

WAKING IN THE FIELD THAT WAKES

An Experiential Account of Process Mind and the Awakening Journey

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Galileo

Emily Saliers, Indigo Girls

Galileo's head was on the block
The crime was looking up the truth
And as the bombshells of my daily fears explode
I try to trace them to my youth

And then you had to bring up reincarnation
Over a couple of beers the other night
And now I'm serving time for mistakes made by another
In another lifetime

How long till my soul gets it right
Can any human being ever reach that kind of light
I call on the resting soul of Galileo
King of night vision, king of insight

I think about my fear of motion
Which I never could explain
Some other fool across the ocean years ago
Must have crashed his little airplane

How long till my soul gets it right
Can any human being ever reach that kind of light
I call on the resting soul of Galileo
King of night vision, king of insight

I'm not making a joke you know me I take everything so seriously
If we wait for the time till all souls get it right
Then at least I know there'll be no nuclear annihilation
In my lifetime I'm still not right

I offer thanks to those before me that's all I've got to say
Cause maybe you squandered big bucks in your lifetime
Now I have to pay
But then again it feels like some sort of inspiration
To let the next life off the hook
Or she'll say "look what I had to overcome from my last life,
I think I'll write a book"

Acknowledgements

In gratitude and awe to my teachers and the teachers before us who followed the call into the dark and thus found light. To the cast of foes, allies and serendipity who made sure that my soul is on its way to get it right, it does feel like it is time to write a book about it.

Thank you to the teachers, healers and friends, new and old, who are integral to the process that transpired during my second sojourn to Portland and Process Work Institute this May 2012: Anusuya Starbear, Ayako Fujisaki, Cindy Trawinski, Robert King; Elsa, Hiroko, Nami; MAPW Cohorts 2 and 3 my folks from the 2010 Winter Intensive: Hellene, Ionna, Susan, Reet and Wendy; Annie, Jim, Jeremiah and the PWI community.

Special thanks to my Certificate Advisor, Jan Dworkin, for your compassion and holding the pot through the distance and my intense outpourings when we finally met, fruits are being borne; to Arny and Amy Mindell, your respective forms of deep love, connection and curiosity for what draws you allowed me to touch base with my own and brought my soul back to life again.

Last but not least, the land known as Portland and her people, who received me and sent me off with open arms, bright sunshine and clear skies, I feel very welcomed.

Introduction

One's Personal Legend is what you have always wanted to accomplish. Everyone, when they are young, knows what their Personal Legend is. "At that point in their lives, everything is clear and everything is possible. They are not afraid to dream, and to yearn for everything they would like to see happen to them in their lives. But, as time passes, a mysterious force begins to convince them that it will be impossible for them to realize their Personal Legend...whoever you are, or whatever it is that you do, when you really want something, it's because that desire originated in the soul of the universe. It's your mission on earth.

"When you want something, all the universe conspires in helping you to achieve it."

-The Alchemist, Paolo Coelho

I read *The Alchemist* when I was 21. I was as dense as a literary block of wood. I could not get why this simple story is an international bestseller but I finally understood and doing so experientially with my own life. The following pages recount the seemingly random encounters that actually laid out the very path that I am meant to travel.

Briefly, I began to question the premise of what is reality and the Self in my teens; the implicit is does God exist, what or who is God. Growing up in a free-thinker household and influenced by my mother's own wonderment of the universe and her ideal of a direct encounter with the divine, gave me the freedom to wonder about the truth and the greater scheme of things that encompasses the world as we know it. After a decade of search, I finally encountered awareness/consciousness work in 2003, and began self work that encompassed pre-personal to transpersonal states of consciousness. My answers began to come. Since the start of the journey, which eventually Process Work became a part of, I began to see the lines

of causality in my life and the deeper transcendental meaning of what I simply have to experience. My life took a huge change in trajectory. One of the key transformations was the uncovering of my ability to work deeply with people. This was a total turnaround from my then self-identity as an introvert who was clueless about people, this identity partly contributed to me working solo as a scientist for seven years. Since then, I trained and served as a life coach for the past 9 years with an organization where our approach to coaching is a form of awareness work; I was introduced to Process Work through my organization and had the fortune of attending the 2010 Winter Intensive.

My curiosity that sparked this paper is the process of my encounters that led to what Eastern philosophy refers to as a person's 'awakening' or consciousness in Western culture;¹ and the unfolding of the Personal Legend in Coelho's quote, also known as the Myth in Process Work terms. Ever since my first major Aha! (awakening) moment in 2003 and looking back in time, I have been in awe and wonder of an invisible force that presented itself through time and through seemingly random events (Chapters 1 - 4) that are actually building blocks leading me to meet the force itself.

What I am present to is a directional impulse that has been meeting me through various forms and is the means to itself. Be it philosophers, psychologists, spiritual gurus or quantum physicists, their respective fields of study ultimately seem to imply to them the presence of an intelligent, universal guiding force.^{1,2,3} Ken Wilber speaks of a "*morphogenetic field*" or a developmental space in which a person's consciousness has the potential of developing in ascending and transcending layers, from matter to body to mind to soul to spirit.¹ In Process Mind,³ Arnold Mindell further developed his quantum physics model of psychology (*Quantum Mind*), highlighting how Bohm's pilot wave or guiding pattern of the quantum mind is part of an all pervasive universal force field, an organizing intelligence, whose nature is that it seeks to be observed and how this plays out in our experiences as human beings on Earth. With

the model presented in Process Mind, this gives me an idiom to speak of my experience of this force playing out in my life.

For the fun of it, I did not start to read Process Mind only until after I conceptualized what I want to write about – about how a person’s myth in dreamland breaks through into consensus reality as seemingly separate events scattered within a field exerted by the myth; awareness of the relationship between the events (akin to drawing the lines in a connect-the-dots puzzle) begins to presence the field and ultimately reveal the big picture of the myth. This scattering in the field analogy is inspired by the scatter pattern left on a screen by quantum particles in experiments where they were made to pass through slits. As I went through the chapters, it was heartening to see what I was trying to express coincide with the book, especially the section on “Processmind as the Whole Story” in Chapter 12. *Science, Religion, and God Experience*.³ I chose not to describe my deeper awakening experiences in this paper because of their ineffable, personal and experiential nature. My focus here is on the workings of the processmind through my life in order for me to recognize it.

In the context of my personal experience with the processmind, I relate to the force which has been moving me encounter to encounter as the pilot wave. As for the encounters that felt like a set up to prepare me all along, they are the processmind’s flirts trying to get my attention. The pilot wave and flirting are part of the “field” of the processmind, which I propose coincides with Wilber’s ‘morphogenetic field’ where a person’s consciousness develops.¹ In Chapter 5, I present my dreaming of how this processmind field permeates through into consensus reality as encounters scattered across time-space like the dots of a Connect-the-Dots puzzle and how I become the Universe’s observer as I connect the dots, revealing the Universe’s hidden face. In Chapter 6, I share my most direct experience of this pilot wave/processmind energy to date that occurred during a class I attended at Process Work Institute in May 2012.

*“Sometimes I've believed as many as
six impossible things before breakfast.”*

-The White Queen, Through the Looking Glass

What made the relationship between processmind and my awakening even more interesting to me is because I can identify at least four seemingly impossible things that happened that were instrumental. Impossible because they were so out of character for me that engaging in them would be quite improbable. The cosmic joke that was on me, perhaps, is how I have actively REFUSED all of them before - physics, jazz music, dancing and singing. Yet, they managed to wheedle their way in, caught my attention, got my interest, and started the whole chain of events going. And the story goes....

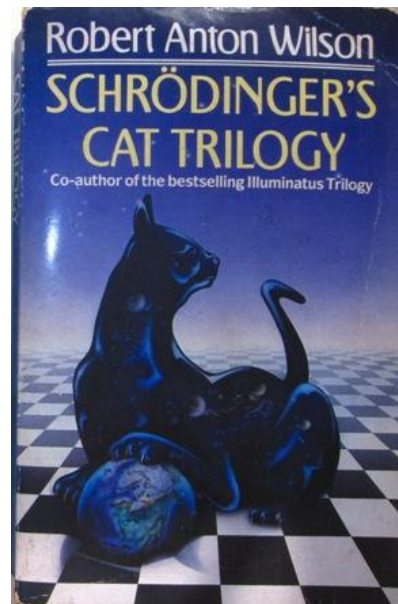
1. READ ME

“Drink me.” | “Eat me.”

- Alice in Wonderland

I hated physics as a subject (but loved mathematics) and sworn it off in school. Physics and I seemed never meant to be, as a child I had an aversion to the physics section of the Singapore Science Center. At five, I cried after entering Hong Kong’s Space Museum – I got scared of the space suit and the dark, lightless space – and threw a tantrum to be let out.

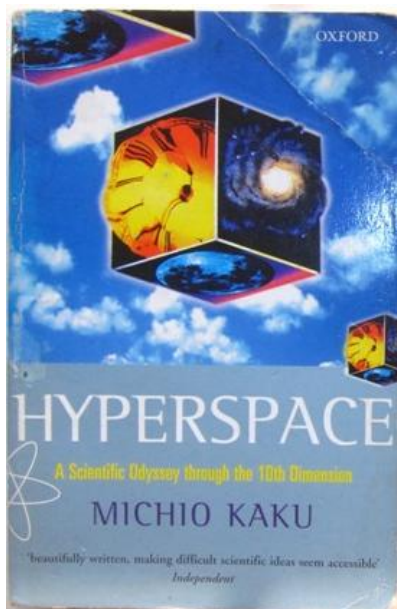
Unsuspectingly, while still in junior college (1993 - 4) and had said goodbye to physics as a subject, I picked up Schrodinger’s Cat Trilogy⁴ from the New Arrivals shelf thinking that it was a novel about cats. I couldn’t understand most of the story or its references, and gave up reading half-way. I was confused, were “Schrodinger’s cat” and parallel universes actual scientific facts or imaginary figments of the story? As fate would have it, I stumbled onto an article on higher-dimensional shapes soon after which I thought was really cool. Intrigued, I searched on the topic and found the book Flatland many months later in the university’s library.⁵ With Flatland, I began to ponder about how perspectives limit what we can comprehend and there is probably more than it meets the eye.



(*While going through this paragraph, I realized that I was feeling confused because I was feeling belief and disbelief both at the same time. Quite a befitting reaction to the ‘dead and alive’ Schrodinger’s Cat!)

Setting the theme of books aside for a moment, I caught the movie Sliding Doors in 1998. The movie unfolded two parallel outcomes that the protagonist (acted by Gwyneth Paltrow) lived out as a result of i) missing or ii) making past the sliding doors of the train one day. From the movie, the full impact of a little fact about me hit me full force. I was meant to be born in early January 1977. My mother decided to induce labor a week earlier in end December 1976 so that I can join 1976's cohort in school. Other than my family, this maneuver set me up to meet an entirely different cast of people in my life, and most probably, gave me a totally different script of how my life would turn out.

“Curioser and curioser!” - Alice in Wonderland



I eventually felt brave enough to try to read about the mysterious world of quantum physics. Whether I can understand or not, I shall attempt it. Michio Kaku's Hyperspace caught my eye when I was looking for a read after my graduation (1999).⁶ Once again, Schrodinger's cat (so it was a fact!), the quantum world, parallel worlds, strings and the theory of everything came back into view. While Kaku's book gave me a great sense of 'things are coming together', it was many, many years later when it finally manifested what do all these have to do with me (and writing this very paper).

2. DANCE ME

“I’m beginning to see the light”

-Jazz standard

Just as readings on the quantum world faded away, another chain of events had already started. So much for declaring that I do not like jazz at 13 (due to limited understanding of jazz as consisting of just elevator music and acid jazz), I got curious about the bunch of jazz CDs featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Count Basie etc. on sale in the university Co-op and began to collect them (1996). I also made a new friend, Dora, who shared my new discovery in music. We would phone each other and listen to the once a week jazz program over radio together. Dora is very talented. She danced in several troupes and played the violin for the university orchestra. She kept nudging me to join one of her dance groups. For someone who was never comfortable with her body and never thought that she could dance, I kept turning Dora down and resisted the idea. Little did I know that my encounter with Dora has already set the stage for me to dance. I chanced upon a dance performance years later in the mall (1999). The troupe was dancing exuberantly to old style jazz. I had never seen this type of dancing before but I LIKE it! Finally, I could do more than just tap my foot to jazz music, my whole body can ‘sing’ wholehearted with it.

And so I found lindy hop (aka swing dancing). I felt really alive for the first time. I would burn within and I get why jazz is described as ‘hot’. Six months into the dance, I had a spreading pain from the knee, I had to drop out of my first and very major performance. The pain spread and persisted, I hobbled and could no longer dance and went depressive. Yet, just before the descent (summer of 2000) was this particular dance that I had which I felt as though I totally

disappeared into the whirling, my dance partner and strains of Mack the Knife. It felt like streamers were streaming in and out of me. Something very extraordinary happened.

Months later, I caught the movie, Billy Elliot, about a small town boy who fell in love with ballet. Young Billy's response when he was asked how does he feel when dancing during his audition with the Royal Ballet gave me the very words to speak of my own experience:

“ ... I like forget everything and... sorta disappear. Sorta disappear. Like I feel a change in my whole body. Like there's this fire in my body. I'm just there. Flyin'. Like a bird. Like electricity. Yeah. Like electricity.”

-Billy Elliot

Momentarily, 'I' disappeared in those few minutes. The appearance of lindy hop gave me not just this fateful experience of melting into the flow state, it was also the setting where I met the sequence of people who eventually led me to the study of Buddhist philosophy (2001-2), awareness work (2003), and Process Work (2010).

At the time of writing this paper, I revisited my dance school after 10 years of absence. My visit was to attend an African dance class taught by a visiting instructor. The instructor, of all places, was from Portland, Oregon. The very energy of the African dance that led me to Process Work in Oregon met me back in Singapore, both at the very same dance school - full circle indeed!



Dancing again after bulk of my pain subsided. Clockwise from top left:

-My first attempt at 'drawing', trying to express the energy of the lindy hop dance (2002).

-With Chris Lester at Herrang, Sweden, my first dance camp and experience of a huge international community (2001).

-Posing with my dance mates from Jitterbugs Swingapore after a Christmas performance (2001).

Right: 10 years later, July 2012. African dance class by Derrell Sekou Soumah-Walker from Portland, Oregon, in action. Jitterbugs Swingapore studio.



3. FANTHOM ME

The introverted, shy, disagreeable child, whose mother's allusion of her reticence was "her mouth is hiding gold", absolutely hated the aural portion of her piano exams where she had to sing. It was embarrassing enough when her piano teacher made her do it at home. Even earlier on before pre-school, there was a distinct moment while halfway through an action song when she wondered why the adults enjoyed making her perform for their own amusement. She hated to be put on show.

She faded into oblivion as she entered the awkward teenage years. She was very much the mousey sort who dreaded speaking up and swallowed her words. She went through the list of clubs she could join in school, joining the choir was "no way". She became the librarian.

Which guise did the processmind have to deploy to do the flirting this time?

*"Sing once again with me, our strange duet.
My power over you grows stronger yet."*

*"Let your mind start a journey through a strange, new world
Leave all thoughts of the life you knew before
Let your soul take you where you long to be!
Only then can you belong to me"*

-Phantom of the Opera (The Musical)

The last impossible thing that I am going to talk about happens to be my first. At 16 (1992), my sister brought home the recording of Phantom of the Opera. It was the awakening of the possible range and depth of human passions in me, never have I felt so much. The deeply seductive music and singing of the Phantom were the siren call that the processmind used to lure me. Michael Crawford's voice tugged my heartstrings, I took the bait. I wanted to sing so much and the consequence? I joined the choir when I entered junior college the year after and met my very own tormented Phantom.

My first relationship at 17 was with my choir mate from the tenor section. None the wiser, I eventually got sense of his passive aggressive behavior. I also witnessed how his family broke down from the parents' divorce. It dawned on me why I was important to him for he did not have real friends who accepted him. Two years later, I witnessed how he manhandled his mom, the hysterics of their fight, him forcing me to see him hang himself, placing his head into the noose he made with his dog's leash and the absurdity of the situation when he banished me with a flourish (no suicide occurred, I later understood that this as a call for attention). When I finally could leave the scene, it was a very interesting internal experience - I was feeling both absolutely traumatized and the extreme relief and elation of being finally free from the relationship. Neither were things fabulous back in my own family. I have always felt this as my darkest period, the period that opened up my Pandora's Box and its questions. It was in the darkness and absurdity that something in me began to stir and seek.

4. TUMBLING DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

"Follow the white rabbit"

"You take the blue pill, the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in Wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes."

-The Matrix (motion picture)

Duality and Missing Pieces – The Coming of Edge

For the price of being shook out of innocence, these occurrences caused me to pay extra attention to what went on around me. I began to question. I began to notice how people are incongruent. What we feel, speak and do sometimes contradict. We sometimes unconsciously negate or deny what we think and feel. I noticed how I swung between extreme and opposing feelings and thoughts. I felt not quite 'myself', whatever 'myself' is. Internet was just made available, online Myers-Briggs personality tests yielded different results depending on the mood that I was in when I did the test. Then again, how can the totality of a person be pigeon-holed according to the categories of a personality test? Rites of passage that people chase after matter-of-factly do not seem to be the answer to happiness or having meaning in life. My ex-boyfriend's family have the high life, is religious but there was a lot of unhappiness. I was picked on by the ex-boyfriend's mother, sister and cousin because I was a free-thinker. What really defines a person? Who are each of us really when unhindered by the definitions of others and the world?

As I contemplated on religions, I saw how they tend to have two polarities of good and evil. I realized that you cannot have one without the other. The way people made God out to be, God will be out of job if there is no Devil and vice versa! There was also the weird feeling of encountering paradox for the first time as I ruminated over an essay topic on 'Change', I realized 'change' itself is a constant. How exactly does the universe work? Whatever that I have experienced gave me a very deep feeling that the answers that I am looking for are out there. What are the deeper truths? Where do the answers lie?

"Having both extremes is my moderation" -my email signature during university years

*Why is it you're always too small or **too tall?***

-Mad Hatter

"You are almost Alice."
-Blue Caterpillar

Edging into Dreamland

How my first relationship turned out made me ponder over of the articles I read in the Valentine's Day issue of Time Magazine.⁷ Scientists discovered neuro-chemicals associated with the feelings of 'love'. Is 'love' something that mankind finds so profound nothing but chemical and electrical nervous stimulation? One afternoon's pondering brought me to this – hypothetically, if a human being's so called experience of reality is through the five senses, and if these sensations, a person's reactions, emotions and thinking all entirely exist from neuro-chemicals being transmitted through the nervous system and processed by the brain, then technically if a brain can be kept alive, it is possible for the brain to 'experience' as a living person would if stimulated accordingly. Unknowing I had hit the 'Brain in Vat' philosophical puzzle and its implications on what is reality versus a person's subjective inner experiences.

Philosophical debate aside, I reached an inference to the existence of something more than what meets the eye again. Perplexed, I wished that I can find out what (the meaning of) life is but it seemed impossible. Maybe if I can experience the lives of the entirety of the human race through time, I might find the answer but that is physically impossible too. I wished then, if maybe I can shed my physical form and just be an 'amorphous cloud of knowing', I can enter people's minds and lives and gather their experiences. I was about 18, what I thought of was so implausible that I promptly forgot all about it. Until three years ago. I finally remembered this wish of becoming this 'cloud of knowing'. By then, it has actually come true in a way. Through life coaching and process work, I have learnt how to follow people into their inner worlds and have the honor of them sharing their life experiences deeply with me.

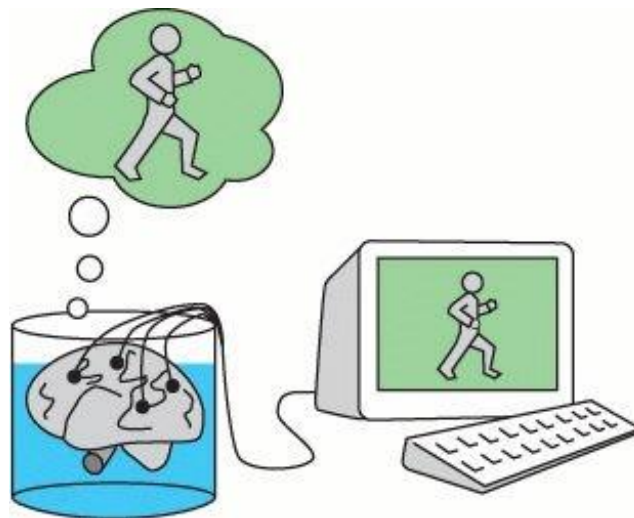


Fig. 4.1. "Brain-In-Vat"*

* Brain-In-Vat. ©2008 Alexander Wivel. Used under Creative Commons CC-BY-3.0 license.

Have you been half asleep

and have you heard voices?

I've heard them calling my name.

Is this the sweet sound that calls the young sailors

The voice might be one and the same.

I've heard it too many times to ignore it.

It's something that I'm supposed to be.

Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,

the lovers, the dreamers and me.

-Rainbow Connection

5. JOINING UP THE DOTS



What you seek is seeking you
-Rumi

When the student is ready, the teacher will appear
-Buddhist proverb

Trinity: You're looking for him. I know because I was once looking for the same thing. And when he found me, he told me I wasn't really looking for him. I was looking for an answer. It's the question that drives us, Neo. It's the question that brought you here. You know the question, just as I did.

Neo: What is the Matrix?

Trinity: The answer is out there, Neo, and it's looking for you, and it will find you if you want it to.

-**The Matrix** (motion picture)

Over a span of approximately 12 years, from 1992 - 2003, seemingly random events took place as I encountered them. The encounters are like a myriad of voices calling out to me trying to catch my attention which I cannot ignore, and no matter how random or unrelated they seem, as the lyrics of Rainbow Connection suggests, they “might be one and the same”. Perhaps they come from the same source, they are the flirts that the self-reflecting universe scattered through into consensus reality to catch attention, waving and shouting out “see me!”.

In Introduction, I relate how my experiences remind me of a connect-the-dot puzzle. If I anthropomorphos-ize the analogy further, when I begin to solve the puzzle by joining the dots (discovering how the events link up), the picture of a face emerges and we stare at each other (Fig. 5.1)^{*}, the universe looking at itself. This puzzle is the “field that wakes”, the universe throwing hints in a bid to wake an observer to discover its face. The concept of ‘field’ is made more poignant because of the fact that I mentioned in Chapter 1, that I was induced to be born one year earlier. This change in time frame of birth effectively changed the set (field) of people (other than my family) who I will meet and how my life will turn out.

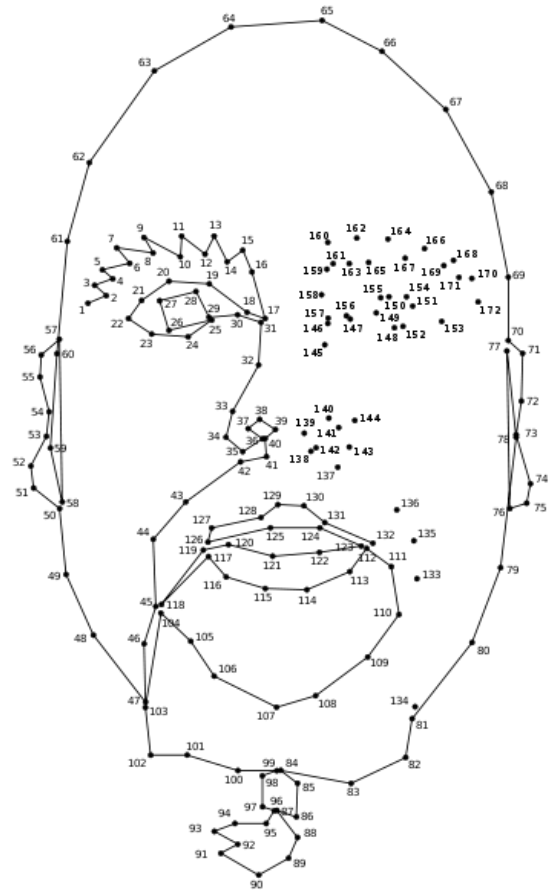


Fig. 5.1. A face emerges as the dots connect.

^{*} Caesar-dot-to-dot.svg by User:Caesar. Wikimedia Commons. Creative Commons CC BY-SA 2.5 license.

One observation made while writing this paper was discovering three themes (Chapter 1-3) and their respective lines of causality, giving rise to the structure of this paper. I got acquainted with quantum physics through books; flow and consciousness states through jazz/dance; and duality of the edge (consensus reality and beyond) through singing and discordance (sufferings, relationship conflicts, incongruence). Previously, I saw these only as a linear chronological sequence of things that happened. Perhaps each theme is like mapping out the left eye, the nose, the upper lip *et cetera* of the puzzle, parts forming the big picture; whereas the process of seeing just random dots, to seeing the relationship between the dots, to connecting the dots, is perhaps the zigzagging storyline of the processmind.³

Mindell (2010)³ proposed the ‘mythostasis’ function of the processmind, how “mythostasis is processmind’s ability to deal with stress by being variable, zigzagging between polarities, following positive and negative feedback from the environment while remaining our mythic selves”, the essence of who we are (Fig. 5.2). The net effect of this zigzagging is the whole story of our personal processmind and myth, the vector that is our personal Big U.

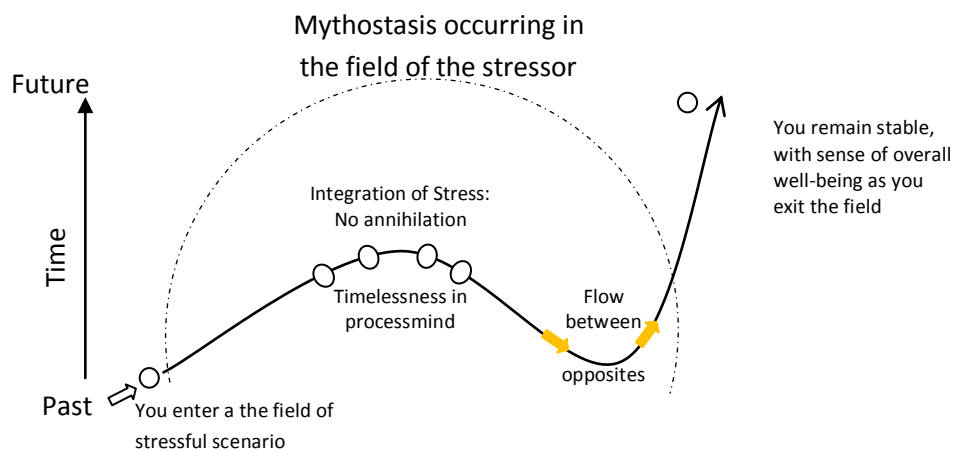


Fig 5.2. Mythostasis interpretation of the Feynman’s quantum field diagram. Adapted from Mindell (2010).⁹

What I can appreciate from my own experience is that even my most negative experiences seemed to have their purpose too. Each encounter contributes a reaction, force and direction to propel me towards the next encounter, tearing the illusory veil of consensus reality along the way, catching glimpses of the Universe's hidden face bit by bit. Although I had no knowledge/access to any modality to help me unfold the encounters meaningfully when they occurred and suffered emotionally from some of them for years, perhaps my contemplation and reflection that resulted is the mythostasis taking place. Reflecting on what happened on hindsight is perhaps also an equivalent of time going backwards, the result is me following a path that brings me towards meeting my Big U. In vector terms, perhaps the hidden nature of the pilot wave requires it to keep adjusting the trajectory of the person (like a particle) in consensus reality until the person coincides with and takes on the vector of the Big U, this could be what the zigzagging is about. Perhaps this is the process of becoming more integrated and coherent as a person, regaining one's wholeness.

6. MEETING 'U'

Since encountering Process Work, I got to experience my guiding force, the Big U, with increasing directness. Why I consider it as the big U even though I have yet to connect to an earth spot as per typical vector work is because I recognize it as the 'mover within' me, the pilot wave. Meeting this force, feeling this energy through me was the most explicit ever during one of the exercises in Amy Mindell's Dreaming Therapist class that I took this May, 2012. While working on a disturber in an exercise, a mad conductor/pianist emerged, tapping the top of my head just like how a conductor would command attention by tapping his baton. My body moved wildly as this figure launched furiously into conducting invisible music which cannot be heard. The words 'unintended music' came as an epiphany straight away to describe this experience. It was quite impossible to distinguish if it was the conductor who was directing the music or was it the music that was conducting the conductor. In the same afternoon, I explored this energy further in a personal process work session. It mellowed into a very seductive, pulling, wavy quality of energy and motion, and I used it to resolve a discomfort in my heart area. (Videos of these altered states available on request.)

The above was significant also because it answered a deep wish of healing myself during this trip to PWI. The experience of this force brought me out of a very low state which I had been in for a year. A part of me was feeling depressive, with recurring thoughts of death and suicide, yet fearful, feeling a black hole next to me that I might just roll into if not careful. There was a period where I needed to sleep with the lights on. The sense of death and annihilation was puzzling to me. After connecting to the unintended music of the mad conductor, a sense of wellbeing came back. The sense of numbness I had lifted, my sense of touch sharpened (or got restored). I remembered the joy and sexiness of feeling the petals of the flowers as I walked down NW 23rd avenue that day. My sensing and empathic abilities came back as well. I felt unblocked and connected to a greater whole. From how the wellbeing was restored, I suspect the low state came about because I lost touch with my 'Big U'; Amy also coincidentally

mentioned in class this is how a therapist might lose his/her touch. As an added bonus, the mad conductor energy finally gave me a direct experience of the energetic quality that people have been ascribing to me, that of 'water'.

I like to propose a variation to big U and its non-locality with an earth spot. Instead of connecting to a geographical space, we perhaps can tap into the essence of a time space. For quite a while, I have been wondering if there is any relationship between the disparate themes of quantum physics (Chapter 1) and lindy hop (Chapter 2). While reading up on quantum physics to write this paper, the years (eg. 192x) that annotated the articles finally flirted with me. The emergence of the quantum physics world coincided with the emergence of jazz at the turn of the 20th century. The Swing era in jazz occurred soon after during the 1920's to 40's. The new dance style that evolved with swing music earned its nickname 'lindy hop' after aviator Charles Lindberg's solo flight ("hop") across the Atlantic in 1927.¹⁰ In 1927, the most famous of the Solvay Conferences was held to discuss the newly formulated quantum theory.¹¹ I would like to imagine that as the mathematicians and scientists made inroads into the bizarre world of the quantum realm, they did so to the strains of the new mysterious sounds of jazz permeating the air, a musical style that broke the rules of classical music and discovering new ones; they did so to young swing dancers Frankie Manning sending his partner Frieda Washington through the air (the first "air step") that blew the Savoy Ballroom crowd away, no longer are dancers confined to just the 2-dimensions of the dance floor. The energy of lindy hop to me was exuberance, freedom and aliveness, expressing the whole gamut of human emotions. Something broke free and entered humanity's awareness.

At this point, I would like to sum up my awakening experience and conclude this paper with the song that grew from the Billy Elliot quote in Chapter 2 and the face of perhaps my big U, which lent itself to be drawn on the concluding day of my Winter Intensive in 2010.

Electricity


(Billy Elliot The Musical)

I can't really explain it,
I haven't got the words
It's a feeling that you can't control
I suppose it's like forgetting, losing who you are
And at the same time something makes you whole
It's like that there's a music playing in your ear
And I'm listening, and I'm listening and then I disappear

And then I feel a change
Like a fire deep inside
Something bursting me wide open impossible to hide
And suddenly I'm flying, flying like a bird
Like electricity, electricity
Sparks inside of me
And I'm free I'm free

It's a bit like being angry,
It's a bit like being scared
Confused and all mixed up and mad as hell
It's like when you've been crying
And you're empty and you're full
I don't know what it is, it's hard to tell
It's like that there's a music playing in your ear
But the music is impossible, impossible to hear

But then I feel it move me
Like a burning deep inside
Something bursting me wide open impossible to hide



And suddenly I'm flying, flying like a bird
Like electricity, electricity
Sparks inside of me
And I'm free I'm free
I'm free
Free I'm free

-The End-

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