

on one or two occasions by a child suddenly speaking with power in his or her voice. It generally occurred in a dramatic situation and suggested that, for that particular moment, the child was speaking as a whole person, unambivalent, unconflicted, directly with all the power of her or his being.

What I learnt therefore from these groups is that children have an inner momentum towards change and development but that it has to be allowed to happen and we need to find ways either inside or outside school, of providing them with an opportunity to change. That we are not doing this is shown by the graffiti one sees, not to mention the outbreaks of violent behaviour. In north London in the last few weeks, I have seen the following: 'Kill rockers but don't kill mods', 'kill the winch' 'money kills' and 'the killing joke'. Written in large letters on a wall outside a comprehensive school were the words: 'The urge to destroy is a creative urge'. Now if that could have been said inside the school, in open discussion, would it have had to be written up outside? Expressing destructive feelings, as we have seen, can be a step towards being more spontaneously creative, so, in a sense, there is a sort of partial insight in that sentence.

If these conflicts of feeling are not resolved in childhood, then repressed aggressive feelings tend to be projected in adult life and form the basis of irrational fears that hinder the sort of creative thinking we so desperately need if we are to survive in the nuclear age.

Aron Gersh

WAVES OF TRANSFORMATION

Jean Houston and 'Mr. Thayer' at the Conference

Waves of transformation constantly wash up on the shores of time newly perceivable and perceived images of humankind. But to make a wave one needs to drop at least a pebble in the pool of time. Alas. Jean Houston was more like a meteor hitting a vast ocean. We really enjoyed her, and I'm sure she made many waves. (The flood of imagery that has soaked and overpowered me since the conference is more than I can mention.) Many waves of transformation . . . in the spatio-temporal hologrammic sea of Life.

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spirits, her "high play" - which she taught us is service to humanity. And we enjoyed her booming, flexing, undulating, ululating voice beaming out her archetypal messages and which sadly cannot be reproduced in print. Let the reader use their own imagination.

So, Jean, I thank you and salute you. And I salute the part in all of us that was spoken through you, invoked in you, centered in you. You gave us more than I can mention in this brief article. The highpoint for me was when you brought us "Mr. Thayer". And it is that story of 'Mr. Thayer' that I want to relate to all those who were not at the conference.

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Did I say "story". To say you told us wonderful story belittles it. NO. You were a medium bringing us the message from that **great ancestral spirit** known as Mr. Thayer. (Not to be confused with 'Mrs. Thatcher'.)

But why is it important that I attempt to bring to the reader the Spirit of Mr. Thayer. It is because, in Jean Houston's own words: "But it is a mind such as . . . Mr. Thayer's . . . childlike not childish, sensorially engaged . . . finding God in everything . . . celebrating all kinds of associations . . . empowering, deeply loving of the other . . . finding spirit in everything and everything in spirit. It is the mind and soul of a man like that that has helped to lead the way to what is the great green vision of our time".

So let the tale begin:

In the 1950's, on Park avenue, New York, Jean knocked down an old man as she raced along as a young girl of about eight. They reme

some time later and he accompanied her to the park. He had a thick French accent, and, not being able to pronounce his complex French name, she called him simply, 'Mr. Thayer'. Jean described him in a way that all of us must have regarded as the archetypal beautiful old man. She described him as a man totally unself-consciously absorbed with everything around him. And he would get her involved in the most fascinating of imaginative '**mind games**'. (The title of one of her books). He would say: "Luke at ze clouds Jean. Gods' calligraphy in ze sky, huh . . ." and he would name them . . . nimbus, cumulus . . . and by God, you would remember them. And he would see a caterpillar, and they would fantasize and play metamorphosis games. I will continue and end this article in Jean's own words:

And then the wind would come up and he would say: Jean, zniff ze wind, huh. Same wind mebbe zat waz sniffed by Jesu Krist, by Halexander, by Jean de Arc . . . zniff ze wind sniffed by Jean de Arc, huh, Jean, (Sniffing all the time) . . . Ghengis Khan, not zo good, . . . (sniff) . . . Napoleon, even worse. Filled with history . . . "

And he knew a lot about old bones and stones. And people started to follow us around . . . and he got all sorts of people talking to each other who would not usually meet . . . And they laughed not at us, but with us. Because **he created such an awe . . . the total access into all realities . . . celebration . . . ritual . . . in its highest sense . . . rituals than we're meant to do to illumine our transitions**. And he would relate everything.

And then he would look at you. And when he looked at you, that was something. Because he looked at you with a kind of whimsical regarding of you as the cluttered house that hid the holy one. He looked at you as if you were God-in-hiding. And you felt your evolutionary circuits rise. It is the greatest potential there is, by the way, the potential each one of us has for deeply empowering, evoking, midwifing for the empowerment of the other . . . **The great art of acknowledgement**. And I would go home and see my mother, and I would say: 'Mother, I saw my old man again, and when I am with him, I leave my littleness behind'. Because you could'nt be your usual low self-esteem self and be in his presence. There he was. He was like an Aesclepian. It was knowledge. It was relationships. It was the activation of everything that was celebration of life. It was looking at you with this tremendous . . . if I said Unconditional love, that would be too small. He was looking at you in a state of wonder and astonishment. Like the cluttered house that hid the Holy One. So you just **bloomed** . . . And the rocks splintered . . . and the people followed us around . . .

And one day I brought him a snail shell, and he looked at the shell. And he became rapturous about it, and he started talking about . . . patterns of galaxies, and the vortexes of water, and the meanderings of intestines and brains and the flow patterns of flowers and the meanderings of rivers and finally he said . . . the final Greek letter . . . **Omega. Omega . . . Omega.**

And he handed me back the shell, (which I still have), and he said 'Au revoir Jean', and I said (she says with a tear in her throat): 'au revoir, Mr. Thayer'. And I **never** saw him again.

Years later someone lends me a book without a cover called **'The Phenomena of Man'**. The book is too familiar. Too familiar. Noosphere. Metamorphosis. Omega. And these nostalgic sounds from my past rise up and I say to the friend who lent me the book: "Do you have the cover? Is there a picture of the author on it? And she says yes and from under the coffee table she pulls it out and I look at the picture . . . beautiful picture of this beautiful French Gothic face and of course (She sighs deeply) . . . it's my old man . . . Mr. Thayer had been Teilhard de Chardin, the great French mystic, philosopher, paleontologist, who was living across the street from me in those years. I was living on 86th and Park and he was living on 84th and Park".

Jean's speech concluded as follows:

"It is the mind and soul of a man like that that has helped to lead the way to what is the great green vision of our time.

We are the people of the breakthrough. We are the people of a new species entering into time. Welcome to the most potent interesting time of human history. . . Where what you do profoundly makes a difference. . . You are not innocent folk anymore. You are part of an extraordinary tapestry of possibilities. And what you do makes a difference for spirit to enter into time to imbue nature, culture, art, history.

I close with the with the words I opened with . . . Your great English poet Christopher Fry:

The human heart can go to the lengths of God.
Dark and cold we may be, but this
Is no winter now. The frozen misery
Of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move.
The thunder is the thunder of the floes,
The thaw, the flood, the upstart Spring.
Thank God our time is now when wrong
Comes up to face us everywhere,
Never to leave us till we take
The longest stride of soul men ever took.
Affairs are now soul size
The enterprise
Is exploration into God.
Where are you making for? It takes
So many thousand years to wake,
But will you wake for pity's sake?



**INTERNATIONAL
TRANSPERSONAL
ASSOCIATION**

The International Transpersonal Association, a scientific organisation bringing together individuals of different nationalities, professions, and philosophical or spiritual preferences to explore the fundamental unity underlying all of humanity and the material world, announces its VIIIth International Conference in the beautiful Alpine village of Davos, Switzerland, August 27 to September 2, 1983.

Prominent speakers, including The Dalai Lama, Al Huang, Graf von Dürckheim, Marie-Louise von Franz, Stanislav Grof, Arnold Keyserling, Frances Vaughan, Robert Bly, Frederic Leboyer, Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, J. Krishnamurti, June Singer, Irina Tweedie, Marie Françoise Louche, and others will address the theme of "INDIVIDUAL TRANSFORMATION AND UNIVERSAL RESPONSIBILITY."

For information on registration, workshops, special art, film, and related events, low cost travel and accommodations, contact: Conference Coordinator, ITA, 3519 Front St., San Diego, CA 92103, Tel. 619-295-4778.