

# PHOENIX



**Journal of Transpersonal Anthropology**

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# PHOENIX Journal of Transpersonal Anthropology

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Transpersonal Anthropology considers the evolving (open-ended, cumulative) processes of human physical, conceptual and cooperative realms of reality. We consider species-wide cultural and individual levels of existence, including states of ordinary observed behavior, paranormal abilities and creative consciousness as they exist in fact and as a further potential of human development.

*Philip S. Staniford*

Transpersonal Anthropology is a science which investigates the relationship between consciousness and culture, altered states of mind research, and the integration of mind, culture and personality. As a science it incorporates, transcends, and contributes to the traditional discipline of Anthropology and its various sub-areas.

*Ronald L. Campbell*

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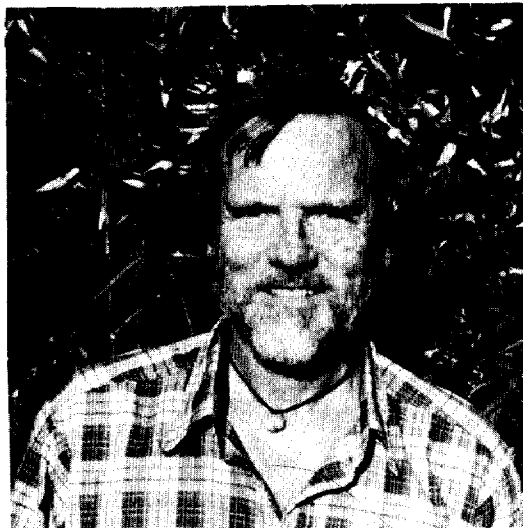
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For there is no death. It is only transition from one vibration to another. If that moment be right, and if you have completed your mission upon this earth, then it is best that you enter a finer condition where you will find growth and understanding — the understanding of why you were born, and why you have been reborn again and again.

Vishnu, speaking through a medium, in *The God Within: A Testament of Vishnu*, by Elwood Babbitt and Charles Haggood. Threshold Books, 1982.



*Philip Stroud Staniford*  
December 22, 1930 — March 25, 1983

## PHILIP STROUD STANIFORD

Readers of the *Phoenix* have become familiar with the name and presence of Philip S. Staniford in the pages of this journal, ever since the first issue in 1977 when his article "Inside Out: Anthropological Communication of Alternate Realities" signaled a new way of dealing with the anthropologist's own self. The quotation by Albert Einstein at the head of that article could well describe the final years of his own life's work:

*The cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest force behind scientific research.*

Philip sought to do overtly what few other anthropologists — or any other scientists for that matter — have even attempted. He recorded for all to see his own innermost experiences. His continuing explorations of his own consciousness were for him a truly valid kind of fieldwork. When he first began this kind of research, he already had behind him some fieldwork of a solidly conventional kind in a Japanese immigrant community in Brazil.\* But he had become increasingly aware of "the unwillingness of anthropologists to explore aspects of humanity which cannot be easily observed and described." Philip began to realize "with increasing awareness and frustration how far intellectual reflection may atrophy potentialities for insight, and how unprepared I was for spiritual doing and experiencing."

Since his presentation of that first paper at the Annual Meeting of the American Anthropological Association in 1975, Philip Staniford has been a pioneer in inner exploration and, through the pages of the *Phoenix* and elsewhere, its outer expression. With his wife and "soul-mate", Jenice, Philip continually sought for inner growth, experience, and the limits of understanding of the field of human consciousness. There followed other pilgrimages to Mount Cuchama, the sacred mountain that was the focus of that first paper. Then he and Jenice paid an arduous visit to India in 1976, which included staying a month in the Aurobindo ashram in Pondicherry, three weeks with Sai Baba's entourage, and visiting a sacred mountain; and finally a later meeting in this country with the Karmapa, the head of the Kagyu lineage of Tibetan Buddhism.

\**Philip S. Staniford. Pioneers in the Tropics: The Political Organization of Japanese in an Immigrant Community in Brazil.* London School of Economics Monographs on Social Anthropology 45. Humanities Press: New York, 1973

All of these are described in "Transpersonal Anthropology" (*Phoenix* II:1, 1978). He sought further in all the facets of life that were regularly available to him: in the solitude of his desert retreat; working in his boat moored to a San Diego dock; in the immense sharing with his students, giving of himself without stint and taking from them in turn; in the enjoyment of home and friends, giving love with a capacity denied to most of us because of our hang-ups and acquired limitations. And he shared it all through his interactions with those nearby, and his wonderful letters to those at a distance. In his letters, Philip used colored felt pens with gay abandon, underlining in bold strokes an important point here, a margin note there. And the whole illustrated with his unique drawings. How could one busy man have written so many letters to so many friends?

Alas, his graphic descriptions of his own inner explorations, experiences, and emotions were not always understood, even by some readers of the *Phoenix*, still not used to such baring of the soul. Philip used to complain that he got too little feedback — he longed for greater dialogue among scholars and experiencers, and all others open to this approach in the scientific enterprise.

Philip was delighted when the theme for the 1983 Southwestern Anthropological Association's Annual Meeting was announced as "The Threat of Nuclear Catastrophe". Several ATAI symposia were planned as our part of the program, with the sub-theme of "Nuclear Catastrophe: The Transpersonal Challenge". Philip announced that he was planning a symposium on "Adaptive Anthropological Strategies for Facing Challenges in the Nuclear Age". All through the winter he prepared for the March meetings with his customary enthusiasm, meeting regularly with his symposium participants who were in the San Diego area. He looked forward to the meetings with more than his usual zest. His own paper, "Self Reprogramming the Human Biocomputer: Transpersonal Strategies for Meeting the Threat of Nuclear Catastrophe Head-On", was to set the tone for the day. He worked on it with unusual care up until the last day before the meetings started, polishing it and getting others to suggest improvements. He was delighted that his symposium was to meet aboard the Bahia Belle, the hotel's two-decker that takes guests on sails round the inner basin.

Philip did not board the Bahia Belle on the morning of his symposium, the 25th. He collapsed before it was to begin, while working out at the gym. And so Philip, our friend, ATAI President, and, as one reader put it, "one of the hottest flames fanning *Phoenix* into life", underwent this lifetime's final great experience.

Through a trusted psychic whom she visited several days later, Jenice received a message in response to her question to Philip, "What am I supposed to do?" The answer came back: "Continue."

And that is what we did on *his* day, in spite of our tears and shock. Philip's paper was read and we continued through the day as we felt he would have wished us to do.\*

And that is what we must all do now — keep the dream alive, the *Phoenix* flying, and *continue* the explorations in which he pioneered.

Shirley W. Lee, Editor

\*One of the papers, read by Geri-Ann Galanti, appears in this issue. Philip's paper will be in our next issue which will be

A SPECIAL ISSUE DEDICATED TO  
**PHILIP STANIFORD —**  
His Life, His Work, His Influence

Contributions to this issue are invited; submission date no later than February 15, 1984.

Note: Jenice lovingly suggests that if you want to honor Philip, you might wish to contribute to ATAI or subscribe to *Phoenix*. In a recent publication Philip said of the Journal: "We continue to offer opportunity and occasion for exchanging transpersonal and anthropological information, speculation and theory".

## Re-membering and Renewal

Philip Stroud Staniford was a man who more than anyone I know "verbed" his way through life. He was constant motion. If he wasn't traveling around the world, or hiking in the mountains, or commuting between house and school, boat and desert home, or bouncing around in his office, he was exploring the near and far regions of the mind. He was vital, irrepressible. Even sitting, he would be drawing fantastic, multi-colored doodles that have a brilliance, power, and whimsy found only in the best folk art. He was unique. He possessed what the Chinese call *Té*: a creative and spontaneous virtue that was often catching and a wonder to behold.

That he could also be impatient with what bored him, or whom, stubborn in his latter-day refusal to engage the common socio-political problems of the day, and so unwilling to compromise his idiosyncratic style of writing that many colleagues and friends often had trouble understanding him, made him all the more unforgettable. Even now, and maybe more than before, he sometimes pops up like a trickster spirit (he was that) and pinches my ear. His way of nagging was to tickle and prod with humor, reminding us to take another look, to "reframe" our habitual ways of being. He loved it when he "got you" this way, and squirmed with a mixture of pleasure and the embarrassment of self-recognition when you "got him".

I wonder, now, what he might say here. I wonder what messages he might bring us, what announcements and encouragement he would favor us with. If Philip is out there somewhere transiting between stars and space/timewarps, I sometimes feel that I'm in Limbo. I looked that word up tonight. Of course the common meaning is that Limbo's a region on the periphery of Hell where unbaptised souls are confined. Heathen that I am, that fits, but not very comfortably. If he were in my place, Philip would make a bounding pogo-stick leap over that downer — no doubt about it. Fortunately there's another, more literal meaning: Limbo means "in the border".

Now, I prefer the border regions. My lifestyle over the past few years has included a dual residence — an apartment in town and a

rambling ranchhouse, shared with friends, in the back country on the border between Mexico and California. And, too, I'm a paraprofessional, a part-time teacher and part-time student. So Limbo fits. I mention these personal details partly because many in ATAI don't know me, but also because I suspect that many will resonate with the Limbo feeling. A number of us, for instance, are working on the border-land of professional anthropology because of a deflated job market. "Whither are we going?" is being asked by more and more people today.

There is also this: ATAI itself seems in a Limbo of sorts. Whenever a death occurs in a family, strong elements of uncertainty, doubt, and instability may appear. Tonight, December First, for example, our 1984 meeting is yet to be firmed up\*. The financial status of our journal, *Phoenix*, is "iffy" as usual. We have just recently had an election of officers that confused many and was participated in by few. "Whither are we going?"

But just as surely as the mythical phoenix rises after purification by fire, ATAI will survive this period of radical changes. And more than this, we will thrive — if we will. Our 1983 meeting at the Bahia Belle in San Diego proves this. As Shirley Lee has written, Philip's sudden death gave those of us gathered there a wonderful opportunity to respond to what David Jones, in a recent letter to me, called the "Big Change"; and we responded, all of us, with a creativity and love for each other that Philip would have adored. It was a most perfect ritual, one I'll cherish forever. My hope now is that we'll make our association with ATAI and with each other a kind of extension of that ritual, pledging ourselves to continue the work and play that Philip devoted himself to through his spirited participation in ATAI's birth and infancy. May this be so.

Dennis H. Dutton,  
President, ATAI

\*Plans for our 1984 Annual Meeting are now firmly fixed as follows: The California Institute of Transpersonal Psychology will host our meeting, to be held at the Vallombrosa Conference Center in Menlo Park, California, April 27-29. Several symposia are being planned so far, including Death and Dying, Native America, Meditation, Mind and Consciousness, and Transpersonal Linguistics. For information, contact: Priscilla Lee, Conference Vice President, as soon as possible before the end of February, if interested in presenting a paper — 145 Grove Drive, Portola Valley, CA 94025, (415) 851-1215.

## A final note from the Editor . . .

Once again, as last year, pressuring events, and this time coping with our loss, have made the early appearance of the year's Phoenix well nigh impossible. But here it is at last, a double issue for 1983, and a testimonial to persistence.

By a strange concatenation of events, this Phoenix is appearing at just the time that an estimated one hundred million TV viewers in the United States are still reeling from the graphic program, "The Day After", dealing with the realities of all-out nuclear war, as portrayed in one small town in Kansas. Referring to this movie, Rhode Island psychiatrist Michael Ingall pointed out in an interview in the Great Swamp Gazette (student newspaper of the University of Rhode Island) of November 17, 1983:

It is the most important thing to happen to kindle the consciousness of people about the disaster of nuclear war since the rally that took place on June 12th of last year in New York\*. I think that the anti-nuclear movement has been missing a spark since that rally. People have been doing all sorts of good things since then, but there hasn't been something to galvanize either the movement or the country about nuclear war until this movie. In that sense, I think it's a very valuable service.

The first part of this issue then revolves round the over-riding central issue of our time; and the nightmare of the mad scientist without morals now envelops our whole society. In a recent talk attended by this Editor in Albany, New York, Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton, a co-author of the U. S. Catholic Bishops' Pastoral Letter (see Patricia Hunt-Perry's paper, "Peace Is Not Just the Absence of War" in this issue) spoke to the issue of "Peace Patterns: Prayer, Justice and Non-Violence." He said that his thinking had been deeply affected by the comments of a scholar of the Hebrew Old Testament scriptures. Asked what God had said about war in the Old Testament, the scholar replied that he thought God had been saying, over and over again, especially through the words of the prophets, that "war itself is not horrendous evil, but it is the result of horrendous evil". Arresting words.

We believe you will find the viewpoints expressed in the first part of this issue intriguing and different. We must find our way

\*That rally and more is discussed in this issue by Art Stein, in his paper, "The Hundredth Monkey and Humanity's Quest for Survival".

out of the dilemma soon. Weekly, if not daily, military personnel stationed underground in each of the major confronting powers — the United States and the Soviet Union — prepare to annihilate each other in practice runs. This is the "horrendous evil" to which we must address ourselves. As Dennis Dutton points out in his message from the President, transpersonalists are border people, and perhaps being on the border has its special advantage, enabling us to see more clearly beyond boundaries. It is time for us to emerge and play a more active role in helping to steer humanity away from a final — and ignominious — end. Can we do less than this?

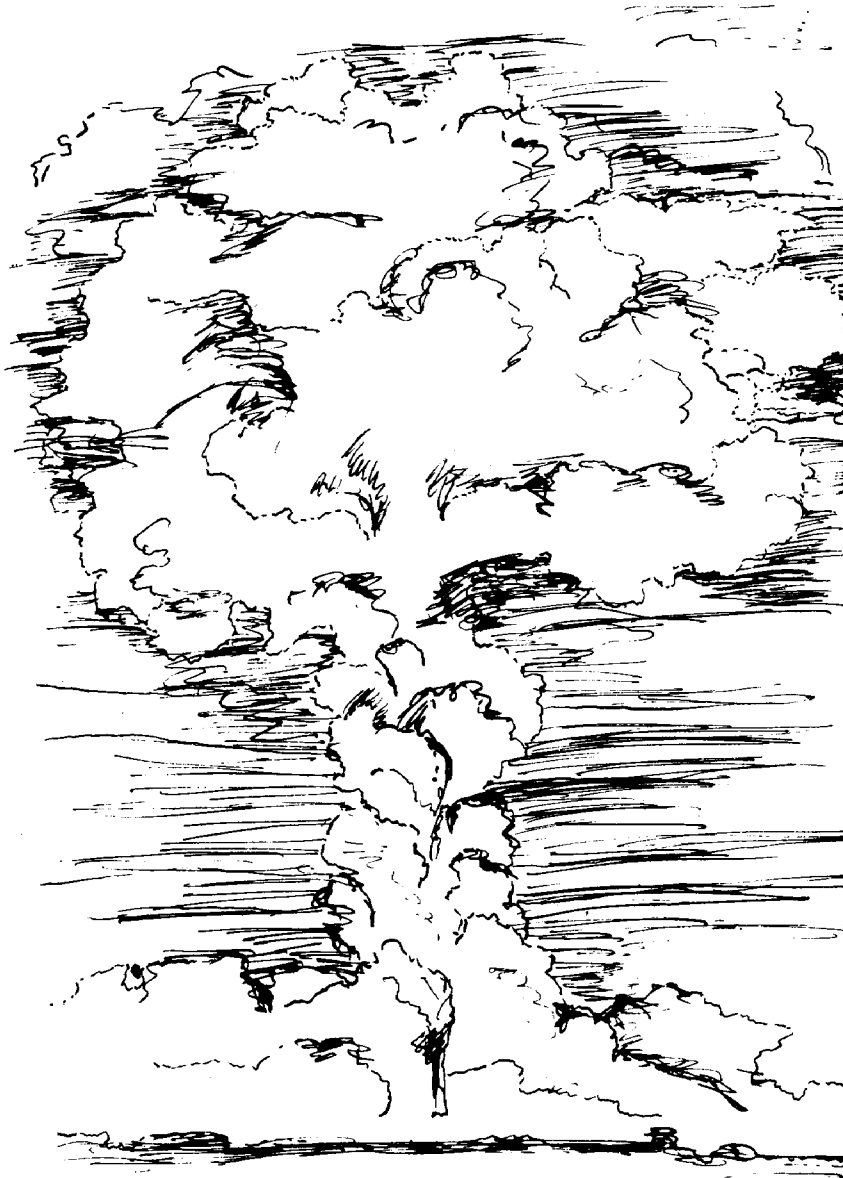
As for the rest of the issue, you will find an airing of problems besetting the anthropologist attempting to carry out cross-cultural parapsychological research (Singer and Ankenbrandt, and J. K. Long's response to some of their criticisms). And there are some refreshing ideas from a newcomer to the Phoenix circle, Charles Laughlin. His views on the "monophasic" nature of our Western society and the possibilities for training transpersonal anthropologists provide us with a new way of seeing our potential contribution to the field and to world society.

Finally, you will enjoy the latest episode in our dream story, "Sandy's Garden"; Tisa Abshire-Walker's vision of the masks; and "Call Me Baba" for a final chuckle.

Read, ponder, enjoy . . . and take action.

*Shirley W Lee*  
Editor





## Psychics: An Alternative World View

The theme for this year's meetings is the threat of nuclear catastrophe. As these are anthropology meetings, the first question I thought of was, "what does the threat of nuclear catastrophe have to do with anthropology?" What came to mind was the fact that first, the possibility of nuclear catastrophe is present only at certain levels of technology. There is little threat of the !Kung Bushmen facing this problem! However, my thoughts continued beyond that to a broader issue. What sort of culture would permit the development of something that could wipe our species off the face of the planet? While nuclear energy has been put to many uses which benefit humankind, it has been and could be put to uses that mean total devastation.

What I'd like to focus on right now is the threat of nuclear catastrophe in the form of global warfare. To bring that back to anthropology, I want to focus on the topic of world view. Total warfare with the kind of destruction possible with nuclear weapons is only likely given a particular view of the world: one which sees things in terms of "us" and "them," one which emphasizes the power of machines over people, one which has no fear of ultimate reprisal. What I'm going to talk about today is an alternative world view, one in which nuclear catastrophe would be unthinkable. This is the world view held by most psychics. The data I will present is based on a small-scale study of psychic readers living in Los Angeles.

*This paper was presented as part of the ATAI Symposium "Adaptive Anthropological Strategies for Facing Challenges in the Nuclear Age", March 25, 1983, in San Diego, California.*

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