

introduction

photo albums of the heart-mind is a book of resistance. To re-sist is to take a stand, take a stand against so as to protect and re-affirm a thing, place, Peoples. Resist systems of oppression and crusty ways of thinking that seek to control and manipulate. Resist the dominant culture, colonialism — even resist the urge to have another cookie, another drink, another lover IF that another is more than is good for you. Yet, doing all that is never enough — so this book is about living a whole life, about pathways, yogas, and sacred sites that unite Peoples with empathy, good cheer, healing, whatever is needed.

While each chapter has a distinct topic, the book as a whole has recurring themes — as in a photo album watching people grow-up through time. *photo albums of the heart-mind* is about vision, how we see the world and relate with each-other; how we process images and their messages, and of how technologies affect all that and dis-connect us from the original and ever-evolving patterns of Nature. This is also a book about interdependence and feelings, about living with your wild . . . free . . . evolving self.

Personally, i want this book to help you carry more light, more good energy with you and the good energy affect how you treat everyone and everything. Impersonally, i want this book to please the Spirits and Nature-Beings.

Because this is Book 2 of “The Musings Series,” there are some recurring themes. Book 1, *Musings With The Golden Sparrow*, shows how separation from Mother Nature, the Spirit world, and the sacred feminine have allowed institutionalized thinking/Empires to lead HumansBeingKind onto destructive paths. Ancient cultures thrived and religious groups co-existed before Divide&Rule Inc. became the dominant modus operandi. With attention to the holistic (both with one’s self and the world), and joining (as easy as talking with the birds) with the timeless, each of us can find a place in this -- according to the Incas -- Age of Meeting Ourselves Again.

~ Mankh (WEH III)



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undercurrents





message board

The pyramids of Abya Yala (land of full life, according to the Kuna or Dule Peoples) also known as Latin- and Meso-America, may not be as familiar as those of Kemet (land of black soil, to the ancient Egyptians), yet they reflect the enlightened ways of the Mayans, Aztecs, Incas, and other mysterious builders. Pyramid of the Sun and Pyramid of the Moon . . . two that are evocatively named.

The historical connections are unclear. What piques this traveler's curiosity is how -- without telegrams, telephones, e-mails, texts -- geographically different cultures knew to build these monuments of preservation. . . Did they communicate via dreams, visions, meditation, intuition, telepathy . . . supra- and/or sub-consciousness . . . beyond any man-made radar? Did each receive similar guidance from Spirit?

The Lakota and the Sami Peoples also have similar structures, in these cases serving as shelters: tipi and goathi/kota/lavvu.

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Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad by which slaves were freed.

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In the ancient Chinese language, there is a pictograph for "jinn" — a jinn (or djinn) is akin to the genie in the bottle, or as with "engine," a 'spirit in a machine' (with "machine" as a kind of instrument played by spirit). A transliteration of the pictograph is: the underground watercourses/veins, the undercurrents.[1]

How many of us are slaves to surface perceptions?

Within a dream-vision, this inner-traveler saw the name "Lester Gorran" . . . was it a message about needing less gore in the world? A waking web-search revealed an author and writing teacher, Lester Goran — one of his books now sitting on this outer-traveler's bookshelf, poking up through the mysterious surface.



photo album of the heart-mind

A photo album of the heart-mind is a way to carry sacred feelings and images within you, to carry experiences and people of the past (which includes recent memory), along with dreams, visions, images, intuitions of the future — and by doing so be fully present . . . a living photo album!

a photo album of the heart-mind is a vehicle for communing with what's within . . . while also communing with what's without

when the barriers are dropped — true vision unfolds

maybe by reading through my albums you will remember some of yours

and like any good photo album, maybe this one will stir your emotions and way of thinking . . . your heart-mind

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Each person may have different associations and interpretations of what “heart” and “mind” signify. As a way to give a general framework (not a definition that can be boxed) of those words in the context of this book: Heart is the center, balance, beauty, emotions, feel, harmony; the ancient Egyptians associated the heart with what they called *Bâ* or the soul, pictured as a human-headed bird. Mind is not only thinking but also deep seeing and clairvoyance, as the third-eye (associated with the pineal gland) is considered the seat of the soul; Mind is various aspects of meditative states as well as a link with Spirit (though any body part is, too).

How heart-mind & spirit all work together is some of what the photo albums of this book are about.



earthworms

Even though this traveler grew up *with* Mannahatta island (“with” expresses empathic connection whereas “on” is a form of domination) and was familiar with the subway system, it had been decades since riding (living outside the city) and the thought of going underground with masses of fellow human beings was nerve-wracking.

But the subway was the easiest and quickest way to get downtown that day while traveling with a Lakota friend. He mentioned *earthworms . . . think like an earthworm . . . imagine you are an earthworm . . .*

. . . the image now fondly in this traveler’s heart-mind, of his friend calmly sitting in the subway-car and nodding with heartfelt connection as this traveler exited at the appropriate stop.

What an honor for the ‘lowly’ earthworm to have its Mother the Earth as part of its name.



to do nothing can be doing a lot

Some days, especially Sundays, the question is: To do or not to do?

Easy to do nothing and flit through the photo albums of memories and images . . . yet watch out, could get lost in the past . . .

One can also get found in the past. Learning origins . . . tracking to the moments when things shifted, thus shedding light (like stars) into current situations. Conscious time-traveling like a psychologist, shaman, detective . . . unlocking the what, where, when, why, how, and whodunits of our lives.

Sundays . . . such mellow anarchy . . .



“Welcome to the reservation.”

Colonialism affects us all. Whereas for the Original Inhabitants this outside influence has brought trauma, for those born of Settlers, and for many immigrants, the USofA is billboarded as a place where you can ‘make it’ because colonialism also provides goodies, little looty bags or big ones depending on your work ethic or level of criminal capitalism. But not all are manifest destined to become rewards of the state, as the fine print clearly shows: “pursuit of happiness” and “land of opportunity.” How genocidally ironic that “land” was hijacked as a sales slogan.

After the 2008 economy bust when the banks were bailed out so as to keep the rigged game pyramid scheme (no offense to ancient Egyptians, Mayans, Incas, Aztecs) afloat, the colonial ruse became more apparent to non-Natives. In 2005, Hurricane Katrina had already exposed the lack of “opportunity,” as mainstream media uncharacteristically showed pictures of Black People stranded on rooftops due to the flooding. 2008 unveiled the precariousness of the middle class, some of whom -- suddenly living in cars -- awoke from believing they could permanently float in an American dream state.

Aware of this trend, with the added insight that the culprit was the system itself -- the same colonial system that had penned the Original Inhabitants within previously unknown arbitrary boundaries, (and dragged Africans from their homeland to do most of the work), -- Russell Means (Oglala Lakota) proclaimed in 2011:

“Welcome to the reservation.”

Also worth noting is that historically there are some Natives who sold out to colonists; nowadays they are called corporate Indians. Yet overall, according to Wahinkpe Topa (Four Arrows), “more than 75 percent of pre-contact Indigenous peoples [were] what scholars refer to as ‘peaceful societies.’”[2] Impressive, considering the USEmpire has been at war 224 of its 241 years. And some say before all of that, there was a golden age of peace.



heart-mind #1

The Chinese have an ancient pictograph, *hsin* or *xīn*, that signifies “heart-mind”. . . feeling, intention, center, motives, affections. While many Euro-Western philosophers have extolled the need for man to separate the emotions from the mental faculties — lest the former cloud the judgment of the latter — our ancient Eastern brothers and sisters seem to have remembered how they intertwine.

Perhaps every school kid learns that all is connected, as from that ditty based on the spiritual song, “Dem Bones”:

*...Shoulder bone connected to the neck bone
Neck bone connected to the head bone
Now hear the word of the Lord...*

The connection of Emotion with Reason is perhaps the greatest missing ingredient to a world peace recipe after centuries of lack of empathy leading to numbness and zombieification. Stereotypically, boys are taught not to cry and girls to put on make-up, so the heck with true feelings or heart-mind.

One of this traveler’s Lakota friends encourages that we “heart-think”. . . Sometimes the mind sees/knows clearly, sometimes the heart, yet some form of combination typically guides.

Much of world troubles can be summed up with the saying: “Cold as a banker’s heart”. . . not that all bankers are heartless but banks are one of the behind the scenes controllers of world trends and geo-politics — and money has a tendency to detach people from their hearts.

Money is actually just “green energy,” allowing you to do or get things. The color of the heart-chakra (one of the energy-centers of the body) is green, a glowing pulsating green like summer grass yet brighter like emerald, like emerald on fire . . .



photo albums that light-up in the dark

The book title also reflects when, as an early 50-something, this traveler started to notice that certain places where there had been significant experiences, perhaps simply hanging out somewhere with a friend . . . the place was gone, perhaps only redecorated but somehow changed enough so that this traveler became aware that the only place where he could keep track of those memories, those experiences, was in photo albums of his heart-mind . . .

But that process is not restricted to age, as each person has a unique way of keeping track of life-experiences and all the beings interacted with. Those with photographic and/or eidetic memory have an enhanced ability. A friend described it as: like having a film camera in his head, where shapes and patterns become imprinted — enabling him to more easily find his way while traveling abroad or through the woods. And he can ‘turn it off’ when needing to focus on other matters.

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After deciding on the book title, this writer read the following quote in an article and it shows that many people in the world are dealing with a similar process, yet more drastically, especially the multitude of refugees both from climate change and from heartless geo-political wars:

“... Repeated calls for unity in both countries [Britain and the US] betray a deepening disunity and alarm as people sense that they are moving in the dark and old norms and landmarks are no longer visible and may no longer exist.”[3]

One of the purposes of this book is to encourage people to become in touch with heart-mind, to carry light, become emotionally self-sufficient, carry precious experiences within, stay united with essence & truth in a world of shifting landscapes/mindsapes — another purpose is to highlight ways that people can communicate off the typical radar.

