

Issue 116 – May 06  
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Next Meetings – 21 May 06

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**CANCELLED – dialogue meeting JUNE**

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Editor's Note,

An apology to Jake Avila who I described as a freelance photographer instead of a freelance journalist in the last issue, sorry Jake.

This Nowletter continues our enquiry into the dreaming, as described in the David Carse book *Perfect Brilliant Stillness*. I used the Timothy Freke book *Lucid Living* to work through my doubts and reservations about all this and two readers have contributed letters endorsing the David Carse position. Kriben Pillay sent his article *There is No Self* some weeks before the dreaming dialogue began but it fits in very neatly. In late January of this year a reader mentioned that after years of listening to Krishnamurti he was still unclear what K meant when claiming the observer is the observed, as it is open to a number of interpretations. I had a session with Donald on the subject and subsequently wrote the letter summarizing our talk. I have included it in this issue because it seems relevant to the 'dream' dialogue. Thanks to all contributors. There will be a gap before the next issue as Margot and I are off to the Traherne festival (details on [www.capacitie.org](http://www.capacitie.org)) Maybe we'll see some of you there?

**Dialogue Meetings – Third Sunday of every month (No meeting in June 06)**

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

**NEXT HARDING MEETING – Saturday 5 August**

**Sensitivity: To be Sensitive**

To be sensitive is to come upon another, transforming sensing of Reality, free from the burden of knowledge, released from traditional mental illusions about what is, what was, what will be.

Sensitivity means having a tender feeling for people, animals, birds, bushes. Allied with love, sensitivity does not seek anything in return. I may be quite smart, have achieved considerable worldly success yet my heart might be firmly closed to certain people and things.

This sense of affection is immensely important for it is the transforming factor in our existence: the gateway to happiness.

In every way, traditionally, philosophically, religiously, politically, culturally, personally, happiness has been our longed-for human goal, as though happiness was a result, an individual achievement, a social goal.

Without love I am an ugly human being.

When I love, my movements are rhythmical, my face is alive and homely, my expression joyous, my radiance is beautiful, the ecstasy of creation is present.

Happiness is the essence of creation. If I am not happy in the doing, while I am doing the action, it lacks quality, is not beautiful, is not good.

Happiness is the true creative factor. Happiness is God. Happiness is creation.

*Donald Ingram Smith*

P.S. Healthy, happy babies-children-mature human beings are conceived at the spontaneous moment of creative, joyous love. Innocence. Confidence. Desire. Happiness. Instinct. Intuition. Therefore creation is eternally present and ever new.

**Perfect Brilliant Stillness 4 from Andrea O'Rielly**

Email 1. Thanks for your reply. I wonder if any folks from IONS (Institute of Noetic Sciences) are on your email list? Their researchers may be able to answer some of these questions in a way that we 'rational minds' could understand. I'm especially curious about the role of intentionality. Quantum physics, etc. suggests that our thoughts and intentions, at a deep level of mind, greatly influence or even create our reality, including the 'physical world.' According to Carse, if I'm understanding him correctly, all thought and intention (and 'free will') belongs to the 'dream.' All I know for sure is that life is quite fascinating and mysterious!

Email 2. The book Perfect Brilliant Stillness is a minefield for the mind. Alan seems to have come through unscathed, but this 'myself' didn't. Outbursts of deep laughter happened. And the clarity, missing since childhood, came back! Just a glimpse of what is described in the book, but what a relief. At the same time there's a slight feeling of having been through the wringer. My earlier letter to you described decades of searching, reading, and a few occasions of absolute Headlessness (but the head grew back) - that letter is now seen to be full of 'me.' If your reading of the book was accompanied by any pressure to form an opinion, put it into words and write a review, then perhaps it's worth reading it once again at leisure, just keeping the words in peripheral vision (so to speak) and see if the concepts lead beyond themselves... It would be interesting to hear John Wren-Lewis's comments on Perfect Brilliant Stillness, if he has read it. And, by the way, where the \*bleep\* is The 9:15 to Nirvana ??

P.S. Just a comment that may or may not have relevance to the question 'why does anyone ever wake up at all?' - A memory from childhood - about 8 years old - sitting by a lovely patch of heather in Scotland. There was such joy at the beauty of the scene, but also a distinct feeling that somehow it wasn't as clear and bright as it 'should be' and that I was (sadly and frustratingly) unable (no longer able) to appreciate/enjoy/love it fully - a recognition of what John Wren-Lewis so aptly calls the 'brain cataract.'

*Andrea O'Rielly*

### **Perfect Brilliant Stillness 5 from Carien McGuin**

David Carse speaks to me like George Schloss -- it's obvious. There's a welling up of pleasure. And marvel. And wonder. Or something.

We're all looking but like the blind leading the blind. Donald told me once when he was nine, out in the bush he came upon a dead rabbit which had been mauled. In experimenting with the animal's damaged eye he realized that all eyes see.

But what they see is anybody's story. They only see/feel the play of the energetic keyboard of the iris within, as the visual stimuli enter the eye. The eye, like ears, nose and even tongue, can only "see" movement. They can't "see" stillness, i.e. "what is". That is, the sense organ only collects stimuli (movement) which is continually "pictured" -- amalgamated--coordinated---- made into pictures in the brain. Without a brain the eye cannot see "something". That's why it's hard to find the pen I've lost on the desk, without my moving from the desk. The pen's not moving so I can't see it. Often I depend on cognition to find it, i.e. I have a picture of it in my brain, I can't find it. I have a fixed picture in my head of the pen, while what I am looking at, the pen in its strange position (half under a file or something) is quite different, so the two pictures don't connect.

When the brain has patterns of pictures (the baby's repetitive learning, habits, et al) the grooves created show up in consciousness as recognition and become memory. Intellectual thinking seems to be brain picturing generated from a mixture of memory, internal body stimuli (the parasympathetic nervous system) and deep brain grooving like language. So when David says "blindingly obvious, 'seen' not 'known', yet is seems cannot be expressed", it is obvious. there is no thing out there to be seen, nor is there some thing out there to be seen. there is no subject or object. There is movement which is inside/outside.

The question "what am I looking at?" is a brain-grooved activity generated by repetitive words such as "what" and "I" --- an object-subject looking which is a picture spawned by a picture (the original sense stimuli) in a silence (maybe).

A silent brain is a brain at rest (momentarily thanks to a Zen retreat). Things appear very differently in the stillness, showing up the non-isness of what is. The paradox of "is-ing" and "non-is-ing" is as David says "not possible to understand so that it can be seen *it* must be seen to be understood."

That "seeing" is not "something I can do". As David says – it's "surrender", "grace. tripping." And this reaction is, of course, just another story, another angle on the dangle. Blind to blind. It's obvious.

*Carien McGuin*

### **Lucid Living by Timothy Freke from Alan Mann**

A reader suggests I have fallen for an elaborate spoof by taking *Perfect Brilliant Stillness* so seriously. I have been tricked by an elaborate practical joke which the author had sustained with an apparent rebuttal of my criticism of his book. (Nowletter 115). I am not so sure about that because a number of readers clearly share his view that we are entrapped in a dream and that we do not actually exist.

I find this an intriguing notion. I would like to get to the bottom of how people can subscribe to such a belief. David Carse can't help me. He agrees that my objections make perfect sense to anyone stuck in the dream but I have to transcend my dreaming to understand or see what he is pointing to. The assumption is that he is right, I am wrong and there is no hope for me until I see that he is right. Carse claims that life is a dream. Only a dreamer would deny it. Therefore, anyone who does deny it thereby confirms his claim. This seems to be the catch-cry of fundamentalists of all persuasions including, as I now discover, the extreme non-dualist.

Just before *Perfect Brilliant Stillness* arrived a reader (Andrea) sent me a book by an English non-dualist, Timothy Freke called *Lucid Living* and I turned to that in the hope it would resolve my difficulties. Freke promises to 'turn my world inside out' which seems to be what is required and what has been acknowledged in other contexts and earlier editions over the years as the necessary shift.

I accept that there are aspects of my world-view which are dependent on memory and/or imagination and can be said to be dream-like. For example time past and future and the idea of self as a fixed and continuing entity rather than a process. However, this imaginative component arises in an actuality, which includes me as a participating organism – what I am. So, rather than call the whole of life a dream because of this imaginary component it would be far

better to say that we tend to overlook the difference between what is and what is not and, consequently, see that the everyday world view overlooks and misreads some basic aspects of what is happening.

The assumption that the provisional reality accorded to time past and time future and to my self as an observer of what is happening, as opposed to a participant in what is going on, whilst conceptual, is through force of habit adopted as real. I can consequently become embedded in a context which is unreal, in the sense of imperfect or incomplete and, to some extent, dreamlike. To compare it with dreaming is a useful analogy. It helps me to see through these assumptions to what underlies them; the flow of impressions that inform consciousness.

The question is whether this flow of phenomena represents 'what is actual' or whether it is a dream. And, if a dream, is it 'my' dream or God's dream, both or neither?

The non-dualists are convinced I am entrapped in my dream, I think they are entrapped in their analogy. Just as time and self constitute a conceptual framework which is eventually mistaken for actuality, the dream metaphor is first taken to explain this misunderstanding and then mistaken for actuality or what is. I think it is at best a failure to come to grips with no-thingness, at worst a form of escapism.

So, having spread my cards on the table can Timothy Freke reconcile me to non dualism?

The book is commendably short and the front cover carries the promise that it can be read in an hour. It doesn't start off too promisingly as far as I am concerned. The opening paragraph reads: *Imagine for a moment you are dreaming. You are completely engrossed in the dramas of your dreamworld when a mysterious stranger appears in your dream. He sidles up to you and softly whispers something extraordinary in your ear: "Pssst! Wake up. You are dreaming."*

Freke goes on to explain that the dreamer would perhaps be irritated and think this denial of his dream reality to be absurd. Exactly my reaction to the claim that my everyday life is a dream – he is absolutely right about how people are likely to react to the whispering strangers.

At the end of the opening section he summarizes his case by listing four suggestions:

*Life is not what it seems  
You are not who you think you are  
Life is like a dream  
And you are the dreamer*

This is almost indistinguishable from my view as I attempted to explain in the opening remarks to this note. I have a residual niggles about item four. Having seen through identification of self, as a contributor to the mis-understanding, Freke re-establishes the 'me' as the great dreamer or God.

As we move through the book the dream claim is substituted by clear acknowledgement that reference to dream and dreaming is analogous to a miss-take on life. That is, we mistake our conceptual framework for the real thing; for the whole that can never be reduced to knowledge. He is not saying the universe is a dream, he is explaining that what we make of it – our explanations and descriptions can be compared to dreaming. For example he says:

*We are so wrapped up in our opinions about life we mistake our own make-believe world for reality – just as when we are dreaming. Becoming conscious of the mystery of existence is like waking from a dream.....*

*.....When we are asleep and dreaming, things are not what they seem. We are so engrossed in our imagination we don't realise we are dreaming. We believe we know what is going on, but really we don't. I want to suggest that life is like a dream. And that we are so engrossed in the life-dream we don't realize we are dreaming.*

The latter quote seems to acknowledge the metaphor but concludes with an assumption that the dreaming is really taking place: *...we don't realize we are dreaming.*

Freke goes on to say:

*When you are dreaming you appear to be a character within the dream. But this is only your 'apparent identity. It is not who you really are. Actually, I am suggesting that life is like a dream. Right now you*

*appear to be a person in the life-dream. But this is only your apparent identity. Your essential identity is much less concrete and much more mysterious. You are awareness which is witnessing the dream.*

I feel quite well-disposed to most of this but is it really necessary to sustain identification after seeing through the limitation of the apparent self? Does not any sense of a me, especially, an all seeing awareness style me, simply another appearance in awareness. I am a participating expression of what is, rather than an observer or a dreamer of it. The dream-like or illusory aspect arises because of my insistence on being some thing: first mind and body then after so-called realization the Dreamer or even God. He offers a similar idea himself when he says:

*Awareness isn't something within your experience . It is an emptiness that includes all your experiencing. Become conscious of yourself as a spacious emptiness within which everything you are experiencing right now exists.*

Including, I would add, the notion that I am God or the all-seeing dreamer.

He advises that if I want to live lucidly , I must stop believing I am the person I appear to be right now.

*He says: when you dream you are both the source of the dream and a character within the dream. Your identity is inherently paradoxical. In the same way your identity right now is also inherently paradoxical you are both the source of the dream and a character within it. You are the life-dreamer imagining yourself to be a particular person in the life-dream. Whilst you identify with your life-persona you will remain unconsciously engrossed in the life-dream. Lucid living happens when you become conscious of both poles of your paradoxical nature.*

I find this interesting for several reasons: first it acknowledges both aspects of our being, what is referred to in the headless approach as the 'as-if' and 'as-is' worlds, secondly it admits both and is not a matter of either-or, which is how I interpret the Carse approach and finally, it admits of levels or equally valid perspectives – a possibility which seems to be denied by Carse. This is underlined by Freke statements such as:

*Waking up to your essential identity as awareness doesn't negate your individuality. Quite the opposite.*

*Lucid living isn't withdrawing into some detached state of enlightenment . It is enjoying an exhilarating state of being.*

The latter quote is almost identical to references in my commentary on the Schloss letters which suggest an outcome which is an 'intensification of being'. At this point of the book I felt the dream metaphor had finally run out of steam and that Freke was finding it hard to chisel his undoubted insights into me with such a blunt instrument. On the final page he abandons the dream and opts instead for 'collective coma' when he says:

*So that when I become engrossed in the collective coma we mistake for real life you can remind me to live lucidly.*

I can't argue with that and, in spite of my resistance to the dream approach, there is very little in this book to complain about. I think most of any residual disagreement with Timothy Freke would be resolved in a meeting of definitions. His perspective on non-duality is close to my own and I regard him as a moderate non-dualist. Nevertheless, he sustains a disturbing vagueness with such statements as:

*When I compare life to a dream I do not mean to denigrate it as some sort of meaningless fantasy. Life is too wonderful to be called an 'illusion' unless we whisper the word in amazement, as we might when witnessing the most astonishing magic trick.*

This starts out with dream as analogy for life but ends by substituting illusion – providing the illusion is apprehended with amazement.

I don't think Truth can be popped conveniently into either the dualist or non-dualist boxes. Surely, it must embrace both. Freke seems to be clear about that and offers what I interpret as a moderate, if somewhat confusing non-dualism. David Carse, on the other hand, seems to have all his money on the one true way.

*Alan Mann*

**There is No Self = *The Radical and Obvious Turnaround of the One without a Second (aka The Donkey, the Carrot, and the Grass)* from Kriben Pillay**

This cannot be written by the self, that sense of 'me' which always wants to know, which always wants to measure and contain. This can only be written by That which always IS. The One without a second.

But let's start at the so-called beginning (like the beginning and end of a movie; the start and end of a story). As individual human beings we mostly know a feeling of self and a sense of separation. This basic sense can be seen, with careful introspection and analysis, to be the root of all psychological suffering, to be the core of our human dilemma: our pervasive sense of fear; our urge to be someone and not be no one – very often at the expense of others who also want to be some bodies. Into this mix we can add guilt, remorse, shame, vengeance, violence, greed, desire – in fact all the so-called negative emotions of self interest that religions have tried to control with a spectacular lack of success. Of course, all this sense of self invariably leads to the mother of all fears – the loss of self. Death.

So we try to be good, moral people, defining our morality by the edicts of religion and ideology, but all the time struggling with paradox and confusion. (We shouldn't eat meat, but now we learn that meat eating was the evolutionary impulse for the development of the human organism. And worse, I hate those who eat meat. And we can have variations of this analogy using something else, just in case you're offended by the mention of meat.) But, inevitably we end up conflicted and confused. And we either admit to it, or we don't (most likely if we're teachers of transformation and change, we don't). We don't let on that our desires still get the better of us; or that we spend years fruitlessly trying to transform them because we were told that wholeness cannot be reached any other way. So we're scurrying about in a maze of self-improvement, with the carrot of the future promising wholeness, enlightenment, the manifestation of all our desires (but were we not just a moment ago trying to transform them, or are these good, wholesome desires?). So the carrot's always there for the self, but what's this always below my feet? Surely? No, it cannot be, let's keep focused on the carrot. I can see me reaching it with the next breakthrough, the most enlightened teacher, the latest process.

So, we see possibilities in psycho-spiritual techniques and processes. There may be big or small shifts, and unbounded energy may be released as old patterns of thought and behaviour dissolve or get re-arranged. For some, we feel like we've just won the lottery.

But self is still there, claiming the prize. And the prize, then, is invariably a booby. We now become addicted to the person or process, or both, that we think helped to make the shift. We become evangelists of angels or the techniques that will set us free. We proclaim our wholeness, and if the shift was big and the energy is still coursing through the system, others say they can feel it, and we are made. Or almost. We're just about touching the carrot, which now we proclaim is in the Now, although we know, but don't let on, that I really think I'm going to get it in the *next* Now. But they think I've got it. But what's this beneath my feet?

We've got the cutting edge for the personal conflicts, the family traumas, the corporate chaos. But we're really floundering in confusion as we see the greedy, the fearful manipulate their way in a world that *we* have the answers for. Except for one tiny detail; we, too, are the greedy and fearful, but we think we're less so given that we're almost touching the carrot of perfection. What is the problem again?

Oh, yes. It is our stories of a broken self needing to be healed, needing to be connected, needing to attain unity consciousness or a silent mind. And this can't be wrong, because we've experienced it; by the teacher's grace or her words, or both. The carrot's real, we say, but what's this about looking down at my feet? We understand the bit about separation, the nondual perspective and the disconnection of our fear. Yes, *this* is the higher understanding, not the kind of beliefs that are the cause of separation (how we snigger at the New Age lot, but just in case, let me get that new book on channelling). This we understand. It took a long time, but, by God, it was worth it. And the carrot's swinging our way, or so it seems.

We have the answers; all we have to do is be more intent on implementing the remedy. And if the remedy is non-doing, then surely I must do more of it. And no talk of standing still and seeing what's beneath my feet. The carrot is all there is.

We go over our battle plan. Yes, we have the enemy firmly in our sights (the change of metaphor makes the carrot appear as the enemy, but that's not intended). And the enemy is thought. So few see this, but we have. So we meditate or deconstruct, or both, and silence of the mind is ever around the corner, but ever elusive. Teachers exhort us to try harder, or to stop trying, but neither really works.

Then, in a blast of recognition, we find the centre of our turmoil, and it's our self. The one that wants to be whole. The one that wants to have no ego, and we are unable to do anything about it. Because we are it. We scream and rage, and then, exhausted, we stand still. Chuck me farley! There's grass beneath my feet, and that carrot – it's plastic!

Something gives up. And we see what we've always been, the One without a second, *without there ever being a self in the first place*. We don't even try to make sense of it because ... and there's no adequate description of what happened or didn't happen. We can't even say we were confused, asleep or hypnotised (however apt as working analogies), or anything, because they would all be stories. We don't know what's happened, but here we are where we've always been, whole and complete, and that dream of separation never even existed. The donkey, the carrot and the grass just disappear and were never there to begin with.

All we apparently had were ideas of self, and ideas of wholeness; really ideas of everything. But these do not constitute a self. Who sees this? The One without a second, the Totality which we are. But this is not another idea (it used to be); just what is, just seeing which has always embraced every story, every movie of the mind. I was never lost or broken, nor could ever be; it was never even a dream, but what it was and is can never be known. And rampant thought is no longer the enemy, it never was. But there is an apparent difference. There being no self, there is no self to believe in thoughts. Just thought doing its thing, including creating an image of self. Thought is like a mirror which reflects an image which we say is me. But the image has no reality outside of the mirror; it's a distortion of that which it reflects, and within the mirror itself it cannot be grasped. It has no independent reality. Yet, daily we look at our mirrors and say, without careful examination, *that* is me. But even the mirror is only an analogy. Thought is more subtle. It assumes the identity of that which it reflects, the seeing which animates it all. (Think of this assumption of identity in this way; we go about life carrying a mirror to constantly confirm who we are. Without the mirror we feel we would be lost.) This animator we can call Consciousness or Awareness, or Totality. But these are only words, not the fact itself.

This is not a state. Most teachers of enlightenment or transformation are talking about a state, a construct of thought believed to be that which we really are. Another mirror, no matter how finely polished. There is no constant awareness; there is no lack of it. There just Is. There is no self fixated with finding no-self. There just Is. There is no real understanding of this through thought. There just Is. One without a second. Spotless, awake to Itself

And thought? It carries on as before, but there's no believer in it, nor was there ever. And the personality is a garb of convenience, a thing of time arising from the timeless.

So the whole show of 'me' arises because of a *belief* in self, in a 'me' which doesn't exist. And now, inexplicably, a mystery really, there's no belief in self, but beliefs may arise, and suddenly you're the One. And there's no you. And this is not a belief, just what Is.

If this has exasperated or confused, good. Thought can never figure it out. This is not like a narrative written to inspire and entertain; stories are nothing but plastic carrots. And, yes, this can also be a carrot...

In a few words. There is no *you*, so everything that ever had to do with a you (becoming a better person, enlightened, etc) is thrown out by this simple discovery that you're the One. And there's no you. The good news is that 'you' never did anything. There were happenings through an apparent doer, happenings with no independent existence, but conditioned by the whole of Life. But because you're the One, the Totality, you also take full responsibility (more precisely, responsibility takes you fully).

#### Postscript

Within the story of an individual's life, the above account, which traditionally might be called an awakening, appears to have taken place after a period of three months of acute suffering, where the nature of the suffering caused an intense stripping away of self-image. But that's the story within the timeline. In actuality it's something completely acausal and mysterious.

### **Seer and Scene – Letter to Donald Feb 06 from Alan Mann**

You asked me, "Is there a scene or the 'seen' without a seer?" This is a great question. I've been hanging on to it for many hours. I fell asleep in a chair last night with it buzzing away, I think it froze my brain.

Yesterday we sat on your deck and saw that what constitutes consciousness is the ever-changing apprehension of what is on show to the senses: sights, sounds, feelings, thoughts, smells and bodily sensations. We agreed that at the level of primary awareness – before thought cuts in and establishes an observer – that ever-changing, unfolding movement in awareness – is more truly what I am than what is usually understood to be the case..

This delivers us into what Gurdjieff called self-remembering, Douglas calls it two-way looking and I imagine it to be what Krishnamurti refers to as the observer is the observed. So we see that the me is not a fixed entity but an ephemeral convention, dependent on memory and something that appears and disappears in the flow of awareness like everything else.

The sense of a me here, looking at everything else, which is other than me and which is over there, vanishes and the observer is seen to be the observed. What we were pointing to as outer is revealed in two-way looking to be no different from inner – it appears HERE. And this seeing is literally neither here nor there.

But you ask who or what is doing the seeing. Is there a scene or the 'seen' without a seer? It seems there must be some *thing* doing the seeing because the seen or the scene is always delivered to a particular 'position'. The moonlight on the water goes directly to both observer positions when you and I stand at different places on the beach. Or the small child's angle reveals a different scene from my taller view.

Perhaps the seer, or seeing mechanism is the body or deeply associated with the body because that also changes position in relation to the flow of awareness. So how do I define the body? Is it limited to this skin-bag? That is how we normally define it but it could not exist without the air around it and the ground beneath it and they in turn could not exist without the earth, nor the earth without the solar system and so on.

If I adopt this wider definition of body I find, by approaching this question from the physical perspective, I make the same discovery that what I normally regard as 'my' environment or the 'outer' is completely connected and that fundamentally the observer is the observed applies equally at the physical level. So, whether we come at this through consciousness or through what we call matter, the observer is seen to be the observed.

And the question remains – what is doing the seeing? But I think that is now revealed as the wrong question. It carries an assumption that seeing is dependent on a seer. Originally, the notion was that I, the me, was the seer but we see through that and go on looking for a deeper seer but what if there is no seer and seeing is independent of any sort of seer? That is to say, perhaps what we call seeing or total awareness is somehow primary? Maybe, seeing is how the Whole functions and my inability to see this to be the actuality is the result of my conditioned acceptance that seeing is something that has to be done by me or others or some thing.

I recall a gathering at Katoomba, the one Dennis came to, I had a sudden insight into a position of no position, which I described as absence of perspective. Perhaps the idea that there must be a seer arises because seeing creates us from moment to moment in relationship – I don't really know what I'm saying here but there is a reversal involved, as though seeing is seeing the me into being not me projecting it all.

*Alan*

### A word or two about Nothing from Alan Mann

I am booked to give a talk on David Bohm at Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society on Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> May at 2.30 pm. I agreed to this one hour assignment only to discover that to say anything meaningful about Bohm I'd need at least a one-week seminar not to mention the discovery of how little I really knew about his work. One thing that came out of my preparations was an interesting comparison with Traherne on the matter of nothingness and their respective views on the implicate order. My emphasis in the following extracts.

*Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all Ages as with your walk and table: **till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made:** till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own: till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house: Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it : and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it had been made but to-day morning.*

*Traherne - Centuries 1/30*

Indeed, if one applies the rules of quantum theory to the currently accepted general theory of relativity, one finds that the gravitational field is also constituted of such "wave-particle" modes, each having a minimum "zero-point" energy. As a result the gravitational field, and therefore the definition of what is to be meant by distance, cease to be completely defined. As we keep on adding excitations corresponding to shorter and shorter wavelengths to the gravitational field, we come to a certain length at which the measurement of space and time becomes totally undefinable. Beyond this, the whole notion of space and time as we know it would fade out, into something that is at present unspecifiable. So it would be reasonable to suppose, at least provisionally, that this is the shortest wavelength that should be considered as contributing to the "zero-point" energy of space.

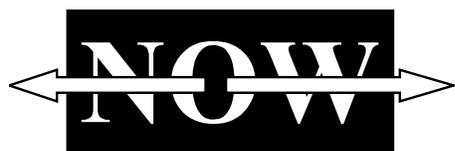
**When this length is estimated it turns out to be about  $10^{-33}$ . This is much shorter than anything thus far probed in physical experiments (which have got down to about  $10^{-17}$  cm or so). If one computes the amount of energy that would be in one cubic centimetre of space, with this shortest possible wavelength, it turns out to be very far beyond the total energy of all the matter in the known universe?**

*David Bohm*

*They that quarrel at the manner of God's revealing Himself are troubled because He is invisible. Yet is it expedient that He should be so: for whatsoever is visible is a body; whatsoever is a body excludeth other things out of the place where itself is. If God therefore being infinite were visible He would make it impossible for anything to have a being. Besides, bulk as such in itself is dead. Whatsoever is visible is so in like manner. **That which inspireth bulk with motion, life, and sense is invisible; and in itself distinct from the bulk which it inspireth.** Were God therefore pure bulk, He could neither move, nor will, nor desire anything; but being invisible; He leaveth room for and effecteth all things. He filleth nothing with a bodily presence, but includeth all. He is pure Life, Knowledge, and Desire, **from which all things flow: pure Wisdom, Goodness, and Love to which all things return.***

*Traherne- Centuries2/19*

<b>Regular Dialogue Meetings</b>				
<b>LOCATION</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>MEETING PLACE</b>	<b>TIME &amp; CONTACT</b>	<b>Phone Nos.</b>
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



**Nowletter 116 – May 06**

**If unable to deliver please return to:  
81 Greville Street, Chatswood 67**

**Academy of the Word Seminar Programme** Dr Alex Reichel (02) 9310 4504 – 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Tuesdays– Polding Centre, Level UB, 133 Liverpool St., SYDNEY. 00 - 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.