

The Pen

...A Way of Writing

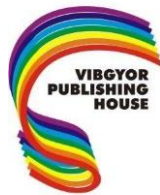
By: Susan M. Griffith-Jones

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“This book is dedicated to
Chogye Trichen Ngawang Thupten
Khenrab Lekshey Gyatso Rinpoche,
without whose precious guidance
it would not have come into being

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Author's Note...

This book, '**The Pen ...A Way of Writing**' was firstly extracted from my previously published book, '**The Rainbow Bridge - Directly perceiving emptiness whilst holding appearance**'¹, a comprehensive compilation of thought on the nature of awareness, and subsequently revised.

In February 2009, I had taken the plunge and published **The Rainbow Bridge**. Yet its journey had already started long ago, high up in the trans-Himalayan region of Mustang in April 2005, when I went there on a journey that would lead me to an in-depth contemplation on my inner psyche.

Indeed as most life-turning events seem to begin, it was not planned, but an expedition prompted by an unexpected suggestion of my spiritual Guru, His Eminence Chogye Trichen Rinpoche, a great Master of the Tibetan Buddhist tradition, who was then residing in Bouddhanath (Kathmandu, Nepal), as I too was.

And so it happened that the day before departing on a planned trip to Tibet, I went to visit him for his blessing, as is customary before long journeys. With tickets bought and visas and permits already obtained, I was mentally ready and all packed up to leave on this pilgrimage...

...when suddenly he stopped me in my tracks.

"Go to Muktinath!" he told me, and even though I

¹ The book, '**The Rainbow Bridge**' may be found at <http://www.pyramidkey.com/bookshome.aspx> as well as on Amazon websites

was fully coherent in the final decision making process, I could not fail to listen to this simple statement that his clairvoyant mind had detected as perhaps a more suitable option for me. “Was it protective advise against an ill to befall me in Tibet?” I wondered at the time. Now looking back on that day from 2014, I understand it as a fulfillment of personal destiny, a spring boarding of events and life circumstances that would follow.

Within a few more days and a plethora of mind shattering realisations between, instead of arriving in the Tibetan Autonomous region’s capital of Lhasa, I found myself in the heart of the Kali Gandaki gorge heading towards Mustang in the northern reaches of Nepal.

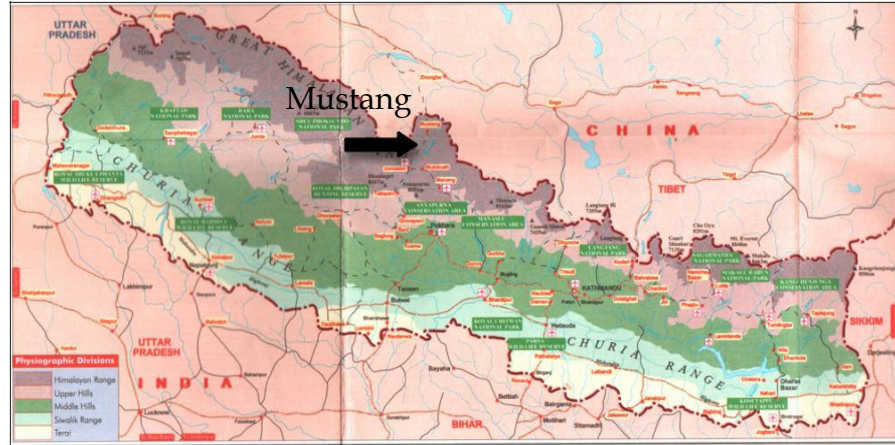
It was not my first trip to the valley. I had been there in the monsoon season of 2001 and had stayed in the monastery of Chumig-Gyatsa for three weeks, another life-turning period of my life that is explained in the early pages of another of my books, “The Living Pyramid²”.

But in the early spring of 2005, it was on entering the valley of Muktinath nestled in the southern part of the ancient kingdom of Mustang, that I was unknowingly swept into the vortex of the place as I explored its highs and lows, interiors and exteriors as well as the sacred and mundane without any intention of going anywhere in particular.

Consciously realising that I had entered a kind of

²This may be found at <http://www.pyramidkey.com/archive.aspx?sid=435>

sub-strata reality where the division between gross, hard-core existence blends easily into a more subtle space of being, this uncharted journey of spiritual awakening culminated in a kind of transcending of the so-called 'ordinary' world.



Location of Mustang in Nepal

Just following my Guru's advise I was truly there to visit the place, to understand it, to find out its essential meaning and the vision of the Guru who had sent me on this journey, by just simply being there and facing whatever occurred.

After returning to Kathmandu and shaken in a new way by what had happened, I set about to write it down in a travelogue of sorts.

A mystical and yet flowing explanation of the deeper process that had occurred ensued upon the page in the root text, **'The Rainbow Bridge'** that appeared in a series of verses pouring from my mind in an insistent and procreative way.

These verses remained in a file on my computer for the next three years as I set about digesting their meaning into everyday life.

It was only in the middle of 2008 when I had already shifted to the old British hill station of Mussoorie in the Indian Himalayas after the passing away of my Guru, that I set about to explain the meaning of these opaque verses in a commentary to the essential text.

Thus bridging the so-called outer meaning of our lives to our inner senses, thoughts, perceptive states and ultimately to that naked state of awareness that cannot define itself except as just existing, I attempted to explain the verses in as near as possible language to our ordinary perceptual state of being.

My main aim was to include its most obvious as well as hidden meanings within the rainbow allegory that pervades the book by paralleling them with our various shades of consciousness, so that our naked core awareness may stand visible beyond all of those dimensional aspects.

On March 1st 2009 in Delhi, I finally gazed at the cover of a hardback book depicting a rainbow outstretched above a monastery in the heart of the Muktinath valley. Looking across at the twenty or so boxes within which the 1000 copies we had published were neatly stacked, I felt a sense of wonderment of the power of words and their capacity to achieve creative fulfillment.

I had already decided to self-distribute the books as I was keen to learn the process as well as to slightly

keep tab on where they would be placed in the market. I also knew that this was not a book for everyone and that it required an audience of like-minded seekers of spiritual knowledge and wisdom. The bottom line truth was that I did not really know how or where to start. The only way to begin seemed to be just by beginning. I therefore considered making a fact-finding, experimental trip to one of the cities on my list of India's spiritual centres, Rishikesh, nestled at the foot of Ganga's mountainous path in India, to see what response it may receive there.

Thus transporting eighty books to the place, on the first night, I stacked a pile of books on the table where I was eating dinner that evening, attaching a marketing poster advertising 'New Book Release' nearby. By the end of the evening, one copy had been sold and I felt euphoric.

And so it continued, until I had combed the entire length and breadth of Rishikesh, leaving books in cafes and bookshops alike, some paid for upon receipt, others that would be paid for after selling.

Sometimes, the sale of a book would happen in an extraordinary way. I would have just piled a stack of books on a table in a public place as I was counting, sorting, or rearranging my bag and someone would appear out of the blue, ask about the book, glance over a copy (and not even open it in some cases) and buy it there and then.

I began to feel no attachment to the books as it became obvious to me that those who were taking

them were somewhat like vessels who would transport them to further pastures.

I could not cover the entire world with my 1000 books, but if I were to concentrate on certain key areas where people, who were wishing to reach



places of distribution of books in India and Nepal

beyond the mundane world and understand their inner truths, from all over the world would come, then they would do the job for me by taking the books back to their homelands, giving them a place upon their various bookshelves and awaiting those who may be attracted to open its pages.

So it continued in Dharamsala - Northern India, where the process of distribution had become even easier as I was becoming familiar with the way that the shops worked and also more flowing in my description of the book. Then on to India's great capital of Delhi and Nepal's two largest cities of Kathmandu and Pokhara.

The finer details of what occurred in each of these places and the meetings and conversations that ensued around the distribution of '**The Rainbow Bridge**' to both individuals and shops would merit a book in itself. I was meeting different religious backgrounds, beliefs and moods in which I came to detect a unified spiritual understanding that definitely exists between people of different origins.

The launch of the book at one of Delhi's great cultural places, 'India Habitat Centre' in May 2009 brought about a new series of questioning and debate around it. I suddenly found enthusiasts interested in learning more and going deeper into the meaning of its content.

Today as I see one half of the pile gone to their destinations and another half within the distribution

³ This event may be seen at <http://www.pyramidkey.com/events.aspx> 'Launch of The Rainbow Bridge'

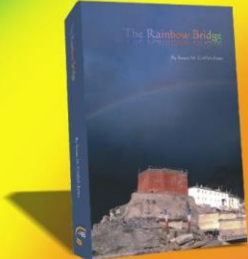
network, I feel both a sense of satisfaction as well as intrigue as places further afield reveal their interest in it.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

By
Susan M. Griffith-Jones

I give you one task
O reader of this text,
Ingest the fire of
wisdom nectar
And digest each word,
Then conjure the
picture.
For this translation is
of images,
Now evaporated
And replaced with
words
Of human awareness,
The clarity of
perception
Ever-determining
The nature of
appearance
As it crosses
The rainbow bridge
To its birth less
existence.

**FOR THE OCCASION of
A BOOK EVENT at
INDIA HABITAT CENTRE on
FRIDAY, 29TH MAY 2009 at 7 PM**



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Synopsis of the Book

Using logic as the basis of its philosophical debate and Tibetan Buddhism as its spiritual foundation, 'The Rainbow Bridge' describes the path of human consciousness from its inner source of absolute awareness ie. that which is yet still unformed, perfectly poised potential, to its outer manifesting aspects of relative awareness, ie. form which actually appears as thoughts, words, deeds and environs.

The book describes these two aspects of relative and absolute that often remain fragmented as dualistic mind switching from one extreme to the other, as a key cause of confusion and suffering in our lives if we are not aware of their conjugal nature.

Therefore, building up section-by-section as the book progresses, the perfectly inseparable reflection of absolute awareness as relative appearance is described through certain methods detailed in 'The Rainbow Bridge'.

Thus depicting the process through which relative manifest appearance comes into being from its absolute awareness source using techniques of inner yoga and energy control at various key points of the human body, 'The Rainbow Bridge' describes how to attain one's inherent qualities by maintaining perfect balance of one's outer and inner reality so that suffering caused by dualistic mind may never arise.

Bookmark for event at India Habitat Centre

From Holland and the United Kingdom to South Africa and Singapore, I have now been invited to lecture on its content and how the book came about. Today, I contemplate on how one small step, three simple words of “Go to Muktinath” really does lead to giant paces. And how Muktinath, a previously silent and remote valley of the Himalayas is now travelling the world, its inner meaning and secret essence manifest upon the pages of ‘**The Rainbow Bridge**’.

Even though Muktinath has its own particularities and is a sacred place in itself, I also realised that ‘going beneath the surface’ could happen in any place and at any time, in the sense that one’s vision always has the potential to see beyond the obvious physical and geographical layout of the scene and the day-to-day activities of its inhabitants.

One may thus reach within to the inner truth of existence and directly see its surface layer for what it really is. In the case of what happened to me in Muktinath, rather than something that had been consciously planned, in its own peculiar way this stumbled upon sub-surface vision of Muktinath was triggered by taking photographs.

Just after acquiring this particular twenty-five year old Pentax camera in 2004, notoriously a ‘best of its times’ back in the seventies, an old friend of mine gave me a short and punctilious teaching on how to use it, as the automatic light meter on this one was

long past mending.

“There are two key points to measuring the light,” he had told me, “More light outside, let less light in, aperture (opening) low and shutter speed high. Less light outside, reverse the process.” I found myself paralleling this statement with many aspects of life ! For whilst roaming the valley, held by my inquisitive hand, the camera had seemed to take on a mind of its own as I was inspired to shoot a plethora of plants, rock formations, villages, people and whatever else that stood along the way.

Doubled with the urge to shoot many appearing forms, I was forced to read the light of the intended object of my focus and fix in the correct coordinates of shutter speed and aperture accordingly, with such speed of attention so as not to lose the object of the picture, which is constantly changing appearance before one’s eyes.

As I played with the light in this way whilst standing at different locations of the valley, I shot different aspects of it everywhere, clumsily adjusting the light aperture and shutter speeds whilst attempting to read the light on the object of focus, an exercise that turned out to be an adjustment of my own vision.

One thousand, three hundred photos later, something intricate and unusual emerged in my understanding. Many of them had been mistakenly taken with incorrect aperture and shutter speeds so that often rainbows and light forms were appearing

in unusual ways in the developed pictures⁴.

Not only that, but in some cases, some colours of the ink that they used in the developing studio in Kathmandu's tourist area of Thamel, was low and therefore sometimes one or another colour was accentuated in the prints, but in an artistic way that inspired me to see the valley from different perspectives.

Even though I was able to trace the origin of each photo through knowing the trail of my journey, I could barely decipher the originality of each picture, as they seemed to blend into one great mix of photos of every corner of the valley, a blur of colour and shape, indecipherable as one or another aspect of phenomena.

However, this understanding of the blur of phenomena into one vast core state was really expanded and neatly displayed whilst following the main river of the valley along its naturally winding course down by the riverbed aligned by high cliffs of crumbling sandstone rock.

For naturally so, I had started to place my focus on the prominent mountain at the back of the Muktinath valley, a special mountain with a mandala-like plateau at its apex that is permanently covered by snow, four points at each of its cardinal directions, difficult to miss as a prominent feature in the lens as I was checking out different subjects.

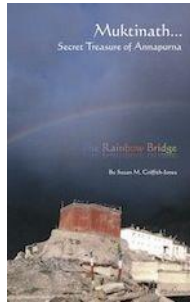
⁴ Some of these photos may be seen at <http://www.pyramidkey.com/photogallery.aspx?sid=545> Photo gallery/Nepal/Muktinath

I was stopping around every corner roughly every fifty metres and on straight parts of the riverbed to take a shot of the path along the way and had noticed that every picture was quite similar, yet in its own way naturally different.

For amidst varying foregrounds, the aforementioned mountain constantly stood prominently ahead at the back of the valley, yet seemingly changed position in the frame according to where I was standing to take the photograph.

Other books by Susan M Griffith-Jones include:

**1/ MUKTINATH, SECRET TREASURE OF
ANNAPURNA... THE RAINBOW BRIDGE**



Available at:

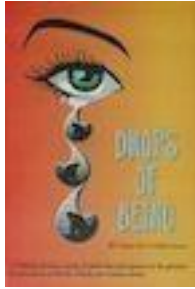
WEBSITE

<http://www.pyramidkey.com/bookshome.aspx>

and may also be found on Amazon as print and Kindle versions

A full copy of the first edition of “The Rainbow Bridge” may be found at www.pyramidkey.com where you may also view a comprehensive collection of Susan’s other writings, films, photographs and art pieces.

2/ DROPS OF BEING



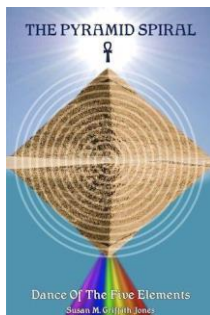
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3/ THE PYRAMID SPIRAL ...DANCE OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS



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