

Practicing Self-knowing

AWARENESS JOURNAL

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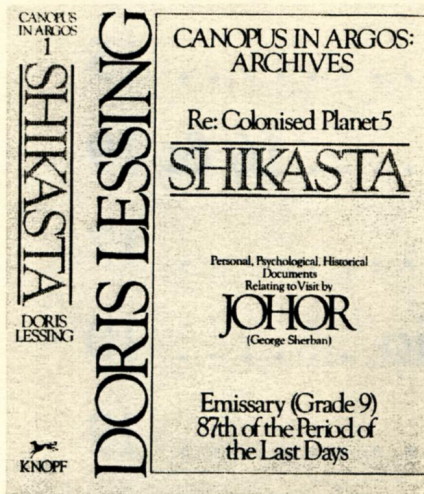
Book List

Titles by DORIS LESSING

A master of the use of myth, metaphor, and a good story, Doris Lessing gives her answers to the Four Questions which everyone needs to know: What am I? Where am I? What's going on here? What can I do?

The books comprising Doris Lessing's *Canopus in Argos, Archives* "sci-fi" series contain, in my opinion, the best teaching novels of our time. Serious students of Life will find many answers within. Please note: These books are out of print and we sell used copies in excellent condition, almost as new—dustjackets sometimes show a little wear, but books are almost as new. Harmony Workshop is committed to keeping them in circulation and will buy them back from you for \$10, providing they are in the same condition. A few paperback volumes available, inquire.

Shikasta means "the broken one" and is the name of what is obviously Planet Earth, but can also be seen as each of us. "The Necessity" governs Shikasta and is the True Purpose of Living.



"Canopus," the Mother Planet, can be seen as the direct Source for Shikastans, and their Essence; and Canopus is also the fully inte-

grated conscious being and virtually immortal in a way. "Shammat" is a demon-like sub-human race whose only purpose is to cause misery and grow fat sucking this particular energy (misery) from the populace; "Sirius" is a benign part of the galaxy, but though quite ancient and technologically advanced, completely ignorant of "The Necessity" and represents the student of Life. \$20

The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four & Five A timeless fairytale in style, unlike the other books in this series. The Queen of Zone Five lives in a beautiful, "ideal" realm... But discovers she has been asleep on the job. The animals and crops are becoming sterile, the vitality of the people is fading and waning. "The Necessity" intervenes and the lovely queen finds herself descended into

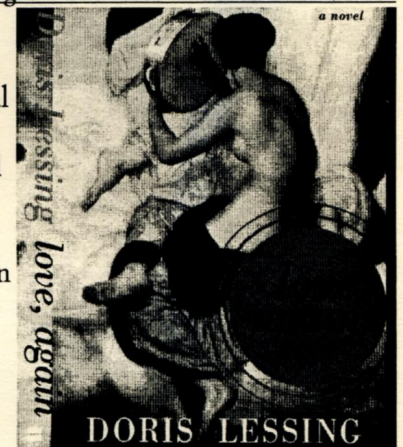
a barbarian land where she is to mate with its brutish king. This is the best exposition in fiction of the journey of the student of Life—everything is covered. \$20

The Sirian Experiments: The Report of Ambien II of the Five Fun "space fiction" which describes the journey of the student of Life and his or her (in this case her) relationship with the Teacher. \$20

The Making of the Representative for Planet Eight A difficult book in a way because the landscape is so depressing, the existence of its inhabitants so terrible. But well worth the effort because by the end, the reader understands the purpose of all trials and travails, sees the value of Resistance in the purpose of Life. A glorious book. Hardcover \$20

Love, Again In this new novel (not part of the *Canopus* series), a just-past-middle-age woman is part of a company putting on a play, a tragic romance whose ethereal heroine seems almost to have possessed the company... Everyone is in love or in lust or vboth. Our heroine, Sarah, had forgotten what it felt like to be in love and in lust and is amazed both at herself and at the "mirrors" all around her, each reflection different and yet each the same. The author shows that what passes for "love" in the world is really grief, or an imperfect antidote for grief... Separation and union are, in reality, something within, reflected all around us \$20

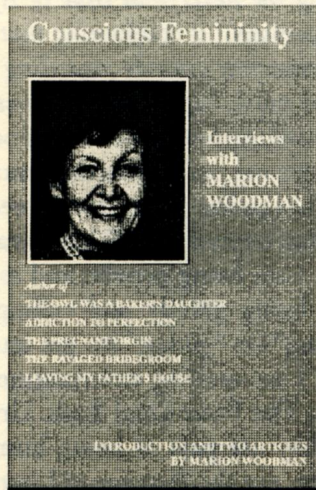
The Fifth Child All about letting go of ideals and living a Real Life. A happy extended family falls apart, and a mother is transformed, when the brat from hell is born to them. (Not for pregnant women.) \$13



Book List

Titles by MARION WOODMAN

Marion writes about and teaches developing a "Conscious Feminine" aspect, sometimes described as the ability to receive and respond ("respond-ability"), or, creating a soul, or gaining wisdom. These "feminine" traits are not gender-specific, of course, every student of Life is working on it... These books, however, are probably of more interest to women because the author has worked so closely with women for so long, this is her area of expertise. If these books are used, not just read, they are guaranteed to transform one's life.



Addiction to Perfection, the Still Unravished Bride \$18

Conscious Femininity \$16

The Owl Was a Baker's Daughter (with emphasis on eating disorders) \$16

The Pregnant Virgin, a Process of Psychological Transformation \$18

The Ravaged Bridegroom, Masculinity in Women \$18

The Pregnant Virgin
A Process of Psychological Transformation



Marion Woodman

Titles by IDRIES SHAH

The late Idries Shah was said to have been the head of the spiritual teachers of his time. He performed a valuable service by putting the Middle-Eastern teaching stories in a format Westerners could absorb. These stories are not to be analyzed, they are devised to occupy the "analyzer" so that their message can reach one's essence without the usual agreement/disagreement, and other biases. In addition to stories, he wrote some vitally interesting books about the teachers, their work and their methods. Books to read again and again.

The Commending Self About the false self. Q & A; recently written \$26

Caravan of Dreams Teaching stories, including "The Story of Mushkil Gusha" \$12

Subtleties & Exploits of Nasruddin Jokes and *apparent* nonsense \$12

Letters & Lectures Pamphlet \$7

Evenings with Idries Shah Pamphlet \$7

The Magic Monastery Stories \$12

Observations Pamphlet \$7

Special Problems of Sufi Study Pamphlet \$7

Life's Word now back in print. \$6 inc.post.

By RHONDELL

Letters from Rhondell Vol.I \$6.00, includes postage

Picture of Man for 12-Steppers \$6.00 includes post.

Seeking the Rose videotape VHS \$12 includes post.

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The Peasant, the Priest and the Poet
By Cone Rice

Did Remus and Rolumus go on to guild Rome, or was there a more subtle plan?

*One became poet and one became priest.
Which was the greater?
Which was the least?*

*This calls for a judgment,
The World's things do.
They turn and they rend you,
No verdict is true.*

*That the reward is delayed
the priest has no doubt.
The poet knows better,
None is left out...*

*The duo lives on
In our minds as a pair.
One brandishes fire
The other has air.*

*We chose.
We lose.*

We ignore... to adore.

Dear Chris, Happy New Year! [Am I late with this issue or what???] I started to write you last night... got this idea that I wanted to suggest and I thought it was none of my business. Well, it is still none of my business: here is the idea. I enjoy reading AJ a lot. [Thank you.] My old copies are here and there in a very messy Gemini workroom... a study is the grand name for this cubicle where I have this computer plugged in. Some of the issues I have given to others to read. How very often that is interpreted as "keep." I don't know if anyone else would buy this or not, but I would, so who cares if they do or not, I will. Do an Awareness Journal anthology. Or even reproduce them 100%. [An anthology is out of the question, if you mean by that reformat certain articles and print still another issue... I am done here! But all back issues are available and I will see that they remain so as long as there is a demand.] I don't make resolutions these days but I have a sneaking feeling that I will see you before long. What could be sneaking about a feeling? They are more fun than the old hunches and give an old man that atmosphere of plotting.

Sure do enjoy April's notes in AJ, will miss those. If she ever wants a pen pal in Texas who keeps an erratic correspondence schedule, you might slip her my address. 1997 is going to be GREAT! (sneak, sneak, plot, plot). Lots of love, Cone

[See page 19 regarding a list for those who want to keep in touch.]

I look forward to receiving the next/final issue of AJ. I guess the result of your experiment is confirming that no matter how much information you provide regarding the "same content," people want more, better and different. [I already knew that, it had nothing to do with the experiment! There is nothing wrong with wanting more, better and different. That is a polite phrase for "greed," a natural facet of the human experience. What I want, though, is to notice when I am being greedy, and especially notice when I am being greedy and calling it something else like "helping" or "giving" (to get attention) or "studying" when I am seeking entertainment, etc., etc. For the last time: The Four Dual Basic Urges are NOT wrong or bad, they are part of being human AND are by-products of Life, not the Purpose of Living.] I will miss the Mailbox section, however. It was enjoyable to read other folks' comments, questions, etc. I look forward to receiving your full response to my previous letter, when you have time. Thanks a bunch, Love, Sara [There is a group on the web, see the notice on page 19.]

Dearest, The holon idea is so on. [From Ken Wilber's book *A Brief History of Everything*, maybe the best book I have ever read!!! (though it could be briefer)] I see the eco thing as a world view of the industrial age. And the way he put it seemed accurate to me. The idea of retro-romantic is so sixties, at least that was when I became anxious about the state of the world I lived in. There is no going back. It's a funny thing that people feel there was a better time than this moment. We are not always in a pleasant place but the unfolding of spirit is always at its greatest moment, within us or without us. The notion of deep transcending wide is also beautiful, I have only grasped a small taste of this picture but, like the teaching it is, it grows if one works with it. So much has fallen away since the days of missionary zeal I experienced on introduction. [Most of us do.] I don't speak of it much, to anyone other than you and sometimes T. The work goes on and the challenges are endless. Love, Bob [Thank you for all your many delightful contributions to AJ throughout the years!]

Hi Christine... Lovely thing about experiments---there are no failures. Love, Marsha [And when we can look

at life that way, I guess we have truly transformed. Thank you.]

Hi Christine, (Two old ladies) are visiting. They are great to observe. And some times I get great surprises. And most of the time it is conditioned patterns of perception. It's compassion to see someone go through life for close to 100 years and not have known the Beloved. Yet see the gift and grace in their lives. Thanks to our Friend we have been blessed. I love you Christine, we've been shown love together along the way. I'm so grateful to have you as a friend. I'm grateful for what you do, for all the reminders (hit me with the ladle when you see conditioning---Rumi says I can't do this by myself, in one of the poems---(chickpeas?) Love you, BB [It never ceases to amaze me to watch people somehow getting along without the principles. Indeed they engenders compassion, they try so hard, they don't have the tools, they don't recognize that there might even be any, let alone that we have them and would be delighted to share. It is a humbling experience, to be sure. I am delighted to be friends with you—it is a joy that our love overlaps!!!]

Hi Christine, My wandering spirit has not decreased, although my wandering has lately been up and down and around the Salt Lake Valley, helping my mother get moved from Idaho to Utah. I love hearing from other students of the Way and particularly fellow wanders through the transformational labyrinth of the Science of Man. [Gosh, Joe—labyrinth?? I see Bob's as the easiest version of the material available anywhere, the bare bones (and often think what a sense of humor Life has, taking a bone doctor and assigning him the job of making the Teaching's skeleton, and then showing how we can put the meat on it. But maybe you mean labyrinth in the sense of a narrow and specific way to freedom... in which case I certainly agree.] My current address is 1085 14th Street, Sta. 1163, Boulder CO 80302. For a couple of bucks or less (or more) I will still be happy to send a couple sample issues of my "Journal of A Wanderer On the Way of Transformation." My area mostly has been New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, and I would love to meet any wanderers and non-wanderers for a cup of "joe" and some spiritual/sillyosophical conversation. Be well, friends---Joe Bankhead, Hkd. [Readers might enjoy being on Joe's mailing list—he seems to know "everybody" and intelligently reviews all the best books.]

Dearest Christine, First I would like to thank you for valuing my comments/questions enough to include them in your wonderful newsletters. I wasn't expecting to be "published" this month, so I was halfway into "my" letter to you (a compilation of things we had spoken about and I had written to you) before I realized it was "my" words I

was reading. I must admit I was sad to read that you are discontinuing AJ, especially since I just recently became a subscriber. [Sophie's still on track, though awfully belated.] I will miss the correspondence section as it enabled me to "hear" about other worker's experiences, questions, etc. I would like to suggest that you include a list of names and addresses of people who are willing to be contacted about the work in the final issue if at all possible (if you do, please include me.) I would love to be able to talk to other people who are doing the work as I feel rather isolated in my efforts. You see, I have been participating in a 12-step program for the past six years or so where there are meetings to go to, people to call, and loads of support with an ongoing exchange of experience and ideas. It helps keep me on track, if you know what I mean. Doing this sort of work is extremely difficult at best for, as you know, the Not-I's play all sorts of nasty tricks---they are cunning, baffling and powerful. [They are cunning, baffling and have only the power we give them, not a smidgen more.]

I am finishing tape #14 and am about to begin listening to #15 tomorrow. I could use some feedback on the teaching's reference to the idea of valuing "what is" and the idea of the cross---you know, that what I see as true and what I value need to intersect and form a cross in order to result in a fruitful action (did I get that right?). I find this idea to be somewhat difficult to keep straight. For instance, the example Bob gives on the tape is this---you notice that the room is cold and that it would be valuable to turn up the heat, so you do that. Now I thought the idea was to find the value in what is, not to try to change what is. A recovering control freak like myself has to watch closely that I am not always trying to change the circumstances around me in order to fulfill the DBUs. How do I know when I should just value (accept) what is vs. when I need to take an action to change things. Certain situations are very clear---if my hand is on fire, I am going to put it in water. But other circumstances are less clear. Relationships, for instance. [Going to tackle the easy part first, relationships in a minute! Your question is an excellent one and shows you are paying attention to the message, which often has deliberate little "tests" in it just to see if you are paying attention. I can tell you how I resolved this particular conflict you mention. I am not interested in being cold (or hot for that matter) for very long. When the atmosphere is not to my liking, I want merely to pay attention and respond instead of react, automatically change things, or worse, whine because I can't. For instance, sit in the cold for a few minutes. Freely experience the cold, but the with the full intention that I am no martyr and the Work does not require me to be, and that after a few minutes of being truly free to experience discomfort, I will then take action to get things more aligned with my taste. It is not the constituents of the event that matter (except, as you point out, in a true

emergency) it is the taking charge of the event that matters. AND we can have our DBUs, but I just want to put them in their proper place, by-products.] *Relationships, for instance. How does one know when one should simply value the circumstances of the relationship (even the unpleasant ones) vs. making a change? An awareness just came to me that since I can't change anyone else I can simply report to X what is going on and can make a decision to do something valuable to take care of myself. Still feeling sketchy on this idea. Any insight you care to offer would definitely be appreciated. I am trying to write my thoughts as they come, so I hope my rambling makes sense to you.*

[Yes. And I could certainly ramble on about relationships for the next 90 pages and still not be finished. Will try to restrain myself. I recently had a few tremendous insights in knowing myself in this very "school" (of relationships) accompanied by the seemingly requisite humiliation (or humility, anyway) that seasons such insights. I have decreed that Relationships has to be the second hardest school on the planet. But then maybe I am licking my wounds. In any case, you can love a person unconditionally and still not want to be with them. People change, things change, events change, especially as we grow wiser our perceptions change—someone who was Mr. Right may now seem like the devil incarnate. We can extend agape and get the heck out of there. Most situations are not that dramatic, but do need to be constantly evaluated, and absolutely you are correct, I don't want to fall into the trap of trying to change anyone (easier said than done, I know, I know) because it is anti-love all the way, it is NOT the work. I think the most concise and probably wisest thing I can say about this very complex subject here and now is this: Maybe if we went into these things more aware, asking constantly "What is my purpose??" and answering it HONESTLY, we would refrain from making commitments which are fundamentally horse-trades surrounded by clouds of DBUs. If we take it moment-by-moment and don't make commitments, we won't later have to un-commit!!]

By the way your photo in AJ is wonderful. You look beautiful and serene. [Thank you. I am not beautiful by a long shot but quite photogenic for some reason (even my driver's license photo looks better than I do!) I am serene—usually.] I hope we will have the chance to meet someday. [We will.]

Keeping the mood up is unbelievably challenging for me a lot of the time. [Meeting the challenge is the point—it is incredibly strengthening.] The conditioning is so strong in me that I need to be constantly (hourly, daily) reminded of the teaching ideas. It is so hard to stay awake. I am using the prayer for this problem that you published in AJ. Life is really wonderful when we are awake, isn't it? The Not'I's give me hell about the work I am doing. They keep com-

plaining that with all the talent X has seen fit to bestow that I should be doing a better job of utilizing it. When I remember what the real purpose of living is, I am reminded that what I am doing is not nearly as important as how. Anyway, I do feel that I could be making more of a contribution. Any ideas on how to be of service besides keeping the mood up? [Just keep the mood up, which means that you are "automatically" willing to be of service—if you keep it up—and opportunities will show up.] I was told that Bob spent his life feeding the hungry, etc. [He certainly did, in every sense of the word. I did his bookkeeping for many years—virtually everything that came in went right back out to assist others and he never let on when he gave away money. But he fed us all in even much more valuable ways. We are so blessed, I am happy you see that.] I am sorry that I will not have the opportunity to speak with him, but I am grateful to hear the tapes and read the literature. Having no background on where the teaching originated or the lineage of the teachers, I'm curious how he came to be known as a great teacher, and who came before him. I know so very little about all of this, but I am doing my best to stay awake and do the work.

[After having just cheated by extolling his generosity, let me say that it doesn't matter how he came to be a great teacher, only that he did, nor who came before him, only that they did. He always said "It's the contents, not the container," and deliberately did what he could to dissuade admirers, and in respect of this I have declined to participate in all the various requests I've received to contribute my two-cents worth to enshrine his memory and shall continue to do so as far as I can see. This AJ is probably the last time you will see me refer to him directly or by name in print.] *Good luck with your many endeavors. I am amazed at your level of attention and energy. I look forward to hearing from you again and receiving the next copy of Sophie. I would like to acquire the back orders of AJ. I would really value having a complete collection. I'm sure it will provide years of education and joy. I know you listed the cost somewhere in the current issue, but of course, I can't find it this minute. Perhaps X is letting me know that I have enough issues to study for the time being (?). It is good to realize that there is always enough right here and now to enjoy and savor. Love, S. [Thanks, I'm glad you find them useful, and you are welcome to the whole set but will find, I hope, that each one is complete in itself. See Bulletin Board for cost of back issues. It has been a joy to do them, I have learned so very much. Thanks for your lovely letter and we shall meet (again).]*

Dear Christine, Congrats on dropping AJ! It was fun, even though a bit hokey at times. [James, as those of you who are acquainted with him know, is one of my hipper readers. Show biz and all that.] It was really fun watching

everybody else making fools of themselves! I liked those parts. What idiots! [I warned you, folks.] Don't they know the saying from Grimm's Fairy Tales of all places: "Trust in God, and with a little bit of luck you're bound to find happiness...?" I mean, give me a break! [A bit cranky, James?] Which reminds me. I really liked what you said about people thinking they have "exclusive title to the Truth" in the last AJ. That was a good part. But it got me to thinking. And suddenly in a flash, what if Deepok Chopra was all the Hindus and what if Idries Shah was all the Muslims and what if the Bernie Siegals, the Marion Woodmans, were all the Jews or Catholics and all the Norman Cousins or Wayne Dyers the Methodists, Protestants, and what if we, as Workers, were caught up in the Theology Game!!! It's so funny, isn't it? How stupid everyone can be about such silly things? Not that everyone out there is like that all of the time, thank goodness. Note that I said: "all of the time"? Oh, yeh! And that reminds me of a great aphorism I ran across in Learning How To Learn by Idries Shah: If you think that you are not self-deluded, just check whether you think well of yourself or not. Isn't that fun? Don't take my word for it. Check it out! Love and Kisses, James Nemeč [Well dear, now that you have alienated about everyone except me, I will state for the record that God knows why but you are one of the most endearing friends that I have. Love and kisses back atcha.]

Dear Chris, Hope everything is going great for you. Sorry you will no longer be doing the Awareness Journal as I did enjoy it very much plus it was very informative and good teaching material. Will miss it! Looking forward to the last issue. From me to you, you did a great job and certainly kept us well informed on the teachings. Love, Mary Kessler P.S. How are your little four-legged friends? My little pal is 13 years old. [Thank you, Mary, for your kind words. My kitties are mean as ever, though Bob-Cat cuddles and purrs when it suits him. Miss Leah purrs but wouldn't be caught dead cuddling—she's awfully stuck-up. Thanks for asking—one has to be a cat-person to understand!]

Dear Christine, Last AJ eh. Well, it will surely be an interesting one. After reading the Fall 96 issue, the mind began working on what can be said that would be impressive to the last issue readers. Ah, an interesting story of course. Here it is. One of my personal ones. We'll call it "ibe".

Once upon a time there was a wise old person named ibe. One bright sunny autumn day, ibe was sitting on a large flat rock at the edge of a fairly large pond in front of a private estate. There was a dirt walking path going clear around the pond. ibe sat looking across the pond at the castle on the other side. It belonged to the Master. Two interesting

figures walking on the path came to the point where ibe sat. These two were like what today might be referred to as security guards. The one on the left was named John and the one on the right was named Jack. Jack said, "Hello ibe. What's going on?" ibe responded, "Creation." John asked, "What exactly are you doing?" ibe responded, "Contributing to creation." Jack asked, "Just how are you doing that?" ibe responded, "Not seeking knowledge of that which is not." John looked at Jack and said, "What does that mean? How can one seek knowledge of that which is not? If it is not, how can seek knowledge of it? There is no knowledge to seek." Jack correcting John said, "ibe is not seeking knowledge." "Yes," said John, "not doing something is simple. But seeking knowledge of something that is not is impossible, ibe must in in-sane." Jack shot back with, "ibe is not doing the impossible." "Well," said John, "in that case we must present ibe before the Master to decide the fate of one who is in-sane." "Yes," agreed Jack. John looked at the back of ibe's head and said, "ibe, you must come with us to see the Master, whereupon your fate is to be determined." "Ah," said ibe, "you wish to enlighten?" John did not see it as a question, but more as a statement. Turning to Jack, John said, "ibe will be enlightened." Jack seeing it as a question, answered, "I am not sure, it will depend on the frame of one's mind, don't you think?" "Well," said John, "since ibe is in-sane, we cannot tell."

Jack looked over toward ibe and asked, "ibe, will you come with us that we may present you before the Master, whereupon your fate will be determined?" "Yes," said ibe, standing to a full six-foot stature, turning, and beginning to walk down the path between the guards toward the castle. As they walked along, evidence of squirrels eating nuts could be seen about the path. "I love this time of year," said John. "The creatures are full of joy and so in tune with nature." ibe was silent. Jack looked at John behind ibe's back, and said, "Maybe we would inform ibe of the protocols of going before the Master." "You are asking me?" said John. "No," said Jack, "I am saying we should." "Yes, I suppose we should. It does fall within our calling." John answered. Looking at ibe, Jack said, "ibe we need to inform you of the protocols before we get to the castle." ibe responded, "You wish to give knowledge?" John, looking at ibe, said, "We need to inform you of what you must do when you walk down the red carpet to the throne." ibe did not answer.

They continued to slowly walk down the dirt path, crushing the shells left behind by the squirrels. Jack said, "First of all, you must walk slowly and stay on the red carpet." "And," added John, "you must be sure not to fall down on your way to the throne." ibe did not respond. After a brief moment, Jack continued, "When you get within six feet of the throne, you must stop and stand straight." "And," John commanded, "you must not speak." ibe remained quiet. The two guards looked at each other with questions on their faces. Jack asked, "ibe, do you understand what we

have told you?" ibe responded, "Ears have heard your spoken words."

The guards looking at each other, seemed confused. "Very well then," said John, "we have informed you of the protocols and our responsibility is complete." At that moment they approached the first of 66 steps to the castle entrance. A bird flew over them, dropping a seed on the next step where ibe was to place a foot. Instead of stepping on the seed, ibe stepped to the right and continued on. John and Jack smiled at each other and followed ibe's lead. At the top there was a flat marble surface about twelve feet long leading to the main door of the castle. ibe walked across, opened the door, and stepped inside the castle. The guards followed. Before them was a red carpet three feet wide and a hundred feet long leading to the foot of the throne of the Master. ibe began to run down the red carpet. A third of the way and ibe fell face down on the red carpet. ibe jumped up and began to run again. One half the way from the fall, ibe fell again face down into the red carpet. Again ibe jumped up and began to run. At three feet from the Master ibe stopped. Extended the right arm and pointing the index finger three inches from the Master, ibe spoke. "The One!" The Master responded, "Yes ibe The One. And We The Three."

Footnote: For those working students there are several nuggets contained within this little story. Just for a teaser, I'll give a couple. Most people will probably realize that Jack is a nickname for John. And that 66 added together is 12 which added becomes 3. One might wonder what sex ibe is and just how do you pronounce the name? Within each kernel is a secret to be discovered for those who wish to look. One might even learn something about Not-I's from this story. And of course the question to answer is: Can one gain knowledge of that which is not? And for you my dear an added bonus (others might not know of Teleois). Do you remember the program I wrote for you? Well, try this for one example. The Teleois numbers are: a 4 7. Let's add them up: $1+4+7=12$ which $=3$. (3645) Parry [ThanX for your contribution and those of the past. Teleois numbers are part of a theory about proportions in the universe set out in the book *Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek in the Great Pyramid and the Seven Temples* by Brown Landone, published by Health Research, P.O. Box 70, Mokelumne Hill CA 95245]

Dear A.J., So long, AJ! It has been wonderful getting to read you. For your final edition I am enclosing a rare photo of this old guy. I now avoid the front of the lens with the same cunning I once sought it. You will notice there is a stout west-Texas wind holding the shirt close to the body. I had not reckoned on the wind when I agreed to do a three-mile segment in a 200-mile "Walk-a-Thon" for some do-gooder outfit. The object in the hand is a miniature Olympic torch. I only volunteered to show that seniors



could do three miles (even into a 45-knot wind) and to show off the calves. The Not-I's really want your editor to keep you going. They are always on the lookout for an authority with whom they can be comfortable. However, I know your time has come. As for your editor, that was really a glamour shot of her on your last page, I expect to see that shot real soon on a dust cover or cassette sleeve. So fold the little hands and go off with a good wish to publication heaven. Your every issue will be read and studied by lots of us to whom your insights and explanations brought more light. Your pal, Cone Rice. [We both look pretty good in photos, huh? Much love.]

Dear Christine, I have always wanted to ask this question but I am a little embarrassed---but since AJ will be no longer I figured I better get it asked now or never: How come Dr. Bob never said thank you when I gave him a present? Of course I don't give you as much as I did him, but I have donated a little and sometimes you say thanks and sometimes you don't. This is really bugging me. It doesn't seem to contribute to a harmonious mood. I would appreciate an explanation if there is one. (unsigned) [Yes, there is one, and if you had really Worked on it and/or read any of the Sufi books that have been endorsed here continually, you could have seen it for yourself. If you give a gift, you have created a small vacuum in your own sphere; that vacuum WILL be filled. I can fill it (or Dr. Bob or whoever is the donee) by returning a degree of attention, approval, appreciation, etc. equivalent to the gift. The event is then complete. Maybe that's all you wanted, maybe that was the purpose of the gift (I don't know) or maybe the gift was YOUR way of filling part of the void left elsewhere when something is freely given to you or others you don't even know about. In any case, if I withhold such "payment" (and am likely to because of what value to you, really, is a dose of A-A-A from me?) then it will be up to the Universe to fill that space with some delightful surprise for you. Check it out. Dr. Bob knew this principle well and practiced it like the master he was—I learned it from observing him and what went on when one was in his sphere, and later saw it confirmed in words in my reading. And here's

something else you could have found out by doing your homework, though granted it is usually stated rather obliquely: In a *real* School, neither praise (including thanks) nor criticism is given—I will let you discover yourself why this is so.]

Hello Christine, Just a quick note. Wanted to share something with you. Remember when Dr. Bob talked about how when we SAY the Not-Is when we SEE them then WRITE them that it's the expression of that verse "When two or more are gathered in my name, I am there." Well, I recently got to see how this works. A scientist who researches brain activity, using that Kirlian photography, took pictures of brain waves. When a person thought a word, one area of the brain lit up. When the person said the word, another area lit up. When the person wrote the word, another area lit up. When the person saw the word, still a different area of the brain lit up. When the person saw the word, thought the word, said the word and wrote the word altogether, the entire area of the brain lit up. It was really something to see and Dr. Bob's words came to mind. [I'd like to have seen that... an en-lightened-mind?! Great little parable—but are you sure they were doing Kirlian on brain waves? I would have thought it some other system, Kirlian very dangerous used in the way you describe, if I understand it properly. In any case, good food for thought.]

I hate to see AJ go, at the same time I'm curious as to what the experiment was.... did we all or some let you down in any way? You won't give up on us, will you. [I got so many responses to this in the same "just curious" vein and I just don't understand them. If anyone "let me down" then just what was the nature of the experiment? To gain support? Do you know me better than that? The experiment was a school for me, it was tremendously successful thanks to all of YOU and amazingly surprising and that's all I'm going to say about it. As for your remark, "You won't give up on us, will you,"—how pretentious I would have to be to do any such thing, whatever such a silly remark could mean.] Anyway, you know my best wishes are with you no matter what projects you'll be working on and I'll eagerly await the next issue of *Sophia*. Reading *Return of Merlin* with much enjoyment. Hope all is well with you my dear, Love always, Paulette [You're such a dear friend and a lovely person. Thanks for your many contributions to AJ.]

Hi Christine, I was just about to open my journal file in the computer when I came across this article I'd written to myself a while back. I thought I'd send it to you. Thought it might go in AJ? What do you think? If not, that's fine too. Robin B.

Just finished two weeks of an intensive course... *To Lease Or Not To Lease, That Is The Question...* The course is complete because a direction was chosen, a decision was

made and a new car was leased. However, prior to this moment of writing, all hell had broken loose. I forgot what an intense, emotional, scary, frustrating, doubtful, demanding time-consuming process this was. I wish I'd kept a diary logging the daily hours spent on the phone with salesmen, leasing experts and friends, plus doing research within myself and outside myself, plus talking, arguing, discussing, etc., with N. plus dealing with the psychological issues attached to each car (i.e., it being too high-profile, worries if it's car-jackable, wanting the best price possible, looking for the best price, exploring, exploring, exploring.) As time went on the appropriate car did present itself. Originally it was a car I was not even interested in... I had placed it in the category of "not safe/car-jackable". Yes, as I traveled this uncharted course, I realized ways people might work with themselves to remain "in charge" during this often stressful process. They could just pay the price that was given to them, and then, they could have their car that day. (An option I wish we could have afforded at times.) Or, if things got too stressful they could decide to forget the whole thing and put off getting a car for awhile (This option I highly considered.) They could hire someone to do the research for them and then pay that person a finder's fee. (This we also considered however he did not return phone calls so this was no longer an option.) As we traveled along our uncharted path the way to proceed came step-by-step. I knew finding the car was going to be up to me. I prayed for life to send me a message as to which car was the best for me. No Luck. Instead, I was listening to a tape our dear Friend had made that said "We all are to travel uncharted territory in order to grow stronger and develop a deeper communication with Life/Wisdom. That Christopher Columbus had to get in his boat to discover America, that he couldn't do it from land or even by asking questions. With the car it was up to me to go from dealer to dealer, from car to car, asking questions, driving each car, and listening within for guidance if the particular car I was checking into was the appropriate car for me and the family. I even got a chance to examine old belief systems that traveled into nationalities where I had said to myself I would never buy that make of a car. (Two cars I was considering came from this country.) The lessons were non-stop, the learning intense and I am tired. I am also thankful for the experience... for if Life had told me which car to buy immediately, I would have missed a wonderful opportunity to work with Life, the Creator, and Infinite Wisdom, who did guide me clearly and with patience. [Thank you. Actually Life could not tell you which car to buy, since Life couldn't care less, until you reported the requirements accurately! Good lesson, thanx for telling it.]

Let's Talk About Joy to the World, Teach Only Love
A note from LaPrele Finocchio (April)

Life gives us two gifts. Life itself and to be able to experience it freely. The two together as one then we experience Life as it truly is...JOYOUS.

Come out of the darkness into the light. However, we must first understand the dark to be able to choose the light. "This is the message" I John 1:5

Whether we respond or whether we react to thoughts makes how we experience Life. To live by feelings alone is to react unaware that some feelings can lead us astray... blind. To respond is to think, feel and act upon Awareness, now you can take control of your inner state being objectively conscious in Seeing how you want to respond Really.

The true profit (prophet) is not in the earthly bank but the prophet is in your heart where pure love dwells and blesses the whole world... the real world.

C.I.M.: There is no point in lamenting the world. There is no point in trying to change this world. But there is indeed a point in changing your thoughts about the world (Choose again, remember peace begins with me). The soul represents knowledge that comes through being open to light; to experience freely we can choose again.

We need a good line to catch Fish and each is offered this gift of being fishers of men. Some use a line to build on, some to destroy Freedom according to its use. A good idea seen and used for good shall work for all. Prosper in this line of love and the whole world prospers with you.

The Life Principle is loving thoughts and we discover Reality has no threat in it.

A humble heart is a thankful heart without greed nor pride and vanity. How to avoid a heart attack is don't sweat the little things; and second, is to realize all are small in the big picture. Be good to and for yourself.

Are we just a print-out of our thoughts? Watch your thoughts and observe what you are honestly asking for.

What is the opposite of hell; you might say heaven. Could it be Heaven is like love, there's no opposites... and that's the plain Truth? It just Is... nothing else is real. If guilt is hell, what's its opposite? So don't live in opposites for its is really hellish. Is Life's energy just thoughts? So watch them play... a happy tune or a sour note. Which shall it be? Life is a-tone-ment. The forgotten song and the Remembered Song.

Share a blessing because you have been blessed!

Dear Christine, Here's the first of several orders for books.

SO glad you're doing this now! Just for posterity's sake, you may put in print that I, for one, have thoroughly enjoyed AJ primarily due to your writing. I see The Teachings as the gem. Each person who talks about that gem (with depth of understanding) becomes a facet. Bob's facet was truly alive and remarkable. So was (is) yours, though expressed a bit differently. And yet that difference is what makes this one see the gem ever more clearly. Thank you for

Joseph Raymond Finocchio

Our loving husband, father, grandfather and friend to all, Joseph Raymond Finocchio, age 85, passed away peacefully on January 10, 1997 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Grandpa Joe was born on May 21, 1911 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Carlo and Frances Finocchio. He married LaPrele Snow Terry on May 31, 1946; solemnized in the Los Angeles LDS Temple on October 13, 1962. Joe grew up in the Salt Lake area and moved to La Crescenta, California in 1943. He retired after working 33 enjoyable years with Railroad Express (REA) in Los Angeles. Joe had the gift of loving unconditionally. He loved life and all those he came in contact with.

He was preceded in death by his parents; one brother, Genetonio Finocchio; and two sisters, Jennie Mary Mandarino and Stella Perrella. Survived by his wife; two daughters, Barbara Jean Christensen (Ray), Las Vegas, NV; Joe Anne Moore (John, deceased); Salt Lake City, UT; his younger brother Ernest Anthony Finocchio (Millie), Salt Lake City, Utah; 12 grandchildren; 40 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

A special thanks extended to the staff at Saint Joseph Villa for the loving care they provided to Joe.

Graveside services will be held 1 p.m. Tuesday January 14, 1997 in the Elysian Burial Gardens, 1075 East 4580 South, Salt Lake City. Friends may call at Wasatch Lawn Mortuary, 3401 South Highland Drive from 11 a.m. to noon prior to the graveside services.

1/12

N 1/12

[April's loving and beloved husband, Barbara's dad, and dear friend to so many, including me.~CT.]

expressing the gem through Christine's awareness. And glad you're moving on to other things. It is the natural and balanced course of life to activate change. Some wise folks once told me that "Life is movement. Death is standing still." I'm moving along, too. Opened this past month The Wellness Centre: 1100 sq.ft. of retail, office, therapy and classroom space. Please print the phone number for anyone passing through this area (Valparaiso, Indiana): (219) 477-4037. Take good care. Looking forward for the next issue of Sophia (glad that experiment is not over!) Love, tian [Thank you. I like your analogy of a gem/facets.]

Dear Christine, I have a question for the next issue (anonymous, if you don't mind): I think sometimes in my zeal

to "not agree that someone is a victim" I respond to friends' problems and fears rather coldly and without the sympathy they expect from a friend. Could you comment on this---I guess it's a "how-to" question in disguise: How do I approach the sufferings and anxieties of others with compassion yet without agreeing with them that they've been victimized? Yours truly, (anonymous)

It's easy. When you hear their tale of woe, you say, simply and sincerely, "I'm sorry." You then firmly determine in your own mind that you will hoist the tone another notch or two and do so. Those who are looking only for sympathy (and feel that "friendship" entitles them to it) will go elsewhere, they will think you are cold, unfeeling, just don't understand—and will go somewhere else to get what they are seeking, be assured, and good riddance. Those who are looking for more than sympathy will stick around to partake in your good mood and eventually may even learn something from your demonstration. I think that your question can be answered another way, too, since your aim is to work on/know yourself, and the others are really none of our business. To work on yourself (and I know you already know this, I am merely reminding you) you want to become impersonal. The Not-I will immediately say Impersonal = no compassion whatsoever, but nothing is further from the truth. I don't need to elaborate. Those who can do it, do so, those who can't (or won't) will not understand.

Hi Christine, Two monks were arguing about a flag. One said: "The flag is moving." The other said, "The wind is moving." Master Eno overheard them and said, "It is not the wind nor the flag, but your mind that moves." The monks were speechless: Wind, flag, mind moves, The same understanding. When the mouth opens all are wrong.

I am amazed, really, at the different perceptions and apparent "conclusions" reached concerning the innocent remark that I apparently made or was understood to have made/meant that was interpreted to be wanting "more, better, different." Truly, truly, not this one. I have/do not/wouldn't change one inch of print in the AJ. Whether I agreed with some or all of it is not pertinent. Simply, I am grateful for the information and especially the appreciable effort put forth to publish the AJ. Thank you. Sure is a contribution to my Life. I am aware that you did not refer to any one person and so stated, and yet, the communication was communicating something other than what I was making reference to, which was/is as stated in Vol. IV No. 1 Winter 96, page 2, last paragraph, last sentence, "it's time for all of us to grow up and I'm (you) itching to expand the presentation a little." End of quote. Now, Christine, that was quite a bit of commenting that you made and I felt perhaps a wee bit of ????????? Since the image of a tree is decoded into electrical data and it is doubtful that any of us

(or few) really see the tree, the child, etc. I suppose the written word is the same. I appreciate you and have indicated as much in many ways (I pray) and I, for one, and having/had a great laugh. Hope you are too. Love, B.

I could laugh, I guess, but is particularly funny that I have apparently continually failed to demonstrate (and I suspect it's the medium, not me) that the Four Dual Basic Urges, or, politely, "more, better, different," or, accurately, greed, IS what we want and do and that the point of the Teaching is NOT to become good, i.e., somehow (mysteriously) immune to the pleasures of the world whether they be physical, emotional, or in the above reference, mental; that the point of the Teaching is to KNOW OURSELVES? (I guess it IS as funny as this sentence is long!)

I was itching to expand the presentation of AJ and "things change," as a dear friend who won't commit to anything more than dinner, if that, keeps reminding me. But I cannot expand the presentation when the unexpanded version is not clear! And, I have too many things to do now that prevent me from spending so much time on projects that cost this much. When "things change" yet again, i.e., when time, place, people, and circumstances are right, you can be sure you will be hearing from me, with an expanded presentation of what I have to say, maybe "Son of AJ," or some such thing. (Keep a look-out on the World Wide Web for "www.SanityIsland.com" which I have registered and plan to develop in the future).

And P.S., yes, you have made your appreciation of my work abundantly clear over the years, I am always touched by your kindness.

A Case for Reality

(or what & where is your perception coming from)

It seems that when lessons in life are required X responds accordingly. Three cases in point that challenged my ego's position that small I was plenty smart and knew beyond a doubt how other people think was brought home to me during the month of May.

Case #1 Approximately one week ago while standing in line to purchase two cans of WD40 at a Chief Auto store, I observed an encounter between the young male Spanish clerk and an older gruff male customer who was pissed off over the young man's inability to give him a particular receipt he claimed he needed. After he left it was my turn and in an effort to lighten the load I light-handedly flipped my credit card on the counter in an effort to change the mood and start a friendly conversation. Well lo and behold the clerk took offense with what he thought was a belittlement to either his age or ethnic background---that I threw my card at him. I assured him neither was the case and moved on to:

Case #2 Gloria and I went to lunch yesterday and were advised that the non-smoking section was filled and would we opt for a table in the smoking lounge, however near the exit door where the hostess assured us the smoke would be less offensive. We agreed and entered the room and noticed the hostess removing place settings away from the only other available table next to a black couple---be assured the look that the black lady gave me read clear as a bell like "What's your problem sitting next to us." No I did not explain my reality nor tell her that in my 66 years (birthday cards are appreciated on or about June 29) I have happily sat next to all kinds of people.

Case #3 Early this AM found me talking to a close lady friend who advised me that her cleaning house chores led her to give away almost two dozen bras to an oriental community. I thought it bright to suggest that nobody there were women enough to use them---were it not for the relationship it could have been thought that this was an insult suggesting she was too large---because what to me was flattery to her was an insult. Fortunately I got to explain my position.

This latest research started with a great poem read to a large group of people in San Diego by Wayne Dyer called "Cookie Thief" The sad part about explaining the poem is the injustice I do to the beautiful prose it was written as I listened intently from the front row (perhaps somebody will come up with the actual piece) and I also will be looking for it.

Anywho the story goes that a very gentlelady, while waiting to board her plane, found she had an extra thirty minutes and decided to buy a magazine and a bag of Famous Amos Cookies. She sat herself down with magazine in hand and there between her and the next seat occupied by some businessman sat the bag of cookies. Much to her surprise and dismay every time she reached in to take a cookie her neighbor did likewise. Being a gentlelady she offered no resistance to this intrusion to her privacy but wondered what would happen when the last cookie was left. Well sure enough the businessman took the last cookie but broke it in half and put the uneaten half back in the bag. Disgusted she grabbed the bag and threw it out on the way into the plane. Grumbling to herself how ungrateful the intruder was. Not even offering a "Thank you" for her unselfish generosity. Not properly seated in her seat she opened her large purse searching for her lipstick and to her surprise there sat the bag of cookies she bought. Realizing her error she had not time left to apologize to a very thoughtful fellow traveler.

So good friends and students, what is our reality and perception---and aren't life's lessons truly wonderful when we are awake to consciousness (Thank You BoB) Paul Appelbaum Phone message from Vern Martin] And the rest of the story is this... after all the people who could not throw the first stone went away one by one, the poor lady was

kneeling there and Jesus said, "Woman where are your accusers," and she said, "gone," and he said, "Well neither do I accuse you," and they both started to walk away when all of a sudden THWAK a rock the size of a baseball falls the poor gal. Jesus spins around and makes direct eye contact with the perpetrator and says, "Mama, I hate it when you do that!"

Alternate Species
By Gene Hensley

Sitting alone
atop a chain of events
Separated
yet unconsciously connected
to that which we continue to ignore
A grand species
unwilling to claim its true nature
to understand that which binds us
Dominion is ours
as well as the scars
of a planet that gave us our home
Minds shrink as they fill with desperation
Not feeling the pulse
Never seeing the celestial messengers in her skies
We kill our way to our own demise
Standing alone
At the top of this self-imposed hierarchy
Afraid that we may be the gods of our own destiny
Then...
in the quietest of moments
we huddle together
searching the heavens inside great buildings
crying out "Oh God hear us"
Send us a sign
that we may know there is more
Show us we are wrong
Quickly... before the Human Beings
that hide amongst us
are gone.

My dear sweet Christine, Wow! Are you ever busy! Thank you for my note. Mom asked me the other day if I thought you had a boyfriend. I would have to say no, looks like you're using that energy for other things right now. Me, too, I've just been liberated!... Christine I've had so many questions for you with all these things I was feeling and hearing from within. Each time I thought about calling and asking you of course I would have to put it in words. Then I would hear, I thought, let me show you. Things would unfold for me and my questions were being answered. I almost felt that by asking you I might get an answer too soon or something. Then I questioned if that was just a Not-I keeping me from calling you and getting an

answer. I said okay like if I feel things aren't unfolding for me I'm going to feel it's okay to call Christine and maybe we'll just chat then. I do miss you and our talks, but of course feel you're very busy.

Then after my boyfriend moved out I did a major cleaning (housecleaning). I said okay life, this is the outer symbol of what I want to do inside. I know there's some stuff I'm just not seeing. I called you Christine maybe two or three times feeling I felt that I had put my questions into words at last. But they were complex and even if I did talk with you I felt I would have to let life unfold them more. When you didn't answer I picked out my next book to read. I picked *The Pregnant Virgin*. Wow!!!! ALL my questions were being answered one by one---does she know her stuff or what!! [Yes she does.] She seems conscious to me like she's been there---it's like a book from life (I know everything is). So indirectly Christine you've been answering my questions by referring the book. I've had it for two years, too, and didn't read it!

Marion Woodman and I just completed a week of silence and her and I went deep. Tonight is my last night of silence. What we discovered of course, as she puts it, is too complex and personal to articulate on (although I would with you in person). Here's one question: I have found that if you share a discovery with someone the energy behind it seems to dissipate. Dr. Bob had said something about that also. But what about your friends? Are you just supposed to share what you think they will follow? I guess if you're telling them more when they aren't asking, you're trying to teach them something or plant a seed and they aren't ready yet. Maybe it's a way of life to protect itself? Can you share some light? [I can see three different processes (at least) in the "sharing" you ask about. Friends, women especially, can be of great value in helping us discover things because it seems we sometimes feel more free to let stuff up and examine it when we know we are being received, without judgment or condemnation, and all women know the difference between just chatting and being truly listened to as part of the process of discovery. Dr. Bob was very good at receiving, and if you recall, he seldom commented other than to feed back to you what you had just told him. This is a beautiful way to discover things in a "safe" environment, one is less likely to feel crazy when faced with how crazy we have been, when a dear friend sits and listens and coos and assures you that you are getting sane, not losing it. If you really look at this relationship you can see that it is a symbol of accurate reporting to Spirit, your Awareness is reporting "what is" to Spirit's representative, your friend. I do not feel this dissipates the energy of discovery but can greatly assist in channeling it properly to get real Work done.

Another "sharing" is not quite the same and can dissipate the energy. That is when, alone, we have a

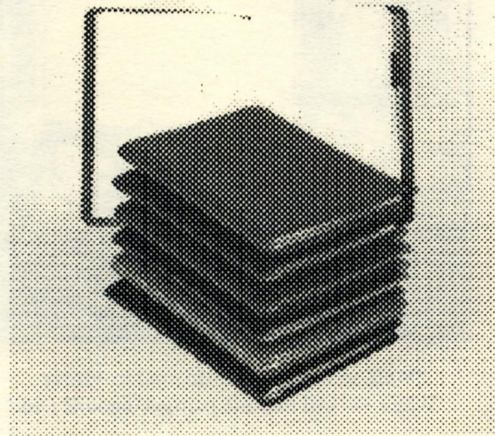
thunderbolt of understanding and we are so overjoyed we just "have" to tell a friend. It is okay to tell the friend, but that will dissipate the energy. But as far as I'm concerned, part of friendship is sharing joy and I like to spread it around as much as the next person. What we can do, in order to benefit from the energy of which the discovery was the catalyst, is just hold it for a while. Tell the friend later, after the "metabolism" of the event has had a chance to work within. It's also a nice opportunity to regenerate the joy that has probably waned a bit by then.

The third "sharing" of course is just blah-blah showing off how smart we are, or following through with a "desire" to counsel, and so on. I suppose this is a waste of energy but of course is what passes for social intercourse, we all do it now and then. But, as you've said, we don't "teach" until someone has truly asked, and if we are on the ball, won't be blabbing our discoveries all over town for the wrong purpose.]

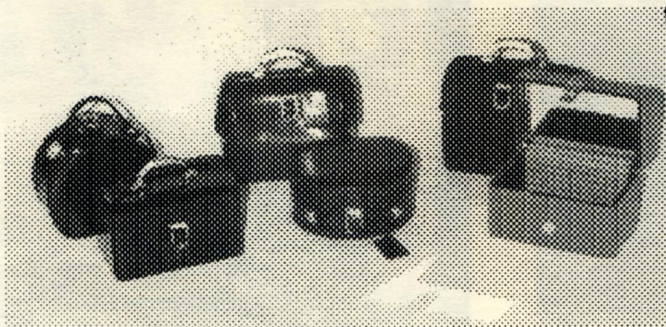
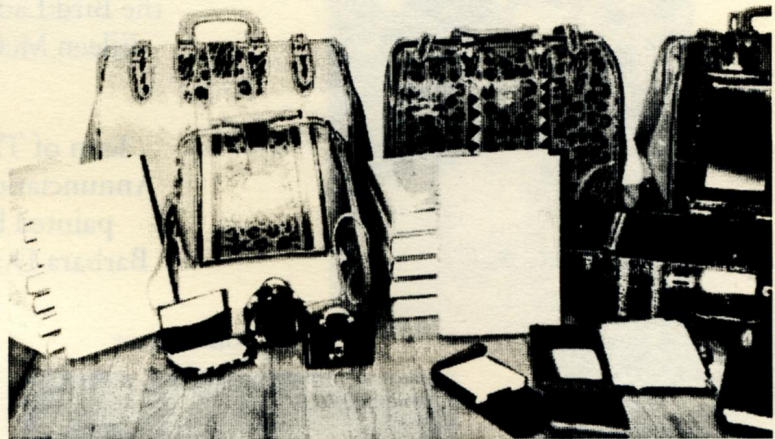
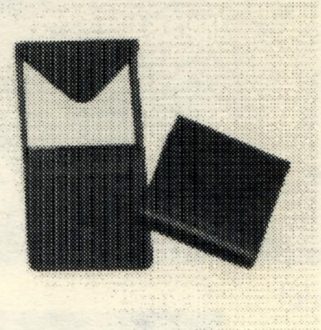
Here's a discovery I found in my silence as I was just starting. As I observe this one's behavior I see it repeated over and over. A crying out to be loved, enclosed in its mask of charm and entertainment for fear of non-existence. Will I exist if I just be? Will I be loved? Will I be loved if I'm not playing the front of being pretty, sweet, charming or loveable? Without these things what am I?

As I watch her, I feel her pain again and again as rejection comes again. She can't go on like this anymore, loving and failing at love. As I watch I see it is her neediness and fear that drives the others away. She's so weak, she cries. What's going on here? I'm ready to know, ready to feel the pain, no more distractions. For the first time I see her and let her be, let her express herself. Her pain, her anger, her tears. No longer pushing her away, ignoring her weakness and pain. No more judging her. As I listen to her and allow her pain to run through me I realize she is I and I her. She the child and I the adult. It is my love she seeks. [You've got it... disidentifying is the key. "she" and I.]

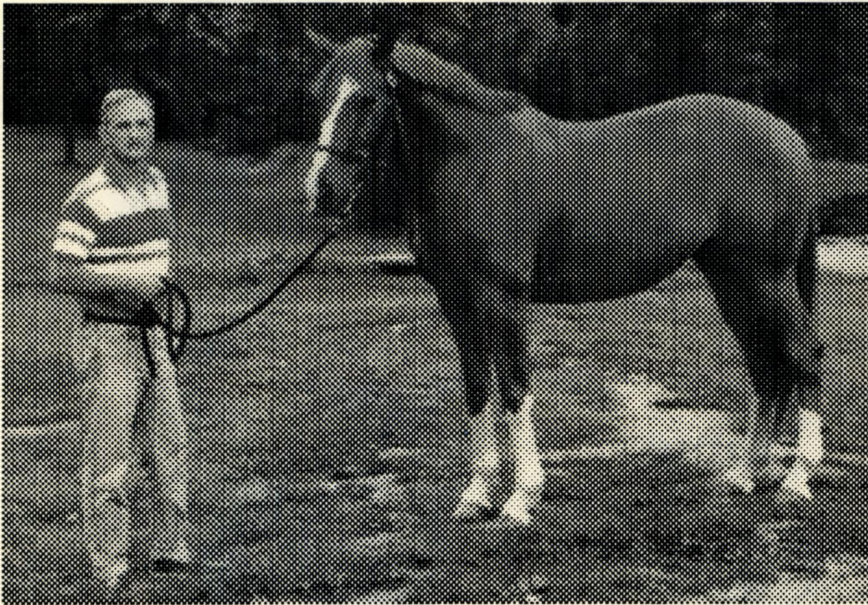
Christine, it helps me to personalize the picture of man but I'm adding something. I see spirit as the father (masculine) and the mother as awareness (feminine). Spirit living in the heart for that is where I feel him and awareness being the third eye. The thing I'm adding is the soul-child. It feels like it lives in the solar plexus area. And the physical body as the home, container protecting the family. It is the mother's job to pay attention to what's going on and report what's of value or to her (or her child's) advantage or the child gets in all kinds of trouble. At first I was using the child to help me disidentify but then I really felt it there (I even got a pregnancy test!! Ha!) Since I may never have children of my own is it that I want to believe there is one there? Or am I really raising my own soul child? You don't use this in the picture of man but can you share some insight? [You are right on target. I have had the identical experi-



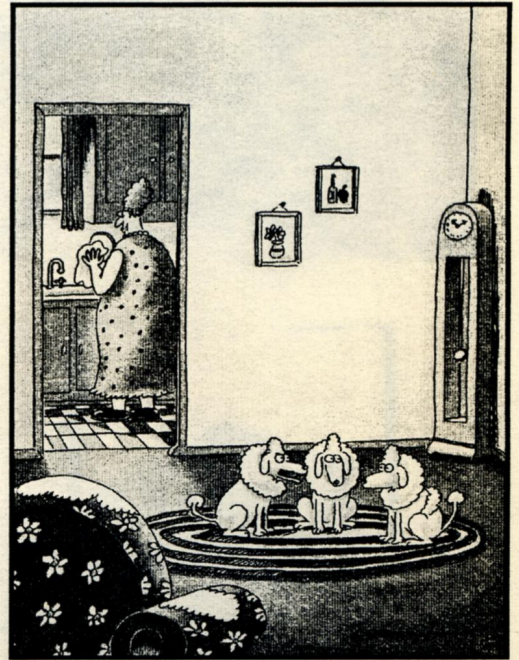
Some
Good
Leather



Bulletin Board



John Takach↑



"Well, yes, that is the downside, Fluffy. ...
When we kill her, the pampering will end."



Regina F.⇒

Sent to the ⇒
Cat Lady by
the Bird Lady,
Eileen McG.

Icon of The
Annunciation
painted by
Barbara D.⇒



Georgia H.↓

↓ Your Editor



The following is a tribute to Idries Shah written after his death. The obituary in the London "Daily Telegraph" was based on this material



Idries Shah, Sayed Idries el-Hashimi

List the accomplishments and achievements of Idries Shah, and they begin to seem the work of many men - probably because in our 'pessimistic society', as he often described it, we do not expect such prodigious capabilities in a single individual.

One of his lives, as it were, was as the author of more than 35 books and over a hundred academic monographs. The books included 20 best-selling titles on Sufism - of which he was the great living exemplar - which so far have sold 15 million copies in 12 languages. That would have been enough for most single lifetimes. But he was also Director of Studies for the *Institute for Cultural Research*, an educational charity which researched and published materials on cross-cultural patterns of human thought and behaviour.

He was advisor, too, to a number of monarchs and Heads of State. He was actively involved in a cluster of other enterprises, academic, humanitarian, scientific and commercial. He was a founder member of the Club of Rome, a Governor of the Royal Humane Society and the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables. And, not least, he was a family man and father.

Though he seemed the epitome of Englishness in speech and bearing, belonged to the Athenium and Garrick Clubs, and lived for many years in a large Regency house near Tunbridge Wells, Shah was in fact born in Simla, India, in 1924, into a distinguished Hashemite family, which traces its ancestry and titles, confirmed and attested by Doctors of Islamic Law in 1970, back to the prophet Mohammed. His inalienable titles included *Badshah* (sovereign), *Emir*, *Sirdar* (general). Then there was *Sharif*, translatable as prince of the blood, and *Hadrat*, which means holy, presence.

His Scottish mother met his father, the writer and savant Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah, when he was a medical student in Edinburgh, and went to live with him in the Afghan highlands in Paghman, the stronghold and fiefdom of the family. From the start, the young Shah was at home in both East and West: educated, as his father before him, by private tutors in Europe and the Middle East, and through wide-ranging travel and personal encounters -- the series of journeys, in fact, that characterise Sufi education and development. He was briefly at St. Catherine's College, Oxford, and though he discontinued the course of study there, he was always amused that that university, like so many others around the world, incorporated his

always amused that that university, like so many others around the world, incorporated his books into their essential curricula.

In keeping with Sufi tradition, his life was essentially one of service. His friends and associates included soldiers, royalists, artists, writers, thinkers, businessmen; the high-achieving, the famous, the royal. But equally they included as many, if not more, of the obscure and humble. And in everything he did he exemplified the way of the Sufi. It was his contention that people educated as he was, and as he attempted to educate others, could become multi-faceted, high-achieving, dedicated to the service of others, and also be funny, entertaining, and in the best sense 'ordinary'. He was, for instance, an unparalleled storyteller, and also an excellent cook. People lucky enough to get an invitation to one of his fabled parties would fly in from all over the world. He was also frequently to be found combing through boot fairs and junk shops, even in the last months of his life, looking for (and given his vast knowledge of such things, frequently finding) rare and valuable antiques of both East and West.

His knowledge and interests seemed limitless. He could rage in the face of negativity and wilful foolishness, but was more usually warm, approachable and encouraging. People who benefited professionally from his knowledge have described a range of capacities he himself would never have bothered to draw attention to. A musicologist, for example, says he helped her decipher ancient Egyptian songs unheard for 3,500 years (and subsequently broadcast on the BBC); a scientist honoured during World War II for his inventions in naval radar claims that years ago Shah helped him in the research and development of his pioneer patents in air ionisation; one of Britain's leading architects says that a nudge from Shah sent him in a completely unexpected direction in his career, dramatically improving the quality and usefulness of his work. This was characteristic: when it was appropriate Shah would nudge and hint, throw some ball from his huge storehouse of knowledge, and see who could catch it.

Shah's knowledge and activities took place in so many different areas of specialisation and in so many countries, that friends and sometimes even family were aware of what he was doing purely on a need to know basis. So an account such as this inevitably refracts a very limited - and Western - view. The concealment was in part a mixture of modesty, discretion, and an unwillingness to waste time, and part a refusal to indulge anything that smacked even faintly of gossip or self-serving. Shah himself, and those round him, were masters of disinformation. For example, when in 1967 Robert Graves, a long-time friend, published his new translation of the Rubayyat of Omar Khayyam and declared Khayyam a Sufi, a group of academic Orientalists who felt their territory undermined by the fresh air Shah was bringing to the subject, attacked him by association, and even travelled to Afghanistan to collect ammunition against him and his family. Unaware of the tradition there of protecting the Hasemite family from idle curiosity, they were fed all kinds of tall and ridiculous tales, which they gave unchecked to the press, in an attempt to discredit him. But such attacks were neutralised by the warmth and weight of other scholars, far more eminent than the critics, who sprang to Shah's defence.

His public and formal work, as Director of Studies of the *Institute for Cultural Research*, began when Shah was in his thirties. Such scholarly criticism as there was in the early years climaxed in the Omar Khayyam affair, and then dwindled, as Shah himself was invited to lecture at various seats of learning, including Stanford University in America, and Geneva University, where he was a visiting professor. *The Sufis*, published by Jonathan Cape in 1964, slightly ahead of the surge of interest in metaphysical ideas, pronounced that tradition alive and well, and more or less invited readers to approach its ideas and test them out. The evident sense, and common sense, most readers found made it clear that here was a sane, authoritative voice in the wilderness of the gobbledegookish mysticism of the sixties.

In all the books that followed, whatever he made available always linked realistically into the culture to which it was offered. Through *Octagon Press*, the publishing company he

founded to keep these books in print after mainstream publishers might drop them from their lists, he also established a broad historical and cultural context for Sufi thought and action. Through *Octagon* he also disseminated, in a range of books, an enormous amount of little known information about Afghanistan, foreseeing that such documentation would provide a crucial record in the aftermath of that country's tragic devastation.

During the Afghan-Russian war he risked his life more than once on missions inside Afghanistan and with the Mujahiddin. Already in his sixties, he entered the country secretly - had he been betrayed to the Russians, it would have been an enormous propaganda coup. In the event, his best-selling novel *Kara Kush*, was based on fact, incorporating his first-hand knowledge of the stupendous courage of the Afghan people, and the appalling atrocities inflicted upon them. And he was not above tweaking the Russian bear's tail by embedding tidbits of secret intelligence in his fiction which nobody was supposed to know, such as the telephone number of the KGB.

About a year after his last visit to Afghanistan, in the late spring of 1987, Shah suffered two successive and massive heart attacks. Sick as he was, his hilarious and hair-raising analysis of the behaviour of the medical profession, and his capacity to conserve himself and still work, was an eye-opener to those around him. His physicians told him he had only eight per cent heart function remaining, and could not expect to survive. But over the next nine years, further books and worked with characteristic dedication, seriousness, humour and light-heartedness, teaching and advising the now necessarily depleted but still large number of people who approached him, as well as actively directing his enterprises and preparing those who would succeed him. He showed, as he had done all his life, how much it is possible for a single individual to achieve in the face of towering obstacles.

By their nature, newspaper obituaries focus on public record. But it is necessary to say that Idris Shah's visible achievements, however profound and wide-ranging, may really have been the very least of his impact. His purpose and knowledge, his kindness, his seemingly limitless patience and generosity; the warmth of his companionship; the perceptive, zany humour in a range of wickedly accurate accents which could send serious-minded adults rolling on the floor in laughter; his sheer understanding and *sanity*, also operated invisibly in the realm of the human heart. The thousands of people who were his students and friends, and others who encountered him however briefly, were probably all affected in a degree and dimension for which it is hard to find words. It is impossible to assess his influence, and his legacy is incalculable. The Poet Laureate, Ted Hughes, once wrote that the Sufis must be 'the biggest society of sensible men there has ever been on earth'. Idris Shah was indeed a sensible man. He was also, it is said, the Sufi Teacher of the Age.

Idris Shah, writer and savant, born Simla, India, June 16, 1924; married Cynthia (Kashfi) Kabraji, 1958; one son, two daughters; died London, November 23, 1996.



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Bulletin Board

CONTACTS

Many people have expressed a desire to keep in touch with various readers. Some wish to send mail or email, others have asked that their phone numbers be published. If you would like to be on such a list, please send me in writing exactly how you want your listing. Include your postal address for me, because I will type up the whole list and mail it to only those who are on it.

Meanwhile, here are a few URLs of interest

Marsha Summers Home Page (including excerpts from Rhondell material and other interesting things) www2.gdi.net/~cloud/index.html

David Leithausers 4th Way Page (with book service) members.aol.com/way4th/index.html

4th Way Cafe (fun and interesting) www.geocities.com/Paris/1182

Phil Blecker's Science of Man Mailing List (Teaching principles and discussions of same and how people feel about it) tmwg@earthlink.net

My brother Dean's Web Business (he will get you on line and handle your marketing, BIG emphasis on customer service) www.cscent.com/

www.goodleather.com Harmony Workshop's leather and book catalog

Tom McFarlane's Sophia Institute (esoteric studies with emphasis on the logic of consciousness, with some really exceptional links of interest) www.rain.org/~sophia

CyberKitchen Great recipies. www.foodtv.com

Dennis Krum's Home Page "IS". Dennis is a friend of April's. He has a Course in Miracles page ("New Age Insights on Spiritual Growth and Expanded Consciousness") with his book *IS* and has also uploaded *Life's Word*, complete. http://home.earthlink.net/~den_is/index.html

Good Leather

In addition to selling books, Harmony Workshop sells leather items to raise funds for various projects (for instance formatting and printing some newly-found small manuscripts by Rhondell which will be available from Robin soon). We have journals, agendas in several sizes, post-it note cases; business card cases, tiny hatboxes and train cases to organize your purse, bookbags, folders, satchels and purses which are hand-painted by artist Francine Russelle and jewelry boxes/train cases, and little wooden boxes, snack tables (perfect for FAX machines or phones) and trunks in various sizes, some with detachable legs. All is quality---good leather and finely stitched, many items in beautiful and unusual colors such as violet and blue, green, navy and more. Please consider us next time you want to buy a gift for yourself or someone else. Free gift wrap. I am in the process of putting together the color catalog now. Meanwhile I do have photographs which I can send. Due to the price of color printing, there will not be a mass mailing so please let me know if you want to be on the list for the catalog. See page 15 here for some photos.

Harmony Workshop's Addresses

Although previous email addresses are correct, please use Christine@pachell.net if you can. (Christine without the first small i---ha ha.) Thank you.

Please change your address book if you have the old street number. Correct address: 314-C East Broadway, Glendale CA 91205

Back Issues

Back issues of Awareness Journal are available to subscribers at discounted rates. \$4 for single issues, state Volume and Number. For complete one-year Volumes, send \$12. For complete set of all issues, \$35. In a binder \$40. Includes postage. A couple of issues are sold out but you will be sent complete photocopies.

Sophia, Wisdom Journal is \$30 for Volume One and \$25 for Volume Two in progress.

Principles

Work on any one of these until you understand, and transform your self, your life, your sphere.

I live in what I radiate.

The secret to living: Keeping the mood up, and not making anything important (not even thi---or any--- principle).

Once a decision is made about anything, it is the rule of attitude/action until consciously re-evaluated and remade.

There are no shoulds, ought tos, have tos; there are needs, wants, and what's to my advantage.

Belief in anything (even the principles) is nothing more than gullibility. Faith is the knowledge of experience, "The SUBSTANCE ... the EVIDENCE of things unseen."

The first Truth most people speak is "I don't know."

What is my purpose?

What is the price of having to be right?

When am I going to examine just how I control, or try to, people, places, things, events, circumstances?

What I consider "myself" is resistance to the Real Self. Resistance is essential for development.

Seeking ideals is fruitless.

Eros, pia, philo are common to all mammals; agape is human; unconditional love is divine.

Anything anyone including myself ever did was considered at the time of doing to be right or proper or justified.

Alternately identifying and disidentifying is the Way.

Conflict is disintegration, death. Conscious tension is the key to regeneration.

Freedom from anything is no freedom at all (it might show up in a minute); freedom to experience whatever arises in my way today is true freedom.

My liking of pleasure, attention, approval, appreciation, feeling useful or needed and disliking of pain, being ignored, disapproval, rejection, feeling useless or worthless is the normal human experience and not bad or wrong. It is just not the purpose of living and with wisdom can be transcended. (The Four Dual Basic Urges)

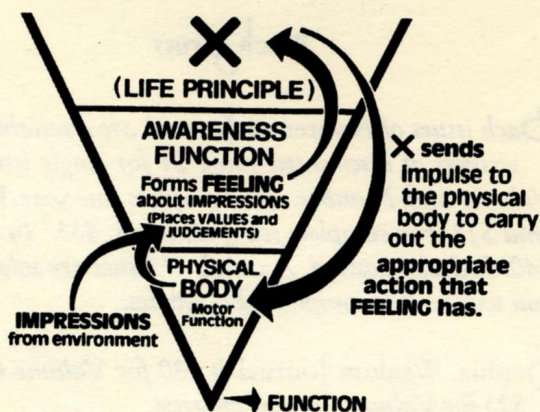
There are no authorities---there are experts I can hire to accomplish some project. There is no authority over my life but me, i.e., I AM RESPONSIBLE.

The more attached I am to any person, place, thing, event, circumstance the more I will ache when it passes---as it will one day, sooner or later. It's a perfect balance.

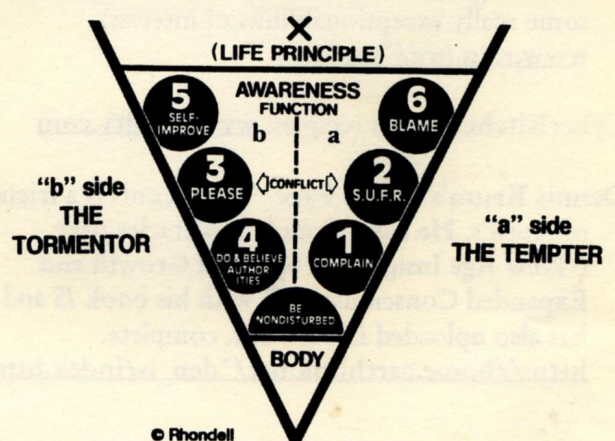
There are NO exceptions to the Work---the very thing that I feel justified in excluding from my efforts is doubtless the only thing I really need to be Working on.

Your soul mate is the person you can't stand.

THE PICTURE OF MAN ©



FRAGMENTED AWARENESS WITH MANY "I"'S



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