

Issue 114 – February 2006
 81 Greville Street, Chatswood
 Next Meetings – 19 February 2006
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(02) 9419 7394 or <awmann@optusnet.com.au>
www.capacitie.org

The next Harding meeting – Saturday 25 February

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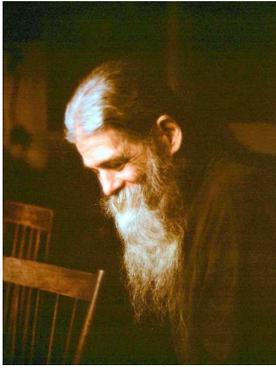
Editor's Note,

Thanks to this month's contributors. I am glad to see notes on our travels beginning to feature. Please keep them coming in as some readers tell me they find them the most interesting contributions. Another reader told me she didn't agree with some of the opinions that appear in the Nowletter. I mention it here because she was apologetic about her frankness, thinking I might be offended. That alerted me to the need to remind readers and myself that the Nowletter was started as an extension of the dialogue meetings. One of the aims of dialogue is to provide a forum where people of different beliefs can come together and share views and opinions without fear of ridicule or needing to win a battle of beliefs. So, by and large, what goes into the Nowletter is not determined by what I think about the content. There have been exceptions. I have returned contributions for reconsideration when they are too much like stream of consciousness writing, which may be very meaningful for the writer but quite incomprehensible to the reader. I have also knocked back what I thought to be libellous or personal attacks on a couple of occasions. Apart from that it is a free for all!

Dialogue Meetings – Third Sunday of every month

Harding Meetings – first Saturday of every second month (Feb, April, June, etc.)

NEXT HARDING MEETING – Saturday 25 February



Goodbye to Gladney from Alan Mann

Gladney Oakley, one of the first members of the Greville street Dialogue group, died recently in Sydney.

Gladney contributed a number of articles to the Nowletter. I remember how he liked making predictions about things before they became part of the public imagination. Some of these such as the term 'political correctness' and the popularity of 'magic eye' pictures turned out to be correct whereas others like his famous 1992 prophecy that our group would last 12 months maximum were way off the mark.

He contributed a very thorough summary of the *Sudden and Gradual* question and, with Erik Harting, a helpful commentary on Wilber's views on the *Pre-trans Fallacy*. I also remember going to his talks on angelology which were very original. There is information on this and some of his other work listed on the website below. He was not an enthusiastic dialoguer being much more interested in content than process and used to chide me for allowing every meeting to start 'as from the beginning' rather than from where we left off at the previous session. He sometimes underlined his view on this matter by lying flat out on the floor and falling asleep whilst we battled on.

Gladney came to Australia from the USA in the '60s with the aim of starting a new life in a country least likely to get itself involved in a nuclear war. After teaching at a Steiner school, he applied his mathematical skills in the growing computer industry and took a job with Honeywell. In spite of his professional success which delivered him a large salary and several Sydney properties he felt the need for an entirely new society based on completely different values. Consequently, he set off with his family and a group of fellow enthusiasts to start a new civilisation on the coast of NSW. After several years Gladney was left as the last member of the original group living alone on the farm. Although this "new civilization" did not come into being quite as planned, many members of the original group purchased farms and property in the areas around the original farm, and a large and growing community began to form. This community is still growing today and the original farm, where it all started, is now called "Gladney's".

Margot and I got to know him only after he returned to Sydney around 1980 where he worked as principal buyer for the Adyar bookshop for approximately ten years. I occasionally met him at lunchtime in Sydney. We'd sit in the park and I would try to persuade him to let me set him up in an Ashram in the Blue Mountains, in opposition to Osho then known as Rajneesh. Gladney had read all the books and looked the part with flowing beard, etc., I promised him riches and fame. I hadn't a hope, he thought I was joking!

When he left the bookshop he lived in Morisset where he worked on the Union Index Of Theosophical Periodicals, now on the website of The Campbell Theosophical Research Library and his own website, TPH Twilight Archive, two amazingly comprehensive resources. (Check the URLs below). As a result of failing health and eyesight Gladney came back to Sydney in 2001 where he lived with his daughter Rilka and her husband Simon and finally, with his granddaughter and grandson who were born in 2005.

Gladney was very clear about what he held to be true, tenacious in support of his beliefs whilst at the same time willing to question everything. I often found him both exasperating and admirable at the same time. The following verse from his poem "One" which is available in full on the site below, captures something of this aspect. It has been as though he has been gradually fading away these last few years and has now completed the process.

From Gladney's poem 'One'

**on
a heart
lit
path**

**in
a
process
of
becoming
aware
of
nature**

wondering

**verifying
somehow
for
one self
that
which
one
is told
by**

others

<http://www.tphta.ws/> and
<http://www.austheos.org.au/campbell.htm>

Cloud-Hidden – Whereabouts Unknown (Pages 65-66) by Alan Watts, from Beryl Starke

We also cultivate something oddly known as the ecstasy of ordinary consciousness – related, it would seem to the Zen principle that "Your usual consciousness is Buddha" meaning here the basic reality of life. We have become accustomed to living simultaneously on several levels of reality, some of which appear to be in mutual contradiction – as your physicists could regard the nucleus as both particle and wave. In your time, the overwhelmingly orthodox view of the world was objective: you took things to be just as scientists described them, and we still give due weight to this point of view. Taken by itself, however, it degrades man to a mere object: it defines him as he is seen from outside and so screens out his own inside vision of things. Therefore we also take into account the subjective, naive, and childlike way of seeing life and give it least equal status. It was, I think first shown by a British architect, Douglas Harding, writing in the early sixties, that from this point of view, one has no head. The only directly perceptual content of the head, he wrote, especially through the eyes and ears – which are directed outward from the head – is everything except the head. Once this obvious but overlooked fact becomes clear, you no longer regard your head as the centre of consciousness: you cease to be a central thing upon which experience is banging, scratching, and being recorded. Thus, the centre of awareness becomes one with all it perceives. You and the world become identical, and this disappearance of oneself, is to say the least, a blissful release.

This way of interpreting reality does not contradict the scientific way any more than the colorlessness of a lens rejects the colors of flowers. On the contrary, it restores a whole dimension of value to life which your passion for objectivity neglected, and, by comparison, your exclusively scientific universe seems a desiccated, rattling, and senseless mechanism. Though it was self-centered, in the largest sense, it left out man himself. We have put him back – not as a definable object but as the basic and supreme mystery. And as the Dutch philosopher Aart van der Leeuw once put it "The mystery of life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced".

Book Review from Susan Hansen:

Perfect Brilliant Stillness (beyond the individual self) by David Carse.

This newly released book by an American carpenter (living in Vermont in New England) is a wonder. Rather like a gentle whack on the shoulder from a master, it encourages awakening. Right from the first page one sees this book will be different: it is not copyrighted because as Carse says, "the thoughts and concepts expressed are not mine." He next makes it clear that this is not one of the many books "to help you live a better life, become a better person, and realize your full potential as a spiritual being." He forewarns that if one understands at least some of what the book's words point to, it will be quite disturbing; further, it can be the end of you altogether. Self realization is not comfort but annihilation.

Carse begins each chapter with quotes from various masters which adds international flavor. He gives extensive detail on his own awakening experience and the search afterward for clarity on what had happened to him. He visits Ramesh Balsekar in India and reads extensively (there is a large bibliography.) He comments on various current spiritual teachers and their problems. Carse does not teach. This is it.

From the sudden shift of perception that happened to him, it was at once clear that "there's nobody home! There is Presence, Being, Consciousness. There is this apparent mind/body in which and as which Presence streams, functions, experiences. And that is all; there is no separate individual self or entity or person except as a mere thought construct."

He writes of the acceptance of what is, even the extremely unpleasant and horrific aspects of life. In a way which is beyond the comprehension of the human mind, there is a balance and perfect unfolding. "There is no point, no purpose, no meaning. Therefore no importance. Therefore no involvement. Nothing needs to be any different." "The constant asking of 'why' is simply the mind's attempt to grasp for control." Seen from this different perspective, nothing needs to be fixed or judged. No good or bad or responsibility - all just is. Love is the neutral holding of what is; "everything is literally made out of pure Love, beyond love, streaming. Thus there is no way anything at all can not be well. All is perfection, pure bliss love outpouring. All is well. Totally."

Published by Paragate Publishing and Non-Duality Press UK, the Buddha's heart mantra shines through the book: Gate gate paragate parasamgate bodhi svaha. Gone, gone, gone all the way over, everyone gone to the other shore, enlightenment, Joy! Truly, this book IS perfect brilliant stillness.

Susan Hansen Oregon, USA

Friendship Force from Halcyon Evans

I have recently been overseas with an organisation called the Friendship Force which was established in 1977 by former US president, Jimmy Carter, his wife, Roslyn, and Dr. Wayne Smith. Their aim was to contribute to world peace and understanding by bringing people of various ages and backgrounds together through home hosting so they could experience different cultures and ways of life. Since then Friendship Force clubs have been formed in many parts of the world including Africa and Russia. This year a group of us from Sydney were invited to stay with Friendship Force members in Bratislava (Slovakia), Hamburg (Germany) and Devon (England). I stayed in four different homes and was warmly welcomed by all my hosts. I am now sorting out and recording some of my memories.

In Devon I was with a magistrate and his wife who lived in a charming 17th century thatched cottage, which didn't appear to have a horizontal or vertical beam anywhere, in the tiny village of Gittisham close to where my great grandfather had been born. They were most hospitable helping me with family history and taking me, among other places, to Lyme Regis, where I walked on the Cob and thought of Persuasion and The French Lieutenant's Woman. (Random comment #1 - Alan, my host, had recently had a young man in court whose first name was Evlis. It was meant to be Elvis but his mother or father had got the letters mixed up).

One day we went by a 1924 steam train to Dartmouth where travellers cross the river by boat and the Royal Naval College sits up on the hill. There I saw the memorial to the Mayflower and the Plymouth Brethren. I was also taken to Plymouth from where so many famous people had set sail, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Francis Chichester to name two. (Random comment #2 – one reason Drake finished his game of bowls was because he couldn't get his ships out of the harbour anyway as the wind was in the wrong direction). We also saw the island where Napoleon had been held while the English decided what to do with him. Evidently scores of people rowed out every day to try to get a glimpse of the famous prisoner. Coming back from Plymouth we drove across Dartmoor. I was impressed by the desolate beauty of the place and the wild Dartmoor ponies while shivering at the sight of the grim Dartmoor prison.

In Hamburg I stayed with a warm motherly woman who was convinced I wasn't eating enough and wanted to fill me up with black bread, German sausage and cheese, and also with a delightful young family with two little boys, one a baby in arms. One of my favourite memories is walking in the woods on the outskirts of Hamburg with the young father pushing the pram and the little boy stopping every few minutes to pick up a leaf to put in his little cardboard basket. Later on he happily played a balloon bouncing game with me. We communicated beautifully though not in words as he spoke no English and I only a few words of German, none of them to do with bouncing balloons.

One morning some of us were invited to another home for breakfast where there was an amazing array of food and drink including beer and schnapps, unusual for someone used to cereal and a cup of tea. On another occasion we were taken on a wagon ride through fields of heather. This was a beautiful sight and took me by surprise as I thought heather only grew in Scotland. My hostess, Elsa, was obviously pleased that I had enjoyed it. In an ancient small town north of Hamburg called Stade we were given a civic reception by the local Burgermeister who sang to us about the delights of his town to the tune of Hello Dolly, something I can't imagine happening in Sydney.

In Bratislava three of us stayed with an exuberant university teacher of Business English. We slept upstairs while Marta, our host, slept on the settee in the living room downstairs. She, too, was amazingly hospitable plying us with, literally, heaps of food often made from an array of alarming-looking dried mushrooms which she kept in boxes in the shed. We were pleased to be able to help her in a small way (at her request) by checking some of her lecture notes to students, not the content but whether they sounded right in English. I was interested to learn that she got her students to do role-plays in English with one acting as, say, an importer of goods which had been damaged and another as an insurance agent.

The day we arrived in Bratislava we were taken by boat down the muddy, fast-flowing Danube, full of fallen tree branches because of heavy rains, to where it joined the Moravia River. I was casually told that the other side of the river was Austria. To an Australian used to huge distances this was astonishing. We also joined in the celebrations for the new bridge across the Danube by walking with hundreds of others to the other side just as Sydney people did at the opening of the Anzac bridge or the Reconciliation Day walk across the harbour. There was the same feeling of excitement in the air.

On Sunday morning we accompanied Marta to a modern Lutheran church where we were issued with ear phones and had the whole service translated for us on the spot by a young man and a young woman taking it in turn. I was

impressed by their fluency in English.

The whole journey was a marvellous experience and I feel privileged to have been accepted into these people's homes, to have met relatives and friends and even been witness to family disagreements, which shows I was accepted. Not surprisingly I feel very warm towards them even though I have known them for such a short time.

Halcyon Evans

Consciousness – Exploring the Meanings from Doug Lloyd

You are invited to go on a trip with me. Not by car or plane. Rather to explore the diverse meanings of consciousness that Meg has discovered in books she has read.

Let's start with this one. It is by the late Raynor Johnson who was a physicist: Consciousness is a fundamental idea which cannot be defined. Yet without it nothing else can be defined. It is unlike all else in that it is at once subject and object. It is and it knows that it is. To talk of perceptions, feelings, thoughts, memories, etc., as the stream of consciousness is wrong: they are a stream of experience. Consciousness or the 'I' is conscious only of itself, but is aware of that which constitutes the not-self. (1)

Meg noted that Johnson gave his meaning of consciousness about two thirds of the way through his book. He had already discussed the data of physical reality and was into the data of psychical experience when he said what consciousness meant. She then read on about out-of-the-body experiences. Finally she read a section on the data of mystical experience.

All very interesting, she thought. Yet life went on much the same for her.

Some six months later she awoke from a night's sleep and was startled by the thought, I've just been dreaming that I had my nose pressed against a pane of glass looking at a swimming pool. I saw the glass and water beyond it. Yet I wasn't aware of the glass and water. Consciousness which is only conscious of itself, but aware of the not-self was aware of the glass and water. Goodness! Consciousness, the true self, the "I" was also aware of me while I slept.

Her husband, Greg was snoring beside her. I'm hearing him but it is not me that is aware of him. Consciousness is aware of him. And I'm seeing him but it is consciousness that is aware of him.

Meg said that it was a double awakening for her. For she awoke from a nights sleep and also from a fifty year slumber.

With her awakening Meg's passion for knowledge remains unabated. She recalled that Colin Wilson, a philosopher and novelist, wrote a lot about consciousness. She took from her bookshelves Wilson's book, "Beyond the Occult". She read of levels of consciousness. Of the seventh level Wilson wrote: It is an odd sense of mastery over time, as if every moment of your life could be recalled as clearly as the last ten minutes. We suddenly realise that time is a manifestation of the heaviness of the body and feebleness of the spirit. We can also see that if we could learn to achieve this condition of control permanently, time would become in a basic sense, non-existent. (2)

Meg pondered for a while. Could they be levels of experience of what Johnson calls the Ego, personality, the empirical self? If consciousness is conscious only of itself and aware of the not-self then it is aware of me as Ego, personality, empirical self. But it is "I" as an empirical self that can experience time as in a sense non-existent.

"So, looking at it this way," she mused, "there are no levels of consciousness. But there are levels of experience or existence for Ego, personality, empirical self.

"I have already experienced life on different levels and I'm going to see if I can experience this seventh level."

Meg continues to read and reread the many books of Colin Wilson. She finds him exciting and stimulating.

Meg was intrigued by the title of a book she saw when browsing in a book shop. It was entitled "The Quantum Self" , by Danah Zohar. Meg bought the book.

A few days later she read in it: "Then, too, any quantum mechanical model is necessarily a physical model, and thus assumes that the phenomena of consciousness (awareness, perception, thought, memory, etc.), along with those of physics, chemistry and biology, belong to the order of Nature and can be experimentally investigated. This way of

looking at consciousness also implies that consciousness and matter are so integrally bound up with each other that either consciousness is a property of matter (as in pansychism), or else, as Nagel suggests, that consciousness and matter arise together from the same common source—in our terms, from the world of quantum phenomena.” (3)

Meg screwed up her face. “Can consciousness be studied in the same way as genes or perceptions and all other phenomena?” she thought. She then went on to the next paragraph.

“Either view takes consciousness out of the realm of the supernatural and makes it a proper matter for scientific enquiry. It challenges the widely held dualist assumption that consciousness and matter (“mind”, or “soul,” and body) are entirely separate phenomena.

“That’s it,” she shouted and rushed out to Greg, who was pruning roses in the garden.

“Greg, I’ve got it! Dinah Zohar uses consciousness to mean the same as ‘mind’, ‘soul’. But I don’t think they are equivalent. It is ‘mind’, ‘soul’ that can be investigated. Consciousness can’t be. It is the indefinable that makes possible all definitions, such as ‘soul’, ‘mind’ and body.”

Greg went on pruning and said, “ This is all beyond me.”

As though she hadn’t heard, Meg went on, “You know the chapter I have been reading is entitled, ‘A Quantum Model of Consciousness’. It could have just as easily been entitled, ‘A Quantum Model of Mind or Soul’.”

Meg still reads Zohar. She thinks Soar might have important things to say about physical reality and of quantum physics being relevant to creating a better society.

Meg is very interested in religion. It is part of her Passion for knowledge. She has several books by Don Cupitt who is a Philosopher of Religion. She began to reread a book of his entitled, “Creation out of Nothing”. She came to these words: “From the beginning, philosophy had always been rationalistic and had always taught a kind of supernaturalism, of consciousness, as if the self were a spirit that could function independently of the body, language and culture. In the entire Plato - to - Kant era there is surprisingly little recognition of how flimsy and partial our consciousness is, how imperfect and how secondary. Recognition of the secondariness of consciousness actually begins in Western thought in the very period when, according to the conventionalist story, the human self was becoming most over-inflated. That consciousness follows and depends upon the common language had scarcely been said clearly before Herder and Hegel said it, and that consciousness follows and depends upon biological processes and drives of which it is the frail and shallow epiphenomenon was scarcely said clearly before Schopenhauer. .” (4)

Meg threw her head back in dismay. “ Is that all consciousness is? A mere epiphenomenon of language and biological drives and processes? Is it just like the froth on the waves - a mere secondary phenomenon?”

She pondered the issue for a week and then thought, Cupitt is saying there is no such entity as spirit, soul or mind that resides in a person. The sense that there is, or the idea that there is, comes about by means of language and biological drives and processes.

“Put that way, I like what he has to say,” Meg muttered to herself. “No I, or any other I at the centre of the world. Yeah. I still experience myself that way sometimes, such is conditioning. But that experience is only an epiphenomenon of language and biological process and drives. No, humans are not ghosts in machines.”

Meg thought on, “As I write, consciousness is aware of me writing, of the biro that I write with and of me as a physical being. Without consciousness being aware of me and all that is, I think I would be just like a machine or computer. I wouldn’t be aware of my meanings or of these writers that I have reviewed.”

Meg still reads Cupitt. She thinks he is helping her understand religion. A few days ago she went and bought his latest book. She is avidly reading it.

Meg passed onto me this quote from Danah Zohar’s book, ‘The Quantum Society’. It is by the philosopher Gerry Fodor speaking from within the mechanistic framework of physical reality. “We know a little bit about language, a little bit about perception, very little about cognitive development, practically nothing at all about thought, and as far

as I can tell, nothing at all about consciousness. The problems about consciousness, in particular have proved intractable in a very unsettling sort of way". (5)

Meg's reflections on this passage are - perhaps we will never know anything about consciousness. It is mystery. Not in the sense of that which can potentially be solved, such as, "Who murdered Flicky?" For consciousness is no thing. It is not in time and space. It is indefinable, yet makes possible all our definitions of reality.

I am in awe and amazement at this Mystery which consciousness is. The Mystery that is aware of my perceptions, thoughts, memories, smells, etc. The Mystery that is the awareness of your life and mine. *Doug Lloyd*

NOTES

1. Raynor Johnson. 'The Imprisoned Splendour' 219. Hodder and Stoughton. 1965
2. Colin Wilson. 'Beyond the Occult' 482. Corgi Books. 1989
3. Danah Zohar. 'The Quantum Self' 73. Bloomsbury. 1990
4. Don CU M. 'Treatise out of Nothing'. 149 - 150. SCM Press. 1990
5. Danah Zohar. 'The Quantum Society'. 43-44. Flamingo. 1994

Tomas Tranströmer Swedish poet (Born 1931) New Collected Poems – from Heinz Rahn

Prelude (1954)

Waking up is a parachute jump from dreams.
 Free of the suffocating turbulence the traveller
 sinks toward the green zone of morning.
 Things flare up. From the viewpoint of the quivering lark
 he is aware of the huge root-systems of the trees,
 their swaying underground lamps. But above the ground
 there's greenery - a tropical flood of it - with
 lifted arms, listening
 to the beat of an invisible pump. And he
 sinks towards summer, is lowered
 in its dazzling crater, down
 through shafts of green damp ages
 trembling under the sun's turbine. Then it's checked,
 this straight-down journey through the moment, and the wings spread
 to the osprey's repose above rushing waters.
 The bronze-age trumpet's
 outlawed note
 hovers above the bottomless depths.

In day's first hours consciousness can grasp the world
 as the hand grips a sun warmed stone.
 The traveller is standing under the tree, After
 the crash through death's turbulence, shall
 a great light unfold above his head?

Tomas Tranströmer

Jiddu Krishnamurti – World Philosopher (1895 –1986) by Christine Williams from Alan Mann

I have read several Krishnamurti life stories and I could not see much point in reading yet another. I'm glad I relented and decided to read this latest version because I think it is probably the most useful. It is written with a journalist's eye: the facts are reported as far as they are accessible to the author and they come free of the distortions which creep into accounts written by the protagonists in the many disputes and legal wrangles Krishnamurti found himself involved in. It is also free of the rose-tinted enthusiasms of the devotee. The book delivers a clear picture of Krishnamurti's strengths and weaknesses. This is my reaction to my just-completed reading.

The boy Krishnamurti was found playing on the beach by a strange and controversial theosophist who identified him as a future world teacher – a new messiah. He was extracted from his simple background, told he was a vehicle of supernatural forces and, as if to prove it, his background was transformed from the relative poverty of an Indian village dwelling to that of rich and aristocratic theosophists. Everything money can buy was suddenly on hand and he was told that he, Krishnamurti, was the vehicle whereby the Kingdom would also be discovered to be on hand.

Nightly visits to spiritual masters in some Himalayan hideout took place in his sleep and he was required to report on these experiences every morning. He was persuaded that the grown-ups who adopted him must know what they are on about and some of his experiences seemed to confirm their claims. In particular, his dealings with one of the 'Masters' Mr Koot Hoomi who haunted his dreams and visions for years until one day he walked up to him and through him and thereby dismissed the wraith from his consciousness for ever.

In spite of this appalling conditioning he somehow retained a clarity and intelligence, which awakened him to the falseness of his position. Consequently, much to the amazement and horror of most of his mentors and followers, he rejected the organization which had been built around him. He is, in my view, an excellent contemporary example of the superiority of natural over revealed religion.

He disbanded the organization and thereafter wandered the world offering his own rather than his teachers' versions of what he believed it is all about. Somehow, he managed to retain a direct connection with the wholeness of life and his teaching is essentially about recovering that connection in our everyday lives. Many people recognised Advaita and Buddhist influences or themes. Krishnamurti denied any influence and insisted that what he offered was ever new. However that might be, the themes were age-old, a fact that the new teacher failed to acknowledge.

He had worked it out for himself, which he insisted was what we all must do, completely free of what has gone before. That seemed to be good advice.. However, he made the mistake of thinking that his unique and idiosyncratic take on the big picture was the only take on offer and strived to make the world see reality through his eyes instead of their own whilst, at the same time, insisting they work it out for themselves.

Failing to see the effect this impossible suggestion was having on his devotees he tirelessly berated them for not 'getting it'.

He spoke of simplicity but his teachings are a study in complexity. His own clarity seems to be undeniable but he failed to find the skilful means of communicating or sharing it. Forever in the background was the hum of 'Presence' which he didn't seem to be able to untangle from his early superstitions. He continued to ascribe it to the transcendent rather than acknowledge it as immanent, and to describe it as a realm accessible only to the elect. How could truth – the truth he spoke about – come and go like the changing weather? Surely it is a matter of being aware or unaware. People often came upon this sense of Presence in his presence and ascribed their awareness to him being there and, as it were, delivering the Presence. That, of course, could be true to the extent that he somehow activated their ability to see for themselves or authenticate experiences they might otherwise brush aside or evade..

His personal life turned out to be a case study in the problems and shortcomings his teachings were designed to address. He was a classic example of a need to teach what you need to know. He seems to have combined extraordinary clarity of mind with endless confusion in his actions and personal relationships.

To the bitter end, and it was surprisingly bitter in some of his relationships, he hung on to his belief that he was a special case, claiming that there would not be another such vehicle of the 'force' for many hundreds of years.

Christine Williams 's book included a number of anecdotes I hadn't heard before. The following captures what I believe is the essence of Krishnamurti's message:

The BBC broadcast a television interview with Krishnamurti at the end of 1970. It began by showing the interviewer, Oliver Hunkin, and Krishnamurti walking outside the main building at Brockwood Park, an obviously wealthy setting, and then moved inside for the interview itself. Krishnamurti was animated and eager to convey his message but the intellectual demands of the interview were no less for all the enthusiasm. At the end of the program Krishnamurti described meditation as occurring when the body was so completely quiet that the brain cells themselves became quiet. In that silence, everything happened. That was real meditation, he said, not just a phoney acceptance of authority and the repetition of words. Hunkin asked if he might recapitulate, in his own words, on what Krishnamurti had said, and Krishnamurti agreed, which was out of character, as he would normally plead with people to listen, rather than bring what he was

saying back within the language of their own conditioned minds. Hunkin began, "Meditation is the essential deconditioning process and Krishnamurti agreed. If I discard this deadweight of authority, if I discard everything that I've been told," Hunkin went on, I shall be totally alone at that moment but in my solitude there's a chance I may understand what I really am". Krishnamurti was beaming in accord. And you would understand what Truth was, or God, or whatever name you liked to give it, Krishnamurti concluded.

In spite of his personal shortcomings he enjoyed moments and periods of a clarity that are denied to most people and I am one of the many who have benefited from his work. The benefits arise from approaching his teachings with the warning he issued himself:

"Surely, it is only when I see the false as the false that my mind is capable of perceiving what is true. A mind that is confused in the false, can never find the truth. Therefore, I must understand what is false in my relationships, in my ideas, in the things about me; because, to perceive the truth requires the understanding of the false. Without removing the causes of ignorance, there cannot be enlightenment; and to seek enlightenment when the mind is unenlightened is utterly empty, meaningless. Therefore, I must begin to see the false in my relationships with ideas, with people, with things. When the mind sees that which is false, then that which is true comes into being; and then there is ecstasy, there is happiness". August 1, 1948

Christine Williams calm appraisal of Krishnamurti's life seems to reflect and underline his warning.

Alan Mann

TAT Foundation – April 2005 Gathering from Alan Mann

The day before we left for our holiday, the postman delivered a five disc set of DVDs from the TAT Foundation. This USA group arose from interest in the work of Richard Rose who died last year. It is open to any seekers or people interested in the field of self-realisation. The DVDs are a record of talks given at the April 2005 gathering of the group somewhere in West Virginia. I played the discs whilst we were away. The theme of the gathering was "Beyond Mind Beyond Death" and there were five talks followed by a final, lengthy question and answer session. To explain what the gathering was about in one paragraph – there were five people explaining their realization of what enlightenment is about and what led them to their realization. Note, I do not say that they explained what their own enlightenment was about as that is a very tricky area but it was clear that they were clear and free and, in what I suppose is a very American way, unashamed to be upfront about their undoubted inperiences and experiences of what is really going on.

There were many instances, during the talks, of speakers describing experiences and insights which closely matched my own. In fact, the whole scene of 'ordinary' people coming together to share their understanding was similar to our approach to these matters in the Sydney dialogue and other group meetings.

The TAT Foundation has a very 'open' approach which I try to summarize below:

- Anything or any body that offers an opening to self-realisation is welcome.
- Everybody has it and just about every seriously interested body 'gets it'.
- If we don't realise it is usually because we reject the simplicity of 'it'.
- You are the authority not Richard Rose, Krishnamurti or anybody else.
- You are responsible – not just for the questions but also for the answers.
- We all come upon this in our own way – see it through this being.

I thought this might be a good model for us to follow if sufficient people are interested in an extended dialogue over a long weekend sometime. Maybe it's time to revive the plan to have a joint gathering on the NSW/Victorian border which we nearly held in the Gary Hipworth days! I will show some of the TAT talks at future Harding meetings at Chatswood. The following is from a recent TAT Forum Newsletter:

Rose: The only thing I can say is that when I was at that stage, I didn't know where to go, either. But I kept struggling. Almost in any direction, beating my head against almost every wall, every door, every book.

Q: [Inaudible] ... no place to go beyond that?

Rose: No, I haven't. You may *call* it no-place. You might call it no-mind. But you can't use those words without saying -- whenever you say "nothing," you must immediately say "everything." That which you find is nothing, but simultaneously it is everything.

That's the only way you can describe an absolute condition with relative terms, or attempt to. There may be a hint, just a hint, that you can get from using these two terms together. © 1974 by Richard Rose.

I include this example of Rose in action because of the increasing emphasis, in certain, non-dualist quarters, to focus exclusively on the nothing and to completely disregard the everything.

Alan Mann

Capacitie Website – Additions

The bi-monthly Harding meetings at Greville Street take the form of people introducing a general dialogue by talking about their particular interest and relating it to the work of Douglas Harding. I have always been interested in George Schloss's application of this procedure, as demonstrated in his letters to Carl, which relate the Harding work to the major themes in western philosophy and theology and the light thrown upon them by the experiments. I am continuously adding to the Schloss letters archive on the capacitie website and the following is a sample of recent additions:

1) Letter 37 - June 6, 2005

Dear Carl, A follow-up to my last where I ended with that marvelously revealing footnote that Pannenberg extracted from Hans Jonas' book, *The Phenomenon of Life*. In fact it's so instructive and so central to our thesis that, if you'll forgive me, on the chance you don't have my letter handy (and even if you do) I'll repeat its most salient points since they bear repeating. (Again the italics are mine): "...A telling *symbol* ...unwittingly supplied by an *allegory* which he (Philo) evolves from an etymology of the name 'Israel'...The name is taken to mean 'He who sees God,' and Jacob's acquiring this name is said to represent the *God-seeker's progress from the stage of hearing to that of seeing*, made possible by the *miraculous conversion of ears to eyes*...The *allegory* falls into the general pattern of Philo's views on 'knowing God.' These rest on the *Platonic supposition* that the most genuine relation to being is intuition, beholding. This eminence of sight, when extended into the religious sphere, determines also the *highest* (sic!) and most authentic relation to God...To this Philo indeed assigns a nature, which makes vision, i.e. *intellectual contemplation*, and not audition, its genuine criterion. Referring to the phrase in Exodus, 'All the people saw the voice' (20:18), he comments: 'Highly significant, *for human voice is to be heard but God's voice is in truth to be seen.*' Why? Because that which God speaks is not words but works, which the eye discriminates better than the ear.'

As I say, I find this short excerpt quite literally and absolutely extraordinary for our purposes and well worth parsing virtually word for word since, speaking of perfectly natural phenomena like miracles, we now know, thanks to the experiments, that, with a few minor though telling alterations (like the deletion of *symbol* and *allegory*), it only took two thousand years or so for Philo's seemingly arcane libretto to be set to its appropriate music by Douglas. I should also point out on this score (no pun intended) that though my copy of the Jonas book indicates I read it soon after it appeared more than thirty years ago and, as is my wont, underlined a good deal of it or at least that which appeared to me most pertinent, when it comes to the above passage, appropriately enough given my condition at the time, there's not a mark to be found on it anywhere in sight. And with good reason. Not having discovered Douglas' work yet I can only assume that like most readers, like Jonas himself and later even Pannenberg, I took it, I won't say with a grain of salt, but as I can only suppose most modern readers - I dare say almost all - must have taken it: as a charming descendant, if you will, a poetic relic of that heroic period in which, it was reported, there had been "giants in the earth in those days" to go along with folks who lived to be as old as Methusaleh. That its "telling symbols" and "allegories" meant to "represent the God-seeker's progress from hearing to seeing by means of the "miraculous conversion" of ears to eyes were, in reality, rather than "Platonic suppositions" or the ambiguity of "intellectual contemplation" with its kindred association of, if not deep meditation at least deep thought, no more (nor less) than concentrated looking on its way to a simple seeing now available to any and all at will and as easy as turning on a light-switch, hadn't, obviously, appeared on my screen as yet. Nor with the exception of Douglas and perhaps a few of his earliest friends, on anyone else's.

Which is not to oversimplify if that's possible and "head" the other way since, at the other end of the spectrum, we have the traditionalists, Guenon and Schuon, for instance, who, though I can't cite chapter and verse at the moment, might very well have made the case or tried to - Guenon especially - for the above, for a Methusaleh really really having lived nine-hundred years if only on the grounds that, quite suitable for the childhood of the race, time was experienced more slowly in those days when the atmosphere was young which, for all we know - and thanks to the environmentalists we know more than we used to - might very well have been the case, at least to some degree (the virginal absence of pollution and so forth), but, nevertheless, doesn't even begin to address the central question. Or should I say the central answer that once implicit in its hope of heaven has now turned explicit in its realization - not

in the way expected, of course, but in the only way possible: via the experiments where, as we recapitulate our journey from Alpha to Omega, we literally do "see" the voice that speaks in silence to "all the people" and, what's more, see what it says? And what does it say? Why simply this: that, no longer solely dependent on a mystical "intuition" blindly feeling its way towards a place it can't quite put its finger on, or an "intellectual contemplation" constantly at odds with itSelf and the temptation to add an inch to its stature rather than simply subtract eight in the kindest cut of all, all that remains for us, if only by attrition, is to grow smaller and, setting our sights lower not "higher," put an end to transcendent aspiration in order, paradoxically, to attain it. Which, as we both know if the rest of the world doesn't (at least for the moment), for all intents we already have. "In the latter days one-tenth of what was required in the beginning will be sufficient." But although, like Philo, this Sufi *hadith* may say what the *nostrum* is, typically it doesn't and can't show *where* it is - or isn't. That had to be left to the experiments, to, when all else failed, no-thing making its non-self available to one and all in person when All, including itSelf, seemed lost. Which, of course, it had to be in order to be found. Best, George

George Schloss

2) **Traherne's Cosmic Consciousness** by John Powell Ward , The Jeremy Maule Lecture for 2004 has been added to the Traherne/Articles page at www.capacitie.org

Insight Dialogue Retreat – Tuesday 28 Feb to Monday 6 March

Gregory Kramer, a senior Buddhist teacher, will teach the art of interpersonal meditation practice, so that our mindfulness-awareness practice can enter more fluidly into our daily life. For over ten years Gregory has extensively developed Insight Dialogue. He has been teaching Vipassana and metta (loving-kindness meditation) since 1980. He holds a PhD in 'Learning and Change in Human Systems' and is a core faculty member at Barre Centre for Buddhist Studies. Gregory is the father of three sons and lives with his wife in Oregon.

VENUE: The Chevalier Resource Centre in Eastern Sydney. Accommodation will generally be single dormitories. There is parking available on-site and there is public transport nearby. Directions provided at registration.

COST: 3-day Beginners' retreat - \$295; 6-day advanced retreat - \$555

REGISTRATION: Call Chris McLean on (02) 9959 3034 or 04213469 19 or Maria Bakas on (02) 48428122 or 0421547665. Or, email us on info@insightdialogueaustralia.org or maria2802@australia.edu

For further information: www.insightdialogueaustralia.org

Krishnamurti gathering in April 2006 at Pittwater YHA

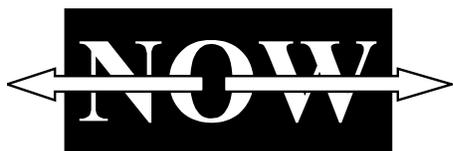
Krishnamurti Australia will hold a gathering in May 2005 to discuss Krishnamurti's teachings. We have rented the whole of the Pittwater youth hostel for Friday 28th and Saturday 29th april 2005. We have the hostel till mid-afternoon Sunday. It is also possible to extend the stay for the Sunday night after the gathering. The youth hostel has an idyllic setting in Bushland at Pittwater in Northern Sydney. It provides comfortable accommodation without being luxurious. We will self cater. The youth hostel is reached by ferry/water taxi from Church Point to Hall's Wharf. Church point can be reached by bus from Manly or Sydney. Details on the hostel are available at www.yha.com.au. This includes a locality map and Ferry timetable. Activities will include a video session followed by large and small group discussion. <http://www.yha.com.au/hostels/details.cfm?hostelid=31>

When: Friday 28th April after 12pm till 3.00pm Sunday 30th April 2005

Cost: \$100 for the gathering. Payment by the middle of March if possible. It is possible to come just for the day, cost is \$33.00 per day.

For full details www.yha.com.au

Regular Dialogue Meetings				
LOCATION	DAY	MEETING PLACE	TIME & CONTACT	Phone Nos.
Sydney City	Third Saturday	Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society - Level 2, 484 Kent St., City	2.30pm Terry O'Brien	0431605374
Chatswood	Third Sunday	81 Greville St. (off Fullers Rd) Chatswood	10.30 am Alan & Margot Mann	02 9419 7394
Nowra	First Saturday	Bridge Tavern	4-6pm -Riche du Plessis	4423 4774



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**If unable to deliver please return to:
81 Greville Street, Chatswood 2067**

Academy of the Word Seminar Programme Dr Alex Reichel (02) 9310 4504 – 2nd & 4th Tuesdays– Polding Centre, Level UB, 133 Liverpool St., SYDNEY. 2000 - The New Phone Number is (02) 9268 0635. Second Tuesday 6.15pm - *Healing & Well-being* - Fourth Tuesday 6pm - *State of the World*

Blavatsky Lodge of The Theosophical Society Level 2, 484 Kent St., Sydney (near Town Hall Station) Talks Programme Every Wednesday at 2.30pm and 7pm – Printed programme available 02 9267 6955 and at – <http://www.matra.com.au/~hpb/index.html>

Mountain Heart Retreat – Meditation retreats of two or four days offered in a peaceful bush valley in the southern tablelands close to Braidwood, NSW. Phone Maria Bakas on 02 4842 8122 or 0421 5476 65

Look for Yourself (Harding) Meetings - Approximately bi-monthly, by email notification of date and programme.

Krishnamurti Fellowship – Every Monday 6.30pm at Blavatsky Lodge see address above.