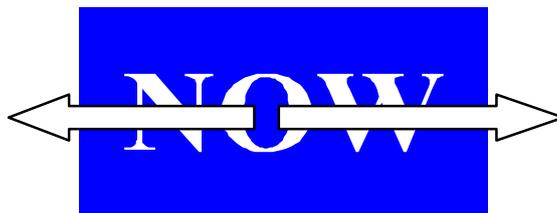


Issue 195—April 2016 - *Backnumbers at <http://www.capacitie.org/now/archive.htm>*

HOME PAGE



Next Greville Street Meeting –Sunday April 30th

CONTENTS

<u>Joyce</u>		2
<u>Epicurus Garden</u>	Dave Knowles	3
<u>Reply to Dave</u>	Alan Mann	4
<u>Darwin's Garden</u>	Gwen Raverat	4
<u>Ritual</u>	Alan Mann	5
<u>My Raison D'etre</u>	Colin Drake	6
<u>On Douglas Harding</u>	Warwick Wakefield	7
<u>Alone for 27 Years</u>	Michael Finkel	8
<u>Confrontation and the Alternative</u>	Joanna Malinowska	9
<u>Lighten Up</u>	Alan Mann	10
<u>Brush with Fame</u>	Margot Mann	11
<u>Meetings</u>		13

Thanks to this month's contributors and a reminder that the NOWletter is a platform for the readership to speak as well as listen and it will be clear from the contents over the years that we welcome a wide range of opinions. So, please speak and write when the spirit moves especially if you find something you disagree with.

There has been a gap in publication since the last letter and as Margot and I will be away from mid-May to mid-July there is another gap coming up. However, I hope to be back in action in August.

Joyce

Margot and I attended the celebration of Joyce Dalton's life at the Maunsell Wickes Art Gallery, Paddington on the 8th January. We reported her death in the last NOWletter and although we've known Joyce and Jean for many years we learnt a great deal more about Joyce at the celebration, not least how little we really knew about her and what a modest soul she was. The Sydney Morning Herald obituary of Monday 2nd January contains a more comprehensive commentary on Joyce's life and here it is.

Once described as the Bradman of women's cricket, former Australian Test cricketer and NSW Women's captain Joyce Dalton has died at 83.

In what was another era for women's cricket, all the players were amateurs and the uniform was somewhat different to that of today. Born in Queensland, Vale Joyce Dalton rose to prominence as a cricketer in Sydney. Presented with NSW cap No. 71, she debuted for her state in 1952-53 and rose to captain the side two years later. A graceful right-hand batter who could drive powerfully on both sides of the wicket, Dalton played three Tests for Australia in 1958, averaging 34.66 with a top score of 59 not out.

As an elegant cricketer, her fielding shone. Quick with instant anticipation and a deadly arm, teammates talk of her throwing down the stumps to claim vital runouts. Former Australian captain and teammate Muriel Picton recalls how one opposing batter played a stroke and called "two" only to be run out at the bowler's end failing to complete the first run.

A physical education teacher, Dalton moved to New Zealand, where she played for Wellington and Canterbury. After returning to Sydney she represented NSW again as vice-captain, playing her last match in 1968-69.

Dalton played with and against some of the game's finest players including Betty Wilson, Kit Raymond and Marg Marvel. She was passionate about physical education, lecturing at Sydney Teachers' College. Teammates believe her formal education as a teacher and lecturer honed her skills as a well-organised leader.

Dalton is remembered as much for her vibrant personality as supreme sporting ability.

While best known as a cricketer, she excelled at a number of sports, also playing squash for NSW. She was a life member of the Bayview Golf Club on the northern beaches, where she

has an unrivalled record, winning 74 trophy events and 15 club championships. As a hockey player she competed in NSW City versus Country matches and was an outstanding junior tennis player.

Her interests ranged well beyond sport. Described by her teammates as a very intelligent woman, she - enjoyed in-depth discussions on varied topics whether economic, cultural, scientific, political or world matters. Joyce Dalton's life will be celebrated on January 8 from 4pm at the Maunsell Wickes Art Gallery, Paddington.

BACK TO CONTENTS

Epicurus Garden

Some thoughts on the Greville Street meetings by Dave Knowles 27 Mar 2017

I come as often as I can to Alan's & Margot's meetings at Greville St from Canberra because I know no other such pleasurable situation in which to explore philosophical ideas together with friends over some simple and tasty food in a leafy garden. The situation for me embodies the essence of Epicurus's philosophical school that took place in The Garden as I understand it to have been (from Pierre Hadot and others). The modern interpretation of an 'epicurean' does not do justice to Epicurus as he preferred simple nutritious foods to anything rich or exotic. I think he would have enjoyed Alan and Margot's soup very much!

Epicurus, as far as I know, is the only philosopher who emphasised the importance of friends to our lives, which is another reason that he appeals so to me.

And what do we explore in the Garden? Well the initial inspiration came from the philosophical musings of Douglas Harding, which proceed in a practical experimental way and yet lead to a somewhat mystical take on the life we lead. The experiments ask us to trust our own perceptions and do not ask us to take anything on faith that we cannot verify for ourselves.

And this is the general tenor behind every subject that is raised for discussion. There is very little to bother a traditional scientist with a residual taste for the spiritual or mystical – just opportunities to enlarge our perceptions of what constitutes 'reality'. We generally stay away from pseudo-science and have never strayed, before this last meeting, into anything smacking of divination.

A session on the Tarot was hard for me to take, though the Tarot cards may still be used for some card games but their primary use today is for cartomancy or divination which puts them in the same league as astrology, reading palms or tea-leaves, scrutinizing the entrails of sacrificed animals for omens or observing the flight of ravens for augury.

*Divination (from Latin *divinare* "to foresee, to be inspired by a god",^[2] related to *divinus*, *divine*) is the attempt to gain insight into a question or situation by way of an *occultic*, standardized process or ritual.^[3] Used in various forms throughout history, diviners ascertain their interpretations of how a *querent* (a person who questions an *oracle*) should proceed by reading signs, events, or *omens*, or through alleged contact with a *supernatural* agency.(*Wikipedia*)*

*Divination is dismissed by the *scientific community* and *sceptics* as being *superstition*. (*Wikipedia*)*

I put it that this type of subject is unworthy of our philosophical consideration.

Dave Knowles

Reply to Dave

I have added your note on Sunday's gathering to the long delayed issue of the NOWletter now under way. The other items I have filed for future inclusion in NOWletters to be. Your comments on the Tarot reflected my own resistance when Paul first proposed the subject. However, as a result of his presentation I saw their relevance in offering symbolic representations of basic aspects of our psyche. As I mentioned on the day, we are a very broad church ranging from the strictly secular to the seriously spiritual and my chief interest is in opening to that from which the spectrum itself arises and that is more about the process and our interaction than the content. I feel there is benefit in opening to just about everything on offer even going so far on occasion as allowing in the likes of David Deutsch the multi-universe expert!

I like the Epicurean garden suggestion and I have a large block of gnarled Ironbark in the garage which I'm thinking of turning into a bust of Epicurus so that we can have him hanging on the wall overlooking our proceedings.

Alan Mann

BACK TO CONTENTS

Darwin's Garden

This is an extract from the book Darwin's Garden by Michael Boulter, Page 70

Rather than be impressed by Kelvin's numbers, Darwin was at his most creative as an observer. This passion was inherited by his niece, Gwen Raverat, who caught the atmosphere of the nineteenth-century garden in *Period Piece*:

. . . the path in front of the veranda was made of large round water-worn pebbles, from some sea beach. They were not loose, but stuck down tight in moss and sand, and were black and shiny, as if they had been polished. I adored those pebbles. I mean literally, adored; worshipped. This passion made me feel quite sick sometimes. And it was adoration that I felt for the foxgloves at Down, and for

the stiff red clay of the Sandwalk clay-pit; and for the beautiful white paint on the nursery floor. This kind of feeling hits you in the stomach, and in the ends of your fingers, and it is probably the most important thing in life. Long after I have forgotten all my human loves, I shall still remember the smell of a gooseberry leaf, or the feel of the wet grass on my bare feet; or the pebbles in the path. In the long run it is this feeling that makes life worth living, this which is the driving force behind the artist's need to create.

Gwen Raverat

BACK TO CONTENTS

Ritual

I was talking to Judy Bruce about various matters during her visit to Sydney last November. I mentioned my interest in parish churches and how, if I'd lived in England I would have been tempted to become an Anglican on account of that aspect of their institution. The effect of old stone and woodwork hallowed by time and use. On the other hand, whilst I respect the source of the church's teaching I am repelled by the ritual and feel more disposed to the Quaker way of handling collective 'worship'. Judy said she was familiar with the Quaker service but that she rather liked ritual. That gave me a clue as to why I find too much experimenting in headless meetings to be tiresome. For me, the once seen never forgotten principle applies. What is revealed by the experiments is, as a result of the various experiments, seen to be what is always the case. That being so why the repetition?

A few days later I heard from a correspondent who mentioned that, after a recent introduction to the experiments which he found revelatory, he had decided not to follow the headless way. He was returning to his existing method of spiritual enquiry. My first reaction was one of disappointment that someone who shared my understanding was in some sense choosing to move away from a common interest. On reflection I realised that he was responding in exactly the best way possible. That is, he had decided to use the Harding experiments to add to, or throw a light on, his existing approach. That, in my opinion, is exactly what they are designed to do, not to provide an alternative pathway but to add light to whatever spiritual or secular tradition we find ourselves in. It is exactly what I have found in my own enquiries which have been mainly Christian, Trahernian and Krishnamurtian not to mention a number of Buddhist and Indian systems on the side. For this reason I think 'The Headless Way' is a misnomer, it is not a way, maybe a doorway but if it is a doorway I must make sure I don't get stuck in it but go through.

Alan Mann

BACK TO CONTENTS

My Raison D'etre

My aim is to enjoy life to the full and assist 'others' to do the same. At the essential level that is (for Consciousness) to enjoy this manifestation, Cosmic Energy – Consciousness in motion, through every expression, and instrument, of This (Consciousness). For everything we experience appears in Awareness, Consciousness at rest, otherwise there would be no experience for we would not be aware of it, and thus everything enjoyed is 'enjoyed' by Consciousness Itself. The easiest way to facilitate this is to provide pointers to Awakening, so that through one's own investigations (self-inquiry) one may realize that there is no separate self and that we are all expressions and instruments of Consciousness Itself. This is the first 'stage' of the Bodhisattva path which is entitled 'the joyful'.

For this reason I like to point out 'the simplicity of awakening[1]' by 'awareness of awareness – the open way' which leads to 'freedom from anxiety and needless suffering' resulting in discovering 'the happiness that needs nothing'. For one goes 'beyond the separate self' resulting in one becoming 'a light unto ones Self' taking one to 'awakening and beyond'. In this one no longer sees the world through the murky filter of the small self and all of its petty self-interests, opinions, preferences and concerns. When thus seen as it is the world is much brighter, vivid and alive finally resulting in seeing it as a manifestation of Consciousness Itself. In this all others are seen to be (of the same essence as) oneself (The Oneself) and this removes all hatred, exploitation, prejudice etc... This naturally leads to joy in all things, which requires nothing, and only ceases if one reverts to misidentification as a separate object in a world of such.

So this is the main reason that I write and promote my books, not for the money as the Australian old-age pension provides for everything I need. In fact you could say that due to this generosity I am actually sponsored by the Australian Government! I also give away everything that I write on social media and to my email group, all of which you are welcome to join at colinj108@gmail.com . I am also not interested in fame except for the fact that, if I were well-known, this could enable more people to access my work. Rumi wrote "if there were a clear way into that (the freedom of Awakening) nobody would stay here" in the bondage of separation, and my aim is to point to such a 'clear way' for as many people as possible ... so the Bhodisattva aim of the awakening of all is brought a step closer.

Naturally, being human (at the surface level), I have more 'selfish' reasons for writing on this subject:

1/ As a way of staying awake, for when one is contemplating and writing about awareness this keeps one 'aware of awareness' and thus awake.

2/ For the pure joy of doing so, for being awake is naturally joyful and carefree, so that any activity which fosters awakening will lead to joy.

3/ As a way of clarifying my 'understanding' and putting into words my 'discoveries' from my periods of meditation and contemplation.

Colin Drake

Details of Colin Drake's books at: <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/ColinDrake>

BACK TO CONTENTS

Warwick Wakefield on Douglas Harding

This is a sequel to Warwick's report in Now letter 51, Feb '99 in which he recorded his meeting with Douglas at Nacton, Suffolk I have lifted it from NOWletter, Issue number 78 –January 2002. I repeat here as it deals with a very common misunderstanding of the Harding story.

In the past I have been very dismissive of Douglas Harding and "headlessness". To begin with I certainly tried very hard to see what it is that Douglas is getting at. But none of my efforts, over a period of years, came to anything. It was not until I met Satyananda, a young South American teacher in London, that I had my first glimpse of the answer to Ramana Maharshi's question, "Who am I?" It was in the course of a discussion with Satyananda that it became clear that "I" is not a body and not a person – "I" is simply that which sees, "I" has no shape and no qualities at all.

Warwick speaking: But that still left me completely unimpressed with Douglas Harding and his techniques. I was talking about it the other day with John Wren-Lewis. I said something to this effect, "What is Douglas Harding on about? Why is he trying to make the point that you have no head? That doesn't get you anywhere. The real thing to see is that you have no body at all, no body and no mind. Just thinking that you are some kind of weird body, some headless monster, is no advance."

And John (Wren Lewis) said something to this effect,

"Douglas isn't really saying that you are a headless body. He's making the same point, that who you really are is simply that which sees. But he's devised these techniques to bring you back to that viewpoint easily. The ordinary understanding of things is that you see from your eyes which are in your head, but Douglas reminds you that your everyday experience is that you see from this emptiness here, that it happens all the time, you can get in touch with it whenever you want to. He brings the spiritual mystery into everyday life."

And at long last the pennies dropped. (In the unlikely event that the Nowletter has any young, hip readers who only ever use their mobile phones when they're out and about, they won't really appreciate what a joy it used to be, in the days when eighty percent of public phones were vandalised or just malfunctioning, to hear the pennies drop and get through to the one you needed to talk with.) And John Wren-Lewis is right, the Harding approach is something you can employ whenever you feel the desire to do so. It doesn't require a great emotional stimulus, it doesn't require that you wrestle with hugely difficult ideas, and you can get the feel of it at once. But to put this all in perspective, it has to be stated that I would never have got the point of the Harding techniques if I hadn't already got the same point from another approach. And the only one I've ever met who got it first time was Alan Mann, who had spent years and years attempting to find this same viewpoint by listening to Krishnamurti and contemplating the writings of Thomas Traherne and other mystics. I think it is very unlikely, though perfectly possible, that an absolutely new beginner, if such a one exists, would walk in off the streets, try the experiments and get it straight away.

Warwick Wakefield

BACK TO CONTENTS

Alone for 27 Years.

An article by Michael Finkel in the Guardian of 15 March describes how Christopher Knight survived alone in the New England woods for 27 years.

Knight said that he couldn't accurately describe what it felt like to spend such an immense period of time alone. Silence does not translate into words. "It's complicated," he said. "Solitude bestows an increase in something valuable. I can't dismiss that idea. Solitude increased my perception. But here's the tricky thing: when I applied my increased perception to myself, I lost my identity. There was no audience, no one to perform for. There was no need to define myself. I became irrelevant."

The dividing line between himself and the forest, Knight said, seemed to dissolve. His isolation felt more like a communion. "My desires dropped away. I didn't long for anything. I didn't even have a name. To put it romantically, I was completely free."

Virtually everyone who has tried to describe deep solitude has said something similar. "I am nothing; I see all," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. Lord Byron called it "the feeling infinite". The American mystic Thomas Merton said that "the true solitary does not seek himself, but loses himself".

Complete article at:

<https://www.theguardian.com/news/2017/mar/15/stranger-in-the-woods-christopher-knight-hermit-maine>

*BACK TO CONTENTS***Confrontation and the Alternative**

I had a letter from Joanna Malinowska in which she recalled past experiences at our dialogue meetings and how what she described as the 'empty head way' had revealed the ever-present openness in which we see ourselves as one and how that works out in our everyday lives, she then goes on to say:

... And as an example, I will tell you a story, a very simple story, about me commuting back home on Sunday from Rockdale, the place where my beloved son and his family live. It was late and there was a drunken Aussie man insulting someone, probably a Lebanese Muslim man, who was not responding to insults, kindly, smiling, just busy with his smart phone, as many young people are. Then an Aussie bloke became threatening, insulting, using bad language, and physically threatening, standing up, showing fists, hitting the screen in front of the young man's face. He was just about to hit the man, and other people close to him left the space. Deserted by a number of young blokes. So, I could not bear it and I stepped in, coming from the upper end of the carriage down to where the action was taking place. I do not know what I was thinking, but I knew that I would not allow this aggressive bloke to start the fight, so I stepped in, I told him I do not like the language, to calm down, to behave himself and to sit down. I thought he is going to hit me instead of the Lebanese man, but to my surprise he apologized and he sat down. So I bowed to him, I said "thank you". As I turned back to my seat, to my surprise, I saw that all of a sudden there were a few men standing behind me, backing me up, even though they had left before.

So, the point is that WE ARE ONE. WHATEVER YOU EXPERIENCE OR IMAGINE WE ARE ONE. Just the fact. When somebody takes the action, the others are taken in. The will, the good intention will always express itself, and our trust, our beliefs will make the Universe respond. It makes us so much ONE with everything, doesn't it?

Joanna Malinowska

For those who haven't met Joanna, she is a Clinical Hypnotherapist with a practice in Sydney. www.myhypno.com.au.

I asked Joanna if I could retell her story in this issue of the NOWletter and she replied:

Yes, of course, you can put anything I write into the Nowletter, with my name, no problem, as long as you correct my spelling etc., because I was writing quickly and without much checking. When it comes to solitude, (I must have sent her the Christopher Wright story) I would not be surprised with such effects. This is an old path to seek enlightenment or other spiritual growth, reconnecting with God etc.

Years of meditation and living in the cave or in the woods or in the abbey. Yes, you can let go a lot of things that way, and as you are not meeting other people you may not need a distinct identity.

Yet I would question this as the real path to Oneness. How can you reach Oneness by eliminating others? Oneness includes everybody. You can hide in the forest or in the cave to experience whatever you wish to experience, but experience and feeling that way or the other is not real Oneness, just the experience.

We are human, we live with other humans, this is our biological build, and to me the real love or oneness is when you feel that with the person next to you or in front of you. With every person which happens to be just now where you happen to be. For this headlessness is a good practice, because without head they are always included together with anything else which happens to be here and now. Headlessness allows us to see it and experience it, but it is in fact reality. The separate identity melts in Headlessness, it is just a point of view. Saying that, I am not even sure if the point of view stays, because even points of view melt in headlessness. It is a bit like a Dialogue, there is this separate consciousnesses and this big opening, other consciousness joining.

It is only when we find the presence of other people disturbing, as we very often imagine other people threatening, or critical, or judging, or we want to impress them or dominate etc., then we need this separate identity, or ego, to protect our specialness and separation. In solitude we do not need to worry about the ego, so we can open and melt a bit with the forest, or the mountain, or whatever else is around us. We are free from social fears and anxieties, because there are no people around. Yet what happens when we encounter them again?

With Love Joanna

BACK TO CONTENTS

Lighten Up

As David Loy points out in his book *Nonduality-A Study in Comparative Philosophy* there is the need for a non-duality comprising what we understand as nonduality and duality. This is the level at which 'Not One Not Two' prevails. It is my long held view that instead of philosophising about an inaccessible nonduality we should aim to fully understand the reciprocal relationship between Being and Human Being. In Headless terms between first and third person perspectives and what some prefer to describe as first and second nature.

The best illustration of the difference and the shift is the question of why, after a realisation of our first nature, we fall back into our second nature. The realisation of first nature is often referred to as

‘waking up’. After the awakening, more often than not, we wonder why this awakesness doesn’t persist, why is it so readily lost, why does it not become the default consciousness?

The simple answer is that the question reveals a misunderstanding of the revelation. The problem is an attempt by human being to claim Being; of third person Alan trying to assume first person wholeness as a newly found attribute. Having realised awakesness I now want to know it, to own it. Having seen through knowing as ‘the one true way’ and opening to seeing/being my third person identity has an urge to reduce Being into knowing, adding it, as it were, to my skills base. Prodded by the discomfort of trying to achieve this imagined state I became ripe for every wise soul who claimed to have an answer.

There are a lot of people going around having realised enlightenment and then claiming to have it or be it. This is what I call the third person enlightenment fallacy. It is not about me. If you happen to see the light you don’t ‘get’ it you walk in it. Second nature, thirdpersonhood, sees the light of first nature and is freed from identification. To be enlightened is simply to be aware of the light and free of any ideas that you are or could become that contradiction in terms, an enlightened person.

A second aspect of this question is the assumption of the possibility of continuity, which is really the idea of sustaining awakesness in time.

A third obstacle is the habit of treating it as a strictly spiritual matter. Awakesness demonstrates that the so-called spiritual is simply the so-called secular fully revealed. It helps when scientists, poets and philosophers in the Western tradition come to see this and express it in their work. Why so? Well, Jung used to say these issues are best resolved within your own culture and traditions and based on my own ups and downs in this area of enquiry I think he was right.

Alan Mann

BACK TO CONTENTS

Brush with Fame

“Someone says in a novel I’ve just been reading that he knows his life is meaningful because he’s a good friend. He says he loves his friends, and he cares about them, and he thinks he makes them happy.” So saying, Tim leaned back in his chair and looked around the table at the group of friends who had come together to celebrate his birthday. There was a short pause, an awkward laugh from someone and then Ben said, “I think I agree with him. But how does he know whether they are happy or not? It’s one thing to be a good friend...” His voice trailed away.

Before anyone else spoke, Cassie came into the room carrying a trayful of peach and raspberry sponge. “Which would you prefer - salted caramel icecream or cream - or both?” she asked brightly, looking around the group. “And why have you all gone quiet?” Someone quickly called “both” and then

everyone spoke at once, thankful for an excuse to avoid further discussion on what could be perceived as a delicate topic. The conversation wound slowly around food and especially the common preference for chilli in everything, including icecream and chocolate. Betsy passed around a dish of licorice allsorts and the chatter moved to the kinds of food which could polarise a group, like offal - 'even if you're not a vegetarian,' as Susie pointed out. "Steak and kidney pie, yum," said someone else.

Conversation slowed as they tackled the dessert, which was generally agreed to be delicious and in no way polarising, when Judy said "Tell us your Idi Amin story Tim, it's ages since I've heard you tell it.... Now there's someone who could polarise people - until everyone hated him, of course." There was a general cry for Tim to tell the story, especially from a couple of guests who hadn't heard it. Tim grunted and pushed the last bit of peach and raspberry sponge around his plate. "Not that old thing again.... oh alright." And he launched into the story of the time he was doing his National Service in East Africa and Idi Amin, who was a member of a small local tribe, was invited to join the company's football team, the theory being that Idi was big and strong and could be relied on to knock over the opposition. (All this was before he got really big and strong and went about killing people he didn't like, Tim explained.) At the time he was seen as a gentle giant who turned out to be a bit of a disappointment to his team because he had the habit during a game of stopping to pick up any white man he knocked down. "And the rest is history," Tim concluded with a smile, reaching for the wine bottle. "He certainly didn't have many friends, in the end." Everyone laughed and clapped and there were calls for more stories of brushes with fame. Jackie told how she had picked up a glove the Queen dropped while accepting a bunch of flowers from a small child years earlier, ("I gave it to the lady-in-waiting") and Don spoke of once being plucked from an audience and hauled onto the stage to sing along with Mick Jagger. ("Awesome.") "Do you think celebrities have any real friends?" Cassie asked.

A month earlier, Tim and Cassie had been holidaying at the beach house in Byron. They had met their hosts on a recent trip to Bhutan, and didn't really know Susie and Mick well enough to feel entirely comfortable during their stay, especially as they were instantly involved in their hosts' non-stop social life. In fact when Susie first invited them to stay at the beach house, Tim had flatly refused to go, saying he hardly knew them and had absolutely nothing in common with either of them, and it wasn't until Susie sent yet another email, saying she suspected Tim was responsible for their lack of enthusiasm, and urging him to take the plunge - "It will be just like a marriage, only shorter," she concluded helpfully - that Tim, realising he had been skewered, smiled sheepishly and finally agreed to go.

At the beach house they went to every form of social gathering - some instigated by Susie and Mick and others by their friends. Tim told Cassie that he had never felt so far outside his comfort zone, as they tried to support their hosts' social commitments. One night, in an attempt to contribute to the

dinner table conversation, Tim told his Idi Amin story. From that moment he was a celebrity - he even had a phone call a couple of days later from one of the dinner guests, a retired judge who had told a story about having dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The judge said he had told the Idi Amin story at dinner the previous evening and one of the guests wanted to get in touch with Tim because he too had had dealings with Idi. Tim told the judge he had enjoyed his story about the Archbishop of Canterbury and that in fact he and Cassie had met the Archbishop's ex-wife at a poetry weekend on the Welsh Borders. The judge eagerly took the bait and mentioned a string of celebrities, none of whom Tim had met, before finally letting him go ("I'd better let you go but maybe you have time for a coffee tomorrow?") Tim told Cassie he never wanted to hear the name Idi Amin again. "Or the Archbish's, come to that.")

It was nearly Christmas when they got home and their lives were busy with preparations and get-togethers with friends. One day they had lunch with old friends who were hosting visitors from Canada. There was some discussion about current plays and films and then their host turned to Tim and said "Josh and Annie are dying to hear your Idi Amin story Tim. Do tell!"

Tim was pensive as they drove home. "You know," he said to Cassie at last. "Maybe a good friend is just someone who keeps guests amused. Who would have thought that Josh and Annie had met Bill Gates."

Margot Mann

Meetings:

Byron Sophia Philosophical Group

Masonic Centre, 6 Byron St. Byron Bay -- Open Meetings: every Thursday from 1 to 3 pm

Greville Street —Chatswood -- Next meeting SUNDAY 30TH April

BACK TO CONTENTS

Soul is revealed as the field in which the individual and the undivided are one. Eddie Baigum