

DUVERSITY NEWSLETTER 36 2014



Zerogee by Paul Granlund, Missouri Botanical Gardens

In this issue we have experimented with illustrations. Those who want to see the images in colour can do so by going to the DuVersity site at <http://www.duversity.org/PDF/No%2036.pdf>.

The images include a comic book treatment of LogoVisual Technology, the method of thinking developed from John Bennett's *structural communication*. The lead article is by Richard Heath, bringing a cosmic perspective to our lives.

We have also tried various content including verses on quantum mechanics! An article by Orage reprinted here raises the spectre of a three-brained theatre. At a recent seminar in Germany readings, music and discussions were made of Gurdjieff's scenario for the ballet *Struggle of the Magicians* and a moment from the improvised performance showing the character of Zeinad is shown below.

The sculpture of the family moving in space has always inspired me as an image of the triad, the three-term system.



may have discarded the sky gods but it has retained the role of God in the fate of human life and the status of people in an afterlife in *heaven*, a concept originating in the *actual* heavens *literally* above Life.

In Bennett's terminology therefore, religious ideas and those concerning an afterlife, after death, are tied to the hypernomic world within which Life has evolved, despite the conceptualisation of monotheistic religion. But are our ideas of religion and death tied to the hypernomic world through human projection, as anthropologists insist, or is the hypernomic world actually shaping these ideas? Could it be that this distinctive invariance in human beliefs concerning religion and death, found in some form wherever human cultures established themselves, is actually a manifestation of the hypernomic world in human life?

Perhaps "human projection in seeking answers in the sky" and "hypernomic realities relating to the purpose of Life" are two sides of the same coin and this may explain why early human societies of the ancient near east and of megalithic Europe, turned to the skies to both understand the dynamism of its clockwork and to seek answers as to why existence was as it is to strive to answer a question Gurdjieff formulated as his own: "*What is the sense and purpose of life and human life in particular?*".

A very interesting question arose historically as to whether being alive was good or whether it was a fallen state of ourselves. This has become somewhat degenerate due to the assumption that humans already have a soul formed and, in a sense, this second question pre-empts the first by implying a negative answer to it; for there can be no "sense and purpose" to life if humans are fallen, apart perhaps from recovering (if possible) from that fall. In other words, the doctrine of original sin is toxic to Gurdjieff's big question.

It seems as if religion has got too wrapped up in the issues of selfhood. One can see that one's own self is actually complemented by another non-self, in the form of one's life or "circumstance". The religious idea that one can die, redeemed by a super-being, because you have been righteous, or that one can escape life's challenges (or purpose) through turning from the world towards a monastery or system of self-development avoids "the elephant in the room" which is your fate, wrapped up in the form of your necessary life experiences. Gurdjieff was very clear in saying "The best conditions for a man's development are those provided by Life"

The reason why religion and death are likely felt through the hypernomic world is because it represents a different part of a cosmic triad. The material stuff of the hyponomic world provides all the functionality required within the Universe and so seems related to what Bennett termed **Function**, within his triad **Function-Being-Will**. The three realms of the hyponomic, autonomic and hypernomic correspond to these three fundamental categories. The living stuff of the autonomic world creates all the players on a highly specific stage, the biosphere, and these players are the *created beings* belonging to a world of beings "similar to the already arisen" i.e. cosmic beings. Beings get their **substance** from the hyponomic world and their **pattern** from the hypernomic world, and form a *reconciling* (autonomous) *principle*, requiring a type of **Being** not created with the universe.

At death a created being either becomes a non-being, another being or nothing at all. To become a non-being, one must be able to subsist without a living body and this brings us to the third principle of **Will**. Whilst alive, one subsists due to the biosphere and hence due to the will of the biosphere which partakes of hypernomic reality. As Bennett reportedly said in reply to someone who said they loved nature (or the biosphere), "It is not you who loves Nature, it is Nature that loves you." To 'have will' is to

be *more than your life*, to "die before you die" and it is through a transformation of the circumstances associated with ourselves.

Religious thought has its origin in wanting to be hypernomic or cosmic. There is some "strange attractor" at work in the human psyche which would want to "leave the biosphere" in the sense of not relying upon the biospheric will to subsist (perhaps echoed in the dream of space travel).

Religious texts often have gods speaking to the human world but it is unlikely that the hypernomic communicates directly to autonomic minds. Instead, what is much more likely is that the hypernomic "speaks" to the human pattern which characterises each individual human psyche, a pattern from beyond Life. The circumstances of a human life, the "other" rather than the "self", has some relationship to the hypernomic world, being part of the hypernomic world through its human pattern. Therefore the individual striving for transcendence can be considered as taking place within a narrative possible only because of the circumstances of one's life, as put by Spanish existentialist philosopher Ortega y Gasset: "I am myself and my circumstance, or surroundings". Ortega appears to be stating the obvious but in a usefully exact way: that the ego or self is effectively a part of the objects within consciousness, without which nothing would mean anything. Indeed, can there be consciousness without objects? More to the point; can the objects, relationships, institutions, etc., "out there", as the "Other", be there to reveal the human pattern in life and its best path of development?

The possible unification of self and non-self (one's circumstance) leads naturally to the notion of a spiritual journey within "the world", often formalised as a pilgrimage but essentially being a series of steps towards developing attunement to the hypernomic world and therefore reducing dependence upon the biospheric sources of will (the values that move it), such as comfort, reproduction, wealth, power and so on. However, the weak part of the equation is what one expects from God or the gods in return for such renunciation, since to enter the hypernomic must be a strengthening of will but will must have an objective other than merely pleasing the gods.

It is obvious that "relationship to surroundings" is somehow a key to "relationship to the hypernomic world". Gurdjieff proposed that our deeper impressions of the world contain elements of the higher worlds of the hypernomic, but all mixed up and only discernible to a consciousness having a similar "vibratory character" to that higher world to which such an impression belongs. This is a very important characteristic of Gurdjieff's teaching, that higher worlds are compresent within our surroundings, this having resonance with an early Christianity in which "But the Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the Earth, but men see it not" [gospel of Thomas Log 113].

Just as a donkey in a library does not see books and cannot read them, a person without the will or "vibratory character" of the hypernomic world cannot make sense of those impressions within their situation. In a world in which the ego is trained from birth to focus on what it wants or what others want, and reject what it dislikes, there is evidently a need to look beyond the boundaries of what selves can do and to look instead at **what is possible in the situation** that may not be what one simply desires; a development presented by Gurdjieff in *Beelzebub's Tales* as a movement from attending to one's desires towards attending to non-desires. As a Sufi once put it: "Intelligence is in the situation" indicating that intelligence is not just in the selfhood, as is conventionally thought today.

Religion is doing; a man does not merely think his religion or feel it, he "lives" his religion as much as he is able, otherwise it is not religion but fantasy or philosophy.
George Ivanovich Gurdjieff (1866 -1949)

Addendum - The Role of Death in Ancient Art and Literature

Preparations for death were an important reason for the creation and dissemination of an ancient Model of the cosmos, which had the earth at its centre (being the location of life) and an earth divided into three regions: Heaven in the North, Life in the Equatorial regions and Hades/Hell to the South. The dead were thought to *transmigrate* to heaven or hell, long after monotheism had *dislocated* such destinations from the ancient Model as *cosmic* regions.

The road travelled after death was along the **sun's path** (or ecliptic/zodiac) where this connected with the two junctions of spring and autumn equinox, the **celestial earth** (our present Equator when projected into the starry sky) there crossing the ecliptic. **The Galaxy** formed a further 'great circle' in the sky, seen to cross the zodiac at two further points; in the last third of the signs of Sagittarius and Gemini. These two pairs of cross-over locations were thought part of a cosmic mechanism or Mill that was slowly drifting due to the **Precession of the Equinoxes**, moving one sign every 2160 years. In some configurations, the dead had problems during their transmigration whilst the living were also thought to be less blessed than at other *golden or silver Ages*, exactly due to the Earth's orientation to the Galaxy. By the Classical Greek period the full details of this Model had been forgotten.

The deceased were thought to benefit from knowledge of these structural niceties, a knowledge instilled orally, and through cultural exposure to a wide range of relatively oblique references within mythic tales, rituals and religious symbolisms. The technical nature of the Model meant *its truth could*

not be imparted by direct reason to ordinary people, who instead had to receive it within the pattern of their cultural life. So, whilst ancient myths, books of the dead, pyramid/coffin texts, and religious practices throughout the ancient world are found to have recognisable similarities, this hides a common religious invariance shaped by the hypernomic world, thought corresponding to human experiences after death, in which the Model was thought to become a cosmic reality.

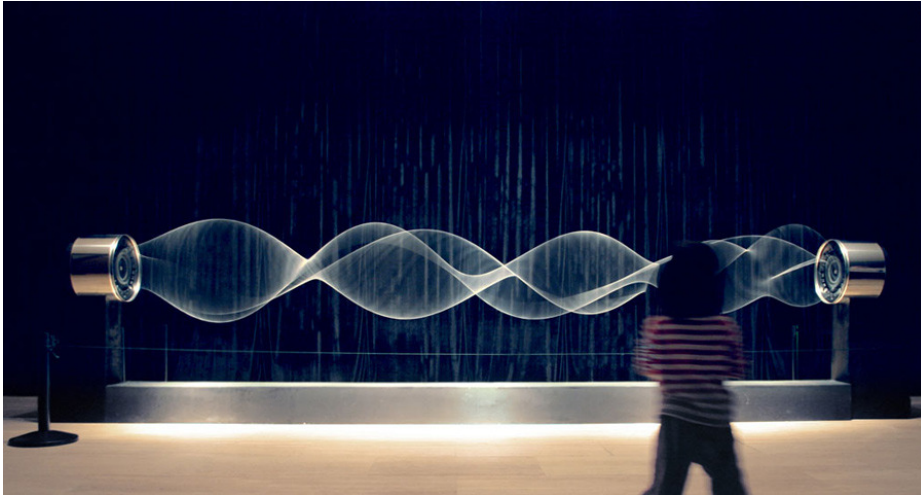


FIG. 2. *Imago Mortis*; woodcut from Schedel, *Buch der Chroniken* (1493).
INSTRUMENTS: rebec and shawms

From Music of the Spheres and the Dance of Death
by Kathi Meyer-Baer, Princeton UP:New Jersey, 1970

From a sub-atomic point of view - Poems for quantum physicists

Sent in by Arleta Ford – the editor takes sole responsibility for the illustrations



*

Yes, our movement waves
but not through your Cartesian space.

*

Is it true what is said in your Bible
that your creator
has no observables?

*

For Born:
You escaped
into probability
from a terror of our
un-reality.

Max Born (1882 -1970)



*

We dispense
with a classical way
of getting
from here to there.

*

For d'Espagnat:

Please,

remove the veil,

we might be there.

*

Your quantum centaurs

are of strange status,

half non-existent

and half apparatus.

*

For classical entities:

You are not local in time,

we - in space,

there are some problems

concerning meeting place.

*

Your quantum mechanics' principal idea

is that the mechanics of quanta

cannot be made clear.

*

Please,

don't be so hasty

to dispose

with the notion of cause.

*

We enjoy to linger on

between your concepts

of emptiness and form.

*

Concerning your doubts

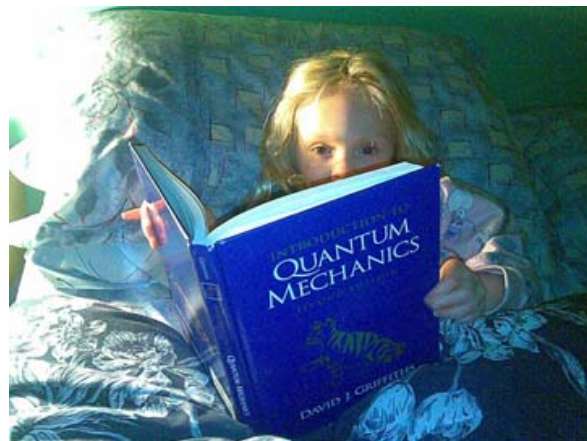
Bernard d'Espagnat (born 1921)



Schrodinger's Cat wave function

$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}|\text{cat}\rangle + \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}|\text{no cat}\rangle$$

Your quantum mechanics' principal idea
is that the mechanics of quanta
cannot be made clear.



A new physics?

whether we account for mind,
or mind - for us,
we suppose, both.

*

Advice:

Please,
probe us
with something
without quantities

Sincerely,
quantum entities

*

We have got
some loose screw,
Heisenberg knew.

*

We would love
to live in the past,
when people were allowed
to imagine us.

*

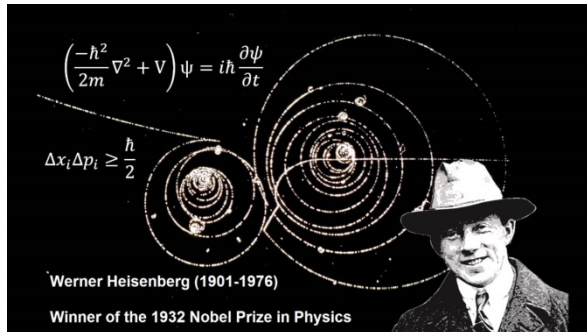
But please,
do you understand at least
why you don't understand us?

With Best Regards

*

When you make me
classically viable,
I spread out
my non-commuting remainder.

*



We overheard your cosmologists praying:

"Our Lord up there
could you kindly collapse
the wave function
of the Universe?"

*

Surely,

I have got a metaphysical status.

I cannot be observed
through your apparatus.

Yours Universe

*

Why do you describe
our subtle dance
in terms
of an absolute chance?

*

Your complementarity principle:

Because

the vector state is not enough
you have to complement it
with a physicist
who makes it collapse.

*

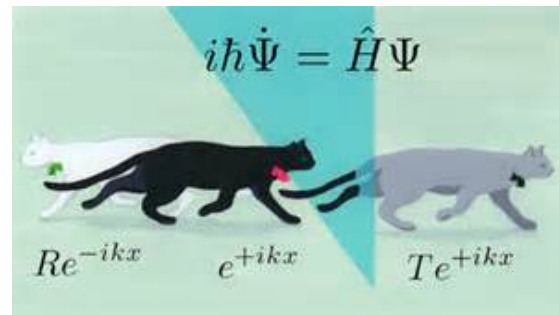
Please,

build more cyclotrons,
we love to exchange forms.

*

Sorry

that our dance is ignoring
the music of your categories.



$$\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \frac{d^2}{dx^2} \psi + U_0 \psi = E \psi$$
$$\psi_c = \cos kx \quad \psi_{total} = A \cos kx$$
$$\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} (-k^2) \cos kx + U_0 \cos kx = E \cos kx$$

*

From what you know,
how would you picture my dance
in the universe of void?

Sincerely
Electron

*

We are fond
that to your abstractions
we do not correspond.

*

As gentlemen
we prefer to appear in
a discreet
sorry - discrete way.

*

We are persistent
in confusing
your notions of existence.

*

Our very existence
feeds on that
with which you try
to pin us down.

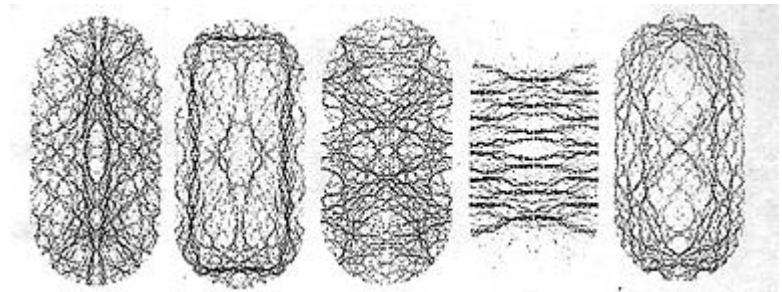
With Best Regards

*

In terms of classical physics
we feel a bit
dizzy.

*

We do not tremble



in a random way.

Sincerely

Stationary States

*

We have learned so well
how to appear
in your famous
two slit experiment.

*

Copenhagen view:

To be consistent
we have to be
non existent.

*

For Wigner
Please,
there is enough mess
without your consciousness.

*

For John Bell

Yes,
essentially,
we are inseparable.

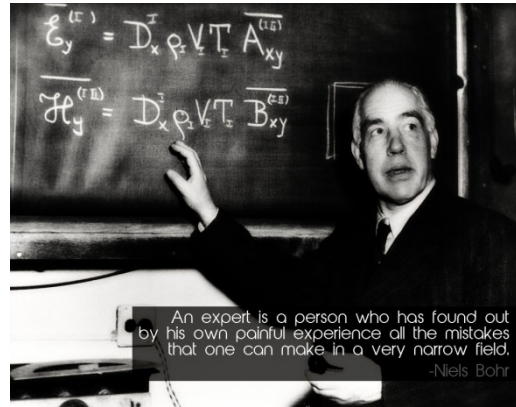
Sincerely

Beables

*

For provers
Please,
try to prove
that we are metaphysical,
without assuming

Niels Henrik David Bohr
(1885 -1962)



Eugene Paul "E. P." Wigner (1902 -1995)



John Stewart Bell (1928 -1990)



that we are classical.

Sincerely

Hidden Variables

*

We refuse
to be elementary entities
of your ugly, mechanical
reality.

David Joseph Bohm (1917 -1992)



COMMENTARY ON THE TWELVE HYPOTHESES CONCERNING HIGHER INTELLIGENCE

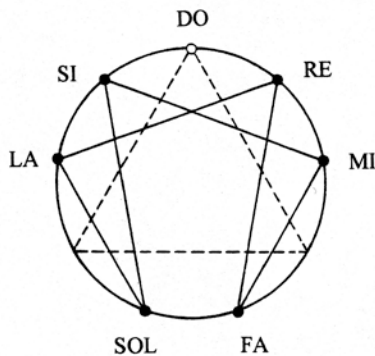
The author is Ken James and the text is taken from email exchanges from more than ten years ago. This was before Anthony Blake's book A Gymnasium of Beliefs in Higher Intelligence was published. Part of the interest of this material is its fresh in-the-moment response.

-DO-

COMMUNICATION WITH HIGHER INTELLIGENCE

Twelve Hypotheses of Higher Intelligence

"Ah, if only I could fashion you, beloved, a wondrous artifact, a Plato's Phaedrus, that represented the question being answered in the form of its solution! With such would I delight you as in the morning promise of it all." --Anonymous



Well, Tony, I was daunted upon encountering your sketch of a perspective on the theme of higher intelligence. Took me breath away, actually; took on the appearance of the beginning of a long, ghastly, toilsome session of perception-efforts of all sorts. Your questions about the nature of communication with higher intelligence calls for an intelligent response -- one not only intelligent in itself and sufficient unto its own but resultant of my very own living substance as it stands in reality. I am compellingly responsible to participate amply in this dialogue with you and whoever else joins us. I groped about my person for suitable

instruments of equivalent reply and found that the only of resource was my mind. So I have to say, with regard to understanding the nature of communication with higher intelligence, that the first foundational term is Mind. Whether higher or lower, intelligence requires the apparatic, environmental condition called mind. Intelligence occurs/operates/exists in a mind. A mind is a cosmos, and can be an organism, an organ, a system, or any other structure with the requisite degree on inner togetherness. And as far as I can tell, mind is Mind is MIND.

A good question to ask is how many systematics terms are required to minimally define what a communicator with higher intelligence is doing; I say nine. Point 1, then, is Mind, the Do of an octave. So it appears that I equip myself with the utensils of the enneagram. And it is only right that I do so, partly out of the convenience of taking up what the truth of the situation lays to hand, partly out of honor to your dedication to this symbol, and partly out of a need to own the consolation of a completing map of the solution, the answer. The symbol (octave) is to be a map I can superimpose upon the flow of my experiencings as a "naming device" for recognizing the what & where & when & how. Oh for sure almost invariably, I could have filled my mind with, say, the monad and gone off into the empyrean void of reverent identification with Intelligence. I could have told you all about the dyadical considerations resultant of my usual state of mind. I could have triadically conciliated this and that with the other. And so forth. But would it have been intelligent to left out so much other experience? Could I have as effectively communicated with higher intelligence?

These thoughts about the makeup of my mind as I look around at this impending effort at comprehension, understanding, and realization invite an analogy: A kitchen can constitute anything from the underside of the chronic nailbiter's dirty irresistible fingernail to the scientifically elaborate mini-factory of a Las Vegas gambling casino restaurant complex. Likewise the mind, so I would have it, can hold any systematic for its arbor, armature, and matrix. Anyhow, I am pleased to find that I can shoe-horn the enneagram into the precincts of my mind and proceed to mentate according. The inner triad of the enneagram is Mind, Insight, and Aim (in/of overcoming contingency). I am also pleased to have resisted the desultory temptation to format the results of my mentation in the dodecadic form of a system of three tetrads. Why? Because I haven't yet reached Perfection...harhar.

You understand that in reading your 12 hypotheses I saw the answers right in the instant; this is one of the most extraordinary common occurrences in our communication with higher intelligence. And in the immediate light, my inner gaze has continued to track the manifold appropriate reply (142857142857...faster than I can note and articulate, God help). It is only in honoring the truth that I share my sadness at how little actual glory and eventual light is reflected in what my own particular capacity brings to you. Humiliating. (And surely there is here a place to acknowledge a fourth (anti-matter, hinter-perfect, too-subjective: suffering) tetrad of communication with higher intelligence called Intelligence as Hidden in Hyparxis, recognizable through, in, and with the virtues of Patience and Fortitude, which contains higher intelligence's tetradic sorrowful graveyard of such as the following: the willable unwilling, the enactable unenacted, the redeeming untried, the combined hypotheses of that manifestate higher intelligence whose possible intention of joy, knowing, and love is gone for ever beyond time, space, and opportunity of any sort.) And (not to forget religious belief) may none of us cease from a sense of awe and wonder at the Creator that we at this moment exist. Amen.

Where to begin when this question has already lead me to surprising places, has changed me? And by the way was it through some energific focus of your intention, or was it something of the Work come now to fruition in me, or was it some striving higher intelligence without us all moving me with drug-like-abrupt efficacy, that has done this to me? I swirl in 142857142857...

I am confronted with a daunting problem not only of functional ingenuity, but of being and understanding. One must be able to live one's language, ones sense, images, and metaphors. My former education is not sufficient collectedness for this task. This query into the nature of communication with higher intelligence puts me in a place where I am swimming in a defining perception that continually attempts to collapse applicable words into inarticulateness, into pure sensate experience. Oh, how good I feel to "know it all" ...but now what?

And there is this problem I am having of flickering in and out of existence. If only we could just-simply-finally touch it in a moment of realness together. (I might as well try yanking you into this entirely, Tony: Look at the opening scene of this science fiction movie: You see the usual futuristic chrome and glass room spilling over with technicians running about in impending-crisis mode. The background music pulses with significance. Astutely (that is, as if you alone personally were incidentally noticing it) you recognize that these technicians are actually poets. Now you've get a jolt of real audience identification with the scariness of it all. Whoa, alien thought, mate, them being poets and all. Swatches of dialogue inform you that Time is playing a whole lot of tricks. What tricks? Huh? The futurific Cartesians technologized an interface into the fullness of time, too? The recurrence of old stuff is superimposing upon the creation of new stuff; and the poets know they have to perceive a way to keep

the Present Moment intact in order to accomplish we-don't-know-yet-but-its-vital. At any rate, Tony dear, keep listening to the theme music...)

"O sole mio..."

Understanding Communication with Higher Intelligence. Hmm, the process, the scene? And what IS intelligence? Hmm, look what the dictionary says about Inter-legere: to gather, select, read, say, speak the logos, reason in, among, between, in the belly of. Vernacular is another kind of dictionary, a key to many meanings and understandings - not forgetting religious belief: Why does "superstition" come to mind? Why do we not stickle at "reasoning in our bellies" but denounce something "standing over/above" us? I perceive a superstition as a formal, valid thought form that is no longer alive, a dead idea, an idea/institution not lived in, and thus a perennial scourge of mankind, a whip for children.

Intelligence operates within a field/context that is, itself, intelligent. By analogy, there are the following abstractions: Message (from on-high, as it were, with its own intelligence). Code (from the conditions, here, with its own intelligence). And Enscriptor (with its own intelligence to engage).

Intelligent people: There are all varieties of intelligence, a human function including intellectual, emotional, physical/moving, instinctive, social, artistic/material. Arenas of the human spirit.

Essence qualities associated with higher intelligence that scintillate in my mind: Joy, light, ease, love, laughter, play, power, gratitude, worship/praise. Hope arises: Perception! I-AMing, knowing, wishing. Perceiving! Bliss of fulfilling a drive to perfection of a beloved's agenda. Joy that I can serve, be a part of the fulfillment of a higher purpose (which is not to be equated with relief at belonging - a ghostly cousin of a quality in the realm of unfulfilment).

-RE-----

And I do value you, dear brother; so I begin this endeavor. I say to myself, I will look at this question about higher intelligence intelligently. I will take into account the "body" of your question. Daughtily I suggest to myself that in all good sense and experience, the skeleton of this body is at least the Logos-shaped enneagram. ("...The Force, Luke, use the Force!..")

Right off, I am noticing that reading, scanning, and taking in your words over and over again is an intrusive difficulty. I must hold in mind that your question has a life structure that I must enter. I am obliged to leave the easy comfort of this desktop discoursing and drudge into the time and space and physical task of chewing on your words. This is challenging because I am duty-bound to keep in mind that that which you have labored to organize and express, here, contains more meaning than does a casual, one-dimensional communication or memorandum, for example, a corporate agenda or analysis of similar format.

Further, I am conscience-forced to go outdoors for help, to reconnect with the spirit world I knew so well in childhood. THIS is all that I know of higher intelligence, Tony; THEY are tell me the rest. My company of friends, my birthright of companionship, my solace. It is easy, dear: I look at something, a tree, an object, and all else, and I apprehend the spirit thereof. I look into Nature and see/made entities of ("entify" is my neologism for this; best to avoid saying it in polite company) what I perceive, willing it to be personal. I discover that my syntax is archaic, that of a child. Please bear with me.

Imagine the pain of he who perceives but is born into a culture with an impoverished language. Though I may not do it justice, I am in awe and wonder at this English language that spares me the exercise of so many metaphorical stage sets. And poetical words it must be, because it is plain as precedent that a poet is the technician we ought rightly to call upon for the job. (Alludes back to the opening scene of the sci-fi movie!)

Spirits are the "person" (the personal essence) who own the particular mind.

We perceive that spirits are personages. In our experience of the universe and in the world around us, we meet/encounter higher intelligence as a person, an individual, although also recognizable as a potent-full coherence, a virtual pattern of living organism, as well as a feature of subjectivity: "being in good spirits". "raging spirits". "an expense of spirit".

So, in the case of ancestral wisdom, when I consult with a deceased relative, I am addressing a person. The physical entity no longer walks the earth; I am engaging a virtual mind. What am I contacting? The refined soul substance of the actual ancestor? pure spirit that answers in the name of my relative?, or my own creation? Who/what is being contacted when people do channeling? The historic Seth, any old seth who matches my vibes? A pure creation in the moment, who persists in Time. A great commercial idea: a Designer Spirit Boutique. Take home your very own custom-made spirit! In a place like West Coast America, this would yield megabucks, believe me!

"Intelligence" looks like the enneagram, like Logos, like Work. In the center of my mind I have a fresh, new perception of Effort, Commitment, Surprise, Recurrence, Enactment. Alive, now, giving life presently. God is a "match-maker"! would love it if you loved each other. It's for your own good, my good, and the good of something higher! JOY-HARMONY-MUSIC. Joy, satisfaction of creation, fulfillment of destiny. Fresh hope because I have brought to mind the enneagram.

-ME-----

So also, if I am to participate in this mentation about higher intelligence, I must first connect up with who you are, link up with what you mean to me and what effort I am accordingly willing to pledge, and more or less deal with. Memory serves to take me to that moment when I first met you in 1972 in the Sherborne house dining room as we sat along the wall by the door to the hall and talked about Systematics and The Dramatic Universe. I felt, Thank God, thank god, I have a princeling brother; I am not alone amidst these peculiar Americans (tsk, tsk, would-be cosmic class consciousness in the Work) attending the first Sherborne Course; and we shall have fun together seeing what we shall see.

Accordingly, I perceive that I must open wide the horizons of my understanding in order to more fully and elaborately parse your words. I must rack my brain for the wider and wider ranges of verbal association, relevant ideas that I have validated in the past, images of what might be suitable metaphors, armatures of discourse, structures for articulating what now begins to flow of itself in my mind.

A new definition of the Work emerges. Being in the Work entails a fundamental, obligatory labor: that of keeping house, just getting it together inside of oneself, pulling oneself together; all else is ready and waiting. Intelligence is the reward of a clean Mind, the result of keeping a clean household (harmoniously collected state). The revelation is here already. ("My yoke [yoga!] is easy...") Come to your own birthday party, but for godsake get some clothes on, mate!

And so within this collectedness it occurs to me that Intelligence is Mind in Enactment. What is the nature of this enactment? Name this and you name the on-going, emergent Creation. The map of it is the Logos (enneagram).

A seemingly random hiatus in the process occurs: I wake up to the fact that I am getting stuck because I need to look, perceive, anew. Currently, I need to look at my own notes. There is the need for a variety of perceptions at various key times and places: mental, emotional, physical (eyes, hands & papers full of notes). I must call upon the inherent varieties of intelligence available to me, in me, of me.

So it's personal, we see. (Want a snack? I offer you a mobius strip of French curly-gig pastry, which is irresistibly scrumptious when eaten, but alas not a suitable meal in itself: A person which has a mind which has intelligence which has a spirit which has a name which has cohesion which has perception which has a will which has an aim which has a purpose.)

>>> 3 >>> [mndel-in]

Communication with higher intelligence is a personal thing. You personally pose your question about communicating with higher intelligence to me, by name. Likewise, those of your who are sharing in this dialogue: we address each other personally. We come into relationship from outside one another's mind. So too, the higher intelligence come in from an outside. Yet it is personal, too. Angels, intelligences, I call them insights because that definition fits the activity: a quest for understanding.

Your recipe, your twelve hypotheses calls for particular insights. You have issued me a summons; and I in turn must issue a summons. Now I notice that insights occur. They are new, fresh, and personal. I am intrigued by this; my mentation is energized. How suitable they appear, wholesome and complete in themselves. How flexible, adaptable, accommodating, adopting (in both senses of the word)! Living potency. Seeds and fruits.

I see that these insights come into my mind from "out there" to my right, putting me in mind of our ancestors' ancient description of angel(s) on the right shoulder, devil(s) on the left. And whence comes the learned remembrances of our ancestors prior sight? In the on-going flow of associations, I find I can key into my own experience via access to the wisdom of my ancestor's words in addition to via my cell history or genetic pattern. As a record in the vernacular, the ancestors are a "lower intelligence" relative to me in this mind of the moment. This is why it is said we must venerate them, because we thus make/create/evoke them as living-higher intelligence. So every culture enjoins respect for the ancestors. To "read" them is to "read" your self. Old & New constituents. Memory & Insight. The style in which the outcome is rendered is a function of Tradition (personal history) which itself is a function of what is available, of conditions, and of aims. But the insights, themselves, are new, suitable for this instant and no other. The Intelligent Answer(ing) walks and converses with Intelligent Question(ing).

It visibly unfolds before me that these insights come from an outside source. No, these insights are not mental association. They are not dead "notions": these insights are tailor-made-for-the-moment, living entities, spirits, willing friends, kissing cousins who know too well how to tickle me! By gracious mental association Point 3 tells a revealing secret about the kinship of the entry of air into the digestive process. Law-conformable analogy: Air. Insight. Inspiration! And it further strikes me that I am witnessing creation. My God, I never knew what creation was, before! I had never SEEN it before. Within me! These insights are popping up for me personally as appropriate to this particular instant. And they are beautiful, true, and good!

Intelligence is not the message nor the media/means but the: fabricator, maker, engineer, enabler, expeditor from out of the moment, instant, with its own improvising, spontaneous intelligence. Spontaneous intelligence is creation. To create is to be spontaneously intelligent. And so, Intelligence requires the grace/condition/basis of spontaneity, spontaneous creation, creation, improvisation. And so, when I set myself to answer your question, I entrain not only the Logos, but God's personal help, in crafting a solution. In hindsight of our exploration here another person may say: "He spoke intelligently". You may say, "Yes, that's the solution." Further others may say, "Next time we have a similar problem, let's use that solution"!

The world of spirits has this peculiar quality of being familiar. Hence the corollary: witches and sorcerers cultivate "familiar" in such embodiments as cats and birds. The world of spirits is also peculiar because it is a place where we recognize and are recognized! ("Not all who say Lord, Lord..." will enter the kingdom of higher intelligence.

Insights at Point 3 come in as lower intelligence because they are subject to my purpose/aim. I do not know their mind/source. In fact, I don't know entirely what I am doing/saying: words and words again with meaning. (Not tying 'me' up, but tying the all-of-me up.) I wonder for a moment, are my words only cliched, maudlin gibberish? "... and for Godsake, in the future let's make damn sure and keep Peter from rummaging around alone inside the Enneagram." Am I like the proverbial test-taker who ingested amphetamines to study all night and who was so focused down into the subject matter that he filled pages and pages of the text booklet with "God is love. Love is God." over and over?

Intelligence is always personal., not impersonal as in "intellect". Thus, intelligence entails an emotional responses. And physical actualizations like fatigue, expenditures of time, depletion of resources, compulsions. A person is one who definitively can rightly/properly say I AM. "I" is the power to form, request, "will", or evoke relationships. Spirits can call upon "powers", that is, other spirits or coalescences. Therefore, spirits might be said to have been made in the ghost-image of God.

To sin is to occlude, limit, curtail, fragment-break-block, obstruct. To forget a name is to sin. To discount a person is to sin. And abortion? Agonizing to call the thought to Mind. Amazing that I am born into the world as a blank, fresh, empty something (<filename>), and yet I have already been given friends. They await. Spirits may exist in an absolute, abstract sense as total, ready-made entities. In hindsight it always looks that way. But of course, at anytime, I can prove this wrong by fashioning an object: At a certain point in that octave of fabrication/evocation, I will encounter the newly-emergent independent life of it! I look at the given object, and see that spirit. An act of will: It feels also like I create them! Relatively speaking, therefore, for humans the act of perception is the act of creation.

Spirits: But for us humans, the special act of attention is required on our part. We must attend (preside, be present, Be) for us to see them, meet them. To recognize and be recognized. Phenomenologically, it is a sight, a seeing, that comes IN. From the outside as in our own hindsight, we call it "insight". We encode what we perceive with a name to carry the image/the seeing/the message/the substance. ("In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful...")

What's in a name? A name is the "representative on earth" of what I serve, of the relationship that I will to exist. "I come in the Name of the Lord." "In your name, I/we WILL..." "...for the praise and glory of your NAME, for our good, and the good of all his church..." Who are you? I am <filename>.

A great deal enters from the outside "comes to mind", comes to the mind, comes to the circle of action. I/Me is the meeting ground, the singularity, the indispensable pearl of great price.

-FA-----

There is the sense of being a agent, cosmic royalty, I get is of having the power of calling upon these spirits, of compiling word-ideas. (Were I biblical, of shepherding obliging sheep; were I Bismarkean, of marshaling forces; were I a corporate-type, of managing a close-knit team.) So now I am dicing and sorting images and word meanings in preparation for blending and cooking up some ideas about higher intelligence. Banging and clanking metaphors. Later, I spend an entire day arranging insights together in the form of written notes, all the while feeling the heat, feeling under fire to carry this task out honorably, feeling over the fire of a sacred duty. Associations blend: I connect experienced insight with historic insight. I place these ingredients of your recipe into the appropriate vessels.

Slice and dice. Make further and further distinctions as I spin about the 142857. This faculty can self-automate; once ensymboled and tasked; it has to power to take over my living routine. Is this an instance of higher intelligence metamorphosing from insight-message bearing angel into compulsion-to-work demiurge? Several days with three or four hours of sleep. Indeed, I might take a razor, a laser, a maser, sub-something-or-other-imaginable device to the insights: No harm; they delight at the stimulation! And it is not just over and across but up and down. Intelligence teems and cascades everywhere. It is here at a rate multitudes the time it takes me to think up a way of expression. Indeed, I am compelled to object, "These wonders & distractions & diversions are driving me out of my Mind."

To bring a symbol to mind and coat it with insights: My mind disappears and becomes Mind and yet "I" remain, with all my powers/faculties intact. I see how the gospel writers coalesced like cell differentiation in formation of organs of specialized perception. I taste inhabiting a solaric communication system with a pentadic structure of multiple wills. Master: Tony and his circulating note about higher intelligence. Higher Nature: Coalescent group intelligence. Ipseity: The mind of the participants. Lower Nature: Faculties of intelligence. Nourishment: Spirit of insight. I am ready to run with the dogs, and a kind of Rumi quotation murmurs, "You are, beloved, my sun and my moon."

By holding the symbol in mind, thus, one creates a separation, betwixt which "I" can be present. Therefore active mentation rather than just flow of desultory associations and memories or influx of insights that swamp all else and take up center stage of space/time/hyperaxis. The Great Play, Arena of Play: LIFE!!! Here-now-always. Joy of life in discovery, play, and insight! It is not to say great joy, much play, but to say immense joy and infinite play (though not to forget that there is a fire burning UNDER me). Though not to forget the expenditure of energy required!

-SOL-----

This is my sixth day and night into this labor of perception/active mentation/articulation and at least I can tell you with certainty that the challenge is difficult. (I might add it is no fun being pushed around by demiurges and flogged by angels.) A great concern about the many fields of view to account for and take care of. A great concern that in the end all of this be an adequate and worthwhile nourishment of ideas. A sinking feeling about the likely failure of my little plan to use this enneagrammatic form of presentation for replying to your sketch of a perspective on the theme of higher intelligence. Have I

ignored too many insights in the course of the time I am spending keeping order over my own self-observations and discoveries about the enneagram, itself? A great concern about indulgently drawing conclusions versus coming to/arriving at conclusion about what I have seen. It seems hazardous to stop breathing to reflect. By now I see that properly done, my efforts with this reply could serve not only for my own good. Quite early on I glimpsed and tasted this process in its entirety; this delightful discovery alone has been reward in itself. But the full benefit is yet to come for me, you, and (oh, let's just use religious vernacular for now) God. Will this all be a disappointment of your expectations and a waste of your time? Remorse. I feel the wrenching urge to say to you I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Ah, but to hell with me and my worries.

Harnel-Aoot.

"Boiling, bubbling tetrads..."

>>> 6 >>> [mdnel-in]

At some point in this consideration I notice that a permission has been granted me, absolving me somehow. Further, I notice that it is not only I but my environment that has been transformed. Family members and friends come to me and relate in a new way. It is as if to say that my solitary labors have turned me into something visible, the role has become Role. It is this Role which attracts. "Strange attractor of the social realm". I am startled by what I see in the eyes of these others, at the gentleness, love, peace, power, and fullness reflected back at me. And yet I have done nothing! Unquestionably, I had already given up. I was gone. (There is this scene in the sci-fi movie where we learn that the poet-technicians have devised an apparatus that actually uses Recurrence as a means of restoring the Present Moment to Creative Spontaneity.)

Help! And we get not only help but a direct blessing. Adaptation to contingency isn't everything. Redemption is a necessary component of foresight. As I have endeavored to make suffice, "someone" makes it so that I am sufficient. There comes a moment when our judgment, perception, and discrimination is met from an outside source by a complementary judgment, perception, and discrimination. Like the on-going processes of crystallization in Earth's crust, time, eternity, and hyperaxis are growing anon. In religious metaphor, this looks like God's personal intercession acting personally on our behalf (thus manifesting higher intelligence as the fastest rate of becoming, and belonging to the present moment) through the decision from on high that both the higher Purpose and our own purposes in our local role are served. Out earnest gesture, it appears, is what is called for. And the cost is not one sided: Yes, higher intelligence may "eat us" in this event, but God is stuck with the consequences of mercy, the "cosmic suffering" entailed in outside affairs to so-to-speak clean house. Other cosmoses must assent to the mercy implicit in our redemption; all the rest of creation pays with the obligation to continue to be intelligent in order to deal with the further contingency. Thus, compassion compels the action of intelligence through, with, and in the future.

Hence albeit mysterious, the purposes of higher intelligence does not stop at the idea of a dry intent or impersonal plan. A wished-for outcome impels because there is a beloved beneficiary. We wish to please and bejiggle, and are, ourselves, pleased and bejiggled at the prospect, at the outcome. The Surprise on your face. ...Give you joy of your fulfillment... It is the higher that redeems the lower, that can impartially see my suffering and responds to it with impulsion as the reflected Suffering of God.

"Hosanna in the highest" intimates that Time is God's Will, the monad of the Wished-For Outcome, the Totality of Intelligence, God's Mind. And thus, at one time Time was a glimmer in his father's eye.

The Law That Loved Itself, The Loving Law, The Serving Law. This compelling compassion generates a hierarchy of values within "The Intelligent Present":

- a. joy in experiencing the sensations/play of my own powers {my existence}
- b. satisfaction in creation (the marshaling of powers) {my fate}
- c. fulfillment in having been marshaled by the powers at hand [that is, in being myself!] to enact "your" higher-level act of creation {my destiny}.

Therefore, too, the 13th Hypothesis: The "limitation" we perceive is "uniqueness quantified". ALL-ONE. Shift the focus upward: a lot of ALL-ONES. This paradox makes us prone to ask, ain't they only parts? Nah! God wills not to be limited by Godness, by His anthropomorphic-supposed Oneness. For all Love, God is beyond the One. (A wonderful quirkiness, would we not say?)

13th Hypothesis:

"Fact" that HI is itself limited, supposing a yet higher order.

Human intelligence as "higher"? Possibly not.

-LA-----

Mmm, the air, no the ether savors with the promise of wished-for fruits.

(In the sci-fi movie we catch glimpses of the dodecad tri-tetrad symbol in the form of patches on shirts and uniforms and on display on huge NASA-like computer wall screens that continuously permute with shifting colors and parades of text and glyphs.)

In our messages we have created the following dialogue:

From: Ken James

These hypotheses fall into the three groups indicated in the text, higher intelligence as

- a. human potential
- b. an independent class of entities
- c. hidden in time

In some ways, human potential (a) is related to hidden in time (c) in that if something exists in the individual as a potency, then theoretically, in time and with the appropriate set of stimuli (a facilitating environment), these potentials will manifest; hence they are "hidden in time". Group (b) may be conceived as a personification of (a) and (c), which personification may be necessary due to the limitations or predilections of human cognitive and affective processing. It is simply easier and more comprehensible to locate this higher intelligence in embodied entities to whom we may at some "time" relate, and through whom we may come to know our "potential".

I believe that Jung's postulation of the collective unconscious is relevant here. Regardless of "where" this resides in the human being, it is a fact that as a person bounded by space and time I must relate to this level (here the metaphors really run rampant) through my personal experience, and only to the extent that I am open to the forces in this collective unconscious level can I begin to appreciate the higher intelligence inherent in it. Through cultural and dream-given personifications (mythological

systems, dreams, daydreams, synchronicities, etc.) I begin to get a sense that "there is a deeper world than this" to quote that talented Jungian analyst Sting. Self-remembering becomes the means whereby we are reminded of our powerlessness and simultaneously of the vast reservoir of potency on which we float and from which we draw meager sustenance.

By considering these three categories of hypotheses about higher intelligence, I believe Tony is presenting a new unfoldment of the experience of the collective unconscious, and placing the archetypes into three possible realms of experience: as potential within each of us, as a separate class of beings with whom we interact knowingly or unknowingly, and as realities embedded in the merciless Heropass, awaiting our discernment.



A Theatre for Us

by A. R. Orage



In conversation recently with a number of the intelligentsia (meaning no less, in America, than people interested in the *Little Review*) the topic perambulated round to the theatre. Wishing to make an experiment for my own curiosity, I asked everybody present to recall the occasions, within the previous twelve months, when he or she had been to a theatre for no other motive than to see a play for their own pleasure. In the confessional it turned out that nobody had once gone to a theatre for the sake of the play alone; there had always been auxiliary motives of an extraneous character, such as a dinner party, the obligation to write a notice, personal interest in a playwright or performer, and so on; and at least nine times out of ten this auxiliary motive was really the principal motive. In fact, but for the tradition of the theatre, the same motive would have taken them to any other place as readily as to a theatre.

As this had been my state, I was interested to have it shared by people worth respect; and my next question could now safely be put: “What is the kind of play that anybody present would like to see produced?” For it is obvious that unless either we can define the kind of play that would for its own sake interest us, or have the fortitude to wait for such a one to appear miraculously out of the blue, the theatre is not really for us, but only for our guests and hosts and unemployed associates. In short, it is not in any degree an art value, but only an entertainment—and rather dear at the inconvenience.

To my question, however, there was little positive response. (Why is it that people articulate on paper are so often dumb in original conversation?) I tried, in vain, to stimulate their interest in their own imagination. The drama, I said, began as a Monologue, became a Duologue, and is now a Triologue. Practically all modern plays consist of a triangle surrounded by minor geometrical figures. Is it inconceivable what the next evolutionary step must be?

A half-original suggestion was made that is just but only just worth recording. “It’s quite true,” the hominist said, “that every variety of the triangle has been staged. Come to that, most men have staged every sort of triangle in their personal experience, and the stage has nothing on them. But I would not mind seeing the triangle twisted occasionally to exhibit two men in conflict for the same woman. We see this triangle often enough in nature; but apparently it is not frequent in human nature. The theatrical convention, at least, is the dispute of two women about a man. When two men dispute over a woman—on the stage—it is usually a walk-over for one and the other permits himself to be walked over. I’m not suggesting that blood should be their argument; but I would like to see a battle of manly intelligences.”

This idea is only half-original because, obviously, it does not give us a new initiative to drama comparable, let us say, to the substitution of three characters for two or two for one. It still leaves us with the eternal triangle. But there being no further suggestion, I was bound to produce my own—neither of them I avow, really my own, if only because there is nothing really one’s own under the sun.

The first was suggested by a recollection. Several travelling theatrical companies found themselves marooned together over a certain Sunday on one of the desert islands called in America one-horse cities.

To wile away the time, one of the party suggested that each should play a role he or she fancied, and get it professionally passed upon by the rest. To this was added the better suggestion that if one of the party would begin improvising in his selected role, the rest should come in as the occasion offered and continue the original improvised plot in his own selected role and on his own invention. The moment must have been creative; or, let us say, the planets must have been auspicious. The play lasted three hours; everybody in the three companies, to the number of sixteen, took part in it; the construction of the play was technically excellent; and the plot was rounded off to a satisfying finale. In the recollection of the whole tribe, no play or playing had had half the “go” of this improvised master-piece. They returned to the stage and to us with a golden dream.

“Suppose a company were to promise improvisation—would you” (I asked my friends) “go to see it, not from any auxiliary motive principally, but from the principal motive of curiosity? Assume that the idea were taken up by competent players who would adventure their success on their ready wit—would you go, even alone?”

It is significant that every person present replied with an emphatic affirmative. Now then, Theatre! You know at least something which would really intrigue “us.”

The second suggestion, again, was inspired by a recollection, but this time of a Russian play, produced or not produced, I am not sure which. The idea is to exhibit on the stage human psychology as it really is; that is to say (remember I speak as an intelligent to the intelligent— none of your “of, by or from”)—as mechanically determined by the sum of our experiences, instinctively, emotionally and mentally. Each of us—even “us,” is a marionette of a body whose behavior dances to the pulls of circumstances upon its three main pivots. Our behavior, in fact, is the resultant of three pulls, which seldom coincide in direction. My idea is to stage the facts as follows: At the side of the stage a three-storied erection would be placed; and in each of its rooms, open to the audience, a character would appear and there remain throughout the play. The top storey would represent the mind, the second the emotions, and the bottom storey the instincts or physical appetites. On the stage itself, the leading role would be played by a character whose every speech, gesture and procedure would be the resultant of the conflicting advice offered him by the three players, representing his own three “voices.” He would have no “will” of his own; but his behavior would be dictated by the relative strengths of the three pulls as represented by the three players “in him.” There would, moreover, be room for much variety. It is clear that people differ not wholly but only in the distribution and relative development of their three chief functions. One, for instance, has the brain of a man, the emotions of a child, and the appetite of a savage. Another has the brain of a child, the emotions of a poet, and the appetites of a dog—and so on. The resultant behaviors as manifested by the living automaton on the stage itself would be highly entertaining, might be extremely instructive and ought to be truly illuminating.

I do not, of course, undertake to construct a play adapted to this method of presentation; but, as one whose interest is centered in human psychology, I do undertake to go to see such a play attempted.

Having thus delivered myself with the modesty proper to the original source of the provocation to the discussion, I waited for the verdict. Alas, all my friends were asleep but one, and she had not listened to a word. It is at her request that I repeat myself thus.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



WELL, WE'VE DECIDED WHAT IT IS WE WANT TO THINK ABOUT - BUT WE NEED SOME 'FUEL' TO FEED OUR THINKING. WE NEED FOOD FOR THOUGHT. WHAT DO WE KNOW THAT MIGHT BE USEFUL? WHAT DO WE WANT TO ACHIEVE? WE HAVE TO GATHER INFORMATION - BUT IT'S MORE THAN INFORMATION - IT'S THINGS THAT ARE MEANINGFUL AND RELEVANT TO OUR PURPOSE.

YES - THERE IS A LOT OF INFORMATION AROUND BUT WE NEED TO SELECT WHAT IS REALLY USEFUL - WHAT WE CALL MOLECULES OF MEANING OR MMS FOR SHORT



LET'S LOOK AT HOW WE GATHER ORGANIC FOOD.

WE HAVE TO GO OUT AND FIND IT

AND WE HAVE TO EXTRACT WHAT WE WANT FROM THE GROUND AND PLANTS



IT CAN BE HARD WORK!



WITH MANY STAGES TO EXTRACT WHAT IS VALUABLE AND NOURISHING



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SYMBOLS FOR GRAIN - THE DESIRED FRUIT OF PLANTING AND HARVESTING



IT CAN ALSO BE A PLEASANT AND REWARDING WAY TO SPEND OUR TIME





IN THE LVT PROCESS WE GATHER THE EQUIVALENT OF ROOTS, GRAINS AND BERRIES IN MOLECULES OF MEANING

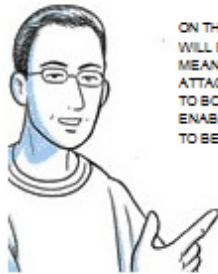
THESE LOOK LIKE PIECES OF TEXT WRITTEN ONTO FLAT OBJECTS - SO WE CAN GO ON TO HANDLE THEM AND MOVE THEM AROUND.



THESE LOOK LIKE PIECES OF TEXT WRITTEN ONTO FLAT OBJECTS - SO WE CAN GO ON TO HANDLE THEM AND MOVE THEM AROUND.

THESE LOOK LIKE PIECES OF TEXT WRITTEN ONTO FLAT OBJECTS - SO WE CAN GO ON TO HANDLE THEM AND MOVE THEM AROUND.

THEY'LL LOOK LIKE THESE THINGS



ON THEIR BACKS WILL BE SOME MEANS OF ATTACHING THEM TO BOARDS BUT ENABLING THEM TO BE MOVABLE



THEY'RE STUCK ONTO LARGE BOARDS

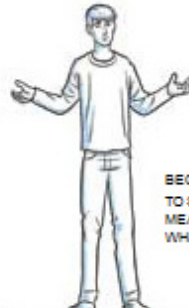


THE CHOICE OF RECTANGLE OR HEXAGON IS A MATTER OF PREFERENCE - RECTANGLES ARE NEATER WHILE HEXAGONS FIT TOGETHER NICELY

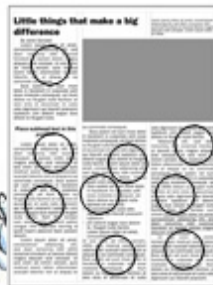
BUT IN EITHER CASE, HOW THEY ARE WRITTEN IS VERY IMPORTANT.

NO SINGLE WORDS OR PHRASES!

COMPLETE SENTENCES ONLY!



BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN AND MEAN WHAT YOU SAY!!!



SOMETIMES, MAKING MMs IS LIKE PICKING OUT POINTS FROM A PAGE OF TEXT

WE BREAK THE WAY THEY WERE STRUNG TOGETHER IN THE LINEAR TEXT

IN A SIMILAR WAY WE BREAK THE CHAINS OF ASSOCIATION INVOLVED IN REMEMBERING OR THINKING ABOUT THINGS



WE CAN THINK OF RANDOMISING THE MMS AS THROWING THEM INTO A POT



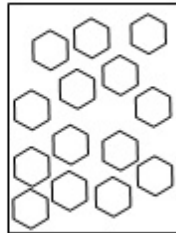
AND LATER TAKING THEM OUT USING 'POT LUCK'



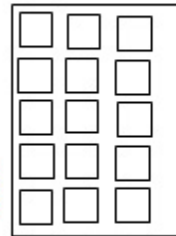
"...And now the weather for the weekend"

"Pot Luck" comes from the north American Indian tradition of potlatch in which everyone brought something to a gathering

THE 'POT' CAN LOOK LIKE THIS JUMBLE OF HEXAGONAL SHAPED MMS



OR THEY CAN BE SHOWN NEATLY AS IN THIS ARRAY OF RECTANGULAR MMS



IT'S ONLY INDIVIDUALS WHO WRITE MMS IN GROUPS THEY CAN THROW THEM TOGETHER INTO THE SAME POT OR GATHER THEM ON THE SAME BOARD - BUT EVERYONE SHOULD GET UP AND DO THE GATHERING NOT JUST SOMEONE AT THE HEAD OF TABLE AS APPEARS IN THIS CARTOON



EVERYONE SHOULD GET UP AND BE INVOLVED



Collage Connection October 11 - 15, 2014

IMAGES, METAPHORS, AND MYTHS: opening to the transformative power of tissue paper collage

The creative arts have long held a power to awaken deeply held feelings and beliefs that might otherwise not have a way of expressing themselves. Making tissue paper collages is a way to simultaneously encourage imaginative play and artistic expression. This brings out of hiding unknown parts of ourselves that may be trapped in the body and psyche, influencing and constricting our lives. Making tissue paper collages may seem like creative activities reserved for kindergarten students, however, it is these basic inventive and imaginative



actions that have the power to shape lifelong changes in our body, mind and emotions. The relationship to the beauty, mystery, and chaos that can appear in a collage restructures a person's experience and orientation.

This retreat is facilitated by Karen Stefano, MA, LPC is an artist and practicing Licensed Professional Counselor and Bio-Energetic Analyst. She has trained extensively in psychodynamic psychotherapy, group psychotherapy, and analytic somatic psychotherapy. A trained sculptor and painter, she draws on the synergy of expressive arts and counseling. Working with individuals, couples and groups — her approach is somatic, existential, and influenced by Jungian ideas. Karen has been teaching The Tissue Paper Collage process for over twenty years, leading workshops around the world. She is a co founder of the DuVersity, a non-profit educational organization devoted to building bridges between psychology and spirituality.

For more information contact: Karenstefano@icloud.com call 304.7286757

When: Saturday October 11 - Wednesday October 15, 2014

Where: The Mabel Dodge Luhan House, Taos, New Mexico

CE INFO: 33 clock hours of NBCC approved

For more information:

<http://www.tissuepapercollage.net/pdf/TCCfinalOctober2014.pdf>



Mabel Dodge Luhan House