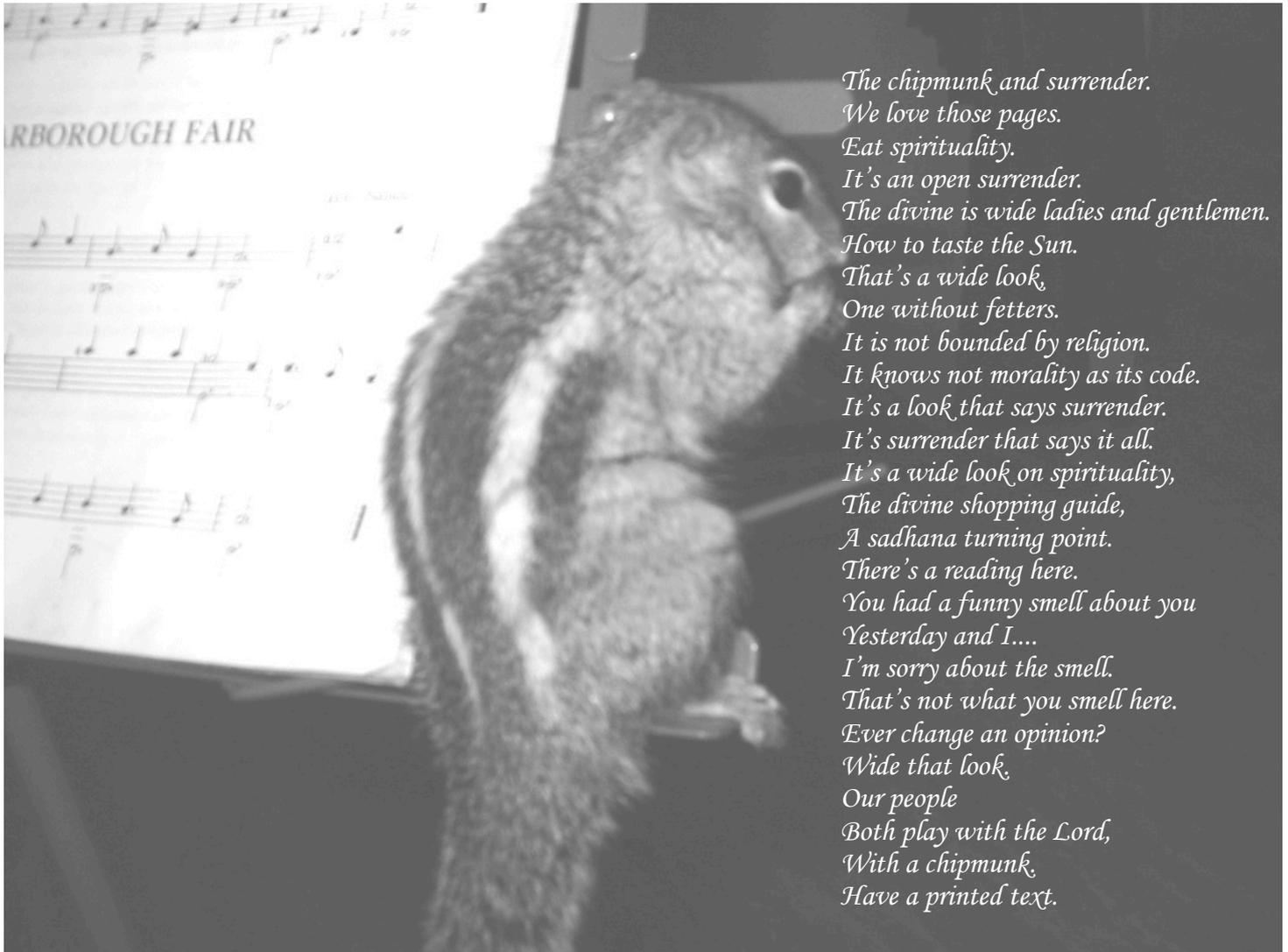


The Chipmunk Press



*The chipmunk and surrender.
We love those pages.
Eat spirituality.
It's an open surrender.
The divine is wide ladies and gentlemen.
How to taste the Sun.
That's a wide look,
One without fetters.
It is not bounded by religion.
It knows not morality as its code.
It's a look that says surrender.
It's surrender that says it all.
It's a wide look on spirituality,
The divine shopping guide,
A sadhana turning point.
There's a reading here.
You had a funny smell about you
Yesterday and I....
I'm sorry about the smell.
That's not what you smell here.
Ever change an opinion?
Wide that look,
Our people
Both play with the Lord,
With a chipmunk,
Have a printed text.*

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Three Impossibilities

By David Watson

In last month's issue I voiced a growing understanding by us here at The Chipmunk Press that our sadhana has in some ways fused together. To illustrate this I used a dream that gave a peek into our group process. I used a dream because dreams offer an inner perspective.

This month I will again use a dream to illustrate a sadhana movement. The dream provides a clue to help understand more about our inner relationships, although this time only between Douglas and I.

In the dream Douglas and I are playing a Superman video game. We are both battling against the computer on a split screen. The object of the game is to fly through the air horizontally while avoiding the obstacles which attempt to block our way and drain our energy. We both have an extra super power which enables us to thrust forward at a greater speed while turning into a ball of fire, one that resembles a comet. While in such a fire thrust no obstacles can harm us. We are not battling against each other as such but are engaged in race to beat the clock and to finish each stage before the other. The dream ends with us both finishing the first level neck and neck, Douglas winning by a split second.

The appearance of Superman is common in all three of our dream lives. I find him to be very interesting symbol. He is unlike many of the other super heroes because he was actually born with super abilities. His super powers parallel many of the divine attributes that we aspire to inherit by the process of sadhana. Superman has many vision powers, one being X-ray vision. This symbolizes the ability to see deep into matter, a sight that is not limited to the surface appearance. Superman can also fly anywhere in the universe at high speeds, which in sadhana might represent an ability to astrally project. Superman has tremendous strength, and his very nature is that of a hero, a being whose innermost dharma is to fight for justice, truth and good. He also takes his energy and strength from the sun, which may hint at some kind of connection to the Supramental. (Of course to

a sadhak of the Integral yoga the very name Superman would imply an association with Supermind.) He is also endowed with super hearing. Viewing this from the standpoint of what it would symbolize in sadhana, this could signify an ability to hear the divine voice. With these attributes, it's obvious why Superman is an archetypal symbol that would feature in the dreams of sadhaks.

The symbol of the video game probably represents the game of life. The aim of the game was not to collide with or to allow the obstacles to drain our energy, and to get to the end of the first level as fast as we could. This mirrors an important point of sadhana, which is to not allow outer obstacles to drain us of our energy or to disrupt our flight. The extra super power in the dream, the fire forward thrust, provided protection from the obstacles. I'm quite sure this is a symbol for the psychic fire and the extra acceleration and protection it gives to a sadhak while engaged in sadhana. At the end of the dream we both finished the first level, which possibly indicates some kind of completed movement.

The dream displayed part of Douglas' and I's inner relationship, and a strong urge in both of us to complete levels and move forward in spite of all the obstacles. The dream showed that the competitive urge can be useful as a catalyst for progress. It helps me to see one of the true reasons why The Mother has placed us together. The dream illustrates clearly a dynamic between two sadhaks of the integral yoga, providing insight in an area that to my

knowledge has not been recorded in any detail. Maybe next month I'll share a Spiderman dream as a interesting comparison.

***The superman shall wake in mortal man
And manifest the hidden demigod
Or grow in God-light and God-force
Revealing the secret deity in the cave.***

Reference: Sri Aurobindo. Savitri.
Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press.
Eleventh impression pg. 705.

A Dime in Verse

Would this be the person you spoke to on the phone?
 Yes, it's that personal,
 Publicly speaking.
 We have an array of different speakers.
 The Gods tell their number.
 I have some dead friends.
 I'm banking on clean.
 Ever have the Devil give you a ring?
 The dog wears a mask.
 There's *stuck* in there.
 Where's my sadhana coming from?
 I can tell you one answer,
 But in all this language there's two,
 The Mother and Sri Aurobindo.
 Can you understand how present they are?
 It's something I'm learning to grasp.
 They grace my flavor.
 It's their beauty I smile.
 It's within everyone's short distance,
 The phone office.
 Waiting for a dime?

There's a Word in Silence

Follow the golden leader.
 I thought You were a storm.
 Apply my veto attached to Your bill.
 I've waited a long time.
 Shall we jump over the mountain?
 The premature thought keeps coming.
 Shall I add to Your order?
 I understand Your name in red,
 Now blue.
 Are we ready to follow gold?
 So much gold has slipped passed.
 I can't take it back.
 I already told you I'd call.
 I know what this is,
 Change underway.
 Do you tell the world before you die
 Everything you hope for?
 Do you tell the world anything?
 Do you tell the world silence?
 I mean to tell you peace,
 But silence has a better word.
 Did you uncover silence?
 In fact now and then
 I specialize in.
 Never more than a moment
 Leads the day.
 Where is my bridal flower?
 Marriage in the epiphany.
 We marry you Lord
 Adorned in silence.
 Strip down to the walls of your house.
 Bare naked they return.
 Return has a glowing sound.
 How many times wait?
 The Bridegroom has his own answer.

The Mother Pages Our Answer

It's about intolerant fuses,
 A hold up.
 Why don't you just play gold?
 What's wrong with your appetite?
 Don't got good study books?
 I think we're willing to try
 Was the public outcry.
 Time is working out for us.
 A wealth of information about spiders.
 One can change.
 That's the gist of this story.
 There's gold in those pages.
 Is it against the law to shoot for right?
 You mean to tell me you're blue?
 People see for themselves.
 It's a pages diary.
 Don't come at it all at once.
 There's a yellow line to cross.
 Blue has bigger pages
 Than the mind can turn,
 Spiritually speaking.
 A long interval of silence.
 Well that is one advanced little story they had a little.
 I take care of everything.
 The Mother just smiled at me.
 Her name in verse.
 Granted She's bigger
 Than I can page,
 But She's my breath's prayer.
 I'm Her attention in words.
 Why do you think I'm sorry?
 Her attention there.
 There are a few other people running around
 With whom the Mother makes contact,
 But wideness
 They tinge with morality,
 And they can't see my page.
 I wonder if you can.

A Simple Heart Beat

We're wide nook here.
 Every possibility of scrubbing.
 Clean finds peace.
 Clear brings Memory.
 I'm amazed at Your glory in form.
 You smile on me Lord.
 Your presence fills the day.
 Without You my room is empty.
 Let this heart token be my prayer
 Quite simple.

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From First, From Within

By Douglas McElheny

A column dedicated to exploring the role of dreams, voices and visions in the integral yoga.

This month in *From First, From Within* we will take a look at a dream which is simple yet explicit in its symbolism. It is what one might refer to as a 'lay of the land' dream. In other words, the dream is one which shows a portrait of my consciousness at the time the dream occurred. In addition, the dream also offers piercing insight into a common device of human interactions which I call the social persona. I will explain what I mean by the term social persona a little later on. Let us first have a look at the dream.

In this dream I know that I am on the moon. I am in a room that has swinging saloon style doors. The doors are open and a chill wind is coming in. I realize that it is quite cold on the moon. There are a few other people in the room with me.

Then I find myself in another room which has a hole in the middle of the floor. I look down into the hole and I can see sparks and fire and magma. The level of the magma is rising. The other people in the room don't seem interested in what is going on in the hole but it scares me. I am wondering what will happen if the magma rises all the way up to us.

I walk into another room. I sit there quietly for a little while. Then someone enters from the magma hole room with a pipe. The pipe is the head and the first two inches of a snake with a wooden tube stuck in the body of the snake for inhaling. The pipe is quite awe inspiring. It is almost like a living totem, and there is a very elemental power that is emanating from it, especially from the eyes. The pipe is passed to me. The mouth of the snake has something burning in it. I figure it's the snake's venom.

I take a draw from the pipe and walk back into the magma hole room. Martha Stewart is there and I seem to remember that I pass the pipe to her. The snake head on the pipe is moving about and its tongue is shooting in and out as its mouth opens and closes. Then my brother Rick takes the snake pipe and is waving it at me. Then he suddenly shoves it onto my nose and the snake is biting down though not hard. I don't like it and I want Rick to stop pushing the pipe onto my nose.

In *Letters on Yoga* Sri Aurobindo tells us that, "The moon as a symbol in vision signifies usually spirituality in the mind or, simply, the spiritual consciousness."¹ Given that I'd say it's safe to assume that I must have been in a fairly detached state at the time this dream occurred, one in which some light from the spiritual consciousness was getting into my mind. The fact that I experienced the moon as cold suggests to me that there was still something a bit out of kilter. Perhaps I was too aloof emotionally.

The rising fire and magma clearly connote a rising vital movement. The snake pipe would at first glance seem to be only another symbol for this vital movement which was trying to encroach upon my mental detachment. Given the atmosphere the pipe had about it, I would argue that it shows something deeper than that. Someone I related this dream to informed me that many native american tribes had a ceremony where they would take in the snake energy in order to overcome it. It struck him that my smoking of the snake pipe was a representation of my taking in the snake energy in order to integrate it. I would agree with him. The fact that the dream ends with the snake biting me on the nose shows me that I was unable to integrate the snake energy, and the result was a deleterious vital movement.

Now the question is, what was the character of the vital movement? Since it was represented by fire and magma it would seem to be an uprising of anger as opposed to something like lust or pride. The appearance of Martha Stewart in the dream seems to support this interpretation and I will explain why.

Martha Stewart is a well known celebrity in the United States. She has made a name for herself as a homemaking expert through books, articles and two television shows. On her television shows Martha Stewart is portrayed as a model of perfection and graciousness. However the image and the reality don't completely coincide. On the negative side Martha Stewart is also known for having a problem with anger. According to Answers.com, "she was...accused in numerous published accounts of displaying a cruel temper."²

So we see that there are two sides to Martha Stewart. The dream is trying to show me how I am like her, how there are two sides to me. This schism in myself results from what I have referred to beforehand as the social

persona. In many of our relationships with people we are able to maintain a facade that is usually made up of the better elements of ourselves and which facilitates smooth interactions with others. This is the social persona. The problem with the social persona is that in order for it to function effectively we have to repress our negative attributes and reactions with certain people. This repressed negativity if not dealt with will often come out at someone whom we feel is a safe target. Usually this target is someone close to us who will tolerate the behavior for whatever reason, but strangers can also be effective targets. So the the dream shows that the reason I can't integrate my anger is that I am repressing it with certain people and unleashing it upon others. I would like to point out however that there are many other negative behaviors that are repressed by the social persona such as depression, sexual desire, megalomania, the desire to dominate and control others etc.

Coming to the end of the dream we see another factor that is preventing me from integrating my anger. This is represented by my brother Rick who is pushing the pipe onto my nose. It is difficult for me to say what Rick represents in this dream with any sort of conviction. It struck me however that since Rick and I came from the same matrix he might represent my conditioned habits and behaviors. If that is true then the dream is using Rick to show how my anger is a conditioned response, one that still has enough impetus that it can get the better of me.

To conclude I would like to reiterate something I said in the very first installment of *From First, From Within*. I stated that there are two purpose that dreams seem to serve. One is to give knowledge and insight; the other is to give specific guidance. This dream only gives knowledge and insight. It only shows the problem; it doesn't provide guidance for overcoming the problem. Perhaps more specific guidance will come in the future. It seems to me though that the only complete solution to the schism created by the social persona is to replace it with a more authentic way of dealing with the world. That would of course mean bringing the psychic being to the front. In the meantime, however my strategy will be to recognize the polarity and to try and follow Sri Aurobindo's advice. He tells us:

The very first step towards weakening the power of anger in the nature and afterwards getting rid of it altogether is to refuse all expression to it in act or speech. Afterwards one can go on with more likelihood of success to throw it out from the thought and feeling also. And so with all other wrong movements. ³

* * *

Before I sign off I would like to briefly examine one more dream that occurred recently in my life.

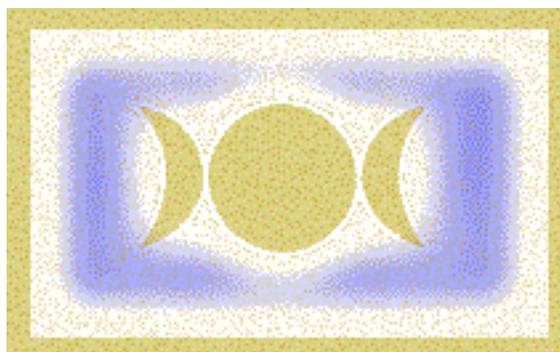
In the dream I am on a bridge. Somehow I find myself swinging out away from the bridge on a long piece of wood I am grasping with my hands. Now I am dangling over the water. The piece of wood then swings me closer to the shore so I let myself drop down into the water. I swim to the shore and climb out. I walk away and then turn to look back at the water. When I do I am shocked to see many crocodiles are coming to the surface. I realize I was fortunate to get out of the water before they were alerted to my presence.

At the time I had this dream I was experiencing an uprising of sexual desire. It manifested primarily as a hankering for a prostitute but also as a desire to masturbate. I willingly allowed these desires to kick around in me for a little while which is shown in the dream by my dropping into the water. Water often represents the vital and when you get wet it shows you have been sullied by the vital. I did however throw out the suggestions before they resulted in any kind of action on my part to fulfill them. This is shown by my getting out of the water before the crocodiles (a symbol for sexual desire) were alerted to my presence.

That's all for now. See you next time.

References

1. Sri Aurobindo, *Letters on Yoga—Part 3*, Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library Volume 23, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, p. 957.
2. "Martha Stewart." Business Biographies. Answers Corporation, 2006. *Answers.com* 14 Dec. 2007. <http://www.answers.com/topic/martha-stewart>
3. Sri Aurobindo, *Letters on Yoga—Part 4*, Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library Volume 24, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, p. 1410.



Lessons Page

I'm not even embarrassed.
Cast an open look on the divinity.
From before,
Remember that social studies.

Give magic a ring.
Discover its rhythm.
Discover its reflex.
The conditioned response
Just cast aside.

A study in immorality.
Weave someone you like.
Your verse has several pages.
There's a study there.
You need to see how stubborn you are
To understand immorality.

Most of us all are hypocrites.

Practice the inner page.
Write about your own violation.

Mother should clear me out.
Now you sound like the children.
It's your own muscle.
I provide the shine.

There's bound to be a problem.
Don't be overly concerned with mistakes.
Hey, come back here.
I told you
To ward off evil.
Isn't that the style of the letter?

One line is morality.

Why don't we rose the dam,
Sit and watch TV hang somebody?
No, this is not yours.
This movie on,
Get ripped off.
Then I'll go pass the reader
A wave of the future.

Weren't We supposed to come out and tell you?
You follow Us.
Overmental deities are fine,
But they have their own field.

And We'll be in the curtain behind door number one.
He hits a ball.
He'll get it.
This boy has to watch its
Dynamic play
And take refuge in Me.
I'm the mother of his days.
Everyone has the right.

Thinking has its hand on a complete action.

I was in love with Her
Lies the safety in my plan.

Inner discovery
Not outer form.

Everybody crosses.
You don't get that.
Cause I'm in the middle of something.
Where the eye has to get passed.
A little Christmas blue.

You know these muses,
They're quite clever.
They have just what I need
In a way I understand.
Plausible collaboration,
Divine audio.
You find it.
Need must be paramount.
I ain't holding him hostage.
Who did I just personify?
We don't need
Holden hostage.
The Devil you say.
Nine times outta ten you think he's an angel.
Watch it buddy.

Love is not a face.

Life is force.
Share it wisely.

She has her points,
But the Mother wants to stress her perfect form.

The Vast is you know personal.

Love is its own reward.
It's a beautiful day isn't it?

The physical mind,
Others off it.
Anything like that ever happen?
Happy New Year.