

NATURE WOMANHOOD

Editor's Note

Writing of a pilgrimage on a mountain in the Himalayas, Gary describes his deeply personal and vivid experience of the divine feminine as expressed in Nature. This experience is enhanced by the practice called churning the breath, as well as by evoking imagery from the Vedas.

Further, the symbolism expressed as "My Muse" is from the Age of Mysteries but still living in Himalayan Nepal. Its purpose in this book is to simplify the description and expression of the mystic relationship between the author and the Himalayan Nature in which he lives.

My Muse is a personal experience that can be associated with the effect of a Muse in writing, but not as limited a consciousness as is normally attributed to it in modern Western culture. My Muse is a number of different aspects of personal experience rolled into a single symbol. The different aspects of experience that My Muse binds together is based in the ancient mystic tradition found in the Rig Veda.

When we go back thousands of years to the period named the Age of Mysteries, the mind is not developed in the modern way. It is a large and supple and open consciousness not limited by the logic and reason of modern science. Thus, this mystic My Muse experience is a combination of different levels of consciousness, for example, the psychological, physical and mystic experience of Nature. And in terms of Himalayan culture My Muse combines all things feminine, still living at the village level on the slopes of holy mountains.

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-PREFACE-

Important notes: *The purpose of the photographs is to help understand our inner psychological experience and the outer physical parallels in Nature. My Muse accompanies me psychologically. She is the catalyst that brings intuition.*

In Himalayan culture womanhood symbolism has three aspects and levels of experience: individual, cultural, and mystic. The individual is as a woman, the culture is five Nature aspects of womanhood from the Age of Mysteries, and the mystic is the spiritual aspect of womanhood now named Shakti. Shakti is a Sanskrit word meaning, generally speaking, an integral holiness from the physical to the spiritual.

Himalayan womanhood is considered to be full of mysteries and given a cultural respect that includes their sister, daughter, wife, mother, and Sage aspects. As mediums of mystic revelation, they are found throughout Himalayan society in the Woman-Sage aspect, often with disciples.

These aspects of Himalayan womanhood are most living culturally at the village level, where too much modern mental activity has not affected their individual connection with Nature. They are not so highly mentalized as modern education tends to accomplish, to the detriment of feelings and deeper

parts of the personality. Thus, this more simple womanhood is often more open to Nature experience than the educated womanhood of the towns and cities.

This womanhood at each level represents a mystic element found in hymns from a prehistoric age when mystic and spiritual elements were given a high respect by all society. In pre-history physical consciousness was also a spiritual consciousness. However, this mystic symbolism described in Nature symbols and experience from prehistory still lives in all Nature experience everywhere, not only in the Himalayas.

The mystic and mediumistic element of the female gender is what this book is about. Five womanhood aspects that still live in Himalayan Nepal are presented with individual, cultural and mystic associations that include the womanhood of all cultures, because these associations are based in Nature experience and our human species has grown out of Mother-Nature like other species.

This book is founded on exploratory research in visual Anthropology by the author. There are three research books, Rig Vedic Annapurna, Sacred Nature and Himalayan Womanhood and The Living Rig Vedic Symbolism in Himalayan Nepal. These books are free downloads from rigvedicannapurna.com. Hymns to the Mystic Fire and Secret of the Veda by Sri Aurobindo are the basis for these three books but also this fourth book entitled The Lost Self-conception of a Nature-Womanhood.

The attempt in this fourth book is to present a mystic self-conception of womanhood as Nature, still living in Himalayan village culture and symbolism as Shakti. Even while the self-conception itself may not be as mentally developed or consciously experienced as herein presented, it is a living experience. This self-conception is based in a Nature experience alive as much

today as it was probably 5,000 years ago in a collection of Mystic poems named the Rig Veda.

Sources of this now-lost self-conception can be found in ancient Egypt, Persia, India, and other cultures of our distant past. The symbolism of womanhood from these Mysteries is very subtle and presented in mystic symbolism set in Nature-poems in an unseparated multi-dimensional fashion. This means that a woman can be herself, as well as a social, cultural and holy Nature experience at the same time. And all of this can be expressed in a single sentence with the other associations inherent in the meaning.

These hymns have a framework, a clear and poetically precise self-experience not based in the mind of thoughts. They present a complex self-experience with an inner and outer reality. This inner and outer parallel is the hallmark of mystic expression. Both the inner and outer aspects of a woman's personality can use thinking, feeling and sensing for expression. The outer personality lives in the outer world only, while the inner personality lives in an inner consciousness, not based in our world experience. The attempt in this book is to express this inner and outer self-experience from the mystic Nature perspective of the Age of Mysteries.

Early mystics used Nature symbolism and experience as the bridge between the inner and outer worlds, between the mystic and physical worlds. In this way Nature can be seen as the teacher and the psychological bridge between an inner and outer self-conception.

There is also a brief presentation of male symbolism in this book that helps balance a self-conception of either gender. Both have inner and outer parallels. The male Nature symbolism provides the balance between both genders while focusing on the female manifestation. This balance between the genders is

found in various ancient mystic cultures. While the Nature experience in this book is based in the Himalayas, it is living in Nature experience elsewhere, Greece for example.

Further, as the self-discovery associations herein are found in the Rig Veda as translated by Sri Aurobindo, many of the elements of this book can be found in Indian culture, which perhaps was born in the Himalayas.

These self-discovery associations are still living in the Nature symbolism of Himalayan Nepal, For example, the description of Annapurna in Rig Vedic Mandala 5, Sukta 19, is full of self-discovery associations. Therefore, the word "Himalayan" includes a living Rig Vedic mystic self-discovery tradition inside a more modern self-discovery tradition named yoga. During that mystic age, Nature was all there was: no machines and modern abstractionisms were present, so the yoga practices of the Vedic age are simple ones.

Further, the subject of this book is an ancient self-conception of womanhood that is not completely described in the modern Sanskrit term of Shakti. Therefore, a new terminology is suggested: Vedic-Shakti. In this new Sanskrit based terminology there are no otherworldly associations to mystic and spiritual experience as found in modern religions. Vedic-Shakti represents a divine manifestation with only a multi-dimensional ignorance. There is no evil in our world-manifestation in the Vedic age, only ignorance.

Being married to an indigenous village woman in the foothills of Himalayan Nepal, directly in front of Annapurna, is another fundamental ingredient in this presentation. After living in India from the age of 24, basically for most of my life, a marriage and moving to the Himalayas completed the research begun some thirty or forty years earlier. The main purpose of this move was to write the research books by chanting to an open

wood fire as is described in hymns from the Age of Mysteries, hardly possible elsewhere.

Just as this mystic Nature-womanhood symbolism lives in the villages of the Annapurna region, this book attempts to be a living expression of this way of life rather than as an intellectual presentation. To do this a rather loose and poetic prose is presented, the Nature experience presented here includes a relationship with Mother-Earth and her Womanhood and their aspects, but also with a personal muse, My Muse. In this mystic symbolism there is always a physical level of Nature experience.

The mystic layer of self-experience for a Vedic-Shakti Nature-womanhood includes a particular level of self-discovery associated with the Nature symbolism of fire. This mystic fire symbolism includes a process probably out of which yoga traditions were born ages ago. Another purpose of this book is to present an inner and outer process in which Mother-Nature is the Teacher. At this primal level of Nature experience a process occurs which can be seen and felt, and is followed. It is a process that requires time and practice, one step forward is followed by the next step according to the psychological make-up and evolution of the individual.

The devotee of this Nature teaching simply follows what comes into the mind or feelings during Nature experience and the various self discovery practices. Aspects of self experience in this process are first found in Nature and then are taken home, whether to a city or countryside setting. This is the Earth-Mother in her Vedic-Shakti symbolism.

A major difficulty for modernity when experiencing this Nature-teaching is that it is experimental. There are no rules. Part of its purpose demands an individual clarity based in a self-observation as if a witness of oneself. In

Nature experience there is an opening to a witness behind our outer psychology, and this is how the Nature-teaching and process becomes apparent.

PART ONE
THE ANCIENT WISDOM OF WOMANHOOD



CHAPTER ONE

THE DIVINE FEMININE IN NATURE

In Himalayan culture, womanhood is still a symbol of a divine mother Nature. Perhaps the most visible element of this living association is with mountains. This is normally experienced in a pilgrimage up a holy Himalayan Mountain ...

I climb the holy mountain. She is close. Breaths fan my heart center with each step. Suddenly the path narrows, and forest growth brushes against me: my mind says “ferns,” but my inner heart translates this as “Her skirt”. It brushes against my senses, and I begin to relax. Hiking up a trail is exhilarating when the folds of Her clothing touch.

A spring leaf-fall crunches beneath each step as I push my way through the undergrowth, bringing a feeling of Her personality. Deepening breaths from the climb help concentrate perception. During the climb, woodland sounds are everywhere and pointedly awaken me. Leaves rustle nearby. Alertness comes. The mind says “pheasant,” but my heart says, “Lo, She is

near". Forest sounds are mantric. I stop, listen, and enter a mystic garnet-green world that re-adjusts my life and everything else.

She is the Forest-Lady who touches the heart center in primal self-discovery traditions. In this prehistoric experience, what we do naturally and what happens naturally are the framework for relationship and inner closeness with Her. This is the magic of mystic Nature experience from the Age of Mysteries, still living in the Himalayas.

She climbs with me. Nature as Womanhood. Daughter-Dawn, Sister-Night, Day-Wife, Growth-Mother, and Woman-Sage are Her aspects, found in hymns from the dawn of history. All day and night She is near in the ancient poems called the Rig Veda.

In the Age of Mysteries, womanhood and Nature were seen as one: they were the same mystic symbol. In Greece, Egypt, Persia, India, and Asia there remains something of this primordial perception at Nature-seats still acknowledged as holy. This holiness is in the ground! It has not gone away and probably never will. Earth is our Divine Mother; motherhood in this mystic view is the experience of the feminine gender in every species. These poems, now named hymns, describe different elements and aspects of womanhood and its experience in this same Earth Mother symbolism. This manifestation, this world, Nature, our womanhood is an original divine feminine experience.

The relationship with this Nature-Woman is based in calm. No excitement, no fatigue or mental machinery or noisy modernity fit into this experience because concentration is required. She is perceptible everywhere in Nature, but with concentration.

I climb to a sacred lake on the pilgrimage mountain in the holy Himalayas. The mountain is a living Nature experience for village peoples on its slopes.



On the trail, spring water gushes forth from the rock. Local dwellers build a tiny “house” around it and cover it with flowers and incense on this mountain’s birthday celebration. Openings of every kind, here at the house entrance, are holy: in front of them we are opened! Here flowers dapple Her green, and water springs forth! I stop and drink.

By now the deep breathing, described in primal Nature experience as “churning the breath,” has warmed the heart center. The company and closeness of the Divine Mother surrounds me as I walk in the folds of Her tree-dangling moss-skirt. As I cross a patch of flat soft grassland, mountain views of vastness appear. The panorama extends to a holy river far, far below. The local name of this river means “the first Descent of the Divine Mother’s Consciousness”. Then another climb into trees.

Up and up I climb, matching the steps and breaths and watching their meeting place in the heart center, seeking Her inner place nearer the heavens. The breaths have been churning for an hour by now, and the heart center feels glowing. Towering oak trees bejeweled with dangling orchid earrings decorate the trail. These ancient oaks are here seen as holy Tree-Mothers. Streaks of light accent their jewelry, and I am surrounded by their long, large arms. The day has arrived with early sun and a blue sky.

This is the world of My Muse, the beautiful, bejeweled Woman. I constantly brush against Her fern skirt alongside tiny white perfumed bush blossoms. Our time together is precious. We always meet at the lake and then decide what to do, but mostly it is just spending time together. Life passes quickly and meaningful experience is hard to keep, so there is an intensity in these meetings that inspires as if it were the last time we will see each other, forever.

This climb to the lake is a preparatory period to open my consciousness: a beginning of what we share in the heart center that ultimately kindles Her mystic presence. The inner fire that develops in this relationship is a living intelligence described as a wood fire in the Rig Veda. An experience of Nature with inner psychological parallels is still chanted in Himalayan tradition. Pilgrimages clear a space inside that, with consecration, will allow a mystic fire-kindling to develop. But with concentration. This is Her teaching method.



Soon enough the steps, the breaths, the forest trail, and my own determination converge at the lake. My normal psychological rigidity has been loosened by now. I stop. I wear Her color as a red hat. And She is there!

She is stunning in the morning light! This tiny circular lake is a primal self-discovery seat where practices are done. Her water holds a consciousness of deep calm. This is how I know She is here: I am calm.

This lake has a view with a center. Upon arrival, I stand on a slight crest, above Her volcanic flue outline. She welcomes me with a watery smile that tingles in my heart. She is beauty personified with some of the highest mountains in the world as Her white sentinels behind. White mountains, blue

sky, and green forest are what She wears today. I am blessed. I descend stone steps from antiquity, and by Her side splash water on my face. Her touch is cool and refreshing and I am happy. We are together again in Her Lake.

She has many aspects. Her various womanhood parallels are for me most living in my experience of Nature. I have given up trying to understand why or



how this relationship works the way it does. I left home in search of it when I was not yet 20. It took most of my life to find out that I always knew Her, everyone has always known Her, but this knowing is too simple for a complex and abstract modernity. But through simple but mystic means with breath, sound, and image, in Nature experience and as womanhood, She is always near and has always been near! All this is still living at the village level in Himalayan culture as daily symbols and experiences.

In this symbolism, the mystic experience is present from each direction. From womanhood, we can have Nature experience, and from Nature experience, we can find a living, divine, mystic womanhood. In terms of a mystic self-conception, however, we start in Nature.



CHAPTER TWO

A WOMANHOOD FROM THE AGE OF MYSTERIES

Western civilization is based on Greek culture, not only from the classical age but also from an earlier Greek period which can be termed the Age of Mysteries. Other cultures also experienced this age. Egypt, Iran, India, and other Asian countries, for example, have in their beginnings a period when a mystic perspective held precedence over all others. In Greece, this was a period when women were the priestesses, and there were no male priests. Priestesses taught a mystic inner knowledge of self-discovery.

A Greek friend told me one of the most famous of these priestesses was from the Greek island of Samothrace. She was the head priestess of a temple there and became the wife of Alexander the Great. He told me that she gave Alexander the power to conquer the world at that time. So, I went there to look for My Muse.

The Nature experience recorded from the Age of Mysteries is still alive. The knowledge of this period is in the earth and the natural symbols of those cultures. The mystic knowledge referred to in this book is that which was recorded in Persia and India. Their mystic knowledge can be called back

through their Nature symbols, simply because Nature has not changed much since that period. A spiritual, mystic womanhood remembers that self-conception, albeit in the modern age, with self-discovery elements. The look in their eyes confirms this. Modern womanhood has a look of fire in the eyes. Greek women still know the places where their women were priestesses who brought the mystic knowledge into themselves—in Delphi as well as Samothrace, for example.



So, I went to Samothrace in search of My Muse. A rocky beach with lapping waves and goats wandering on the beach pebbles is the antique welcome to Samothrace. This island has the shape of a pregnant belly. On the eastern side its solid rock outline drops directly into the Aegean Sea—a mystic fire island originally associated with Athene in her daughter-dawn aspect. She still brings the cultural and mystic light as knowledge from the Greek Age of Mysteries. The modern Greek capital, Athens, bears her name.

From the ferry dock, it is not far to the temple ruins. There is no roof, but pillars remain. I saw the long hearth and could feel its heat. My Muse was sitting nearby, leaning against an ancient stone pillar. She was leaning on a temple pillar to look directly in front at the holy sea and its vastness. She was

so absorbed that I could feel the strength of her concentration, within the calm of the surrounding Nature.

The mystic womanhood of today has “My Muse” inside themselves. This is why they find time to travel into Nature, in a search of vastness both outside and inside—something larger and deeper than they are, perhaps a primal truth is what they search for. To be sure the mind is not hindering this search, they follow the feelings. They are “My Muse” in human bodies looking for the truth of themselves. Sometimes they spend a night in Nature, sleeping outside in



holy places. They become “My Muse”, a Nature-womanhood again. Very soon thereafter this mystic Nature-womanhood says to Mother Nature all around, to the “My Muse” in themselves, “Take me with you!”

As “My Muse” they ask with determination, in the way of the big trees that hold cliff-side rocks in their long root arms and pebbled beach laps: “Take me into you!” This is one aspect of the womanhood of Nature from the Age of Mysteries. A mystic determination in a spiritual ecology.

Greek womanhood remembers their holy gender associations from the very beginnings of civilization, it seems built into their language. On this island

of Samothrace stands a divine feminine temple of their spiritual, mystic womanhood. It is a primal heartbeat of Greek womanhood. A mystic fire still burns there.

At the hearth, we both laugh in happiness at the idea of sharing this Nature experience together, My Muse and me. When I sat by the hearth and felt its mystic heat she turned and saw me. In her voice was the sound of the lapping waves on a cobblestone beach. I said, "Teach me your inner secrets, I want to find guidance—I don't care about anything else".

The Greek basis of Western civilization holds a Nature experience that continues to live in Himalayan village traditions. The mystic womanhood of these villages is contained in their tradition of Shakti. As a Vedic-Shaktihood, it accepts the world as a divine manifestation.

In the Greek mysteries women were the teachers, and to gain acceptance, to be given an initiation into their knowledge, these women were given a mystic entrance examination. One had to pass a test based in spiritual lore to gain admission and learn what Greek womanhood kept as a spiritual secret, in the Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries, for example.

Athene is a holy woman in Greek symbolism. She has several divine aspects. From the beginnings of native Greek culture to the present modern Western civilization She remains the same divine feminine symbol as their sacred Sea-Mother Aegean. This mystic womanhood is symbolized when the fire is lit by Greek women from sun rays to kindle the Olympic torch that is then carried around the world in celebration.

This Greek feminine symbolism is associated with the living Himalayan Mountain Nature experience that people from all over the world seek to experience. The mystic Nature symbol of fire is lit daily as a wood fire in

village kitchens on the slopes of these mountains. In the Olympic torch ceremony, this Himalayan symbolism lives as a simple and natural part of every day.

During the Greek Age of Mysteries, the aspirant wanting initiation by these priestesses stood in front of three entrances, three openings, so to speak, with a fire burning at each. These were entrances to a maze with only one entrance having a way out. If the way out was found, mystic Secrets of Fire were given by a priestess at the time of initiation. Something of this mystic Greek secret still lives at the village level below eternally white-clad Himalayan mountains when a wood fire is lit.

The island of Samothrace is eternally calm—few visitors, no noise. The Daughter-Dawn, the Nike Temple (Goddess of Victory), symbolizes victory in the evolution of consciousness. Sitting in front of the sea, She welcomes me as I collect dry twigs and bits of beech wood, lighting a tiny fire in the temple hearth. It stands just inside the pillars at the back. I must have been here before—something inside knows that, in ages past, I have met my Muse here. The tiny fire brings it all back.

This ancient Greek “My Muse” expresses the same symbolism as any woman seeker with fire in her eyes. A Nature-Womanhood, everywhere, remembers this. Nothing has gone away! Modern Western womanhood still carries this Greek self-conception inside the modern cultural gender symbolism, in their genes, so to speak.

Athene is a Nature-Woman symbol from the beginning of civilization. She holds the Mystic Fire in her “lap”. The misguided modern translation of her Nike aspect from this island, as a victory in war, etc., originally meant a victory as a descent of spiritual consciousness. This descent of a spiritual

consciousness remains a living experience in Himalayan self-discovery traditions. Perhaps it is a spiritual component in the Catholic symbol of the Holy Ghost.

My Muse comes and sits with me by the hearth as I tend the tiny fire. Athene is Daughter-Dawn in Vedic Nature symbolism. She has the colorings of the tiny fire I tend. Daughter-Dawn and Sister-Night are together in Vedic verses, and together they love and wonderfully express the mystic fire that we can see in their red colorings at dawn and dusk.

I can feel priestesses walking around this temple, happy in the surrounding Nature, as I add a few more dried beach twigs to the hearth flames. As they pass, they bow their heads out of respect for the fire near me. This ritual brings back Greek womanhood's primal self-conception, transparently visible as in the vast and beautiful and blue-green Aegean Sea-Mother just in front. This self-conception of Greek womanhood, feeling vast and transparently beautiful, is not primarily a meditative self-conception but an active inner practice, visualizing a hearthwood fire. Walking around a divine feminine Nature setting anywhere can bring back this self-conception as Nature-womanhood.

The priestesses' lips move as they walk around this small shrine near me and My Muse, repeating silently their ancient lore within a visualization of the tiny hearth fire I tend. By now I feel surrounded by a mystic womanhood, as if sitting in their lap.

This tiny temple on the island of Samothrace expresses a tradition based on a mystic Nature experience from the island's summit. A climb to the top of the island, a few hours by walk above this temple—many water springs of water gush out of the volcanic island rock. Volcanoes are the inner fires of Mother Earth. The inner parallel, the mystic fire of the classical yoga traditions,

is experienced in a perfectly clean and transparently clear consciousness like the lucid Aegean Sea, all around. A "fire in the waters," is the original mystic Nature symbol still visible at the Himalayan pilgrimage site at Muktinath. At 3,800 meters, Muktinath stands on a plateau, with the water source below and a fire in the Gompa. The water flows from Tibet, while nuns tend to the mystic fire. Fire and water, when present together, represent the original mystic Nature symbol.



Above, wispy clouds tint the perfectly blue morning sky. Green is everywhere. The island forest above the temple stands as a sentinel doorway to many springs and waterfalls that My Muse and I will now climb to. One step at a time I "churn" my breath as we pass by the temple hearth and fold my hands to begin the climb up the magical garnet-green forest trail.

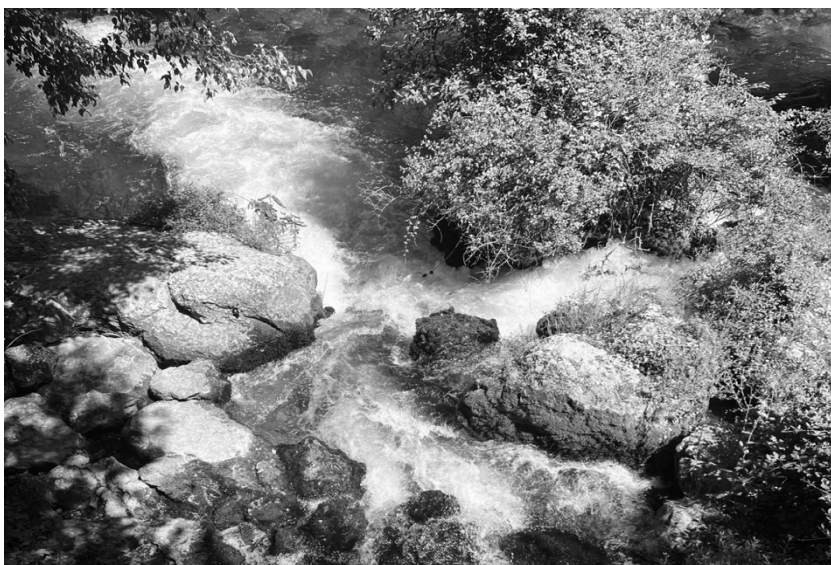
Churning the breath is described in Rig Vedic hymns. From the heart center, the breath cycle is observed, and without doing anything to it, the in and out breaths become even, just as the back-and-forth strokes are even while

churning the milk to make butter. This is a natural psychological practice from the Age of Mysteries. Climbing deepens the breath cycle naturally.

Water bears womanhood's mystical symbolism and knowledge. This is womanhood's physical self-experience, and this is the island's association to womanhood. Water is everywhere upon and around this island. We climb slowly, erect and calm, noticing how the steps and breaths are matching. My steps and breaths are synchronized naturally. Birds sing. Wind blows. My Muse rustles in the leaves along the forest trail. Wildflowers abound on the trail showing their inner beauty, as My Muse touches everything. This is an experience of a living divine manifestation of Nature and womanhood combined.

As I climb, along with the churning, a visualization of the temple hearth and fire occurs. The matched steps and breaths are watched from the heart center and co-ordinate, syllable by syllable with the repetitive sound sequences of the sea below.

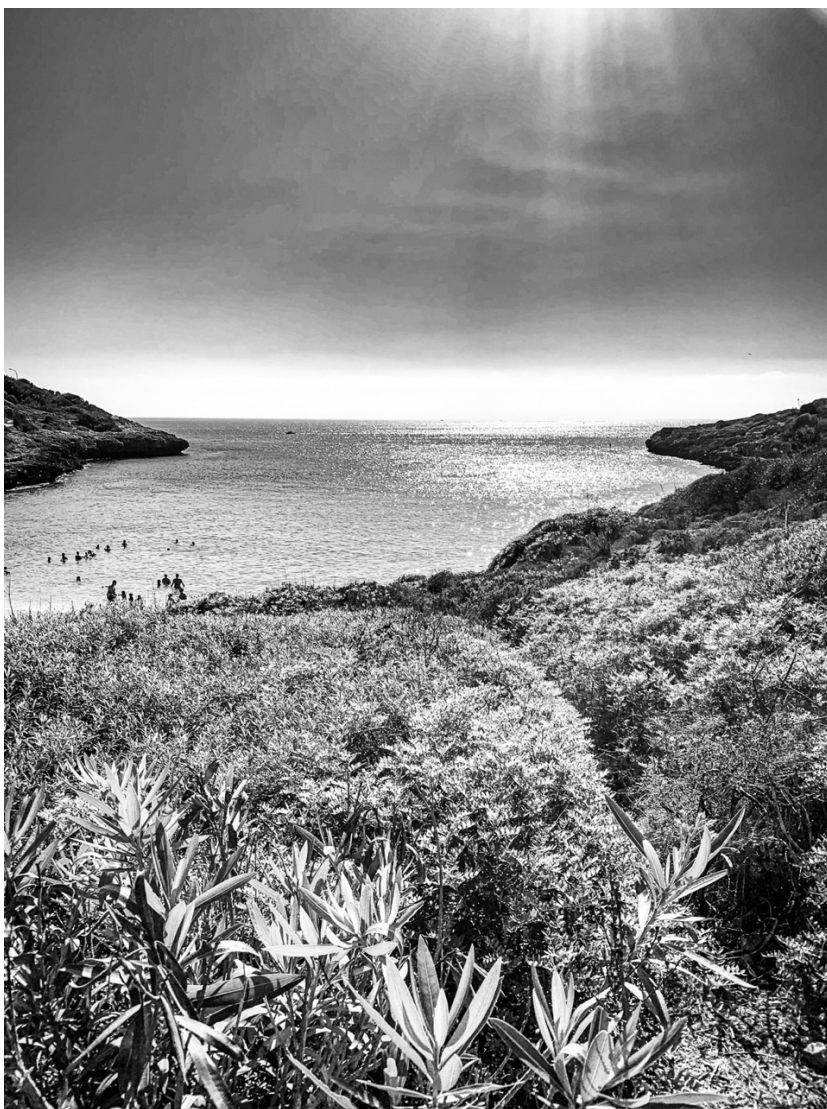
Atop this island, waters plunge onto large rocks and have poured themselves onto these rocks for an eternity. My Muse brings to these tiny waterfalls an inner fire, visualized in front as the volcanically born waters. These falling waters are a symbol of what is now named Shakti in Himalayan culture. These rock pools, which over countless epochs have been carved into solid rock bowls, as if they are water pools of existence, are primal symbols of a divine manifestation. As these waters descend onto the rocks, so also their Rig Vedic symbolism—as consciousness descends. My Muse is as if a simple, ordinary, but concentrated woman pouring water from a vessel into a bowl.



Today in the modern world, this ancient self-conception of womanhood as Nature experience returns. Modern womanhood senses this and struggles to throw off mental ideas of human individuality and grow through it to their inner identity with Nature. Emotions are their inner doorway (but not the goal) to a mystic clarity from the Age of Mysteries.


My Muse's priestess personality stops and makes offerings to large solid rock pools of fresh and pure water as I stand a mute witness. She offers nearby wild greens at the pool edges, lining the rock pools with garlands of ferns and grasses. The falling waters chant in return, the mystic syllable Om. In a state of concentration, she walks slowly around each pool of water. From one pool she walks to the next and on to nearby pools and continues this ritual. These pools hold an original consciousness of Nature and womanhood. In manifestation there are a variety of levels of consciousness, thus the variety of pools.

Water vapor from volcanic activity eventually condenses and creates surface water pools through several atmospheric processes. The cycle is of clouds, storms and rain. One source of womanhood's mystic seeking is the source of water, deep inside the island rock. This fire symbolism is experienced as a portion of the eternal sun, but within manifestation. Samothrace island Nature experience combines the two genders, who, when united in consciousness, propel the spiritual evolution of our species, and all species. But simply, without abstraction, in Nature's framework as the divine feminine, does all of this evolve.



CHAPTER THREE

A MYSTIC SOURCE OF SELF-CONCEPTIONS IN WOMANHOOD

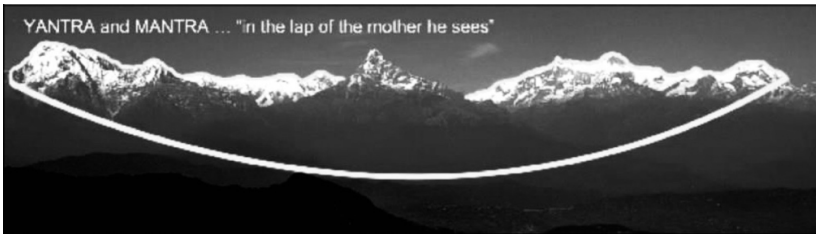
 long life's journey, I search for truth, letting omens guide me. Though I've been drawn to many places around the world, I am always led back to Womanhood—a force with portals that transform and change me. Womanhood is a river, a mountain, a creator. In its presence, evolution unfolds.

One day, a challenge arose from a young woman with fire in her eyes. She was the sister of the owner of the guest house where I was staying. “What are you really going on about?” she asked. No one had demanded a revelation of My Muse before. I replied. “I have nothing to show except Nature outlines”. She had a mind as vast as a mountaintop view. That is the sort of mind that recognizes and follows omens and signs but demands something more concrete. I had nothing tangible to show but the outlines of Nature, and so, at her urging, we embarked on a journey to Garie Beach in the Royal National Park south of Sydney, Australia.

Above the beach, we sat quietly, looking at and listening to the ocean. We were in the center of a “lap” outline. “Laps” in Nature are places that give the

sense and feeling of being surrounded in the way that a mother holds a child in her "lap". I am the child here in My Muse's "lap".

Feminine outlines in Nature have been worshiped since the beginning of our species and there is ample evidence to support this fact. The secret about these outlines in Nature is that these are primal signs of inner openings to many things. In the Age of Mysteries, this inner knowledge was kept a secret and shared only with initiates, as is true with secret societies today. For evolutionary purposes, mystic secrets of Nature experience are now emerging again into consciousness. We can today relive the mystic experience of ages past. A visit to Nature outlines is required—no books can help.



The Nature experience of sitting in the Earth Mother's lap at Garie Beach is thousands of years old. The parallel in the Himalayan tradition of Annapurna has also come to life again. This Nature experience of prehistory is documented in Mandala 5, Sukta 19, of the Rig Veda. Her "lap": surrounds an ax-head-like peak in her center with the shape of a flame. Fire is a fundamental holy male Nature symbol from the Age of Mysteries. Here a spiritual secret of both genders is seen in the view of Annapurna from Panchassee Mountain, just opposite. The mystic fire sits in the center of a semi-circular "lap" outline on the southern edge of the Annapurna Mountain massif in Himalayan Nepal.

Returning to Australia—The regularity of the splashing waves on Garie Beach had a rhythm that resonated in the hearts of early people. This sort of

regular rhythm is inherent in what is now called mantra. And like the splashing waves, the sunlit vastness above them is still blue to the horizon. All around this beauty is released today just as in the primal past: My Muse has been present from eternity. I came home again. My companion also. My Muse brought something through that rhythm to the heart that the mind translated as unitive. This Nature unity of which we were a part is a psychological vastness and beauty worn on the body of My Muse. Everything is sparkling today everywhere in Nature outlines as it always has. The fire in My Muse's eyes has always glistened.

The releasing of a vastness or beauty from a Nature "lap" that opens the heart is an omen. It is an omen from that primal self-conception of the divine feminine given to those seeking mystic womanhood. In addition, there emerges a unitive Nature experience of the two genders, including Nature and her human feminine parallel, and also, Nature and human maleness. The sun in the center of the Garie Beach view and the fire-mountain in the center of Annapurna's "lap" are symbols of the male Mystic Fire, because the "lap" has a center. Nature outlines of womanhood, as well as maleness, are well documented in Rig Vedic texts describing ancient Himalayan culture.

It is hard to define a psychological framework for mystic experience. There are no mental rules in mysticism because the level of consciousness is not a mental level of consciousness. A Nature experience within a feminine outline can be called mystic also to distinguish it from a modern science-based Nature experience. Modern psychological perspectives tend to validate as spiritual the birth-given influences of a personality (the outer personality by definition here) while a more mystic self-experience does not validate the outer personality as spiritual. However, the two human genders contain both.

A mystic womanhood calls for My Muse when in Nature. Such womanhood has a natural Nature experience that adds a unitive perspective of self-conception. When My Muse comes, a seeking outside of the thinking-feeling-sense personality is recognized. A mystic womanhood sees the mystic influence coming through any of these elements in the personality, while not based in them. As her self-experience develops, the origin and source of a mystic influence becomes more and more separated from these outer personality levels of consciousness, and an inner consciousness develops. My Muse is a help in all of this, separating the inner from the outer.



Sitting at Garie Beach or in front of Himalayan Annapurna brings back many things when My Muse joins the Nature experience. Nature experience is not a mental experience. Womanhood and a divine Nature manifestation are primarily also not mental experiences. In mystic traditions, the spiritual consciousness and the mental consciousness are not the same. In a developing self-conception, even while the outer personality is distinguished as not mystic,

nonetheless it has a purpose. This is inherent in My Muse's Nature experience in Nature outlines and the human feminine parallels. There are many Nature experiences of ancient holy places with feminine outlines. Outlines that connect to the source of Womanhood, for example, another experience...

It is very dark as I follow a Toda tribal devotee up stone-cut steps on Mother Mountain Mukurthi in south India. Without lights we have stumbled for more than half an hour from the jungle edge to these stone steps. He is the



Chief's son on his way to worship the Rig Vedic divine Daughter-Dawn Nature symbol. In the dead of night, we climb up a breast-shaped peak on the Nilgiri plateau upon which Mukurthi shows her feminine outline. And I am doing my best to follow.

It must have been 4:00 am when the Chief's son took an ice-cold shower at the spring just below where we half-slept, in the jungle, having to stay partially conscious in the event of visitors like tigers and elephants. He bathed

and readied himself with only moonlight as a torch. From a 2000-meter height, the moonlight is bright enough to help. I still could hardly see when we left and crossed a patch of grassland, but I noticed this grassland sense experience brought My Muse close—She helped me become attuned to the senses and not fall. As we crossed atop it, the grassland felt like cloth on Mountain-Mother Mukurthi's skin. In the moonlit night I remained close behind my Toda friend, following my now very awake and concentrated senses.

As I touched Mukurthi's grass garment, my hands began leading my footsteps upwards on a 45-degree grassland slope, and something opened inside. Sense experience revealed Her presence on this holy grassland pilgrimage as described in ancient hymns. The mind was recording all of this, but the experience was not mental. The sense consciousness at the Toda level of Nature experience was the key. Being from a tribal culture, Nature *was* his Mother, just like his tribal mothers in their half-moon-shaped thatched dwellings, a day's walk east on this rolling high-altitude volcanic grassland.

In mystic womanhood symbolism, all aspects of womanhood are one. They are interchangeable in a way unacceptable to the modern mind. In mystic hymns, sisters can become mothers, daughters, and Woman-Sages, as if interchangeable Nature experiences. In mystic lore nothing is black and white as in the modern mind; there are multiple layers of experience, and all Nature experience can show a pathway inside.

A modern confusion in womanhood stems from their attempt at associations with maleness and not with Nature. This lack of maleness in their self-conception is fundamental in Himalayan womanhood. Mother-Mountains and River-Mothers and Tree-Mothers are everywhere still living as holy aspects of the feminine gender as well as outlines. The Himalayan woman is

surrounded by a Nature holiness of their own gender. However, this Nature holiness also lives elsewhere in the East.

The Toda I am following wants to chant his devotion to Daughter-Dawn. He is carrying his sacred white embroidered robe tied on his back. In ancient hymns the dawn is a divine daughter who calls the light of the sun, and who comes with the colors of sky-flames. When Daughter-Dawn touches our skin we can feel the warmth of the sun's fire—sense and the physical world are the main elements in this Nature experience, but not the mystic basis. This mystic basis in Nature experience is something perceptible in our inner psychological world.



Nature shows us where to go for this experience; outlines of womanhood are everywhere. Up deeply cut steps on a stone mountain-breast outline I stay close to my Toda guide—he has no trouble seeing in the dark. His footfalls are certain, his actions deliberate, the result of an inner knowing and guidance from the ancient Muse of his people, and with thousands of years old, and with no fear of falling a thousand meters straight down on either side. He has no

fear! Another secret in this wildest Nature experience is that he knows that Daughter-Dawn will bring light. Soon, as the faintest of daybreak light comes, I can see the perfectly round breast-nipple, the tiny flat and round mountain peak summit, up ahead.

The majority of holy Himalayan mountains are originally, generally female, not male, in the Age of Mysteries. Virtually all of them represent a divine Mother symbol because they feed the villages on their slopes. They give



life to the villages below them, as a mother gives life in every species. The association of womanhood to Nature is very simple, straightforward and obvious, not requiring any social transformation or abstractions of any kind. This was and remains the basis of a divine feminine symbolism and female self-conceptions from the Age of Mysteries.

Sister-Night is all around, and one misstep will bring death, but She is nonetheless divine in this mystic symbolism. Toda tribal people remain culturally in the Age of Mysteries. A sense of awe develops in the slowly coming daybreak light. It is an inner sense of vastness brought by an outer experience of the same. A feeling of happiness balances my mental description of this pilgrimage as insanity. Slowly we inch closer to Her summit, sight and

experience. The vastness and beauty of this climb finds itself in the heart center of primal mystic self-discovery in a unitive self-conception.

Feelings are different from thoughts. In a general way the feelings are more central to womanhood than maleness. Feelings are more associated with the heart than with thought. Feelings are a source of knowledge as much as the mind, as much as thought, and as a doorway inside, they are easier to associate with women. Feelings are also the easier approach to our inner Nature parallels. The knowledge of feelings, through feelings, is not taught in modern education; what is taught is all mental. Nature experience through sense and feelings balances this modern mental culture.

We arrive. There is only enough room for the two of us and a tiny, tiny stone house like a shrine on the nipple. Everywhere is straight down. This Toda man throws his priestly white gown around his shoulders and begins to chant quietly as the dawn brings fire-tints into our eyes. She is everywhere around us as light in a sky-vastness. We are in another "lap". She is the Daughter of heaven who brings the light of day into My Muse's primal universe.

Language can sometimes be limiting when discussing concepts like inner and outer consciousness. It's easier to speak of inner and outer feelings, but the more accurate terms would be inner and outer consciousness. When we engage in self-reflection—talking to ourselves, by ourselves, about ourselves—there's an inner source of consciousness that is expressed through our outer consciousness as thoughts. More precisely, this inner consciousness is conveyed through feelings, thoughts, and senses, with feelings and thoughts being the most prominent channels. This inner witnessing of ourselves is often more tangibly experienced as outer feelings than as thoughts. With careful consideration of terminology, this process could be described as a "witness

consciousness," which plays a key role in our experience of My Muse and the Earth Mother. My Muse, in particular, is something deeply personal.

The reason that women were the priests in ancient Greece and not men, is the primal association of women with feelings and Nature. Further, their feelings provide an easier opening—closer to mystic things that live generally more within women than men. Just as Nature experience is a simple experience, so all of this distinguishing between maleness and the feminine was self-evident in ancient times.



We are the mental species, and thought is in our evolutionary mission so to speak, but in the early mystic traditions thought and feeling were not so separate as today. The mind had not evolved physically in the Age of Mysteries to the extent that it has today. Thought and feeling were seen more in terms of a single outer experience of the world, along with sense. When womanhood consists of a natural, organic simple experience of things, as with Nature, there is the same result. We go inside beyond the outer aspects of our psychology but retain the outer expression for communication in the outer consciousness, in the world. Women, just the way they are, (my wife has never been to school,

cannot read or write, and does not speak English), comprise a psychic catalyst so to speak, an open doorway to inner reality. This is the original experience upon which Hindu Tantra is based. When the mind is not the criteria for everything, as is the manner and education of modernity, and things are allowed to be experienced without the rigid rational framework of modern science, everything is simpler. For example, Maria Gimbutas, an archaeologist from the University in Berkley, California, proved that prior to 5000 years ago there were no male symbols!

So, when I speak of a self-conception of womanhood, (in the present day described partially in the Puranic Sanskrit term of Shakti), this term of Shakti with its modern abstract and otherworldly associations was not present in the Age of Mysteries. Thus, this ancient feminine self-conception, while being a simple and self-evident conception, now has some added coverings not present then. These will be described later in this book, as simple psychological practices in what can be now described as a primal self-discovery tradition based in Nature experience and mystic symbolism. These practices serve to break the stranglehold of mind on the personality, but the mind has a role to play in the manifestation and evolution, though primarily as maleness.

However, the point here is that womanhood, by itself, left alone to develop organically, and associated with Nature and Nature experience, is the basis for an original and evolutionary self-conception. Today as in the mystic ages, womanhood possesses what Nature experience possesses—vastness and beauty, strength and force, love and harmony, and a perfection that is in evolution.



CHAPTER FOUR

MYSTIC MALE SYMBOLISM IN A DIVINE NATURE MANIFESTATION AND FEMININE SELF- CONCEPTION

In the Rig Vedic mystic tradition, both genders are present. The Nature framework for manifestation, in general, is feminine, and things outside of manifestation, like the fire and sun are masculine. This analogy is used to express a subtle psychological difference, generally speaking, between the genders. This psychological analogy has no physical associations even though the language wants to bring it to that. In the same way that there are two levels in mystic symbolism, an inner and outer distinction, the actual experience of the difference is not based on language. So here, a large psychological framework is required to make the distinction. Manifestation and things that are not the same experience as manifestation is chosen to express an energetic difference between the genders: perhaps it can be called mystic-speak. *But if this is not understood, read on and see if things get clarified.*

How this gender distinction brings a balance that can be seen in the Rig Vedic yoga traditions with a male and female symbolism of Purusha and Prakriti. The parallel human relationship of Yogi and Yogini, even while the outer life of an ashram is the duty of the Vedic-Shakti, it's balanced by the male. This chapter attempts to place the male gender in a mystic framework that balances and helps the female manifestation of the world.

I camped with a tent on the other side of a holy valley, opposite Mountain-Mother Mukurthi. I just wanted to look at her.

As I made my way to her volcanic lake, I passed local villagers with food and offerings who were on their way to spend the night on this sacred mountain.

Mystic symbolism is not like scientific logic but has a reality—it has an inner experience and inner logic. Mystic maleness has an experiential process just as that of the mystic feminine. It has a Nature experience associated with fire that lives in the male gender as force, in the way of a Nature experience that lives as the manifestation and female gender.

Things in the center and upward-pointing things in Nature are in general male. But there is not as much rigidity in Rig Vedic gender symbolism as more modern symbolism has developed. Modern scientific symbolism has a nearly exclusive focus on the mind, leaving the rest of our being devoid of importance and substance. With a physical and vital level included in mystic Rig Vedic symbolism, both genders live comfortably together in a divine feminine manifestation.

Mountain-Mother Mukurthi wears an open high-altitude grassland blouse. Her solid stone-breast-shaped peak protrudes beyond the buttons and is visible

against a sea of vastness behind. This peak looked, from the tent door, to sit as a perfect view of beauty. I was happy because My Muse came.

The greatest delusion of the modern age is that the mental consciousness and the spiritual consciousness are the same. This delusion is based more in the male gender than in the female because the female in general is more integrated into the world and balanced through feelings. The rigidity of the mind brings a unique lack of balance as can be seen in religions. An experience of Mother Nature integrates and softens mental rigidity, and, with time, persistence and simple practice, the rigidity will go away just as wind blows away perfectly formed clouds.

Where Mountain-Mother Mukurthi's stone peak protrudes above the high-altitude rolling grassland hills, not far from a huge volcanic crater, water springs forth. Where the grassland blouse is opened and shows her breast, whose summit is directly above, all around this perfectly round rock base little white flowers bloom. The place where the grassland and volcanic rock meet is like a circular flower bed at 2000 meters height. In the view of this floral garland of white above a grassland tint of fresh green, and placed below a clear blue daylit sky, I have camped to pray.

There is hope at the mystic level of maleness—hope for their present modern gender expression as well as for the world. In the modern age, maleness has become the dominant quality, and everyone can see the result everywhere in the world. In the Age of Mysteries there was more balance in the world—more balance in the genders, and the inner mystic consciousness was seen as the basis of everything with the outer consciousness as the personality of its expression.

The basis of the spiritual, mystic male has an inner and outer fire as its symbol. All of Nature with fire coloring is a part of this symbolism. Dawn has a mystic association with the male gender because the colors of dawn include those of fire. The Himalayan village wood fire used for cooking is the living expression of this, just as the hearth of the Nike (Daughter-Dawn) shrine on Samothrace. All things cooked atop the Himalayan kitchen wood fire have a morsel offered back into the flames. This is how holy maleness once was and continues to live in Himalayan tradition. The mystic male carries the offering of the mystic feminine (here cooked food is the example) in her manifestation of the world, not only in her divine manifestation as Nature.

The local Mukurthi devotees carry food to offer, but also to eat because the Mukurthi pilgrimage climb is too long to return home the same day. They will need to sleep by the lake and cook their food before nightfall. They carry a big pot for cooking the evening rice on a wood fire they will kindle. As we pass, they wish me a good day and I return the greeting. Holy mountain pilgrimages are a happy time.

The main thing about the mystic male experience is that with his inner force he throws off darkness. In the daybreak dawning his presence as fire colors throws off the darkneses of night with his force. His presence has inner as well as outer parallels. All mystic experience has multiple levels of experience, but mainly with inner and outer parallels.

Upward-pointing things, like the iconic flame-shaped peak that sits in Massif-Mother Annapurna's "lap", is another aspect of maleness because it has a fire outline and points upwards as flames do. Upward-pointing things, like rocks, are also part of this symbol. A few hours away from where I live is the most amazing upward-pointing rock: a truly enormous stone that, incredibly

enough, sits alone and points upwards as if giving a Nature-based indication of the path to follow in our lives. This upward-pointing rock is still worshiped in the village where it is found, still a living symbol from the Age of Mysteries. Rig Vedic Nature symbols are everywhere in the world.



It took some hours to reach the camping spot from where I could look at Mountain-Mother Mukurthi. I climbed through a trench of Shola Forest and then followed a ridge. It was late afternoon when I arrived at the camping spot,

and I could hear the pilgrimage chant from the devotees I passed at the lake. Now they were halfway up her slope, and their chant echoed across the valley spaces. This is a wonderful experience of Nature, filled with sounds that echo primal love. I placed the tent on the very top of the hill. Their sound seemed to be all around.

Things in the center are also male. Wherever a wood fire is built, it appears to sit in the center. Try it and see if this primal symbolism of the male association to a center is true! The center of Annapurna's "lap", her son, the Mystic Fire symbol, is a divine male symbol because it is an outer parallel to



our inner centers, variously named and numbered in mystic texts. Now called chakras, the main mystic center, described in Rig Vedic hymns as a fire, is in the heart. But this mystic fire is stated to be in every inner center. Mystic Womanhood, as Annapurna, as the divine Nature-Mother, as human womanhood, holds the mystic Male in their "lap". She surrounds him so to speak, as a mother surrounds her child by holding it in her "lap". This child is mystically described as the "son of force", which is appropriate as terminology

for the physical and mystic male gender in all species, sitting in the "lap of the mother" in a Nature manifestation.

I kindle a wood fire in front of my tent. Rocks are piled all around the wood fire, as there is a strong wind, and I don't want the sparks to fly away. The wind is so strong that my campfire burns at a forty-five-degree angle. Somehow, soup gets cooked, and I eat. Soon afterward, night came, and I was alone with her moonlit outline as My Muse.

Finally, and obviously, a son is also a mystic male symbol. In ancient texts, we need to bring him to birth in our heart-center (and/or, in the other centers) through inner psychological practices according to our need and evolution because he throws off our darknesses as he carries the offering. He carries the offering in us to the divine Mother of the Universe—in my life as My Muse. In this multi-dimensional symbolism, he also carries the offering as a human male carries the offering of the human female in her manifesting of things.

But take note, the fire goes out, the sun sets; in a simple worldview, they are not in manifestation as we are, as Nature is. Without fuel, the fire goes away, while we remain. And no matter what we do the sun goes away each evening. The sun and fire are the same and main male symbols in mystic texts. They are fundamentally holy like womanhood, but in a different context.

After some hours of sleep, I woke up, a far-off light was glowing through the walls of the synthetic tent. I didn't know what to think so I got up and had a look outside. The village devotees had accidentally lit the grassland on fire while cooking their food. On both sides of the valley a grassland fire rages, slowly moving up and into the forest on both sides. The fire on my side of the valley climbs towards me.

It is the force of maleness that is a distinguishing factor in mystic gender

symbolism. Mystic traditions do not use abstractions in their symbolism, there is generally a physical level of experience. The Himalayan mountains, the highest on earth, eternally clad in the sacred whiteness of snow and a symbol for the divine consciousness in matter, are feminine. Strength and force in Himalayan tradition is feminine in manifestation, in the world as Nature. The force of maleness, and its holiness, is primarily in mystic traditions, inner. He



is the will that carries the offering. He wills the changes from the inside. Again, as with mystic feminine symbolism, the inner and outer parallels are obvious and self-evident. This book is focused on the feminine gender, but there is a parallel that can be experienced in the male gender, however different they may be!

I sat in front of the tent and watched the mountain fire grow in size. In primal hymns this is a symbol of the Mystic Fire's invincible greatness. Nothing can hinder its movement. An inner mystic fire and forest fires share this symbolism. I sat and stared, transfixed at the sight. In their hymns, the

hymns that these local village people still chant, fire is described as burning more brightly in the night than in the day. This has an inner and outer parallel which we can prove. Inner darkness, like anger, can be seen as an aspect of the night in front of me, that, like this forest fire, gets lit up and burned away with fire's invincible greatness.

In Himalayan tradition, resting places built in stone with a step for placing a headload, usually in a wicker basket, are seen everywhere in these mountains. The tradition has two trees planted in the center of the upper flat large flagstone area where the trees are half-a-meter above the head-load resting step. One tree is male, and one tree is female. The Banyan tree is a male symbol, and the Pipal tree is the female symbol. Both grow to be very large, tall trees in a setting with a view of vastness and beauty. Their balance, their holiness, their ever-spreading branching is a unique Nature experience and primal Nature symbol of physical and mystic gender balance. They are both tree symbols of divinity, and they are both worshiped. In marriage ceremonies multiple strings are tied around them, tying them together, to show they are one and the same in terms of divinity, even while they are not the same outwardly. They are different, but both holy. This is the point to consider—their divinity is not in terms of equality but in terms of difference in manifestation.

The grassland fire has ignited the forest on either side of the valley and burned brightly in the night long after midnight. I suspected the fire may reach me before dawn, so I packed the tent and bags to be ready to escape. But something lured me to climb down to be close to the flames. Headlamp lit, I walked the trail down towards the raging forest fire, perhaps in the way a moth is attracted to light.

Mystic knowledge has a fire, a simple but multidimensional symbol that is at once both physical and mystic. It is a bridge between our inner and outer consciousness. This inner consciousness is a part of all mystic traditions, but variously described. Without a mental rule, it is found in different ways in different traditions, but associated with a male-fire symbolism.

The male needs to find how he will carry the offering of the female(s) in his life. Again, there are no rules, which keeps everything vibrant and living. He has a duty to carry the offering of a sister, daughter, wife, mother or woman-sage as described in primal Rig Vedic hymns. But how, why or where cannot be defined, because this is individual and experiential.

I stood in front of twenty-meter-high flames, eating the forest trees in front. Magnificent. Perhaps I daydreamed or whatever, and so found myself surrounded by fire with the only way out an opened pathway up between a line of forest-department planted anti-malaria barked trees. There was no thought, I simply ran for my life between ten-meter-high burning trees. Something changed in my life and relationship to My Muse.

While this book is about the lost self-conception of a Nature-womanhood from the Age of Mysteries, obviously the male parallel is important for the spiritual development of both genders. This primal spiritual direction for the male gender has a focus on inner practices in Rig Vedic hymns. Within this framework of carrying the offering for a divine feminine, the male evolves. And the degree to which he can focus on his own personal evolution and leave the rest of his life and relationships to develop in terms of a divine feminine manifestation is one measure of the inner progress he will make.

I ran in a primal test of intention and determination between burning trees. Flaming branches fell and I jumped over them, laughing, happily. The slope

was not steep, and I could dance my way through the fires on both sides. I got out laughing; I did not die, and I could recognize that something had changed. Something inside that takes a lifetime to accomplish with My Muse.

Modern sociology wants the basis of our self-conceptions to be based on abstractions when it is able to focus more deeply than the outer world of our experience. However, the mystic traditions are built on an inner perspective, development, and reality. The male purpose for carrying the offering is an inner framework in his spiritual evolution. He cannot get mixed up in what the womanhood in his life is doing. He cannot get mixed up in how he may view the progress and evolution of both genders. He needs to focus primarily on his spiritual duty and leave the rest of his life alone, to see it only as a framework for his inner progress. He has to race through his fire test.

PART TWO
FIVE WOMANHOOD ASPECTS



CHAPTER FIVE

SISTER-NIGHT

In the years of my marriage to an indigenous woman, I was not accepted by her youngest sister. Because the elder sister, my wife, had never been to school, did not read or write or speak English, the younger's beauty, intelligence and perfect English caused her to be continually impolite. She did not marry. Not staying in the room when I entered was only the beginning of the situation that lasted years and years. This was an experience of an opposition My Muse.

Rig Vedic womanhood is a Nature experience as well as a womanhood experience. There are five womanhood aspects that fill the 24 hours of each day. Sister-Night, Daughter-Dawn, Day-Wife, Growths-Mother and the Woman-Sage are associated with different Nature experiences. In this symbolism our experience of, for example dawn, is a parallel to our experience of a daughter. Conversely the psychology of a daughter is a parallel to our experience of dawn. The divinity of Nature in the Age of Mysteries is parallel to womanhood in mystic Rig Vedic hymns.

This experience of womanhood as Nature is a beginning for the development of a conception of My Muse that is much larger than the modern

idea of individuality. It also has mystic associations to aspects of personality deemed in modern scholarship as being unhelpful to an evolution of consciousness. But the reality is that darkness is necessary, night is a necessity in the natural world. Darkness is a necessity in our psychological world, because darkness pushes us to grow in consciousness, just as it pushes us in a parallel way to be careful at night in a forest. So, we begin with Sister-Night, a symbol of a divine psychological darkness.



Something has gone wrong. In a miscalculation of time, the trail is lost, darkness has come. Ha! Sister-Night has challenged me! And leeches. Just to make this a more interesting experience (perhaps), I climb in the company of monsoon leeches. What to do? I finally found the trail again after being lost for an hour, but now no light, no headlamp, no daylight help. In an experience of

anger I am consumed, the mind is consumed and is no longer in charge, it needs the help of feelings and sense for a victory over the reality of psychological and physical darkness. I know the village is at the top of this hill in the distance, but it is covered in a monsoon mist and it will take an hour or more to reach it.

Leeches in general don't cause any harm, but they are messy and affect the normalcy of psychological experiences. In the Himalayan monsoon season, they are everywhere, so I struggle psychologically. I can't stop walking or I will be really covered with leeches. Their tiny pricks begin as I climb for ten minutes, then with the help of my sense consciousness, I stop to pluck them off my feet and legs. Ho hum.

Sister-Night visits and brings anxiety. Essentially, the night is her time to control with her power, as fear and other darknesses intrude upon the consciousness. My Muse, as Sister-Night, is now the setting for a spiritual and evolutionary experience of myself. She is the symbol of the Darkness to be transformed, and I now get to see if I can transform some of mine. Her beautiful darkness is modified by spiritual symbolism, because she is divine, like other aspects of the Rig Vedic divine feminine. She is the Dark that on some occasions brings a light, the moon. Even while she is the Dark, all the time she is a spiritual feminine symbol.

In the beginning of things, darkness and light, night and day were both seen as necessary, and the Sister is described in hymns as a symbol for the darkness without and within. She is sharp, as brilliant as the moonlight at night, and inspiring as any Nature experience. But be careful, her beauty is physical and psychological darkness personified. She can be argumentative, disrespectful, narrow-minded, and ego-centric, but forces a positive concentration, or else her evil wins. She is doubt personified.

The village path that I must follow is well-worn. The reality of the leeches forces me to concentrate and not to brush against the shrubbery on each side of the trail, because aside from leeches living in the roots of grasses and things below the feet, the leeches also live under the leaves of wild bushes to feed off wild animals and the high population of village buffaloes that brush against them as they pass by. The sense consciousness concentrates and guides me to stay in the center of the trench-trail. I think "My Muse, what next"?

The hope for a future spiritual relationship with Sister-Night is on a full moon night. I walk with her now, seeing as well as feeling, this future. But if I am not careful on the trail, even with a full moon, she will knock me down. This requirement for a clear consciousness is for a self-protection that the Ancients saw as helpful. Things without her were seen in the Age of Mysteries to be too relaxed in a normal unconsciousness. This Nature experience of night physically pushes me to pay attention or perish.

There is little emotion in her relationship, she is single minded in her lust for control, for power, for domination, and this forces an awareness without and within, far beyond the norm.

There is as much going on at night in the forest as in the day. The leopards hunt, the bears prowl, the barking deer eats every patch of grassland that Panchassee mountain wears. I climb with a stick, very slowly and carefully, on an animal trail covered in Her delicate black dress. In this way she is always clean and well dressed and charmingly attractive, but ultimately a threat that I am forced to recognize. However, and most importantly, this threat brings about the slow speed required for a development of concentration in the experience of Nature, and I appreciate her for it. In the daytime the memory of this slow speed is inwardly and outwardly helpful for my sacred repetitions,

causing them to be more completely experienced. There is no room for error with her, but as a sister she is still an integral part of this Nature family and self-discovery process.

She does not walk close to me. She continues in the same direction, but far enough away to be able to take any advantage that might present itself. For example, even on a full moon night, a patch of dark on this very narrow buffalo trail which I follow, flush with abundant growths, is dangerous for me, but she



has the complete view of it. If concentration shrinks, if I relax, there will be an abrupt step up or down on this dark mountain trail that will cause a fall— then I will be covered in leeches. Or break something. If no damage is done with a fall, she will laugh at my inability and incompetence and sense confusion. She has no good will, but she is a stunning beauty on a starlit night!

I take our time together as inspirational because She forced me into the inner heart for calm. Her beauty wears the milky way as a multi-stranded necklace. This view is exceptional and proclaimed by all as a divine sight. Her

presentation of northern lights is based in a scientific framework in modernity, but originally this vastness and beauty is hers, the divine Feminine as Sister-Night.

She is winning. Sister-Night dances with her self-absorbed blackness, because I cannot clean myself of all the leeches, especially the ones on my back that latch onto my shirt as it touches wild bushes beside the trail. I can't touch the leeches on my back but I can feel them. My legs become moist with the blood-red color of the modern Himalayan divine Feminine as Shakti symbolism. I struggle to stay calm, but anxiety is winning.

Slowly, ever so slowly, perhaps about halfway up the hill, I can see the glow of village lights and a feeling of hope appears to fight anxiety. But I am clearly on the defensive and her deathly cackle is audible inside the mind.

At the end of the day, at sunset, Sister-Night comes to take the colors of fire with her into the Dark. We can physically see this at dusk. This is a primal proof of her divinity. In this way her divinity is proven because all associations of fire are divine, symbolically. In mystic hymns there is always a physical layer of experience and interpretation, along with more psychological levels of experience. At the time of her beginning of the night, at sunset, as My Muse in the sister aspect, she carries the same spiritual symbolism that the other more positive divine feminine aspects carry.

In simple primal hymns it is stated that "the Mystic Fire shines more brightly in the night than in the day". She hides him, the male Mystic Fire symbol, in her dark night-dress for the period of the night but gives him back to her sister named Daughter-Dawn. Early Nature symbolism is very loose and subtle: sometimes the night and dawn are sisters, mothers etc. of this Mystic Fire, and Sister-Night is usually described with Daughter-Dawn at the time of

morning light. We can be assured to make inner progress with Sister-Night, based on this Mystic Fire symbolism, because we can see it in the colors of sunset. Sister-Night holds the Mystic Fire within her robe of darkness, but we must do something inwardly to find him.

So, I am forced into repetitions to the Mystic Fire in order to bring calm and balance to my psychology in the midst of a very unpleasant Nature experience. The inner and outer parallels here demand something that is a necessity of the moment but also a necessity in my life. The evolutionary purpose of Sister-Night is to push me to concentrate more fully on an inner dimension, while outwardly on the edge of panic. I need to hold on psychologically until the village is reached and help is available to clean me of leeches, particularly the leeches on my back. Hail My Muse.



CHAPTER SIX

DAUGHTER-DAWN

In the quiet of morning night, to meet the "daughter of Heaven" as the Nature experience of dawn, I awake. Something inside awakens me, it is a youthful My Muse in the heart. We have met so many times by the ancient meditation hut nearby, but this morning she is pulling on the pillow to awaken me, I long for her fire colors and emotional vastness. But to get there a test is required. Nothing is free. Large rough stones must be crossed to get to the ruins of the meditation hut from where there is an uninhibited view of her beauty. I need to be fully awake.

I put on fresh clothes, even the down jacket has been washed, the headlamp charged. Meeting Daughter-Dawn leads to self-discovery in Rig Vedic hymns. In springtime clarity, there is frost on the ground whose cold air keeps the mind fresh with each breath,

Primal sounds in chant are synchronized with step repetitions while breathing from the navel center as I leave for our meeting. The noise of a morning mind is subdued and seems distant, far above where the inner concentration and repetitions from the navel area keep the center of gravity

low so as to balance and not slip on the stone trail. The navel out-breath blows on the heart center after an in-breath has collected a kindling force while the slippery way across large rocks begins. One misstep and something will be broken in this process of awakening clarity that throws off the dross of sleep and life.

Recently She has come into my room. Maybe six years old is this "daughter of Heaven" from a nearby mountain family. She happily enters my room ignoring my presence, She is a six-year-old My Muse full of confidence and determination and comes into my room, seeking. She looks everywhere for truth, in the closet, under the bed, on top of my desk. She does not stop to ask, she looks right into everything without an invitation, determined to discover truth. A purity of feelings.



The Human and Nature parallels are obvious between daughters and dawn. It is in the feelings where they meet and allow going in either direction to experience their charm, from dawn to daughters or from daughters to dawn. Both share a honesty in feelings that is refreshing: no mental interference. When they love it is obvious. Dawn calls the mystic male of Old, the Mystic Fire, and his colors of flame in a Nature experience of dawning announces his arrival. Here we witness the same embrace when a daughter and father meet.

Remembering the young feelings of love from our past meetings I struggle across the stones, knowing she will come to look for the truth in me from her

sky house that she shares with Sister-Night. From her sky house, in me, she will show the colors of fire to bring me into her inspiring light and dawning. And my heart will open with the wideness of a Nature-joy. There is hardly any sound, no early bird cries yet, only my footfalls and a clapping of the walking stick on rocks that helps to keep the balance.

The meditation hut ruins sit on a rock out-crop ahead, the entrance pointing away from Annapurna's cold wind and rain. I carry an offering now blooming inside, from her-their memories of a simple love as vastness and beauty, as the rocks are crossed. To the six-year-old I offered a toffee, to her dawn Nature parallel I offer myself, asking her to kindle the inner flame. Then the rocks are crossed and a frosty crisp grass step-crunch on a sloping grassland is made as the very first light of day appears. Now I can see her Seat, a long perfectly flat rock slab with flint stones scattered around. Finally, I sit.

In the same way as the mountain-divine-daughterhood ignored me in her truth-search of my room. I can feel her Nature parallel looking at me in a mocking way. She laughs as My Muse laughs. My struggling humanity feels her inspiration, her determination, her mocking of all my ignorance as she brings the new light of the day. I pull in my stomach for physical consciousness to help the concentration to keep the mental noise at a minimum. Mother Nature is compassionate but as a Teacher, she gives tests to enlighten the consciousness. I keep in my pocket a rough stone Mother Nature once gave me, as a blessing packet, for the present requirement of an inner awareness and inner and outer strength of concentration.

Then the Nature experience of the six-year-old "daughter of Heaven" as a Rig Vedic Daughter-Dawn, comes. These two aspects of a divine Daughterhood bless me with their feelings as the colors of fire bless everyone.

In the heart a warmth is felt as her determination to find a way to kindle my mystic Flame and bring her Light into me arrives.

In front the Annapurna massif outline slowly appears. The "daughter of Heaven" flings off the robes of her Sister-Night and brings into her magic of love a newborn day. Everyone is reborn each day as the "daughter of Heaven" brings this fiery mystic Light. The yantric dimensions of the Annapurna massif



accent her center as a mystic axe-head-like peak, seen with a pointed flame tip by the Ancients. The dawning colors of fire of this young aspect of the divine Feminine My Muse are infinite and celestial robes in the background to the appearance of Annapurna's Fire-Mountain. I just sit and look. "Lo, She has come with the Light".

Her fire tints of light appear in the way that the mountain daughter appeared in my room, magically and mystically. Mother Nature as the truth-seeking Daughter and these first reds and oranges of fire-light merge into a dawning relationship with My Muse. And I begin to relax into feelings of

young love. She enters the new day and into my heart on her tiny light-filled fairy feet and lifts her right hand in triumph! In her tiny hand is my lighter. Daughter-Dawn in a Nature parallel lifts her hand in triumph! In her mystic hand is my heart. Hail My Muse.

To soften last night's sleep-stiffness I now stand to watch the arrival of morning light on the yantric-flame center in Annapurna's primal mountain meditation symbolism, that can be had anywhere in a definable Nature-view with a center because the stone is too cold to sit on any longer. The hut that I sit beside are also now illuminated. My repetitions are now rhythmic and relaxed, with one syllable per breath. She arrives in a wonderfully clean and fresh morning breeze and closes my eyes to recreate the view and concentrate where the view takes me naturally, in the yoga tradition center between the eyes. Sister-night has by now completely faded into the background and there is a sweetness of Daughter-Dawn all around, within and without. No matter how much my modernity has covered this divine Daughterhood symbolism, her multi-dimensional bringing of the sweetness of love is real!

The process of daughter-dawn's bringing of the light of day is a visible process that includes the calling of the sun's solar fire. In a primal perception, everything that has colors of fire is a symbol for the Mystic Fire, probably in the very origins of all self-discovery traditions. Here science is not a useful tool that helps Nature experience. It is what we see that is the reality, not the educated physical explanations and abstractions. What we see at dawn is a charming vastness and beauty, and, as with Sister-Night, associated with a mystic fire-light that comes with both physical and mystic colorings of flame.

Fresh and alive as in the morning breeze She brings warmth as sunlight touches my arm. She has found something in my room and wants to keep it.

She is lovely to behold beside me as she shows it and gives a feeling of "Please"! It is a lighter, a prize in the village, a modern way to light fire. This six-year-old mountain girl brings the charm and beauty and love of the first light of day into my room. Her face glows as She holds my lighter up in a show of victory, tilting it back and forth while looking at me with happiness-eyes. Her youthful body shines as the dawn. "please" she repeats with the sound of early morning birds who rejoice to see her and the warmth she has brought as sunlight.

Daughter-Dawn is never alone, She is always accompanied by the colors of flame. In some hymns her happiness makes him, the mystic flame, happy. The Mystic Fire has a symbolic male gender. He carries her offering in daybreak light to call the sun, the main aspect of the divine Male symbol, still experienced today as from our species' very beginnings. This is how each day begins from the Age of Mysteries.

In some mystic poems they are in love. The Daughter-Dawn and the male Mystic Fire love each other. We can clearly distinguish Nature from the warmth of the first sunbeams: in this way we can have a Nature experience of their love. This love we experience in the warmth of the first sun rays, is the same as from the warmth of a wood fire. Simple enough! Primal love is a physical warmth that grows into a psychological warmth and mystic inner depth, into an evolutionary experience in ourselves. In early multidimensional mystic symbolism everything is subtly connected that allows this experience of the "daughter of heaven" to develop from either end of the symbol inside ourselves. Depending upon our circumstance we can experience the dawn from a daughter and conclude the experience with the vastness and beauty of dawn.

Or we can begin from the Nature experience of dawn and end up with this vastness and beauty in any daughterhood.

Daughterhood is as charming as the morning dawn in the divine Womanhood of My Muse. She brings the inner and outer light. She calls the sunlight to bring it in what she does, in "how she stands on high as if bathing in light". Daughters look everywhere to bring the inner and outer light: they are a blessing to behold.

But the most inspiring association with dawn/daughterhood is their mystic connection. Their personal seeking is accompanied by a personal yet mystic love. Mystic love is not the same as emotional love, although it can be included or be the vehicle that opens the mystic door inside. The mystic level of consciousness is not the same as an emotional level of consciousness in terms of dimension. Emotional love is unstable and definable while mystic love is vast and not perturbed by the life of the outer world. Family relationships with daughters may or may not contain emotions; the point to recognize is that they, daughters, are not ultimately based in emotions even while our experience of them may be emotional. They live more deeply! At this young age, generally speaking, the mind has as yet not covered the truth of the love they possess.

The spiritual depth of dawn/daughterhood is their association with the Mystic Fire. Perhaps the most enthralling hymns are the ones that describe her calling with her love the Mystic Fire. In the beginnings of self-discovery experience by the Ancients, the heart center of the present self-discovery traditions now named yogas, was paramount. While these Ancients have described the Mystic Fire in all mystic center symbolism, generally seven in number and now named chakras, the heart center was generally seen as our mystic center for inner beginnings. The Ancients also describe various

practices to open this inner center. Daughter-Dawn is the first Nature experience of the spiritual day by bringing the mystic male who carries her offering to call the divine sun. The sun is our inner and outer basis for a spiritual evolution in Nature experience. This is where we begin to experience a balance of spiritual gender symbolism.



CHAPTER SEVEN

THE DAY-WIFE

In the Age of Mysteries, the wife was associated with a wonderful sufficiency. However, in this multi-dimensional culture, it means a sufficiency at every level, from the physical to the mystic. To this is added the three aspects of my experience of this ancient symbolism: a personal and mystic My Muse with my experience of the Wife and Mother-Nature, The Day-Wife, Mother-Nature, and My Muse are interchangeably experienced in this primal symbolism. Further, it can be said that Himalayan wives, who individually still live this prehistoric symbolism, see themselves with a duty to sufficiency as multi-dimensional as that of Mother-Nature. My Muse connects the mystic element to both,

In the early days of my Himalayan visits, the Nature Mother presented herself with a variety of Nature's sufficiency. For example, when hunger came, She provided a meal of wild salmonberries which brought to me the mystic feelings of a wonderful gratitude for being a part of Mother-Nature's world.

Then also for years I carried food in a five-hour trekking loop to help the Happy Heart Lodge sisters where I stayed on Panchassee mountain. The sisters

took turns with me to descend and climb back through jungle, across a sloping grassland, and along rock ledges in order to keep sufficient food in their lodge. For this hike, Mother Nature provided a sufficiency of water that issued from a rock outcrop about two-thirds of the way down the mountain, on the way to a village shop. My Muse provided in this daytime trekking experience my future wife and her accompanying wonderful multi-dimensional sufficiency.



The elder lodge sister, myself, and My Muse would begin the village food trek in Mother Nature's early morning daylight. The first part, the jungle portion, was the easiest. Without much climbing and descending the trail

warmed us up physically in a simple Nature experience of a high-altitude rain forest. The jungle canopy under which we walked had few openings and this kept the trail clear and not overgrown, following a wild animal and buffalo track across a forty-five-degree forested mountain hillside.

Next came the long sloping grassland traverse with a view of Himalayan vastness and a lone pilgrimage hut and tree shrine at the bottom. This elder sister, Didi, led the way with us two others behind. My Muse got Didi and me to become friends through this daytime trek. Didi was strong and good-natured, a helpful village woman not much younger than I was.

Finally, in the descent over steep rock ledges a concentration was forced that blossomed at the sacred mother-mountain flute. All local passersby placed a tiny safe-passage prayer-rock atop a handmade pyramid-shaped pile, touching their hearts as they looked up at the opened mountain peak flute.

Eventually My Muse arranged a local marriage with Didi that would allow my Nature experience to discover things lost for thousands of years. Didi is still in married life a Himalayan multi-dimensioned woman that has wonderful feelings and a Nature experienced sufficiency that is accomplished each day, like cutting jungle grass for the buffaloes. The Nature association for this Age of Mysteries sufficiency is obviously in the daytime, as is the experience of this culture's wife symbolism. Didi provides a human parallel to the Nature experience of My Muse's and Nature-Mother's sufficiency.

Himalayan village womanhood is perhaps the best living example of Nature's daytime manifestation and sufficiency. Their wonderful determination can be seen providing in their village world a human parallel to the requirements of forests and rivers and all species that the Nature Mother

has to contend with. These women spend about half a day every day alone in the local forest.

My future wife and I carried food over this trekking route for years. On the return trek, until the final jungle portion, it was a fully packed forty-five-degree climb from the village. About halfway back a rest was required near the mountain-mother's flute. Together we did this for nine years, five months a year that my tourist visa allowed.

Below the mountain peak flute was a stone stepped resting place beside a bamboo grove. One day when Didi and I stopped for a rest, I was looking for a place to stretch out and ventured close to the bamboo grove and saw an opening. Crouching low, I entered an enclosed bamboo grass-floored room, with a opened-to-the-sky ceiling: a green and blue room with the sound of wind in bamboo. My Muse chuckled.

In later years I imagined a psychological Himalayan bamboo grove where husbands and wives meet all the time, so simply do they seem to get along with each other. Bamboo groves are found everywhere in the Himalayas. To me there is something about the physical straightness of bamboo that suggests an inspiring psychological clarity. In the outlines of bamboo groves everything is well defined: the bamboo wood and the leaves have a physical straightness, even the grass floor is well defined by this round room's wood edges. On Panchassee mountain there are bamboo groves in dense jungle, basically where water is found. In some groves a rock outline forms a circular trench providing for the bamboo the ample water it needs, and creating a green bamboo room open to the blue sky above like this one I found. Inside this trek route bamboo room was a perfectly green grass floor. We, my future wife and I, began to rest there on the twice or thrice weekly village treks, shaded from the hot sun.

The first time I discovered this bamboo room I sat on the grass carpeted floor inside and called out to Didi. She couldn't see me and looked around. The curiosity in this village woman looked everywhere but not around the bamboo grove for the hidden voice that called her. Then I glided out of the entranceway



and clapped my hands, startling her. Again My Muse chuckled. Bowing with a welcoming hand I led her inside and sat her down in the newly discovered bamboo room. This is the simple village style hide and seek game we still play in our simple marriage.

Rig Vedic Himalayan womanhood brings a different relationship and Nature experience in each aspect, and for me this Day-Wife is the most fun. Daughter-dawn is too young, sister-night is too dark, the growths-mother is too busy and the yogini or woman-sage too austere for my simple personality. Didi

is fun to be around and brings me out of the mind and into the feelings. Sitting inside a bamboo room this happens immediately. Perhaps the round shape of the wonderfully green and living bamboo room helps. With no television, family, friends or noise, Didi rested in the company of a flute-like low toned wind passing through. We sat and rested in a bamboo shade below the room ceiling that showed above a blue sky.

My Muse sits close by when I visit a bamboo grove anywhere on Panchassee mountain, and She was beside me as I rested in this one. Happy and smiling She brings a sufficiency in mystic love. I kiss her hand; the green bamboo color seems to tint my feelings with a simple Nature love. Here the mystic (psychic), Nature (physical) and womanhood (emotional) feelings are combined.

In this physical Himalayan bamboo grove where I met Didi in her Daytime-Wife aspect, an Age of Mysteries inner practice began. The Day-Wife sufficiency is present here also as a muse, inspiring just by being herself. Here in her presence, the heart-center (chakra) quite naturally is focused on.

The breaths are relaxed and observing them with a mystic feeling of prayer I am brought inside to their inner meeting place at the heart center. By following the breaths while sitting in the Himalayan bamboo grove Nature experience, concentration comes. Then I began the repetitions of sacred sounds pronounced silently with the wind rustling through bamboo leaves as if a drone in the background. This somewhat complex concentration on the breath, prayer-feelings and inner sound syllable repetitions allows the power of a primal inner process for the lighting of the Mystic Fire to develop and grow.

Didi is tired from the climb, and so does not notice my inner practicing; she is too much enjoying simply being out of the sun without her ten kilos of

rice and sugar. As I look up at the sky through a perfectly round and open bamboo ceiling, the sufficiency of the moment is overwhelming. Multi-dimensional sufficiency. In the eggshell blue of Father-Sky's smile, I lean back from a sitting position and lay down, looking up at this blue sky tint that cannot be re-created in a painting. This bamboo ceiling eggshell blue tint encapsulates My Muse's mystic sufficiency of the Day-Wife. She surrounds my mind with mystic feelings of love in a parallel to the circular bamboo room's physical outline surrounding everything inside. When mental quietude and calm comes the heart center glows.

Sufficiency is the primal multi-dimensional symbolism associated with the wife in a hymn from the Age of Mysteries. But only in the daytime can sufficiency be complete. Only in the daytime can we find sufficient food, water etc. for life.

The day begins after Daughter-Dawn has called the sun and he has risen. Just as sunrise is the time of a warming freshness in the forest, so too it is with the Himalayan village wife lighting the morning kitchen fire. She is an aspect of the primal divine Feminine bringing the beginnings of a day warningly fresh after a deep and restful night's sleep.

Inside the Day-Wife is a kind of eternal duty to provide, and she is seemingly driven to do so, there is one ancient Sanskrit word that can define this Daytime-Wife's determination to provide everything needed: Dharma. By a dharmic duty towards a complete sufficiency of manifestation does the Himalayan wife and My Muse and Mother-Nature live and seemingly co-operate. In the first rays of a sunlit forest morning My Muse and her Daytime-Wife parallel and Mother-Nature bring the inner and outer sufficiency for life.

In this morning lit forest is also a sufficiency of calm and quietude. My Muse as this daytime mystic experience surrounds my mind with daytime light and a calmed psychology that brings an inner sufficiency. I can sense a playful look. My Muse likes to love playfully. Regularly I am freed from my mental prison with her playfulness. She is the mystic psychological sufficiency in my life, just as the mountain breeze playfully filters through the bamboo stalks with their leaves swaying in the room in agreement.

It is a wonderful experience when the wind at 2000 meters gets strong enough in the bamboo to sway the room in long, long moments that brings a return to the physical world from any manner of inner concentration on the Day-Wife. Her physical sufficiency is experienced by the long, sometimes minutes at a time, sway that brings my mind back into the world. Her playful sufficiency brings me back into the world, also separating me from my abstractions of thought. A sufficiency of inner light is her inner parallel, just as the outer and physical daytime sufficiency of light in the forest. This is the wife's Nature parallel in what finally is experienced as a sufficiency of clarity in an utter village simplicity, just like the straightness of bamboo. And She brings with this parallel to the sufficient bamboo straightness, a sufficiency of calm, a sufficiency of beauty, with a sufficient everything else from the heart.

So, as I psychologically sway with the long wafts of wind and am shaken from the cobwebs in the mind, I take her hand in the bamboo room. Her voice is in the sound of wind. Her happiness enters me, and I am freed from the burden of the world: her sufficiency as simple daylight enlightens my life. The early morning shaded coldness of mental concentration is warmed in her simple sufficiency of light just like sunbeams streaming through the forest. Wonderful!

As the day passes with an inner practice always following the breath while both trekking and resting, eventually her multidimensional sufficiency of light ignites a warmth at the heart-center. I notice a space behind the breath cycle, an inner space behind emotions of marital love. Himalayan rural relationships are very practical; while not based in emotion they bring emotions that enliven the experience of relationship. Because their lives are practical, their relationships are practical. They can be described as relationships through a love to help the other, with a helping of the other as the main focus. My Muse as the Himalayan wife helps me in my life and I am made happy with the gratitude that comes. The details of this marital concept vary according to the stage of life and evolution of each of the two individual personalities. This marital experience could be called a mystic bamboo grove love within different bamboo grove circumstances.

Sitting there, holding her hand, the observation of the breath cycle brings her inwardly close as a bamboo-wife would be. She shuffles in her grass seat and I sit up.

While laying down, the stillness helped add a visualization of her churning the lodge milk to make butter in the day. This brings a further and deeper inner sufficiency to the observation of the breath cycle, described in primal hymns as a "churning". I sit still and hold the various layers of this inner practice experience like the green and straight bamboo stalks of the room. Her voice is enlivened with the churning butter drum's noise in the visualization as the wind blows through bamboo leaves: "Let's go!" she states.

Her sound is this wind in bamboo leaves, as well as the penetrating voice of Mother-Nature. How it penetrates! This is Mother-Nature as my physical world with the mystic charm of my village Day-Wife. Our marriage is lived in

an eternal bamboo room on the southern slopes of Panchassee mountain in Himalayan Nepal. In the village life-style not much is spoken, for example there has never been any discussion of our marital relationship. But when the Day-Wife speaks, her sound penetrates, as if the wind is pushing the bamboo in its reach up to the sky. This is the sufficiency of the Daytime-Wife in mystic Nature sound.

Our life is lived as if in a mystic round bamboo room with no corners. It has a round sound that the sacred repetitions take on. Her voice flows round and round the sacred repetitions and round my mind as the wind in bamboo leaves. This sound is part of the power of concentration. This power of concentration inspires the witness consciousness within to concentrate on feelings that deepen and to not concentrate with the mind.

There is no nonsense in the Himalayan wife, she has a sufficiency of inner power that opens wide the doors of the witness consciousness, She is a power of manifestation that moves me inwardly forward in a spiritual evolution. This is the mystic element in our Himalayan marriage, still associated with a primal self-discovery process that balances the genders. It brings balance to my seeking. This is the living marriage experience from an Age of Mysteries, thousands of years old, as if the purpose of marriage is to help each other progress by concentrating on the witness consciousness.

Our resting time in the bamboo room has finished, she wants to continue the carrying of food back to the lodge, as there is much left to do in her manifestation of sufficiency today. She stands, pulling me up. Her life is much larger than mine, it has many layers of experience that continue all day long. I kiss her hand which I still hold. We both laugh. We have rested. We need to complete another two hours of carrying this day's requirement of lodge food.

She has helped me enough, now the buffaloes need food! She turns and bows low to get through the bamboo room-opening through which we entered. I stand for a few moments, the wind in bamboo rushing through my mind, then follow her outside. By the time I am outside she has gone, and I see her up ahead on the rock outcrop trail.

After I leave the mystic bamboo room experience, I slowly climb along the rough rock outcrop trail, the only way to return to the sloping grassland. After 15 minutes through the forest trees towards that patch of grassland, the weight of the carry has adjusted itself to the contours of my back. I lean forward in the ascent that soon opens out to the view of the Adi Khola river at the bottom of the valley. As I walk, Her Himalayan Nature experience of sufficiency is everywhere. I try to keep alive the magic of our secret bamboo room meeting place. It is easy to stay in her feelings because a warmth has been kindled by the inner and outer daytime experience. Now matching the steps to the churning breaths is a parallel to the way all village wives churn butter, evenly. The strokes of pulling the rope around the butter making drum are even, and now so are the breaths. The inner parallel rubs the breaths evenly in the same way as the butter rope pulls the butter drum back and forth evenly. Around the inner heart center this is experienced with the even in and out breaths co-ordinated to the steps which becomes a Himalayan pilgrimage self-discovery practice for the rest of the day's carry. The visualizing part of the mind psychologically strays back to the bamboo room but slowly re-concentrates and develops a visualization of fire as the breaths rub while the practices continue. By now I am leaving the open grassland slope and entering the forest.

The forest is so old that the trees have pretty much covered the skylight above, so I feel completely encircled in this Nature experience that can be translated as being held in the "lap" of a Himalayan Forest-Mother. My mind is firmly held in her "lap" as I return to the trail across the forty-five-degree mountainside. Didi remains in the distance in front. This trail is as if an ethereal path trekked on also by buffaloes and wild animals who live the experience of being held in the lap of this Forest-Mother. They have trod for an eternity this path because there is a spring in the distance. I find a broken branch and fashion a walking stick to help balance the unevenness of the way. This discovery of a walking stick is more of the day's sufficiency, My Muse and wife and Mother-Nature aspects are all part of this daytime symbol's multi-dimensionality.

On the return through the forest is a perfect but very small volcanic-flue grassed-circle surrounded by high 40-foot trees that the trail crosses through. This volcanic flue takes about half an hour to reach in a mentally-held quiet and clear-of-underbrush old forest. This is still a pristine high altitude rain forest because the slope is so steep that no cultivation of anything has ever been attempted. And in the center of this perfectly round volcanic-flue-circle is a tiny rise and stone circle center. Perhaps because the Forest-Mother is holding my mind quiet I remember sometime in the past My Muse sitting here. She was sitting on this stone center with the volcanic fire far below as the look in her eyes. The first time we met here She quite naturally sat on this flue center, as if a personification of the mystic centers of consciousness of fire. This volcanic-flue center did not cool as quickly as the outer edges and so remains slightly raised from the volcanic period in the beginnings of the Himalayan Mountain range, this center is the only place in this 8 meter across tiny grassed circle with no grass.

On that day in the beginnings of our relationship I sat by her and could feel the volcanic fire-heat below. The volcano cooled probably millions of years ago, but the experience of its fire has not left. Even local village people consider this place as a natural shrine: a perfect circle surrounded by huge, tall trees that now are decorated with the white of long hanging tree orchids. Yes, a forest-yantra, an image for meditation because it has a center. Sufficiency, everywhere Nature sufficiency. Here is a sufficiency for the finding of our inner center from the beginning of time! As with local custom, on the path I plucked some wild greens and now lay them, simply, at her feet as She mystically sits on this volcanic stone fire-center. I remember how She looked straight ahead, and I noticed She was as still as the stone She sat on, in a repose of meditation. So, I stop and sit, laying the fully loaded backpack on the ground.

A sufficiency of inner consciousness arrives, brought by the added fire element in this Nature experience of carrying lodge food with the eldest sister who has not stopped here. Many forest sounds are all around now, as if the voice of this Forest-Mother, in a mantric expression of the mystic Nature-experience Mother-Nature's "lap" that envelops. The forest sounds surround the inner sound in my mental mystic syllable repetitions that settle the mind in prayer.

This volcanic-flue-visualization brings the grass circle around the mind like the bamboo room experience. But I struggle to hold the visualization, it is not easy to hold with the other practices living at the same time. The Day-Wife's symbol has a combination of My Muse, womanhood and now an added element of Mother-Nature's Age of Mysteries Mystic Fire. I am consumed by their dharmic influence to find sufficiency for my inner practice in every aspect

and at each level of experience. Mother-Nature brings the Day-Wife's Forest orchid physical charm. Her daylight-consciousness brings a happiness of



feelings into everything as I attempt to hold these layers of psychological practice at the same time. Now in the forest but soon in the lodge this sufficiency of inner aspiration will continue to manifest. My Day-Wife lives everywhere in a hierarchical experience of gender, physical, emotional and mystic proportions.



CHAPTER EIGHT

THE GROWTH-MOTHER

In the Himalayas, there are "seasons of truth" according to poems translated from the Age of Mysteries. Because the culture of this period was multidimensional, the seasons and Growths-Mother symbolism (as well as the other aspects of womanhood) is also multi-dimensional. All seasons are in this symbolism but in different aspects of an eternal Mother Nature experience. This chapter presents various experiences of inner and outer growths using the same symbol for Mother Nature, womanhood, and the mystic influence of My Muse.

Womanhood, My Muse, and a seasonal aspect of Mother Nature herein named the Growths-Mother have multi-dimensional and catalytic associations for this period of inner and outer physical and psychological growth. My personalization of these three aspects of an inspiring divine Feminine in a "season of truth", is done within a living Himalayan tradition. For example, the Himalayan mountains are all symbols of a divine Mother, as their growth nurtures the land, providing essential resources for the agriculture that sustains the people living on their slopes. But this is only a physical aspect of

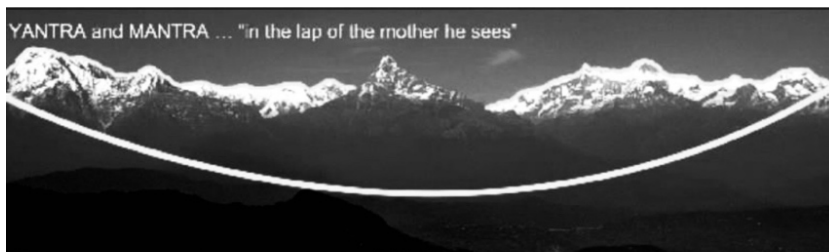
motherhood that will be a part of the living indigenous tradition of all mountains who have people living on the slopes.

We can see these three aspects each year when the new forest leaves blossom and rhododendron flowers bloom on Panchassee. There will be parallels for other holy Himalayan mountains.

Seeing transparent leaves with reddish tips and outlines we are reminded that the Mystic Fire is in all the growths of the earth. For my new growth this year Mother Nature shows me that I should become transparent psychologically like the new growth leaves. Our human species and all species are a part of this growth cycle. The deep red rhododendron flowers appear suspended in green leaves as if forest Mystic Fires. These brilliant red flowers appear as red puffs of flames against a springtime blue sky and in front of the white tipped Annapurna horizon. Annapurna's Nature-growth width fills the horizon view with an original name, the "white-shining mother", which is just the way she looks. Her growths are the green below the white in the view.

Annapurna and womanhood symbolism in the mother aspect carry the Mystic Fire as a "son" in Himalayan mystic tradition. This motherhood symbolism is experienced in our personal levels of consciousness, in the physical, emotional, mental and mystic. Annapurna is an example of a Nature mother at the physical level of experience with a mystic but also physical "son" sitting in the center of her view. This view from meditation hut ruins explains the self-discovery associations to her "lap" with the flame-shaped mountain in the view-center, pointing upwards. Mystically this "son" is an inner fire in the third eye center when her view is held in a Nature-image meditation. Or this "son" is in the heart center when following the breaths as in the breathing

pilgrimage practice to the Panchassee mountain summit (and other holy pilgrimage traditions) to see this Annapurna view.



Similarly, womanhood has a physical and mystic "son" who sits in the center like the mother aspect of Nature and Annapurna because of their common feminine gender associations, as symbolized in the Age of Mysteries. It is not necessary for a woman to have a physical child if she can experience herself at the mystic level. The mystic fire is a "son" symbol for all of

womanhood because the Mystic Fire sits in the inner psychological centers, just as a physical child sits in the center of a human mother's "lap".

Mountain Massif-Mother Annapurna's "son", the flame-shaped peak in the center of her view, becomes a mystic symbol when this view is recreated with eyes closed for meditation practice. Annapurna's encircling of her center, called a "lap", includes a variety of mystic and physical Nature symbols that encircle, like a lake, or as it may be called, a "lap" of the waters. A "son", wood flames and other upward pointing Nature symbols like mountain peaks, sit in the same outer and inner center symbolism in the Age of Mysteries. These physical and mystic levels of experience in Annapurna symbolism can be seen from Panchassee mountain where I live.

When winter ends and the warmth of spring arrives, virtually all new growth reaches upwards to the heavens. Everything in Nature with new growth calls for the "son" and Mystic Fire to carry their offering (held in their upward pointing aspect, so to speak) for a kindling of a new season's physical and mystic growth. The first spring "rains of heaven" bring the physical and psychological response to this calling.

The Growths-Mother aspect in Nature and womanhood experience the rain at the same time as the physical and mystic growth aspect of My Muse. All waters descend and are of the feminine gender in the Age of Mysteries, now named Shakti symbols in modern yoga traditions. Why? In a simple perspective women are wet, and men are dry in comparison.

The Earthmother brings warmth and new growth appears everywhere. I walk towards the outer and inner high-altitude forest from the patch of grassland that the lodge is situated upon. Fifteen minutes later the forest

entrance appears immediately after a locally worshiped reclining Rock-Mother.



This Rock Mother is large, one-meter-high and two meters across, and probably three meters long and slopes as if to appear reclining. Her sloping body is perhaps one example of a Nature-inspiration for the modern iconography that produced the reclining Vishnu and Buddhist statues. She sits by a tiny spring water pond that the buffalo's use for their daily bath, and in front of the full sixty-five-kilometer-wide view of Annapurna. Her grassland

skirt here is perfectly round, and she carries the mind with it when she twirls. This reclining Rock-Mother sits in the center of this grassed volcanic flue right beside the well-used local village trail to the next valley that I am following.

When local people pass by, they stop and build a tiny house upon this Rock-Mother's sloping body. There are enough flat stones around to do this with two walls to support a flat stone roof. Little stones atop this roof make it look like a dwelling with a spire that brings sacred associations. This is a "house" symbol from the Age of Mysteries that they place a flower within and light incense if they carry some. In this symbolism our physical human body is also seen as a house, that, just as the village houses contain a wood fire, our body-house contains a fire of the mystic kind.

This Mystic Fire everyone has within, but it needs to be called and attended to in order to ignite it, just like the kindling of a wood fire, and this is why this same symbol has physical and mystic parallels.

Therefore, I walk in the forest for the experience of this Nature kindling in a springtime "season of truth". The trees are reaching upwards to the light with their branches. In the forest this upward reaching of the trees and other forest new growth lifts me upward inwardly. Everywhere around me the new growth produces this call for a truth of progress, in a natural evolution of consciousness.

Much of the springtime new growth around me is reddish tipped as if for a Nature visualization of the Mystic inner flames lit in the forest on this Panchassee Mountain-Mother. The physical and psychological merge when My Muse pulls on my shirt to remind me that She is beside me. So, when I look at trees beside the trail, the ones whose branches are reaching upwards right beside me, and whose new leaves have reddish tints, I cannot help but to

see some sort of inspiration from them, to feel the heat of their mystic upward pointing aspiration.

The new growth is physically pushing everything upwards as I enter the shaded forest trail. I feel psychologically pushed upwards as I lift my legs in each step a little higher in a parallel reflex movement. This "season of truth" is the preparation for the year ahead in which this experience of Mother Nature's growth-aspiration is to be held inwardly and consciously behind the regular activities of life. Science would say that the new leaves and other growths allow more food to be produced by providing more physical capacity to absorb



sunlight. But this represents only one layer of perception, the physical layer. The inner psychological experience is right beside the physical, and My Muse tugging on my shirt takes me into a deeper level of Nature experience.

I live in a trekking lodge at 2000 meters. The three sisters I live with, the elder sister being my wife, are locally famous for their lodge's cleanliness and

their fresh food that a huge organic vegetable garden produces. Also, their two buffaloes provide the dairy products for their traditional indigenous food. Because women manage this trekking lodge, regularly women come to stay. Women come with families or boyfriends or alone, but in virtually every case they are seekers compared with male customers: this is a very real distinction.



Today as I enter the forest, I have a feminine lodge guest with me, a young woman from the Basque region of Spain. She built a mystic house atop the

Rock-Mother, added a spire to the roof, lit a tiny ritual camphor flame in the single room on the ground floor, folded her hands, and said a prayer with a bowed head, When I asked her what she was looking for during her Himalayan visit, she replied, "I want to learn what you know. I have learned to love a man and now I want to learn something else". This woman is an example of an inner growths-mother, whose inner "son" is the Mystic Fire, described in pre-historic poetry.

We continue on the forest trail, in shafts of morning light illuminating aspects of Nature: grass, rocks, stinging nettles and all manner of growths. After ten minutes of hiking on the village trail to the next valley, we turn a corner and descend to stand in front of a huge stand-alone round rock, perhaps seven meters across. It has ledges with upward pointing rocks placed on them. At the base is an opening. Above the opening on the left is a dangling strip of white colored cloth left by local village devotees. Another Rock-Mother, but this one has an opening at the base in which offerings are placed. We pluck some nearby green and add them to the pile.

She says, "I am trying to find a way to live in my world back home. I want to be free from my emotions. I came to the Himalayas for the ancient wisdom discovered here. And when I see how the local people worship Nature it makes me feel good".

A rain last night cleaned the air of dust and so the colors of everything, of this big rock, are vibrant, and are a part of this "season of truth". This is an example of Nature experience on Panchassee Mountain that assumes an inner as well as outer clarity. This rock is so big that it is separated from the green complexity all around. The moss covering the gray of the stone is perfectly and completely a different color. "This good feeling is not an emotional feeling, it

is different like the difference between the color of the rock and moss.", she added.

Next is a short climb amid big, big trees. The slope of the trail levels out; clean and clear air and bright sunlight continue until we reach a dry stream bed, the water of which is underground until monsoon rains. My Muse tugs on my shirt again. "Let us look for special rocks, tokens of an omen, like rocks with a white ring around them", this seeking lady suggests. Inner growth has different levels, inner psychological levels behind the feelings, thought and sensations, and the idea to look for an omen is not from the outer personality, it is from the mystic layer behind the personality.

Sitting in the dry stream bed we forage through rocks. Big rocks, little rocks, flat rocks, shiny rocks and little long rocks are turned over one at a time. Obviously, the long rocks placed on the ledge of the huge Rock-Mother we just left came from this stream bed. And then she shouts, "I found one", and shows me a gray flat rock with a white ring around it. I have found a rock with a triangle chipped out of it. Rocks encircled with white rings can be found in most Himalayan streams.

This mystically influenced young Basque lady is happy and smiling as she turns her mystic symbol around in her hands, dusting it clean of sand with her fingers. She is an inner Growths-Mother.

Next in this new growth season comes the planting of village crops in this Growths-Mother cycle on Panchassee mountain. Men manage the re-defining of the crop plots and plowing with their near wild bulls, while women do the cleaning and planting. There is a balance of the genders in village life. No mental abstractions define anything in the indigenous communities, it is the physical world and Mother Nature everyone lives with. The mystical feminine

aspect in village life is kept alive through a Shakti-womanhood, basically but not only healers. Once I injured my hip, so a young Shakti-woman was called to help heal it. On the outside she looked like an ordinary village woman. But when she explained about how I strained the hip muscles, she asked me to open my shirt so she could see the hip area, something that otherwise would never be done, and drew a circle around it in the air. Then she repeated something silently but with lips moving and concentrated with one hand opened. Then she blew on the area a number of times and applied wood ash. Finally, her ritual was finished and she sat down for a cup of tea as if she was known to everyone, and not once talking about what she had just done. She is another inner Himalayan Growths-Mother bringing about progress.

The Basque lady and myself begin the forest trail climb to the holy water place, where the "streams of the clarity" come out from a tiny cave. She has been describing to me the nature parallels between the holy places in the Basque region of Spain and the Himalayan ones, still living in both cultures. I am impressed with her association to nature for self-discovery. "It is psychological freedom we need, more than social freedom", she states through a panting breath cycle. The holy place where a tiny stream emerges is at the top of a near vertical slope that forces the path upwards where we can cross a narrow stone ledge in front of the small cave of the "Secrecies".

Once the crops are planted, it can be said that the village Growth-Mothers weed and tend to the crops. Usually corn is planted first, and their growth can be witnessed in centimeters virtually every day. The village Growth-Mothers work together, singing together in some instances, as they collectively go from field to field. When the monsoon rains arrive, they plant the rice, one stalk at a

time. Their lives as well as self-experience is of the Growths-Mother symbolism.

These village Growth-Mothers interplant a crop of millet amongst the corn stalks. From the millet they will brew the local "honey wine", to which, basically, the men are devoted. This wine is actually a distilled millet alcohol that is described in prehistoric poems as a symbol for an enlightened level of consciousness, a drink completely grown and brewed by these village women.

But this Basque inner Growths-Mother is no less strong than her Himalayan village elder sisters. We climb at 60 degrees, and she needs no rest.

"To reach the sacred view near where I live we climb at the same angle on solid rock steps cut into the stone", she adds. This is how we learn to watch and naturally concentrate on the breathing cycle". After ten or fifteen minutes we reach the stream's "house" and summit cave in which are the "Secrecies" and in front of which the path continues towards the first big patch of grassland en route to the next valley. We stop and rest on large rocks beneath which a trickling stream of water passes.

We have trekked and climbed for about an hour and a half by now, and our bodies have loosened and relaxed, with our psychology beginning to feel opened. The new growth experience anywhere in Mother-Nature will do this. We sit on the cool rocks and listen to the water bubbling in a trickle as it leaves the tiny cave on our left, just a few meters away. The birds around us call back and forth, telling each other about our visit. This "stream of the clarity" is about a foot wide in diameter, and we drink it with cupped hands from a shallow pool.

I take out some camphor cubes and incense and motion for her to go inside. Words and understanding do not teach much about ourselves compared

to being in Nature for the purpose of self-discovery. This young Basque woman already knows this and takes the ritual things without speaking. She knows what she will do and needs no instruction. Inside the cave is greenery upon a rock rubble floor. A tiny stream of water trickles out of the rock beside her; she kneels and clears a space for the fire and incense.

My Muse is beside her as she piles some camphor cubes atop a stacked stone altar she has made. She moves some larger flat stones on either side of the fire altar for the incense. My Muse smiles when this young Basque Growths-Mother kneels and lights the camphor. A thick long flame sways in the mountain breeze as incense is lit and placed on either side. In Nature experience like this it is easy to feel the countless times this scene has unfolded in the past, even perhaps in past lifetimes.

The young woman folds her hands in prayer and chants to the water trickle coming out of the mountain rock. She sways back and forth as if in harmony with the rising flame and dancing incense perfume smoke spiraling upwards. This is an eternal moment when womanhood returns to a past when they and Nature were united. In primal periods eons ago, this same woman perhaps did the same offering, but to a wooden flame. In our modern experience of womanhood, the sacred element has not gone away. The largeness of Nature envelops a female psychology, and she will never be the same again. Once a Growths-Mother, forever a Growths-Mother.

However, the ultimate Nature experience of Growth-Motherhood is at the end of the Himalayan growth cycle when the rice is to be harvested. Everything is golden everywhere. Hillsides of ripe rice turn golden up to the sky. I walk down a hillside to be enwrapped in the golden color of the rice and sun, our ultimate mystic experience with the warmth, heat and light of the Mystic Fire.

The sun and Mystic Fire are in the same Age of Mysteries symbol. Sometimes while walking in this gold My Muse talks to me, touching my heart with her joy. She teaches me about my life and details the growth to be made in this "season of truth" and suggests the next requirement in a lifetime of self-discovery and progress.

My Muse probably enters everyone who spends days and days immersed in ripened golden rice harvesting. This Nature experience and discoveries in me are probably not from this lifetime alone. It will take a hundred years to validate the Age of Mysteries associations in Himalayan tradition. One aspect rediscovered is the inner and outer growth parallels and symbolism in the golden rice harvest of Annapurna. Ripened rice represents a divine growth, which is still the Nature symbol of mountain-massif Annapurna, a mystic My Muse and the divine feminine in womanhood from the Age of Mysteries.

I experience the gold and harvest of the Himalayan rice crop. My Muse loves me austerely, but my life and future she takes seriously. I walk past her fields of gold as She talks to me, but not in words, rather she provides perceptions of inner witnessing. The monsoon rains are over, and the incredible high-altitude leeches have left. She has brought a calm like other aspects of this divine womanhood, but one that feels to be complete, as if everlasting. Inner growth and outer growth are more integrated when the golden rice is cut and laid to dry in the sun. The corn has been harvested months earlier and now is the time to absorb the incredibly golden Himalayan rice encirclement, a "lap" of the Rice-Mother. As I walk by the golden rice fields, I am straight, walk upright and feel concentrated. The navel center's unsteady power of movement is calmed by an encompassing golden influence. The crows and monkeys and

other hungry prey hover. Mina birds flutter everywhere and call out for the Growth-Mother blessings as rice grains.

Harvested rice grains are the main offering to the Growth-Mother mountains at local festivals. On Panchassee pilgrimage day rice is seen as a mystic symbol of Nature-Mother's, Womanhood and My Muse's fundamental physical, emotional, mental and mystic sustenance.



The months of monsoon rains have ended but the local waterways and monsoon waterfalls are still full. The mantric Om in this rushing water sound

fills the air and fills me on the way. Mother Nature chants to me in this sound of waterfalls and I listen. She is giving me inner directions, things to do in the growth of my life. Her voice is clean and clear and concentrated, piercing the ignorance of mind. These sounds frame my repetitions from the heart center and create a personal relationship in the way we have always had with our human mother. As if on a stage, as if in front of an audience I repeat out loud the holy sounds on a stone stepped village trail down the eastern slope of Panchassee mountain. This brings a progressive and continuous process of inner witnessing and growth. My relationship to My Muse in the Growths-Mother aspect lights a central inner fire, and assumes an identity of consciousness with its heat and perception not previously known. She watches over me in the way she watched over me as my human mother, being careful that I eat everything on my dinner plate. Grains.

I stop, surprised at everything happening. This is a natural setting. This is happening while moving, while being careful not to fall on the rough stone stepped village way. I stop and do some repetitions, the mantric sounds, out loud, with the feelings that golden ripe rice grains bring, while looking around. I am surrounded and covered in gold. The monsoon clouds have left and a brilliantly clear blue sky is above. Then another patch of jungle and the roar, her roar, enters all of me. The village name of this looming waterfall is locally translated as the Om-Waterfall.

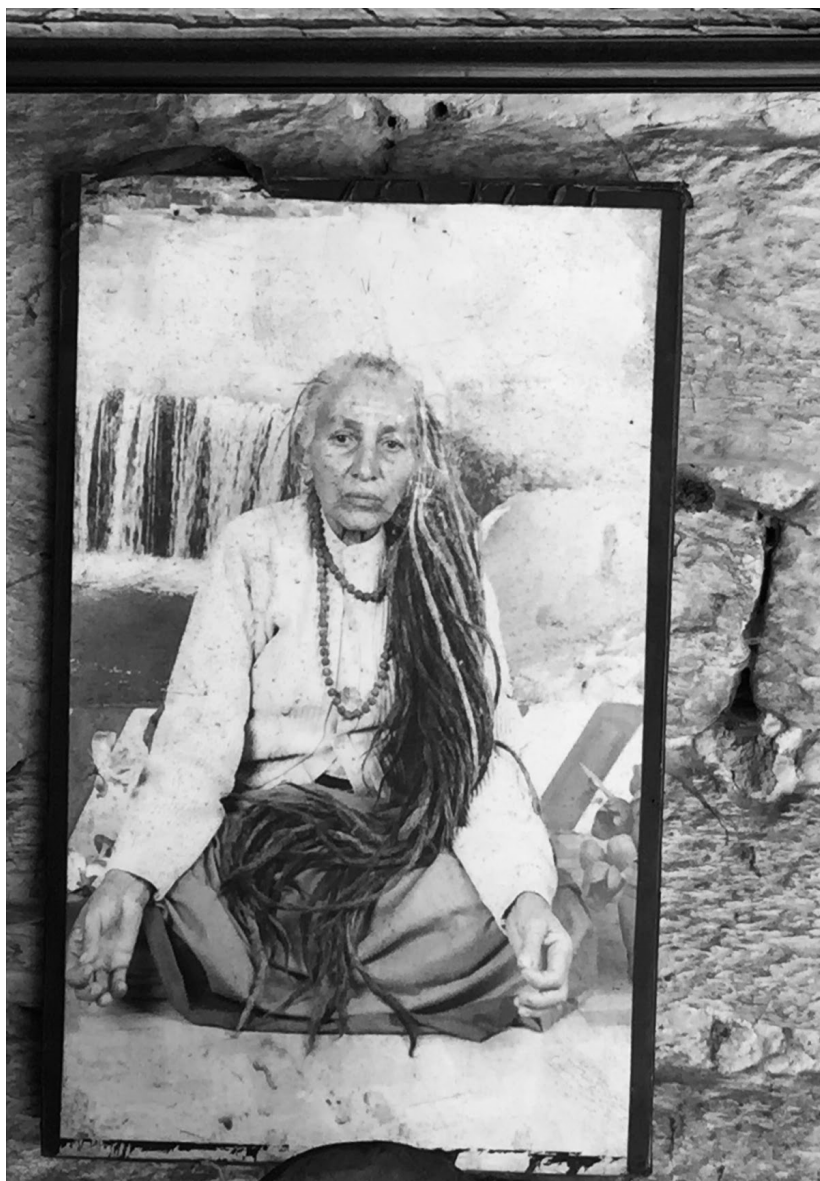
I have stopped and stand in her golden "lap" and listen. She holds me tightly, surrounding the mind as my gaze wanders along the edge of her bowing rice crop. As if she has forced me to concentrate on finishing the rice on my plate, she gives me a blessing for my Nature devotion.

I tug on her golden blouse, beginning to walk again, scampering further down on the village way to the primal Fewa Lake crater floor, the rim of which surrounds Pokhara's Lakeside area and all the way to the summit of Panchassee mountain. From here it is another three hours to Lakeside. The villages harvest on the lake's crater floor before the much higher village fields.



The drained Fewa Lake crater floor rice fields are on either side of me as I now walk on level ground. Their golden embrace seems to reach up to the horizon's vastness, even while being completely surrounded by this volcanic

rim's forested sides. Her golden view is an outer parallel to my golden future with her. This divine Feminine's "lap" view lasts only three hours, while her Woman-Sage aspect will help me hold it inwardly all day long. Hail Himalaya-Ma!



CHAPTER NINE

THE WOMAN-SAGE

Important note: Mamata is a feminine divine symbol that lives in Himalayan



tradition. She is from the Age of mysteries. In this chapter, she is the consciousness of the woman sage from the age of mysteries. We are bringing Mamata into this experience to have an outline of our goal of this practice. She is the living symbol of the

Himalayan woman sage tradition. This is a visualization of fire within. Like the fire, all aspects of womanhood are a visualization if they have a center.

In the village, I encounter living embodiments of mystic tradition. In Himalayan society, women who embody the Woman-Sage aspect, are often surrounded by disciples, all of which is still a living part of modern Himalayan culture. These women, untouched by the relentless pace of modern society, maintain a connection with Nature, a connection that transcends mentalization, reaching the deeper recesses of the human psyche.

The Himalayan winter months are the dry season months. The dry season is clear and cold, with virtually every day a seeing of the Himalayan mountains. In this chapter is presented various experiences of inner and outer growths using the same symbol for Mother Nature, womanhood as the Woman-Sage and the mystic influence of My Muse.

These snow-capped peaks are a symbol of divinity for a number of different reasons. Firstly, they are snow-capped and so white all year round, white being the holy color everywhere. Secondly, these mountains are all pushed up by volcanoes, and so have a living molten flame in their depths, which is a symbol of the ancient Mystic Fire, that is a basis for many traditions. Thirdly these mountains feed the villages on their slopes. And so are seen as divine mountains, giving life.



Today the Nature experience is of a multidimensional vastness. My Muse is sitting between us in this, the last stop before Gosaikunda. We sit in front of a wood fire before breakfast. Mamata follows her breath to the heart center. My Muse nods to me and I follow. Slowly the thoughts and feelings subside, and the concentration grows at the heart center. The inner fire is kindled. Then an image of a bluish Mamata appears in front of the inner fire. The fire mantra is repeated silently in the breathing cycle. The outbreath blows on the heart center mystic coals, and I can feel Mamata entering me at the heart center.

Mamata and My Muse are now united. The kindling happens first in the navel center and then rises to the heart center.

Vastness enters the kitchen, spreading out from the wood fire, a calm descends. Inner and now outer sound is directed to the heart center as fuel. The kindling fire is fed with this sound as fuel. At the heart center Mamata is facing the fire so I only see her back and head. The fuel keeps the inner fire alive as Mamata rises to bring food for breakfast.

My Muse brings a variety in all aspects of life. Himalayan Nature experience is an experience of truth with a discernible force. We eat and pack up to leave and begin the last day's climb to Gosaikunda. We feel inspired by the flame not going out as we move around and leave the trekking lodge.

In the calm expanse of a Himalayan pilgrimage we begin the climb. The breaths and steps are naturally synchronized. Climbing with Mamata and My Muse is as if in slow motion. The steps and breaths unite.

In Mamata's presence everything slows down. The mind, vital and physical are quiet. The divine Woman is in front manifesting an outer calm in the world: something wonderful is present. I fold my hands behind her. My Muse smiles.

The winter months are a Nature experience of her grandeur. While vastness can be experienced as Nature all year round, the winter months represent an intensity in the clarity of light as concentration itself. This is the difference: a silent vast. Her silence abounds. The sounds of wind also seem to fan the inner flames. This Nature experience is an inner goal from the Age of Mysteries.

Gosaikunda is a high-altitude volcanic lake, perfectly round and with a center. When this volcano cooled the center did not cool as quickly as the area around it, so today a small cone stands in the lake center. The water is crystal clear and transparent around the edges, in which stacked rock altars are seen.

Because of the central position, it is a symbol of the Mystic Fire. The lake water is the symbol of a spiritual vastness.

A volcanic crater set in vastness. My Muse sits in front of the fire-cone above the water with her feet on a footstool, looking at us as we circumambulate the lake. She is the vast mystic Woman-Sage from prehistory with a fire in her center and "lap". Looking at her circular lake outline, with the cone-fire as an image held between the eyes, the mind is encircled, a mystic mountain Nature experience.



She fills the Nature world all-around as the horizon fills the view. The breathing, walking, sound repetitions and this lake yantra visualization unite very slowly. Physically seeing this lake Nature-experience we are sitting in her "lap" and can see physically and mystically at the same time. I inwardly take her hands, kneeling on the water in front of her, upon which seekers have kneeled for millennia.

Mamata and I begin a second circumambulation deep within the heart center and fire, softly praying for her grace. My Muse is magnificent in front, clad in a snow white robe, looking like some of the highest peaks in the world.

This mystic mountain lake and fire-center view fills an inner mystic image. Then a blessing comes, a boon! The mystic mountain flames are seen as a white color.

So many lifetimes have passed chanting to her mystic wood fire, red and orange and yellow tinted flames that have been visualized seemingly forever, with a mystic blue tint around the coals. That blue tint is the mystic color of Mamata. But now they are colored white. She has decided, as Women-Sages decide, what her silent vastness-call will be answered with.



During the second circumambulation, it feels as though we are drawn toward her fire at the center of the lake. The ritual unfolds in slow, deliberate repetitions—each step aligned with a breath. The pilgrimage trail spirals endlessly, round and round. In mystic hymns, this is where we offer ourselves as fuel for her sacred cone-fire. The practice continues, unceasing, timeless.

The women of Panchassee village maintain a deeply ancient and primal mystic tradition in their daily ritual of adding wood to the kitchen fire. Just as the fire ignites the wood, they draw energy from their navel center, tapping into a mystic force that sustains them on the long journey to the sacred fire-mountain—a trek that consumes the better part of a day. In times past, travelers

had to carry everything with them, but now, along the pilgrimage route, there are lodges known as trekking teahouses. Time moves on, yet the essence remains unchanged. The breaths fan the heart center amidst the eternal green, now honored as the Green Tara in Tibetan Buddhism.

Her volcanic "son," the mystic Fire-Mountain at the heart of this journey, stands as both the inner and outer goal of the pilgrimage, visible from the summit. On the way I stop at a Seat for a rest and meditation en route, beside a waterfall, a symbol of descent. This waterfall splashes all around the mind, clearing the mind of dross from the physical consciousness that pilgrimage uses as a vehicle. Her mystic waterfall river passes beside the trail, a "milk of



the mother" tinted white from holy white clay that her mountains give.

I walk slowly, purposefully, and do my best not to stop again. The synchronized breath-footfalls and heart-centered repetitions create a rhythm that develops this relationship as also a personal Nature experience all around. A fire- visualization begins naturally, as a final layer of this inner and outer Rig Vedic pilgrimage practice to self-discovery. These four aspects of Annapurna's mystic tradition unite is a personal experience of myself. Women-

Sages also bring about parallel to this fire-mountain pilgrimage through their spiritual presence and power.

I pass local Himalayan families with children. They are happy and the children excited: soon they will see the divine Mother as Annapurna. To them this is all very normal, they do this pilgrimage every year. A small white shrine appears by the trail with a cloth over its opening. Looking inside I see an upward pointing black stone with gold flecks throughout. Next comes a shallow meditation cave under a large cliff overhang. Then a sign declaring the danger of falling rocks. This is a real-world experience, no abstractions.



The visualization of fire in this pilgrimage Nature experience brings about naturally another and final addition to the other practice aspects. One of the footfalls seems to blow inwardly on the heart center. As the climb continues, the footfalls push the inner concentration, as if physically blowing on a physical wood fire, to inwardly enlarge the fire kindled in the heart center. Now everything seems to be complete. In modern terminology this can be described as a mystic fire-mountain “Nature Yoga experience”.

In modern Himalayan culture, this primal Woman-Sage experience lives, they can be found everywhere. Some friends while trekking became lost and

stumbled upon a Woman-Sage living alone at the top of a mountain surrounded by jungle. Upon their return they took me to her and I asked her if I could stay in a tent near her and take part in her self-discovery practice. She replied that it was okay to come and take part in her practice, but I must stay in the village down the mountain. If I stayed near her the animals would get me, only in a village would I be safe!

This is the modern Himalayan culture alive with a mystic tradition many thousands of years old, in which Woman-Sages are an integral part. No one in twenty-first century Nepal would find anything strange about this. This deliverance of self-discovery experience by an inwardly conscious woman is an example for any woman to strive for, albeit in a more modern context.

PART THREE
THE MYSTIC NATURE TEACHING



CHAPTER TEN

MYSTIC NATURE SELF-DISCOVERY PRACTICES FROM THE AGE OF MYSTERIES

We are inner friends and do things together happily. No matter how our outer relationship may be described, inwardly we are friends. Husband/wife, daughter/father, devotee/My Muse, brother/sister etc., no matter what the outer relationship is, inwardly we are friends. And we help each other inwardly, naturally. We, Mother Nature, Womanhood and My Muse live a multi-dimensional relationship with the male Mystic Fire, human and physical Fire symbolism.

In the Himalayan monsoon season, everything in Nature seems balanced. Womanhood quietly tends the fields in association to the seemingly divine manifestation brought by the rains. The Himalayan monsoon season is a Nature setting for inner-growth. Everything everywhere is bathed in gemstone green garnet color tinting. The monsoon season provides everything, food and otherwise, and we feel secure. This is a Nature experience of the physical and psychological richness that friendship brings.

The Old Knowledge returns in a new age. It comes back and re-establishes itself through an integral Nature, female and male experience. Mother Nature, Womanhood and My Muse symbols inhabit Nature-shapes that are re-discovered. There are so many holy feminine shapes all over the world. Pacha Mama in South America is one of her names, Mount Shasta in North America one of her shapes, as well as most of the Himalayan mountains.



There are also male outlines that point upwards like flames do. Perhaps the most famous Himalayan and male fire-mountain shape sits in the center of Annapurna's mountain-massif outline when seen from meditation hut ruins on Panchassee mountain. This is a mother/son Nature relationship set in physical, emotional, mental and psychic layers of experience of the Himalayan divine Feminine. Annapurna's ancient self-discovery tradition of the divine mother and the male Mystic Fire give a Nature example for a mystic relationship from the Age of Mysteries. There are prehistoric hymns that describe this relationship as having an inner friendship. Physical Mother-Nature, psychic Womanhood and mystic My Muse assume their pivotal role in a new cycle of

evolution when we return to Nature and the male and female genders as devotees. And when we inhabit this next cycle of evolution, it is our male Mystic Fire that carries the offerings. When we two genders do inner psychological practices together, our individual Mystic Fires carry our offering.

The monsoon rains bring to earth this next cycle of relationship, as described in mystic hymns from two evolutionary cycles ago. Age-old rivalries cease. This is a Nature experience of a divine Green, named the Green-Mother in Tibetan Buddhism. Our relationship with all the layers of the divine Feminine changes forever on this basis of an inner friendship.

Our inner friendship has as the male Mystic Fire symbol carrying the divine Feminine offerings in a divine Nature manifestation as described in the Age of Mysteries. The long, long way back begins. Firstly, we seek their shapes in Nature. Their outlines, even man-made outlines like rock circles, inspire: there is no why, this relationship is too mystic and fundamental.

Specifically taking up the Himalayan pilgrimage tradition, a friendly relationship is offered by the Mystic Fire. At the summit of pilgrimage mountains, most of which are originally female, a sound or sounds or syllables from holy traditions, or otherwise, outwardly or inwardly are carried upwards towards the heavens by the outer and inner Mystic Fire. The mountain is the female, the wood fire is the male Mystic Fire that carries the offering. A devoted male or female identified with Nature makes the offering. The male fire always helps with the will to carry the offering upwards. In some primal cultures both genders were required together for mystic practices.

In 1995, I was no longer allowed to visit Mountain-Mother Mukurthi in South India, She whose perfect breast-peak outline was naturally ringed with

tiny white flowers at 2,000 meters. Ten years passed without that Nature experience. In her monsoon season, high-altitude grass orchids covered her rolling hills. She was too beautiful to live without, so I took the train to the Himalayas. My Muse, in another nature guise, was the basic seeking.



On holy mountains in the monsoon season, we need never feel alone. The outer growths are enough to feel in good company. My Muse, Mother Nature, and when we are blessed with a woman present, provide the inner growths for

there to be in Nature experience on all levels that opens mystic doors. However, it is a feeling of vastness in Nature, no matter what the outer activity, trekking, mushroom hunting, rock climbing, pilgrimage. etc. that brings friendship with a divine Mother Nature. This inner friendship is brought for months on end by the near daily rains.

This inner and outer friendship is the future mystic relationship. "How strange", comes from the mind. But the heart knows. This friendship is a multi-dimensional one, based outwardly in emotional feelings, not mind, and based inwardly as psychic feelings, or inner feelings or fire-feelings, however they may be perceived.

We can sit in a monsoon wet forest amid Tree-Mothers and visualize their "lap- center", a parallel to where the breaths meet in the heart center, when the heat of the Mystic Fire can be felt there. This practice clarifies that we are also our own best friends.

In the daily monsoon rainfall, a routine is established carrying corn to the large flat stone patio at the front of the house. The corn is harvested in the middle of the monsoon months. Movement helps keep the breaths in focus. The concentration on the breaths occurs so that a separation of the thoughts into the mental background happens, just as the ripe corn is separated from the stalks upon which they grew. In the open space between the fields and the house these separations occur. A degree of quietude is required for the perception of inner friendship, and this practice can bring it about.

In this practice, during the routine, the mind will intervene, and the friend-feeling will get covered, then the divine Three female mystic symbols help us to unite again to the watching of the breaths. This is reality, the feeling of friendship gets covered with abstraction, with mind, and other things. But also,

we can wait for another monsoon rain in the day to bring to earth the memory of the routine with the perception, in the same way that the divine manifestation of Old is returning through Nature, organically, one step at a time. Because one basis of this old mystic relationship and renewal is in the physical, we never want to lose track of the outlines and symbolism of the feminine gender in Nature experience. In the view of these outlines, generally amid vastness and beauty, at an original holy site where the outline is discernible, we can find our way back to the inner-friendship and psychic feelings with the breath routine and practice. This is how the monsoon season helps: it turns everything into a deep green (so to speak) mystic inner growth cycle.

When fire is lit at the pilgrimage summit, this relationship devours even monsoon wet wood; the smoke seems to dance in a wind and to express this devotion between the female Nature and male fire relationship; this relationship is one framework for self-discovery practices in the new age now arriving. The divine Feminine we seek, is in a multi-dimensional inside and outside Mother Nature, Womanhood and My Muse relationship. In visible Nature outlines a visible level of our physical friendship. This friendship is also a normal and natural way to experience oneself in mystic practice. But how to begin looking for something both on the inside and outside?

The fire has been kindled by the breath as the breeze fans the wood fire's flames. But it takes practice to hold. The inner or outer sound is separated for the level of consciousness of friendship-feelings to arrive. The sounds of friendly birds in a monsoon with more food than they can eat express this season's physical truth just as the practice expresses an inner growth season's truth.

These are mystic practices described in mystic hymns that are hidden in mystic Nature symbolism. The monsoon practices have simple goals; self-observation, experimental and experiential inner experience. How they are integrated into the present highly mentalized and abstracted modern age is an organic one. These practices involving breath, sound and sight, and finally the separation of everything from the breath, are living in Himalayan pilgrimage traditions. They can still be used anywhere the way they are described in early, primal and mystic Nature experience from the Age of Mysteries. Specifically pilgrimage, but also in any other settings and practices, the modern problem to be dealt with is that this self-experience is too simple. Their adaptation into a modern city setting, according to the circumstance, can also be done. They are presented here, in the manner of the mystics, experimentally, and experientially. The mystic perspective of self-discovery processes is fundamentally in an experimental context. Virtually anything can be used to make inner progress; it is the makeup of the complete personality that is the framework, not only that of the mind.

The monsoon-fire is lit on a holy mountain peak with a recognizable outline. Holy mountains in the Himalayas usually contain a feminine Nature outline that inspires. But this inspiration also contains a Nature experience within a feeling of friendship, a something that everyone knows. For this psychic or inner-friendship feeling, mystically, two genders are required. The feminine outline in Nature and womanhood with an inner-feeling of My Muse, and the Mystic Fire. There is an identification with the heart that leads the way, but secondly a more willful experience of the fire-energy that helps us through the physical experience to the mystic, lighting the outer woodfire and ultimately the inner Mystic Fire.

So how do I look for a recognizable Nature outline of My Muse with an inner Nature image? How to find a Nature experience that is recognizable, for example, in the outer and physical shapes of mountain peaks? And so also, somewhat differently, my mystic will, my friend so to speak, how do I find him and her both again? There are good days and bad days. Sometimes the memory of her fades, something covers something, and her feeling of closeness disappears, and without that help of a friendly will, I am alone!

Science agrees that in the evolution of the human species, until we could live with fire, start it, carry it with us, we were just food for bigger animals. Fire was a first weapon against everything dark, not only large animals. Obviously in our species the experience of fire is primal. Something that helps specifically, in ancient hymns as a friend helps, is the mystic symbol of fire.

In mystic culture both genders have a value, a mutually beneficial value. Mutually beneficial. The subject of gender needs to be kept simple and in terms of their mutually beneficial value for inner and outer help.

It took years to find her again. Years of trekking to the holy Himalayan mountains looking for an outline, something recognizable that she would show herself, that I would recognize in the heart, and our relationship would once again bring wildflowers to decorate inner visualizations. This is how many years earlier I found Mount Shasta in northern California.

There is no single gender in friendship, but to give the male fire a duty is of mystic importance. Mystic symbols are simple and used for practical applications. Mind does not lead the mystic path, something mystic does. Here a jump is required, just as friendship requires a jump from being alone to having a friend. While there is no gender in our outer life for friendship, mystics, to distinguish one thing from another, one feeling from another, one

level of consciousness from another, use the male symbol as a mystic and wood fire, and associated colors and upward pointed and pointing mountains and rocks. The female gender is the manifestation in which both genders live in different species. But basically, the genders are used simply to distinguish something on the inside from other things on the inside just as can be done on the outside in the physical world. Thus, in mystic hymns the fire is a friend whose inner strength, as Will, will always help. always help.

This is a pivotal point: while womanhood remembers her original experience with breath, sound and sight, and uses or adapts them, or not, accordingly, it is the male, the mystic friend that provides the will of an inner fire.

There is enough anthropological research to document the last 5000 years of womanhood wandering amid maleness. Ancient as well as modern womanhood needs to take some responsibility for this. Prior to 5000 years ago, Maria Gimbutus has proven with archaeology, there simply were no male symbols. In the modern age, not much will change until womanhood, one individual female at a time, as sisters, daughters, wives, as mothers and Sages, remember their primal origin and association with a divine Mother Nature. This memory is in the feminine gender (as well as in the male), at the very basis in our psychology. This is a memory etched in Himalayan womanhood and still conscious when (mostly) mind and outer emotions and sense do not cover it. This memory of a divine Feminine with many aspects is celebrated in Himalayan Nature experience still, most often in pilgrimages to holy Mountain-Mothers. But there is always a male mystic fire involved. In traditional Himalayan pilgrimage, the details of this mystic remembering in self-discovery tradition is visible on the faces of devotees.

In mystic Greek times it was womanhood that gave the blessings, just as still today in Himalayan culture. Ancient Greek pilgrimages are recorded in mystic texts, but they simply are not done anymore: the modern mind has taken



control. However, in the Himalayas, they are practiced. Their simplicity will be the main reason the Greeks lost theirs, and the simplicity of village life that Himalayan culture retained the mystic influence. The wood fires of village kitchens keep the Mystic Fire friendship alive, and fill the heart with a mystic womanhood, similar to the Nature experience that surrounds the village.

We can leave the noisy and cluttered street outside our city apartment and enter the building as we would enter an eastern shrine, just inside the door so to speak. We can visualize Nature outlines we have visited as our apartment building and find her again in the city we live in!

How originally did Himalayan womanhood remember their divine association to Nature? Feminine outlines. Manaslu Mountain, Dhaulagiri Mountain, and the Annapurna Massif are recognizable female outlines in the Himalayas. Mount Shasta in California, United States of America, has a feminine outline, but it is seen from a distance, from a little southwest and up, there is a little lake nearby. These Nature symbols are everywhere, still living. The point is to see the Nature as something that has ongoing changes within us as much as those we see on the exterior. Everything has an inner and outer personality.

How does an inner feeling from a divine Mother Nature experience return with us in the city? In a psychological reconstruction of our pilgrimage breathing cycle as we climb the stairs to our apartment. Himalayan culture through a living pilgrimage tradition with divine Feminine Nature symbols and the male mystic fire; this is how.

Not only with mountains, however, is the Nature experience of their female personages is also recorded in mystic hymns. Himalayan womanhood remembers their primal associations also in the Nature experience of rivers, and in all water manifestations. I have been on a bus when crossing a bridge over a holy river, and flowers were thrown out the bus windows into the river by women passengers! The signs and symbols of ancient self-discovery symbolism are elsewhere in the world, and during a return to any of these holy places, anywhere, can this primal self-conception of womanhood return. It is

visible in the annual Mother-Mountain Panchassee Mela for example, which ends with the view of Annapurna. And enroute a wood fire is lit.



In Himalayan Mongolian culture men help women. And that is enough for these women. Emotional aspects and all the rest of the relationship is secondary. And probably for this aspect of devoted maleness to be living, men are allowed to be men. They drink and get crazy and do all the maleness in

them, but they always help their women. The relationship is a practical one. Himalayan womanhood may complain and deliver lectures to the craziness of men, but it is the help they focus on. Inner and outer help.

In the Panchassee pilgrimage firstly a "churning" of the breath is accomplished. In the monsoon practice this churning is dispensed with. Something of a will is required in the separation of the thoughts, emotions and sense from the breath. This happens naturally as the separation progresses. The breaths are experienced as a witness in the way the hands evenly pull the churning rope around the wooden butter urn. The pulling of the butter-rope is with an energy, this is a parallel to the force of consciousness required to be a witness of oneself's psychology: in mystic symbolism, maleness! But if self-discovery is present in the personality, only if there is a need for change and inner progress does the experience of witnessing oneself deepen. From the inner-heart center the breath cycle is observed.

The observation of the breathing separating everything into the background of our waking consciousness. We ultimately see the breaths rubbing at the heart-center. This is a different framework than the churning of the breath cycle. Here the difference is of the calm and the Mystic Fire warmth is felt. This can happen to anyone quite naturally when the inner consciousness can concentrate on separating the breath from everything else at the heart center.

On Panchassee Mela day primal self-discovery practices are seen and heard. Sound is a vehicle for many things, one of them is mystic. Specific sounds that are inspiring are made outwardly at first, then inwardly. While moving or stationary, inspiring sounds can be made. When the sounds are made inwardly, they can be added to the breath observation and made from the heart-

center. It is the sound and not the meaning that brings the concentration and knowledge. Obviously sounds from ancient languages not based in meaning as modernity has developed, will be more easily seen as effective. These sounds are the fuel for the kindling of the mystic flame. This sound is added to the breathing observation, slowly, so that the sound enters the consciousness, one syllable at a time. Firstly outwardly, then silently, inwardly and this fuel kindles something inside. This is the process, the learning cycle that is eventually undone when the personal consciousness has grown to where they feel irrelevant. Something larger and deeper is coming into play.

The male friend, son, husband and warrior etc., the Mystic Fire, is more perceptible when all of our expressions are separated from the concentration.

Next, the arrival at the center of Panchassee mountain, described as an Omphalos in anthropology, the separation process experiences the fire calmly in this sequence of pilgrimage. A wood fire is silently observed. The outer fire has a voice, now it is listened to. Big or small this fire is a mystic element described in great detail in mystic hymns.

There is a meditation chamber cut into the solid rock, into the centered peak of Panchassee mountain. Inside we sit atop the spine of the mountain. Rock window slits around the upper edges of this hand cut meditation chamber provide openings for food and water to be given while the devotee is walled up inside the entrance until the practice cycle is completed. This separation practice can be done in any way. Here is where the stationary observations were done.

Finally, there is the view of Annapurna on the northern and last peak of this five-peak Panchassee mountain. This view is a Yantra to be held in the mind center between the eyes with an inner fire kindled in the heart center. The

center that all Yantras have holds the mystic stage of self-observation. Their visualization begins with a center but progresses to a perception without a center. All centers are symbols for the Mystic Fire, but once kindled the center is let go of, like everything else. The fire in the heart rises to join the center in the Nature view of Annapurna, between the eyes. All this happens naturally because this is what we see. But once it happens, My Muse, Mother-Nature, the Woman-Sage, becomes the Teacher.

Fire happens naturally in Nature in a variety of ways. We can also light fire in any Nature setting. It always sits in the center. Fire (and the sun) is the primal mystic Nature symbol with a male gender that becomes a perceptible will in us. The male gender is mystically not in manifestation as the female, as Nature and My Muse. If we do not give fuel to fire, it goes away physically, while we remain, but the will does not go away. Fire and the sun are not in manifestation with us, they go away in the mystic view. Just as we light an outer fire can we light an inner fire, but without giving inner or outer fuel, its will in us goes away. Our Fire-Will simply goes away without the fuel of concentration. This male gender carries the offering and provides the force required for concentration and inner will, but we need to provide fuel, we need to provide concentration.

Nature is acknowledged as the divine female gender. She is the mystic symbol of a divine manifestation that the male sun and fire support with will. In most species the male supports the manifestation of the feminine gender. In a mystic way of looking at the world and ourselves, the two genders work together to balance things. They help each other. Together the two genders can produce a mystic Nature experience in and outside of Nature. These rituals are done individually within a male and female relationship according to the

personality and level of spiritual evolution of each. The goal is the separating of everything so that the mystic fire of both is kept alight.



The Breath Cycle

The most straightforward and universally applicable “Mystic Nature Teachings” involves walking. Climbing falls within this framework, whether in a natural or urban setting. Pilgrimage represents the natural context, while climbing city stairs symbolizes the modern setting. This practice aligns with the synchronizing of the steps and breaths, resulting in the breath-cycle which naturally takes us to the heart center. The root of this practice is a mystic observation. When walking up a pilgrimage trail on a holy mountain, the breath is naturally affected. Now we must observe this breath cycle from the heart center. Our awareness of the rubbing of the in and out breaths and the heat created naturally bring us to where they meet in the heart center. The “Breath Cycle” brings the first part of the sequence. If the practice is ever disturbed by a loss of concentration the practice is returned by the awareness of the synchronization of breath and steps.



The Sound-Cycle

In the sounds of Nature, for example in a rushing river, there is a recurring sound, creating a sound cycle. The breath cycle can play into the rhythm of the sound cycle. We can recreate this sound with a hum of our own. The vibration of the humming sound takes us to the heart center, or we can repeat an ancient chant from a language like Sanskrit or Greek based on sound, not meaning. The last part of this layer of the developing Mystic practice is to repeat the ancient chant syllable by syllable with the preceding Breath Cycle. During this practice the recurring of a syllable-by-syllable hum or chant is matched to the breath cycle, which is also synchronized to the steps. Now, with the syllable by syllable vocalizing of the chant being synced to the steps and breaths, slows us down. This occurrence makes us more conscious of our movement, both the outside of the body, as much as the inside of our being as consciousness.



Visualization

The visualization of fire constitutes the final aspect of this Mystic Nature Teaching, integrated with the preceding two practices. This visualization is also conducted from the heart center. The Wood Fire, a mystic Nature symbol, is kindled in various forms and can be ignited within. The best way to start this last part of the Mystic Nature Teaching is to light a wood fire. When it burns, close your eyes, and visualize the burning flame in the heart center. The holding of the visualization of the fire gradually develops its mystic burning in your heart center. Igniting inner and outer flames requires consistent fuel. Now with the breath and sound cycles in place their psychological fuel is added. We visualize a Mystic fire because it is the center. We can light a fire anywhere and it will always appear as the center.

Coming back to the practice after awareness is disturbed, it is restarted by the “Churning of the Breath”. Gradually you will add each of the layers into your practice. This practice takes time, nothing that has value takes a few days so one must be patient. In the city environment, even within an apartment, one can escape chaos by envisioning the mystic fire within. This Mystic Nature Teaching will allow you to hold this Mystic Fire visualization over time. The

humming of your sound cycle if you do not find yourself at a river fit for a recurring sound, one may use a drone set to the natural pitch of your voice to accompany. Adaptable to urban settings, embrace an experimental context, transitioning the confines of the mind alone. The overuse of the mind being the most prominent problem of the modern age. Bringing the inner essence of a divine Mother Nature experience into the city involves a psychological reconstruction of the pilgrimage breathing cycle while ascending apartment stairs. This mirrors the living pilgrimage tradition in Himalayan culture, where divine Feminine Nature symbols sustain sacred practices. A meditation temple within a rock allows for the stationary observations of the Mystic Nature Teaching. Recreate your own stationary space in an organized corner of your home.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

A UNION WITH MOTHER-NATURE, MY MUSE, AND THE WOMAN SAGE

The womanhood culture of indigenous people best represents this experience of union with Mother-Nature, My Muse, and the Woman-Sage. In this tradition of the Himalayas, I once took a Spanish woman who asked to meet a local village indigenous female lodge owner about her local experience of the male gender. "What do you ask of the man in your local experience of love", was the question from the Spanish lady. "He has to help me" was the simple reply. The Spanish lady retorted, "In Europe this is not enough!" The little village lady who lived alone at the top of a mountain to manage her lodge business smiled and replied, "But it is enough for me!"

While womanhood is intellectually equal to maleness, the empowerment of womanhood is based on a modern idea of emotional empowerment. The separation of everything from the breath includes a separation from outer emotion. This practice of separation brings an opening to go deeper into the heart center and higher than the center between the eyes. The word "yoga" is a

verb and not a noun as is most commonly used in modern societies. It is not so much what the self-discovery practice is, but more how it is done that brings an inner distance from the outer emotions.

When the outer emotions do not control the personality, inner emotions or psychic feelings bring a deeper element to the personality of womanhood. Outer emotional experience cannot be the basis of a feminine empowerment even while the emotions are usually the major influence in the female gender. The male has a similar evolutionary issue with emotions, but for a different purpose: to support the female is only one of the purposes. As this book is about womanhood the male emotional issues are not focused upon.

The mystic self-conception of a Nature-Womanhood is also and fundamentally not based in social ideals. There is nothing wrong with social ideals (as with emotions) and it is wonderful if social ideals are integrated into society, but ideals are based in the mind and its myriad ideas and abstractions.

Mystic things are not based in the mind. Further, the mystic consciousness and the mental and emotional consciousness are not the same. In today's modern world the result of the mental and emotional controlling of the personal consciousness is a reality for all to see. Because these two levels of the modern and outer self-conception (thinking and feeling) are socially experienced conceptions quite visible in today's modern cultures, this presentation chooses to focus on the mystic level of interpretation and experience.

On the northern Japanese island of Hokkaido stands an active volcano named Tarumae San. My Nature experience here is only one of countless examples of a non-emotional basis for learning from Nature as a woman. I traveled there to see the Shinto shrine atop this volcano. There are no trees that cover the sides of this circular volcano, there is only rock. This is My Muse in

a volcanic cone aspect of the divine Feminine manifestation. Her outer slope has the trail winding up a steep and only rock "skirt" says the heart, while the mind is focused on her feminine topography and outline.

She does have an individual shape and outline, but this is not in the same



as the ego-based in individuality like modern societies, the Nature-Womanhood conception found in Rig Vedic hymns has no association to the modern ideas of individuality. We can personalize our relationship with Nature, but this relationship is not based on emotions. It is based in a feminine self-conception larger than modern individuality and the purpose of this visit was to experience an original divine Feminine Nature experience inherently supported by the mystic element in the male gender.

This relationship lives in ancient Himalayan Nature symbolism still thriving in mountain villages, described in a Nature perspective from the earliest self-discovery traditions. This experience falls into the same fundamental experience as visiting the Leaky museum in the Serengeti plains of Tanzania. In that museum, situated in the middle of nowhere, so to speak, is

a long slab of volcanic lava rock with human footprints along the length of the slab. This is the main exhibit in that museum.

If marriage is chosen as a Himalayan village example of this simple but mystic male and female relationship, both genders are in the Sage category. This level of Himalayan relationship is today described as "Sriman" and "Srimati", or yogi and yogini in village vernacular: this terminology is mystic and not secular, and decidedly not emotional.



Climbing up one solid rock slope of this Tarumae San volcano required definite concentration. A fall in this ascent would have nothing to clutch onto, and one would simply slide and roll all the way to the base, a long way down. There are not even standing rocks to break the descent. As the ascent continues, a climb past emotional feelings of fear is a requirement. But a wonderful view of the surrounding Nature psychologically balanced the care with which each step was taken.

Further, the brother and sister relationship and basically other relationships of the male and female genders, can still be found living in the whole of Himalayan society, in village, urban and city settings. But this Nature-Womanhood symbolism and this approach to a feminine self conception is not changed, even with a societal framework, so inclusive is Rig Vedic symbolism. There is a specific annual Himalayan celebration where the sister ties a band around the wrist of her brother, blessing him and their relationship by it. If there is no sister or brother present in the family, other members of each gender fill in. The female gives blessings to the male as symbolized in this gender tradition, using whoever is present, to be practical and see this celebration of the feminine gender to completion. Even being a male from a different race like myself does not stand in the way of being blessed by someone of the Himalayan female gender. This ritual may have an outer emotional content, but it is not the basis because any one of either gender can fill in.

Nearing the crater top of Tarumae San the unpleasant smell of sulfur swirled around, with a brisk wind forcing a renewed concentration on keeping a balance with each step. The trail ended atop the crater with a visibly worn path across it to the Shinto shrine. After crossing the crater top, a few steps down brought me face to face with a very simple shrine. Here I was behind a volcanic stone shelf protected from the wind. In the middle of this protected place sat the tiny Shinto altar. Shinto worships fire, here in the Nature experience of an active volcano. And in the Japanese myth about the uniting of the tribes by a Woman-Sage named Heemiko, when done she jumped back into the volcano.

Family life revolves around the kitchen wood fire in Himalayan Mountain villages. This is actually the mystic feminine altar in the village house.

Himalayan mountains (mostly) are female, not male, and are a part of the divine Mother-Himalaya symbolism. Her mountain forests often completely surround these villages and provide wood for fuel to cook with. She, Mother-Himalaya's white summits generally tower above these villages and so surround village life in a parallel to the manner in which the stone and mud kitchen hearth surrounds the village kitchen wood fire. Annapurna with a Fire-shaped peak sitting in her center is a specific Nature parallel to this.



The Tarumae San volcanic crater surrounds the volcanic fire deep inside the earth in a parallel to both Annapurna surrounding a fire shaped mountain and the Himalayan village kitchen wood fire surrounded by a mud and stone hearth.

Women remain the mystic priestesses in Himalayan village life in their daily association and relationship with the kitchen wood fire. Before anything cooked on the fire is served to the family, a morsel is returned to the flames. This offering to Fire is also recorded in various traditions from the Age of Mysteries.

The ancient worship of Greece and Iran and India have specific mystic parallels. But it is only India that has retained a detailed description and living experience of these mystic rites, described in the Rig Veda. Originally these rites were memorized and passed down from family to family for thousands of years. When writing developed they were recorded in bamboo strips. Now in book form the translation of this Rig Veda from the Age of Mysteries is among the most controversial topics in modern Sanskrit scholarship and not much mystic symbolism is agreed upon.

I sat for a while looking at this shrine to the Earth Mother's fire. This symbol is unique for its size and gender associations. Nothing can stop a volcanic fire. I looked over the tiny Shinto shrine and above the protective stone shelf in which it sat and felt the beginning of a strong wind blowing across the crater top. I could see a circular stone lip around the crater top, only a few feet above the level of its opened crater hole out of which sulfur fumes billowed.

While looking across this volcanic crater, it came to mind the one point that modern Sanskrit scholars do agree on: the place of womanhood in the Mystery tradition of the Rig Veda. And that is a general agreement of the very high level of respect that ordinary womanhood was given. So much was womanhood revered that if a woman was not present, during a ritual performed by a male, it would bear no fruit! No emotional basis here. I suppose Himalayan womanhood remains a living symbol of this Greek, Egyptian, Indo-Iranian, Hindu and other original Asian mystic Mystery traditions.

The Tarumae San crater is in manifestation as Nature, and so it is a divine Feminine symbol, while the volcanic fire is not seen, not in manifestation

(understood in simple terms because we do not see it) and so it is a male symbol.

Another example of this respect for ordinary womanhood is seen in one of the most famous Buddhist sites in South Korea, at Moak-san. At the entrance is a huge waterfall, a Rig Vedic Nature symbol of womanhood, and a symbol of the descent of a spiritual consciousness. In one of a number of huge but completely wooden two-story buildings is a ten or twenty-meter-high statue of Buddha with equally tall Korean women on either side of him!



However, there are a number of levels of experience and understanding of mystic Womanhood symbolism. Rig Vedic Nature symbols, of which fire is a

part, extends from the physical to the spiritual. Similarly, all Nature-womanhood symbolism extends from the physical to the spiritual. The mystic experience in various inner traditions, classical Tantra is another example, accepts various levels of womanhood symbolism from the physical to the spiritual as examples of their association to a divine manifestation of which we are a part, still today. This still lives in the Himalayan culture with a modern Sanskrit name of Shakti.

Soon an incredibly strong wind blew across the Tarumae San crater top, and from my protected place I understood that I would be blown off the crater if I attempted to walk upright in it. The entrance to the return trail I could see on the other side of the volcanic rim, and I wondered how I could reach it now. This crater mountain could be called a Volcanic Mountain-Mother, and her wind had no weakness in it, nor any emotional concern for my safety. Something like the Asian women I have met.

Women in a Himalayan Mountain world are still accepted with inner and outer levels of experience, like this volcanic Nature symbolism. They are the village Shakti-Women, associated with the mystic symbolism that contains both an outer fire as well as an inner fire. Further, there are multiple levels of experience to all of this, one of which is part of the modern yoga tradition, all having inner and outer aspects. Modern education develops a science-based mentality, very narrow and very rigid. From the Age of Mysteries, symbolism is the opposite; it is multi-tiered, subtle and not based in the mind. Mystic levels of womanhood experience and mental levels of experience are not the same.

The Tarumae volcanic wind is an example of Japanese Shakti. In the beginnings of Japanese tradition, the Woman-Sage Heemiko who created the Japanese identity for nationhood, was now present. This high wind is a Nature

experience, in general, of a Shakti parallel in Asian womanhood and specifically to a Nature experience of their strength and force of being.

Himalayan Womanhood Shakti symbolism has the same force but with physical, vital (of which emotion is a part), mental and mystic attributes still acknowledged in their modern culture. Their mystic attributes are living across the cultural experience of Mother-Himalaya. For example, it is generally the elder woman in the house, not the male, that does daily house rituals alongside their kitchen fire symbolism. In the Himalayan Mongolian culture, women daily worship water, an original divine Feminine symbol. In a simple perspective that sees women as wet compared to men who are seen as dry, the holy Himalayan Nature symbolism of rivers, streams, springs, the rain, for example, are seen as divine Feminine symbols of Shakti because they descend as Shakti does. Because they give us life, all water symbolism is in the Mother aspect. This is probably from the very beginnings in the evolution of our species.

The Tarumae San volcanic wind did not die down, but got stronger and stronger. All I could think to do was to leave the Shinto shrine to the Mystic Fire, was to crawl on my belly along the inside of the solid rock volcanic lip until the trail on the opposite side was reached. At least the sulfur fumes would not blow into my face this way. This is the Japanese divine Feminine Shakti wind and force I now had to deal with.

In mystic Rig Vedic hymns, the initiation, the opening, the knowledge, is entranced through a simple wood fire. The wood fire burns with the air and breeze surrounding it. Himalayan womanhood tends this kitchen fire which is a symbol for the Mystic Fire, by constantly making space for a breeze to feed the flames. They give family and anyone who visits, blessings from the fire.

At sacred ceremonies, for example funerals, a kitchen frying pan with black soot on the bottom has a drop of ghee added, and this is the blessing mark from fire placed between the eyes for the relatives on this occasion.

Elbow over elbow I crawled for half an hour, snuggling very close to the volcanic crater lip. This strength and force experience of Mother Earth and womanhood had inner non-emotional parallels.

In the Himalayan Mongolian as well as in the Hindu village house, the woman does the daily house ritual firstly lighting fire, even if only with the burning incense sticks. The village stone-floored kitchen is swept, then a wood fire is lit. Next the tiny copper pots that hold the sacred water are rinsed, new water is added, and in season, a flower is placed on top. Incense is lit by kitchen wood flames and carried into the dining-room-altar and kept there by the holy water. My wife covers her head with a cloth, stands barefoot, and rings a small bell to ensure the divine Mother notices. Always two incense sticks are lit, never only one. One stick of incense is left at the simple house altar, and the other is carried outside, usually just outside the house entrance door, and left there as an offering to the divine Mother Nature all around. This is how each village day begins.

Upon arriving at the Tarumae San trail that I followed to reach the top, I carefully rolled over the volcanic crater lip and felt the wind press me to the solid rock outside of this volcanic mountain's completely stone slope and outer shape. On my bottom I began to descend the mountain one step at a time, clutching carefully the rock cut sides of each step.

Within Himalayan culture the divine consciousness in our physical world is held in water. Panchassee lake is one example of this symbolism. In a parallel, Himalayan women are still seen as priestesses that hold the divine

consciousness of manifestation. Men have a role in all this tradition, but it is a different role. There is no idea of equality or any of the abstractions of modernity in Himalayan village culture. Men and women have different roles, and both are spiritual symbols for different purposes.

Asian womanhood and Himalayan womanhood have much in common in terms of emotional empowerment and the resultant inner strength and force.

While Himalayan womanhood is given a spiritual level of respect from the Age of Mysteries, this respect is found at the simple, ordinary, daily level of life, and if you don't watch carefully, you miss it. For example, on a local village bus carrying down the mountain goats and bundled grass and grain, (basically anything from the village), a place for it is found in the truck-bus. Steep winding roads keep the bus in low gear for most of the time down the rough village road. I have seen an elderly woman signal amid the bus engine noise, "Stop". She had a large sack of grain atop the steep and high truck-bus steps to take down to the road level. The bus driver stopped the bus and walked around the front of it to the steep-stepped entrance. He lifted her sack of grain onto his back and descended to the roadside, placing it carefully there. Nothing was said, he was just doing his duty, respecting Himalayan womanhood, carrying her offering so to speak. Then he walked back around the front of the bus, climbed back into the driver's seat, and the bus departed. This is a mystic expression and symbol from a long past Age of Mysteries. Here womanhood is respected without abstraction in daily village life as a symbol of the divine manifestation of the Nature-Mother who gives us life. Here the mystic sacredness of the female gender lives in everyday, ordinary life. Mystic Nature symbolism and experience may be expressed intellectually, it may be

expressed abstractly, but fundamentally it is not mental, it lives in the physical world here!

It took an hour to descend the Tarumae San volcano until I got below the high winds. This Nature experience is an example of the womanhood empowerment to come. This empowerment is not based on emotions while still using the emotions as a channel for knowledge. Basically, Himalayan womanhood is strong enough not to let the outer emotions govern them. They



are strong emotionally that the Himalayan mountains are symbols of among other things, physical strength. In Himalayan culture womanhood is a symbol for strength and force, maleness is not a symbol for strength and force. Maleness is a symbol for inner strength and force, in the way that nothing stands in the way of a forest fire. In the Rig Veda a forest fire is proof of this male mystic fire symbolism.

A self-discovery practice that helps with feminine empowerment is concentration in the navel center instead of the heart center. The previous self-discovery practices are now done from the navel center with a visualization of fire there. Modern womanhood wants to accomplish this.

PART FOUR
INTEGRATION



CHAPTER TWELVE

THE MYSTIC NATURE THERAPY WE BRING TO THE CITY

Back in the city after a weekend in nature we find ourselves with an inspiring week in front. Inspiring because we carry the awareness of something living inside, something Mother Nature has kindled.

We have touched the aspect of My Muse as ourselves, in ourselves. Now another week of learning about how to keep Her with us. My Muse as myself! What an adventurous idea, an inner parallel to the adventure we had walking along the upper crest of an extinct volcano's rim to view a holy mountain in the shape of a flame.

A Himalayan aspect of My Muse visibly holds this flame-shaped peak in her "lap", as described in primal poems about Annapurna. But other holy feminine symbols of mountains, rivers, trees, grass and rocks, which seem to be her favorite nature symbols found in these primal poems, can also produce this living something that can be felt in the heart. Her attendants are the ferns along the trail who all bow as we pass on the forest way along the volcanic rim in the direction of this peak-flame outline. My Muse sets the pace, a slow and

careful pace that allows an inner and outer experience of nature at the same time.

After a visit to this wonderful volcanic nature setting, we bring back to the city her beauty, her vastness, and something that can be described as a flame-feeling. We bring back as a holy feminine psychology to the house or apartment or however we live in a town or city, something like a feeling the shape of the fire peak. This feeling is in our center as a parallel to the physical center of the fire peak in Annapurna's "lap". My Muse is our individual aspect of Mother Nature that surrounds the sacred upward-pointing volcanic peak; this nature experience is part of our developing self-conception that we bring back home to the city to develop further. We live two lives in the city, often not outwardly related. As if lifetimes piled upon lifetimes we bring back to a city where our visualization of the city buildings as mountains is a beginning to keep alive the vastness and beauty of nature and that feeling that resides in the heart. They are all female city mountain-buildings parallel to the predominantly feminine Himalayan mountains or holy mountains anywhere, like Mount Shasta in California. The mountain pilgrimage nature experience becomes a city pilgrimage inner and outer nature experience that develops into a lifestyle.

The basic element of the nature experience we return with is founded in the pilgrimage breath cycle. In the way that we breathe all day in a mountain pilgrimage, and all day in the city, so this same breath cycle allows a parallel inner as well as outer experience to eventually continue throughout the city day. The simplest self-experience is through breathing. The mountain pilgrimage nature experience matches our steps and breaths, naturally. And this is the basis for the parallel inner practice that develops when in motion in

a city. This coordination of the steps and breaths happened naturally during any climb, with an obvious parallel up our apartment steps.

Sweeping the floor or washing the dishes, shopping and all of our city duties keep the nature experience alive in a psychological framework that evolves as a self-conception that we practice with ourselves in a mystic city experience of Womanhood. We take our present self-conception to be the beginning of that process. Nature gives us the progressive and experiential self-conception and teaching with the experience of Her vastness and beauty as My Muse.

Next, the nature sounds of our volcanic rim pilgrimage are extrapolated, to those of city dwelling birds that are part of our city pilgrimage inner practice process. But in this extrapolation of nature experience within a city experience, patience with the speed of our personal evolution is a simple requirement. Just as perhaps destiny somehow brought about the watching of the breath and the observation that the footfalls naturally coordinate with the breath cycle, seems to have come from somewhere inside, there is obviously a portion of ourselves that is in this experience of our personal evolution. Not always visible, but nonetheless this evolutionary part of ourselves is part of the process and we need to be patient in terms of our forward movement. We are not completely in charge of things, and so a humble patience helps. We cannot demand in nature that birds sing, we need to be patient. We can also bring a pet bird into the apartment if we want to help with any problem of patience.

In the return to our city-nature setting the vehicles are the forest animals. Their accompanying sound is the sound of wildlife in a forest, with the horn sounds as deep throated birds. The poles and people are the trees. In our city

there are many young and short trees as the people we pass on the street. We live in a thriving city forest.



Another aspect of our nature experience is concentration. Concentration comes naturally or we fall or get stung by nettles. This concentration has different layers and the one from the inner personality is the focus in a new city life, that can develop as naturally as the outer concentration develops to keep us from getting run over by cars/animals. However, the inner concentration

stays coupled with the breathing cycle which keeps our nature experience inwardly alive in the city. Even on rainy days we breathe and can stay concentrated, matching the steps while walking back and forth across the apartment.



We go shopping in the city-forest, filled with streams (roadside drains) that we need to physically manage our way across. The feeling of nature-vastness and beauty we keep all around as we buy potatoes and carrots: the outdoor market setting helps. In Nature we are a center among Her living

greenness as if her clothes, with which the breaths and steps are animated and magically matched throughout the day. Our sense of centeredness is a city nature experience we create on the way home carrying groceries. The matched steps and breaths we watch from our center in the heart. We are a dynamic, moving, center of consciousness as we carry the groceries home.

Then there is the feeling of sweetness that the sight of wildflowers with bird sounds have given. Back in the apartment this feeling we have a place for with a drone box on a tiny altar in an uncluttered corner or somewhere that appears as a center. The drone provides a pitch that matches the one we use when humming. A candle is lit, and a flower placed on the altar's center. The feelings of wildflowers fill our tiny life and city-home. With the arrival of these wildflower feelings, our self-conception adds happiness as we sit in front of the altar to relax as My Muse. Lunch will have to wait.

The sounds of the city nature we have returned from with groceries is much like the sound of forest crows from tree tops. Sound awakens our inner being thus our inclination to hum or chant. City-sounds awaken our personal sound, inside and out, like the birds do, and we feel inspired to reply at the altar. In nature we have sung or hummed or otherwise made sounds with the breathing cycle. In front of the lit candle and flowers, incense is added, and our sound-reply begins. The music drone is switched on to harmonize the city noise all around, tuned to a relaxed pitch of the voice. We have abstracted the nature and city-nature sounds into an ancient chant in a language based on sound and not meaning, like ancient Sanskrit. The making of a sound with ancient languages is the mystic element that requires no meaning for it to be effective. If sounds we can reproduce carry a nature offering in them, then we can relive our nature experience, like the nature experience of the song of birds. Further,

we need not worry too much about the pronunciation etc., because the combination of ancient word sounds brings the fundamental opening required, and with eyes closed we return to a nature experience of ourselves as My Muse.



The mystic result of these sounds we experience when our sound brings something to us that can be called mystic. We can experience a mystic element in any of our levels of consciousness. As a matter of fact, it is often the

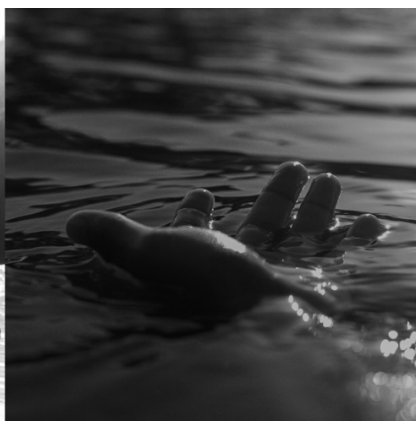
expression of mystic things through our feelings and thoughts that brings the awareness of an inner mystic influence.

The little altar is associated with this moment. Our personal womanhood experience begins to develop a calm self-confidence. Firstly, the sound repetitions can be made in a way that ultimately becomes something of a chant. In this way we speak to the Nature-Mother and ourselves directly and clearly expressing our gratitude for her teaching. We repeat these mystic sounds, syllable by syllable, like the songs of birds repeat their sound. These syllables are traditionally grouped in seven syllables. The ancient sounds are quietly sung or chanted so as not to disturb the neighbors, like the wind in trees, but the syllables remain matched with the breaths. This is the third part of this practice sequence when this collection of sound-syllables is hummed. With the syllables quiet to the ear or out loud, they become a living vibration that is a living fuel in the heart center. Inner (silent) and outer sound is fuel for the kindling of heat like a wood fire heat, among other things, in the heart center.

The placing of our silent sound-vibration at the heart center, with the breath cycle etc., acts like blowing on inner glowing coals. When the heart center heat is felt, then the sound has kindled an inner concentration. We can add a blowing of the out breath onto the glowing coals of the heart center, activated by the earlier watching of the breaths that rub in the heart center. The days are made more interesting because of this trying to keep alive the inner world of nature using ancient self-discovery techniques named mystic because of the inner and outer parallels. We add a blowing of the physical out-breath onto the psychological heart center because it works mystically.

But breath practice is impossible in the office or other work because mental concentration is needed. A using of the mind and its logic does not seem

to help develop this primal physical and psychological parallel. But a silent mind is not required because the concentration on the breath etc. separates the mind into something of a background noise, like the repetition of old music that so often comes to lessen the inner concentration but is not loud enough mentally to stop the concentration.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

RESTORING CONNECTION

Later in the month a few days off comes. The office is closed for a long weekend, and we return to the company of My Muse, Mother Nature and a personal physical and feminine experience. The process of Womanhood self-conception and development continues in a new cycle that visits to nature create. From the mountain that we visit not so far away from the city, the personality of My Muse is seen when the feminine-appearing ferns are bowed in prayer by the trail. They appear to be dressed in little green gowns. This is what we take back to the city as we walk the streets. We live presently in this Nature experience deeply enough to reproduce it in the city. To sustain the personal experience of My Muse within a mystic city setting, we partake in a consistent practice by the altar. Also, as we climb closer to the heavens on the holy mountain, we can strongly feel these feminine elements of a mystic nature experience of ourselves as Womanhood when climbing the flights of stairs to the office on the upper floor that we work in.

On the mountain, a fire is lit in our campground at night and it burns away the outside and inside darkness as stated in ancient hymns. We witnessed dusk

with the colors of flame and felt blessed by Sister-Night, who we saw holding the Fire colors in her "lap", visible in the red colors at sunset. The "red glowing mass of him (that) is seen" at sunset appeared physically and mystically at the same time. A heat was felt psychologically in the heart center at the same time of the physical appearance of sunset. Obviously, we have made some evolutionary progress. The Mystic Fire symbolism is a part of the sunrise and



sunset presentation of physical and Mystic Fire colors. It also comes to earth in a burning whiteness, the color of a spiritual fire, as lightning during storms.

The nature experience of Sister-Night and Daughter-Dawn show us a nature experience of the Mystic Fire that is easily reproducible in visualizations. The sun that the dawn brings, and fire, are in the same Rig Vedic nature symbol. Thus the sun at sunrise and sunset is also a symbol for his mystic consciousness that the Fire is stated to possess in us. Our visit to nature

also naturally sees red colorings of fire everywhere, in reddish dry leaf tints and in the wild flowering cherry trees decorating a mountain hillside, for example. Wherever we go in nature we are never far from orange and reddish colorings of the mystic fire symbolism.

Thus, when we leave on a short pilgrimage across a red-tinted grass covering the mountain grassland we visit, filled with little stone offerings piled upon bigger stones, the red-tinted grass of Mystic Fire symbolism beckons us



to "sit" for a while. Sitting roughly in the grassland center below a brilliant golden sun and amid the large flat stones decorated with tiny stone offerings, it is like a physical nature therapy. This place is a nature-yantra grassland "lap" and this is why little stones are offered atop the large rocks. This nature setting is a therapy session and all we need to do is be present. It is a blessing with its warm sun and holy stones inside a half-circular-shaped grassland surrounded by forest trees. We are surrounded with the beauty that in the mystic age was also associated with Womanhood.

With eyes closed this nature setting is visualized. The Mystic Fire-Sun symbolism is in the center of the inner view, and it takes us naturally to the forehead Third Eye center. The encircling Forest brings feelings from the heart. We have walked here with steps and breaths matched and a syllable by syllable sound repetition coordinated, which we now continue during the visualization



of the Nature setting. The visualization adds a parallel inner warmth like that of the sun. All of this is visualized and felt mystically with outer parallels. For example, the sun-warmth is felt in the heart center as well as on the body.

This inner warmth in the heart center becomes a supporting concentration that remains when we get up to slowly climb across the upper portion and remainder of the grassland. Upon the grassland we carry ourselves with and

inner and outer warmth of the sun, kindled inside by the practices during the meditation-on-grass. The sun is bright, and the grassland is warm and a visual contrast to the dark green and cold forest up ahead. The grass is dry and crunches a little under the feet as we climb up this sloping grassland.



The sky above is a deep, deep blue. Mountain crows and other bird sounds bring a nature chant, providing a helping fuel for an in-motion Mystic Fire concentration in the heart center. From the tree tops these feathered nature devotees love the Sun and sing about it mystically. We absorb these heaven-bound bird sounds in the trees around us as we enter the forest. Birds create a mystic element in the forest. The heart center seems to glow as we slowly make our way up a winding and steep animal path through the trees. And continuing

to follow the basic sequence of our practice, the movement and deeper breathing brings a deeper concentration to the heart center.

A cold, pure seemingly white breeze blows through the trees as we climb. Surrounded by deep green forest, we are now encircled by a garnet green "lap" of the Forest-Mother. Relaxing in the climb through trees, the inner practice and warmth of the heart concentration stills the mind, allowing for a deeper and deeper feminine self-experience. We seem to sink inside while climbing slowly through trees.

A burning sun, one with a photographable fire-red tint around its circular outline now peeps through the branches above the trail. In the heart center is now a visualized sun-warmth as if today's teaching of Mother-Nature's womanhood self-conception. Multiple levels of experience are objectivized with inner and outer parallels, the purpose of which is to keep the inner and outer levels of experience alive at the same time. Based on simple nature experience, the teaching is not so mentalized, but nonetheless complex.

Our nature experience naturally creates mystic imagery and connections. Photographs present the sun and other mystic parallels that we can learn to image as required for an inspiring practice when back in the city. The sun's heat now in the heart center seems to expand towards vastness. The breaths, steps and syllables continue their rotational sequence supporting the visualization in this nature experience, with the out breath blowing inwardly on the heart center. The visualized sun, its heat (and blessing) becomes as if an inner fire, seen inwardly with our eyes open as we leave the Forest-Mother and enter an upper patch of the same grassland. With the inner flame's heat clearly connected to the heat of the sun, having left the shade of the trees, we are now

fully exposed to the high noon nature setting, at which time, as described in Rig Vedic texts, was the time for a mid-day meditation.

The syllables and breaths practice-basis is now firmly coordinated with the visualization and the inner awareness of the Sun and Mystic Fire's heat in the heart center. And the out breath still blows inwardly. All of this practice we have naturally learned progressively in nature experience. The fire concentrations with sun or wood or apartment candle flame provides the same mystic element in all of this nature teaching. That sun visualization in the forehead center seems to formulate our personal self-conception as a divine Womanhood.

Specifically with the inner and outer connections to the heart center, the feminine evolution in self-awareness builds a new life. But when our concentration flags and weakens, we can always return for another experience of climbing in a pilgrimage mode in an outer nature experience that brings new energy to return to the heart center concentration. However, this nature experience seems to be connected to all our inner centers because it is concentrating on the sun whose hearth is the mystic connection to the inner and outer worlds of our complete life.

Soon enough we finish the climb across the upper grassland. The collection of mystic practices is held in the heart as one aspect of our consciousness. A breath only concentration is next, the final practice of this sequence. Everything else has prepared us for this moment. We are a Mystic Fire kindling now. The breaths flow back and forth with the syllables silent, losing the iambic pentameter movement of the seven syllable phrases. Everything else is let go of, our quest for intensity developed our concentration to the point where it is a barrier to openness. The time has come to let

everything go. The heat of the heart center is no longer purposely fanned. The blowing with the out-breath onto the spacial position of the inner heart center continues on its own. Freeing ourselves from ourselves is the final layer of this nature teaching.

With the letting go of the various practices, even while the outbreath continues blowing on the heart center, the cross mountain trekking trail is seen



up ahead. With the freedom of letting go, this Grassland-Mother seems to have pushed the concentration deeper and further into ourselves to the navel center. Now the breath cycle lifts from the navel center. It lifts to the heart center the power of womanhood. This brings us completely back, through this mystic nature experience and inner practice sequence into the physical consciousness. Somehow the blowing on the out-breath continues, probably because the navel center is its home. In the silence of no mental repetitions, only following the

breathing kept alive with the grassland climb, the navel, heart and forehead centers seem to create a unified self conception.

Nature's teaching of the forgotten self-conception of a Nature womanhood is now in process.

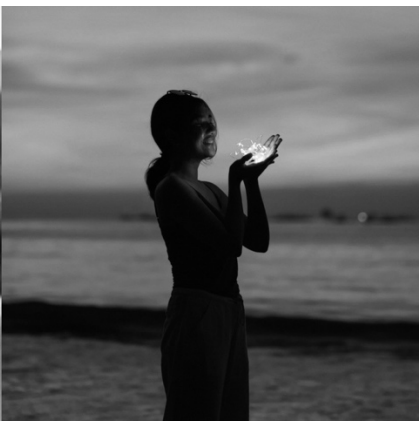
Then a wonderful mystic feeling comes to the heat of the heart center as we sit to rest on the trail, at the upper end of the grassland climb. Now a problem with language occurs, because our experience can only be described as a flame-feeling in the heart. Our experience of nature is also a feeling, but it is multi-dimensional. It has a mystic evolutionary framework. This is the present self-conceptual aspect that simple nature experience reveals from an ancient and mystic nature experience that words strain to reveal. We watch ourselves in an inner and outer process of becoming the heat of that inner flame as a Woman.

This nature experience we will bring back to the city's nature experience, not only in front of the apartment altar. We practice this psychological sequence as an inner practice when free anywhere. But now something is living in the heart center that we connect to through the concentration centered in the heart center when anywhere, in particular while climbing the apartment's steep pilgrimage stairs. But everywhere else when free. Every step builds the concentration into a living city lifestyle, as much alive when stationary on a bus as well as when walking along a street. This is part of the mystic secret lost over the ages.

However, as a woman we must deal with things the way they are, the way we are. And there is nothing wrong with the way we are. We were born the way we are on purpose, and in this ancient self-discovery tradition, for a spiritual purpose. The family we were born into provides the psychological

framework for our individual evolution, taught in the physical and psychological consciousness of a mystic nature experience. Which according to the Rig Vedic mystic tradition was chosen by the stage of evolution of our inner center. Our experience in nature has provided a vastness and beauty that we strive to reproduce in our city life. This vastness and beauty we can find in the physical world of the city based on our developing nature Womanhood self-conception.

So, as we sweep the floor, we match the steps and breaths, beginning again the practice sequence that finally does away with everything except breathing. Like that which we did naturally while climbing on the holy mountain grassland. This sequence is a Mountain-Mother teaching. Then as in the city parallel, we sweep the floor in the way we climb across the grassland, slowly so as to not lose the concentration of the practice sequence, in a measured daily routine and discipline. Step by step the broom moves, breath by breath, and syllable by syllable are coordinated when we begin the practice sequence again. The city days commence, inwardly and outwardly concentrated in our personal multi-dimensional vastness—a realm of beauty, the flame of feeling in the heart, the emergence of the Woman-Sage aspect, all while continually reconnecting with the essence of Nature Womanhood.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

NATURE WOMANHOOD

In the apartment, after sweeping the floor etc. anytime we can sit in front of the apartment altar and light a candle, the modern symbol of an ancient, mystic wood fire Mystic Fire symbolism. This candle flame is an inner friend we come to know outwardly and also inwardly. The flame-feeling of a new life is represented by the candle flame and not the candle. We have started a new life. Our life now has two parts, an outer and inner part, but both are connected and taken seriously. After the altar "sit" we get up for a calming Hatha Yoga time, following the breath at the heart center. The secret of this nature teaching and practice is that it lives naturally in the physical consciousness that our practice in nature led us to. This is a mystic basis of nature experience.

Another aspect in all of this new life is staying calm inwardly and outwardly which Hatha Yoga brings. We have lost most of our friends in order to begin this new life, but what to say, the prospect of holding this feeling is inspiring. But to become the Woman-Sage or other aspects of this Nature-Womanhood will take practice, probably years and maybe a lifetime. However, the progress is visible both physically and psychologically. And it is this observation that is mystic nature teaching.

This observation is a witness consciousness, so to speak, of ourselves that grows to encompass a complete objectivity towards the world. Most specifically in relationships. In ancient mystic texts, this is the frozen fearless self-observation of the personality and world around, by the Mystic Fire.

This perception seems to grow within our psychological elements as nature experience and the mystic nature-taught practices. The Nature experience assumes more and more of a teacher of a growth of consciousness.



The breath practices are done non-stop for five or six hours on these nature and city-life pilgrimage days. A day becomes seemingly like a lifetime that passes in only a few hours. Destiny calls. Omens and mystic signs abound. And then My Muse as myself in a Nature-Womanhood begins to appear. In a myriad of moments with the breath fanning the heart-feeling, things appear on all levels and everywhere. Destiny follows them without excuse. The heart center is visualized as fire in moments of concentration, as the hordes that oppose our

progress arrive. Anytime in the day or night, the opposition inside and outside of ourselves appears.

The impossibility of everything stops the practice, as a psychological revolt appears. Too much change too quickly seems to bring the things that cover the process. Therefore, a back-to-nature visit to a nearby city park becomes important, because there is not enough time for anything else. The kitchen altar, sometimes for days, has not been approachable. This is the time of Sister-Night in the city. Sister-Night is divine but a problem, like that which the darkness of night presents if we need to do anything. While we are being pushed to develop a will that will help us escape from our own darkness, as a symbol of the experience of Sister-Night, things do not seem so simple. There are days that sometimes pass in a seemingly long breath before the process of practicing what nature taught begins again. This is the reality of the mystic day and night symbolism of a Nature Womanhood. A personal darkness can also give the inspiration for an apartment building rooftop visit for a view of Daughter-Dawn.

It is the psychological pushing of wanting to live again in the Nature breath and heart sequence that the darkness, while still divine, leads us towards. Psychological and physical darknesses force a will fly visit for another new birth in the daylight and fire colorings of Daughter-Dawn.

It takes a couple of days to organize a rooftop visit at 6:30 am. This is the divine "Daughter of Heaven" who brings the "light". Even from a city rooftop the colors of dawn include the colors of the Mystic Fire symbol. These colors are in the candle flame on the altar. This visit brings the daylight and another "birth" that we need.

The day is the time of sufficiency and the womanhood symbol of the wife aspect.

The inner and outer sufficiency of daylight has moved us to visit Daughter-Dawn. We sat on a piece of cement as we sat on a patch of grass in the grassland visit. The memory of that grass is so distinct from this dawn experience of concrete and cement. It is an experience of returning to Dawn and the Grassland-Mother where so much happened. The happiness on the faces of the



tiny blue grassland flowers brings back our Nature experience and freedom from the city-mind. The modern and mental idea of choices disappears. Once again, the heart is freed from thought and another birth, another cycle begins. We return to our city life as a Nature experience as Daughter-Dawn and another layer of our Nature Womanhood is born. The fire-feeling returns, ablaze anew.

IMPORTANT NOTE

THIS BOOK IS BASED ON NATURE EXPERIENCE SO; GO OUTSIDE AND VISIT THESE TIMES OF DAY: SISTER-NIGHT, DAUGHTER-DAWN, DAY-WIFE, GROWTHS-MOTHER, AND WOMAN SAGE. EXPERIENCE THIS FOR YOURSELF. THIS BOOK IS THE MENTAL PART, NOW IT IS YOUR TURN TO EXPERIENCE THIS FOR YOURSELF.

THE KEY IS TO STAY OPEN, THERE IS NO PROBLEM WITH YOU, YOUR PURPOSE IS TO UNITE WITH NATURE HOWEVER THAT MAY BE.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Gary Millar was born in Canada but has lived most of his life in Asia. He is now married to a Nepali woman and lives on Panchassee Mountain in front of Annapurna. Panchassee Mountain is visible from Pokhara.

There are three research books available on his website, rigvedicannapurna.com, as free downloads:

Rig Vedic Annapurna, Sacred Nature and Himalayan Womanhood, and The Living Rig Vedic Symbolism in Himalayan Nepal.

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NATURE WOMANHOOD