

## Tom's Introduction to The Magdalen Manuscript

Personally, I have tremendous challenges with this manuscript. For one, it is channeled, and I thought that I had left that kind of writing behind me after I finished the Hathor Material\* (Orb Publishing Group).

For me, channeling is a questionable activity. It reminds me of the seine nets people cast in the waterways of the Carmargue in southern France, an area believed by many to be where Magdalen came ashore. Along the banks, large nets sit in the river. Occasionally someone cranks a hoist and pulls the net out of the water to see what got caught. I think channeling is a lot like this.

There are currents within our psyches. They carry a hodgepodge of things, some of them interesting, some of them worthless, and some of them downright strange. Sometimes the channeling net catches something of unquestionable value, but often it is mixed in with a bunch of junk.

My first experience with channeling was in the late seventies. A friend of mine happened to be a medical researcher at Duke University, and we conducted a series of informal experiments on the phenomenon. Since I worked with hypnosis in my psychotherapy practice, we decided to see what might emerge from hypnotic states in relation to channeled material.

The very first evening we made "contact" with an immense intelligence that we euphemistically called "Big Dude." I have quite an irreverent streak, and anyone who knows me will attest to this.

*\* The Hathors are a group of interdimensional beings who offer information regarding personal and planetary transformation.*

Big Dude spoke in a characteristically grand style typical of channeled entities or intelligences. It spoke about possible earth changes, and it spoke about the interconnectedness of the universe. While the transcripts of the talks were intriguing, both my friend and I agreed that there was nothing of real substance, and after three months of meeting once every two weeks or so, we dropped the experiment.

As a psychotherapist working in the area of Transpersonal Psychology for many years, I have seen a lot of clients who channeled. Some of them were quite comfortable with it. Some were quite disturbed by it—like the woman in her late forties who was awakened at three every morning for the last year. She would sit, pen in hand, and scribble out messages from the other side. The other side of what is the question. Her transcriptions talked about the power of love to heal; sometimes they offered some decent solutions to problems; sometimes, quite frankly, they said some very strange things.

Strange is, of course, a relative term. What is strange to one person may seem quite reasonable to another. The cultural filters we use to sieve our experiences are often arbitrary and based on inherited nonsense.

My task as a psychotherapist was to help my channeling clients make sense out of their transpersonal babble. I use these words on purpose. The collective unconscious is filled with all sorts of things. The psychological entities that reside there are varied, like the characters in real life. Some of these denizens from the collective are brilliant and well-intentioned. Some of them are idiots masquerading as spiritual beings.

There is a tremendous increase in channeling among both laypersons and professionals alike. I think it is just a sign that as a collective, we are beginning to gain access to our psychological and spiritual depths. Many people are having spiritual emergencies in which their views of the world are quickly and radically altered by peak spiritual experiences. I believe that we will be seeing

even more of these psycho-spiritual crises over the next several decades as the new mythos within our collective mind begins to surface.

Channeling, within this context, is nothing more than a message from the deep. But like the summer fishing holes of my youth, some of the things down there are not worth fishing for. But still they come to the surface of the mind, like an old shoe or a rusted beer can.

One of the tasks for anyone faced with channeling is to separate the valuable from the inane, the uplifting from the dangerous. Just because the information is coming from the other side should not imbue it with any more authority than the words from someone down the street.

In fact, when someone hands me something and tells me that it has been channeled, my guard goes up. And when a being from the other world shows up on my doorstep, so to speak, I look for logical inconsistencies. I lay traps. If they pass these tests, I am more likely to consider what they are telling me. But I am the final judge. If what they say does not make sense to me, I dismiss it.

And so, in the midst of my immense resistance to the channeling phenomena, Magdalen showed up one night in Zurich, Switzerland. My partner, Judi, had asked me to see if I could get anything about the Magdalen since we were shortly going to be in Sainte Maries de la Mer, the site where Magdalen supposedly landed after the crucifixion.

I closed my eyes and entered a light hypnotic trance. Immediately, a being appeared in my mind's eye, and announced that she was the Magdalen herself. She began to dictate the manuscript you now hold in your hands. Over many sessions she spoke with an undeniable clarity and urgency. Every word was precise, and the feeling in the room during these sessions was electric.

Now, several months later, as I look at the manuscript with a critical eye, I am struck by several things. The first is a personal dread at adding to the glut of channeled books. That's the last thing any of us need, I tell myself.

But the material is like nothing I have ever seen. As a student of internal alchemies for over three decades, I have been fascinated by the similarities as well as the differences between the world's alchemical traditions. And I have made it one of my personal quests to experience a vast array of alchemical methods for transforming and elevating consciousness. From this perspective, the techniques offered by the Magdalen are quite extraordinary. As a spiritual pragmatist I have always tried everything myself. If it works, I keep it. If it doesn't, I toss it out. I have personally used the techniques Magdalen describes, and they work. They work extraordinarily well. In fact, I can honestly say that practicing them has enhanced all of my other alchemical practices, regardless of the lineage from which they come.

All of this led me to one final logical conclusion. For those fellow students of alchemy, for those seeking deeper experiences of spiritual transformation, and for those who desire Sacred Relationship, this material may well prove invaluable. For this reason, I have decided to release the manuscript.

There are still some problems for me. I am a stickler for accuracy. And there is no way to verify if the story is true or not. There are so many versions of the Magdalen legend and it happened so long ago, I suspect we will never know for sure, at least from an objective point of view.

I found the story Magdalen painted during the sessions extremely evocative; parts of it I still do. However, the bulk of the story is, to me, just another story—could be true, could be false.

As a person firmly anchored (some would say marooned) on the shores of logic, I can't say whether the story is true or not. And this disturbs me. But I can say that the methods she shares and the insights she offers are extraordinary. And so, for me, as I sorted through the manuscript, I put the story back in the river and kept the methods. I ask you to do the same.

Read this with your own heart and mind. Keep what is of value for you, and leave the rest.

I realize that this book may very well be controversial in many circles. Still, I think it right to release this manuscript into the world. If it does nothing more than get us to question the various issues it brings up, then I think the book's existence will be justified. It is, after all, a time for all of Christendom to question its misappropriation of the feminine.

For those seeking a deeper understanding of internal alchemy as a means to transform consciousness, I believe the material unquestionably stands on its own.

During my re-reading of the manuscript, a funny thing happened. So get this: here I was looking at the material with a rational and critical mind. As I considered whether to publish it or not, Isis appears to me—yes, Isis. She asked me to finish the book as soon as possible.

What's a guy to do?

The Island of Paros,  
The Cyclades, Greece  
August, 2001