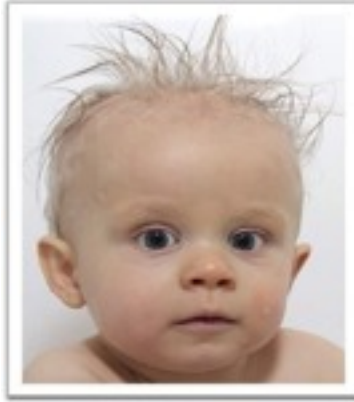




CLEANSE THE SENSES

Everything we perceive comes through the dynamic passageways of our five senses.

Sight, Smell, Sound, Touch and Taste alert us to the countless explicit signals of the constantly vibrating universe. Everything we express also courses through these same teeming passages. The resultant traffic jam can often be confusing, frustrating and at times overwhelming. For the Primary Artist in each of us to perform at our peak it is mandatory that we constantly clear and cleanse these swarming thoroughfares so as to ease the flow of the endless stream of communications both from within and without..



Here is a highly effective exercise from Eve Oldham's Essential Apprenticeship for the Primary Artist© that can be done anywhere, anytime. It takes very few moments but refreshes and revitalizes one of our most vital human systems. Close your eyes breathe deeply and...

FINE TUNE YOUR SENSES.

FIRST

HIBERNATE

**Imagine a slowly dimming dusk,
a lightly drifting snow.**

Pull yourself into a mental fetal position.

**Breath by breath, withdraw each of your senses: your sight, your hearing, your
taste, your smell;
numb yourself.**

**Allow your automatic self to hold your body
in reserve in a deep hug.**

There is endless winter. You lie beneath a vast drift of ever falling snow. Each bare snowdrop adds to the impossible weight of the massive blanket that covers you. Your only perception is the full whiteness that envelopes you. Your very thoughts are blind white. In this immense silence, you cannot even hear the low roar of the stars. All is numb, frozen and inert. You condense into solid translucent ice.

NEXT

Hold your breath.

Allow your

COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUS

to relax and reemerge.

THEN

ESTIVATE

After a short time slowly reverse the process

allowing each sense to fully rejuvenate.

Slowly release your held breath and breathe naturally.

The snowdrops shift into minuscule particles of sand. The Paleolithic blizzard slowly subsides into a twisting sandstorm that billows forth, scouring the vast horizon. A sore heat begins to form in the friction of the grinding sand, gradually lifting the massive weight above you. Your senses begin to thaw. In the surging warmth, a red glow begins to gather into full combustion. Your thoughts are black, impenetrable as oil. All is emerging, expanding and alert. You boil until you evaporate into the swiveling steam of time.

WHICH IS YOUR PRIMARY SENSE?

WHICH SENSE WAS FIRST TO WITHDRAW?



WHICH SENSE WAS FIRST TO REAWAKEN?



Your strongest sense is the last to withdraw and the first to reawaken.
This is an important clue to your DNA, your talents, your creative identity.

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