

KEN WILBER, JOSEPH CAMPBELL, & THE MEANING OF LIFE:

HOW TWO GREAT MEN COLLABORATE TO GIVE US
THE ULTIMATE HERO'S JOURNEY OF PERSONAL GROWTH & HUMAN DEVELOPMENT
(aka 'The Human Odyssey')

-- Presented in nine installments on IntegralWorld.net --

Hugh & Kaye Martin's new book *The Human Odyssey* is a unique, new way of viewing personal growth and human development. Extensive excerpts from the Introductory Version of this book will be presented on Integral World in nine installments:

☼ **Installment #1: Preliminaries and Introduction.**

PRELIMINARIES. What you need to know to make sense of this book: What the book contains, how it's put together, how you should read it. INTRODUCTION. The field of human development: Its immense breadth, depth, and meaning. The Growth Mentality: How we can avail ourselves of all the growth that we have the potential for.

☼ **Installment #1A: Prologue & Epilogue: Reprieve From Death.**

Hugh Martin describes his struggle with advance-stage, Hodgkin's Disease lymphatic cancer -- when, at age 24, he was given two years to live. That experience engendered a sense of the preciousness and fragility of life, which led ultimately to the writing of *The Human Odyssey*.

☼ **Installment #2: Overview of the ADAPT/Life Journey Model.**

The whole model in a nutshell. A comparative overview of the two components: The ADAPT Model (from Ken Wilber) and the Life Journey Archetype (from Joseph Campbell). Thumbnail descriptions of each Domain and Sector of the model from both perspectives.

☼ **Installment #3: Dimensions of the Growth Continuum.**

The various areas of our life where growth takes place. The various features of that growth. The Stages, Transitions, Developmental Sequences, Realms, Arenas, Impediments, etc. These comprise Domain #1 -- the Map of our Life Journey.

☼ **Installment #4: Participants.**

The various aspects of Identity or Self that partake in the growth process. The Self System, Individual & Collective Selves, Types & Personae, Shadow Self, etc. These comprise Domain #2 -- the Voyagers of our Life Journey.

☼ **Installment #5: Processes.**

All the methods and techniques we use to grow and develop. Either General Processes (available to everyone in any situation) or Specific Processes (available only to certain people at certain Stages). These comprise Domain #3 -- the Sailing Ships of our Life Journey.

☼ **Installment #6: Pathfinders.**

The people and other resources that help us move along our path of growth. These comprise Domain #4 -- the Navigator & Captain of our Life Journey.

☼ **Installment #7: Systems.**

The mechanisms by which all the Dimensions, Participants, Processes, and Pathfinders work together to produce Growth. These comprise Domain #5 -- the Shipping Systems of our Life Journey.

☼ **Installment #8. Conclusion.**

Follow the Thread: Ways to get the essence of this book by following just one component. The ADAPT Gallery: Cartoons and illustrations that shed further light on key concepts from the book.

☼ **Installment #9. Resources for Personal Evolution.**

Annotated outline of books, research studies, and other resources you can use to implement your own personal evolution.

This issue of Integral World contains Installment #1A.

REQUEST A FREE COPY OF *THE HUMAN ODYSSEY*

If you would like a free, full-color, digital copy of the entire Introductory Version of *The Human Odyssey*, just send your request to Hugh Martin at MartinHughCo@Gmail.com.

If you then post a review and rating of the book on Amazon, Hugh will send you a printed B&W copy of the book. If your review is fairly extensive, Hugh will send you a printed color copy. The most extensive reviews will receive copies of the Advanced Version.

Your review can be as short as a few lines, or as long as a whole essay, as you choose. All opinions are welcome, no matter how candid. You need not have read the entire book to post a review -- just browsing through the book is sufficient.

Each Amazon review and star rating will contribute to the book's momentum and popularity. Even more important, this exchange of reviews will stimulate dialog on the major themes of the book, and thus increase its impact. Your support for this project is encouraged and appreciated!

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ONE BOOK, TWO NAMES. The Introductory Version of this book (~300 pages) is called by the short title: *The Human Odyssey*. The Advanced Version (two volumes, ~600 pages) is called by the long title: *Ken Wilber, Joseph Campbell, and the Meaning of Life*. To correspond to the interests of Integral World readers, the book will be listed on this website by its long title, but for convenience it will sometimes be referred to by its short title. Both names refer to the same book.

KEN WILBER, JOSEPH CAMPBELL & THE MEANING OF LIFE

How Two Great Thinkers Collaborate
To Give Us
The Ultimate Hero's Journey
Of Personal Growth & Human Development



HUGH MARTIN
AMALIA KAYE MARTIN

FRONT COVER...

OUR HERO'S JOURNEY

How We Grow and Change Over the Course of a Lifetime

The Meaning of Life

What is the Meaning of Life? What makes life significant? What gives life purpose? Where are we headed -- and why?

Youth. If I am young, and starting out my adult life, what paths are available for me? What should I value most? What choices will make the best use of my talents, my interests, my ideals, my aspirations?

Middle Age. If I am in my middle years, what have I accomplished thus far? What have I missed out on? What new joys do I hope to experience while I still have time? How can I immerse myself in a life that is more meaningful, more rewarding?

Maturity. If I am older, and approaching my later years, what have I achieved that is truly enduring? What legacy of knowledge & wisdom will I pass along to succeeding generations? How can I use the insights and perspectives of a lifetime to make these years the richest and most satisfying of them all?

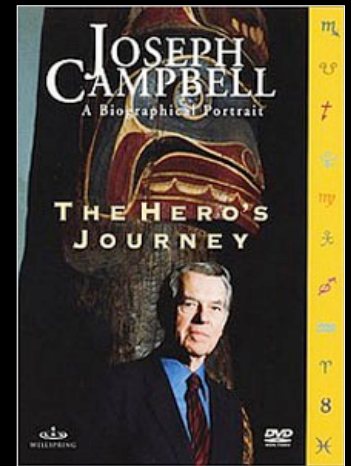
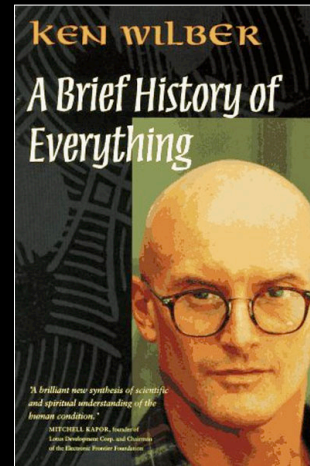
In the course of our life, are we just plodding relentlessly toward our own demise? Or are we in fact progressing toward some higher, more ennobling goal? Are we, like Forrest Gump, just a feather floating through a vast field of purposeless change? Or are we, like Odysseus from Homer's *The Odyssey*, on a great and significant Life Journey -- a Journey from Infancy to Eternity, a Hero's Journey?

Ken Wilber & Joseph Campbell

Thanks to the work of two great men, we are now in a position to explore systematically the Meaning of Life from a developmental perspective.

From philosopher and systems theorist **Ken Wilber**, we have learned that Life is all about Human Development. Through Wilber's famous **AQAL Model**, and his more extended **Theory of Everything**, we have further learned that all the multitudinous strands of Human Development are in essence the same sequence.

From scholar and mythologist **Joseph Campbell**, we have learned that much of the world's greatest literature and myth describes the Soul's journey through the vicissitudes of Life -- our **Hero's Journey**. Through Campbell's *Hero With a Thousand Faces*, we have further learned that all the multitudinous Hero's Journeys are in essence the same story.



ADAPT & The Life Journey

When we spin out all the details and implications of Ken Wilber's AQAL and Theory of Everything, we arrive at an all-inclusive Model of Human Development we call **ADAPT** -- a model consisting of five major conceptual Domains, with seven or more Sectors within each Domain.

When we spin out all the details and implications of Joseph Campbell's Hero's Journey, we arrive at an all-inclusive mythic story we call the **Life Journey Archetype** -- a story which is told likewise through five overarching symbolic Domains, with seven or more Sectors within each Domain.

When we compare the extended versions of Wilber and Campbell -- when we trace the parallels between our ADAPT Model and our mythic story of the Life Journey -- we find that in essence the two are the same. The ADAPT Model describes in psychological or conceptual terms the various factors that result in Human Development. The Life Journey describes in symbolic or mythic terms those very same factors. This Journey of the Soul through the Stages of Life -- this Journey which can be described either through conceptual or mythic terms -- is what we call the **Human Odyssey**.



BACK COVER...



KEN WILBER, JOSEPH CAMPBELL, & THE MEANING OF LIFE

How Two Great Thinkers Collaborate
To Give Us the Ultimate Hero's Journey
Of Personal Growth & Human Development
(aka 'The Human Odyssey')

Installment #1A: Prologue & Epilogue -- Reprieve From Death

Proof & Review Copy

This is a pre-publication proof and review copy of this book, and is not intended for general sale. Please send your comments, suggestions, corrections, and reviews to MartinHughCo@Gmail.com.
Permissions for some illustrations are pending.

PROLOGUE --

REPRIEVE FROM DEATH:

THE PERSONAL HERO'S JOURNEY OF HUGH MARTIN

A book on the Meaning of Life? In our pragmatic and skeptical age, this seems like an absurd and pretentious notion. Yet, deep inside us, these are the questions we all ask: What is life all about? What gives life meaning and purpose? How should I live my life, and why? In an attempt to address such questions, author Hugh Martin describes his own personal journey -- a Hero's Journey that leads ultimately to the book you are now reading:

"Why is life so precious to me? Why have I spent so many years pondering what it means to be alive? When you hear my answers to such questions, dear reader, you will understand how I came to write a book like *The Human Odyssey*. To begin my story, I'd like to take you back to my early years at Esalen Institute -- that fabled growth retreat on California's Big Sur coast...

The Magic of Esalen

"I first discovered Esalen in the Spring of 1965, just three years after its founding. At that point, I was in a chronic state of shock. I had recently been diagnosed with advanced-stage Hodgkin's Disease lymphatic cancer, and given just two years to live. To make the best of my last days on earth, I had dropped the intensive stress of graduate school, and traveled via Berkeley to California's rugged Big Sur coast in search of a new life. With my young wife (a 'Joan Baez with curves') and baby daughter, I settled into a little cabin in the redwoods, only accessible in mid-winter by an undulating suspension footbridge over a raging stream. From there, my family and I commuted to Esalen Institute, for volunteer work developing the grounds of the new growth center.

"While at Esalen, we meshed with the Esalen community, and plunged into the Esalen experience -- brutal hotseats with the infamous gestalt therapist Fritz Perls, soul-stripping encounter groups with the tough-but-caring Will Schutz, graceful Tai Chi ballets with Yoda-like Gia Fu Feng, exuberant dance, pounding drums, soothing sensory awareness by the hotspring mineral baths, mind-searing acid trips on windy ridge-tops, free sex, savage fist fights, and group hugs."



Esalen. The Gardens, The Baths, The Art Fest.



The Siren Call

“One particular episode of my tumultuous Esalen experience stands out above all others -- what I call my ‘Siren Call.’ Here is how I remember it...

“On a chilly, misty morning I approached the rickety little farmhouse on the bluff. The Esalen yard crew had just left for their day’s chores, and the little building was deserted. From the eaves, god’s-eyes twisted in the wind, and Tibetan prayer flags fluttered in the breeze. The tinkling of wind chimes welcomed me as I stepped cautiously across the creaky porch.

Inside, a weathered oak dining table littered with the remains of breakfast – half eaten sausages, scraps of cinnamon roll, a syrupy plate. On the chair, a gauzy tie-dye shirt and one scuffed huarache. A tattered poster of Gentle Wilderness high country taped to the fridge, snapshots of a gaudy party with faces pressed toward the camera -- a faint, lingering smell in the air of damp leaves and fresh-smoked *sinsemilla*. Despite the clutter, the scene bathed me in warmth. I felt a glow of excitement, of anticipation, of mystery. Driven by who knows what urge, I sought to experience at least vicariously a lifestyle I’d been too timid or too inhibited to adopt.

“By the wall, on an album cover next to the phonograph turntable, the pale, chiseled face of a cool, hard-edged young man stared out at me: Not challenging, just waiting for me to make my move. I placed the needle on the scratchy record, flipped the switch, and the turntable began to spin. From the speakers came the croon of a hollow, poignant, nasal voice – echoing as if from a far distance:

*Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.*

“I listened and lingered, becoming more and more transfixed. As I immersed myself in the music, I was ravished, entranced, enchanted, enthralled. My eyes watered, and my lungs released in a burst of exhilaration. Chills ran up my spine and flowed out my fingertips. As I continued to listen, the sound gushed through my system, soaking the parched landscape of my soul, awakening buried longings, kindling my spirit. I felt a surge of aliveness, a chorus of hope, a great welling-up of the Everlasting Yes!

“I didn’t know it at the time, but that of all Esalen experiences was the pivotal moment that changed my life. For the first time, like Odysseus tied to the mast, I was hearing: **The Siren Song of the Growth Continuum**. Unknown to myself, I had decided to relinquish my fears and doubts -- to toss caution to the soft sea breeze, to follow the Tambourine Man deep inside me, to take the chances necessary in the quest for true happiness, to yield myself to change and growth when every fiber of my being yearned for it. In that short moment, my cancer began a grudging retreat. I had decided to live.”



The Esalen Farmhouse.
Now the Art Barn.

BOB DYLAN HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED

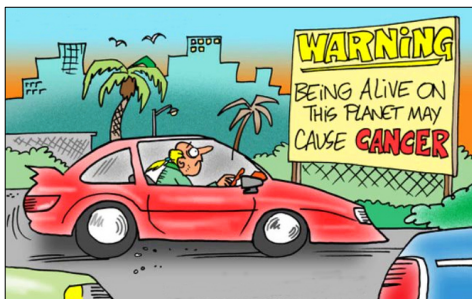


Blessings In The Shadow Of Death

“My Esalen experience was just the culmination of a wrenching path of self-discovery that had begun about a year earlier. My shocking wake-up call came as a devastating physical and emotional collapse -- a breakdown that obliterated the safe, predictable world I had known. I call it the ‘Great Fever.’

THE GREAT FEVER

“When the Great Fever came, it came with a violent, torrential rush. A raging, searing, brain-frying, stormy blast that brought agonizing groans for relief. When the fever hit, I’d been recuperating from a grueling graduate school semester at the home of a dear aunt in tree-lined suburban Chicago. It wasn’t a good place to get sick. My aunt was already distraught. My dear 97-year-old Grandpa – for all his life the mighty oak that sustained and supported the family – was crumbling and fading fast in the upstairs guest bedroom.



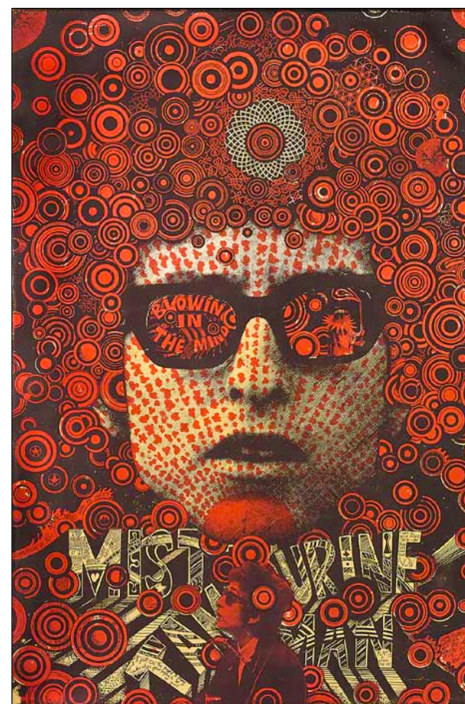
“With Gramp dying upstairs, I began to die below. When I became sick, the only place for me was a little cot in my aunt’s dank basement – amidst dusty boxes, chattering pipes, and an old ringier washing machine that throbbed in my ear. There I lay – tossing, and sweating, and moaning – with Susan (my first wife) trying to comfort me, while tending our one-year-old baby. With the fever raging at 105 for almost two weeks, and the dawning recognition that this was no ordinary flu, they finally checked me into St. Luke’s Hospital for extensive tests.

“When the results were in, Susan sat gravely by my bedside. It didn’t look good. The lymph node biopsy had revealed cancerous tissues – virulent Hodgkin’s Disease. Worse yet, the lymph nodes were engorged and corrupted throughout my whole body – indicating that the cancer had spread too far, and was incurable. I was given two years to live.

THE REACTION

“Once I got over the initial shock of my situation, and went into temporary remission, I began changing my plans. If I had only two years to live, I certainly wasn’t going to spend them in the stacks of some musty library – and I certainly wasn’t going to suffer through any more icy Midwest winters. Anxious, confused, and desperate, I groped my way toward a new path: With whatever moments I had left, with whatever strength and hope I could summon up, I would learn to drink deeply of the best life had to offer.

“Susan and I moved back to Berkeley – certainly the most happening place on the planet in swirling years of the mid-1960’s – then on to the even more turbulent and disturbing world of the fabled Esalen Institute on California’s rugged Big Sur coast. At Esalen and beyond, we (Susan and my later partners) jumped headfirst into the river of life -- trying out everything the emerging counter-culture paradigm had to offer: Expressionist painting with smears of oily color on vast contorted canvases; Ginsberg howls of Beatnik poetry; explosive drama improvs and throbbing African dance; sacred circles of pot, peyote, and LSD in dark, smoky kivas; non-possessive marriage; contentious T-groups; the trance-like Gestalt dreamwork of Fritz Perls; the excruciating, deep-tissue massage of Ida Rolf; the armor-cracking bodywork of Wilhelm Reich; the pillow-pounding primal-screaming of Arthur Janov; organic home-steading and wilderness survivalism; backwoods Zen ecology on Gary Snyder’s San Juan Ridge; weaving with twisted, natural-dyed,



lanolin-soaked wools; natural medicine and whole-grain organic foods; waterbirth and natural parenthood with LeBoyer, LaMaze, and Spock; psychology grad school; sexual liberation and Kundalini Tantra; Hindu communes and Christian fundamentalism; free schools and radical politics; and so much more I can hardly remember. Much of it was a blowout or a dead end, but some of it stuck. Gradually, impulsively, obsessively, tumultuously, we totally transformed our interiors and rewrote our lives.”

THE REPRIEVE

“In the process of that transformation, something marvelous happened: The cancer went away. When I would return to Stanford Medical Center for my quarterly checkup, the doctors were mystified. Since I was obviously pretty healthy, maybe I’d had a ‘spontaneous remission.’ Or maybe the diagnosis had been wrong in the first place. Or maybe, just maybe, a healed psyche and an authentic lifestyle can cure even the most malevolent physical disease.

“Two years stretched into three, then five, then ten, then twenty. I had received a reprieve from my sentence of death. Whether through blind luck, or timely redirection, or through the benevolent intervention of a Greater Power, I had been given a second chance at life.”

THE TRANSFORMATION

“However, even though I was by then perfectly healthy, a strange thing had happened: I was different from other people. For years after my harrowing escape, the angel of death sat on my shoulder -- warning me not to get too cocky, or too complacent, or too trivial, or even too hopeful. No matter how long the reprieve, I continued to live life as if I had only two years left. I chose activities, interests, companions, and occupations that gave me deep and immediate satisfaction. Every moment seemed fleeting, and therefore immeasurably precious – sweet, fragile, evanescent, and poignant beyond words.

“Susan and I continued our explorations for the five beautiful years we were granted together – parting only when the weight of failed life experiments finally collapsed the love we felt for one another. I continued my explorations for another five years with another lovely lady, Bonnie – until that relationship unraveled from more blind folly. Then, with Kaye, I finally got it right – in a sometimes turbulent and tempestuous relationship that’s lasted over 30 years, and keeps getting better.

“Throughout that time, Kaye and I have continued to live life on the edge – as if each new experience might be our last. We have suffered and rejoiced through 13 pregnancies – including five miscarriages and two baby boys that died at birth. Finally, we birthed and raised five lovely and talented children. Our last was a one-pound premie that doctors gave up for lost – a tiny baby girl no bigger than a pint of milk, who has now grown to a vibrant and gifted teenager. As the old song goes:

*We’ve had a lotta kids, trouble, and pain,
But, oh Lord, we’d do it again!
Oooo-ooo. Kisses sweeter than wine.”*

[If you can’t wait for the conclusion to the story,
turn to the Epilogue section at the end of this book.]



Reprieve From Death

“Driving long into the night, Hugh as a near-Death Valley experience.”



EPILOGUE: LIFE'S BIG WAKE-UP CALL

We began this book with the story of Hugh's encounter with terminal cancer, and the transformation of psyche that saved him from an early death. In this Epilogue, Hugh brings his story to a close -- and explores the real lessons to be learned from it.

Dawn Over Half Dome

"The story, of course, has a happy ending. I'm basically healthy now. I visit a chiropractor more often than most, and have some odd food sensitivities – but otherwise, I'm far more vigorous and energetic than most men my age.

"Recently, beginning before daybreak, I hiked ten miles with a hefty pack through Yosemite's High Country – from 9000-foot Tuolumne Meadows, up the peak of Cloud's Rest – just in time to catch the first rays of sunrise kissing the crown of Half Dome. From there, I scrambled cross-country to the summit of Half Dome itself, then down the steep stone stairs past Nevada and Vernal Falls to the 3000-foot Valley below – a total of over 20 miles, with an elevation change of 10,000 feet. As dusk began to settle, I hitchhiked 65 miles back to Tuolumne to join my family in time for campfire. God is good."



We Are All Terminally Ill

"My story is a dramatic tale of life-threatening illness, transformation, and redemption. But the story is not just about me. It is about you, my dear reader.

"You are terminally ill. You too are sentenced to die. Not just someday – but within a specific, limited period of time. The chances of me dying within two years at age 24 were set at 80%. What are your chances? If you are 25, there's an 80% chance you will die within 50 years. If you are 45, you most likely will die within 35 years. If you are 65, you'll probably be departing within 20. None of us will be alive 100 years from now.

"We are all under a certain, final, unappealable, ineluctable sentence of death. Not just someday – but soon, in the ultimate scheme of things. No way out. We're toast. We're history. We're destined to be a minor cipher in someone's future genealogy tree. The wisdom of all the ages tells us this..



*As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.*

[Psalm 103]

as a flower of the field

The Blessings of Mortality

The awareness of our own immanent death. It's a major bummer. But it's also the beginning of Wisdom. Once we recognize and accept our own death, we stop avoiding life, or wasting life, or taking life for granted. We begin asking the important questions: If I'm going anyway, how can I make the most of my few precious moments here on earth? How can I make my life as rich and satisfying as it might possibly be? – free from pain and trouble, filled with close friends, a loving family, genuine success, and happy memories?

We begin to consider the really big questions: What am I here for? What is life all about? How can I live a life that is more meaningful and fulfilling? How can I map out the right path – and take my first brave steps? What can I do now that will make my whole life journey a joyous celebration?

When we're on our deathbed, what treasures will we have to look back on? Who will be holding our hand? Whose eyes will we see glistening with tears as we slip away?



Your Tambourine Man Calls

Do you have an 'Esalen-of-the-Mind' you need to visit? A Tambourine Man you need to follow?

*Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky
With one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea,
Circled by circus sands. . .*

With the thundering black waves of your mortality rumbling on the horizon, with your life so long yet so near its end, with all options for escape now cut off, with all shallow diversions now rendered hollow – with all these voices urging you forth, with so much to gain and nothing to lose, will you now listen to the call of that deep, wistful, poignant voice within you?

Far off, on some rocky, windswept beach, the Siren Song of the Tambourine Man cries out to you. Won't you pause -- and hearken to his call?

*Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,
Play a song for me.
In that jingle, jangle mornin'
I'll come followin' you.*

