



THE WAY of Intelligence

Summer 2011

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Picture of Man March 2002
The Picture of Man Spring 1995
Quite Contrary
Excerpts from Rhondell
Excerpts from Christine
The First Game
A Challenge Met to My Advantage
Meeting Challenges with Conflict
Reference Section
The Circus of the Magic Eye
Sanity Island on Second Life
Bulletin Board
Harmony Workshop Websites

Dear friends,

Many thanX for your notes of gratitude and contributions to the previous newsletter. It's our absolute joy and privilege to continue keeping the original Work available in this particular form.

Over the past months since Christine left the Big Party many have asked, "Please let me know, what can I do?"

Inside this newsletter you'll read parables written by friends of Harmony Workshop. You'll also see photos sent by Pat. You, too, are welcome to email parables or stories that highlight an area of the Work. Poems, lyrics to a song, possibly a photograph of yourself to accompany a column you pen can also be sent to:

harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net

or mail to:

Harmony Workshop
2245 East Colorado Blvd. # 104
Pasadena, California 91107

~

The Summer issue of *The Way of Intelligence* places the spotlight on *The Picture of Man*.

An excerpt from THE WAY of Intelligence, March 2001, Vol. 1 No. 2:
The Picture of Man may be the simplest and most valuable tool for self-knowing that you will ever come across. Its simplicity is deceiving, though. If you really use it—meaning keep it in mind all day, watch others and yourself as much as possible in its terms—you find it's not merely a little diagram, but like a living organism that develops and even evolves as you do. It can't be overly emphasized how foolish it would be to think because you "know" its four parts or can draw it from memory, that it can be put aside for more "advanced" material. Using the Picture of Man on a continual basis will provide all the advanced material one could ever truly want.

Rhondell, whenever giving a talk or workshops, would draw the *Picture of Man* for those in attendance (or recommend to those listening to a tape to draw it themselves). For some of us, this was the first time we were given a light in the form of a V divided into the four *FACETS* or *FUNCTIONS* of a human being: *The Life Force*, which we use an X to denote--*Awareness*, which takes in, screens out, and evaluates impressions--the *Physical Body* which is the motor function of the 'unit'-- and the *Action* the whole being performs. Our Friend, Christine, learned after Rhondell left the big party that many reading the newsletters and working with the material had never seen the Picture of Man drawn, step-by-step.

Christine went to work on this, creating an excellent resource, allowing one to see Rhondell's diagram, drawn frame-by-frame, ensuring others had the opportunity to see this magnificent presentation.

There is a video tutorial for those who wish to visit: www.PictureOfMan.com. This video tutorial can also be found printed in the March 2002 and May 2002 edition of *THE WAY of Intelligence*. You can access the newsletters by visiting: www.harmonyworkshop.com and clicking on THE WAY of Intelligence. Thank you, Christine!

Within this newsletter you will find two original articles on The Picture of Man. The first lays a wonderful foundation for those who are eager to learn more. The second article sees grief through the lens of the Work and The Picture of Man.

Another area of the Work highlighted this month is Sanity Island on Second Life. Cindy Swenka, Harmony Workshop's Office Manager, created a wonderful step-by-step guide to what you can do to visit Sanity Island, where our Friend, Christine, gives us the chance to visit the Real World. (Please see pages 25-31.)

In closing, we'd like you to know that very soon there will be the **Grand Reopening of *Good Leather***, Harmony Workshop's Bookstore, that also carries journals and other surprises. Credit cards will be taken, making it very easy to order online. We'll keep you posted.

Ideas, comments, suggestions, etc. for upcoming newsletters and Second Life events and gatherings are all welcome!

The upcoming newsletter will have two themes: *The Four Forces* and *ThanXgiving*. It will be available at www.HarmonyWorkshop.com the middle of November. Your items can be sent via email to the address listed below or to the Harmony Workshop address by September 30, 2011. Many thanX!

In friendship,
Your fellow travelers ~ Gary, Cindy, Trish, Luz and Robin
harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net

The Picture of Man

March 2002

Volume 2 Number 2

The centerpiece of The Way of Intelligence is Rhondell's *Picture of Man* and its attendant sets of "fours" – The Four Questions, The Four Forces, The Four Dual Basic Urges, The Four Ways, The Four Great Games. Although the information is not new, nor original (he said "it is ancient and comes from another realm") his presentation was certainly original and innovative. Understanding The Picture of Man and "The Fours" can be the doorway to a new life; acting upon it (especially, at first, trying to prove it wrong) will definitely initiate a transformation of one's life.

Opinions about The Picture of Man run the gamut from, "Oh that – it's so simple, I know that already," to "Diagrams are impossible for me to read, I'll just work without it." Real students know the truth is quite different than that; it is simple but not easy, and meeting the resistance that prevents one from learning, for instance to read a diagram, is exactly what it's all about.

The Picture of Man is like a skeleton of a person, and the work done with it puts flesh on the New Man—in that regard the Picture of Man seems organic. People, including yours truly, have seen new dimensions of it ten or fifteen or more years after having first "learned" it. Those of you who have used it know what I'm talking about.

But I have seen there is another group, too. The majority of readers of THE WAY of *Intelligence* did not meet Rhondell, have never been to a workshop, are not in a local group, yet are working the best they can with the material at hand. I have realized from listening to some of

you that a difficulty exists because The Picture of Man was never drawn out for you a step at a time. I've tried to rectify that with a narrated, animated presentation of the Picture of Man on the Internet where each section is presented bit-by-bit, each added to the preceding. But not everyone has access and even if you do have access but your system is slow, it may be difficult or impossible to view. So this issue will be devoted to the basic principles, including a print version of Part One of the video, The Way Man Is Designed to Function, a frame at time. This is supported by a long excerpt from a workshop by Rhondell where he spells it all out, including Part Two, what happens to prevent the design to function properly.

If you are new to this material, I hope this issue will clarify the Picture of Man if you need clarification. If not, please feel free to contact me, or read the extensive articles and information on our website www.PictureOfMan.com.

When I was first taught The Picture of Man I did not so much try to disprove (it was logical I didn't doubt its premise) as much as try to find situations where it did not apply. I worked hard at that, and twenty-something years later still have not found a single situation that was not made clear by the application of The Picture of Man and "The Fours." Not one. I would like this confidence for all of you, and am at your service to get there if you wish. To say The Picture of Man is simple, is accurate in the respect that its parts are easy to understand when put forth step-by-step; however I think you will eventually be astounded at the dimensions it covers. This material is hands down the most valuable thing in the world to me. I don't now how I could live without it.

The Picture of Man

Awareness Journal ~ Volume III No. 3 Spring 1995

A human being is made up of four facets: (1) Spirit, Intelligence, Biological Force, called "X" in the Science of Man because, as in algebra, we are aware "something" is present but cannot precisely define it-yet; (2) Awareness Function, Perception, which receives impressions from inner and outer worlds, evaluate them based on the Purpose of Living, and "reports" these impressions to X via the medium of feeling; (3) the Physical Body or Motor Function, which (4) carries out the Action appropriate for the information received by X from Awareness. When working without conflict (misinformation, error), a person lives in and radiates serenity, harmony, balance.

Because the issue of loss or grief came up so often in calls and letters the last few months, we will use this as an example of the Picture of Man this time.

The Teaching says "change" rather than "loss," although grief is a common reaction to change when it is seen as loss, which it is by many people on many occasions, most especially when someone dies. But there are many catalysts for grief, not just death. Although anything valued that disappears is a death of sorts—it is death of the ideal that happiness or security or pleasure or comfort (or anything on planet Earth) was permanent. Nothing is permanent as is, it changes, and often these changes include its seeming disappearance. We can no longer touch it, see it, measure it, spend it—our senses register "something" as having been

lost, when really, my relationship with it has changed. The relationship was an event, and the event came to pass-and it passed.

Probably the biggest and most challenging part of our human experience is learning to understand and cope with the impermanence of what we value (and sometimes the seeming permanence of what we most definitely don't value!). Maturity and evolution seem to be an infinite series of letting go. Attachment/detachment is the name of the game—or one way of saying it; the other might be rejection/acceptance. We attach to what we like, we reject what we don't like. We must learn detachment from the former and acceptance of the latter—and then let it ALL go.

I have seen people grieve over the loss of a job. I'm sure you have, too. I mean

six months (or more) in bed, complete apathy, occasionally relieved by anger, guilt, frustration, fear. And certainly many of us have experienced the loss of a dear friend... whether this loss was precipitated by their moving away, a rejection, maybe, or death. The more we valued the job, the event, the person, the more we are likely to grieve when our relationship with it/him or her changes. Perhaps there is no more relationship. And we grieve.

But what are we grieving for? Mature people realize they are grieving mostly for self, this is no surprise. Students in the throes of grief often sit up suddenly and realize their self-pity has little to do with the well-being of or love FOR the other, but is a "poor ME, what am I going to do now?" Many of you have told me this lately, and I have experienced it myself. What is it we grieve

over, really? It is the loss of illusion, the realization there are not ideals here in our world. It is an illusion to think that a satisfying job carries with it a life-time guarantee—we all know better, but we act as though this illusion were truth. It is an illusion to think that a relationship will remain static – what relationship ever did? They either deepen or they fade. Relationships are composed of events, maybe millions of them, if we count each minute, but the nature of an event is that it comes and it goes, and maybe comes again. But we can count on it—it will change. AS long as the changes are pleasant, we accept them gladly, if we notice them at all. As soon as the change is unpleasant—the paycheck no longer is there, the understanding pat on the hand, the hugs and kisses become history – we grieve. But we grieve because of our erroneous expectation that it would remain unchanged.

Now all this is very well, and makes sense – and so what. Not for a minute am I going to say that we shouldn't grieve, that we won't grieve if we are doing the Work, that grief is wrong. It is a perfectly natural reaction to our sense based perception, which is, alas, based on illusion that what we can touch and measure is the only reality.

It is said that we are Spirit having a human experience. “Having” a human experience does not mean that Spirit is born with the human experience fully mastered! It means Spirit gets to Work to master it, gets to EXPERIENCE it. What we want to do is see this, acknowledge it, accept it. Work with it. That's our job.

So... A change occurs. Something or someone we value has changed its



relationship to us. The change has the impression of loss. Awareness receives the impression that something of value is gone. If Awareness “reports” this accurately to X, via the medium of feeling (in this case, feeling free to experience a loss), X will do the appropriate thing through the physical body—it will heal the perceived wound of severance. The ACTION of one's life will maintain harmony.

But a big shock is not dealt with without lots and lots

of practice. Here's what goes on, the opportunity for practice:

Every human being has a purpose of living. Right before birth we lived in a virtual Paradise where all needs were met, where the environment was pleasant, where there was no responsibility. The shock of birth was seen as something to escape, a decision was made to regain the non-disturbed state. This is called in the Science of Man the Master Decision because it is the basis for all attitude and action until realized and then remade. Six more “helper” decisions are made, in a futile attempt to facilitate the Master Decision: (1) It is important to get my way right now and the way to get it is to COMPLAIN, which works for an infant for a while. When it doesn't work, the baby makes another decision (2) STICK UP FOR RIGHTS, demand my way right now. Soon a child is “domesticated” and realizes that smiling and PLEASING FOR EFFECT sometimes works better to gain pleasure and comfort and attention, rather than complaining and demanding. But (1) and (2) are still there, and this is the beginning of conflict; the war between wanting to complain and wanting to (3) please for effect. It's hard to smile when one

wants to cry, but if smiling works better, one suppresses the cry- and internal warfare begins. Eventually a child learns that he or she had better OBEY AUTHORITIES (4) and eventually learns to quote them, too, to validate himself, to impress others and so on. Conflict continues. Obedience and pleasing conflict with complaining and demanding. Enough internal warfare and the little one decides (5) IF I ACT DIFFERENT THAN I FEEL, SELF-IMPROVE, then maybe everything will be okay. This is another way of saying “guilt.” Finally it all gets to be too much and little one decides (6) IF HE, SHE, IT, THEY WERE DIFFERENT THEN I WOULD BE HAPPY. In other words blame.

Now let’s apply this to “Loss.”

If the purpose of living is to be non-disturbed by loss of what I like and exposure to what I don’t like, the change which seems like loss is going to be dealt with by the six decisions: Complaining about it, demanding its return, guilt, and rage because “bad things shouldn’t happen to good people.” Either I am not good, or “bad things” broke the rule! More guilt in the form of regret: If I had done something differently, done what

“they say” I should have, maybe the change would not have occurred. And regret over it, whether things not said, or a wish to have behaved differently in the past. And maybe regret at not being “good” enough to have avoided all these feelings. And, of course, blame: the boss, the circumstances, and we have all heard grieving people say, “How could you leave me?” to the departed.

All this conflict is seen as an emergency because the purpose of living to be non-disturbed has definitely been threatened. Awareness reports conflicting guilt and blame, and emergency. X always does the appropriate thing FOR THE INFORMATION RECEIVED. If the information says “EMERGENCY!!!!” extra energy to fight or flee the emergency is provided. But what’s to fight? Where to go? This mobilized but unused

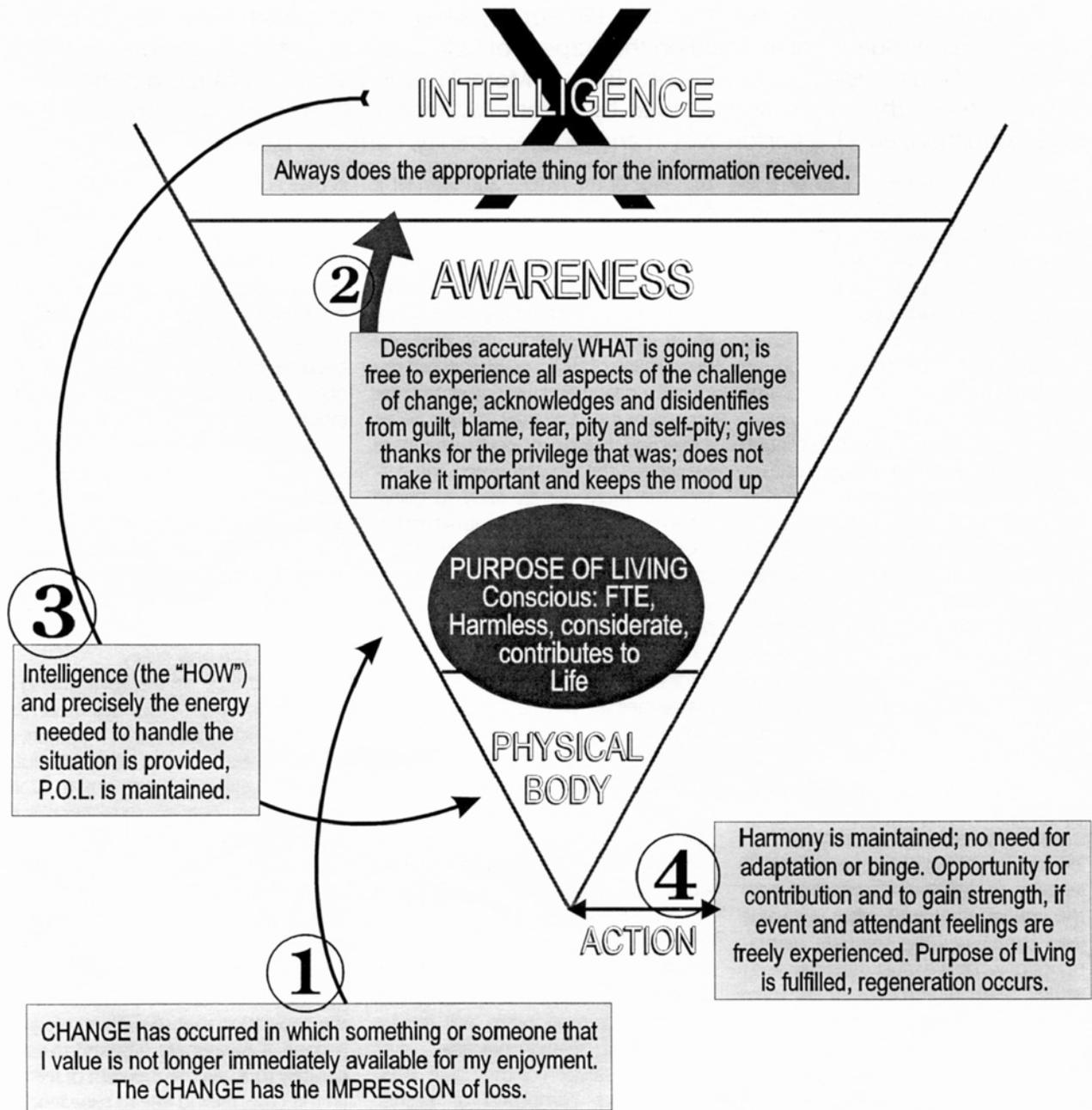
emergency energy has to be consumed somehow, and if no fight or flight occurs, it is used up by unusual behavior (crying jags, for instance) or tissue cell alteration, symptoms, disease.

Now when a great shock is experienced, we most likely will react with some conditioning, some of the old ideas and decisions. What we can do, though, to get back in charge, is merely this: see it. Acknowledge what is in charge, it really helps to name and number the Not-I’s that are taking over. Examine the purpose that activates the Not-I’s. What do I want my purpose to be? Can I do that? I can if I watch what’s going on, make up the mind to freely experience it, get on with my new purpose, get the mood up, don’t make it important. A tall order in the face of death? You bet it is, and what else are you going to do? We are going to experience change, and that’s that. It is part of the human experience. We can do it kicking and screaming all the way, or we can do it gracefully. The choice is ours.

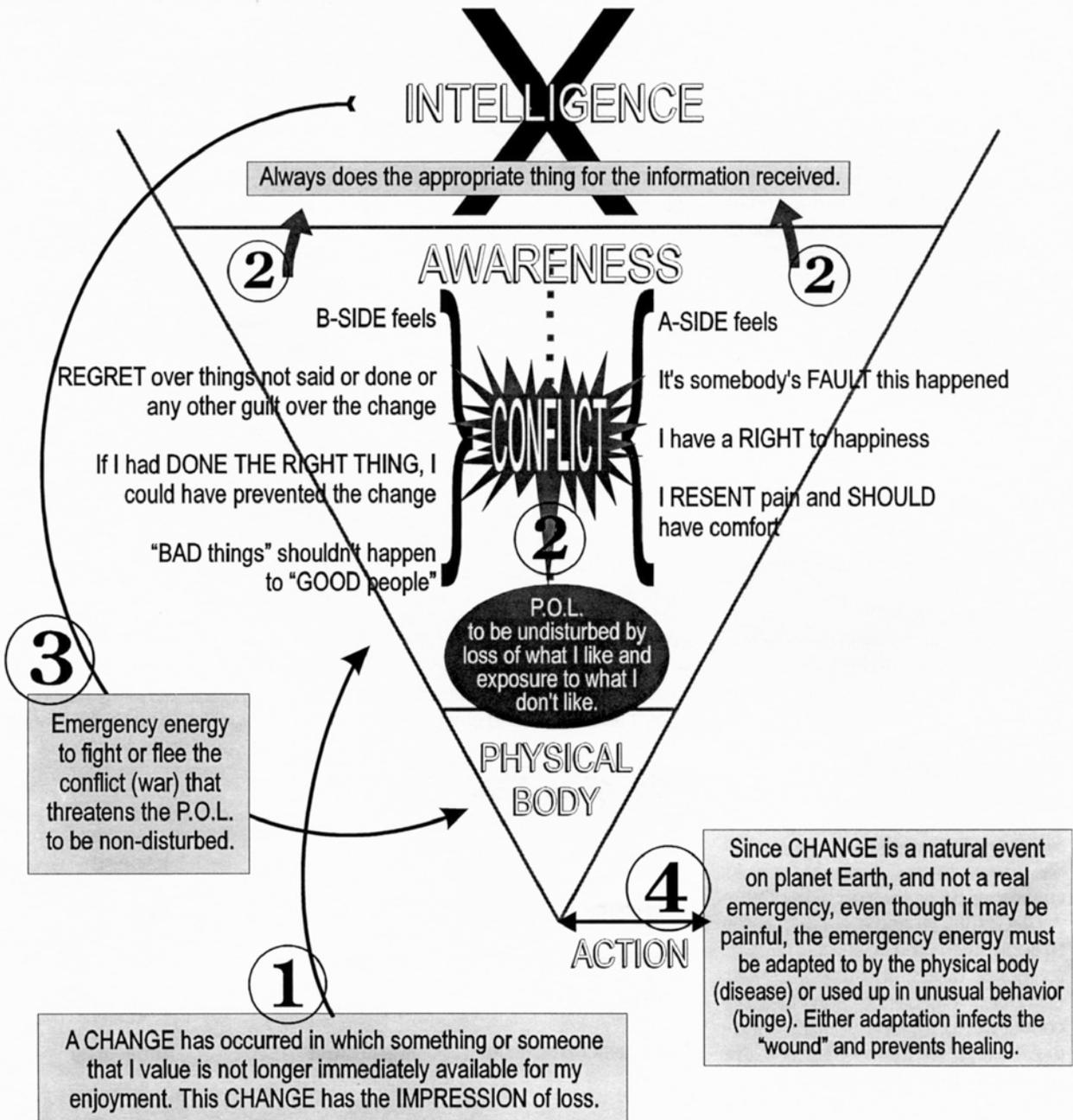


From our friend Pat.

Picture of Man



Picture of Conditioned Man



QUITE CONTRARY

a parable by
Liz Hill

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

Not so merrily, she snapped contrarily,
If you really must know.

And why is that, Miss Mary, so low,
Do not you reap just as you sow?

Stomping her foot and stubbing her toe,
She cried, "Rocks, rocks, rocks are all that I hoe!"

Rocks, rocks, rocks?
Well, that's a shame.

Oh yes it is,
But I'm not to blame!

Will the one to blame
Come till your soil?

Ha! That's a laugh!
No, it is mine to toil.

So did you thus toil
With a joyous bustle?

No, I cursed and I groaned
And I pulled a muscle.

Did your rocks then run
From all that fight?

Not a bit, nary a one
Until I saw the light.

What light would that be,
Lovely Mary that you sought?

That blaming and complaining are all for
nought,
Neither anger nor pain will till my lot.

Well, well, fine Mary
You saw what is!

Indeed I did – what is is what is.
And, not to be contrary, but the name is
Liz.

Excerpts from Rhondell

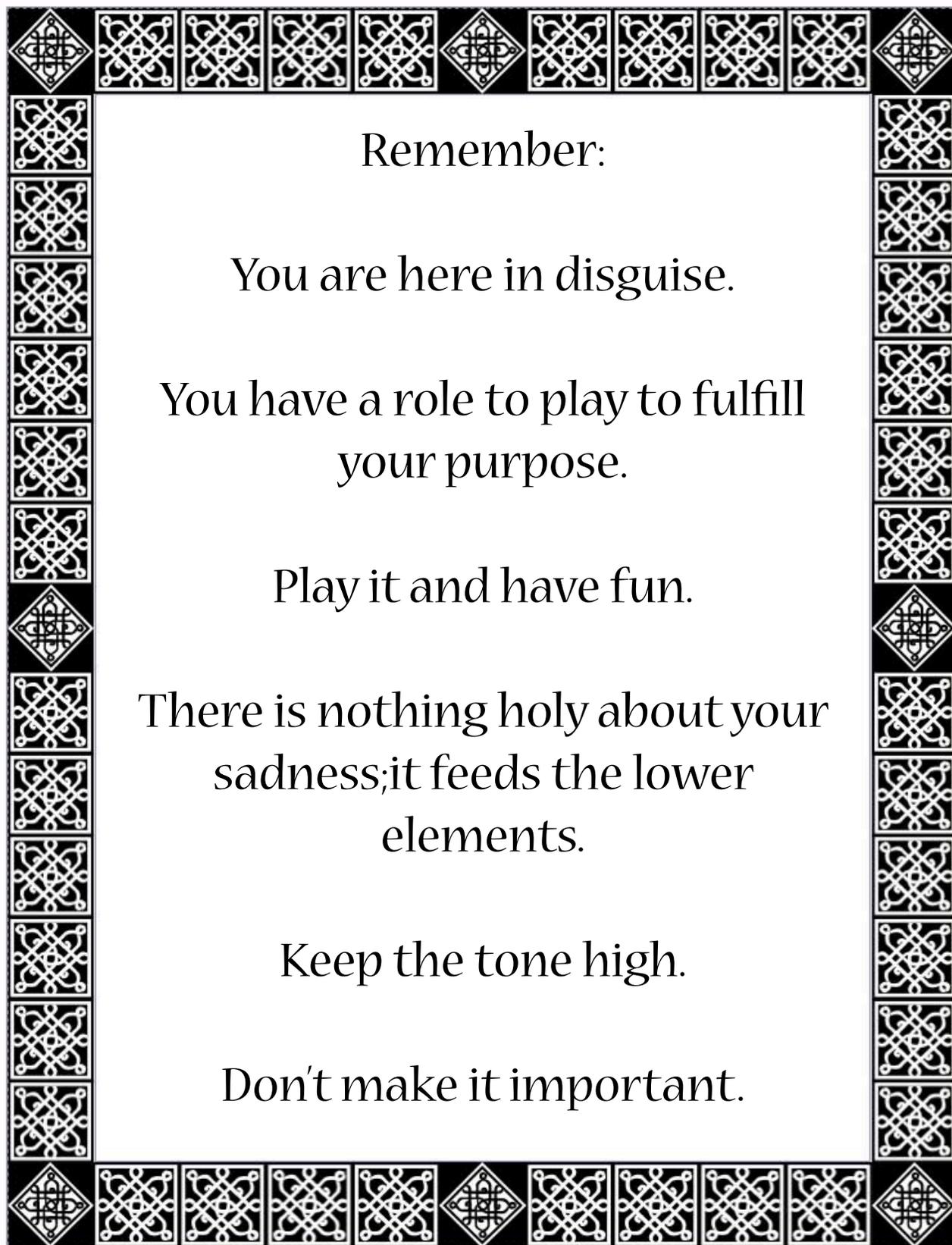
An unregenerated person is an accounts receivable bookkeeper. He or she enters debits against people, against life, against school, against circumstances, against almost everything. Seldom if ever does the unregenerated person enter a credit, or mark an account paid. The extent of these accounts are unusually unbelievable when one comes across them in the file cabinets of the inner man and begins to look through the contents of these many file cabinets during the course of self-observation.

If one is really a candidate for transformation one finds the way to observe self factually, not compared to an ideal; one will discover all these accounts, and that the feeling of being owed so much has made one see self as a poor, unfortunate, mistreated creature. Seeing self as such, creates an attitude of self-pity, an attitude of resentment, insecurity, and worst of all an attitude of what's the use, apathy. This results in a behavior that is less than magnetic to say the least, and the state of being, inner and outer, balances the attitude and the way of behavior. When one sees this and discovers that everyone is doing, has done, and will do what seems right, or proper, or justifiable according to the way one sees at the moment, one truly sees that all the debits on that big book are false. That no one has tried to mistreat one, that everyone was just trying to do the right thing with what light they had.

What a load is dropped from one's shoulders. What a relief. If one continues to look, and doesn't stop with the first relief, one is truly a candidate for regeneration, and is on the way to being a new person.

Excerpts from Christine

As always, the center of the newsletter is the Reference Section that really needs to be understood to make sense of what else is presented. May I encourage (you) to peruse it again? It's not separate and in the middle because it's less valuable--it is essential and done this way only in order to make my typesetting job easier. If you work with the material in the Reference Section you will come to realize that the Picture of Man is almost an organic thing. It's the skeleton of YOU, and your work and experience puts the flesh on it, creating a Real I, who knows the answers to the Four Great Questions.



The First Game

The first game ever played on planet Earth was not a card game nor board game nor competitive sport nor romance nor finance nor anything of the sort. The first game was hide and go seek.

It all started a long time ago in a place called Eden, where God was throwing a garden party and invited two guests of honor, a man called Adam and a woman named Eve. Like any good host, God wanted His guests to have fun and no good party is complete without some games.

Then on the seventh day of creation, the day after God had rested from all His work He had done, it was now time to play and have some fun. And God said, Let's play some games. And God saw that they were fun. Then the first game came to be, but nothing in life is played for free.

When playing games, we take turns. Knowing all the rules, God went first and He decided to hide some secret knowledge He called Good and Evil—at least it was a secret to His two guests back then.

Because it was man's and woman's first time ever playing a game, God wanted to make it easy for them, so He hid the secret knowledge in plain sight in some very desirable fruit on a big tree He grew right in the middle of the garden so it could not be missed. And in an attempt to keep the secret safe, God told some little white lies just to make

the game more interesting.

Then the first lie ever told came to be: do not eat the fruit of this certain tree, and if you do, you will surely die; now do what I say and don't ask why. Like most everyone else, Adam and Eve didn't want to die, so the fib worked for a while. Eventually they got wise and with a little encouragement from one of the party's hired, later fired, entertainers, they took a bite out of the apple so to speak, and then knew the knowledge that was for them to seek.

Now after their little picnic ended, it was their turn to decide, and it was themselves the thing they chose to hide, so in each other they did confide and hid in some trees on the garden side.

It was now God's turn to go seek, but God is good and His guests weren't yet skilled at hiding things, so they were soon found. But even though they were quickly discovered, they tried to stay under cover. And in an attempt to keep the secret safe, they told some little white lies, just to make the game more interesting.

Once more it was God's turn to hide something. God decided to hide the man and woman from themselves and each other and just in case they met another. Then God replaced their makeshift fig leaf disguises with a more permanent pick; some veils made of skin did the trick. Adam

and Eve adored their new wardrobe and went along with the guise, but as they tried to hide, it made them feel empty inside.

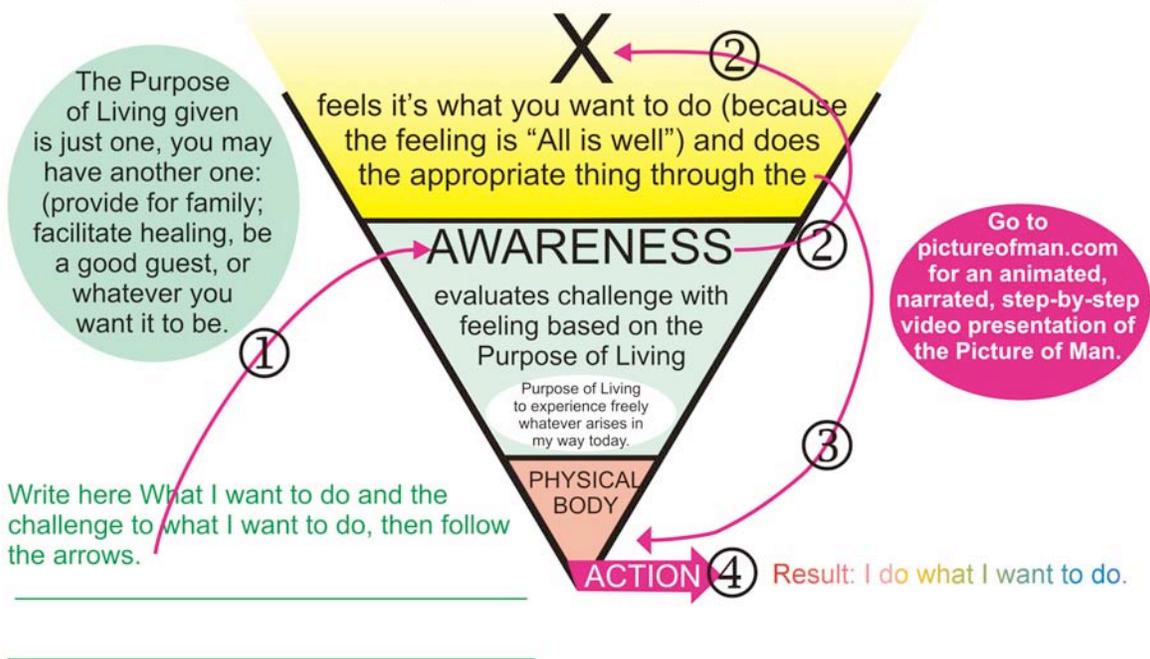
Then with much fanfare God sent them away, and to this very day we continue to play, but it is no longer God that has the say. And in an attempt to keep the secret safe, we tell some little white lies just to make the game more interesting.

The garden long gone, the party went on. Man and woman multiplied as they were commanded to do; there were now more of us than just a few. Once again it was our turn to hide something. The elite got together and considered a while: last time when it was God's turn, He hid His guests; this time we'll return the favor and hide God as a jest. So they hid God in scriptures and books and big institutions, in religions and visions and holy collusions. And in an attempt to keep the secret safe, they told some little white lies just to make the game more interesting.

Now play go seek.

N. Fradkin
Atman4@msn.com

A Challenge Met to My Advantage



Meeting Challenge with Conflict



A high school paper written a few years back, from Cindy, in honor of her Aunt Chrissie.

Cindy Bullen

Period 2

The Wise One

*This person I have known my whole life through,
Makes everyone feel special; you will too.
She has a regal air one won't deny,
She observes and perceives with head held high.
Has dynamic eyes that can hold one's stare,
If evil lurks it then turns to a glare.
A warm, good feeling is in her presence,
She'll make you feel secure and safe, pleasant.*

*My special friend, a calm and self-assured
Intelligent woman. So wise, yet filled
With common-sense and elegance. To laugh
And play she's like some children. She is half
A jester and wise, old sage. Meaning not
To give her age. Frowns at chaos, not hot,
But offers anecdotes instead of maybes.
She smiles at children, giggles with babies.
She proves a difficult one to misguide,
So fools beware. She proves to have much pride
And liked by everyone, though some have fear
Of wisdom to which she always adheres.*

*This angel feels one's joy and sorrow or pain.
If she can lighten one's load she will not feign,
But if one's load too light, she will provide*

From Cindy

It's funny . . . if you look at the 'score/grade' you'll notice that I wasn't satisfied with the original number (C-) and went back to argue for a higher one . . . excuse me instructor, but I'm writing about Chrissie here, a 3 out of 5! . . . please, she's a 100 out of 5!

*Resistance, making people grow with pride.
A seed that's planted in the ground will grow
A big tree, hearty, sound. She feels and knows
The world needs help, so offers gnostic love
And insight. Perceptive, wisehearted dove
Is also shrewd, but everything she has
She shares while asking nothing in return.
Will give you water, but to force you drink
She will not do. Opinions strong; she thinks
If one does not agree it doesn't make
One wrong. Be free to experience - take
That motto with you through life, never doubt,
And always remember to check it out.*

*Love you,
Cynthia Bullen*



Reference Section

The Way of Intelligence

THE FOUR FORCES

INITIATIVE

First Force

Intelligence, Inspiration, Biological Factor, LIFE

RESISTANCE

Second Force

Always arises to meet initiative in opposition, as opponents in a game; not “bad” but seen so when the purpose of living is to be non-disturbed because Resistance may be uncomfortable.

Resistance is required for anything to develop.

FORM

Third Force

The manifestation of the play of Initiative and Resisting, producing:

RESULT

Fourth Force

**How the above are experienced,
What’s done with/about it.**

THE FOUR QUESTIONS

WHAT AM I?

WHERE AM I?

WHAT’S GOING ON HERE?

WHAT CAN I DO, IF ANYTHING?

THE FOUR GREAT GAMES

that operate by suggestion:

POWER POLICIES--Decrees what’s “in” and “out”

MEDICAL ARTS--Decrees what’s “normal” and “abnormal”

THEOLOGY--Decrees what’s “good” and “bad”

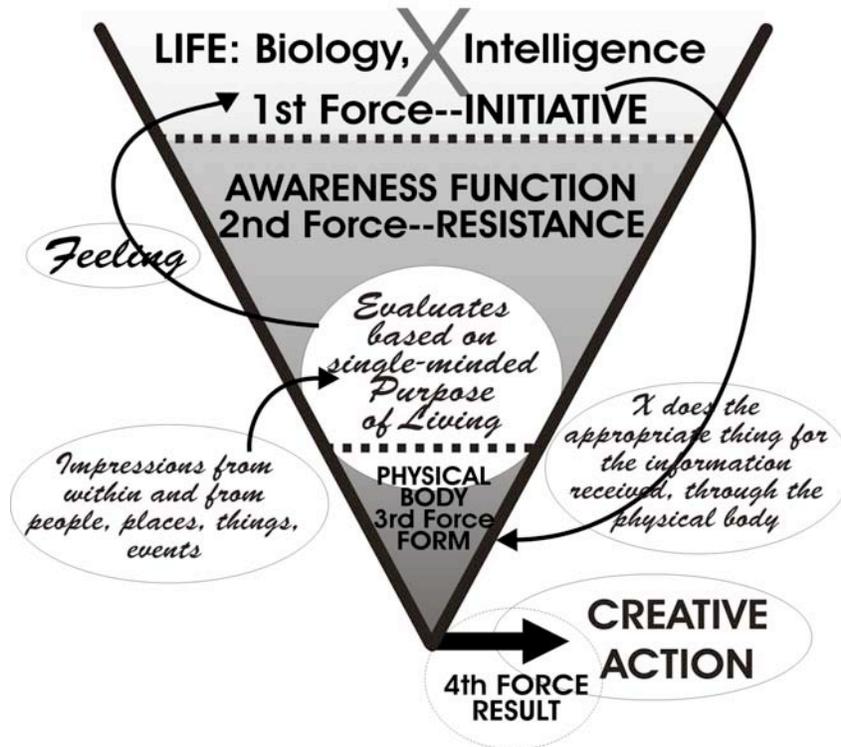
BIG BUSINESS--Decrees what’s “pretty” and “ugly”

Definition of SUGGESTION: a threat or promise; anything presented with a threat or promise

A human being is 100% SUBJECT TO suggestion 100% of the time, but is free to ignore it.

THE WAY of Intelligence

THE PICTURE OF MAN as designed to function

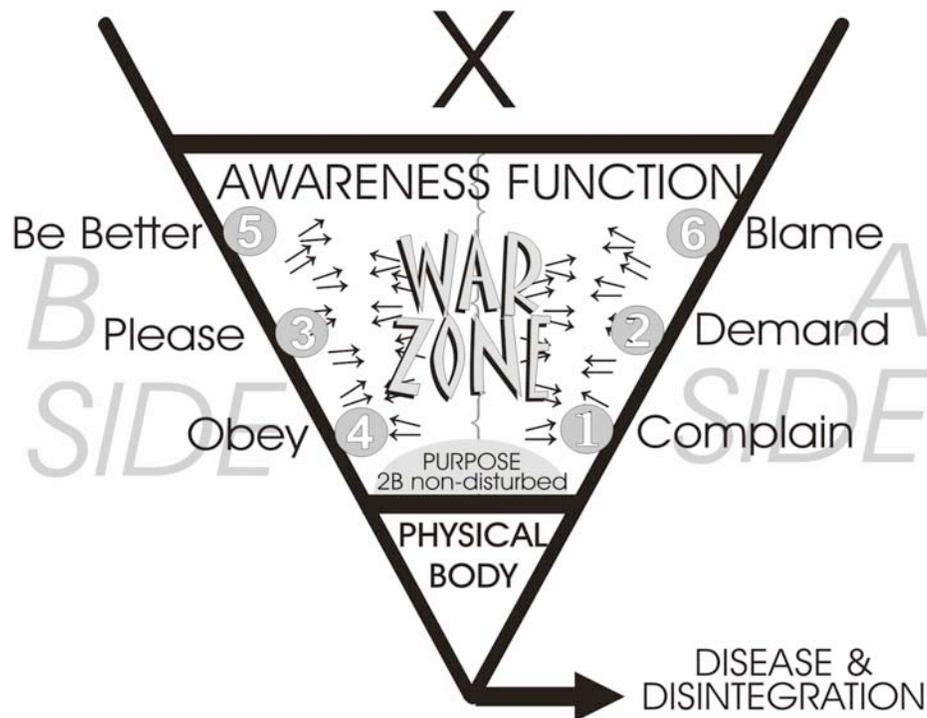


A human being has four aspects, which are not separate but are interdependent. The first is the biological aspect of LIFE FORCE, called X here because it is not really definable--one knows it's there, one knows when it isn't, in any creature. So, as in algebra, an X is used to denote that something is there which cannot yet be precisely defined. Next is the AWARENESS FUNCTION, which is the senses but more than the senses when developed. A developed Awareness Function is more than the "programming" of the brain, it determines feelings. The third aspect is the MOTOR FUNCTION, the PHYSICAL BODY through which life is lived. The fourth aspect is the ACTIVITY of the whole. When a singleminded purpose is the foundation of a person's life, there is no conflict and he or she functions with all aspects in harmony. The person is at ease. The Awareness Function receives impressions from within and without, from other people, places, things, events. It forms a feeling about those impressions which it does not choose to ignore, and the feeling is in tune with the purpose of living. The feeling of Awareness is a medium of communication with the Life Force, X, which responds appropriately through the Physical Body to the information received, and Action ensues.

The Way of the World

THE PICTURE OF MAN

with purpose of living to be non-disturbed



Few people function as the human being was designed as in the previous diagram. When an infant is born, the trauma of leaving the non-disturbed uterine world is reacted to with a feeling that the whole purpose of living is to regain the non-disturbed state. That decision becomes the attitude and action from then on. As he grows, the child makes more decisions as to how to gain his purpose of non-disturbance. He complains, which works for an infant. When one day this fails to work, he sticks up for his "rights", or demands non-disturbance. (These begin the A-side of the Picture of Man.) Eventually he finds that pleasing people sometimes gets him his way. (This begins the B-side.) At this point conflict sets in. He wants to cry "but" feels he "should" please. Then he sees parents, teachers, others as authorities. This is understandable for a child and helps keep him safe. It is not adult behavior, however. The continual conflict between what he wants to do and what he "should" do (conflict between A-side and B-side) intensifies and he feels if he would improve, things would be better. This doesn't work, either, and he blames everyone and everything for his disturbances, living in conflict, except when distracted. Conflict is felt by the Awareness Function to be an emergency. This false emergency is communicated to the Life Force, X, which always does the appropriate thing, FOR THE INFORMATION RECEIVED, in this case supplying energy to fight or run. If this mobilized energy is not used in violent activity, it disintegrates the body; using emergency energy in a non-emergency is unusual behavior; neither is harmonious living. Eventually disintegration ensues.

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

LEVEL	GAIN	ESCAPE
PHYSICAL	Comfort, Pleasure	Pain, Discomfort
MENTAL	Attention	Being Ignored or Rejected
EMOTIONAL	Approval	Disapproval
WILL TO POWER	Being Needed Feeling Important	Feeling Inferior Feeling Useless

The four Dual Basic Urges are not “right/wrong” or “good/bad” or “should/shouldn’t”. They are simply by-products or side-effects of living, not the whole purpose of living. Because all humans are subject to all the Four Dual Basic Urges, when they are made the whole purpose of living (unconsciously, beginning during the uncomfortable birth process) they have to result in conflict--one wants all the “gain” side and none of the “escape” side, and this is not possible on planet Earth. THE WAY of Intelligence is not to self-improve by rejecting them; The Way is to observe self and one’s reactions to them, checking to see if they are the purpose of living--or not. They will come up and can be ignored if one chooses.

THE FOUR WAYS OF MAN

THE WAY OF THE JUNGLE

Kill anything that is in front of me and about to interfere.

THE WAY OF JUSTICE

“An eye for an eye” -- not your life for an eye.

THE WAY OF UNDERSTANDING

Understanding that whatever any person including myself has done, is doing, will do, is felt at the time of doing to be right or proper or justified with the light he has at the moment.

THE WAY OF INTELLIGENCE

Aware of the Purpose of Living, the will to do it--knowing what I am, where I am, what’s going on, and what I can do.
In charge of my inner state.



Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and
rightdoing there is a field. I'll meet you
there.

When the soul lies down in that grass;
the world is too full to talk about.
Ideas, language, even the phrase each
other
doesn't make any sense.

~ Rumi



The Circus of the Magic Eye

Patty, seven years old, and Carl, eight years old, were brother and sister. Even though they weren't the same age, they were inseparable. One Sunday morning they lay down on the living room floor to look at the Sunday newspaper comics. "Boy, look at that, Carl!" cried Patty, pointing at the colorful ad on the first page they opened. He read it out loud, slowly, because even though he was almost 8, he was still learning to read: " 'The Circus of the Magic Eye'. I wonder what it is. Look at **that!**'"

Eyes filled with wonder, they stared at a picture of a girl clown dressed in a sparkly, purple jumpsuit. She wore a big red nose, a white face and crazy looking red hair that stuck out all over the place. The weird thing was she had an extra eye right in the middle of her forehead. That opened eye looked pretty scary to both of them. Patty moved her finger under the next line down. "Prepare to Be SEEN!" She turned her head and grinned at Carl. "Wonder what that means...I *like* being seen, you know, getting lots of attention? And it'd be better than hanging

around here and you being all bored." Patty felt her job was to keep peace in the family by making sure no one was upset.

Carl pointed underneath the headline and said, "There's more; you go ahead and read it. You need the practice." Even though he was older, Patty was the better reader but he never let on because he always wanted to feel important. So he let his sister feel a little inferior most of the time. It was ok, Patty didn't mind. She just wanted everybody to be happy and especially wanted to please her older brother.

Patty's pointer finger traced beneath each word at the bottom of the ad, "One Day Only! FREE Ad..mish... Admission!" (She was sounding it out like her teacher, Miss Coral, had taught her.) "Come If You Dare!!" Both heads turned toward each other, both mouths forming small "o's" as they whispered softly, "Whoa..."

Immediately they jumped up and ran to the kitchen where their Mother was putting the breakfast dishes in the sink. "Mom!" they yelled simultaneously. "Mom, there's a circus in town and we want to go! It's free and we're going to be "seen" and get lots of attention!"

Their Mother looked at the page from the newspaper, read it and said, "How convenient, it's right around the corner at the School playground. Tell you what, you go round up your other four friends and you can go." Patty and Carl never went anyplace without "the gang". "Would you like us to wait and help do the dishes before we go?" Patty asked, struggling to please her Mother but not anger her brother who rolled his eyes. "Go on, have a good time," their Mother laughed as she shooed them out the door.

Even though their next-door neighbor, Bernie, was a pain in the neck at times, they knocked on his door first. Bernie was ok; it's just that when anything happened, he always blamed everybody else. Behind his back, Patty liked to call him "Bernie-the-Blamer". But she and her brother knew they couldn't go without the whole gang, so when Bernie's sister, Faye, answered the door, Patty invited them both to go to the Circus. Patty liked Faye. She was always so easy to get along with. Carl could take her or leave her. In his opinion, she was too "fakey". She looked happy when she was sad, pretended to like other kids when she couldn't stand them, acted interested in what you were doing when she didn't give a hoot... all just to be liked. Carl complained a

lot about her to Patty, but then Carl complained about almost everything. Nothing and no one was quite good enough for him. But he had to admit Faye sure knew how to make folks do what she wanted with all those pretend faces, so he usually only whined about her behind her back.

The four agreed to meet in ten minutes at the School, so Carl and Patty ran across the street where their friends, Rich and Anna, were playing Frisbee in the front yard. Carl called out as he reached the curb, “You guys! Hey! We’re going to the Circus! It’s right around the corner at the School playground and they’ve got this spooky clown with a big eye in her forehead!” Catching up behind him, Patty chimed in, “Yeah, and the paper says we’re going to be ‘SEEN’!”

Rich was the tallest of the six friends and easily caught the Frisbee. Turning to them, he said, “Great idea! Mom and Dad better let us go cause we spent all day yesterday cleaning out their dumb old basement. I’ll go ask them but we kids have rights, too, ya’ know and this work, work, work is a bunch of junk!” He walked very purposely into the

house, determined to have his way.

Anna shifted back and forth and looked at her feet. Patty could see she was nervous. “I hate it when he talks that way,” Anna said. “It’s so disrespectful. After all, Mom and Dad always know what’s best for us. After all, they’re



adults.”

Patty sympathized. She personally didn’t think grown ups always knew best, so she didn’t mind sneaking around to do something fun behind the backs of those in charge (parents, teachers, aunts, uncles, even jaywalking when a policeman wasn’t watching). But she never liked folks to get upset with her so she

worked very hard to please everyone. As she was beginning to worry about whether this might make Rich and Anna’s parents get angry with *her*, Richie bounded out the front door. “We can go! Let’s get out of here before they change their minds!” And giggling and laughing, they all sprinted off to meet Bernie and Faye at the school.

As all six children met up, they stood stock still, heads tilted back as far as they could go, awed by the height of the huge canvas tent that had been erected in the School playground. Strange, inviting music came from speakers perched high above them. A big flap in the temporary structure served as a door and from the inside, in the deep and dark interior, came laughter and a kindly voice, “Come in, children! Come in, come in!” Each one looked at the others, waiting for someone to make the first move. Rich turned to face them, “Come on, ya bunch of sissies! There’s nobody here but us and we deserve to have some fun-let’s go!” and he grabbed Anna’s hand and rushed inside, followed by the others.

The interior was dark except for a light in the middle of the big top that shown down on

two figures – one a tall, striking fellow, dressed in a white tuxedo with a white top hat on; the other one was a clown, the same one in the newspaper ad except that she was sound asleep in an easy chair, right in front of the handsome man dressed in white. “Come in, children! Welcome! I have saved special places for you-come sit and join the fun!” and his arm swept elegantly toward the 3 chairs to his right and the 3 to his left. The children came forward quickly, each one picking a chair, the girls on the tall man’s right and the boys on his left.

“I think he’s the Ringmaster,” Carl whispered theatrically to Rich and Bernie, “But what’s up with *THAT*?” he asked, pointing to the clown who snored. All the kids giggled at the sight of the frumpy looking clown, snuggled down in her easy chair. But you know how giggling is-once someone starts it’s hard to stop. Within a few seconds, all of them were laughing, pointing at the Clown. Even the Ringmaster was smiling.

Then suddenly, the Clown snorted and sat up, yawned and looked at each one. All the children jumped. They had been laughing and talking back and forth and hadn’t noticed the Clown awakening. “Well, you caught me

sleeping, but I’m back on the job now!” She stood up, stretched, did a couple jumping jacks, clapped her hands together and whirled around to face the Ringmaster. “Well, here I am, ready to work! Thanks for your patience, Mr. Ringmaster.”

The tall gentleman in white merely smiled. “Tut, tut, think nothing of it. You know I’m always here and my patience is boundless. But I must say it *is* rather nice to see you putting a greater value into your job.”

Rich had seen enough. “Ok, so pay attention to us! That’s what the ad said in the newspaper. “Truth in advertising”, ok? You better not try to rip us off. We’re important in this neighborhood and we deserve some respect!” His sister, Anna, who was intent on doing whatever the authorities asked of her, seemed to melt into her chair with embarrassment.

Carl chimed in, “Yeah, you know we don’t have all day. You’re supposed to “SEE” us. This chair isn’t very comfortable, either, so let’s get on with it. It’s gonna rain and I don’t want to wait around here all day and get soaked going home.” His sister was pained by her brother’s outburst. “Carl, no need to complain about it! Here, I’ll trade with you. My chair is

really comfy. Come sit here, ok?” Carl just ignored her. He liked to complain; it always felt good to get his thoughts out.

“Well, well, well,” the Clown laughed, “Everybody sure has an opinion here, don’t they?” She rubbed the eye painted on her forehead and yawned, then scratched her bum. “I’m still waking up but I sure can hear that you’re as noisy as a bunch of magpies!”

“Well, it’s not *our* fault,” exclaimed Bernie, “it’s *yours*! You put a fake ad in the newspaper, then you’re sound asleep when we get here, don’t even know if we’re here or not and so far, you haven’t shown us any cool tricks at all!”

His sister began to squirm in her chair. She was as irritated at the Clown as her brother but afraid to show it. “Rich, it’ll be alright.” She put on her biggest smile. “I’m having a wonderful time, really! Aren’t you all?” But Faye wasn’t even heard by the other five that were all talking at the same time. The tent was filled with the strident sounds of children-- blaming, complaining, sticking up for their rights; children worrying, fearful and anxious, whining and crying, wheedling and manipulating. The noise went on and on, the children having forgotten the Ringmaster, the Clown, and even where they

were. The cacophony continued for many minutes until the Clown finally put her hands over her ears, looked at the Ringmaster and nodded, "Time to go to work. I can't take any more of *this!*"

And right in the middle of Rich yelling something about his right to have more attention than the others, the Clown walked up to him and leaned down so that they were eyeball to eyeball. Frustrated and angry, Rich turned to yell at the Clown but he noticed the painted third eye began to open, wider and wider, until it was staring right at him. "I see you, Rich, of the many Rights," the Clown said firmly. "I **SEE** you, young man. And what you have to say doesn't matter one whit. It's all nonsense, sir." And a funny thing happened. Rich kept talking, moving his mouth, but no sound came out. Then he began to yawn and in a moment, he was sound asleep.

Patty couldn't believe what she was seeing and began to feel a little afraid.

The Clown spoke to the children, one by one, seemingly able to see right inside them and know what each one valued most. "I **SEE** you, Miss Anna with all the Authorities. I see you. What you say is pure gobbledygook." He moved

on. "I **SEE** you, Bernie the Blamer. And you, sir, don't know the cause of anything! I **SEE** you, Carl the Complainer. I see you, sir, and your words mean nothing to me. I **SEE** you, Patty the Pleaser. There's not a speck of truth in anything you say! And I **SEE** you, Faye of the many False Faces. I see you and your words are of no consequence." By the time he was finished, all the children were, one by one, first mute, then fast asleep.

The Clown turned to the Ringmaster. "Hmmm, that took some effort but it was simpler than I thought. Thanks for gifting me a while back with the information of what to do to quiet down the roar."

The Ringmaster simply smiled and tipped his hat, "Just doing my job."

When the Clown turned back around, all the children had magically disappeared. The tent first shimmered, then dissolved into nothingness and she found herself standing in the School playground under a clear blue sky, the soft wind in the trees and a melodious bird the only sounds. "It's so quiet now. They sure were a bunch of whiners and moaners," she commented, looking around at the empty playground. "Where did they go?"

"Well," said the Ringmaster, "does it matter? They just go away for a spell. When you see them, speak their names and let them know you don't have time for nor do you believe in their constant chatter, I render them inoperative." He chuckled, "They, (in disguises) or their friends will return at some point or another, but now that you know what to do to silence those tiresome little tyrants, you won't have to listen to them if you don't want to." He walked toward the Clown and stretched out his hand.

As the Clown reached out she noticed the purple, glittery clown suit was gone. She touched her face -- no grease paint, no fake hair, no pretend red nose. But as a reminder, there was still a faint sensation in the middle of her forehead where the painted eye had been. She was simply a person in everyday clothes. She shook the Ringmaster's hand with enthusiasm. "We're a good team! Ok, partner, what's next?"

"Come, my Friend, let's enjoy each moment. We've got lots to do and experience. And now that you're not listening to all that conflicting yabber-jabber, you'll be more clearheaded and won't be so sleepy and tired. Feel pretty good, do you?" he asked.

“I feel *wonderful!*” She took a deep breath and looked around, noticing flowers growing on a low wooden fence, the muted sounds of traffic far away, the dappling of shadows under a big Elm. For the first time in a long time, she realized she could really See what was truly going on at the moment. “I’d love to have you stay with me for a while if you’ve got the time,” she told the Ringmaster.

“Oh, I’m always here, don’t you worry. I’m not going anyplace.” And they walked off together, shoulder to shoulder, into the bright morning.

Tina Vickers, May 4, 2011

.....



4th of July Festivities on Sanity Island - Second Life



SANITY ISLAND ON SECOND LIFE

Dear friends,

Before our Friend, Christine, left the Big Party, she created a virtual world where the material is in a 3-D environment. It is called *Sanity Island* and can be found on Second Life. It's a masterpiece if we do say so ourselves.

If you are like a couple of us, self-described, non-techies who once lacked interest in a 3-D environment, this note is especially for you.

Please know we are very aware that there is a bit of an initiation or challenge getting to Sanity Island on Second Life and possibly this note will serve as a boost to check it out. (The following pages contain brief explanations about Second Life and Sanity Island on Second Life as well as a step-by-step guide for both PC and Mac users.)

On **Wednesdays, between 6:00 – 7:00 p.m. PDT**, Sanity Island friends and the Harmony Workshop Staff will be on Second Life ready to greet you. Bring yourselves and if you would like, a favorite recipe, or newsletter article, poem, or question and answer found within the Harmony Workshop Archives. www.harmonyworkshop.com

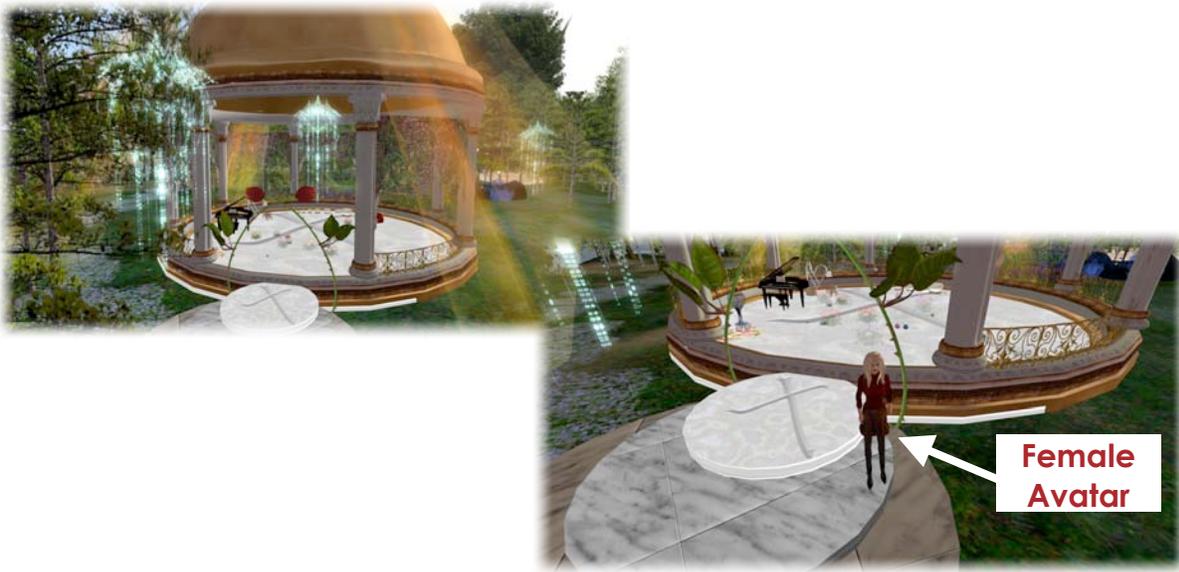
Join us around the campfire near the Red School House.
<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Sanity%20Island/56/143/22>



Feel free to email harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net if you would like assistance.

We look forward to seeing you!

The Harmony Workshop Staff and Sanity Island friends



WHAT IS SECOND LIFE?

Second Life (SL) is an online virtual world that enables users to interact with one another through avatars. (In this case, an avatar is a computer user's representation of himself/herself in the form of a three-dimensional model.)

Second Life is used as a platform for education by many institutions, such as colleges, universities, libraries and government entities. Businesses use Second Life to create virtual workplaces to allow employees to virtually meet, hold events, conduct training sessions, prototype new products, etc. Many individuals use Second Life to learn, explore, role-play, socialize, create . . . the possibilities are almost limitless.

Creating an account and making use of the world on Second Life is free of charge.



WHERE IS SECOND LIFE?

The URL for Second Life is: <http://secondlife.com/>

URL (Uniform Resource Locator) can be thought of as the 'address' of a web page and is sometimes referred to informally as a 'web address'.



WHAT IS SANITY ISLAND, SECOND LIFE?

Sanity Island on Second Life is designed to be fun . . . and it is also an educational sim, describing The Way of Intelligence. (As it is used in Second Life, 'sim' is a shortened word for 'simulator' or 'simulation'.)

WHERE IS SANITY ISLAND ON SECOND LIFE?

The SLurl (Second Life Uniform Resource Locator) for the Sanity Island Lighthouse (which is a good place to start!) is: <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Sanity%20Island/128/129/21>



WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY SYSTEM REQUIREMENTS?

Second Life is not compatible with dial-up Internet . . . nor some wireless or satellite Internet services. Check out the following link to see if your computer system meets the minimum requirements for successful participation in Second Life: <http://secondlife.com/support/system-requirements/?lang=en-US>

However, please note: your system **may** still work with Second Life even if it doesn't meet the minimum requirements.

OTHER QUESTIONS?

Please contact us if you would like more detailed assistance with opening an account on Second Life. And if you'd like us to meet you there, let us know!

Sign Up/Installation Instructions

FOR ALL COMPUTER USERS:

- Go to: <http://secondlife.com>
- Click orange 'Join Now' button
- Choose an avatar (by clicking L or R arrows)
- Click orange 'Choose This Avatar' button
- Create a Username and click blue 'Check Availability' button
 - If the name you choose is taken, keep trying new names
 - FYI, the name you choose will be the name used within the SecondLife 3-D world, so create a name you like!
- Once you create a name that is available click the orange 'Next Step' button
- Enter your e-mail, date of birth, password (that you create) and pick a security question and type in your security answer
- Click the orange 'Create Account' button
- Click the orange 'Select' button under the Free column

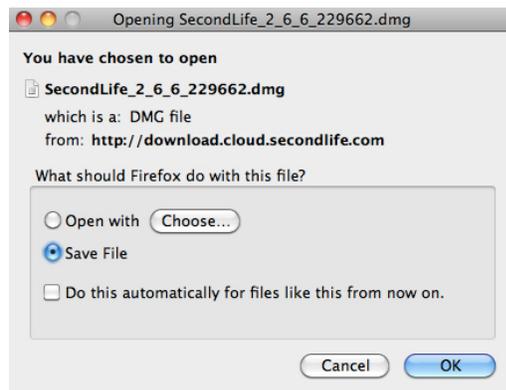
- You will then see this screen:



Sign Up/Installation Instructions

FOR APPLE USERS:

- Click the orange 'Download & Install Second Life' button and you will see this screen:



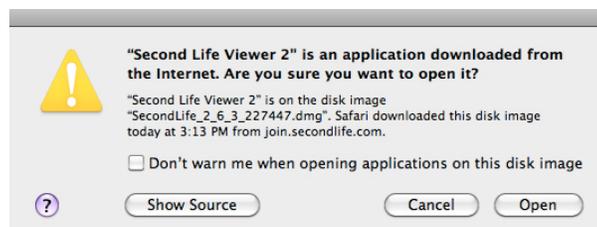
- Check 'Save File' and click the 'OK' button

- Go to the folder where the Second Life file downloaded and double click the file.
(The file will probably download in your 'Downloads' folder.)
You will then see this screen:



- Double click the 'Second Life Viewers 2' icon and you should see this screen:

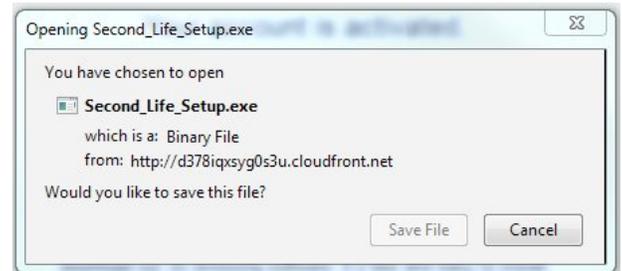
- Click the 'Open' button



Sign Up/Installation Instructions

FOR PC USERS (using Windows 7):

- Click the orange 'Download & Install Second Life' button and you will see this screen:



- Click the 'Save File' button

- Go to the folder where the Second Life file downloaded and double click the file.
(The file will probably download in your 'Downloads' folder.)
You will then see this screen:



- Click the 'Run' button

- You should then see this screen:

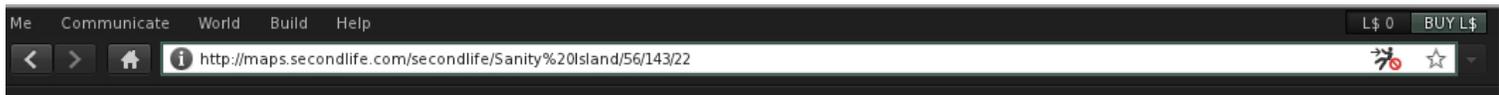
- Click the 'Install' button



Sign Up/Installation Instructions

FOR ALL COMPUTER USERS:

- The Second Life sign in page will load
- Enter your Username and Password and click the 'Log In' button
- Check the 'I Agree . . . ' box
- Click the 'Continue' button
- Your avatar will load in the Second Life Welcome Center
- In the Welcome Center, you will find instructional billboards that will explain how to walk, zoom, chat, sit and fly in Second Life (follow the arrows on the ground)
- The last billboard in the Welcome Center is titled 'Where do you want to go?'
- You can follow the Second Life suggestions if you want to explore the Second Life world . . . or, if you would like to go directly to Sanity Island type <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Sanity%20Island/56/143/22> in the address bar, as shown below:



- You will then 'teleport' to the front of the Rhondell's Little Red Schoolhouse where you can listen to a Rhondell talk (that will already be in progress) . . . or you can walk or fly around Sanity Island
- FOR APPLE USERS - to quit the Second Life program, click 'Second Life' on your menu bar and click 'Quit Second Life':



- FOR PC USERS - to quit the Second Life program, click 'Me' on your Second Life menu bar and click 'Exit Second Life':



Bulletin Board

Study Group

For those interested in participating in a bi-weekly study group, please contact Lizistotw@yahoo.com.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Good Leather Grand Reopening

<http://www.goodleather.com>

~

Sanity Island Wednesdays
Circle of Friends 6:00-7:00 PM PDT

All are welcome!
For further information
harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net

En la actualidad las 48 lecciones de La Ciencia Del Hombre están siendo traducidas al español. Las primeras [lecciones](#) ya están disponibles. Si desea ayuda o información adicional por favor póngase en contacto con nosotros.

<mailto:harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net>

The 48 lessons of the Science of Man are currently being translated into Spanish. The first [lessons](#) are now available. Please email us if you need help or additional information.

<mailto:harmonyworkshop@earthlink.net>

If you wish to read
Christine's Book of Thanx,
please click on the link below:

[Harmony Workshop Archives](#)

Our Websites

HarmonyWorkshop.com

Links to all our sites

TheWayofIntelligence.com

This newsletter and copies of previous newsletters.

SanityIsland.com

Pages and pages of educational material, and some fun stuff, too.

PictureofMan.com

Diagrams and a step-by-step narrated video describing the Picture of Man.

AwarenessJournal.com

Newsletter archives.

ThePartyStory.com

What am I? Where am I? What's going on here? What can I do, if anything? One man's answers, available to anyone.

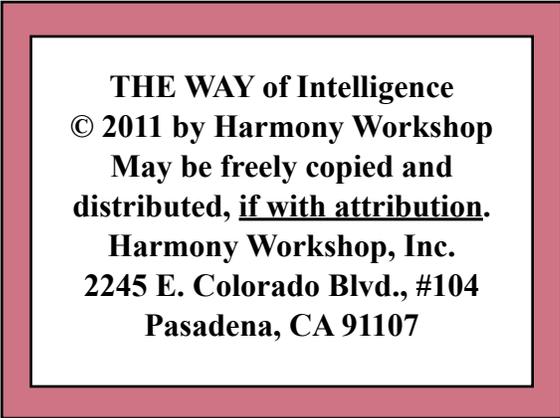
ThanXgiving.com

If you are bursting with gratitude about anything at all and want the world to know, post here.

Other Sites of Interest

Rhondell.com

MarshaSummers.com



**THE WAY of Intelligence
© 2011 by Harmony Workshop
May be freely copied and
distributed, if with attribution.
Harmony Workshop, Inc.
2245 E. Colorado Blvd., #104
Pasadena, CA 91107**