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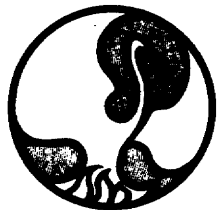
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Editorial

Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson

We dedicate this issue of the *Phoenix* to Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson, two unusual people to whom transpersonal anthropology owes much. Drawn together in their twenties by a common interest in fieldwork theory and practice when they were both in New Guinea, as well as by loneliness, and perhaps a general malaise and uncertainty about the future, they ultimately married and did their pioneering work in Bali.

As World War II was beginning, they became the parents of a daughter, Catherine, now also an anthropologist, and settled on life in the United States. Although their marriage ended in 1950, they remained friends, and of their marriage Mead later said it was a model "of what anthropological fieldwork can be like, even if the model includes the kind of extra intensity in which a lifetime is condensed into a few short years" (in Mead, *Blackberry Winter*).

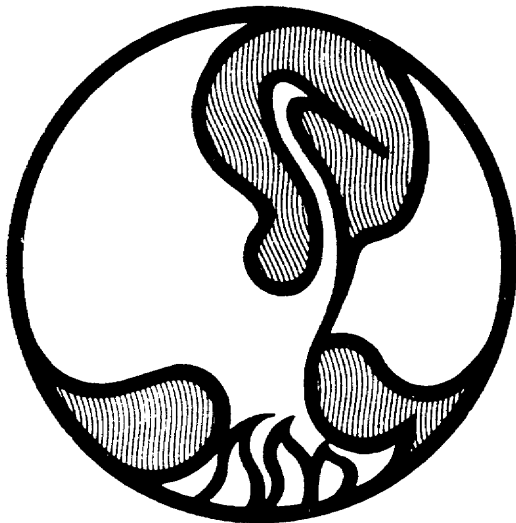
Remarkably, they died of cancer within three years of each other, after lives whose import we are only just beginning to fully understand. (See also third section of Editorial, "The Contents of This Issue.")



Difficulties, Change and Expectations

We are ending the year 1981 on a note of accomplishment in the face of unexpected difficulties, of change on all fronts, and of hopeful expectations.

As far as the DIFFICULTIES are concerned, they were the growing pains of a young and untried organization. The special meeting at Asilomar in August, held under the auspices of the kindly and inspiring Association for Transpersonal Anthropology Annual Conference, gave all of us who were there an opportunity



to unburden ourselves of our concerns, speak frankly of our differences, and agree that a *balance* between the objective and the experiential should be our goal as an association, whatever our own personal predilections might be. Jeffery Mishlove perhaps expressed it best in a statement he prepared for the occasion:

I envision ATA as a structured organization providing a legitimate, academic framework for an investigative style that *balances* the objective/observational/theoretical and subjective/experiential/intuitive approaches. In my view, ATA would function *both* as an informal support and exchange network for its members, and as a vehicle for interfacing with the larger, related academic communities in parapsychology, anthropology, education, science, etc.

And then the note of *love* on which the ATP conference ended in the closing ceremony somehow echoed and reechoed throughout the minds and souls of all who were there, for we went home with the feeling—indeed, the conviction—that a great deal of healing had taken place.

And now, CHANGE on all fronts! Firstly, enough ATA members have signified approval of the single slate of officers* (reached only with some difficulty) that we go into 1982 with some real confidence that we are on the right path. In fact, there exists the basis for HOPEFUL EXPECTATIONS—arising from the

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changes—since regionally strong clusters appear to be developing. Thus, from the Southwest we can expect sparkling ideas and leadership from Philip Staniford as President, Annabel Lewis as Secretary, and others in the San Diego area. Slightly to the north, in the Los Angeles area, Geri-Ann Galanti—now newly established in Venice—will continue to publish NATA, the Association newsletter.* The combination of house-moving and launching out into full-time teaching has temporarily curtailed her publication of the newsletter, but this coming year should find her more settled with, hopefully, some helpers in her area.

In the San Francisco Bay area, the seedbed from which the *Phoenix* and ATA sprang, there is a golden array of potential, and some suggestion of forming a Bay Area chapter of ATA. With Ronald Campbell as Western Vice-President, as well as the other supportive people who have helped with the journal in one way or another, plus a sizeable number of members, it seems that a new energy may be arising here, even though the *Phoenix* itself is flying from its home nest to New York State. Evidence of the energy is to be found in the two newsletters being published by three members of the *Phoenix* Advisory Board: Danny Alford's new Transpersonal Linguistics newsletter, *Not Just Words*** and a brand-new *Applied Psi Newsletter*, to be published by Jeffery Mishlove and William Kautz, under the auspices of the Spectrum Foundation and the Center for Applied Intuition of the Institute for the Study of Conscious Evolution.†

And in the Northeast, a totally new situation is arising as the *Phoenix*, the Treasury, and the main ATA address all move in the New Year to: 2001 Tibbits Avenue
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The Mystique of Troy. In the enthusiasm of the Classical Revival at the end of the 18th century, a number of American towns and cities were renamed and given such suitably ancient appellations as Syracuse and Ithaca. One such name change involved the town of Ashley's Landing, situated at the northernmost point for sea shipping on the Hudson River, at the mouth of the Mohawk. The name of Troy was adopted by the Town Meeting in 1789.

Troy, situated at the very heart of the newly developing American industry, was the center for the iron and steel works of New York State. It was also, and incidentally, the home of Sam Wilson, a butcher and purveyor of meat whose top hat and coat-tails became such a familiar sight to the Civil War troops that he became known as Uncle Sam, synonymous with the "U.S." stamped on slabs of meat. With time and changing technology, Troy was left behind and Uncle Sam became a legend—although modern-day Trojans have lovingly preserved his memory with a statue in a prominent spot in downtown Troy. Archeologists now explore the beginnings of American industry in the industrial ruins of Troy; and the far from flourishing condition of most of the downtown area, with even a few cobbled streets here and there, bespeak a city that history has passed by—like the "fallen woman" of that same Dickensian world, used, misused, abused, and left behind.

But there is another aspect to Troy life that has remained and thrived, for Troy is the home of three major historically-linked institutions of learning. The oldest is an exclusive girls' school, now known as Emma Willard, which stands atop one of the hills of Troy with a campus that any four-year college would be proud to call its own. Here, by one of life's strange "coincidences"—our own Priscilla Lee (no relation to author) spent much of her girlhood. The school, originally named the Troy Female Seminary, was located in downtown Troy, on the Hudson riverbank, and was started in 1816 as the *first* girls' school in the United States. Its founder, Emma Willard, had been instructed in mathematics by one Amos Eaton, likewise instructor of another young woman who became the founder of Mount Holyoke College. These two young women, although not feminists in today's sense of the word, strongly believed that girls should be taught more than home-making.

Eight years later, another Troy institution of learning was set on its way. The founder, Stephen von Rensselaer, was the eighth generation *patroon* in a line of Dutch *patroons* going back to the original manor grant from the Dutch crown in 1629. In spite of the later English domination of the area, and the distinctly feudal concept on which the manor grant was based, by 1824 Stephen van Rensselaer was still the owner of the 400,000 acres on both sides of

the Hudson on which many small towns and villages were situated. Stephen was a conscientious man, and moreover had studied at Princeton and Harvard. He therefore determined that Troy should be the home of a school for engineering and science, to be known as the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (or RPI), which now sits on the bluffs above the downtown area of Troy. The aforementioned Amos Eaton became a Professor of Chemistry and the "Senior Professor" at the Institute; and the institute founded by a Dutch *patroon* is now the oldest, continually operating school of engineering and science in the English-speaking world. It is not only the Alma Mater of a goodly proportion of the practicing, and retired, engineers in this country, but also of a large number of their Japanese counterparts who were students at RPI following World War I. Their impact on the campus was so great, in fact, that some of the dorms have Japanese names.

Earlier, in 1916, a graduate of Emma Willard School conceived of the idea of setting up a women's college in Troy. She was the widow of Russell Sage, railroad baron and philanthropist. Mrs. Sage sought the advice and help of Eliza Kellas, who with her sister was the co-headmistress of Emma Willard, and Eliza became the first President of the new Russell Sage College, situated on the old Female Seminary site. Russell Sage has now become one of the well-known colleges for women, and was at the time of its founding no doubt a welcome addition to the social scene for the still mainly male student body up the hill at RPI.

It would be unjust not to mention yet a fourth educational institution, a relative newcomer situated on Troy's border, the Hudson Valley Community College. It is thus noteworthy that this area has pioneered in the founding of four new kinds of schools in the course of the past one hundred and sixty years.

And now a new kind of pioneering is taking place. For a long time, RPI basked in the reputation of being a solid, mostly undergraduate, college. But after World War II, a graduate program was instituted, and now there is further great change taking place, under the direction of President George M. Low, the man who successfully took over the ailing Apollo space program after the fire that took the lives of three astronauts. He is now giving the same energy to the renaissance of RPI that he once gave to the successful completion of the Apollo project, and the result may revitalize Troy and even American industry. Low foresees a new kind of manufacturing technology, accompanied by a changed and healthier relationship between management and labor, during the coming decades. In line with this ideal, RPI has been giving nourishment and haven to budding young enterprises on its own campus, and is now instituting an industrial park, somewhat along the lines of the Stanford Industrial Park, seven miles downriver

from Troy in the small town of North Greenbush, across the river from the state capital at Albany. The hope is that Troy will once again provide industrial leadership and, if Low's dream is fulfilled, help to bring about a balanced approach in technology and society.

The involvement of the Lees—Ras and Shirley—in this renaissance has come about unexpectedly, and coincidentally entails change for *Phoenix/ATA*. Our involvement in the RPI program, however, may prove to be an opportunity to play a significant role not only in these new beginnings on an old foundation, but also in helping to establish a new group of transpersonally oriented people—providing a nexus, so to speak—in the area of Troy and for some distance roundabout. Several RPI faculty members have already expressed enthusiasm for this possibility, and one of them, John Schumacher, professor of philosophy at RPI, has contributed an article to this issue of the journal, "The Sound of Silence." And this brings us to the real substance of this flight of the *Phoenix*....

The Contents of this Issue

Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson have both had such an influence on all our minds—whether we have realized it or not—and were so influential in the last years before they died, each of cancer and within three years of each other, that we are only just beginning to be able to assess the magnitude of their impact on those of use who are transpersonally oriented.

Philip Staniford reflects on their effect on his own work and thought in our first article, "Bateson and Mead: A Personal and Transpersonal Reflection." He points to "the personal significance both Bateson and Mead now have on my own growth of conscious capabilities" and continues, "They occupy inspirational positions, examples of what we may all do for ourselves rather than due to any specifics they have voiced." They were of course both securely rooted in anthropology—though neither trod a traditional path in the field—and both strongly believed in the importance of the ethnological approach to field-work, whether one was dealing with small societies or large, human or otherwise. They both dared to pioneer, even at the cost of not following conventionally "successful" careers.

Mead could scarcely have done otherwise. She came from a family of professional women, and she was particularly influenced by a grandmother who had highly unusual, even "New Age," notions on education, on the wholeness of the human individual, and the value of helping a child to express herself in many ways.

Memory, for example, may spring from many facets of one's being: taste, smell, and feel, as well as the more usual visual and auditory ways. Under the guidance of her grandmother and her enlightened parents, Margaret began early to be a "liberated" and special person. Psychologist Jean Houston worked closely with Mead in her later years for she was convinced that Mead represented a new kind of superhuman of the future, and she wanted to understand what it was that gave her such a broad, integrated hold on life. Houston is currently working on a book, *The Mind of Margaret Mead*, to be published next year (1982); a foretaste of the contents may be found in an article of the same title that appeared in the July/August issue of *Quest '77*.

It is high time that some attention be paid, by anthropologists in general and by transpersonal anthropologists in particular, to the implications of Mead's interest in parapsychology, the occult, and in consciousness studies. One learns nothing of these involvements from reading the special memorial volume devoted to her in the *Jure*, 1980 special issue of the *American Anthropologist*. It was in large part thanks to Mead, for example, that parapsychology was finally allowed into the scientific ranks. It was typical of her that well-placed words, spoken at just the right moment, made all the difference. The account is given in the Newsletter of the Parapsychology Association of January-February, 1970.

Time after time, in the years between 1963 and 1969, the PA had applied to the AAAS (American Association for the Advancement of Science) for affiliation, and had been turned down. Finally, in 1969, their application passed through both the AAAS Committee on Council Affairs, and the Board of Directors, but final approval was far from certain. The atmosphere in the Council meeting room was tense when Margaret Mead spoke:

"For the last ten years we have been arguing about what constitutes science and scientific method and what societies use it. We even changed the By-laws about it. The PA uses statistics and blinds, placebos, double blinds, and other standard scientific devices. The whole history of scientific advancement is full of scientists investigating phenomena that the establishment did not believe were there. I submit that we vote in favor of this Association's work."

In the ensuing show of hands a clear majority voted in favor of affiliation (*PA Newsletter*, Feb. 1970, p.1).

Our hope of having a major article in this issue about Mead and the implications of her work and life to transpersonal anthropology has been dashed by the illusory march of Father Time. However, Patricia Hunt-Perry has interviewed Jean Houston, and will be

interviewing a number of others who worked with Mead, with the intention of writing a major article for one of our coming issues in 1982. We look forward keenly to her finished work.

Mead's and Bateson's lives became intertwined while they were still in their twenties and nearly at the beginning of their respective careers. Unlike Mead, Gregory Bateson came from a rather more restrictive family and cultural background, with less scope in a sense for being creatively different. He was, in fact, one of three sons in a line of well-known dons who had made their mark at Cambridge University. His father was a famous geneticist, completely admired and adored by Gregory's mother, for whom "W.B." could do no wrong. The whole family was immersed in practical experiments in genetics, and we read of his father that

Bateson had the high Victorian gift of concentration. In either work or play he could immerse himself totally. "One could not imagine, while working with him," his wife said, "that he had any trouble or anxiety greater than the sterility of a pea or the death of a valued chick.... In the same way he could completely absorb his attention in a game of chess or bridge" (Lipset: 33).

David Lipset, in his recent biography, *Gregory Bateson: The Legacy of a Scientist*, from which the above quote is taken, describes in detail the Bateson family background, an account that is especially interesting to a Cambridge-oriented Anglophile. He then takes us into Bateson's first three years of New Guinea fieldwork, from which Gregory returned far from satisfied. The mere fact that he had changed from genetics to anthropology had been a blow to his mother. She was now not only a widow, but Gregory was the only one of the three brothers still alive. One had been killed in the war (World War I) and the other had committed suicide under particularly harrowing and publicized conditions. The loss of Gregory to years in the field was hard for her to bear.

Those first three years of fieldwork were hardly less painful for Gregory himself, although his stay among the Iatmul proved a good deal more fruitful than his earlier sojourns among the Baining and Sulka peoples. After the latter he had written to his mother: "My belly is full with this travelling and poking my nose into the affairs of other races" (Lipset: 130).

Nevertheless, he decided to return to New Guinea in an attempt to understand the vast variation between cultures that he had already detected. In spite of his mother's misgivings—she described herself in a letter to him as "a rather mild and timid old woman solitary and staring into solitude" (Lipset: 134)—Bateson set out once more to stay for fifteen months among the Iatmul.

These months were lonely in the extreme and convinced him that doing fieldwork with a partner would be infinitely preferable. Part of his problem

was that, having dismissed the accepted theoretical foci of his day—historical reconstructions, material culture, economics, and functionalism—Bateson was left collecting disconnected scraps of data to which he could attach no unifying significance" (Lipset: 134-135).

Meanwhile, off a tributary of the lower Sepik river, things were going equally badly with another pair of anthropologists: Roy Fortune and his American wife, Margaret Mead. Bateson had known Fortune at Cambridge, had met him in Sydney during his first three years in the field, but had somehow missed meeting his wife Margaret. The three had arranged to meet, however, and their meeting was pregnant with meaning not only for their own personal lives but indeed for the development of new theory and new approaches in anthropology.

At the time, the Fortune-Mead marriage had reached a parlous state. Mead had been ill and "silently craving to be taken care of" while the stoic Fortune had left her alone, and given her little sympathy. Their trip, after a period of field work among the Mundugumor—where Margaret had been constantly feverish—was arranged in order to look for a new research site. She was exhausted from the travel, and in pain from an accidental injury to her hand. On their way up the Sepik, they stopped at Bateson's camp in Kankanamun. Lipset describes the scene:

Her eye was immediately caught by a screened room which had a tree growing through its roof, allowing Bateson's cat (and the mosquitoes) to come and go freely.

At first the three were delighted to be together. "As anthropologists do, we began talking—and kept it up for 30 hours on end. The result has been a very odd party. Three garrulous anthropologists talking shop as hard as they could go, in the midst of tipsy New Guinea whites." Mead's recollection was essentially the same (Lipset: 135).

Moreover, Gregory's keen anticipation of having company, and his need for companionship, led him to welcome his guests especially warmly and to attend to their needs with compassion.

His tenderness so soothed Margaret that forty years later, she described the ensuing three months as "an extraordinary concatenation of events that no notions of serendipity provide an explanation" (Lipset: 135).

The complications of those next three months together are described in some detail by Lipset. They ended in a mounting tension which led all members of the trio to flee in different directions. Later, Margaret and Reo were divorced; and Gregory and Margaret visited each other on each side of the Atlantic. Gregory, now 29 and returned to England, had come to the conclusion that the life of a Cambridge don was not to his liking. He had become used to thinking in wider terms than his British colleagues, if only as a result of exposure to Mead's unique approaches. Finally, while he was still finishing his well-known work on the Iatmul, *Naven*, he and Margaret decided to marry and engage in fieldwork together in Bali. In order to make this turn of events bearable to his mother, Gregory wrote to her and told her (hardly with truth) that his marriage to Mead "had been the result of anthropological—not romantic—motives" (Lipset: 149), and that this would simplify their planned four years of fieldwork and research together.

Lipset takes us through the years of their joint research, and their subsequent return to New York and Cambridge respectively. By then, World War II had begun; Mead was awaiting the birth of their child; and Bateson had thought that there would be immediate war work for him to do in England. This turned out not to be the case, and he sailed to New York, arriving just after the birth of his daughter. They had already decided that a daughter should be brought up in the United States (and a son in England). Although their marriage lasted only a few years, the die was cast as far as Gregory's life work was concerned: it was to be in America.

Lipset describes Bateson's life and work throughout the ensuing period up until his final illness. Much of the account is exceedingly interesting—and very detailed—but it tends to be heavy going where Bateson's involvement in new theory is concerned. And the two years that Gregory spent at Esalen, knowing that he was dying of cancer, are given scant attention.

The skimpiness of Lipset's coverage of these last two years, as opposed to the richness of detail in the earlier years, are commented upon in our second item in this issue. The exchange began as a book review by Staniford, followed by a rejoinder by Lipset, then further comments by Staniford. Invited to respond once more, Lipset wrote from New Guinea that he wished to say no more at this time. Neither of them minces words, and we think this is healthy because in the sparring we begin to see some of the real problems involved, first, in trying to understand Bateson and his work, and second, in making it possible to examine in more general terms what one may expect from a contemporary transpersonal biography.

Bateson understated and seemed so obtuse that one could become lost within minutes of hearing him speak, and many found his books unreadable.

Unlike Carl Jung, Bateson did not find his Aniela Jaffe. However, through his close association with psychiatrist Stanislav Grof during those last two important and richly full years of his life at Esalen, we are able to obtain some greater understanding of Bateson himself, and also to clarify some of our problems in understanding his theoretical approaches.

For these reasons, we are deeply grateful to Dr. Grof for giving us permission to transcribe, and reproduce in this issue, part of a weekend-long seminar which he conducted at Esalen in August, 1981. The seminar was one of four in the Bateson Seminar Series, each being conducted by a person who had known Gregory, and each dealing with a particular aspect of his work. The other three were led by Fritjof Capra in July ("Mind, Matter and Consciousness"); by John Lilly in September ("Biocomputers and the Human Spiritual Strivings"); and by George Leonard in October ("The Rhythms of Relationship").

In the easy-to-read give and take of the seminar style, we can begin to see Gregory Bateson more clearly, with the eyes and mind of a close friend and associate during those last two unusual years. The complexities of Bateson's thought processes become much clearer seen through the Grof lens. Indeed, Grof's capacity to lay things out clearly and convincingly in a simple manner makes Bateson and his work far easier to understand and we can see their import more clearly than we could have done otherwise.

One small statement about Gregory that I have found impressive and worth recording here is that he "respected the mystic's approach to life as much as the scientist's" (S.P. Heims, quoted by Lipset, p. 201). That seems to me to be a highly significant if brief comment—and forges a close link between those of us living and working in the transpersonal mode and Gregory Bateson, even if we did not know him personally.

In the story that follows Grof's seminar, "Sandy's Garden," we have the first three chapters of what will be a continuing story, written for children of all ages (which should include us all). In later chapters, we shall be meeting some characters who remarkably resemble Mead and Bateson. The author, who prefers to call himself A.R. ★ describes this story as a little piece of his own soul, and tells us that it is based on his belief "that good science should be able to be read by children. The essence of the story is my own search for insights into the nature of the primary process mind, and the literal journey that transpired in search of insight. It is also based on five summers of fieldwork on state fairs and carnivals, field studies in island communities, work with

groups at Esalen and Atlantic University in Virginia Beach.* Later characters will include Clara Mee, Gray Gorer, Reed Sundance, and the White Frog. And there will be explorations of the meaning of magic, symbols, archetypes, good, evil, dreams, and the power of the human mind."

During the past five years, since the *Phoenix* first took flight toward "New Directions in the Study of Man," until now when it has assumed the garb of "Transpersonal Anthropology," we have groped our way towards an understanding of what it was we were seeking. For the general reader, there has been a *potpourri* of, we hope, interesting and fascinating articles; but for those of us who are anthropologists, there have been the recurrent questions of what are we aiming at and where are we going in *transpersonal* anthropology. How do we define ourselves? What can we hope to add to the anthropological mainstream? Are we even talking about anthropology anymore? Anyway, what is anthropology and is it relevant to the problems we as individuals face in the world today? These questions and others have constantly occurred to us. One word that has begun to creep into the picture, into our conversation, is so obvious that it has taken us a while to find it and recognize its presence. That word is "transcultural," and it has taken a young Swiss anthropologist, not even writing in his own native language, to express it theoretically. In his article in this issue entitled "Transpersonal Anthropology and the Comparison of Cultures," Holger Kalweit makes the following introductory statement, which we think is highly important:

In its deepest sense, Transpersonal Anthropology (TPA) is committed to the comparison of cultures. Transpersonal experience cannot be restricted to one culture alone. The symbols and experiences which reach the individual in an Altered State of Consciousness (ASC) are the same in all societies.

Behind the colorful disarray of cultural multiplicity, the human psyche's constant forms of expression stand as unshakable as Celtic dolmens. TPA searches for the unity of the trans-cendental, meta-rational, para-logical or supra-sensory realm which prevails behind the scenes in various societies.

TPA is, by definition, always transcultural; it is not confined to tribal cultures but is bound to researching all cultures in all eras. It must move along the axis of comparison which includes the tribal cultures, extinct cultures, highly-developed Western and non-Western cultures and, especially, Western scientific study. Even superficial comparisons will yield elucidations of which we have as yet no inkling [Italics by Editor].

* See "Dream Therapy among a Group of Dream Sharers" by Alexander Randall 5th, in *Phoenix*, Vol. IV, Nos. 1-2, pp. 73-80.

And now we come full circle, back to the article which led to this discussion in the first place, "The Sound of Silence" by John Schumacher. This is an appropriate philosophical note on which to end, and one which is connected at deep levels to Kalweit's thesis above. Beginning with the well known koan in Zen, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" Schumacher leads us into an explanation of what Buddhists call "self-existence." But in order to have self-existence, there must be some sort of "separation or independence from other things." But this kind of separateness or independence "vanishes at the depth level. There all things are neither separate nor independent. They merge in an order of undivided wholeness. They are empty of self-existence." Indeed, at this level, "there is only what the Buddhists call Noble Silence."

From this ancient concept, in which Noble Silence also implied a fullness, Schumacher leads us into a brief review of the changes that are taking place in modern physics, and so to the hologram, and so into Bohm's "holomovement." And now we are close again to the Noble Silence:

Unlike the movement of light, the holomovement is not limited in any specifiable way. Its wholeness is not perfect. There are therefore no real divisions between things—no aspect of the universe has self-existence. The holomovement is a full emptiness.

This new/old vision of the universe, in which the sound of silence is heard, is beginning to invade other disciplines; and we come full circle back to the Buddhist insight that "silence is all healing," particularly clear in our use of language. As Schumacher points out, referring to Norman O. Brown's reconstruction of silence (in his book *Life Against Death*):

...we are asked to take the way of silence. For Brown our fall is into division, into language, and away from an original wholeness. This wholeness tolerates no real division between things, no splits which cannot be healed. Silence is all healing.

If the reader should still be a trifle hungry, further food for thought may be found in our most remarkable selection of book reviews ever, ranging in scope from parapsychology, to Mother India, to further thoughts on Castaneda, to Holistic Health, and finally, to a little book with the wonderfully appropriate title, *The Kin of Ata!*

