



On a journey...

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By Susan Griffith-Jones, Exclusive

Gazing towards the horizon at the end of the ocean, I'm magnetised by the cloud formations ... a dark dragon is churning across the sky, then a Light Being comes to challenge it. I try to work out what happens at the end, but it seems like they sort of merge. It's chilly down here on the beach in the early evening, but we're wrapped up warm. I've brought along my notepad and sit a while to continue jotting down the artistic content of the Tibetan Book of the Dead. I don't really know where I'm heading yet, but at least I can note down whatever comes to me now and then it will make sense as I accumulate the ideas. I'm trying to envisage what the installation will look like and how the characters and environment of this piece of literature could fit into that, also what the participants will see when they enter and move through it and the main points that need to come across. Lots of ideas emerge and I just scribble them down, not caring if it makes sense or not at the moment, right now I must filter through all the info that's in my head and then later decide the most feasible content.

The next day Barbara has an appointment with her oncologist to check the state of the breast cancer surgery she had in November last year. The cancer has gone per se, but it's not the end of the road, as the wound has not been healing well and several weeks before I ar-

rive, she's had a skin graft to help knit it together. It's doing better and over the several days I spend with her we meet three separate doctors that are minding her recovery, each in different locations. She's refused chemotherapy, which the regular doctor has advised her to do as follow up treatment and is taking some alternative therapies instead. While she's in her vitamin infusion session, I take her dog Louie with me to the beach nearby, where I sit on a bench and let her wander around me on a long leash. Again I apply my mind to the artistry of the installation. This is not as easy as I'd imagined. There's so much intricacy here and it's just not flowing today.

Instead I write the letter that I've been wanting to get out to His Holiness Sakya Trizin, who I couldn't meet for long enough to describe the details of the Tibetan Book of the Dead project, as it was Tibetan New Year the weekend I went to visit him in Up State New York and flooded with people. I outline what I'm doing and my aim for the project and decide that I'll include the 10-page proposal I've sent over to the organisation in LA for the grant. Much of what the project is about is detailed in that. I don't expect him to read it all, but even for him to glance at it will be a boon. The next morning, I copy it up into the computer and then need to find a place to print it out, as Barbara's home printer is not functional right now.

In the afternoon, we're going to meet her friend who's holding a

stall selling jewellery at a conference where Deepak Chokra is giving a seminar at a 5-star hotel around 45 minutes north up the freeway from Encinitas. When we get there, I leave Barbara to chat with her friend and call Shola in Germany, who I've been trying to talk to for a couple of days now and tell her all about the project. Through verbalising it again I see that I'm further on than I thought and it gives me some confidence in my resolve. On the way back, we stop at a depot and I print out the documents I want to send to His Holiness, later popping into a 'Dollar Store' to buy an envelope. We forget in this day and age how sending a letter has so many fragmented parts to it, not to mention that I now need to get to a Post Office to send it! The effort spent, however, is satisfying and rewarding.

Just as I'd been leaving LA, I'd seen a post on Facebook that had grabbed my attention. The avant-garde physicist, Nassim Harramein, who embraces ancient traditions into his mind-blowing mathematical work, is going to be holding an event in Encinitas on the Friday of the week I'm staying with Barbara there! But, it just so happens that Barbara has a cousin coming to stay from New York and she's already warned me about this in advance, but I desperately want to go to Nassim's function, as I've been trying to see him in action for the past 6 or 7 years, however long ago it was that I first came into contact with his work. I've watched numerous You Tube videos of his lectures and



Susan in Downtown San Diego, CA, USA



Louie, Jim and Barbara at Barbara's home, Encinitas, CA, USA

have somehow been just missing his events all around the planet, by literally a day or two, here and there! Here in Encinitas, he'll be showing his film, 'The Connected Universe' that had been premiered in London the very same night that I had the inauguration of my Photo Collage Art Exhibition at the Nehru Centre, literally probably less than a mile away from each other. There's seemingly much similarity in our work, his being the physics side of the coin to mine!

I book a hostel in Downtown San Diego and will get a 30 minute train back up to Encinitas and back down after the event, as there's a train at something past midnight from the station just a short distance away from the venue. It's going to be held in a small auditorium at the back of a trendy organic restaurant on the main street of Encinitas and it'll probably be easy to meet him there too. Jim, Barbara's ex-husband and friend of mine from Nepal days, drops me off in Downtown San Diego at my hostel and we go for a coffee before he has another appointment. Leaving the hostel in good time, I pass by the central Post Office to send the A4 envelope to His Holiness. Before I had left Barbara in the morning, she'd warned me that there may be some trouble with the trains that evening, so I double check. It's true, there will be disruption on the lines tonight for works and the train I'd anticipated past midnight will be cancelled. The last one is at 10 something and that means I'll have to leave before the function is over. I'm in a bit of a dichotomy here. Why would this happen tonight?! It would be ex-

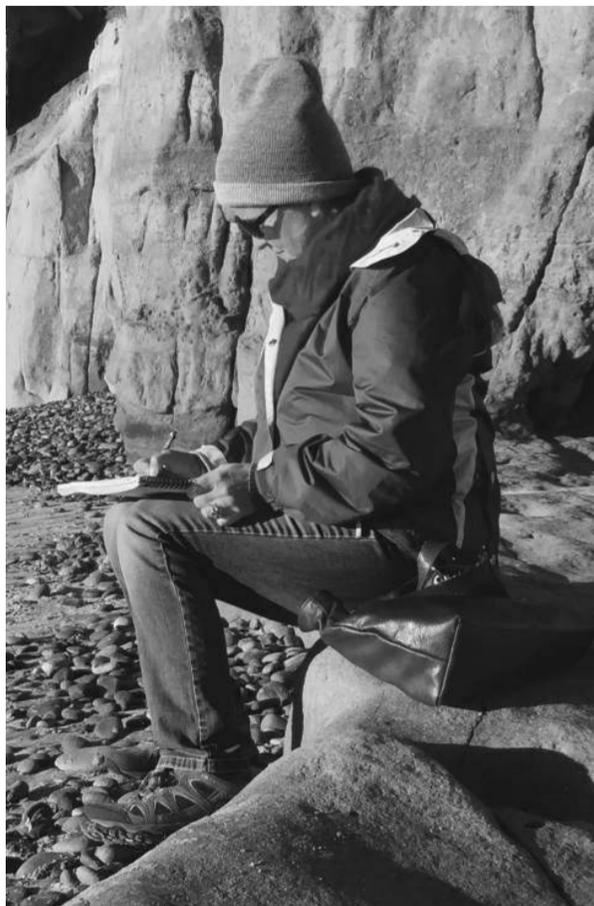
tremely expensive to get a taxi (or Uber even) back down to San Diego after the show.

Parking myself up in the restaurant, I order a 'Buddha Salad'. I'm here super early in hopes that I may get to meet Nassim before the function. Getting back to San Diego is pressing on my mind and at the entrance to the auditorium, I ask the woman who's organising the show if she knows someone who could give me a lift back down there later. She says she'll put out a request to the audience and it turns out that the event photographer will give me and another woman a ride. In the film, I'm surprised (well, not really!) to see Nassim mention the feedback loop that I have already written so clearly into my project, albeit not in the mathematical sense like him, but with the same principle. The headset I envisage making is essentially exactly that, pruned to read the emotions of the participants as they respond to the environment around them that will thus endorse that space with superimposed characters automatically arising through algorithms logged into the software programme reading their brain fluctuations, which is connected to the Augmented or Virtual reality glasses they're wearing. In turn, they will respond to that environment... A feedback loop!

I want to meet Nassim after the Q&A session. He's wandering around the group, talking to anyone who comes up to him, giving them a hug and a warm smile.

To be continued...

Susan's website may be found at www.pyramidkey.com



Susan writing the artistic content of the project on the beach near Encinitas, CA, USA



Barbara and Louie on the steps down to the beach, CA, USA