

Glossary of terms

- Intentionality:** A visionary state of consciousness. During my time at Living Waters, they started attempting to evoke this state regularly after every rebirth. This state can also be accessed spontaneously and by meditation and dancing.
- Jungian Sandplay:** This may be thought of as a form of conscious dreaming. The basic tools are a tray of sand and physical symbols (eg, small plastic toys, decorations, figurines, etc). The subconscious is given a chance to shape the sand and place the symbols. One can then 'gestalt' the symbols. For instance, one may have placed a plastic spider in the sand. One could then imaginatively become the spider and talk as the spider. An extraordinarily powerful and transformative technique.
- Rebirthing:** A breathwork technique involving accelerated, expanded 'circular', continuous breathing. It pushes extra energy around the body and the flow of energy comes across blocks embedded in the body. These bodily blocks have been put in place through the psychological and physical traumas of early childhood and birth. In rebirthing, the traumas are re-experienced and the block dissolves. Breathwork engages the alchemical power of the body to transform energy. It can also help to fire up the kundalini energies.
- Self:** A term used by mystical writers and by Carl Jung. It describes a 'high' part of oneself that can emerge from the unconscious. It seems that it can emerge only after a very great deal of deep Inner Work. What exactly is the 'Self'? That question is taken up in the Advanced Trainee Thesis.
- Session:** A breathwork 'rebirthing' session.
- Voice Dialogue:** A technique for allowing up inner parts of yourself (sub-personalities) to have their say. Deceptively simple; very powerful. See H. Stone & S. Winkelman, *Embracing Our Selves*. Sometimes referred to as Dynamic Dialogue.
- Mandala:** After a personal growth technique, on a blank piece of paper, we would trace a circle. Then we would allow our hand to draw whatever came out. Nothing was pictured in the mind first. Rather, a crayon was selected and the 'mandala' just emerged via the hand.

The light becomes the
rainbow

The rainbow becomes
the light

Thesis: My journey at the centre

Ren

Written in July, 1991

A figure of Christ, thousands of feet tall, sits on a throne of light. He notices me and asks me what I want.

I ask him for a key insight into my path, a theme for my journey now and the thesis I have to write about it. He extends his hands, palm up. An arc of light travels between his palms. Half of it is white light; midway it changes into a rainbow. Inside my head, I hear a message:

‘The light becomes the rainbow
The rainbow becomes the light’



‘In a way, this makes perfect sense to me in terms of personal growth. The light – (God) becomes the many (in me). The unification of the many in me makes us back into the light.’ (Journal extract)

(The above image comes from an Intentionality experience. As Intentionality now underlies the training, I felt to be authentic to the training, Intentionality had to underlie my thesis too.)

The Ego's solitary colour



Here is where I have stood most of my life. I'll call it level four – green. The Ego only aware of its own colour. No awareness of all the memories and traumas and joys hidden in the 'lower' levels of consciousness. My Ego did not want to know about the lower levels of consciousness. At many times it did not even want to know it had an inconvenient body; it certainly did not want to know about the hurt Inner Child. It did not want to know about the higher levels of consciousness much either – except in so far as they might help things go better in life.

In short, my Ego regarded the unconscious as the enemy: The Other.

In my journey at the centre, I have taken a major leap forward in seeing my unconscious as my ally.

Even after my period here as an intensive, I still saw my Inner Child as a sort of enemy that I had to wrench away from running my life and put it in its place. I certainly still saw my unconscious as my enemy. I could see its effects on my life and I didn't like them. I tried the usual ways of overpowering the unconscious to get the sort of life 'I' wanted: willpower, hard work and more hard work, affirmations and visualizations.

I now see that these didn't work and nothing could ever work until I came into a relationship with these unacknowledged parts of myself.

The Senoi have a beautiful Dreamwork technique. At the end of working a part of a dream – perhaps a part which originally presented as demonic – that part gives you a gift to signify that it is now your ally. If you don't get to this stage with the dream, the Senoi fear that these 'enemies' will mass against you and destroy you – you will go mad. One of the best ways of coming into this ally relationship is to ask the part of the dream: 'How can I help you?'

This is now how I try to see all these parts of me – as potential allies. Some of them need a lot of love and nurturing and that’s all right. In dynamic dialogue and rebirths, my vulnerable child – my inner raped child – sometimes comes out and all he can do is curl up and cry. He still needs a lot of healing and support.

Some parts of me aren’t yet ready to be allies in trying to evolve into higher levels of consciousness. My Ego certainly isn’t too sure about the whole thing. In one dynamic dialogue, an internalized father came up who told me how hopeless I was; he wanted to take over my whole life. That part of me certainly wasn’t yet ready to become an ally and may never be.

I don’t want to force them to become allies. I aim to accept them. I wrote down these words: ‘The more I accept it, the more it changes.’

The more I can accept the different parts of myself, the more they are likely to evolve. Whether they evolve or not, they are part of the overall richness of me.

I came here with a very deep desire to love myself. I feel that I made fundamental breakthrough towards this. In a session of Transpersonal Bodywork concentrating on the chest, I started shouting ‘I HATE MYSELF. I HATE MYSELF SO MUCH.. I HATE THE PART OF ME THAT CHOSE THAT BIRTH... I HATE MY SOUL...’ And I emerged out on the other side of this going: ‘Actually I quite like bits of myself. Actually, parts of myself are pretty wonderful. Actually, I sort of love bits of myself.’

I feel good about the many different parts of myself that I have brought from the darkness and weaved back into the rainbow.

I am not one colour, I am many. And that’s okay.



The Legend of the Monkey God King: A mysterious part of the rainbow

Part of my journey has been to learn to be with things which cannot yet be fully comprehended by my Ego.

Lately, for instance, I have experienced floods of energy which seem to come from the outside. I have found myself crying with no connection to any conscious reason or feeling. And part of me feels this is right for where I am.

Part of what I don't fully comprehend is an experience of Intentionality which I call 'The Legend of the Monkey God King'. It first spontaneously appeared during Karen's day of dance (on the Sunday).

There is a monkey dancing in front of a temple. It is a large thin monkey, dressed very royally. There is gold on its jacket and a sort of 'crown' on its head. There is a Balinese/Thai style to its clothing.

(In real life I think this is silly and push the image away. But when I open up my mind again it reappears more strongly.)

There is a woman dancing in the streets on the outskirts of the city. She is a dancing beggar and attractive in a strong, full, earthy, dark way; her clothes are plain but look good on her. Her dress moves attractively as she dances. She has a 'gypsy' look to her. She is dancing to beg. A boy – perhaps eleven years old – sits at her feet and watches her. His eyes glow; he is obviously entranced by her and has watched her dance often.

A rich palanquin, carried by soldiers and guarded by soldiers stops near the dancer. A monkey's hand comes out from behind the curtain and a curled finger indicates she is the one. The soldiers roughly grab her and drag her away, screaming. The boy follows them, sneaking along at a distance.

A clearing in a forest, in front of a cave. The gypsy woman is naked and has been staked out with her arms and legs spread. She is spread out on top of the flat stump of a giant tree which has been cut down. The monkey-god-king dances around her. He then unemotionally rapes her. He disengages, takes out a sword and ritualistically cuts her head off.

There is a definite feeling that this is a regular ritual performed for the benefit of something that is in the darkened cave. A sacrifice.

The boy has been watching this from a vantage point above the cave. He is horrified at the killing of the woman. He has a bow and arrow; he shoots off an arrow which strikes the monkey-god-king who falls. As he hits the ground, dying, the mask falls off and we see the face of an ordinary man.

The king's soldiers storm through the forest, searching for the killer of the king. They track down the boy and trap him.

The crowds of the city are worshipping the boy and praising him. He has been made king. He is the slayer of a god, therefore he must be a god. He is made god-king.

A year later he is in the forest in front of the cave. There is a different woman staked out on the tree stump. The boy dances in a monkey costume. His first sexual experience is to rape and kill this woman. It is his duty as god-king to appease whatever is in the cave.

There is a feeling of quiet and painful sadness.

For me, there was a lot of power, energy and mystery around this 'legend' – so much so that I struggled for days to overcome a resistance to writing it into my journal. But I never thought that I would spontaneously return to it.

During the rebirth focusing on birth (with readings from Leboyer), I powerfully re-experienced the fact that in the face of my shock Caesarian, I had split off: soul and consciousness deserted the body. Hearing my child/adult process at the end, Bhakti said: 'Take your shield and your sword and go and get your soul.' After a journey through a dark tunnel, with shield and crystal-bladed sword, I was at the clearing where the woman had just been slain. This time, I was aware of what was in the cave. It was a figure wrapped entirely in bandages – including the face and eyes. Warding off the monkey-god-king with my sword, I took the bandaged figure out of the cave. With the boy holding onto me, I pointed my crystal blade to the heavens and I ascended into the sky with both my bandaged soul and the boy.

Afterwards Bhakti rocked me by asking: 'Was your soul in a cave?'

'Err... yes.'

'Yes, they almost always seem to be in caves.'

The legend again reappeared during our 'death' day. After I had been tapped on the shoulder and 'died', I spontaneously felt as if part of me went out and got the boy from the legend and his energy entered me.

It is a great temptation for me to try to interpret this 'legend' in a Jungian framework but, for now, I choose instead to just be with the legend and see how it develops and emerges in my ongoing journey. I feel that it will go on being important for me for some time.

I am at a stage of the journey in which I am not quite sure where on the journey I am. Perhaps, the truth is that parts of me are at different stages of the journey. Parts of 'me' are at higher levels beckoning up the parts of me that are at lower levels.

Perhaps the trick at the moment is not to be too attached to the word 'me'.

The light becomes the rainbow/The rainbow becomes the light

We come from the One, the Light (God) and we have split (apparently) into many different things, many different colours, different types of consciousness.

The journey is to bring all these layers – lower and higher – into consciousness. Then the rainbow can become the light again and we are back with God.

I have done a lot of work on my past lives – including very traumatic regressions back to my first near-human incarnation – and I have also had rebirths which have shed light on the beginning of my soul’s journey through time.

While I was an intensive here, at the end of a rebirth I had a Christ-like figure of light come to me and tell me:

‘Every “bad” thing is separation anxiety from God. All the bad things, all the evil, the violence, the horror, is separation anxiety from God.’

There was another message:

‘We have to be grateful for the things which make us really miserable/depressed/etc because they are what can power us to (eventually) remember this separation from self/God and so reunite us.’ (Journal extract)

I hope one day to be truly grateful for the horrible things because they have preserved a spark in me and given me the chance to wake up.

It seems to me now that we reproduce this divine separation anxiety in the horrible births we give ourselves.

Separation anxiety was a big theme in my early rebirths as a trainee. In rebirths, it emerged that it was the horror of separation anxiety which underpinned the attacks of utter despair I have been engulfed by at times this year. My child’s horror at being cut out of the womb so abruptly, and then cut off prematurely from the placenta. My body’s horror that, during the terror of birth, my soul and consciousness split off so that the body had to cope with it alone. My soul’s horror at being cut off from God.

My soul came to the training with a lot of anger. Heaps of anger. A lot of this anger was directed against God.

God separates bits of himself out to go on a journey through time. The reason (as came to me at the end of a rebirth) is that God wants to become greater than he is. God, for instance, cannot experience courage and bravery – how could you if you are omnipotent? So he sections off part of himself to go on a journey through time. And, in one rebirth, I and my soul re-experienced that moment of absolute horror when we realized that we were cut off from God.

And the catch is this: God can never know what it is like to experience separation anxiety from God. So we struggle terribly on the wheel of

reincarnation, feeling not properly supported by God. My soul in session cried out: 'You asshole, God, I hate your guts. I'm out here doing this for you so you can become greater and you're not helping me at all. It's pointless. It's all fucking pointless. I'm tired, God. I'm really tired. I quit. Do it for yourself. Wake up, God. I WANT ANNIHILATION.'

God can never know what it is like to experience separation anxiety from God. Or can he? I keep thinking of Christ on the Cross. In that crushing moment just before death he cried out: 'My God. My God. Why hast thou forsaken me? Eli, Eli, la'ma sabach-tha'ni?'

Are these the most momentous words ever uttered on the planet?

When I was a 'Christian' teenager going to church, it was a phrase that always disturbed me and one that the ministers never really felt comfortable with: Christ seeming to lose his sense of union with God and starting to blame God! Could it be that in that terrible moment Christ let in the horror of separation from God. A horror that our souls have coped with through a thousand lifetimes?

Has God let the significance of this sink in?

After this rebirth I was able to let it sink in that I was not the separation anxiety. I did not have to be identified with it. In my journal I wrote: 'I am not my soul, my Inner Child, my kundalini, my body. Therefore I can separate and embrace and love these parts. And so reunite with the divine.'

Moses

Shortly before the training, I had a dream with a burning bush. I woke up – in fact I dreamt I woke up. I could feel the bed underneath me and I dreamt that I opened my eyes to see on the ceiling the figure of Moses. Moses was a transfer on the ceiling of my bedroom, peeling off from the ceiling which was going mouldy rapidly. Then I actually woke up.

In gestalting this dream, the Moses part said: 'See. He thinks he's awake but he's only DREAMING he's awake. Wake up!'

During the Exodus day, in the Moses dynamic dialogue, a part came out from me that described himself as 'a future part of me... an emergent part'. He spoke of the coming of a sense of grace: 'You don't yet know what that word means but you will'. I would come to see the journey as more of a whole.

At the moment I tend to see two types of people in the world: those who seek (unconsciously) to be God and for those who seek reunion with God – they seek Being, Wholeness.

The Ego seeks to be God, it sees itself as centre of the cosmos and creates its immortality projects. My Ego's immortality projects included writing books that

would 'live' on after 'I' died. My Ego has also sought a substitute sense of oneness, belongingness by 'falling in love'.

I am deeply grateful for my Ego and what it has got me through. But I have experienced the meaninglessness of the Ego's path of pursuit and how empty the goals can be once you achieve them. I have tried to earn my own love by 'achieving things' and it didn't work.

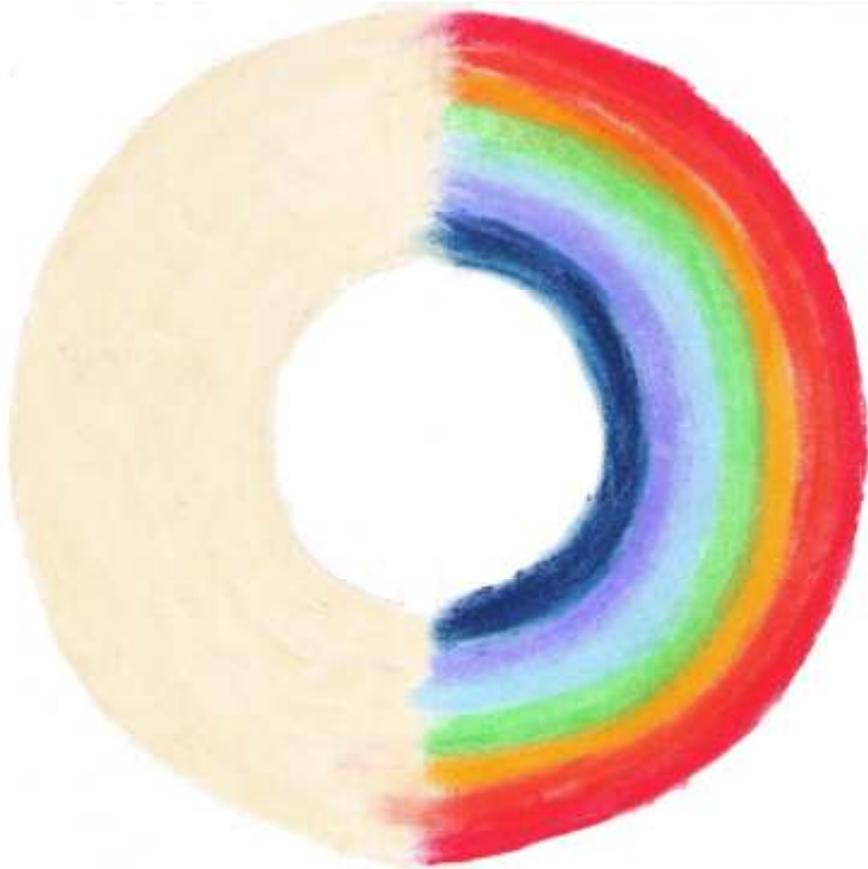
I have seen clearly how, when my Ego is committed only to the goal, that I am not present. Too attached to the outcome, I am not there. People sense how attached I am to a goal or an outcome, and so they seek to involve me in their Ego's power plays and, not being present, I allow myself to be sucked in.

As a one-time confirmed atheist, part of me finds it strange to be writing about the drive for reunion with God. It is the experiences I have had in rebirths which have opened me the transpersonal realities that underlie life. My intent now is for wholeness – for *being* not *doing*; and for any doing to flow from my being.

I want to embrace my different parts, to allow the flowering of the rainbow so that it can become the light.

Perhaps the time will come when the rainbow (man, self) will merge with the light (God, Self) and something will emerge which is neither man nor God but beyond both. The soul's journey through time will be finished and God will have become greater. Then I may realize that the separation of the rainbow from the light was only ever an illusion, that the light always has been the rainbow and the rainbow always has been the light.

For now all I can truly do is to keep bringing into brightness and union the lower parts of the rainbow and keep evoking the higher aspects of the rainbow.



Completed 28th July 1991
I sincerely hope by the time anyone reads this, it will be out of date.

Addendum to thesis: 1st August 91

Due to some powerful sessions I had this week, I felt moved to add these notes on continuing images that come up around the 'Legend of the Monkey God King'.

On Monday (29th July), I had a session in which I invited my soul to session. The bandaged-up figure from the legend came in and sessioned.

I want to presage this by saying that when I rescued the figure from the cave, the 'soul' had a very masculine feel to it...

In the first week at the training I shared with Bhakti that I felt I was getting in touch with my 'soul's shadow.' 'Is this possible?'

Bhakti's reply was 'Sure, why not?'

This puts in context what happened in my session on Monday. The 'bandaged-up' soul sessioned. On removal of the bandages, it was this demonic figure full of rage. Then when the rage subsided, the demon skin fell away to reveal this charred skin and anger.

I now see the figure in the cave as being this old, very angry part of my soul (my soul's shadow, if you like). The sacrifice he kept demanding was the sacrifice of my real, current, feminine soul. In letting this shadow of my soul session I was able to come into proper relationship with my (very attractive) soul. She asked me straight away: 'Do you want to meet my father?' And in the Intentionality after the Transpersonal Bodywork (Tuesday) we went through a marriage ceremony...

Meanwhile there remains a lot of energy around the Legend of the Monkey God King and I expect that it will develop over the rest of the course.



2014 Reflections on the thesis

Students of Jung should have little problem interpreting much of the inner process outlined in the above thesis. The Legend of the Monkey God King is a powerful personal myth which gave a framework for me to come into relationship with my soul. What Jung called the anima is represented by the dancing woman. She represents the best of the female soul inside every one of us.

The Monkey God King represents the Ego. Every soul is born into an animal (monkey) body which has demands of its own (including sexual demands). In each life, in order to perpetuate its rule, the Ego rapes the soul, using it callously.

But every time we are reborn, we are reborn as a child – born with the ability to again fall in love with our soul.

We are reborn too with the hope that this time we will not rape our soul but instead rescue it from the callous ravages of the Ego but somehow every time, the Ego is slain only to rise again in the slayer. The boy becomes the Monkey God King.

But there is something else going on. Yes, the Ego-monkey-god is raping the soul but he is only doing it to appease that brooding entity in the cave. That brooding entity is the soul's shadow, desperately wounded and hurt since the dawn of time.

It is easier to let our soul go on being raped and murdered rather than face that spectre in the cave, take off the bandages, and see the deep hurt in our soul – and set out to heal it.

When we find the courage to do that, we are able to come into relationship with our now purified, again beautiful soul. Once wedded to our soul, the soul can direct us to the seed which gave rise to her: 'Do you want to meet my father?'

The training came to an end but I realized that my journey at Living Waters Centre had not. So after a month's break in which I first started to read Jung, I went back to the Living Waters Centre for three months of Advanced Training...

