

Sophia

Creating
a soul

Wisdom
Journal



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Something a Little Different

This issue of *Sophia, Wisdom Journal* is a little different. In order to let you know about Harmony Workshop's expanding Book Service, instead of the usual articles are excerpts from the good books we sell.

These books all contain wisdom in some form or other, maybe not the usual form you are accustomed to seeing here. But each has taught me something, or has provided an excellent exposition of ideas, or is simply interesting, and they have been selected for inclusion here so that you might benefit, too, if you wish.

Contain Your Self—and other valuables

We are also including some other items—"containers" of various kinds made of Good Leather. Containers for words, for reminders, for credit or business cards, satchels to tote personal valuables, and eventually treasure boxes. We have beautiful journals in which to record your own Process. They come in lovely colors and in black. The cover is fine leather, the journal itself is an insert, so that you can replace it with a fresh one when ready. Pages are edged in gold, to complement the rich leather. At present we have undecorated journals, but two artists are painting covers for me—one paints in a striking style using Sufi, Egyptian, Native American and other motifs, the other a more traditional style. Next issue of *Sophia* will have photos of them. Plain or decorated, they will make nice Xmas gifts. (Undecorated journals available now.)

Other containers are practical, and one also a bit whimsical. As I am running around town doing errands and meeting people, I often find I need to leave a note—maybe the printer is out to lunch (no pun intended, George!), or I am merely dropping off a package for someone, or keep a reminder for myself. Notepads in my purse always seem to get ragged... I found the perfect solution, a beautiful leather post-it holder that folds like an envelope to keep the notepad clean and crisp.

I found a darling little "briefcase" that is business card size, or will also hold credit cards (or love notes). Although it might be a perfect briefcase for a Barbie doll, it is a perfect card case for me, and maybe you know someone for whom it would make an unusual gift. As always, we are happy to gift-wrap any item and enclose either your own card or we will write a note for you (separate postage required for each address).

We will be expanding our line of Good Leather as I find more unique or lovely items, especially journals, maybe address books as well (let me know what you might be particularly interested in). All is top quality and real leather, of course, not imitation. Full color brochure available in a few weeks.



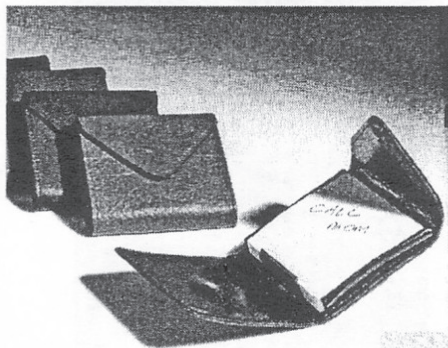
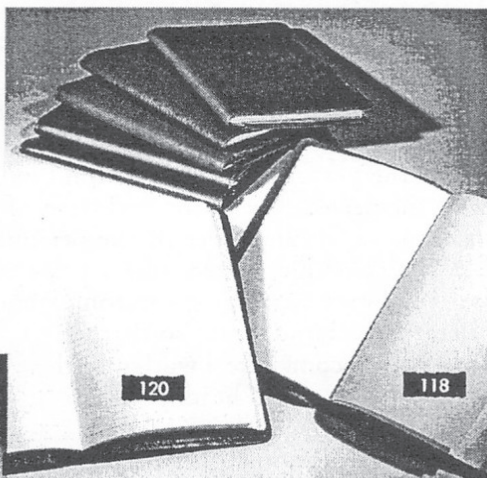
Satchel

Handpainted by Francine Russelle. Comes in two sizes: 15" across and 18" across. This item will be available in September (all others in stock now.)

"I have Good Leather to sell."

Journal

About 6" x 9" with gold-edged refillable ruled insert. Comes in violet, blue, green, red, navy, burgundy, tan and black.



Post-it Note Case

Holds 3" square post-it pad (included). Snaps closed.

Card Case

Holds credit cards and business cards. Little working latches are just like those on real luggage.



Good Books

From *Addiction to Perfection, The Still Unravished Bride* by Marion Woodman

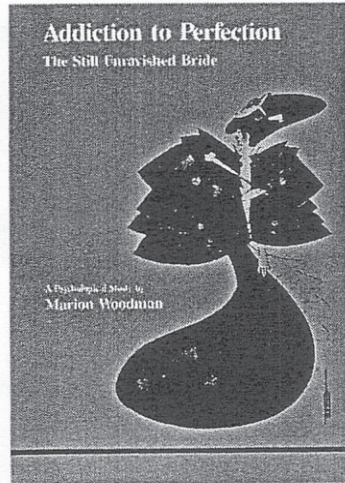
"The point here is that perfection belongs to the gods; completeness or wholeness is the most a human being can hope for.

"Any archetypal pattern is whole, complete in itself. But it is only one aspect of the human. The archetype of the Wise Old Man, for instance, denotes an aspect of wholeness, but striving single-mindedly for wisdom at the expense of, for example, irrational human foolishness, is to miss many of the joys in living. Similarly, the idealized Madonna is a certain perfect image of the feminine, but the real woman must also accept the whore in herself for the sake of her completeness. It is in seeking perfection by isolating and exaggerating parts of ourselves that we become neurotic.

"The chief sign of the pursuit of perfection is obsession. Obsession occurs when all the psychic energy, which ought to be distributed among the various parts of the personality in an attempt to harmonize them, is focused on one area of the personality to the exclusion of everything else. Obsession is always a fixation—a freezing-over of the personality so that it becomes not a living being but something fixed, like a piece of sculpture, locked into a complex. There is always something catatonic about it, behind which is fear that can accelerate into blind terror so that the person may become like a wild animal caught in the glare of headlights, unable to move.

"Perfection is something very like that when applied to human life. Certain types of people, movie stars for example, can be frozen into the glare of the camera lights and spend their whole career playing the same fixed type over and over again. Marilyn Monroe struggled to break out of the glare of the spotlights, but couldn't. Neither the film studios nor the audiences would let her. Addiction to perfection is at root a suicidal addiction.

The addict is simulating not life but death. Almost inevitably a woman addicted to perfection will view herself as a work of art, and her real terror is that the work of art, being so absolutely precious, may in one instant be destroyed. She has to treat herself as a rare piece of Ming porcelain or what Keats described as a 'still unravished bride of quietness,' a 'foster-child of silence and slow time.'"



"I want now to describe a process... My central image is a spiral, which can move two ways: out toward release or in toward destruction, with the crucial proviso that destruction and release, like crucifixion and resurrection, are one—with a long *and* in between. The realization is the feminine mystery, expressed by Christ in the paradox, "He that findeth his life shall lose it." Though Ruth and Eleanor in the previous chapter were working with this paradox, it was not yet for them a paradox, but a contradiction. What we see in women's mysteries is the process by which *contradiction is transformed into paradox*. That transformation is the work of the feminine. To find the stillness at the center of the whirlpool, the eye of the hurricane, and not hold onto it with the rigidity born of fear, is what in analysis we struggle to reach. That center I call Sophia, the feminine Wisdom of God. It is not the masculine standpoint, the highly-principled "Here I stand." It is not Martin Luther hammering his ninety-five articles on the door. It is not a manifesto. It is an invisible center encountered only in a creative process, at first not consciously recognized, but gradually revealed as the process unfolds. That point, in other words, does not exist apart from the process; its being is always in the becoming, giving the process the assurance of its own reality." (Page 72)

From *The Pregnant Virgin, A Process of Psychological Transformation* by Marion Woodman

"...not a few ... are forced to put the archetypal projections where they belong: they must separate personal relationships from archetypal, and work out their own salvation in harmony with the inner god and goddess without the support of a church or the containment of nunnery walls. The woman who knows she has a "calling," artistically or spiritually, may sometimes question her commitment to her inner marriage, but essentially she *knows* she dare not betray that inner reality.

"The woman who has carried the idealized projection of her father all her life, however, may question whether she is called or whether she is trapped in an illusion—an inner marriage that is itself unfruitful, yet forces her to seek the perfect marriage in the outer world. "Called or uncalled" can be an anguished decision, but if the woman concludes she is not called then she needs to look carefully lest she abandon herself to an illusion of perfect union in the human world, an illusion that repeatedly lures her into inevitable abandonment in her relationships with men. Then she may recognize that her problem lies in falling in love with her own projection and attempting to create herself in an image which is being projected onto her, thus abandoning her own Being. As human intimacy develops, she herself rejects that image and cannot continue the pretense. As she reveals more and more of herself, the man experiences her as

The Pregnant Virgin

A Process of Psychological Transformation



**Marion
Woodman**

the betrayer because she had withheld so much of her true nature in order to win him. Unconsciously, her rage toward the man and toward herself (as self-betrayer) unites with his rage, creating the bomb which must inevitably explode.

“The two shadow figures will have their revenge. If healing is to take place, she must not act like a gentleman; she must not try to understand why he is abandoning her. She is angry and her rage is killer-rage and killer-jealousy that needs an acceptable channel. The pent-up fury of a lifetime has to be released from the body to make room for the healing love. That personal rage has to be acknowledged and experienced before the transpersonal understanding and compassion can flow in.

“Somewhere in that anguish and anger, the woman will realize that she has *not* been abandoned by the man she loves. The man she loves does not exist in human form. He never did. She has been projecting an inner image of her own. Her mirror has shattered, and now she can either die or accept reality. And the reality is that she does not grieve for that actual man. She grieves both for her perfect lover and for the beautiful woman she was when she was in love. Taken to her naked truth, she grieves for her own child, the child she herself abandoned when she first set out to please Daddy.” (Page 46)

Love, Again by Doris Lessing

In this new novel, a just-past-middle-aged 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 both. The older woman, Sarah, heroine of the novel, 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 each the same. Here are some “one-liners” that belie that this is just another modern novel; that let us know Doris Lessing *knows*... among other things, that what passes for “love” in the world is really grief, or an imperfect antidote for grief... and she knows what this grief is all about.

“But the truth is, if we did know what we are, then we would know what we could be...”

“How easily, how recklessly we join this group or that, religious, political, theatrical, intellectual—any kind of group: that most potent of witches’ brews, charged with the possibilities for harm and for good, but most often for illusion.”

“Yet if Julie [the heroine of the play within the novel] was not a ‘love woman,’ then what was she? She had embodied that quality, recognizable by every woman at first glance and at once felt by men, of the seductive and ruthless femininity that at once makes arguments about morality irrelevant—surely that should be Aphrodite’s argument?”

“She stood at her window, looking down at the company, and knew that this loss, the desolation of being excluded from happiness, could only refer back to something she had forgotten.”

“Unfortunately, when apparitions from the places behind the closed doors, truthful moments, arrive in ordinary life, they seem so at odds with probability

they tend to be ignored. Bad taste. Exaggeration. Melodrama. They are, quite simply, of a different texture and cannot be accommodated."

"She went in through an unobtrusive little door in a brick arch at the side. This was like an allegory of something, but she could not think what. In present condition, signs and symbols, portents and presages and omens, comparisons apt and silly, formed themselves out of a voice overheard in the street, a dog barking, a glass slipping out of her hand and smashing loudly on a hard surface."

"When [he] was truly dead for her, would she then begin to grieve for him?"

"When the yearning returned, it was impossible to believe that [he] would not walk into her room or telephone her, because he must be needing her as much as she did him. She no longer bothered to tell herself this was lunacy. Anyway, it was passing. Through attacks of pain she held on to that. In the flat clam times, it was not possible to imagine the intensity of grief she had just experienced and would feel again. She knew that quite soon she would not remember, except as a fact, how terrible a time it had been. The pains of childbirth cannot be imagined in between pangs, let alone an hour, a day, a year afterward. One could see that there might be a reason for Nature not wanting the pains of childbirth to be remembered, but why grief pains? Why grief at all? What is it for?"

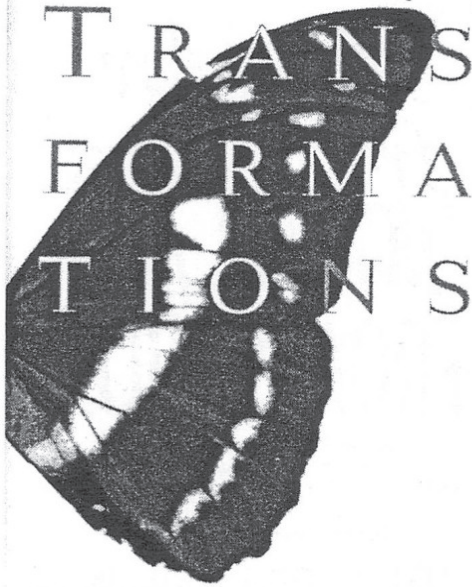
"But perhaps Kate would not have been able to answer. She had never been either, until what she now privately thought of as The Calamity had overwhelmed her: but could anything be absolutely bad that had led to so much new understanding?"

"One day the thought had popped whole and fully fledged into her head, as if it had been waiting there for her to recognize it: Am I really to believe that the awful, crushing anguish, the longing to terrible it seems one's heart is being squeezed by cruel fingers—all that is only what a baby feels when it is hungry and wants its mother? Is a baby, even if not much larger than a cat, only an empty bag waiting to be filled with milk and then cuddled? That baby is wanting more: It is longing for something just out of its memory; it is longing for where it came from, and when need starts up in its stomach for mil., that need revives another, grander need, just as a small girl may pause in her play, look up, see a sky aflame with sunset and sadness, and find herself stretching up her arms to that lost magnificence and sobbing because she is so utterly exiled. ... To fall in love is to remember one is an exile, and that is why the sufferer does not want to be cured, even while crying, "I can't endure this non-life, I can't endure this desert."

"On the plane going home, Mary said, 'I thought I had come to terms with everything, but I hadn't, really. So I have to do it all over again.'"

From *Transformations, Awakening to the Sacred in Ourselves* by Tracy Cochran and Jeff Zaleski

"Attentive seeing is the ingredient that converts sexual passion into a kind of fuel that allows practitioners to experience the bliss of perceiving their profound interconnection with all things—the bliss of the experience that



TRANSFORMATIONS

AWAKENING TO THE SACRED IN OURSELVES

TRACY COCHRAN AND JEFF ZALESKI

Buddhism calls the 'realization of emptiness.' ... "sexual partners undergo the subtle surrender of seeing themselves without judgment. By clearly seeing their identification with sexual passion and other strong emotions that come up during lovemaking, they begin to be transformed—to be liberated from the prison of their small desires and be delivered into a sense of themselves not as a solid entity but as a spacious awareness that can contain self and lover and all the feelings that arise during lovemaking." ... "One rainy autumn day in 1994, the scholar Miranda Shaw stood in the back of a loft-like lecture room at the New York Open Center in downtown Manhattan, showing slides of images of female deities, or 'dakinis,' as well

as of famous women teachers, or 'yoginis,' joined in sexual union with their consorts, their faces alight with delicate, blissful smiles.

"A 'dakini' is literally a 'woman who flies' or a 'sky dancer,'" said Shaw as she described the dancing, naked demi-goddesses, draped only in bone ornaments. To those on the path, the dakinis are great helpers and destroyers of obstacles, but they are not treated like angels, for they are unpredictable and untamed. "They have absolute freedom from social constraints, the freedom that comes from knowing reality. Look at them. You can see that they glory in their femaleness and power. They have no shame, zero shame."

Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus by John Gray

Back to basics... All of the above books use eros or romance and/or feminine/masculine symbolism to describe spiritual truth and Work. But despite their interest in such symbolism, back on Earth people continually complain about their love relationships. Almost inevitably they separate them from their spiritual Work. I recommend this book, one of the best of its type I've ever come across, several times a week. If your partner "doesn't understand you," please read this book to see how to induce a little serenity into the relationship, realizing (I hope) that these practices can be used as tools to wake up, as well. To quote:

"We mistakenly assume that if our partners love us they will react and behave in certain ways—the ways we react and behave when we love someone. This attitude sets us up to be disappointed again and again and prevents us from taking the necessary time to communicate lovingly about our differences.

"Men mistakenly expect women to think, communicate, and react the way men do; women mistakenly expect men to feel, communicate, and respond the way women do. We have forgotten that men and women are supposed to be different. As a result our relationships are filled with unnecessary friction and conflict.

"Clearly recognizing and respecting these differences dramatically reduce confusion when dealing with the opposite sex. When you remember that men are from Mars and women are from Venus, everything can be explained. ... we will explore how men's and women's values are inherently different and try to understand the two biggest mistakes we make in relating to the opposite sex: men mistakenly offer solutions and invalidate feelings while women offer unsolicited advice and direction.

"Through understanding our Martian/Venusian background it becomes obvious why men and women *unknowingly* make these mistakes. By remembering these differences we can correct our mistakes and immediately respond to each other in more productive ways. ... we'll discover the different ways men and women cope with stress. While Martians tend to pull away and silently think about what's bothering them, Venusians feel an instinctive need to talk about what's bothering them. ... Men are motivated when they feel needed while women are motivated when they feel cherished. ... men and women commonly misunderstand each other because they speak different languages.

"A *Martian/Venusian Phrase Dictionary* is provided to translate commonly misunderstood expressions. You will learn how men and women speak and even stop speaking for entirely different reasons... men and women have different needs for intimacy. A man gets close but then inevitably needs to pull away. Women will learn how to support this pulling away process so he will spring back to her like a rubber band. ... a woman's loving attitudes rise and fall rhythmically in a wave motion. Men will learn how correctly to interpret these sometimes sudden shifts of feelings."

"... men and woman give the kind of love they need and not what the opposite sex needs. Men primarily need a kind of love that is trusting, accepting, and appreciative. Women primarily need a kind of love that is caring, understanding and respectful... Men will learn that by acting as if they are always right they may invalidate a woman's feelings. Women will learn how they unknowingly send messages of disapproval instead of disagreement, thus igniting a man's defenses... men and women keep score differently... The different ways men and

Men Are from Mars, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS

"A valuable, much needed book.
A contribution to the understanding of the
communication styles of men and women."

—HARVILLE HENDRIX, Ph.D.,
author of *Getting the Love You Want*

JOHN GRAY, Ph.D.

women hide feelings are discussed... The four seasons of love... Falling in love is always magical. It feels eternal, as if love will last forever. We naively believe that somehow we are exempt from the problems our parents had, free from the odds that love will die, assured that it is meant to be and that we are destined to live happily ever after.

"But as the magic recedes and daily life takes over, it emerges that men continue to expect women to think and react like men, and women expect men to feel and behave like women. Without a clear awareness of our differences, we do not take the time to understand and respect each other. We become demanding, resentful, judgmental, and intolerant.

"With the best and most loving intentions love continues to die. Somehow the problems creep in. The resentments build. Communication breaks down. Mistrust increases. Rejection and repression result. The magic of love is lost. ... Very few people, indeed, are able to grow in love. Yet, it does happen. When men and women are able to respect and accept their differences then love has a chance to blossom."

From *Desert Wind* by Neil Douglas-Klotz

King James Version: *So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.*

Klotz' version: The sixth "day" continued: From its own essence of total presence, the Universe established a principle of individuated collective unity, sometimes called the human. This new experiment in being was envisioned as having two basic modes, tones, or habits:

One was innocent, obvious and apparent, growing and rising, engraving what has been established and embodying the memory of the origin of things.

The other was innocent, subtle and deep, hollowed and cavernous, nurturing the new and embodying knowledge of space and the primeval void.

These two habits of being formed the initial archetypes of male and female as contained within each human being. One being, two ways—forever destined to deal with the difference, one way or another.

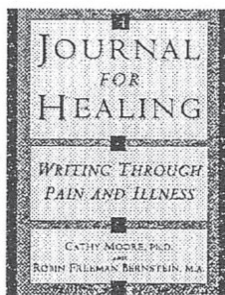
KJV: *And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living things that moveth upon the earth.*

Klotz' version: The entire principle of humanity was still "in its beginningness"—only in potential, not action—yet it already had a life of its own. The Universe breathed compassionately on this yet-unmanifest being so that it began to generate, multiply, and fill space. It became the dominant and most attractive goal of the Universe to establish the human principle in embodiment, embracing the whole of manifest creation at this time.



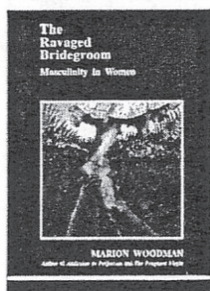
Journal for Healing, Writing Through Pain and Illness by Cathy Moore and Robin Freeman Bernstein

Robin Freeman and her friend Cathy Moore have published a beautiful journal for those with serious illness, with the aim of assisting through the inevitable feelings and emotions. Although you will recognize the Teaching information, the book is very definitely for the general (if sensitive) reader. Included are sample letters to write to others, as well as hints how to get started with the journal pages when one is at a loss for words. It would make a perfect gift for a friend who is sick.



The Ravaged Bridegroom, Masculinity in Women by Marion Woodman.

From the back cover: "...explore[s] the psychological impact of patriarchy.



Although it continues the author's long-standing concern with a revaluation of the feminine principle, it focuses on the many ways in which a woman's perspective on herself can be undermined by a crippling relationship with her inner man, leaving her spiritually verfeft and unable to stand to her own truth. Such a broken inner marriage has all the devastating consequences of an outer divorce. But Woodman offers hope as well—unveiling the creative potential inherent in partnership with a revitalized masculinity. As in her previous work, she uses powerful images from poetry,

myth, dream analysis and personal experience to demonstrate the healing dynamics of the unconscious. At the same time, she presents a grounded vision of integrated masculinity—the true bridegroom—that substantially extends the boundaries of what it means to be a woman or a man."

The Owl Was a Baker's Daughter Marion Woodman.

Marion's first book (which was also her master's thesis) describing the sort of background women with eating disorders are likely to come from. It is sometimes comforting to see how similar circumstances produce similar conditioned reactions—one does not feel so "crazy" or alone.

Conscious Femininity by Marion Woodman.

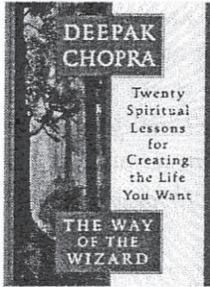
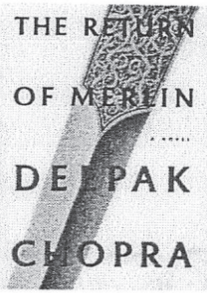
"Candid and wide-ranging interviews dating from 1985 through 1992 illuminate Marion Woodman's unique perspective on the feminine, touching on sexuality, creativity, relationships, addictions, healing rituals and the environment."



The Return of Merlin by Deepok Chropa

From "The Key to Merlin" (the introduction): Merlin—the name evokes images of mystery, magic, adventure, wonder, and enchantment. The wizard is the central figure in one of the most enduring mythos of our culture, the story

of King Arthur and his kingdom, Camelot. In early versions of the legend, Merlin is the keeper of all knowledge; all-powerful, all-seeing, eternal. This version, *The Return of Merlin*, is about waking up the wizard that sleeps deep within all of us, so that we can reclaim the field of pure knowledge and dream a new world into reality, from the purity of our hearts. What society thinks of as reality today is the hypnosis of social conditioning, an induced fiction in which we are all collectively participating. It is the melodrama of a humdrum existence, filled with trite obsessions and trivial pursuits, wherein our only fate is to be born, grow old, and die. If we could just realize it, the keys to the miracle of life lie in our own consciousness. Life will bestow miracles on us when we begin to see it as an expression of the miraculous. Life itself is a miracle. We are here and now—that is a miracle. The wizard's tower is that sacred place inside us, where there are gods and goddesses in embryo; their only desire is to be born, to manifest into form."



The Way of the Wizard, Twenty Spiritual Lessons for Creating the Life you Want by Deepok Chopra

If you are taken with the charm and gentility of Deepok Chopra on TV, you might get a kick out of Merlin, possibly Chopra's crusty alter-ego who tells it like it is and is none too polite. I was delighted to find the Picture of Man spelled out, too. "It's interesting here at court," Merlin once remarked to Arthur after he became king. 'I didnt realize you mortals all held the same job.'

"Do we?" asked Arthur. 'What might that be?'

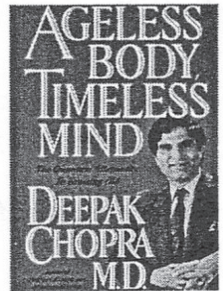
"'Jail keeper,' replied Merlin, refusing to say another word on the matter.

In a wizard's eyes we are all jail keepers of our shadow selves. The unconscious mind is the prison where unwanted energies are locked up, not because they have to be but because we have been so imprinted by years of yes and no, good and bad. Having pondered Merlin's words about being a jail keeper. Arthur went to him and said, 'I dont want to be this way. How can I change?'

"'Nothing easier,' replied Merlin. 'Simply see that you are playing both roles, jailer and jailed. If you are both sides of the coin, then neither must be you, for they cancel each other out. Recognize this and bee free.'"

Ageless Body, Timeless Mind by Deepok Chopra

"Ancient wisdom and modern science coalesce into a prescription for living a joyful, fulfilling life. It is also likely to extend our lives and radically change our concepts about aging." Joan Borysenko, author of *Minding the Body, Mending the Mind*.



Mail Box

Dearest, I was reading Sophia a few moments ago and wanted to tell you how I was thrilled to hear about the time you had at the pub and then the funeral ... this party we're enjoying (or not--it's up to us).

Containers hold a deep fascination for me as well. Sometimes at night I look into the deep of space and think of the earth as a container and the idea expands to the whole of creation. A matrix in which Life is the contained and the container as well.

So you dig Otis, I can see why. I've been relearning CSN's Teach Your Children Well. And don't you know all I can think of is The Teacher seeing to it that the young in Spirit are well prepared for the tasks ahead. Do you know any Steve Miller, i.e., Seasons, there's a line, goes like this: "Summer song won't last long, in this world a man has come to sing you of your birth as you spend your time on earth in the wind," again The Teacher. It's certainly true the time spent aging can be time spent gathering experience for Spirit. Do all one can as well as one can. It recently came to awareness that this age thing can be seen through grateful eyes. Ah, there's a blessing. Love, Bob Turano, New York

Dear Christine, Thank you for Sophia. I love the Wisdom Journal. I am grateful for all you do, it means a lot to me. ... I enjoyed the night out with you [article "The Dance"]. I could just see you out at the Tam having a joyful time and lifting the mood. What a great happening. A party like that could go on for ever... and it does. Mary's Jar: the message is a never-ending project of cleaning the cup to be filled by Life. I just had to tell you of the experience I had. I went to the closet I remembered somewhere in there I had a beautiful stand, three-legged, interesting, with ivy leaves growing up the legs. I brought it out to the great room where I could stand off and look at it, what kind of jar would fit in it? So happens I had a perfect glass bowl. It was full of all kinds of nuts. I sat it on the three-legged stand, went off from it to observe how beautiful it looked. And I just happened to notice it was full of nuts. And along with all the nuts was a nutcracker. I proceeded to pick up a large nut and crack it. One less nut in Bonnie's Jar! 😊 Thank you Life, and thank you Christine, you never know how your messages affect those who have ears to hear and eyes to see. Love, Bonnie Be, Arizona

Aloha E Christine! Springtime in Hawaii is Heaven on Earth ~ The air is scented with intense floral fragrances so thick at times hanging densely in the air. The flowers and green-ness of the fields and mountains and the vast blue of the sea. What a marvelous place to be a guest on this island, Oahu. On May Day the elementary schools put on a performance (May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii). R. is now in the sixth grade. The tradition is to have a Hawaiian court with king and queen, princes and princess from each island and their attendants. They were dressed in satin in the color of each island and leis of each island's flower. The hula dances that they did were the "rights of passage" from child to young adult. Oh how beautiful they are--so much the parts they represented. When the Queen danced her hula a flock of egrets flew over her in formation and then turned to fly back to the mountains. Enclosed is a Maori chant that to me represents the four forces. The Polynesian culture is so incredible. I'm studying Hawaiian language from a local Kabua (Hawaiian priest). He is also a Hawaiian/reggae singer! He has 25 CDs out. His name is Burch Helemano. His name means "one who has walked this way many times before." What a character. He really knows how to keep the mood up. His class is fun. Aloha = to experience the sacred breath of Life. Love & Aloha, Claudia

Maori Chant from *Man, Gods and Nature* by Michael Kioni Dudley

The First Period: [Initiative]

From the conception the increase,
 From the increase the swelling,
 From the swelling the thought,
 From the thought the remembrance,
 From the remembrance, the consciousness, the desire.

The Second Period: [Resistance]

The word became fruitful;
 It dwelt with the feeble glimmering;
 It brought forth night:
 The great night, the long night
 The lowest night, the loftiest night,
 The thick night to be felt,
 The night to be touched, the night unseen.
 The night following on,
 The night ending in death.

The Third Period: [Form]

From the nothing the begetting,
 From the nothing the increase
 From the nothing the abundance,
 The power of increasing, the living breath;
 It dwelt in empty space,
 It produced the atmosphere which is above us.

The Fourth Period: [Result]

The atmosphere which floats above the earth,
 The great firmament above us, the spread-out space dwelt with the early dawn,
 The moon sprang forth;
 The atmosphere above dwelt with the glowing sky.
 Forthwith was produced the sun,
 They were thrown up above as the chief eyes of heaven;
 The heavens became light,
 The early dawn, the early day,
 The midday. The blaze of day from the sky.

Dear Christine, Thank you ever so much for the sweet note and all the back issues of Sophia. Your kindness and generosity is truly appreciated. Until reading these issues, I had not seen the Work expressed through the metaphor of the Christian tradition. Your writings are all so very heartfelt and sensitive that, although I am not well-versed or particularly comfortable with this way of expressing the Teaching, I was warmed by the love and devotion in your words. Although I have come to embrace the rich symbolism of certain religious writings I generally eschew religion as I have found it so often used to control and discriminate, not what Life intended, I'm sure. I'm not sure I understand how the Work and the Bible intersect, yet, and would appreciate any enlightenment you could offer. So very glad to have encountered you, Sara ♥

I am glad we've "encountered" as well! I try to be quite specific with language, and would like to say that what you refer to that controls and discriminates (in the judgmental sense of the word), I would call theology—that which comes from scholars and others who proselytize what they purport to "know" about "God." Religion, on the other hand, is from the Latin, to bind or tie back, in the sense of reuniting. True religion gives a framework in which this process of reuniting with our Source can occur, it has nothing to do with control. I share your distaste for the former, and know you well enough to know you are deeply interested in the latter.

To specifically answer your question "how do the Work and the Bible intersect?" let me say this. After 19 years of intense study of both, it is my conviction that some of the authors of both Old and New Testaments were, indeed, Teachers of the Work, Guides, who tried to leave tools for those who might not have a Guide in the future. Much of it was obviously written by their associates who did not fully understand, who did the best they could with the light they had, to document—and interpret—the words of and demonstrations made by the Teachers. What we are left with is a hodgepodge, and I suspect that without a contemporary Guide, anyone would have a difficult, maybe impossible, task to actually extract from the Bible what they need and be able to use it. Thank goodness we aren't in that position. Meanwhile, because it has had such a profound influence on Western culture, and not always an honest or advantageous one, it can be helpful to point out the gold from its surrounding

dross. In addition, you might see Biblical material in *Sophia* merely because it appeals to me—Sophie represents my taste. She/it is an experiment, a rather romantic (but not sentimental) one, and I am giving myself a quite liberal space in which to run it. (You will also see lyrics to popular songs here, Sufi poetry, physics, if described in a beautiful way—no telling what appeals to my sense of beauty and romance on a particular day!)

Thanks, too, for your lovely card—the joy and awe on the faces of the peasant women is magnificently beautiful (to me); I am going to have it enlarged and hang it in the kitchen next to Kelly's card of the two young women friends in the field, making and listening to music (reproduced in a previous issue). Women's ability to communicate with each other, both to receive and be received, is truly a treasure.



Painting by Sandra Bierman, from Blue Sky Publishing's Contemporary Collection, 6395 Gunpark Drive, M, Boulder CO 80301

"Intimacies between women often go backwards, beginning in revelations and ending up in small talk without loss of esteem." Elizabeth Bowen

"If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love friends for their sake rather than for our own." Charlotte Brontë

"If I'm such a legend, why am I so lonely?" Judy Garland

"The more I traveled the more I realized that fear makes strangers of people who should be friends." Shirley MacLaine

"In my friend, I find a second self." Isabel Norton

"Shared joy is double joy, and shared sorrow is half-sorrow." Swedish proverb

Wisdom

Wisdom could be defined as understanding what is—seeing the way things are without delusion or illusion—and acting accordingly. The vehicle for the spirit that is you having a human experience was designed to function here in wisdom, but it is not born wise—or if it is, it is soon deluded and has either to learn or to regain wisdom. Most of us live in a degree of wisdom, and most of us have the intention of increasing wisdom as we proceed through the human experience.

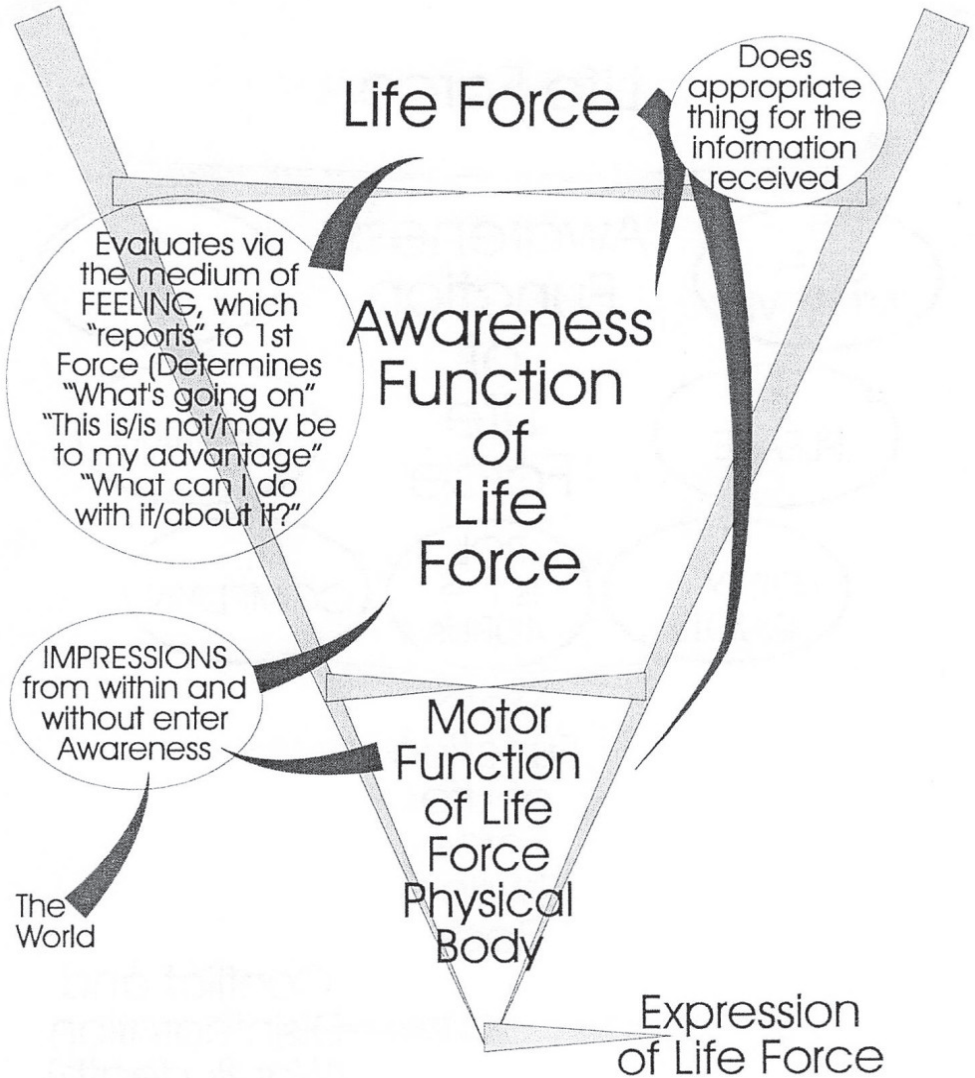
A wise or correctly functioning human is designed like the picture ⇒. Spirit can be called many things—biological function, intelligence, life force. This spirit has as tools for the human experience an awareness function which receives impressions and evaluates them based on the purpose of living via the medium of feeling. This information is responded to by intelligence which does the appropriate thing for the information received, through the physical body, its motor function, thus activity is carried out in the world.

The foregoing is hypothesis until one has checked it out for herself. One way to do this, of course, is to watch one's activity carried out in the world and trace the process. It is usually helpful to start small, for instance, the activity at the moment is reading a Wisdom Journal. One can see if the process as described seems to be the way it does work. Then bigger events, or events that seem to repeat, or the whole direction of one's life can be fit into the hypothesis in order to check it out.

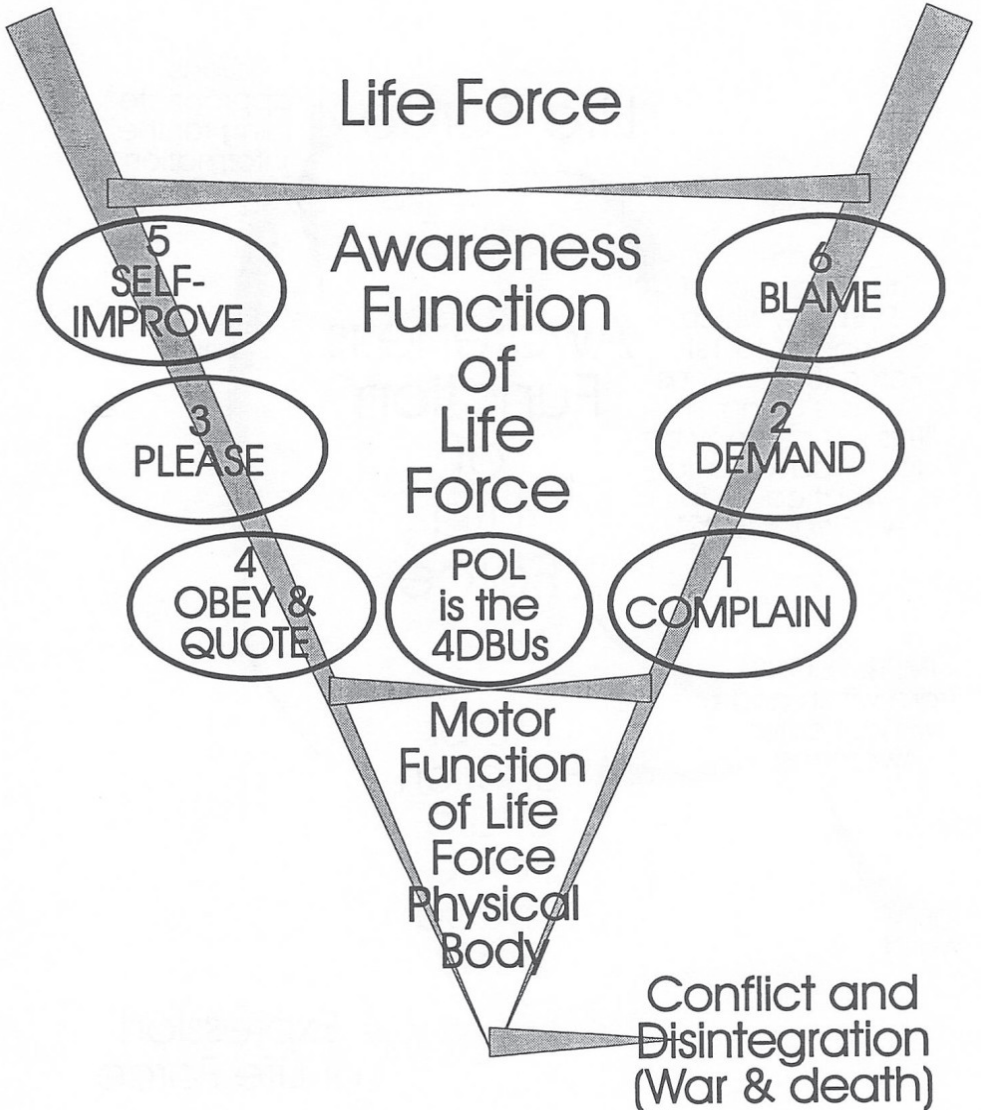
What might happen in this exercise is a little confusion: maybe one finds that harmful activity or activity that is not to one's advantage, or maybe disease, seems to be the fourth factor, and how can this be "the appropriate response for the information received"? This is wisdom? No one wants to be alcoholic, or always arguing with family, or in a job one hates, or sick, how could one have evaluated impressions, "reported" them through the medium of feeling, and had as a result such truly unwanted behavior? Something must have gone awry.

What went awry and prevents wisdom from growing is an erroneous decision by awareness function as to the purpose of living. When an infant is born she emerges from warm safe dark comfort with no responsibility into a new world altogether, one full of stimulus, scary new people and events, and feelings which she has not felt before. The contrast between this and her recent haven is enormous and she decides with feeling that the purpose of this new existence must be to get back to the old non-disturbed one. It is a fact (check it out) that once a decision is made with feeling it is the attitude from then on until a new evaluation takes place. So spirit having a human experience is deluded by a misconception "reported" emphatically, with feeling.

Human Being Acquiring Wisdom



Human Being without Wisdom Lives in and Expresses Conflict and Disintegration



Another way of stating this misconception is a state of false emergency. But just being born into the world is not a state of emergency—there are plenty of “servants” standing by ready to protect and comfort the little one. She doesn’t see it this way and feels existence here is a real emergency, regaining the old womb-world will assuage it. She makes decisions to try to help her facilitate this return to non-disturbance. These decisions work for an infant for awhile, so they get reinforced as the way to think and act, but they are short-term measures, appropriate only for infants. She learns that crying, complaining, will get her comfortable, remove discomforts. When this noise is unheard by her servants, she demands they listen and fix things, and they usually do for a while. And when they do she may smile at them and notices this pleases them very much, another good tool to get her way. Eventually the servants, who are bigger than she is and, she assumes, have much more wisdom, become to her “authorities,” and introduce her to even more authorities, at school, at church, in the community. The conflict between wanting to cry, complain, whine, demand and smile to please them, obey, that is do what she doesn’t want to do but has to lest she get punished, is enormous. Her state of emergency escalates into conflict, a war of sorts within. As she gets older she starts warring without, too.

In a misguided interpretation of the intuition that maybe she could do something about all this (re-evaluate her original premise), she feels responsible for the whole sad state and decides to improve. Standards have been set for her, they are all over the place, to measure herself against and fall short. Pretty soon it is all so hopeless and uncomfortable and her own efforts so futile that she blames everyone and everything else: if they would change, or things would change, then she would be happy.

The desire to be happy can be shown to have four dual levels: the physical is gaining pleasure and escaping pain; the mental is gaining attention and avoiding being ignored; the emotional is gaining approval and escaping disapproval; the transcendental is feeling needed or important and avoiding feeling useless or inferior. All of these feelings are part of the human experience, everyone has some degree of them, and in ever-changing degrees. But they are not the purpose of living, they are by-products of living. When we mistake the by-products of living for the reason to exist, we are doomed to disappointment. When we equate happiness with gaining and escaping pain and pleasure on all these levels, we have no place for higher experience, or experience outside this misconception. The essence of wisdom on planet Earth is to understand that the life experience is or can be far more than the four dual basic urges and to allow the broader experience by making the lesser unimportant. With a little effort it can be done.

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES		
LEVEL	GAIN	ESCAPE
PHYSICAL	Comfort, Pleasure	Pain, Discomfort
MENTAL	Attention	Being ignored; Rejection
EMOTIONAL	Approval	Disapproval
TRANSCENDENTAL	Feeling needed, important, appreciated	Feeling inferior, useless, unappreciated

The four forces & Creating a Soul

1st FORCE--INITIATIVE: Intention acted upon (not just thought about or wished for). Example: "I am determined to learn what I am, where I am, what's going on here and what I can do."

2nd FORCE--RESISTANCE that always arises as an "opponent" to Initiative: Forgetting to observe self, justifying or defending or rationalizing what I do observe.

These two working together (Intention maintained, Resistance recognized and allowed to be, creates

3rd FORCE--A FORM, a conscious container for and director of the power of Life, 1st Force, producing

4th FORCE--RESULT, in our example, Wisdom, a new expression with the ability to create rather than just to react to conditioning, taste, gaining and escaping. Knowing What I am (1st Force), where I am (amidst 2nd Force), what's going on (Forming) and What I can do.

Check it out!

Don't take Sophie's word for it—check out the above information (and all information, here and anywhere else) to see if it is true for you. It's all just hypothesis until you prove or disprove it to your own satisfaction, make it your experience. Start small! Make an intention, go do it, see what arises in your way, watch the form materialize (or not), determine the result for you, for others whom you may have affected.

What if...

One of the recurring themes lately is annoyance with others. In fact, what I've been hearing is more than annoyance, it borders on hatred. Why people call me with these complaints is a mystery... I don't agree with them they are victimized by anyone, yet on and on it goes. It is doubtful these complainers are students—surely after some time of railing about so-and-so to me and not getting the agreement they want, they don't catch on that maybe there is another way to look at it, that maybe their antagonism is their School. But if you are a student I'd like to pass along something that keeps sticking in my mind as a novel way to look at those people—granted, there are some—who are tedious, but are most definitely going to be in your life for awhile.

You may have read or heard of a book about a near-death experience that was on the best-seller list for over a year. I read it but haven't a clue as to its authenticity, though I saw the author interviewed on television and she does radiate an uncommon serenity. One of the "revelations" she made was this. According to her, everyone who annoys us was, before we came to this world, a dear friend. She says the friend agreed to play a part absolutely designed to irk us, a part guaranteed to raise every hackle every time we encounter each other. A part specifically devised to be our own school. We agreed to play the roles, shook on it, knew we would forget (that's part of the plan) lo and behold here we are—despising each other, waiting to catch on.

Now this sounds like a pretty elaborate fantasy to me if taken literally. But still... What if... ?

There is a person in my life, and I am sure there's at least one in yours too, that was a thorn in my side for years. By some undeserved grace I was able to see that that person was, if not my school, certainly a requisite class I had to take, and re-take until I passed, which eventually I did. I was thinking the other day, after listening to yet another person's accounts receivable against their "friend," about my own nemesis. I imagined us long ago as fluffy spirits flitting around heaven making plans for a trip to planet Earth, getting ready. We sat down and discussed at great length the course material and the roles we would play. We laughed and groaned and at last hugged and hoped it would not be disaster but would fulfill the promise of wisdom that was its intent. Because who's to say? Do you know for sure it's NOT that way? I don't.

I thought it a charming scene and wished I had had this little image back in the days when I had to work so hard, in frustration, anger and despair, to see truly what I had to see to learn the lesson that I did, at last, learn. I give it to you to do with as you wish. What if... it's true?

Book Search

In our efforts to make available good books, we have again subscribed to probably the country's biggest book search service. It is expensive but worth it. "Want lists" of out-of-print books are published weekly and circulated all over the country and beyond. "Book scouts" hunt down the books and notify subscribers of the cost and condition of the books. When we subscribed years ago we had no problem finding any book we sought.

I have currently posted a search for Doris Lessing's Shikasta series, especially The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five, a magnificent Teaching fable, and The Making of the Representative of Planet 8, describing the whole purpose of the Work; the Douay-Confraternity edition of the Bible that so many ask me for; The Theory of Eternal Life by Rodney Collin; The Garden of the Beloved; and others that I feel are especially worthwhile. Next Harmony Workshop Book Service Catalog will have a listing of what I am able to get.

If there are out-of-print books that you are looking for, we will be happy to add them to our want list. Our policy will be to charge \$1 per search title that's not already on my list. (This is less than what we pay; we will absorb the rest.) If you purchase the book the \$1 will be refunded (deducted from the price). So if I can find books for you (any title at all, need not be particularly "spiritual") send your own want list and \$1 per title. Be sure to state the condition you require, for instance, sometimes books are intact but covers are worn—is this acceptable to you? paperback or hardback? and so on. I will presume that you don't care if the book is not a first edition, unless you so state. All these criteria are listed on the responses from the book scouts. It takes about ten days to get the list published and about two more weeks to collect responses. In other words, allow a month before you hear from me as to the availability of your request.

It is my intention to greatly expand the Good Books and Good Leather as time goes on and resources permit. By next month, for instance, we will have Idries Shah's books, and hand-painted "treasure chests". I would like to open a retail shop eventually. People often tell me of books they read that we carry but they got from other sources. Maybe they are not aware that this service and donations is Harmony Workshop's sustenance (the newsletters are strictly nonprofit in every sense of the word). Your patronage is appreciated!

CORRECTION: Last *Sophia*, page 22, had an error in the third paragraph, next to last line. "third is the result" should, of course, be "fourth is the result." If you keep your journals, please make the correction if you loan it to someone. Thanks.