



Monthly Musings – March 2019

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Review of Danah Zohar's "The Quantum Self"

Having first read and much appreciated Professor Zohar's "The Quantum Self" over 20 years ago, I'm sure I've appreciated it still more this second time round – studying and chewing on it across the last nine months. The book explores the potentials of a model of realities evolved from quantum physics to shine a light on the nature of being, of experience, of consciousness, from the individual to the societal, from the most everyday to the most profound. I think it does a brilliant job of this, and I'm sorry it's not far more widely appreciated and tangibly impactful than it is. 'Priests' of mainstream, reductionistic, conservative agenda-serving paradigms might dismiss it as pseudo-scientific, but I'll dare to say I think it's something of a work of genius... Which isn't to suggest it doesn't have 'imperfections'. To be clear, I'm not putting it on any absolutist pedestal. Written three decades ago, I'd be surprised if the author wouldn't want to give it some key tweaks.

David Bohm's ideas are among a great range of those explored and fed creatively into the weave of Zohar's. (Bohm was later to write: "Danah Zohar successfully integrates modern physics not only with consciousness but also with the individuality of the human being within the context of society and the cosmos. I recommend 'The Quantum Self' highly.") The ideas tie in especially well with transpersonal psychology. I much appreciated points Zohar makes in connection with Carl Jung's later ideas but felt that by comparison she overlooks the similarly rich potential with Carl Rogers' later ideas, as per some of the subtler, stranger, trickier dynamics spelt out by therapist/author Brian Thorne. (Thorne interestingly notes how no-one could ever

have said to Jung “Hey Carl – maybe you could do with seeing a psychiatrist...” whereas something to this effect was once put to Rogers, and all parties were evidently the better off for his readiness to climb down from heights of expert-beyond-question.)

Other perspectives which chime in profoundly with Zohar’s quantum model would be the kind of ‘interexistence’ paradigms that can be found in the depths of Buddhism, Taoism, Advaita, Sufism, gnostic Christianity, Deep Ecology, and various other streams of thought. The death-like/ near-death/ post NDE experiences of Anita Moorjani, Jill Bolte Taylor, Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti and John Wren-Lewis, for example, could certainly be read as ready to lend themselves to interpretation in such quantum terms.

Professor Zohar puts so many different ideas through their paces in this book, and struck me as giving a very fair and intelligent treatment to the notions of other people and schools of thought. There was something that tasted a wee bit acidic where she puts a detractive slant on one or two suggestions of Fritjof Capra, and something a tad ironic where Jiddu Krishnamurti’s word was treated with a certain adulation. But overall I think this book is wonderfully luminous, and deserving of orders of magnitude more attention than it seems to have gotten to date.

Mal Mitchell

A Bird in the Bush—a story by Margot Mann

"That must be a Scarlet Robin." Lily dropped her binoculars and reached for her notebook and pencil which were hanging by a string from her backpack.

"I think you'll find that's a Flame Robin. No one has seen a Scarlet Robin in these parts for years," a male voice spoke from somewhere over to Lily's right. "You would have noticed it had a black bib which of course is peculiar to the Flame Robin." There were murmurs from the rest of the group of half a dozen birdos, all with their binoculars trained on the low branches of a eucalyptus gum.

Lily licked her pencil and wrote 'Scarlet Robin' under the date, adding location details. She hadn't been to many bird-watching excursions with this group and was the first to admit that she had a lot to learn, but it wasn't the first time she had been challenged by the leader. He was a middle-aged man who always wore his twitcher's hat and had seen with his own eyes every one of the seven hundred and something indigenous Australian birds in their own habitat. One of the women told Lily that he had even flown at a moment's notice to Spitzbergen because there had been a report of a sighting of the rare Crested Spoonbill. "Apparently it had gone by the time Bruce got there," she said with a short laugh.

Bruce was speaking. "I suggest we have a brief break and then press on for another hour or so and stop for lunch near the river. Of course we are hoping to catch a glimpse of the Regent Honey Eater, and as I said earlier, I believe there have been recent sightings in this valley." He mopped his face with a crumpled handkerchief and rubbed his aching knee. He hoped his wretched knee would hold up for a bit longer, but it was becoming clear that these birding trips with their often frequent scrambles through bush and scrub were making it worse. Sitting on a rock, he slowly sipped

water from his metal bottle and thought about that new woman who said she had seen a Scarlet Robin. She was standing in the shade, a little way off, chatting and laughing with other group members. He shook his head to shake off a niggling of doubt. Of course it had been a Flame Robin, there was no mistaking the black bib. He took off his glasses and cleaned them with his handkerchief.

He missed Gracie. He thought about the night she had walked out. They had had a terrible row because Bruce said she couldn't possibly have seen a Regent Honey Eater in the wild and where were her witnesses? Gracie had responded by taking her backpack and Bruce's prize possession, a stuffed barn owl, and slamming out of the house to go and stay with her sister. That had been three months ago and he had only seen her once or twice since, when she had returned to the house for some clothes and bits and pieces. She still had the barn owl. Bruce could feel his eyes filling with tears and dashed them away with his handkerchief. You always knew where you were with Gracie because she was always right. Their biggest arguments had happened when Bruce questioned her story or her judgement. Gracie typically would respond by saying "You know how sensitive I am and yet here you are arguing with me," a position Bruce found particularly galling since he was pretty sure he was right. "At least I don't leave the keys in the front door like you did last week," he said, shortly before Gracie left. "I didn't," Gracie replied, and that was the end of the matter.

Bruce stood up with a grunt and saw that most of the group were beginning to wander off along the track. His knee had stiffened while he had been sitting on the rock and he limped until it loosened up. There was very little conversation as the group trudged along, stopping occasionally when someone heard an unusual bird call. Lily had learned early that birdcalls can indicate the presence of a bird when it is not easily visible. There was no sign of the Regent Honey Eater, one of the elusive birds that desperate birders would drop everything to actually see. Lily wasn't a twitcher - she wasn't even a birder really, she just enjoyed walking in the bush and trying to identify birds. "I agree with you - I think the bird you saw was a Scarlet Robin," a voice behind Lily said quietly in her ear. "I've often seen them in this area. And Flame Robins too of course." Lily turned to see one of the women smiling at her. She smiled back, uncertainly. "Poor old Bruce," the woman went on in a low voice, "he's pretty much out of touch these days and he's never been the same since they proved that the Crested Spoonbill was a fake. And then Gracie left him." They walked along together for a few more paces. "It may surprise you to hear that birders can be very competitive. Especially twitchers. Always dashing off somewhere to see another bird to add to their list. I thought bird-watching would be a peaceful hobby, kind of meditative. It's practically a blood sport!" She laughed at her own joke.

A woman who had walked on ahead was waving her arms and signalling for them to approach quietly. "We think there's a Regent Honey Eater in the scrub over there behind that big gum," she whispered when they had caught up. "Can you hear its call?" Others in the group were already training their binoculars in the direction of the sound. Bruce was the last to arrive. He listened for a moment and then said, "My friends, I think you'll find that's a New Holland Honey Eater, often confused with the Regent. The latter has a more bell-like call."

Later that day, while Bruce was lying in a hot bath in his steamed-up bathroom, he texted Gracie. “You were right, you didn't leave the key in the door. I want my owl back.”

Margot Mann

Blind to the Obvious

"The gorilla study illustrates two important facts about our minds: we can be blind to the obvious, and we are also blind to our blindness." (from "Thinking, Fast and Slow" by Daniel Kahneman)

Start reading it for free: <http://amzn.asia/9ZroJof>

This refers to the famous experiment where the video of a basketball match includes someone in a gorilla suit walking across the court yet is not observed by the majority of viewers whose attention is firmly fixed on the sporting activity to the exclusion of all else. It also reflects the revelation of the overlooked aspect of awareness made plain in the Harding experiments.

Krishnamurti and the Educational Enterprise

I must begin this exploration with a disclaimer. I have never taught in a Krishnamurti School. I spent some years as a teacher in secondary school in NSW, some years in the TAFE system and 23 years in Teacher Education at ECU in Western Australia. It is imperative that people reading this article should understand that I am enquiring from a certain background, but I am also enquiring with “fresh eyes”. Last year in Rajghat, in a discussion with Professor Krishna, onetime physics professor at Benares University and K’s chosen person to oversee his school and study centre in Rajghat for many years, I was reminded of the difference between knowledge, which K said is always limited, and wisdom which is what really counts in approaching knowledge.

The second thing that I would like to say, is that K was many things: mystic, human being, guru, sage, and World Teacher. He grew up and was educated in a particular kind of social environment. In the beginning he was educated by the influence of a loving mother, born of Brahmin heritage, and later deeply conditioned, or influenced, by his mentors Dr. Anne Besant and C.W Leadbeater. Some say he was conditioned like everyone else, others assert that his conditioning left no mark. My view is that his early life definitely left a mark, but he was able to rise above it, to see it for what it was and in some instances, to leave it behind.

I have visited K schools in Ojai, USA, in Rajghat in India, and Brockwood, U.K. I have never been to Rishi Valley, but I have known people who have taught there.

My impression is that towards the end of his life, K didn’t care whether his Schools or Foundations survived. He was seriously ill with pancreatic cancer, he had grown old, and my contention is that there was a sadness in him, a recognition that, though he had been faithful to his mission, it had not accomplished the dream, or ultimate goal, of setting human beings unconditionally free.

The question of whether human beings *can* change, in the sense of transmutation from selfish, self-survival oriented homo sapiens, into loving, caring, and spiritually enlightened human beings is still an open question. On his death-bed, K seemed to say that such a transformation had not occurred. Some may argue that K’s own

enlightenment, was visited upon him by forces outside of himself, others that there was no intervention, that his freedom came from his own efforts when he cut himself loose from Theosophy, a belief system that tied him to his conditioning, but in a cosmic sense was irrelevant.

K's views about education were not original. His perspectives were gathered from the people around him. Even in his lifetime, his schools were beset with conflicts and antagonisms and with dominant or submissive personalities.

He wanted his schools to be places where students were free to find out who they were, what they wanted out of life, and which fostered above all, "learning minds". He also wanted his teachers to give themselves, body and soul, to the pursuit of excellence and to the enquiry into what it means to be truly human.

At one time, in Rishi Valley, he chose two students and tried to replicate his own education, and that of his brother Nitya. It didn't work. The children were ultimately absorbed back into the peer group.

Over many years I have talked to people who were teachers and/or pupils in Krishnamurti Schools, both in the East and the West. I have conversed with the Principals of the schools and followed with interest their careers; this included Mark Lee of Ojai, Professor P. Krishna of Rajghat, and Scott Forbes of Brockwood, UK.

Let me place on record, that these people were exceptional. They were not cloned into "one size fits all". They all had personal styles, views and lives which were individualistic and immensely diverse. But all of them, possessed the one quality which made Krishnamurti schools exceptional: and that is *affection*.

Whether Schools or Foundations, Krishnamurti asserted – as I would myself – that nothing substitutes for "*affection*". Affection allows people to disagree, and yet still work for common goals. It allows people to forgive one another regardless of personality differences. Over the years I witnessed much discontent and ego drives among the staff of K schools. This leads me to accept K's understanding, that teachers must themselves be learners. And not just for today, or tomorrow, but for an entire lifetime.

What was the perfume in these schools? One day, while residing in a cottage beside the Ganga, on the Rajghat Campus in India, some students from the Teachers' College came and held audience with me. These students were exceptional, not in worldly knowledge, but in something K called "innocence". There were about seven of them in all. They asked if they could visit the next day, and so it went on for many days. Each meeting was a delight and a discovery for me. On the last day, I asked them where they would go when they graduated, and how would they like "teaching" the young people of India.

One girl spoke for the many. She said: "We will not go teaching Madam. Our parents will choose a husband for us." Trying not to show how shocked I was, I asked if they would be happy. "Oh yes, Madam", came the reply, "our parents know what is best for us". I almost wept. I couldn't believe my ears. I cannot tell you, how lovely these students were, how gentle and accepting they were. My grief lingered for many months. Then I remembered an old saying: if you educate a woman, you educate a family. I grasped the consolation.

In Brockwood, many years ago, I attended a breakup session. Apparently at this session, the pupils were encouraged to remark on the staff and the education they had received. Again I was shocked. The negative comments, the lack of sensitivity, the absence of insight and perception, had me stunned. This was not the freedom surely, that K spoke about. Even in secular education, there is a marked difference between “freedom” and “licence”, between sensitivity and permissiveness.

Today, in our permissive and assertive society, I read what Krishnamurti had to say about education with profound sadness and a sense of unreality. There is nothing that Krishnaji ever said about education, that was not tried and found wanting in the 60’s and 70’s in Teacher Education in Australia. So what is my conclusion? Unless each person jumps out of consciousness, and pursues what is good, gentle and insightful then nothing is possible. For anything to be possible in this world, or any other world, one has to have “*affection*” and “*gratitude*” and it has to be *real*. One has to know how to question deeply, as Krishnamurti did, one has to be prepared to lose one’s life to find out. If that passion is there, then Krishnamurti’s life will not have been in vain, and neither will ours.

Trisha English

Haiku

I was poem writing
 Bird pecking on my window
 I forgot my words

Peter Lim

From William Wray’s blog *Wisdom Works Issue 738*

I must die. Must I then die lamenting? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment? Epictetus

www.wisdomworks.co.uk

No more worry about not being perfect.

(This excerpt from the Douglas Harding essay, ‘*What’s Gone Wrong*’, from his book of essays, *The Turning Point* was recently submitted by Robert Penny).

The proposition we are going to examine is this: In itself, the world is alright. It isn’t the world that has gone wrong, or is unsatisfactory, but what you and I are all the time doing to it. Or let me put it like this. Apart from us the Universe would be alive and in great shape; it is we who are the trouble. We are inflicting a grievous wound upon it.

We have split it into two unequal fragments called ME and NOT-ME, or OURSELF and THE REST. The result is that we don't live in a Universe, but a Duoverse, which is a very uncomfortable place to find oneself stuck in. And it's hardly surprising that each of the two severed parts of the Whole should be sick for the lack of the other. Tragically and incurably sick, so long as that gaping wound isn't closed and healed.

Now look at the *shape* of the wound. It penetrates to the very Heart of the One. Why am I sure of this? Because at Root all of us who say "I AM this or that or the other" do so by virtue of our basic identity with the One. Yes, strictly speaking, we are a gang of suicidal deicides!

The *Katha Upanishad* diagnoses the disease: "He who divides the One wanders from death to death." And prescribes the remedy: "Tell the mind there is but One." And the Third Patriarch of Zen speaks of the health which that remedy brings: "When the Ten Thousand things are viewed in their Oneness, we are returned to the Origin and remain where we have always been... One in All, All in One – if only this is realised, no more worry about not being perfect."

But again, merely understanding and concurring with the Oneness doesn't get us far along the difficult road to perfection. Sure enough, when times are fairly good and the sun's shining and the birds are singing, it's not too difficult to feel the Oneness of all things, with ourselves caught up in the Grand Design. Or maybe when meditating in the tranquillity of a holy place.

Thus we may occasionally sense that, however miserable the parts of the world may be as parts, the Whole is at this very moment all that our hearts could possibly wish for. Just as the most horrible slum, viewed from a weather satellite, becomes a thing of beauty, and our sad, war-torn planet, viewed from the Moon, becomes a shining monument to peace – so when we are in exalted mood, our ambiguous Universe may briefly be viewed in its wholeness as wholly good. When we are in the mood! How are we to live in that exalted and rarefied atmosphere for more than a few moments at a time? Someone has described life here on Earth as one of quiet desperation. I guess he was right except that I would call it noisy desperation. "Some day," says Master K'ung Ku Chin-lung, "you will recognise that the Serene Land of Pure Light is none other than the Earth itself." Meanwhile you may – if you are fortunate – enjoy that realisation in flashes. The rest of the time this Earth is with reason described by Mrs Gamp as "a wale of tears."

So what is our practical answer? I have already suggested that it is a very simple one – simple, if not exactly easy. *So long as I am anything whatever I have divided and so spoiled the One.*

The only remedy is to restore the property I stole, to re-graft the organ I had amputated, to claim Nothing – and so bring Everything to life, health, and wholeness. "Claim Nothing, enjoy. Do not covet His property," says the *Isa Upanishad*. In ancient China, around the same time, the Taoist sage Chuang-tzu had this to say: "Your body is not your own. It is the delegated image of God. Your life is not your own. It is the delegated harmony of God. Your individuality is not your own. It is the delegated adaptability of God." And, two millennia later, the French Jesuit Jean Pierre de Caussade (1675–1751) wrote: "The body and its senses, the soul and its energies, the modicum of good you have performed, are God's portion. It so manifestly belongs to

Him that you realize that you cannot claim one whit of it as yours, nor feel one grain of complacency, without being guilty of theft and larceny from God.” Another Jesuit, John Nicholas Grou, (1731–1803), having pointed out how God is All and the creature is Nothing, goes on to say, “I am nothing of myself and owe to God all that I am... If I appropriate these gifts to myself I steal from Him what is His own, I commit an injustice.” Karl Marx, too, attacking injustice, decided that all property is theft, but didn’t go far enough. He excluded such personal property as clothes and cooking utensils, and of course one’s body and mind. He had the right idea, but stopped short of the heart of the matter. No wonder Marxism doesn’t set our world to rights. It’s far from radical enough.

So I admit I’m a thief, a despoiler of the world. Thieves, however, are loathe to part with their loot, specially when they have held onto it for so long that they have come to regard it as their very own, and a lot of people have agreed with them. Who of us is prepared to return his body-mind to the Universe, and be reduced to absolute poverty?

The only convincing reason that I can find for this restoration of stolen goods to their rightful Owner – the only consideration that would induce me to hand them over willingly and without delay – would be the clear perception that I have no choice, seeing that they were never mine anyway, and my thieving was quite imaginary. In other words, if I were actually to see, and not just believe that right here there is No-thing whatever, and that where there is No-thing there is No-problem. Then this clear seeing into my non-existent self would certainly loosen my grip on that pseudo-self.

Well, in sharpest contrast to the achievement of sainthood, this clear seeing is available on demand, as easy as winking, a piece of cake, the gracious and wholly undeserved and indestructible gift of a merciful God and loving Saviour. In fact, the awesome truth is that this Central No-thing is not only the ineffable Source of all those peripheral things but far more brilliantly on display than any of them. Only This can be perfectly seen because only This is perfectly simple!

Still I ask myself: Is it *true* that I’m not the body and mind I thought I was? And everyone told me I was. Is it a hard fact that I am in reality No-thing whatever, and that I neither have nor am so much as a dust-grain? Or is this just holy talk, pious uplift, a good thing to believe because it makes me more comfortable? I must find out because only complete honesty with myself will work here. A trace of wishful thinking, and this promising recipe for trouble does me and my world no good at all.

Well, I can’t speak for you of course, but I do indeed find that this Nothingness – this absence of body-mind right here – is the most obvious of all obvious truths. Whether I like it or not, I see, far more clearly than I see anything out there in the world, that right here is Emptiness, Space, Openness, Vacant Accommodation for the whole astonishing Set-up. Whenever I look back here at what’s looking, look once more at this mysterious Spot I’m said to occupy, I find it unoccupied by me - I see that I am No-thing, and occupied instead by all sorts of things. Right here I’m just Capacity, Room at this moment for these two arms and hands, this busy pen, this half-filled sheet of paper, this littered desk-top, and beyond them the window and the view, grass and bare trees and racing clouds and cold sky. Plus all sorts of thoughts and feelings about these and other things. I am nowhere to be found, and everywhere. I have no body and the whole world is my Body, I’m at once Nothing and All things, and never, never am

something. There's no compromise, no half-way house between these extremes. That great poet and saint St. John of the Cross tells me that to be all things I must be nothing, but I don't have to take his word for it. I can always check this astounding fact, whatever my mood or activity of the moment, just by taking a look at what I'm looking out of right here.

Don't tell me you can't see at your own very Centre exactly What I'm telling you about. You are now looking at these lines of black printing on white paper. What, at this moment and on present evidence, is taking them in right where you are? No-one is in a position to say but you. You are the sole and final authority on what you are now looking out of, on what's going on at the very Centre of your world. Has it any colour? Has it any size or shape or texture? If so, what? Is it one of those things? If so, it must be getting in the way of this printing.

I ask you: isn't it precisely the *ABSENCE* of all things, a boundless and perfectly blank screen, so to say, which is in receipt of these printed words, and of whatever else happens to be on offer? A No-thing that's *awake* to its no-thingness? Now that, you may be tempted to say, is Quite Something!

Nevertheless you ask me: "How on Earth can I see an absence, something that isn't there to see?"

I reply: you can and you do so, with the greatest of ease, all the time. As I have already pointed out, whereas *things* are more or less inscrutable because they are so complicated, their *absence* is vividly on show because it's so simple. For example, my absence from the room you are now sitting in is at once crystal-clear to you, but if I were present you would only be able to *glimpse* me. Why? Why because to take all of me in – every tint and line and hair and blemish and so forth, from hair-do to chin, and from chin to shoe-soles, would be impossible. What you actually see of me is a tiny fraction of what's there for the seeing – not to mention the view from above and the sides and the back and the innumerable details of my interior anatomy. Truly I'm the Invisible Man! You don't smell my absence (I hope). You see it, just as you see the absence of a misprint (I hope) from this page.

"All the same," I hear you saying, "I *feel* I am this body that sits in this chair and talks to people and walks around the room."

Then your feelings (I reply) are playing you up. What is this little body of yours without all its ingredients of every grade down to and beyond quark? You aren't human without the other humans, or alive without the other species, or existent without your planet and star. Indeed the whole strictly indivisible Cosmos is your true Body, and nothing less will do. In other words, you are the Nothing that's all the while exploding into the All, the One. And in yet other words you are, by the free Grace of that One, indissolubly united to that One. You appear to be human but are really No-thing and Every-thing. And your trouble is that you don't see that when you say, "After all, I'm only human," you are talking the most arrant and damaging nonsense.

Speaking for myself again, this clear perception of my Nothingness, carrying with it utter conviction, is my best hope and indeed only hope of setting things to rights. Let me go on seeing what I am at Centre, how everything I had supposed I was, everything

I had stolen, is already restored to its Owner, and see what happens as a result. Insofar as I do just this I do indeed find that all's healed and made whole.

And I see that, while I'm wholly unable to make myself into any kind of *saint* (and try to settle the world's problems that immensely difficult way), I'm also wholly unable to make myself into any sort of *person*, let alone a good one. And that will have to do. This in-seeing is easy, natural, refreshing, secular, not special at all. Not so easy to keep up all the while without a good deal of practice, no doubt, but renewable always and at will, whenever I choose to turn my attention round to the Absence of any attender right here.

So this, our fourth alternative, is certainly the one for me. What about you? If you tell me this No-thingness looks so boring, so dull and seemingly quite useless, I'll agree. But you and I have a precious secret reason for refusing to rubbish it like this. Let me explain. You are made of cells, which are creatures capable of exerting a lot of force, such as splitting rocks and lifting paving stones. And the cells are made of molecules which (as gun-powder, for instance) can exert much greater force. And the molecules in turn are made of atoms which (as in the atom bomb) are very much more powerful and of course much dirtier. And the atoms are made of particles which (as in the nuclear bomb) are still more powerful and dirty. And the particles are made of the No-thing that you and I find at our very Centre – the No-thing that gives rise to All things. And is hiddenly all-powerful and absolutely clean. In the last resort, nothing but This is trustworthy. It's also perfectly verifiable, actual-factual, not for taking on trust just because you read about It somewhere, or because somebody calling himself *reverend* told you so. You certainly shouldn't believe me when I say that you, too, are likely to find the world radically transformed once you clearly see for yourself that you can never steal so much as a needle from it. Just give your boundless Central Clarity a fighting chance to reveal itself and see what happens.

I say a needle because it brings me to this chapter's conclusion, which is a Muslim tradition about Jesus. The Sufi poet Attar tells the story. "When you are reduced to ashes, including your baggage, you will have not the least feeling of existence. But if there remains to you, as to Jesus, only a simple needle, a hundred thieves will lie in wait for you along the road. Although Jesus had thrown down his baggage, the needle was still able to scratch his face."

Let go! You have nothing to lose, everything to gain!

And, in case it will help to distil this complicated and wordy chapter down to its 100%-proof quintessence, it is this – *Where there's no thing there's no problem.*

Douglas Harding

Pure Awareness Experience by Brentyn J. Ramm

This is Brentyn's latest work and shortly to be published in 'Inquiry': An Interdisciplinary Journal of Philosophy. It can be read at: <https://philpapers.org/rec/RAMPAE-5> or, if you prefer I can email a copy to you as an attachment.

David Loy—Sydney Programme

David Loy is coming to Sydney and here is the basic information. More detailed information and registration requirements available on the website:

<https://www.sydneyinsightmeditators.org/david-loy-workshops-2019.html>

Friday 31st May 7.30 to 9pm Free public Talk (Venue to be advised).

‘Personal & Social Transformation in Critical Times (Register Now)

1st June—Workshop—Buddhist Library and Meditation Centre

Mind the gap: Spiritual Teachings on Nonduality. (Register Now)

2nd June—Workshop— Buddhist Library and Meditation Centre

A new Buddhist Enlightenment and Ethics in the Modern World. (Register Now)

Alan speaking. Margot and I have registered for the free public talk on Friday 31 May and I have registered for the two workshops. I am impressed by Professor Loy’s openness to all traditions, his exploration of what he calls the nonduality of duality and nonduality and his insistence that no religious tradition has a monopoly on understanding. In NOWletter 196 I included a chapter from his book *A New Buddhist Path: Enlightenment, Evolution, and Ethics in the Modern World*. Entitled *How Does an Awakened Person Perceive the World?* In this essay he draws on one of my favourites as an example of awakening. It is one of the best commentaries on Traherne I have come across as it deals directly with what Traherne himself thought most important rather than handling only matters of his life and times and the scholarship that brought him to light.

The following is clipped from the David Loy website: <http://www.davidloy.org/>

David Robert Loy is a professor, writer, and Zen teacher in the Sanbo Zen tradition of Japanese Zen Buddhism.

He is a prolific author, whose essays and books have been translated into many languages. His articles appear regularly in the pages of major journals such as Tikkun and Buddhist magazines including Tricycle, Lion’s Roar, and Buddhadharma, as well as in a variety of scholarly journals.

Many of his writings, as well as audio and video talks and interviews, are available on the web. He is on the advisory boards of Buddhist Global Relief, the Clear View Project, Zen Peacemakers, and the Ernest Becker Foundation.

Greville Street Meeting Programme

Due to conflicting events the May and June meetings have been switched from first Sunday of the month to the second Sunday.

- Sunday 7 April No Greville Meeting.
- Seeing 7 April Workshop at Genki Centre. Alan Mann
- Sunday 12 May Second Sunday ‘Why Thomas Traherne?’ Alan Mann
- Sunday 9 June Second Sunday. Garry Booth.
- Sunday 7 July First Sunday—Spread Personality Theory — Dave Knowles

Byron Sophia Philosophical Group

Marvell Hall, 37 Marvell Street, Byron Bay, Beyond Sports-Fields

Open Meetings: every Thursday from 1.30 pm to 3.30 pm

7 March 2019--IS THERE A THINKER OR ONLY “CONDITIONED THINKING OR ACTING”? – Shared-Meaning-Dialogue based on the Writings by Jiddu Krishnamurti, Author, Educator, so we can learn from his Insights and ours to inspire us towards unifying Action !

14 March 2019--HERMES, THE MESSENGER OF THE GODS, Man & God, holding His Staff, the Caduceus, He, the great Magician & Alchemist, Master of Masters ! The Hermetic Wisdom forms the Esoteric Tradition whose aim is the Perfecting of Man through Initiation into the Great Mysteries of the Cosmos. Visual presentation by Sean & Rachelle Whyte, the Gnostic Society, Byron Bay.

21 March 2019--THE KINGDOM TRILOGY, 3rd Vol. James Cowan, Internationally acclaimed Writer and Poet’s inspiring work, brings to life the intensity of rich inner experiences in this unfolding timeless Tale, seen through 3 worldviews, Jewish, Christian, Muslim. James regarded this book as the culmination of all his work. Written many years ago and yet to be published, we hope to see his masterwork in print soon. Thanks go to Don Hansen, Amitayus Hospice Service Volunteer, who will read this precious text.

28 March 2018-- DREAMS – ROADSIGNS ON THE PATH ? Let us take our mind off the external world and invite the images & creatures of the inner landscape to start a dialogue. We inspire each other by sharing memorable dreams who opened doors to personal growth. Presented by Christa Fleming, Author, Lecturer.

Donation towards the Rent, Thank you !

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