Experiment with the methods we have given earlier and that we will give in the near future. Enter ecstasy whenever you can. Know that when you do so, you enter into communion with all the elevated beings and masters who have served and who are serving humanity. Know that when you do so, you enter into communion with your Self."



Crypt, Dendera



Obelisk covering 333 foot crystal shaft. Jim Vanhooose © 2003 mesavision.com

the Sound Healing Foundation Update

The Sound Healing Foundation is a 501C-3 Non-profit Foundation.

The Foundation was created in 2004 by Tom Kenyon and Judi Sion for the purpose of educating the public about the numerous benefits of sound healing. The Foundation also conducts educational programs about the negative effects of noise pollution. It eventually plans to establish a world research library that can be accessed via the Internet free of charge.

The Foundation also sponsors the Celestorium, a sound based Earth-healing temple in Belen, New Mexico, as well as a second site in Costa Rica. Neither site is open to the public, but the Belen location is occasionally opened for Foundation sponsored events (check the website for dates and times when these events occur. None are planned for 2006).

Another significant part of the Foundation's activities is to document and record indigenous sound healers throughout the world. The Foundation will undertake the first of these field recordings this year through the Tibetan Nun Project.

The Tibetan Nun Project

Tom Kenyon and Judi Sion, along with a support staff and a group of interested persons, will travel to Tibet (October 14 – 29, 2006) for the sole purpose of recording and filming several Tibetan Nunneries. The nuns have agreed to perform rarely seen rituals, which include exquisite mind-altering chants. All of this will be captured on state-of-the-art video and audio equipment. Some of these ceremonies and prayers have never been experienced in their entirety by Westerners before.

The goal of the project is to create a CD of these nuns chanting and to release the CD to the world. While the chants of Tibetan monks are well known to many, few realize that the nuns of Tibet also use chanting as a means to alter consciousness during rituals and prayer. The CD will, hopefully,

bring a greater awareness and appreciation of this unique form of sound healing.

We also hope to release at least one or more DVDs of the chanting nuns, as well as a Tibetan healer, as a part of the project so that viewers can witness these rare rituals for themselves. Finally, a book of color photographs with detailed commentary is also being planned.

The Foundation is committed to returning the bulk of profits from the sale of these products back to the nunneries and the nuns who participated. This is an important part of the Foundation's mission statement, which is to directly and financially benefit the indigenous sound healers it records.

This is a large undertaking for the Foundation, and we invite all those who share this vision to help support the project through financial contributions. All donations to the Foundation are fully tax-deductible. If you wish to donate funds to assist with the project, you can send a check or money order to the address noted below. Upon receipt of your donation, the Foundation will send you a letter, which verifies your contribution to the Tibetan Nun Project for tax purposes. Upon completion of the CD, you will be sent a complimentary copy with a donation of \$100 or more.

The Sights and Sounds of Tibet Photo Exhibition

The Foundation recently launched a traveling exhibition of photos from Tibet taken by Adrienne Koteen during a teaching tour of Tibet with Tom in 2005. Judi Sion made field recordings of the various monasteries, nunneries and locations we visited, and Tom created an audio montage of these sounds to be played in the background while persons view the show, hence the title, Tibet in Sight and Sound. The photos are museum

quality Giclees, printed on fabric and hung with dowels much like Tibetan thangkass.

The show premiered on Orcas Island, and from there it went to Fresno, California where the photos were exhibited at a local college. The show then went to the Crossings Gallery in Austin, Texas where, interestingly, a group of Tibetan monks showed up, unannounced, and conducted a blessing ritual for the show.

In April of this year, the photographer, Adrienne Koteen, presented the Dali Lama with one of the prints from the show (see photo this page).

The show is available for travel to galleries, museums and schools. A CD Rom of the show, including the sound track, is available for seriously interested groups. Please feel free to contact the Foundation for further information.

The Best Sound Product Awards for 2006

The Foundation is vitally interested in the effects of noise pollution on our environment and health. Part of its educational mandate is to increase public awareness in this area. To this end, the Foundation has created the Best Sound Product Awards. The Award is given to manufacturers who create products that help to decrease noise pollution in the environment, by lowering their decibel levels during operation and/or protect the hearing of those using the product. Many audiologists have expressed concern that many individuals are damaging their hearing by listening to music at too high a volume and/or by over exposure to industrial sounds.

This year's Best Sound Product Award goes to the Bose Corporation for its development of the Quiet Comfort 2 headphones, which are designed to reduce industrial noise in addition to being a personal listening device.

The Award winners of the award are notified by mail and sent a certificate. The Foundation will also release public education articles and news releases about the awards.

How to Contact The Foundation:

Email: info@soundhealingfoundation.org

Post: PO Box 220, Orcas, WA 98280 USA, Tel: .360-376-3436

Website: www.soundhealingfoundation.org

How To Make A Contribution to The Foundation: Checks & Money Orders

You can send a check or money order to: The Sound Healing Foundation, PO Box 220, Orcas, WA 98280 USA.

You can make a general contribution to the Foundation, or you can designate the project you wish your donation to benefit, by making a note of it with your check or money order. Upon receipt of your donation, we will send you a letter that you can use for tax purposes. Due to bookkeeping and office expenses, donations need to be at least \$100 US dollars or more. We apologize for this, but processing of checks and money orders takes staff time and creates unseen expenses for the Foundation. We hope you understand.



Print from the Tibet in Sight and Sound photo exhibition given to His Holiness, the Dali Lama on behalf of the Foundation by the photographer, Adrienne Koteen

The Foundation Website:

The Foundation is in the process of setting up a website where information and its archives can be accessed. As we go to press, the website is in the design stages, but will hopefully be operational soon. You can visit www.tomkenyon.com and click on a link to the Foundation website when it is operational.

THE Better Brain Book

by Tom Kenyon, M.A.

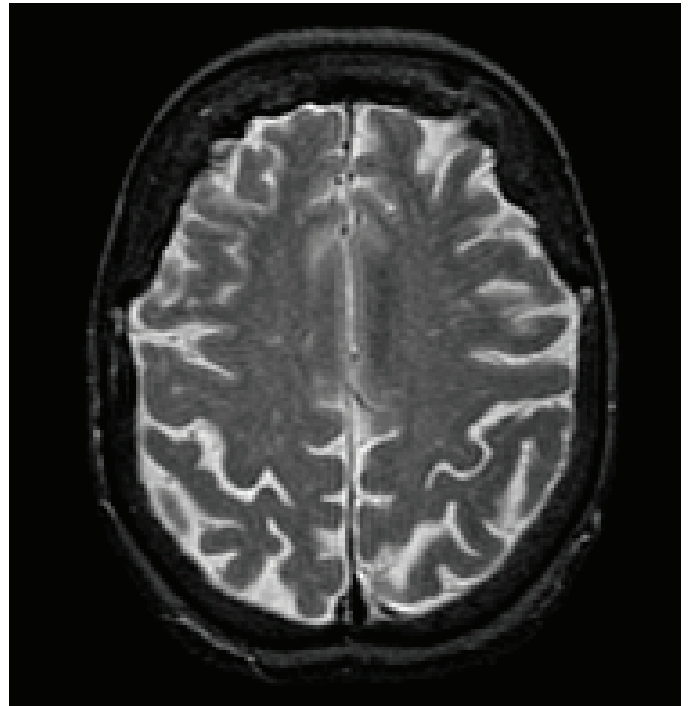
Here is the introduction and a sample chapter from an upcoming eBook that will be posted on our website. The book is Tom's latest writings about the brain and its unused abilities. It is a short, reader friendly book that provides some of the latest information on how you can increase your brain's performance, decrease the negative impacts of stress, and eat in ways that improve brain function. The book also has a wealth of tips on how to further activate your brain and mind's hidden potential.

The book is designed to be read online, free of charge, and can also be down loaded at no cost. In other words, you will be able to print the book if you so desire. This manuscript will not be available except in eBook format. We are currently in the process of completing final edits before it goes to our web master. Check the website in a few months. When the book becomes available, it will be posted on the home page of the site—www.tomkenyon.com

Introduction

As you read these words, their images come to you upside down—a side effect of how your eyes see the world. You do not, however, see these words upside down, unless you are, at this moment, standing on your head, hanging like a bat, or engaged in some other unorthodox way of reading.

In an instant, quicker than you can blink, your brain flips the visual images coming from your eyes right-side-up in a



neurological hocus pocus at the back of your head—located in a plot of cerebral real estate called the occipital area. It is here that your brain “sees” what your eyes have sensed. And without this area, you could not see the world—even if your eyes had perfect vision.

As you read these words, your brain grabs their visual images from the occipital region and speeds them along a neurological super highway to its language and memory centers, folded like the L.A. suburbs into hills, into valleys, into the folds and creases of the neocortex. It is here where we think and imagine. It is here, in the neocortex, that we dream and it is here where you make sense of these words. And all of this folded topography of the brain bears an uncanny resemblance to a shelled walnut.

Nuts aside, in an impressive slight of hand, like a magician pulling a pigeon from thin air, these centers rapidly search for a match between the patterns they “see” and the patterns they remember. When they find a match, voila, the sound of

the word silently pops into your head. Suddenly the vowel *a* becomes a long *a*, as in hay. And all of this takes place without your knowing.

You do not sense the rapid bioelectric firing of neurons as they recognize a vowel or a consonant, nor do you sense the surge of magnetism in the cells of your brain as they suddenly remember the word—associations flying like a hundred white doves suddenly released from their slumber, or perhaps more accurately like crickets singing in twilight.

The word hay suddenly floats in your mind, and depending upon what the rest of your brain is doing—whether it is alert or floating in relaxed reverie, the word hay can set off very different types of responses. You might just read the word hay and that's that. Next word please. Or perhaps you suddenly remember the smell of hay—the heady perfume that smells of the earth. Or maybe you recall, hopefully with fondness, your first kiss—stolen, as it was on a hayride one intoxicating summer afternoon in your adolescence. Or maybe you are allergic to pollen, and the word hay does not bring you to pleasure but rather memories of swollen eyes and itchy skin.

That's the funny thing about words. We pretty much agree what they mean in the abstract, but in the dark, moist caverns of our minds where memory and experience lie together in a *ménage à trois* with their strange lover called language, each of us has vastly different associations, different responses and different neurological realities.

That may be an odd concept for you—neurological reality. But I trust that before we are through, you will not only understand how your brain creates your personal reality, you will also know how to change it.

Let me say that another way. Your current sense of the world and how you live in it are, yes, a result of your life experience and history. But it is also a result of how your brain operates. You cannot change your life experience or the events that make up your history, but you can change your brain. And when you change certain aspects of how your brain operates—a task, which is quite easy I might add—your experience of life changes as well.

In neurology the current buzzword is *plastic*—no...not the type of plastic that makes up so much of our technological gadgetry, but plastic as in malleable, or changeable. Our brains are incredibly malleable.

In the twenty some years since I first began my work as a psychotherapist and researcher, our scientific understanding of the brain has escalated at an unbelievable pace. In this book, I will discuss some of these breakthroughs and how they have changed how we view the brain, ourselves and the vast untapped potential we carry.

I will also show you how to increase your own intelligence, enhance creativity and improve your overall brain performance—all of which will change how your brain

operates, making it more resourceful, efficient and yes, happier. And, like people, a happy brain is a good thing.

Chapter Three

Your Mobius Brain and The Power of Choice

Many years ago, now, I received a phone call from the Veterans Hospital in Jacksonville, North Carolina. My father had been rushed to the hospital and was in intensive care. The doctor on call said I should come immediately if I wished to see my father alive.

The drive to the hospital took me some 250 miles from the piedmont of the state into the flatlands of the east. I drove past acres of open peanut and tobacco fields in the crisp autumn air as the leaves of trees turned brilliant reds and golds. My mind flipped through the memories of my childhood as if they had been placed into a photo album—my father and I dressed in winter mittens as he pushed my sled down a short hill in our backyard in Rhode Island—then, memories from Guam where my dad had been stationed in the Navy—the smell of tropical rain—shards of sunlight slicing through palm trees. Tears came to my eyes as I remembered him sitting in the audience during my first piano recital. A deep well from my past had been unsealed, and for the five hours it took to get to the hospital, I floated on an unexpected flood of memories not connected in any logical sequence but bound by some deeper primal logic.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was taken to my father's side. He was connected to a maze of tubes and wires. A heart monitor beeped in the background and the sound of forced air gave evidence to the fact that he was on a respirator. His eyes were closed and he seemed not to notice me.

The doctor entered the room and motioned me outside.

"Your father has suffered a heart attack due to complications from emphysema and he isn't doing well. I suggest you get his affairs in order." The doctor looked to the floor as if the nondescript tile held some kind of secret. "I don't expect him to survive the night. If I were you, I'd make funeral arrangements as soon as possible."

With those words, I stepped back into my father's room and stood in silence watching him in the dimming light of late afternoon.

Before leaving the hospital, I called the local funeral home and made arrangements.

That evening a torrent of tears and memories unleashed themselves at the most ill-timed moments—while eating dinner at a local restaurant, while checking into the motel, while watching strangers with their children.

Grief is an odd thing. It has a power of its own and speaks to us from a depth we rarely let ourselves experience. Even though I was a supposed expert in this field, and had guided many people through psychological grief and loss over the years, I was not exempt from its fury or its strange sense of timing.

The next morning I called the hospital to see how my dad was doing. A nurse said the doctor would like to see me.

Upon returning to the hospital, the doctor asked to talk with me in his office.

"I don't know what happened, but your father is off the critical list. He should be dead." The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "But don't get any false hopes. He is still a very sick man and he will be on a respirator for the rest of his life. You should make arrangements for him to be transferred to a nursing home in a few days. Oh... and if I were you, I'd liquidate his estate. He won't be coming home."

Stunned by the doctor's words, I left the hospital and drove home to secure a nursing home near me. My dad was driven by ambulance to the nursing home a few days later. He was still unconscious and on a respirator.

Following the best medical advice available to me, I sold off my father's car, his clothes, and all his earthly possessions, putting the money in a savings account I had opened in his name.

I went to see him every week for a while, but he never noticed me. After a few weeks of this, I visited a lot less frequently. And then one afternoon when I visited him, the respirator had been taken off. He was alert and aware. He was weak from weeks of being bedridden, but he was awake. His voice was raspy and he struggled to speak almost as if he had suffered a stroke, but he recognized me. I started to visit him whenever I could.

Then one cold day in late February I dropped by to see him and he was sitting in the lounge area of the nursing home. Most of the other patients were sitting around looking half dead and gazing vacant-eyed at the TV. When my dad saw me he smiled and patted an empty seat next to him.

I sat down and took his hand.

"How you doing, dad?"

"Not bad for an old man." Then he leaned over and whispered. "I hate this place. I'm getting out."

I nodded and said "great dad," all the while hearing the doctor's words in my mind — "he will never go home."

I continued my visits as much as my schedule allowed, and couldn't help but notice that he was getting stronger. Then one day, in late March, he asked me to join him in the dining room. He poured himself some coffee and stared out the double French doors that opened onto a closed patio. It seemed he had something on his mind, but wasn't quite sure how to say it. After a few moments, he finally broke the silence.

"You know, Tom, Aunt Vera died a few years ago."

"Yes, dad, I know."

"Well she's been coming to see me and we've been having some long talks."

"That's great dad. What has she been saying?"

My dad turned to me with defiant eyes. "You think I'm crazy don't you!"

"No, dad. I don't. And I really would love to hear what you and Vera talk about."

Let me say here that I was being quite honest with my dad. I wasn't just being appropriately therapeutic. Perhaps it was due, in part, to my training in Ericksonian medical hypnosis, but I was patient-oriented in my psychological practice. The person holds the keys to his or her own healing, to summarize a distinctly Ericksonian concept. My task as a therapist was simply to help my clients find their own answers. And my task as my father's son was to help him find his.

Perhaps he was deluded, or perhaps he really was having conversations with my departed aunt who was, I might add, quite a character herself. As a child, I had once spent a long weekend with Vera, and she showed me how to spot Indian arrowheads and civil war bullets that lay strewn just under ground in the field outside her house. It was also during this visit that Vera proudly showed me her rabbit fence that kept the varmints out of her small lettuce garden. In actuality, the "fence" was just a series of cinderblocks that had been laid in a rectangle. Any self-respecting rabbit could have just hopped the fence or even walked through the six inches that separated the blocks. I remember Vera looking at me intently as I looked at her creation. "But Aunt Vera," I said, "can't the rabbits hop through here?" I pointed to one of the gaping holes between the blocks. Vera just smiled. "Tommy," she said, "thought can do amazing things when you put your mind to it!" And that was that. She never explained what she had meant. The last time I met Vera, she was in her late eighties and was driving a box of cookies, she had made, to the local nursing home. Later that summer, she re-roofed her own house by herself. It was only years later, as an adult, that I recognized that I had been in the presence of a remarkable woman.



But let us turn back to the question of delusion. Was my dad deluded or not? Many mental health professionals would be quick to say that he was. But this is based on opinion, not scientific fact. In fact, there is precious little science can say about these matters (i.e., the existence or non-existence of disembodied beings) because without quantification of data you cannot make a scientific observation. So science must stand mute before such phenomenon.

"So dad...what do you and Vera talk about?"

He took a sip of his coffee, and motioned us to the French doors. He got up and walked out onto the patio. We sat down on one of the concrete benches, just us and a few saplings under a March sky. I remember the sky that day because the light was so odd. The clouds were swirling in a kind of dervish madness causing the sun to appear and disappear in a matter of seconds. When the sun showed its face the world would fill with a molten gold light. It was stunning, and here I was, in the midst of it all, talking with my dad about my departed aunt.

"Well for one, she's telling me what it's like up there."

"And?" I asked imploringly.

Dad chuckled. "You'd like to know, wouldn't you."

"Yeh."

"Well it's nothing like they tell you in Sunday school."

I was about to ask him what he meant, when he dropped an emotional bombshell.

"Last night, she came to me with your mom."

My mother had died several years earlier from lung cancer, due, no doubt, to inhaling second-hand smoke—my dad's to be exact. Ironically, she never smoked a cigarette in her life. She had often said that my dad's smoking would kill her one day. Her prophecy had come true, and now here she was coming to visit my dad with Vera.

"What did mom say?" I asked.

"She said I need to find a wife. She said to get out of here and go down to New Orleans and find me a wife."

By May my dad had recovered enough to be released from the nursing home.

Upon his release he had no car, no clothes and no possessions. I had sold it all. He also had more money in the bank than I think he had ever had. Upon his release I set him up in a studio apartment near me. He started to do his own shopping and would take a cab in and out of town. Mind you, this was a man who had been condemned to death by the best medical opinion. But it had just been an opinion, an educated guess. And in this instance, the guess had been wrong. He had, in fact, gotten off the respirator and was out of the nursing home living a new life.

One day I came to see him and there was a late model Cadillac in the driveway. As I walked in the door, my dad called out to me. "Want to take a spin?"

With him at the wheel, we drove around Chapel Hill. He was driving pretty damn well for someone who had been near

death's door just a few months before. As we pulled into the driveway, my dad slipped the car into park and announced that he was leaving for New Orleans in a few days! I think my mouth must have fallen open.

"Don't worry, son. Your mom and Vera are coming with me!" And so it is that my dad drove from North Carolina to New Orleans in search of a wife.

He didn't find one. But he did buy a house back in Jacksonville. He lived for another three or so years, and there was a bounce in his step I hadn't seen before. I think he was happy again.

Perspectives

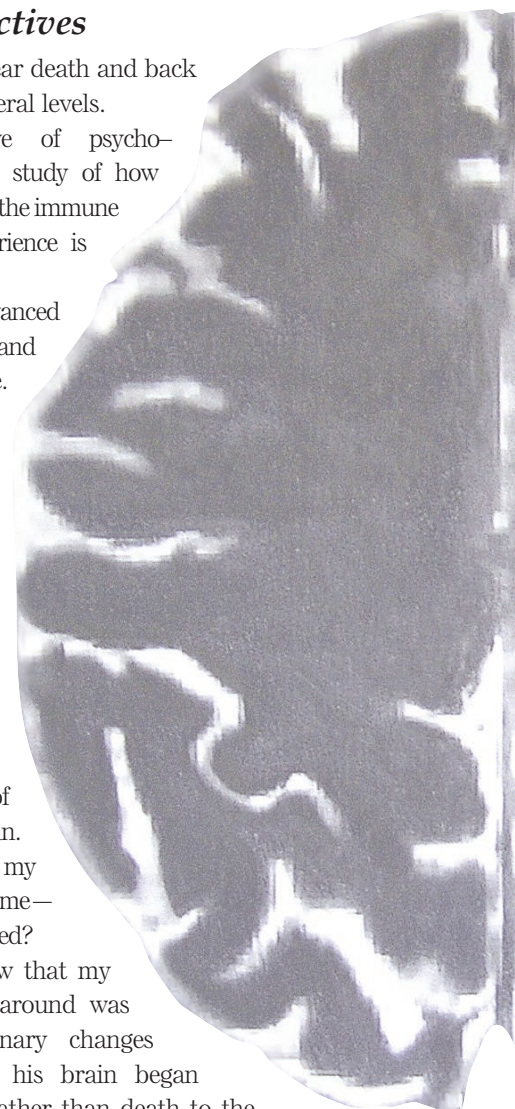
My dad's journey to near death and back again is interesting on several levels.

From the perspective of psycho-neuroimmunology (or the study of how thought and emotion affect the immune system), my father's experience is truly fascinating.

There he was in an advanced stage of emphysema and congestive heart failure. His doctor, using his best "guesstimating" abilities (which were based on solid medical science), told me that my dad would die within the night. The doctor was wrong.

Then, once again based upon his medical knowledge, he told me that my dad would stay on a respirator for the rest of his life. He was wrong again. He had also predicted that my father would never come home—wrong again. What happened?

Well, for one, we know that my father's miraculous turn-around was the result of extraordinary changes in his brain. Somehow, his brain began to give messages of life rather than death to the rest of his body. Undoubtedly, there were changes in his neurotransmitters and neuropeptides. And these profound biochemical changes in his brain affected his heart and lungs. In an extraordinary and mysterious way, my dad had found a way to heal himself from a devastating and debilitating medical crisis—enough to leave the nursing home, enough to live



independently again, and enough to go out and buy a car that would take him to New Orleans in search of a wife.

My father was a very private person. He didn't talk much about his feelings or what he was thinking. My encounter with him at the nursing home when he revealed to me that he had been talking to our departed Vera was the most intimate moment we had ever shared together.

I can only imagine what went on inside his mind during his extraordinary journey from death back to life. But whatever happened, my dad seemed happier and more content than I had ever seen him. He had somehow come to more friendly terms with himself as a result of his encounter. But had he accepted his doctor's verdict, he would have never had a second chance at life.

There are several important points here. One is that doctors are not gods. They are, for the most part, well intended and highly trained. But medical opinion is just that—opinion. Nothing is written in concrete, so to speak, when it comes to the brain. It is, as we now know, amazingly plastic and highly creative. It can and does find new ways to do things—including the mysterious act of healing.

There is no question in my mind that my dad healed himself. He had been written off by the medical establishment; shipped off to the junkyard to die. He was given no therapy to reverse his condition because it was thought to be useless, a waste of time and money. But somehow my dad started a miracle inside himself. That's what I find of vital interest here—how did he do it?

Let's go back through my encounters with him in the nursing home because I think there are some important clues here.

It was an afternoon in February, and bitterly cold as I remember it. The nursing home was way too hot for my comfort as they usually are in the winter months. My dad was sitting in the lounge area. He had gotten out of bed on his own and had come into the land of the semi-living. When I asked him how he was doing he said—"I hate this place. I'm getting out."

This was an important juncture in both our relationship and his healing. Had I reminded him that his doctor said he would never come home, I would have hammered a nail in his coffin. Sometimes people think they are doing their aged parent or loved one a service when they make them see the light of reality (whatever the heck that is).

I think that hope is a vital element in our psychological lives, as important as water or food to our bodies. Without hope, or at least the possibility that a negative situation can change, something inside us gives up.

My dad needed an ally to say *yes*, and affirm his fervent desire to change his situation. I said "yes" to his hope even though I had doubts that he would ever pull it off.

A month later, he had made phenomenal progress. He could pour himself a cup of coffee and walk unattended. This was mind boggling in light of his medical diagnosis.

And then there were his conversations with Vera.

Fortunately, I had had many transpersonal encounters with my clients in therapy by then, and the idea of disembodied spirits talking to my dad did not freak me out. I did not think it weird, just highly unusual. I listened to him not only with an open mind but an open heart as well. And honestly, I was amused. My dad had never been a spiritually inclined person, but here he was talking to a dead person from *the other side*.

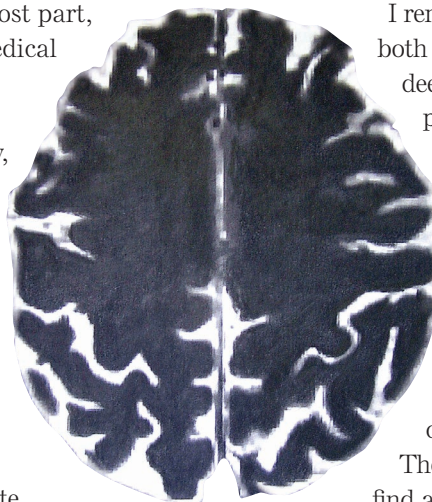
I remember listening to him talk about Vera—as both son and mental health professional. I was deeply moved by his experience, but wondered if perhaps he was showing signs of dementia. It was very possible that his brain was getting less oxygen as a result of his decreased lung capacity and damaged heart. Perhaps there really was no Vera talking to him from the other side. Perhaps he was simply deluded—nothing more and nothing less.

But as a therapist, I had learned to enter into the psychological realities of my clients and not judge them as real or un-real. The therapeutic task was simply to help them find a way out of a negative situation. So I listened to my dad and placed the possibility of dementia aside while I was with him. After all, if it was dementia, nothing would change in his condition if I were to tell him that he was temporarily insane. And if Vera really was talking to him and bringing him comfort, who was I to discourage it?

Less than a year after his near-death experience and a terminal prognosis by modern medicine, my dad was living on his own, had purchased a car and had taken off for New Orleans.

Looking back on the entire affair, I think my dad found a way to create his own *healing mobius*. As I mentioned earlier in this book—neurophysiology clearly shows us how physical and biochemical events in our brains become our mental experience. In other words, we have a pretty clear idea how matter becomes consciousness.

But research is also showing us the other side of the mobius, as well. Consciousness can, and does, become matter. When you and I think thoughts or feel emotions, these thoughts and feelings create physical changes in our brains. Specifically, when you entertain a thought, your brain manufactures the necessary neurotransmitters and other biochemicals to make such a thought even possible. Of course, one of the questions



here is which comes first—the chicken or the egg. But this is a foul question, (pun definitely intended). It presumes that one of these events—either the thought or the biochemical reactions responsible for the thought comes first. But this may not be the case. It may be that they happen simultaneously.

In the rumba of our minds (to use a dance metaphor), matter may lead consciousness or consciousness may lead matter. But regardless who leads, a fundamental relationship remains—they are mirror images of each other—two sides of the same coin, to use another metaphor. And when one side flips (changes its direction) the other side follows closely, if not immediately behind.

I believe, based upon my understanding of neurophysiology and neuropsychology, that my father set off an immense biochemical and physical change in his brain when he *decided* that he was leaving the nursing home. I have no idea what tipped the scales in his favor, but I feel that when he decided to leave, it wasn't just wishful thinking or a mere fantasy, but rather a passionate obsession. It was an act of supreme will, and somehow this caused his brain to generate a massive wave of self-healing that affected an extraordinary number of organs and systems in his body. His damaged heart miraculously healed enough for him to live independently. His lungs inexplicably healed enough for him to walk up small flights of stairs again. And this powerful self-healing action allowed him to create a new life.

There are many scientifically sophisticated ways of looking at how my father managed to heal himself from such a debilitating medical condition. But simply put, he found a way to release one of the most powerful brain activators on the planet—one which you and every other human possesses—choice. When you make a determined choice to do something, your brain responds immediately by mobilizing its extraordinary resources to make it happen. Your *word*, so to speak, goes out through the vast universe that is your brain. And new worlds (meaning new neurotransmitters and other key biochemical components) are birthed from the power of your intention. This is not just a nice metaphor. It is literally what happens.

In some of my workshops involving brain physiology, I sometimes ask my students to stand up and sit down. I then ask them how they did it—what activated their brains to make it happen. Our discussions go in many directions including such things as neurotransmitters, neuropeptides, brain waves and synaptic firings. And all of this comes into play, for sure. But on the surface, it is much simpler than that. As soon as you choose to do something, your brain starts to make it happen—whether it's standing up, or building neurological networks to increase your intelligence and creativity.

The simple truth is you don't have to be a neuro-physiologist to use your brain's power, anymore than you have to be a mechanic to drive a car. You just need to know some basic principles.



Announcing!

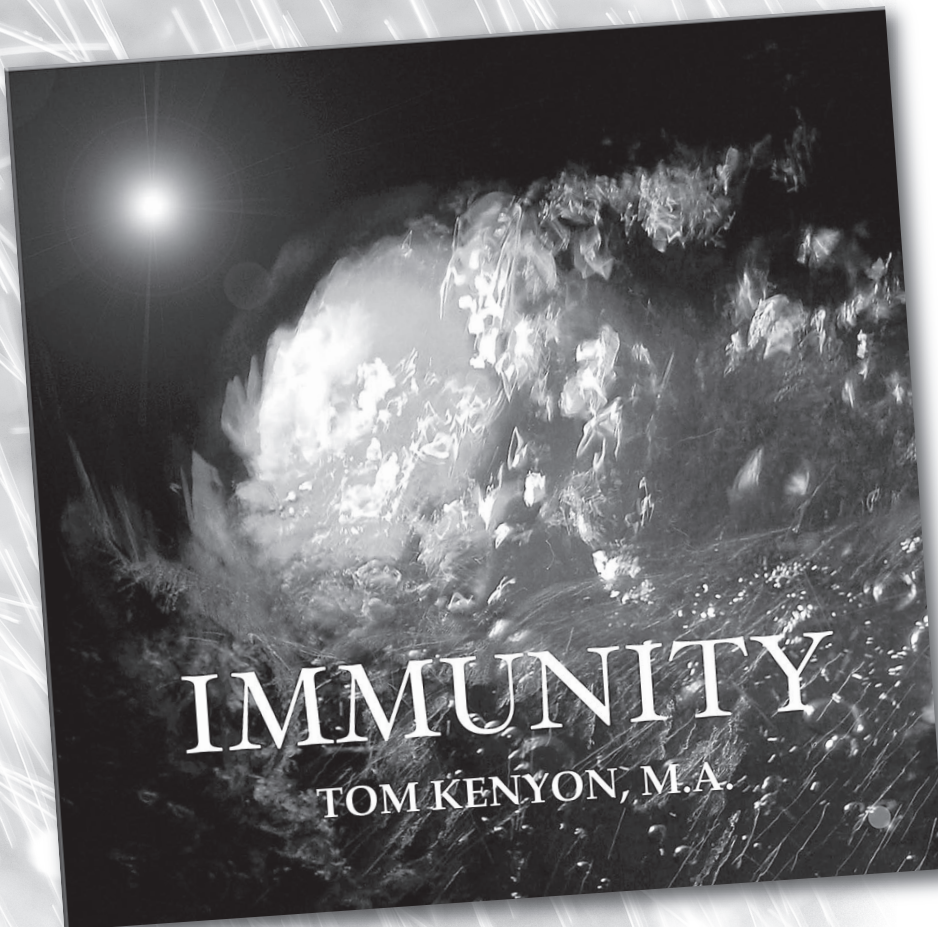
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Explorations in Self-healing & Transformation

Tom Kenyon



The Story

The whole affair began in a most unexpected manner. I was answering questions toward the end of a Sound Healer's Training in Seattle, Washington this last September (2005). A woman raised her hand and said that she worked with AIDS and HIV patients in Africa through a non-profit organization. She asked if I had any recordings or sound patterns that would help, as the situation was getting quite dire throughout that part of the world. I replied that I did not have anything

substantive to offer, as my psycho-immunological work up to that time had been centered on general immunity and nothing that specific.

She then said that she had a request, a challenge actually. I recall the moment clearly as the room suddenly filled with a spiritual presence when she spoke. "I have a favor to ask of you. I know you are very busy, but Africa is in distress and I know you can help."

The thought of adding one more thing to the list of growing projects I had committed myself to boggled my mind.

I was about to stammer out something to this effect when I clairvoyantly noticed a being standing off to my right. He was an African shaman who was adding his weight to the request. And then all my guides came to me, and the stage was suddenly very full. I heard myself say—"I will find a way to create the time to do this."

Mind you, I had no idea how I would ever pull this off, given the fact that I was easily working fourteen to sixteen hours a day on other recording and writing projects. I was *running on empty* as the saying goes, plus Judi and I were in the midst of packing for another world teaching tour.

About four days after this encounter, I was awakened at three in the morning, by my group of thirteen Hathors. They said that now was the time to begin working on the Immunity program. They said it would be pure vocal sound, without the use of any electronic frequencies, and would be channeled with the assistance of spiritual healers from many diverse realms of consciousness. They also informed me that most of the recording would usually take place around 3AM since this was the time of least interference from collective thought forms—including my own. They put me on notice, in other words, that I would not be getting much sleep for the next few weeks.

In fact, it took four weeks to record all thirty-two tracks, each of them consisting of a different being channeling his or her spiritual light into audible sound. It was an exhilarating and mind-expanding experience that kept pushing the edges of my own personal paradigms and beliefs.

The first two tracks were laid down by the Hathors. These tracks, I was told, would be of assistance with many types of cancer in addition to HIV/AIDS and other immunological problems. I was also told that the final recording would address Immunity on many levels—not just physical, but emotional and spiritual as well. How it would accomplish this feat was not clear to me at the beginning, but as the recording process unfolded I began to see the larger picture. Immunity is not just the physical response of our immune systems to immunological threats. It is both the biological sense of self and the spiritual sense of self-identity.

After the first two tracks, the vibrational energy of the spirit healers changed considerably. An African shaman appeared to me clairvoyantly and indicated that he wished to offer the assistance of *plant spirit medicine*, meaning that he called upon the spirits of specific plants to help alleviate physical and spiritual illness. I knew about this type of healing and had experienced it myself on two separate occasions from two different practitioners. This way of working with plant spirits seems to have long traditions throughout much of North and South America, as well as Africa. This form of medicine may have traditions in other parts of the world as well—it's just that I am not familiar with them.

What struck me about this shaman/healer was that he had obviously not been in a body on Earth for a long

time since many of the plants he used for healing were no longer physically present in Africa. They had long ago become extinct. For a moment he seemed to be in grief and disbelief. And then I watched him traverse the stars and the spirit worlds to find his spirit brothers and sisters (his plant medicine) in other realms of consciousness. He then called upon them and brought their spirit medicine back to Earth in the sounds that he sang through my voice. When I finished that sequence, I was sobbing from the power of the energies and from the pathos of what I had just witnessed. I stepped out of the recording booth to find a large African male standing etherically in the studio. I recognized him as a Masai warrior. He bowed and we communed for a few moments in silence—him thanking me for keeping my promise, and me thanking him for his visitation.

Over the years, I have become quite used to channeling many different types of spiritual energies and beings in the course of my work. But I had never channeled so many diverse types of energies in such a short space of time, and the experience was deeply altering to my perceptions of the spirit worlds.

Some of the beings who sang their healing from the realms of light into the world of sound were recognizable to me—lamas from Tibet, healers from ancient Egypt, India and Persia. Some of them were alchemists of the highest order, and some of them were creator gods and goddesses from ancient times and places we have no names for.

About a third of the way into the recording process a group of angels began to download their *healing codes*. Each of these codes had specific geometries of light associated with them, and as each angel sang through me, I was elevated to such heights that I would literally stagger out of the recording booth when I was done with his or her sequence. Some of these angelic beings I recognized from Christian and Islamic traditions. But some of them were unknown to me. My only sense of them, besides their majesty and power was that they had been sent forth from the heart of the Divine to aid in the immense task of planetary healing.

I will never forget one session, about half way through the recording, in which I witnessed the Tao sending forth a form of pure chi (or life force) from the Formless Heaven into a sound pattern. The sound seemed to be not of this world, but at the same time, deeply healing. Every cell in my body was both comforted and nourished by these primordial sounds.

During one session, I watched as the Blue Medicine Buddha called forth an exquisite form of healing light from the Sambhogaya (the Tibetan realm of pure light and sound). I watched as he wove the light together and lowered its vibrational frequencies from that of spiritual light into spiritual sound.

In one session, a Mongolian shaman called upon the horse-headed god of healing known as Hevajra by Tibetans. As I saw Hevajra manifest within the realms of light, I saw thousands

of wild horses running across the plains of Mongolia—a potent symbol of the primal healing power that was being released through these sounds.

In other sessions, Native American shamans and healers would sing and call forth healing powers through their intention. One in particular affected me deeply—Buffalo Calf Woman—a legendary figure of immense healing power. Her tones shook with a potency that left me in both amazement and appreciation of the feminine power to heal.

For twenty-eight days, in the early hours of the morning, these extraordinary and diverse beings joined together in one common purpose—to release to the world a form of healing and potential at a time of desperate need. Spiritual lineages that rarely meet and were often in conflict in this world were joining together to create a healing power that left me stunned and speechless.

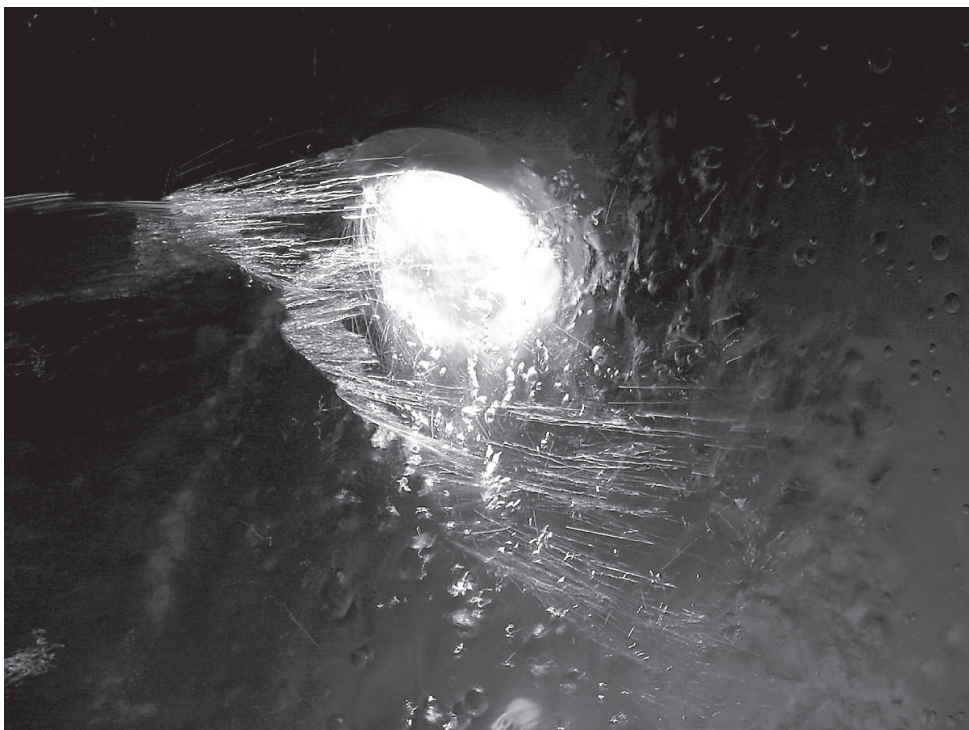
Toward the end of the recording process, both Magdalen and Yeshua added their voices to the healing choir, and for me, this was both calming and integrative in its effects.

Throughout the recording, I would listen to each new voice as it was added to the previous ones. There were a few times when the sounds were too catalytic, too strong and volatile. They left me, and those listening shaking from the release of too much personal negativity. With the addition of Magdalen and Yeshua, the release of negativity was still present, but with a sense of comfort and stability. A fertile ground for healing was completed. All that was required were the seeds of intention that each listener will sow as he or she listens to the codes.

It is now quite clear to me that this unique psycho-acoustic program is a co-creative matrix. It is an auditory trail of spiritual light whereby the healing intentions and energies of these spirit healers can be joined with the intentions of those listening.

Thoughts on Immunity, Belief and Healing

I have come to see Immunity in a much larger context than just our physical immune response to pathogens. From a biological perspective, our immune systems are a way to



Healing from the realms of light to the realms of sound.

determine self from non-self. If something invades our bodies (say a bacteria or a virus) our immune systems quickly ascertain if they are a part of us or not. If they are not recognized as a part of our personal biology, then our immune systems mobilize their resources to destroy the toxic invaders.

Physical immune response is a very complex affair—a combination of many factors including genetics, nutrition, environmental factors, personal vitality as well as mental/emotional patterns. This last aspect of immunity is often referred to as psycho-immunology or psychoneuroimmunology. This field of research looks at how our thoughts and especially emotions affect our immune systems. And while such ephemeral things as thought and feeling are only one small part of the immune puzzle, they are an intriguing and important aspect.

On a practical level, if you wish to enhance your immune function, you need to be conscious of and improve the quality of, your air, water and especially nutrition—the food you eat. Regular periods of rest have also been found to be important for good immune function. These periods of health-inducing rest are characterized by increases in alpha and theta brain wave activity. Certain types of meditation are ideal for generating these kinds of stress reducing brain states. Research has shown that those who meditate twenty minutes, once or twice a day tend to have better immune function and wellness than those who don't.

But the type of immunity of which I speak is not just confined to the physical response of our immunological systems. This larger context for immunity is an expression of what I call our *vibrational signature*.

Our vibrational signature (or tonality) is related to our emotional life—specifically what we are feeling at any given moment, and especially habitual emotions that are an everyday component of our own personal thinking and feeling habits.

Conceptually, I place various feeling states into one of two categories—coherent emotions or incoherent emotions. Coherent emotions are feelings like love, appreciation, peace of mind, gratitude, etc. Incoherent emotions, on the other hand, are feelings like hate, jealousy, a sense of lack, mental agitation, etc. Most people generally prefer to experience coherent emotions because they have a coherent effect on their bodies and minds. Incoherent emotions make us feel uncomfortable because at a subtle energy level, they are disruptive.

There are some fascinating studies that show how incoherent emotions (like hostility, for one) can negatively affect our physical immune response and even heart rhythms. But the jury is hardly in—scientifically speaking—when it comes to how and to what extent our health is affected by our emotional lives. So I do not wish, at this time, to get into a discussion about the psychological and physiological mechanisms of physical immunity.

The type of Immunity I want to focus on, at this moment, is the larger context I mentioned earlier. From this metaphysical perspective, we are being bombarded every day by all types of toxins and pathogens. But these toxins are not confined merely to the physical realm, where science, by necessity is focused. This type of contamination also includes what I call mental, emotional and even spiritual toxicity.

When we are lied to by someone, by a group, or by a society—this is a type of mental, emotional or spiritual toxin. These forms of misinformation have a long history and tradition including the types of misinformation that exist within family systems, societies, cultural and religious dogma, not to mention misinformation disseminated by governments and corporations. The whole idea is rather mind-boggling so I will do my best to simplify some of the basic concepts.

Let's take families, to start off with. In an ideal family, which by the way does not exist, the relationship between the parents is balanced and their children incorporate this balance within their own psychological makeup through the process of growing up and interacting with these two ideal parental figures. But in real life, there is rarely a balance of power. One usually has the upper hand and wields it over everyone else. In the fascinating kaleidoscope that is human experience, the domineering parent might be direct or passive in his or her manipulation of power. One might be a raging bull when he or she does not get his or her way, scaring the you-know-what

out of everyone in the family. Or he or she might be what some have referred to as a “subtle tyrant” to get his or her way. Subtle tyrants are passive aggressive and never meet a situation head on with honesty and directness. Their bids for power are executed in the shadows (meaning the unconscious—either their own unconsciousness and/or the unconsciousness of those around them) and often with an overlay of helplessness and guilt. Some use illness, for example, or the threat of illness as a means to get what they want.

As children growing up in a family system, we unconsciously metabolize and accept the underlying beliefs (thought forms) about life, relationships and the world—as well as our place or lack of place in it. The emotional patterns we see depicted before us as children also become incorporated as part of our being. Usually we incorporate such emotional and thought patterns as our own, or in some cases we rebel against those patterns and beliefs. Such a person often runs the risk of being perceived by family members as a *black sheep*—the one who refuses to conform to the family's beliefs and expectations.

If a belief or power manipulation in the family runs counter to the authentic nature of one of its members, this creates immense psychological and even physiological conflict in the one who is *out of step* or *not with the program*. In some families, mild rebellion is tolerated—up to a point. In some families, however, everyone has to hold to a very rigid standard of



Each of these codes had geometries of light

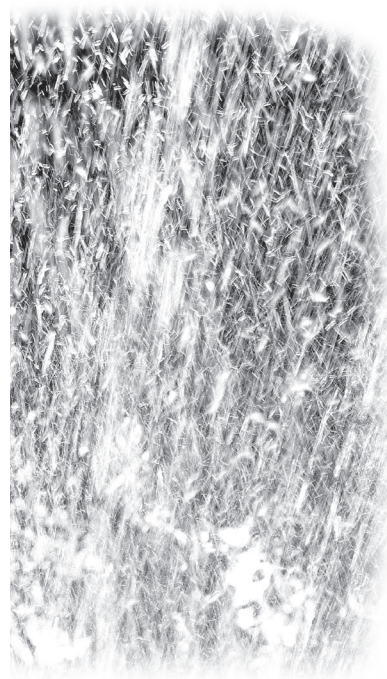
mental and emotional life. For instance, cutting or not cutting one's hair can be a big issue in some families. Dating or even having friends with someone from another religion, cultural group or race can be met with hostility in others. And some children have found themselves disowned because they chose a different career than what was expected of them.

My point in all of this is that our beliefs (thought forms) and emotions become a part of us through a process of *mental and emotive metabolization*. In other words, our thoughts and emotions become part of our very flesh. The constitution of our bodies is not just formed from the food we eat and what we drink—but also through what we think and feel.

The coercion to make us think or feel in certain ways is, I believe, one of the greatest detriments to our spiritual, mental and cultural evolution. Whether it shows up in our families,

with friends, at work, in our places of worship, how we contemplate or hold the divine within our minds, or in our political institutions, the mechanism of toxicity is the same.

When we are forced or expected to think and feel in certain ways—against our nature and our own best interest—this can become a form of mental or emotional toxicity. For some of us such toxicity can be worked out, but for others it festers and creates either physical illness, or in some cases what I call *spiritual illness*, meaning that the vitality



of our spirit has been dampened, suppressed or depleted).

I believe that in the next few decades science will have a lot to say about this process of mental emotive metabolization—or how our thoughts and feelings become physical—but for now such concepts are on the fringe—to be sure. But then, to be frank, so is this entire Immunity recording.

For some, the idea that spirit beings could come through someone's voice and sing healing codes that will actually help a person must seem preposterous. For others it just makes sense. It all depends on where you are coming from in terms of your own beliefs about reality and what is possible—not to mention your own life experience.

I had to continually expand my own perceptual box while working with these spirit healers because, quite frankly, my perception of reality was violated on several occasions.

But what I was left with more often than not was a deep sense of gratitude at what they were orchestrating on our (humanity's) behalf. I was also deeply impressed by the vibrational quality of each of them. After listening I was almost always left with deeply coherent emotions—feelings like love, gratitude and a deep sense of inner peace and healing. On every occasion after recording them, I was touched and moved by the upliftment and the power that was communicated through their voices.

But it also became clear to me that their high spiritual vibrations were having a catalytic effect on me, as well. One of the principles of vibrational healing is that a higher vibration will either drive out or transform a lower vibration. Thus after listening to the recordings of these beings, I would often become aware of my own lower thought forms (meaning thought forms that limit freedom of expression and evolution). Sometimes I would actually recall incidents from my past that were responsible for these thoughts and beliefs, while other times I simply felt them leaving me without any content or memory.

Thus, I have come to think of this recording as a potent form of spiritual purification. And that may actually be the main source of its power. Through their singing to us, these spirit healers have managed to bring spiritual light into audible sound. And these sounds act as a kind of *spiritual transformer*. They draw out mental, emotional and spiritual negativity (toxicity) and create a space within us for our own innate spiritual light to anchor more deeply and to manifest more clearly. Through this process I believe, our inherent self-healing abilities may also be enhanced.

The World Immunity Project

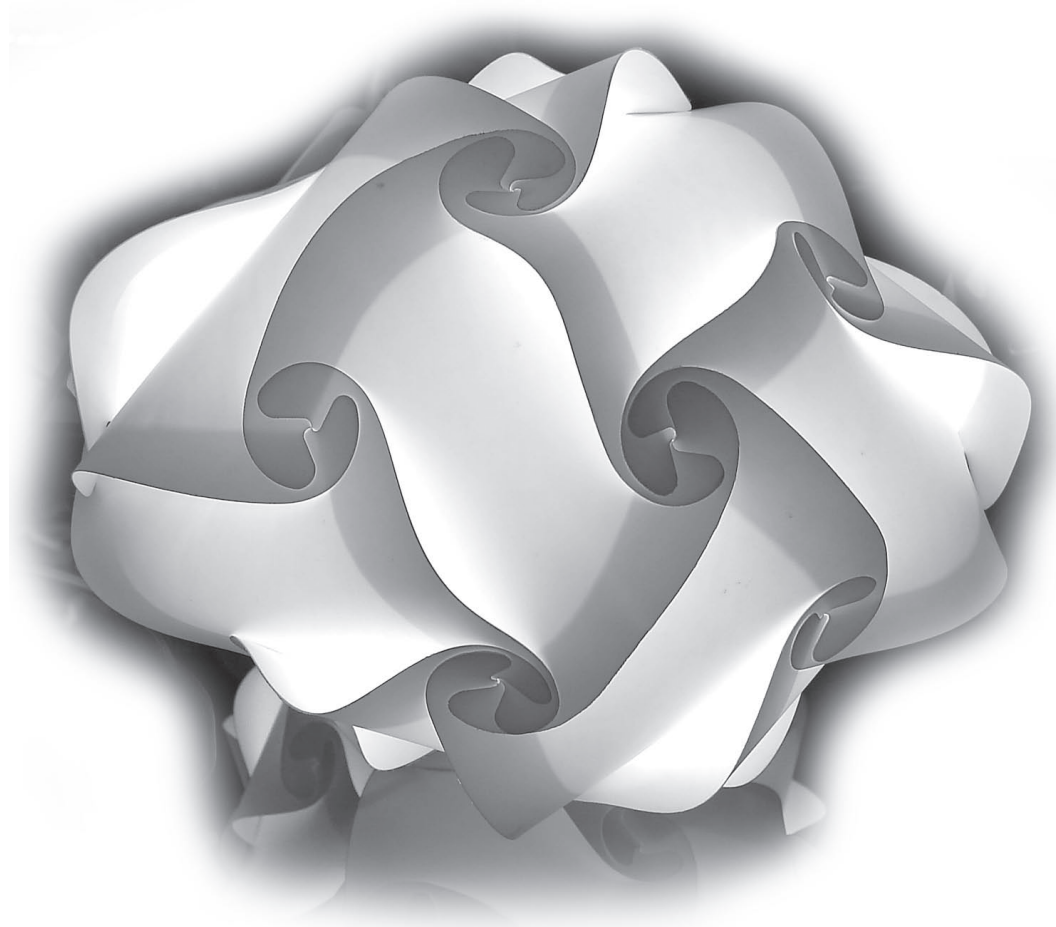
Because the request for this Immunity recording came out of Africa, we have decided to honor this by creating a Program whereby you can donate money to pay for CDs to be directly shipped, at low cost, to this part of the world through non-profit organizations and individuals. We have conceptually expanded the program to include other *economically disadvantaged* countries as well.

The Program will be administered by the Sound Healing Foundation (see page 48 for an update on the Foundation's activities). If you would like to make a donation to this fund, the easiest way is to send a check payable to the Sound Healing Foundation with World Immunity Project written on the subject line, mailed to PO Box 220, Orcas, WA 98280. Due to administrative and book keeping charges on checks, the minimum contribution needs to be \$100. Please note on your check that your donation is for the Immunity Project.

Psycho-navigation:

Theory, Clinical Observations & Personal Insight

Tom Kenyon, M.A



A note to the reader: This is the first entry of an on-going website article dealing with the topic of psycho-navigation. This ability of the human mind is so rich and complex, I intend to add to this piece from time to time. This first part is an Overview of Psycho-navigation, the three fundamental characteristics of this type of mental phenomena, a case study and some practical advice for those who wish to explore psycho-navigation for themselves. To check out future entries, go to our website—www.tomkenyon.com and go the article entitled *Psycho-navigation*.

Part One

Psycho-navigation, simply stated, is the mental experience of moving through *inner space* (the perceived space of the mind). It can involve the movement backward or forward in time, and/or moving into different orientations of space other than is normally experienced. Sometimes psycho-navigations can involve shifting one's sense of personal identity, thereby gaining abilities or insight not normally possessed by the individual. These states of mind or mental attention can also involve moving in or out of an experience (such as a memory or fantasy) in order to gain useful information. Psycho-navigation is a fascinating ability that seems to be inherent in human brain activity.

Research in psycho-neurology has demonstrated beyond a doubt that EEG activity in the alpha/theta range can stimulate a virtual cornucopia of non-ordinary phenomena—especially those conducive to psycho-navigation.

The reasons for this are rooted in our very neurophysiology. As brain activity slows down from the normal waking states of *beta* (12- 16HZ) into the more relaxed states of *alpha* (8- 12HZ), there is a decrease in muscle tension, respiration, blood pressure and heart rate. There is also a decrease in stress hormones, like adrenaline. The entire physical organism relaxes, more or less, depending upon the depth of alpha and its duration.

Generally speaking, and based upon my own clinical observations as a psychotherapist over the last twenty-three years, I would say that alpha activity sustained for at least twenty minutes or so, generates the above mentioned relaxation effects for most people.

As an Ericksonian hypnosis practitioner, I would often guide my clients into profound altered states of attention through a combination of Ericksonian metaphorical language and a simple focus of attention on the part of my client. I would have him or her focus on the breath, for example, and an appendage, say an arm or a hand. This focus of mental attention shifted their neurological activity. The use of specific metaphorical language combined with focused attention on the part of the client caused radical shifts in brain processing to occur.

At various points in our sessions, clients would lose consciousness of the external environment, i.e. my office, and instead enter into a deep dream-like activity. I call these *waking-dream states* in that the person is indeed awake and often sitting, but the mental experience is very similar to a dream. Theoretically this is caused by an increase in theta *activity* (4-8HZ). Theta is a much slower brain state than alpha, and whereas alpha is characterized by a relaxed attention, theta leaves the person with an ever-decreasing awareness of the external environment. The inner mental realities of the individual become more vivid and in certain ranges of theta (usually the lower) the individual loses much of his or her conscious perceptual contact with the external world. This decreasing of external sensory-based awareness may simply be due to the fact that the next brain state down from Theta is Delta (0.5 – 4HZ).

In Delta, there is very little awareness of the external world. And in the lower ranges of Delta there is no awareness at all. The one notable exception to this, based on research in the area of mediation and sleep, has to do with meditators. It seems that experienced meditators often report a *fourth state of consciousness*, in which the body is experienced as asleep while *the mind is aware of itself as the object of its own attention*. This body of research comes mostly out of Maharishi International University and researchers studying

the effects of transcendental meditation. The research is interesting but not conclusive at this time. However, based upon my own experience, as well as that of other meditators I personally know—who, like me, use many diverse meditation practices—this fourth state of consciousness is an experiential reality. But let's turn our attention back to theta, as this is the brain state responsible for the experience of psycho-navigation.

EEG Realities

First of all, whenever I say theta, alpha or whatever, I do not mean to imply that the entire brain is ever in this one energetic state. The terms alpha and theta are statistical markers. The brain is never in any single brain state (except perhaps during coma and, of course, death). But in an alive and normally functioning brain, there are numerous types of brain waves simultaneously being generated all over the place. Anyone who has seen an EEG Topographical Brain Map can see this clearly. If you haven't seen one of these, I invite you to check out a sample on my website: www.tomkenyon.com click on the Acoustic Brain Research tab, and go to the paper entitled

*Anecdotal Study
Of EEG Effects on
ABR Wave Form.*
It presents three
topographical EEGs,
which you can view
online.



What becomes
very clear through
topographic brain
mapping studies
is that there are

multiple ranges of activity taking place at any given moment in the neocortex. During EEG studies involving this particular type of technology (neuromapping), researchers compare all the raw data coming in via electrodes, and conduct a statistical analysis, which is usually done automatically by computer software. The result is a schematic representation of brainwave activity that shows the locations of EEG activity, which brain states are dominant in those areas, and the strength of those brain waves.

Euphemistically, some people say things like “you have entered alpha, or theta.” While such labels may serve a purpose for those using them, such statements are, neurologically incorrect.

This may seem like an overly technical point to some (other than you scientists), but I feel such clarifications are a vital part of our understanding as we look at non-ordinary states

of body and mind. Indeed, as we turn our attention to the mental phenomena of psycho-navigation, it is vital that we be grounded in our approach. We are not seeking some type of delusion here. Rather we are looking to develop an aspect of our own consciousness that allows us to think and perceive “outside the box.” And in my personal experience, nothing allows us to step *outside the box* as clearly as the mental act of psycho-navigation.

The Two Inter-locking Worlds of Theta

My ten years in brain research, under the auspices of Acoustic Brain Research, has created my personal conviction that theta waves create a dual-action within our neurophysiology. Theta activity both decreases our experience of the external environment, while opening the doors of perception into an inner world of sensory-based experience. It is as if the outer world disappears, and instead, a vivid and seemingly real inner world of attention opens before us.

Clinical Observations

Let me give you one example of psycho-navigation as I think it may help clarify some of the theoretical ideas I mentioned earlier. A woman, let’s call her Jane (not her real name), had been referred to me for depression. She had recently lost her husband who she had been married to for over twenty years. In the last years of his life, he had suffered a debilitating illness and his wife was his primary caregiver. Now he was gone, and she was bereft. Jane reported that she was almost afraid to leave her house or have social interactions with others. Her husband had, after all, been the sole focus of her attention all those years.

After talking a bit about her history and her current mental/emotional state, I played some pre-recorded music I had composed for the expressed purpose of generating altered states of awareness. As Jane showed signs of relaxing into the music, I began to speak to her in a low voice so as not to disturb her deepening state of relaxation. I used a method of constructing language called the Ericksonian Method. This way of using words and rhythm of delivery is based on the medical hypnosis work of Dr. Milton Erickson. Basically, the method creates metaphors that have built-in messages for the unconscious mind. One of the beauties of Ericksonian-based metaphors is that they also deepen the trance state—driving the brain into the lower brain states of low alpha, theta, and at times, even into delta.

I began to tell Jane a story about a plant that had grown too large for its container.

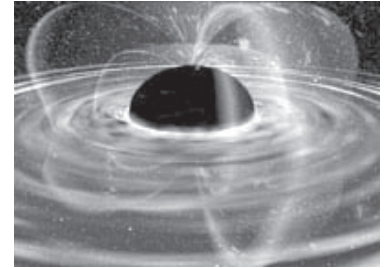
At first, the plant was in shock as its old pot had been removed and the new pot had no boundaries. She (the plant) didn’t know what to do. But eventually her roots spread through the nurturing soil, drawing to itself everything it needed to grow. And in the end, after weaving this mind-bending story for about ten minutes, the plant blossomed in new ways.

As Jane entered into the trance state of *internalized attention*, her unconscious mind understood that the story about the plant was, in fact, a story about her. It took the message literally, and as Jane entered into the trance state even more deeply, her experience of herself and the world changed radically. She, me, and the room—all disappeared. I know this because after the session was over, we discussed her experience.

At a moment during the deepest part of the session, Jane turned into a plant. Her cognitive mind had been suspended, and she did not question the experience at all. She was a plant, and she was being repotted. As this occurred, she saw herself in another realm as a human moving backward through all her life experiences. She was somehow drawing to herself power or insight from these experiences in ways that she did not understand, but recognized nonetheless. And then she, *as the plant*, was taken up to God. In the shimmering white light of heaven, God forgave her for anything she thought she had done wrong while she had been caring for her husband. At this point, Jane started crying, and her tears eventually brought her out trance state and back to an awareness of herself and the room.

It was a deeply moving and freeing experience for her. And when it came time for her second appointment, she was no longer depressed. She was making new friends and rekindling old relationships. My work was done.

Now there are so many elements in this story that we could go into, including the truly fascinating inter-relationships between language and neuro-physiology. But the primary focus of this part of the article is to explore some of the more basic aspects of psycho-navigation. So let’s take a look at Jane’s experience as a means to discuss the fundamentals. (Note: If you are unfamiliar with Ericksonian metaphors and would like to experience them, check out the CD entitled, *Freedom To Change*, formerly called *Freedom To Be*. It contains three different Ericksonian stories designed to increase self-esteem and decrease self-sabotage. It is highly effective and a good example of the Ericksonian method.)



Neurology, Personal History and Intent

Neurology

The first commonality in all psycho-navigational experiences, without exception, is the alteration of brain wave activity.

Jane's experience of being a plant was, what I call, a *non-ordinary experience*. It is rare for most of us to experience ourselves as anything other than a human being. But in the more fluid brain states of alpha and especially theta, these types of experiences are more commonplace.

The use of sound and music as a means to alter brain state has a long history, as well as a scientifically documented basis. It is not in the scope of this article to discuss them, but if you want some solid neurological information about the relationships between our neurology and sound, then I would suggest two sources—an article on psychoacoustics entitled *Constructs of ABR Technology* which you can find on my website under the Acoustic Brain Research tab, and/or my book *Brain States* (New Leaf Publishing).

In any event, sound and music can and do alter brain state. When I played the music for Jane in my office, I was stimulating a part of her brain called the RAS, reticular activating system, which then altered brain wave activity in her neocortex. Her brain was driven, if you will, into an altered brain state, characterized, no doubt, by increases in low alpha and theta. Coupled with the language patterns of Ericksonian hypnosis, Jane's brain generated profound increases of theta activity, as exhibited by her loss of awareness regarding her external reality. It was here, in the mind-altering space of theta, that she experienced herself as a plant and was taken up into heaven and before God.

Personal History

Psycho-navigational experiences are strongly affected by personal history.

When Jane told me about her experience after she had come out of trance, I asked her how she had experienced God. She told me that he was vividly clear to her. He had white hair, a long white beard and a flowing white robe. She felt a deep abiding sense of peace in his presence, something she said, she had never experienced before.

I had asked her this question as part of my on-going personal and informal research into the Face of the Divine. After over twenty years of such research, something stands out, namely the incredible diversity of people's experiences when they encounter their version of Divinity.

Jane's experience of turning into a plant and going up into heaven to meet God was a classic psycho-navigation

experience, although one doesn't have to run into the Divine in order to have such experiences. A lot of these mental events do not have anything remotely spiritual or religious about them. But they all share the alteration of perceived time and space as well as a different experience of self-identity.

While Jane was busy being a plant, she was also in another realm of her mind. She was moving backwards through time to gather power and insight from her past experiences. She saw and felt this happening even though she did not know how such a thing could occur.

This splitting of identity in psycho-navigation is quite common. When people undergoing psycho-navigation move forward or backward in time, they often see or experience themselves as both *in time* and *out-of-time*. This simply doesn't make sense to someone in a normal waking brain state. But to someone in an altered state of mind, characterized by strong increases in theta activity, such abilities are self-evident. They don't have to be explained. They are directly experienced, even if they violate previous personal ideas about the nature of time and space.



One of the many faces of the Divine

Intent

Experiences in psycho-navigation are generated out of an interaction between altered brain state, personal history and intent.

When Jane entered her psycho-navigational experience, it was in the context of healing. She had come to see a therapist for depression, and the event took place in his office (namely, mine).

It is this setting of intention that is crucial for psycho-navigational experiences to occur. They don't just usually happen. Something triggers them.

One of my premises is that psycho-navigation is an inherent ability of the human mind. All that is required is a stimulus and the right environment.

Indeed, under the right conditions, Jane could have experienced her psycho-navigational event in a number of places, including a church service where there was music, or perhaps in a dream.

The Three Elements of Successful Psycho-navigation

Personal history takes care of itself in psycho-navigation. It is the filter and the *information-pool* through which and from which all experiences are created. So there is no need to deal with it directly. It is just part of the tapestry that comprises mental experience—especially during psycho-navigations.

The other three elements need your attention, however, because they are the means by which you generate, consciously or unconsciously, the experiences of psycho-navigation.

The three crucial elements for anyone attempting psycho-navigation are:

- 1) *a means to alter brain wave activity so that it enters the lower ranges of alpha and theta activity*
- 2) *a clear intent on what is to be explored, i.e. a particular problem, a memory, a dream, etc.*
- 3) *a proven methodology*

Methodology

Ah, the power of right method. This is indeed a topic of immense proportions. There are so many ways to get to *Wonderland* (the Magic Window of Alpha and Theta), I doubt that I could ever explore them all, no matter how long this article becomes.

If you are seriously interested in psycho-navigation, I would

I imagine that some of my readers might be experimenting with the use of drugs to stimulate non-ordinary states of mind. While there is no doubt that drugs can and do alter brain wave activity as well as neurotransmitter patterns, these methods lack something crucial. Besides being illegal in many places, and in addition to their possible neurotoxic effects, drugs do not increase your *locus of self-control*. This term basically refers to your ability to control your own experience. Drugs can produce mind-altering states, no doubt. But you are not in control of them. And when the high has passed, you cannot re-enter those states at will. This is because your brain/mind did not learn how to create those states to begin with. But if you learn how to control your own brain wave activity, at will, then you really have something. Then you are a true psycho-naut, as someone recently introduced himself. Until you learn how to control your own trips into the inner realms of consciousness, you are at the effect of your transportation device or material. My suggestion is to take hold of the wheel of your own mind and don't surrender it to some drug, cult, religion or, for that matter, your television.

say to explore as many ways of producing it as possible. The more techniques you have tucked in your back pocket, so to speak, the more effective you will be. When you find a pathway, don't rest on your laurels. Find new ones.

Having said that, I will offer a few simple principles that will help you get started. The first of these is the first crucial element I mentioned earlier—changing brain state. If you are an experienced meditator, you already do this whenever you enter the meditative state. What may be different here, is that stillness is not the final destination. Inner silence is just the entryway, the threshold into another different kind of mental state.

Another very effective way to alter brain wave activity is through specific forms of music and/or sound patterns. This is another vast topic; but simply said, it needs to be music without words and with a pattern or rhythm that is continuous, slow and unchanging. This type of music is not entertaining in the usual sense. Rather it is *entraining*, in that it is a means to an end, a way to slow down brain wave activity. There is a virtual plethora of musical compositions out there, some of them quite good, and most of them, quite frankly, pretty rank. If listening to a piece of music makes you feel relaxed and inner directed, then you may have stumbled onto something that will work for you.

If you want to try out one of my recordings, I would suggest

Infinite Pool, which is alternately called *Activate the Holographic Mind* in some versions—notably when it is purchased as part of the ABR Library. This psycho-acoustic recording sets up a very complex tonal matrix that is absolutely perfect for the act of psycho-navigation. In fact, as an acoustic path for producing psycho-navigational states of mind, I don't think anything comes close. But then of course, it is me saying that. Oh well.

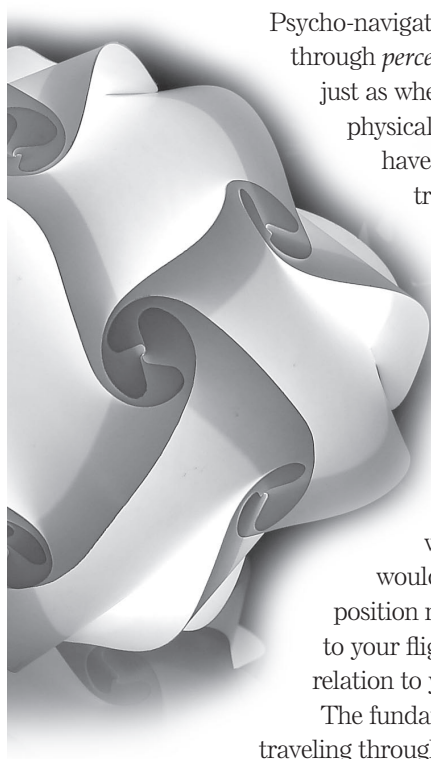
Anyway, back to the point. You can alter your brain wave activity to enter the ideal brain state for psycho-navigation through meditation and/or psycho-acoustics.

I personally prefer the two above methods, but there are others. If you have a sound and light machine, sometimes called a brain entrainment device, you can certainly use it to increase alpha and theta activity.

Intention

Assuming that you have chosen a method to alter brain state, you will now need to be clear on your intention. Psycho-navigation is a fantastic mental tool, and although you can just explore inner space to see what happens, you can also be practical. You can use psycho-navigation as a means to gain information and insight about virtually anything. Just set your intention before beginning and much of the phenomena that arise will be related to your intent.

Rituals of the Mind



Psycho-navigations involve moving through *perceived inner space*. And just as when moving through physical space, you need to have a system of keeping track of where you are.

If, for example, you were to drive a car to some distant location, you would probably use a map to locate your position in relationship to where you are going. If you were to fly a plane, you would need to locate your position not only in relation to your flight path, but also in relation to your altitude.

The fundamental marker for traveling through inner space is a

threshold of some kind. This mental image delineates normally perceived space from the non-ordinary space of psycho-navigation. When you cross the threshold, you enter another world, one filled with magic and immense possibilities. Perceived space is more fluid here. Time is malleable, and one can move forward or backward, or even up and out of perceived time altogether. You can also go back into the memory of a past event and experience it from different perspectives. This gaining of perspective provides information that may not be available to you when you are stuck in a two-dimensional time-line.

You can even go forward in time and experience various possible time-lines, all of which are expressions of future possibilities and probabilities.

As you enter more deeply into this inner space of the mind, you can experience extraordinary transformations of personal identity. You can, for instance, become a flying creature, unbounded by gravity and then go off into other worlds. You might even become a demi-god or some other kind of ultra-human. These types of explorations can be very powerful in that you can bring information and new ways of being back to your normal sense of personal identity.

The Threshold is essentially a mind ritual. It is a signal to your unconscious mind that you are choosing to move into a new mental space, an inner realm where the laws of time and space are not what they are in normally perceived reality. Indeed, it is this alteration of perceived time and space that is the weft and weave that allows psycho-navigations to take place to begin with.

Below are two types of thresholds. They are a simple means to enter psycho-navigational space, but there are hundreds of ways to do this. I offer these two because they are relatively simple to construct in the imagination, and are quite useful for beginners. In future additions to this article, I will present more complex methods.

Sensory Modalities and the Creation of Thresholds

I am going to explore this topic further in the future, but it is important to mention the basic concept here. And what is this basic concept? It is that each human being creates the experience of inner space through his or her primary sensory modality. This means that if you are a visualizer, you will see the thresholds and what's on the other side. If you are a feeler (kinesthetic), you might not see anything at all in your *mind's eye*. Rather, you will tend to have feeling sensations about the threshold. If you hear an inner voice describing your experiences, then you are auditory, and you may not see or feel anything. You might just hear a voice describing

the threshold and the worlds that dwell on the other side. It is also quite possible to experience a combination of any or all of these modalities. A fourth possibility is to perceive the threshold through none of the senses, but rather through direct mental revelation or gnosis. This is a kind of knowing. You simply know what the threshold is, what it looks like and what lies on the other side. In pure gnosis, there is no direct sensory information.

It is vital to understand this. Psycho-navigation is not a visualization. You don't need to see anything. If you do, fine. But if you don't, don't worry about it. Go with the sense that seems most natural to you.

Crossing the Threshold

Imagine yourself moving through a door or a portal. As you do so, you mentally tell yourself that you are crossing over from your everyday world into another world.

If you have set your intention, i.e. what you wish to explore, this other world will reflect or hold images and information about your expressed desire. It is that simple. Once you cross over the threshold, you follow your intuition and move in the directions that call you. From here, you just go with the flow. Allow yourself to experience what arises before you in this other space.

The Up and Down Staircase

This is a fascinating threshold because it accomplishes two things simultaneously. First, it delineates the line between ordinary perceived space and the extraordinary space of psycho-navigation. This is the primary function of all thresholds. Secondly, however, this particular method also sets the direction of movement.

You imagine yourself moving up or down a flight of stairs. If you want to be artistic about it, you can imagine a spiral staircase or some other fanciful form. The important thing is to either move up or down.

Your unconscious mind interprets this direction of movement as a directive or command to move into that type of inner space. Moving down will activate the unconscious mind to reveal what it holds—memories and primal psychological forces.

Moving upward activates what is sometimes called the super-conscious or higher mind. This is the realm of light, angels, and elevating perception.

Indigenous shamans often refer to these two worlds as the Underworld and the Celestial World. In future additions to this article, I plan to discuss some fascinating aspects of cultural anthropology as it relates to shamanism and the art

of psycho-navigation. But let's return our attention, for now, back to the basics.

Putting It All Together

Before you begin to psycho-navigate, I suggest you set your intention. Decide what you wish to retrieve in terms of information or insight. I also suggest you keep a Psycho-navigation Journal close by. After you finish each session, write down some notes to jog your memory when you read over them again. This type of journal can be invaluable since much of the content and imagery that reveals itself to you in psycho-navigations will be related to your intention. It is best to write



A map of the known world, 1544 A.D.

down the essence of your experiences shortly after you come out of them. This is because psycho-navigations are generated out of altered states of consciousness—very much like dreams. And like dreams, details can easily be forgotten. This is due to the fact that certain types of memory are tied to specific mental and emotional states. When you are psycho-navigating, you are in a very precise *nesting* of neurological events and their resulting states of mind. When you exit those states of mind, the memories of those experiences become less vivid and crucial information that seemed self-apparent quickly becomes lost.

In a typical psycho-navigation session, you will most likely sit up. It is certainly possible to psycho-navigate lying down, but as your brain waves slow down, there may be a temptation to go to sleep. While this type of sleep and the dreams they generate are, no doubt, interesting, they are not psycho-navigations. Psycho-navigations are not free falls into altered states of mind, but rather they are controlled and self-directed journeys into the inner spaces of consciousness itself.

Alter your brain state. You want to increase alpha and theta

activity. This is the neurological foundation for all psycho-navigation regardless of the form or the tradition it comes from. So make sure you are using a method that produces and sustains this type of alpha/theta increase. For most persons, especially beginners, this probably means using psycho-acoustic music created for the sole purpose of increasing this type of neurological activity.

As you feel yourself slip into the more relaxed states of mind and body that are typical of increased alpha and theta activity, imagine one of the thresholds. Move across the threshold and begin to explore what you find in the space beyond the portal.

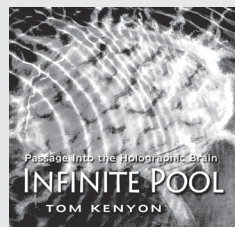
Space is the final frontier. And not just outer space, but inner space as well. Psycho-navigation, to borrow a phrase from Aldous Huxley, quickly opens the *doors of perception*. Through these inner portals of the mind, new worlds of paradox and magic await you. There are treasures here—new insights, new ways of being and new ways of viewing yourself and the world. Although the vistas that will open before you can be breathtaking and awe-inspiring, it is what you do with what you have discovered that matters most. And so it is, I believe, that those of us who take up the act of psycho-navigation may face our greatest challenge—here in that odd land between the everyday world that we live in and the non-ordinary and extraordinary worlds that exist within us.

There is both wonder and danger in the spaces that open before you through the act of psycho-navigation. The wonder will be self-evident; the danger is more hidden.

It is simply due to the fact that for some of us, the inner worlds of being are more desirable than the outer world of everyday life with all of its inherent complications and challenges. This may be especially true as we enter a new planetary and collective period of greater uncertainty and conflict. And yet it is here in the foundry of life-experience that knowledge is gained and wisdom is forged. Thus, to use psycho-navigation as an escape from reality would indeed be unfortunate. It is, I think, a most wondrous thing to build a bridge between our inner worlds of being and the outer world of life. Both worlds are enriched when there is a free flow of commerce between them. And the world we all live in is sorely in need of this new form of currency.



Discography



Infinite Pool/ Activate the Holographic Mind

This extraordinary psychoacoustic experience was created to stimulate latent mental abilities, to open the doors of

perception and to accelerate the evolution of creativity and intuitive intelligence.

Complex acoustic wave patterns generated by Tom's nearly four-octave range voice were created by mixing sixteen vocal tracks together. The effect is mesmerizing and activates resonant fields of perceived energy within the brain and mind. This CD is an ideal tool for generating the deep and sustained altered states of consciousness required for successful psycho-navigation. **CD \$16.95**

Wave Form

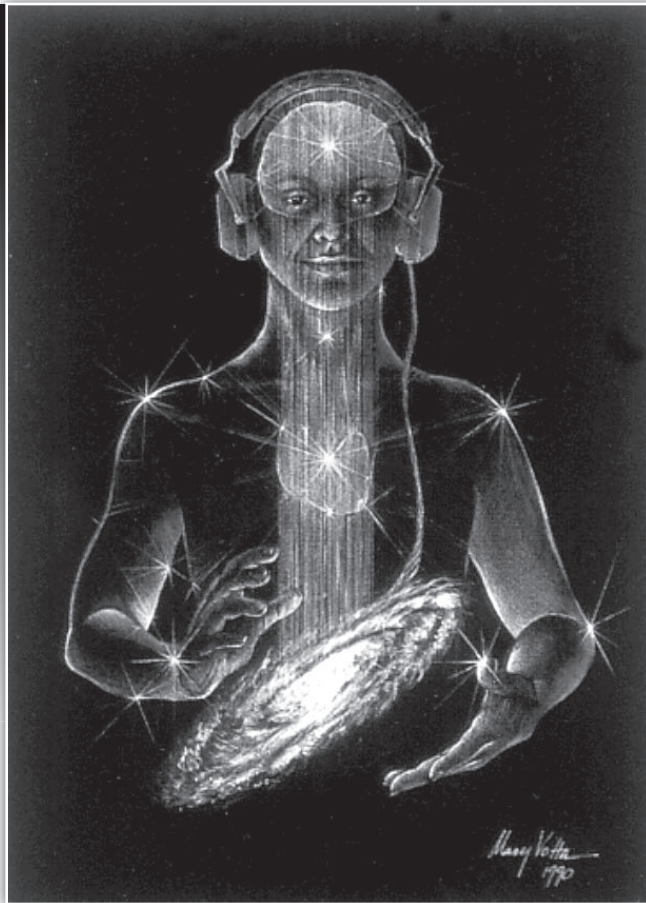
This recording is based on the Perfect Harmonic Fifth and gives the effect of a deeply relaxing and mind altering brain massage. It alters consciousness by increasing theta activity. Also excellent for psycho-navigation **CD \$16.95**



Soma

This favorite of massage therapists and stress management clinicians increases alpha activity, and is highly effective at generating light states of

relaxation. There are three different twenty-minute tracks, any of which, could be used for psycho-navigation. **CD \$16.95**



Announcing!
THE ABR LIBRARY
This is the Ultimate Brain!

The Story Behind the Library

Tom Kenyon's road to pioneering brain research relative to sound and the alteration of brain state was serendipitous in the beginning. He worked his way through college as a singer/musician in venues local to his school, so writing music was something he was quite comfortable with. He also began to study meditation techniques and spirituality very young.

So when he began his psychotherapy practice, it was quite natural that he began to write music to help clients "move through issues" more efficiently. These personal tapes were so effective people began to pirate them, passing them along to friends. One of these tapes (which is now known around the

world as Wave Form) made its way into the backpack of a student in the Midwest on the day when his college professor made the statement that "sound could not alter brain state." The student raised his hand and commented that he had a tape that he felt altered brain state and fate was sealed. The professor did what all good scientists do, he tested the tape over and over, and when it altered brain state, he tore the equipment apart and re-built it. He purchased new lab equipment—and the tape continued to alter brain state. He then contacted Tom Kenyon and suggested they join forces to prove science and education wrong, to prove that sound can alter brain state.

The auspicious but quite serendipitous beginning in the early 80's took Tom into ten years of intense brain research, working with independent laboratories and colleges and

universities in many cities, in both the US and Canada. And before this was over, he had become a pioneer in changing the way science and education look at sound and brain state, and the entire ABR library, plus Tom's book, *Brain States*, came out of those years of research and development. This library is still in use around the world, both in professional clinics and in private home settings. The material in the ABR library has been successfully used now for over twenty years, helping people, changing lives, and assisting in the healing process.



In the ensuing twenty years, the world went digital while the ABR library was still in analog on cassette tape. And we still get emails from people who depend on their ancient cassette tapes, even after twenty years of use. They write to thank us for the library, and to make sure their old tapes can be replaced if anything happens, and to beg us to put them all on CD. So, finally, this past year,

Tom locked himself in the studio for months and re-mastered, remixed and re-created the essential elements in the ABR library so that they could go from tape to pristine digitally mastered CD. We have now produced the long-awaited ABR library on CD. And we appreciate your faithfulness and your patience in awaiting the reappearance of these remarkable tools in CD format. They are some of the most clinically tested and proven tools available and they are every bit as powerful today as they were when they were created. They are, perhaps, even more needed now, in a world even more stressful than when they were created.

In the ABR system, Tom records with a process he created and coined Biopulse™ Technology, which works differently from any other system available today.

Biopulse™ Technology has three essential elements that make it different from any other system of brain entrainment. Biopulse™ Technology contains a signal that is pulsed at a given frequency for the desired brain state. And because the signal goes into both ears, this technology can work for those who are either hard of hearing or deaf in one ear.

Two, the Biopulses are a part of a larger psychoacoustic matrix in which music and sound patterns are created to generate specific psycho-emotive responses, i.e. mental experiences and feelings. This part of the matrix is based on sentic wave theory, which is the work of Manfred Clynes. Essentially, anything that creates pressure waves can be used to communicate emotion. Emotional response is a key component of ABR's sound matrices.

Three, specific sound patterns are also mixed into the

psycho-acoustic matrix to stimulate activity within the brain. Some of these are electronically generated, but many of them are created through Tom's nearly four-octave range voice.

Some of the CDs in the library contain spoken word. In *Freedom to Be/Freedom to Change*, Tom uses the extraordinary methodology of Milton Erickson, MD. This is a system of delivering metaphors to the subconscious mind, sometimes called Ericksonian Medical Hypnosis. It is a highly effective and engaging method for transforming negative beliefs and impediments in the unconscious mind.

Mind Gymnastics also utilizes Tom's spoken voice. A series of mental exercises combined with complex tonal matrices increases your brain performance by stimulating coordination of neural networks.

Deep Rest also uses Tom's spoken voice on the first track, called The Twenty-Two Minute Vacation. In 22 Minutes, you are guided into an extraordinarily relaxing experience where you travel to an ideal location for you personally. There are no lines in airports. No expensive hotels. And unlike vacations in the real world, which often leave you more exhausted than when you left, you will feel refreshed in just 22 Minutes. The rest of the CD is designed to take you into even deeper states of relaxation, using pure sound with no spoken word. The last track culminates in taking you into a deep state of Delta, associated with the refreshing state of sleep. The rest of the CDs in the *Ultimate Brain* collection of the library are pure acoustic sound, without spoken word.

Wave Form/Deep Relaxation and Healing is the piece of music that was in the backpack mentioned at the beginning. It is based on the Perfect Harmonic Fifth, a musical interval that has a very soothing feeling of completion for Western listeners. The music on this recording is in the center part of the stereo field. The first note of every chord is played one octave lower than the music and placed on the left side. And the third note of every chord (the Perfect Harmonic Fifth) is also played an octave below the music and is heard through the right ear. Thus, stereo headphones are required, as they are with many CDs in this library. This unique delivery of sound creates a pulsation in the center of the brain when listening. It generates a deeply mind-altering brain massage.

A biofeedback engineer and researcher was so impressed with this brain massage effect, he hooked up a subject to an EEG to see what was happening. To his great interest, the topographical brain map showed that the highest intensity of Theta (see chart below) was at the crown center. A recent student of yoga, the researcher knew about the crown chakra from his studies. In this type of EEG technology, one of the points where the readings are taken just happens to correspond to the crown center. The researcher was intrigued. Indeed, this was an ideal working relationship for Tom because Tom's main area of focus in this arena was the union of Eastern mystical understandings with Western psychoneurophysiology.

One of the amusing episodes with this recording occurred when a skeptical MD was asked to listen. It was being considered as a part of a clinical application (as it is used throughout the world today). The MD donned his set of headphones, sat in his chair and listened. Twenty minutes later he came out of his office and said he'd had one of the strangest experiences of his life. At first he thought nothing was happening. He'd felt a little relaxation but nothing impressive. Then he heard a locomotive, really loud, bearing down on him. He wondered how there was a locomotive in the room. Then he realized he was hearing himself snore. *Wave Form* had taken him into the deeper states of Theta. He was a believer. Many workshop facilitators who use altered states of consciousness in their work, play this music. Hospitals and clinics use the recording for stress management. Individuals also use this in the privacy of their own home for stress management, deep relaxation and healing.

Wave Form II/Opening the Heart is also built around the Perfect Harmonic Fifth, but in addition to this complex sound matrix, an ancient mantra believed to be associated with the heart chakra is chanted. This mantra (*so ham*) is the central feature of this composition. The result is both relaxing and stimulating to the heart chakra. Some therapists first use *Wave Form/Deep Healing* to relax their clients and then they move to *Wave Form II/Opening the Heart* when it is time to work at deeper levels of emotional healing.

Freedom to Be was originally designed to help with addictions by increasing self-esteem and decreasing self-sabotage. *Freedom to Be* stimulates these changes at their root, deep in the unconscious mind through the use of Ericksonian hypnosis. In use, however, it became clear that this psycho-acoustic program was also highly effective with depression, emotional overwhelm, grief and loss, and even suicide risk, as well as increasing self-esteem and decreasing self-sabotage. It is used for all these purposes by therapists all over the world.

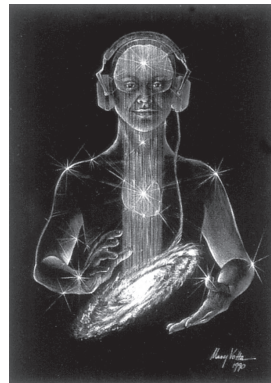
As with all the ABR Library, there are amusing and poignant stories. A study was being done at a hospital on a ward for depressed patients. A listening station was set up at the nursing station with one CD player and a single set of headphones. Tom received a phone call from the director of research and he told this story. It seems that two clinically depressed men went to the nursing station at the same time, wanting to listen to the recording because they found it comforting. With only one set of headphones, one of them would have to wait. Instead they got into a fist fight over who would listen first. Tom was appalled. But the research director was laughing and told Tom that was a great thing as it showed they were no longer depressed!

Typical of the many letters and emails we have received regarding *Freedom To Be*, was a call one day from a distributor in Britain, saying he wanted to start distributing *Freedom to Be* throughout the UK. Seems he'd gotten a call from someone

he knew who owned one of the largest bookstores in London, saying that the program had saved his life and he never wanted his store not to have as copy.

Creative Imaging/Enhanced Creative Problem Solving uses both a mid-alpha state and stimulating high frequencies to create an ideal mental state for increasing intelligence and creativity. When used with the enclosed directions, it significantly improves analytical abilities, problem solving and visualization skills. It can even increase measurable IQ. This CD is specifically created to stimulate mid-alpha activity in such a way that the protocols for increasing intelligence are more effective.

Acoustic Supported Learning/Ambient Support is "environmental" music designed to lower stress and induce an ideal mid-alpha state of focused alertness (relaxed attention). ASL is like a calm lake. Use this CD in the background when you want to study, prepare for a test or produce a soothing environment when working. After this recording had been released, Tom was approached by a CEO of a small company who explained that he played ASL over the office stereo. Unknown to him, his secretary was being treated for anxiety. In the course of several weeks, just by being in the acoustic environment of the music, she was able to stop taking her anti-anxiety medication. This is theoretically because mid-alpha activity in the brain reduces muscle tension, which is often associated with anxiety. (Please note: we are not saying that ASL is, in any way, a treatment for anxiety. This is simply an anecdotal story.)



Mind Gymnastiks is the flagship of the ABR library, and is based on the idea that it is possible, at any age, to improve both brain function and performance. It is the most psycho-acoustically complex of all the CDs in the set due to the fact that it stimulates a wide range of neurological activity. *Mind Gymnastiks* is like taking your brain to the gym. It is designed to increase brain function and performance by working specific areas of the brain, just like you would exercise specific muscles in the body.

Of the many stories about *Mind Gymnastiks*, the following is perhaps one of the most poignant. Tom was approached by the director of a nursing home, who asked if he had anything for Alzheimer's patients. He replied that he did not, as Alzheimer's is a degenerative condition of the brain. On a hunch, Tom said, "Well, you might try the *Mind Gym* series, just to see if it might help." And he loaned her a set. He didn't think anything would come of it and forgot all about it. A couple of months later he got a phone call from the director of the nursing home. She

said that she had several Alzheimer's patients who were so significantly impaired that staff had to put the headphones on them. One patient in particular had lost her ability to speak and was incontinent. Many of the patients showed some recovery of function, though minimal. This woman, however, began to speak again and was no longer incontinent. She was able, once again, to speak with her family and friends and she regained some of her lost dignity. Eventually, she succumbed to the illness and retreated back into dementia. But she and her family had several months of lucid time together before her condition took a turn for the worse. (Important note: This patient's improvement may have been a result of her using *Mind Gymnastiks* as there was nothing else done for her, at least as reported by the nursing home director. However, this is an anecdotal report and not a scientifically controlled study. And as a result it would be erroneous to assume that this program would be of benefit to other such Alzheimer's patients.)

Infinite Pool/Activate the Holographic Brain is a pure tonal matrix, in that there is no spoken word. Thirteen voices, all Tom's, tone at the same time creating a very complex set of standing wave patterns as perceived by the brain. The net result is a profound altered state of consciousness. This CD was specifically created to help stimulate activity in, and awareness of, the corpus callosum, a neural connection that allows both hemispheres of the brain to communicate with each other. This sound field is also ideal for psycho-navigation and the exploration of altered states. For more information about Psycho-navigation, feel free to visit our website—www.tomkenyon.com. Go to the Articles section and click on the article entitled: *Psycho-navigation: Theory, Clinical Observations and Personal Insight*.

These eight CDs are the core of the ABR Library and are now available, having been digitally re-mastered and packaged as *The Ultimate Brain*.

The Ultimate Brain *A Collection from the ABR Library*

Acoustic Brain Research psychoacoustic recordings use a variety of *target brain states* depending on what you have chosen to accomplish. The charts below give a brief overview of both the CD titles from the collection of titles from the ABR library and the BioPulse™ entrainments they contain. Please note that the titles have changed. The older versions of the titles are in parentheses. This collection of titles from the ABR library has been packaged together and is available as *The Ultimate Brain*, including a User's Guide. You may purchase *The Ultimate Brain* set or the CDs individually.

The Ultimate Brain set includes:

Deep Rest and Healing (Wave Form)

- A deeply relaxing mind-altering brain massage.
- This is one of ABR's most popular CDs due to its exceptional mind altering effects.
- Pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ theta, 5 - 7HZ

Opening the Heart (Wave Form 2)

- A heart opening tapestry of sound based on the ancient mantra *So Ham* believed to be the inner sound of the heart chakra.
- Pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ theta, 5 – 7HZ

Enhance Creative Problem Solving (Creative Imaging)

- This psychoacoustic matrix is designed to stimulate increased alpha activity. Detailed instructions are included on how to use this CD to enhance creativity, increase your measurable IQ, problem solving skills, and visualization abilities.
- Pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ mid-alpha, 10HZ

Ambient Support (Acoustic Supported Learning)

- Improve learning and enhance both your work and creative endeavors with this innovative psychoacoustic environment.
- Pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ mid-alpha, 10HZ

Deep Rest (The 24 Minute Nap)

- Luxuriate, rest and relax into these three ultra-relaxing tracks. The 22 Minute Vacation, The 24 Minute Nap, and 69Sweet Delta (a sleep inducing sound matrix).
- Track 1, sound and narrative, Tracks 2 & 3, pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ mid-alpha to low-delta, 10 – 1HZ

Activate the Holographic Brain (Infinite Pool)

- Designed to increase inter-hemispheric communication in the brain by stimulating the corpus callosum through focused attention and complex acoustic patterns.
- Pure sound, no words.
- BioPulse™ theta, 5 – 7HZ

Freedom To Change (Freedom To Be)

- This CD was originally a tape set consisting of three audiotapes. Originally designed to help with addictions, the series was also found to be highly effective with grief

- and loss, low self-esteem, self-sabotage, and suicide risk.
- Sound and Narrative, BioPulse™ mid-alpha, 10HZ

Mind Gymnastiks (Mind Gymnastiks)

- This is the flagship of the ABR library. Originally a set of six audio tapes, Mind Gym *works* the brain through a series of Psycho-neurological Tasks that exercise specific areas of the brain and mind. Mind Gym users report enhanced creativity, clarity of thought, increased awareness of subtle perception, as well as general improvements in overall brain performance.
- Complex sound patterns with voice directed exercises.
- BioPulse™ low-delta to K-complex (high beta)

The Ultimate Brain CD set

This is the currently available collection from the ABR library, as mentioned above. It consists of nine CDs. Includes the eight CDs noted above, plus a Users Guide CD in a boxed set.

A Guide To BioPulse™

- BioPulse™ is a specific way of pacing the brain (called entrainment*) into a desired brain state. This system was created by Tom Kenyon. A single tone is pulsed at the required frequency, and this pulsing beat is then mixed into a larger more complex tonal matrix. It is the combination of this tone and the sound matrix that creates the unique mind altering experience typical of ABR recordings. The various sound patterns and musical compositions are a crucial part of the psychoacoustic effect. The music is not used simply as a mask to hide the pulse, it is a vital part of the overall mind-altering effects.

Delta 0.5 – 4HZ

- Associated with deep states of sleep; some individuals, especially long term meditators also report a *fourth state of consciousness* in which the body is asleep while the mind is aware of itself as the object of its own attention.

Theta 4 – 8HZ

- Inner awareness; the brain state of visions and waking-dreams.
- When there is an increase of theta activity, our awareness is directed inside. There is little or no consciousness of the external world. Mental phenomena can be experienced as vividly real.

Alpha 8 – 12HZ

- Relaxed attention. When there is an increase of alpha activity, we are aware of both the external world and our

inner world of attention. Muscles tend to be relaxed yet fluid, which is why athletes strive to attain this state. They call it the Zone. Alpha brain activity is also ideal for stress reduction and is used extensively in clinical applications where patients are taught how to relax.

Beta 12 – 14HZ

- Outer directed awareness. Normal waking state.

High Beta 14 – 30HZ

- Acute outer directed attention.

K Complex 30- 33HZ

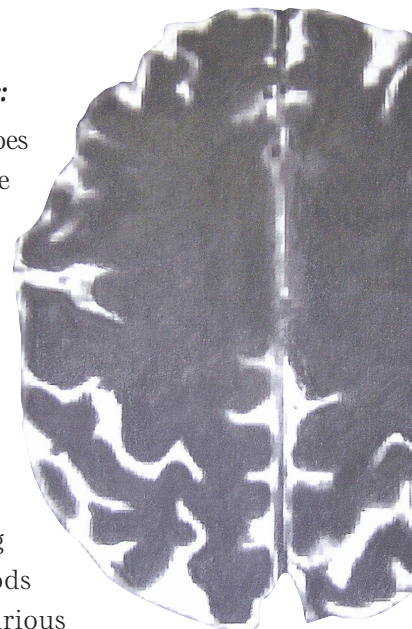
- The “ah ha” experience of sudden insight.

Ultra High Beta 33- 150HZ

- This is a relatively new frontier of research. Some of these states, are associated with heightened memory. Others seem to be connected to non-ordinary *hyper states* of awareness.

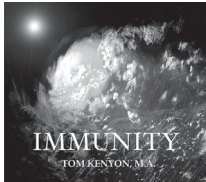
* Important Note:

The human brain does not reside in just one brain state. Multiple brain states are produced at any given moment, and in different locations. When reading brain activity, researchers analyze all brain activity and using statistical methods determine the various levels of brain state. In addition, research has indicated that entrainment methods do not produce the desired effect in all persons. These methods stimulate brain activity towards a particular window, but there are many factors involved, including the environment, stress levels of the individual and familiarity with altered states of consciousness.

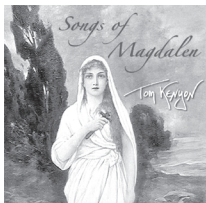


TOM KENYON

PRODUCTS • CDs



IMMUNITY NEW! Thirty-two spirit healers sing healing codes through Tom Kenyon's nearly four-octave range voice. Read the story of this remarkable recording on page 56 **CD \$16.95**



SONGS OF MAGDALEN A collection of hauntingly beautiful songs by Mary Magdalen, channeled through Tom Kenyon's voice. *"These songs were forged in the foundry of my heart. They are an artifact, a tracing of my life. May they bring you comfort and solace on your journey home to the exquisite light of your soul."*—Mary Magdalen **CD \$16.95**



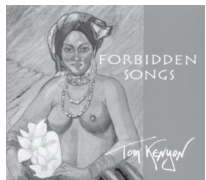
THE GHANDARVA EXPERIENCE A powerful journey into the spiritual realms of being. This unique program includes a thirty minute talk about the Celestial Musicians known as the Ghandarvas. This knowledge traces its roots back to Vedic India. Part two is a compelling listening experience and includes the Chant of the Arcangels, the Calling of the Sacred Names, a Harmonic Choir and ends with a beautiful rendition of the 23rd Psalm. **CD \$16.95**



IMAGINARIUM This is perhaps the most stunning of Tom's work to date. A sonic creation of staggering beauty. Joyful, brilliant, luring the listener to realms beyond. The title cut evokes your own Imaginarium, transporting you into the deep. And the last cut, "Boatman," sings you to sleep. As one of the world's rarest vocalists, arrangers and composers, Tom Kenyon's breadth and genius is clear

in this CD. Afficionados of classical music will appreciate the complexity and sophistication of the compositions. Mesmerizing!

Excellent for stress management, massage, yoga, healing work. Imaginarium is relaxing, ambient music of a new caliber. **CD \$16.95**



FORBIDDEN SONGS: Too Close to the Heart. Songs of Desperation, Obsession, and Enlightenment

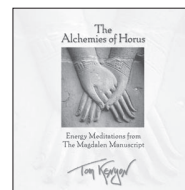
"When I heard Forbidden Songs I was totally surprised. He opened up a whole new world — his music and his heart are the closest to God that I have ever felt."—Ken Page

"These songs, some of which I wrote over twenty years ago," says Tom, "are a kind of artifact. Culled from the foundry of my soul, they are the distillation of that strange process we call the self. Like a blacksmith that forges metal into useable things, I forge insight out of the desperation, obsession and illumination of my life. My tools are the hot searing heat of self-realization, borne from the emotional cauldron of my deepest hopes and fears, mirrored so eloquently by the world and those around me."

Before Tom became interested in psychology, psychoacoustics, and sound (tone) healing work, he was a professional singer/songwriter. Included here

are fifteen riveting, melodic songs, grippingly performed. Topics range from the ironic "Starlight Café" (where Tom invites all from his past to sit at the table), to the romantic "Under a Moorish Moon," plus three spiritually charged songs, and others. **Tape \$13.97, CD \$16.95**

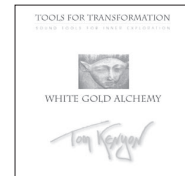
"... Forbidden Songs is compelling and gripping. And there's no telling what Kenyon's ability with healing tones adds to the impact. Highly recommended."
—Review, www.barnesandnoble.com



THE ALCHEMIES OF HORUS/MAGDALEN

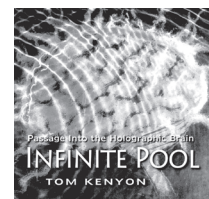
ENERGY MEDITATIONS This CD companion to The Magdalen Manuscript guides the listener into the five energy-meditations from the book. Each meditation builds on the previous one, and each session takes about 12 minutes. Although created for those who wish to practice the Alchemies of Horus as described in the book, the CD can easily be used without read-

ing the text. **CD \$16.95**



WHITE GOLD ALCHEMY This alchemical meditation works with the subtle energies of the solar and lunar circuits within the body. Originating in the ajna chakra or "third eye," the meditation causes the sun and moon to emit their respective "gold and silver elixirs." These are combined to create White Gold, a powerful alchemical substance that is then circulated through the brain and spine. This meditation is quite

potent and has a balancing effect on consciousness. The recording embeds the Hathor tones and includes directions for the basic and advanced meditation. **CD \$16.95**

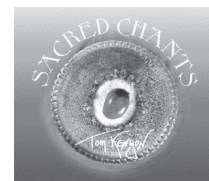


INFINITE POOL

Passage Into the Holographic Brain

Science has shown that when both sides of our brain are engaged there is an enrichment of experience and an increase in creativity. This extraordinary psychoacoustic recording produces dynamic wave patterns within the brain that work to increase communication between both hemispheres.

Esoterica hints that by re-connecting the hemispheres there is an increase in illumination. This CD is designed to do just that. Thirteen Hathor tracks and an akul (ancient one from Egypt), utilize Tom's voice to create this powerful catalytic shock-wave of sound to stimulate the brain. (5 continual 12 minute tracks, one hour of stimulation) **CD \$16.95**

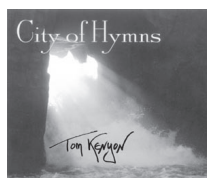


SACRED CHANTS Tom Kenyon, turns his nearly four-octave range voice to this exquisite collection of world chants. Spanning spiritual lineages from numerous cultures and paths, Sacred Chants will transport you into the luminous mythic realms of consciousness. Extensive liner notes, words and translations. **Tape \$13.97, CD \$16.95**

TOM KENYON PRODUCTS › CDS & BOOKS



SOMA Ideal for yoga, massage and relaxation, this CD is a gentle mix of toning, natural sounds and music. Part of the Body/Mind Spa series, Soma will transport you into delicious and restful states of body and mind. The CD consists of three, twenty minute tracks, making it ideal for massage and yoga sessions. Use it whenever you wish to leave the day's stresses behind you. (Alpha, 10HZ). Newly re-mastered. **CD \$16.95**



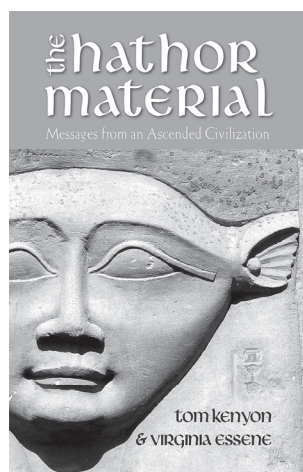
CITY OF HYMNS A hauntingly beautiful rendering of some of the world's most beloved hymns. Tom Kenyon's nearly four octave range gives his music a powerful and a spiritual force. A Buddhist for over three decades, Tom had a personal experience with Jeshua that moved him to interpret these songs of devotion in new ways. Tom chose the title City of Hymns because there is a place of healing within

each of us, regardless of our spiritual lineage. Included are "In the Garden," "Take it to the Lord in Prayer," "Kumbaya," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," "Amazing Grace," "Steal Away," "What Child is This?" and "The Lord's Prayer." **Tape \$13.97, CD \$16.95**



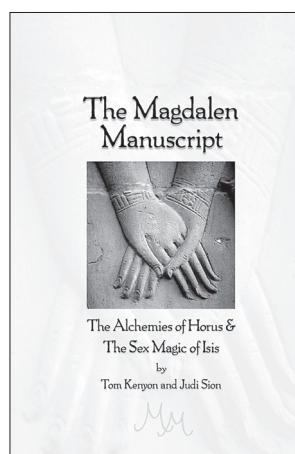
SOUND TRANSFORMATIONS

These seminar/workshop recordings capture the magic and stunning beauty of Tom's sonic creations which many report as profoundly transformational and healing. "They use a variety of instruments in addition to my voice," explains Tom, "but they all share a common element: to open windows of perception, and to create for those who hear them a doorway into the immense inner worlds of their own being." (This is the only CD of Tom toning, so if you want to hear what he does in workshops that creates such transformation, this is it.) **Tape \$13.97, CD \$16.95**



NEW EDITION! THE HATHOR MATERIAL *Messages from an Ascended Civilization*

This book has been updated with a message from the Hathors, and a collection of rarely seen photographs of Hator temples. This new edition also comes with a companion CD of Tom talking about his experiences with the Hathors at a workshop in 2005 and two Hathor catalytic sound sessions. This compelling book offers beneficial information for the acceleration of personal evolution as offered by a group of Interdimensional beings known as the Hathors who worked with the priestess-hood of the Hator temples in ancient Egypt. **\$19.95**



THE MAGDALEN MANUSCRIPT

Mary Magdalen's personal story of her tantric relationship with Yeshua ben Joseph, known today as Jesus Christ. A love so deep it has survived over 2000 years of lies, to be told now, in this "the beginning of the ending of time." A High Initiate of the Temple of Isis, Mary Magdalen was the Holy Grail, the cup that carries the blood of Christ. And the long-prophesied "sun" that was born to her was a girl named Sar'h.

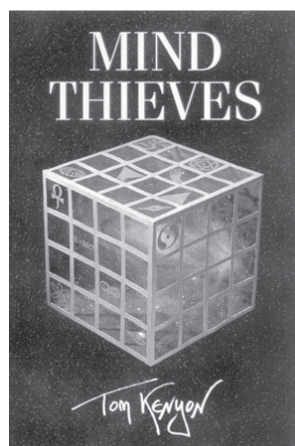
In the Magdalen Manuscript, given by her and reprinted here, word-for-word as she gave it, she describes the alchemy that she and Yeshua practiced. This is the alchemy that prepared him to sustain life after death, so that he could meet his destiny and lay a trail of light through the death realms, a light path each of

us can follow. This is Her Story, revealing some of the deepest secrets of the Temples, as requested by Isis. To this remarkable text, Tom Kenyon has added a comparison of the major streams of internal alchemy plus an in-depth look at Egyptian High Alchemy and a clarification of the Alchemies of Horus. Judi Sion, at the request of Mary Magdalen, has added One Woman's Story, which is every woman's story. **\$18.95, ISBN 1-931032-05-X**



BRAIN STATES

An enjoyable and practical book that shows how the brain works to enhance our intelligence, creativity, performance and wellbeing. Must reading for anyone interested in their limitless potential. Paperback, 287 pages. New Leaf Publishing, **\$14.95**



MIND THIEVES

"One of the most unique and fascinating sci-fi novels I have ever read.... Move over Michael Crichton, you have some serious competition." — Robert Anton Wilson

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TOM KENYON PRODUCTS › CDs & VIDEOS

TOOLS FOR INNER EXPLORATION

Due to so many requests from participants for workshop recordings, we have made these available to the public. Some of them are live recordings of actual workshops, and others are specific meditations or processes that were used in workshops.

WORKSHOP RECORDINGS:

NEW! THE SAHU A powerful experience in Egyptian High Alchemy. This set of six CDs is a high quality live-recording of a Hathor Intensive in Seattle, WA in 2005. It presents the foundation understandings of Egyptian Alchemy and imparts the basic practices for creating the light body or Sahu. It contains several Hathor Catalytic Sound sessions and meditations. This is a life-enhancing body of information, vital for anyone interested in the Egyptian path of spiritual alchemy. **6 CDs, \$59.95**

MARY MAGDALEN WORKSHOP TAPES

This eight-tape set was recorded at the first Mary Magdalen workshop in Sedona, AZ, Nov. 2002. This was a remarkable event in which the energy of Mary Magdalen was most poignantly present. Co-facilitated by Tom and Judi, Mary Magdalen lifted the Veil of Sadness, a requirement she said to be "in alignment with the New Earth." Presenting the story of her tantric relationship with Yeshua, her consort, she taught the Alchemies of Horus, a solitary practice to reach illumination. Includes the Heart of Isis meditation and Tom and Judi reading her section of the Manuscript into the Akashic Record. **\$80.00**

MEDITATIONS & ENERGY WORK:

WHITE GOLD ALCHEMY This alchemical meditation works with the subtle energies of the solar and lunar circuits within the body. Originating in the ajna chakra or "third eye," the meditation causes the sun and moon to emit their respective "gold and silver elixirs." These are combined to create White Gold, a powerful alchemical substance that is then circulated through the brain and spine. This meditation is quite potent and has a balancing effect on consciousness. The recording embeds the Hathor tones and includes directions for the basic and advanced meditation. **CD \$16.95**

THE ALCHEMIES OF HORUS This CD companion to The Magdalen Manuscript guides the listener into the five energy-meditations from the book. Each meditation builds on the previous one, and each session takes about 12 minutes. Although created for those who wish to practice the Alchemies of Horus as described in the book, the CD can easily be used without reading the text. These are the exercises Magdalen said were practiced in the Temples of Isis, designed for solitary use. Though much of our work with Magdalen is Sacred Relationship, these are the practices undertaken to balance the male/female within, and do not require that the participant be in relationship. **CD only, price \$16.95**

CEREMONY OF THE TWO MARYS

AUDIO Tom Kenyon conducted this ceremony in which both Mary, the Mother of Yeshua, and Mary Magdalen were energetically present. Using his nearly four octave range voice, Tom channeled healing sounds from the two Marys. The remarkable tones of this sound healing session are deeply moving, and many have reported healing experiences from listening to them. Short talk and actual ceremony. **1 1/2 hours. \$10.00**

CHANTS TO THE GREAT MOTHER

This meditation focuses in the heart with chants that deepen the connection to, and allow further openings to, the Divine Mother energies personifying the intelligence of the universe and the source of consciousness itself. People adore this tape as it contains several chants to the Divine Mother. **Tape, \$10.00**

BA RA SHEM KA This is an alchemical tonal matrix based on Egyptian High Alchemy. Ba is the name for the celestial soul. Ra refers to the sun (solar plexus) and the fire of life. Shem is a contraction for the term Sekhem, which means life-force. Ka refers to the Ka body, a subtle energy body sometimes called the "etheric double" or "spiritual twin." The chant can be used as a meditation tool to explore inner spaces especially those involving the celestial soul. The tape is pure toning with Tom's voice recorded via multitrack recording. No speaking. **Tape, \$10.00**

THE SERPENTINE GRID MEDITATION

This is an alchemical meditation designed for activating the "serpentine grid," a pathway for transformation which passes through the endocrine glands and up into the brain. The tape includes an explanation of the meditation and the other side is the actual meditation itself, which is about forty minutes. **Tape, \$10.00**

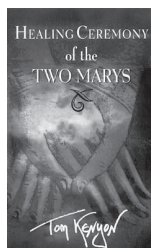
CELESTIAL HEALING CEREMONY

See Video section for description. This is the audio cassette of that ceremony. **\$10.00**

HERU BOAT MEDITATION The Heru Boat is designed to move and sail through realms of light and consciousness. It takes you on a voyage to and through your deep inner terrains...an archeology of self. Created w/ Biopulse frequencies related to Alpha increases. This is a tape to journey with, using the Heru Boat of ancient Egypt as the vehicle for the transport of consciousness. **Tape, \$10.00**

SEVEN GATES MEDITATION This alchemical meditation works directly with the endocrine glands, which are viewed as the "seven keys." These keys play a vital role in the elevation of consciousness through the effects of hormones on awareness. The tape includes both a description of the meditation as well as the actual guided meditation itself. **Tape, \$10.00**

VIDEOS



CEREMONY OF THE TWO MARYS

Tom Kenyon conducted this ceremony in which both Mary, the Mother of Yeshua, and Mary Magdalen were energetically present. Using his nearly four-octave range voice, Tom channeled healing sounds from the two Marys. The remarkable tones of this sound healing session are deeply moving, and many have reported healing experiences from listening to them. It includes a short talk and the actual ceremony, which is a long "sound" session. 1 1/2 hours. **\$29.95**

FORBIDDEN SONGS VIDEO

A "live" concert of Tom's own poignant and powerful love songs and other songs from the heart, digitally filmed in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This video contains live versions of the songs as they were unfolding for the CD, Forbidden Songs and other cuts. It's an intimate experience of Tom, his stories and his music. A real "collector's" item, as Tom's concerts are very rare occurrences. **\$29.95**



CELESTIAL HEALING VIDEO

This video documents a healing ceremony in Sedona, Arizona, in which Tom Kenyon brings through seven healers from the etheric realms. Using his nearly 4 octave range voice and an assortment of acoustic instruments, Tom guides the viewer into profoundly altered states of consciousness whereby healing can potentially take place. **\$29.95**

TOM KENYON PRODUCTS · ACOUSTIC BRAIN RESEARCH



TOM KENYON & ABR

Tom Kenyon is a researcher, a therapist, a musician, sound healer and teacher. For over twenty years his research group, Acoustic Brain Research, has been a leader in the field of psycho-acoustics and the use of sound and music to access the creative abilities of the brain and mind. The ABR Library is in use by therapists, clinicians and by laypersons all over the world.

The Library has both science and a proven track record behind it. For those interested in more technical information about ABR technology including EEG Topographical Brain Mapping studies, please visit our website—www.tomkenyon.com—and go to the Acoustic Brain Research section.

Important Note: ABR tapes are designed for the purpose of education and self-exploration only.

BIOPULSE TECHNOLOGY™

ABR's psychoacoustic technology is based on the use of complex tonal matrices in which various sound patterns are mixed to stimulate the brain/mind into more resourceful states. Many of these tones are mixed beneath the level of audible hearing, masked by other sounds, and sometimes music, specifically composed for the desired mental/emotional state.

Tom Kenyon's ABR tapes and CDs also take advantage of "BioPulse Technology" in which specific tones, known to affect brain state, are mixed into the tonal matrix. Research indicates that such frequencies can significantly alter awareness.

These primary categories are:

delta (0.5 - 4 HZ). Associated with deep levels of relaxation such as sleep

theta (4 - 8HZ). Associated with tranquil states of awareness in which vivid internal imagery can often occur

alpha (8- 12 HZ). Relaxed nervous system, ideal for stress management, accelerated learning and mental imagery

beta (12-30 HZ). Associated with waking/alert states of awareness

k-complex (30 - 35HZ). Clarity and sudden states of integration, the "ah-ha experience"

super high beta (35 - 150 HZ). Psychodynamic states of awareness

Note: CD titles in the Ultimate Brain set have been changed. Their new titles are in parentheses.

RELAXATION & STRESS MANAGEMENT

SOUND BATH A wonderful mix of beautiful music and nature sounds, predominantly water. **CD \$16.95**

WAVE FORM (DEEP REST AND HEALING) Gently "massages" your brain, helping you dissolve tensions and drift into relaxing states of awareness. Theta (7HZ) **CD \$16.95**

WAVE FORM II (OPENING THE HEART) Based on an ancient mantra believed to be the sound of the inner heart, this tonal matrix gently "opens the heart" thereby raising consciousness to a purer state of awareness and harmony. Beautiful vocals with deep harmonic musical passages. Theta (7HZ) **CD \$16.95**

REST AND RELAXATION/R&R (DEEP REST) For those who don't always get the rest they need. Includes 22-Minute Vacation, 22-Minute Nap and Sweet Delta. People love this. Low Delta to Mid-Alpha (0.5-10HZ) **CD \$16.95**

INCREASED BRAIN/MIND PERFORMANCE

AMBIENT SUPPORT Over an hour of continuous ambient music with BioPulse™ in the mid-alpha range

to support learning without anxiety while increasing motivation and retention. It was created specifically to aid learning and to increase productivity in the work environment while simultaneously decreasing stress. Mid-alpha (10HZ) **CD \$16.95**

CREATIVE IMAGING (ENHANCE CREATIVE PROBLEM SOLVING)

Processes used with this CD have been documented in independent tests to significantly improve analytical abilities, creative problem solving, learning, insight, and increase visualization abilities. Mid-Alpha (8-10HZ) **CD \$16.95**

MIND GYMNASTIKS ABR's premiere mind/brain performance enhancer. Highly effective. **CD \$16.95**

SELF-HEALING & RECOVERY

PSYCHO-IMMUNOLOGY This widely acclaimed "self-healing" program helps you explore the body/mind connection to your natural self-healing abilities. *Note: Not a substitute for medical treatment.* Delta. Theta, Alpha (2-10HZ) **CD \$16.95**

TRANSFORMATION NOW! A highly intense psychoacoustic stimulation of the brain/mind for rapid personal transformation. *Note: Epileptics and persons with brain damage should not listen to this CD without professional supervision.* Shifts through Alpha, Theta and High Beta (4-22HZ) **CD \$16.95** (check website for release date)

FREEDOM TO BE (FREEDOM TO CHANGE) Designed as a recovery program for alcoholism and drug addiction, this CD has been found to be very helpful with issues of Low Self-esteem, Self-sabotage, and Emotional Overwhelm. Theta. **CD \$16.95**

ULTIMATE BRAIN This set of 9 CDs includes: Wave Form, Wave Form II, R&R, Creative Imaging, Freedom To Be, Mind Gymnastiks, and Infinite Pool plus Ambient Support. Also includes a Users Guide CD. An extraordinary collection of brain/mind enhancement tools. You save over \$35 by purchasing this collection **9CD Set \$99**

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TOM KENYON

PRODUCT ORDER FORM

BOOKS

	QTY	BOOK/TAPE	CD PRICE	TOTAL
The Magdalen Manuscript. <i>Tantric secrets unveiled</i>		\$18.95	—	
Mind Thieves. <i>Tom Kenyon's new visionary novel</i>		\$18.95	—	
Brain States. <i>Critically acclaimed written guide for increasing brain performance</i>		\$14.95	—	
The Hathor Material: Messages from an Ascended Civilization		\$19.95	—	

VIDEOS

Ceremony of the Two Marys. <i>2 hours (Also available in Audio, see below)</i>			\$29.95	
Celestial Healing Ceremony. <i>Lecture & sound healing session using "spirit guides"</i>			\$29.95	
Forbidden Songs. <i>Performance of songs from the CD</i>			\$29.95	

MUSIC AND SOUND HEALING

New! Immunity. <i>32 Spirit healers sing healing codes</i>			\$16.95	
Songs of Magdalen. <i>A haunting musical experience</i>			\$16.95	
Imaginarium. <i>Fantasy music for the heart and soul</i>			\$16.95	
Infinite Pool: (Activate the Holographic Brain) <i>Mind altering, mind expanding</i>			\$16.95	
The Alchemies of Horus. <i>Companion to The Magdalen Manuscript</i>			\$16.95	
Sacred Chants. <i>Seven of the world's most powerful spiritual chants</i>			\$16.95	
Forbidden Songs. <i>Tom's songs of desperation, obsession & enlightenment</i>			\$16.95	
City of Hymns. <i>A sound healing treatment of traditional Christian hymns</i>			\$16.95	
Sound Transformations. <i>Live recordings of Tom's transformational toning</i>			\$16.95	
The Ghandarva Experience. <i>Lecture, calling of the Sacred Names and chants</i>			\$16.95	

TOOLS (workshop recordings)

The Sahu: A Hathor Intensive. <i>Egyptian High Alchemy (6 CDs, entire workshop)</i>		\$59.95	—	
Magdalen Workshop Set. <i>(8 tapes, entire workshop)</i>		\$80.00	—	
Ceremony of the Two Marys. <i>Audio soundtrack (2 hours)</i>		\$10.00	—	
White Gold Alchemy. <i>Recorded instructions for meditation, includes chant</i>		—	\$16.95	
Chants to the Great Mother. <i>Discussion about Divine Mother & use of chants</i>		\$10.00	—	
Ba Ra Shem Ka. <i>Alchemical chant to the Celestial Soul (BA)</i>		\$10.00	—	
Serpentine Grid. <i>Alchemical meditation working with the "serpent path" of energy</i>		\$10.00	—	
7 Gates Meditation. <i>Alchemical meditation working with the endocrine system</i>		\$10.00	—	
Celestial Healing Ceremony. <i>Audio recording from Celestial healing video</i>		\$10.00	—	
Heru Boat Meditation. <i>Psycho navigational meditation based on Egyptian alchemy</i>		\$10.00	—	

TOTAL THIS SIDE:

GENERAL INFORMATION: About Tom Kenyon and his work, email office@tomkenyon.com or call 360-376-5781. Workshop deposits should be sent to: PO Box 98, Orcas, WA 98280. To order products by mail, use Product Order Form.

ACOUSTIC BRAIN RESEARCH

	QTY	CD PRICE	TOTAL
RELAXATION AND STRESS MANAGEMENT			
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Sound Bath. <i>Nature sounds with relaxing music and toning</i>		\$16.95	
Wave Form. <i>Based on Perfect harmonic Fifth. CD now available</i>		\$16.95	
Wave Form II. <i>Designed to help open the heart. CD now available</i>		\$16.95	
Rest & Relaxation. <i>Includes 22-min. nap, 22-min. vacation and Sweet Delta</i>		\$16.95	
INCREASED MIND/BRAIN PERFORMANCE			
Ambient Support. <i>Environmental support</i>		\$16.95	
Creative Imaging. <i>To increase intelligence and visualization abilities</i>		\$16.95	
Mind Gymnastiks. <i>Comprehensive system to increase brain performance</i>		\$16.95	
SELF-HEALING AND RECOVERY			
Freedom to Be. <i>For addiction recovery, grief, and self-esteem</i>		\$16.95	
Psycho-Immunology. <i>A journey in self-healing</i>		\$16.95	
Ultimate Brain. (ABR Library) 9 CDs		\$99.00	

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Canadian Orders: Payment needs to be in U.S. dollars. For the first item, add \$6.75. For each additional item, add \$2.00.

International Orders: Note: Payment needs to be via Credit Card, International Money Orders, or Wire Transfer in U.S. dollars. Our apologies, but our bank is unable to process foreign checks. For international orders, look at the Canadian shipping charge above. After you have calculated total shipping charges according to the Canadian chart, multiply this figure by 2 and add this figure to your total.

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Toll Free calls in the US: 888-649-5670

Orders by email: orders@tomkenyon.com
Orders by mail: Tom Kenyon, PO Box 3482, Ashland, OR 97520

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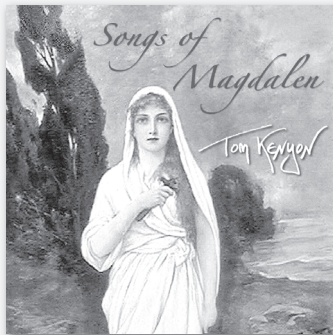
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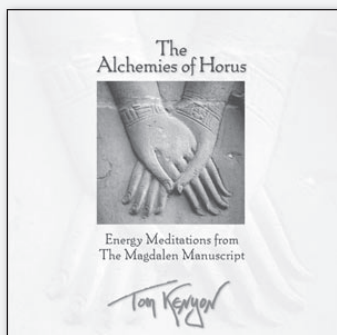
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Before The Da Vinci Codes, there was The Magdalen Manuscript.

The Magdalen Manuscript,
in her own words.



**Songs of
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the songs and
energy of Mary
Magdalen
through Tom
Kenyon's voice.



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Horus, the
Magdalen Energy
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from the Temples
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The Magdalen Manuscript



The Alchemies of Horus &
The Sex Magic of Isis
by
Tom Kenyon and Judi Sion

See pages 80 & 81 for more information