

Issue 117 – July 06
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Editor's Note,

One of our oldest contributors and supporters of the Nowletter, and a dear friend of many readers, Donald died on 4th July at his home in Newport. I have included in this issue a number of the tributes from friends of Donald and notes on the *Bon Voyage* service held at Dee Why on July 10.

The exchange of views on David Carse's *Perfect Brilliant Stillness* continues in this issue with three further contributions revealing some very diverse views on what non-duality is about. Margot reports on our trip to England and my planned summary of the Traherne Festival is deferred until August. We get frequent complaints from Melbourne readers that nothing seems to happen in Victoria as far as dialogue is concerned but there are two groups starting up and details of the meetings are included on the back page.

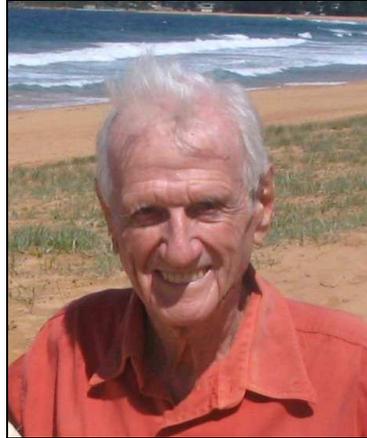
The Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, Sydney, has introduced *The Friday Forum*. The four Fridays of every month are dedicated to a particular subject or teaching. October has been programmed for a series of meetings on the work of David Bohm. More details in future Nowletters.

Greville Street Dialogue Meetings – Third Sunday of every month

For Sydney and Melbourne Meetings, see page 12

Harding Meetings – first Saturday of every second month (Next meeting Saturday 5 August)

DONALD INGRAM SMITH



Donald died on the 4th July. He was 93 and until a couple of months earlier had looked like seeing in his 100th birthday. A bout of pneumonia in March set him back and started a steady decline. He was ready to go and seemed to be impatient for the end once it was clear that death was near. Sandra, Donald's daughter, told me his end was peaceful. I don't know whether this is the last photo of Donald but I took it of him standing on Newport Beach on 21 March.

Donald was active in the Australian Youth Movement in the 30s and, after spending some years in Europe, became Drama & features Editor for the ABC. He was the producer of the current affairs programme Scope from 1963 to 76. He retired from the ABC in 1976 to teach at Sydney College of the Arts before retiring in 1979. A friend from those years inserted this *In Memoriam* notice in the Sydney Morning Herald.

Smith, Donald Ingram, died Tuesday 4 July, 2006. Inspirational mentor, ground-breaking radio documentary maker, irreverent counterweight to the cant and pomposity of the old ABC. Sayonara, sensei. - Neville Petersen.

For many years Donald was a colleague of Krishnamurti and became the leader of the Krishnamurti movement in Australia. He was President of Krishnamurti Australia at his death.

Funeral

A group of Donald's friends gathered at Dee Why on 11 July to acknowledge and celebrate his life. Geetha Waters expressed her gratitude to Donald for the same openness she had also found in Krishnamurti and for Donald's support in her enquiry into the limitations of thought. Christopher Waters referred to the emails received since Donald's death. He told us Donald didn't fit into any model, he remembered him for his friendship and the joy of visiting him in his wild garden and unruly verandah 'office' and sometimes finding him out in the back garden under a tree or naked in his sitz bath on the verandah. He was a young as he was old, fully engaged in everything he did, both interesting and interested. Everything he did had a dynamism about it. 'Yet we could sit quietly together for long periods'. Christopher concluded with Donald's own words of farewell, "go gently". Carien McGuin told us about Donald's cure for his appendicitis. After finding out about the physical state of a diseased appendix, he refused an operation, went home and stood on his head three times every day for three weeks. That did the trick. He never had appendicitis again and the organ was with him when he died. He believed the body could heal itself. Carien concluded with poetic tribute to Donald which described his genius for relationship. Colin Hankins recalled Donald's last words to him, "What is happiness? Happiness is in doing what you love to do". Eric Fisher, cousin of Donald, told us about the strong influence of his mother and grandmother on his early life. They worshipped Donald and the cousins thought he could get away with anything. His mother was the first woman to run for parliament in NSW. He embarked on a passenger ship to England and got himself a job as a Times correspondent in Berlin and witnessed one of the Hitler rallies. Donald had a close relationship with his sister Jean and was shattered when, on the way to join him in Europe, she drowned at Cottesloe beach when the ship was berthed at Fremantle. He was a representative of the Australian Youth Movement at the 1939 International Labour conference in San Francisco. Eric reminded us how Donald compartmentalized his life and how we in our various compartments were unlikely to find out what was going on in other compartments unless Donald chose to tell us. (The service was quite an eye-opener for that reason). Donald had a great love of writing, of nature and poetry and his excitement about life was infectious. A dreamer – one beautiful day, watching the sun through the trees he drove off the road and wrote

off the car. That persuaded him to give up driving. He loved Newport Beach and the sea and went surfing every day until quite recently. Don was unique, he surrounded himself with an aura of friendship which we will all miss.

After the service we moved to a Dee Why restaurant and rounded off the gathering with a long walk along the beach on a brilliant winter day.

Donald – from Alan Mann

When Margot and I settled in Sydney, sometime in 1961, we bought a radiogram, an advanced instrument of the time which allowed us to hear radio programmes and play vinyl records. One programme we never missed was the current affairs and events programme *Scope* the only lively and inspiring programme around at the time. About eighteen years later I met the show's producer at a Krishnamurti weekend held at Marcia Murray's home in Mosman. That is how Donald entered my life and how our thirty year friendship began.

From that point I saw him regularly at Krishnamurti video screenings and later, we started weekly dialogue meetings on Tuesday nights, first at Rome Warren's place at Narrabeen and then, when Rome moved to the mountains, at Dorothy Lange's home at Warriewood.

From time to time Donald would go off for a few days and stay at our hut in the bush, in the Capertee Valley. He rarely slept in the hut and couldn't understand my preference for a roof over my head. There is a flattened section under a Cypress Pine we call 'Donald's bed'. The overhanging branches keep off the dew but allow the sleeper to see the stars. He once took me into the Wyong Forest to find a cave he'd lived in for some weeks as a young man. He insisted on taking a spade and I thought we might be about to unearth the proceeds of some bank heist of his youth or at least a manuscript of early writings he'd hidden years ago. As it turned out it was another bed he had in mind. We flattened out a section of the sloping floor of the cave so a body could lie there without rolling out. He thought he might go there to die when the time came. A highly impractical plan as those caring for him in recent weeks will confirm. Recalling those days, he told me how after several days of living in silence, the birds and animals, Lyre Birds, Possums, etc., would come up to him without fear as though accepting him as part of their environment.

We had our differences and I think they reinforced our friendship. He thought me too Christian and I thought him too Krishnamurtian. In spite of the many weekly meetings and gatherings we attended he wasn't very keen on dialogue, preferring, in true Krishnamurti style, monologue. That was in the early years of our friendship, he was quite happy with one-to-one exchanges in the latter part. He was treated very badly by Krishnamurti on one occasion which nearly led to a break in our own friendship. This resulted from a malicious rumour about Donald that Krishnamurti, in spite of their long association, chose to believe without first checking. When the facts came out, Donald was summoned to Brockwood and 'pardoned'. In spite of getting it completely wrong Krishnamurti refused to take responsibility both for making the mistake or for clearing up the mess he'd created, and with a "You do it, Sir" left Donald to clear his own name.

That was the end of any commitment I had to K and his 'teachings' but Donald showed much greater generosity of spirit and his attempted justifications of Krishnamurti's action and motive were wonderful to behold. Our subsequent enquiry into whether the teacher should actually live his or her own teaching led to deep differences between us and our relationship trembled on a knife edge for a while.

We also differed on the best route from his house to the airport or Blacktown or anywhere for that matter. He was definitely the world's worst backseat driver. We drove to Nambour in Queensland together on one occasion when I discovered that he wasn't all that crash hot as a front seat driver either. Impatience – Donald was thy name!

A friend who never met Donald but recently read Donald's *Now is the Time*, written in 1946, said to me, Donald had no need for Krishnamurti as he was quite capable of expressing truth in his own words. That is so, and I feel Donald's apparent dependency on Krishnamurti was not really dependency but loyalty. Misplaced loyalty in my view because it was not reciprocated. He was always struggling to find an expression which was uncontaminated by the Krishnamurti 'voice' or any past association, as his contributions to the Nowletter over the years demonstrate. He was very alert to the Nowness of life and almost invariably opened our conversations with such comments as 'you know the last few days have been the best of my life', or 'something really interesting is happening,' etc., etc., or 'I think that last gathering was the best we've ever had'. And his reports of meetings with people on his overseas trips always sounded like accounts of dealings with paragons of wisdom and virtue. He retained this freshness and enthusiasm right to the end.

What has been a major influence and presence for nearly half my lifetime has now become an absence. Interestingly he was always going on about 'Presence' whereas I was more inclined to focus on 'Absence'. They seem to fit together very well. Speaking of absence, Donald met Douglas Harding in Canada in the mid-90's and, coincidentally, on our recent visit, Douglas gave us a copy of a poem he'd written and which, I think, reflects much of what Donald was saying to us about how he was seeing and feeling during his last days with us.

Douglas Harding*lines written on his 97th birthday*

Do not go ungrateful
 into your everlasting bliss,
 but let your gratitude surface
 with your mounting amazement
 that anything at all exists
 and that only the first person
 singular present tense
 is really and truly awake
 and is none other than the Love
 that makes the world go round
 and leaves no-one whatever out.

*DEH***Donald Ingram Smith an appreciation by Neville Petersen**

Donald did not fit the stereotype of an ABC Talks Officer in the 1950s. That Department was famed internally for its conservatism and caution. The frequently dishevelled, wild-eyed Donald, overflowing with creative energy, impatient with internal rules and bureaucracy, was in distinct contrast to his fellows and his employer..

I was assigned to him as a young Trainee in 1956 at the age of 22. We were to work together on a new Talks and ABC innovation, a quiz program, "We're Asking You". Questions were sought from listeners (and paid for) and experts recorded answers in the studio. Donald produced the half-hour, and the presenter was a young, vital and engaging Ray Barrett. Reluctant at first to do it, not his style at all, he ultimately transformed it into one of the most popular programs ABC radio ever produced. Hundreds of letters poured in each week. Experts, most of them academics, were very keen to be involved. Many were introduced to radio for the first time.

ABC Talks executives thought Donald to be a loose cannon. Unpredictable. That, I feel, is why he was given the quiz program. To keep him out of harm's way. Creatively he had upstaged all the older hands by producing a ground-breaking documentary series, "Down the Darling", in 1955. Up to this point virtually all spoken word programs on the ABC were scripted or heavily mediated by the staff. Donald travelled for weeks down the mighty river interviewing those dependent on it for their existence, farmers, those on the riverboats, townspeople of all varieties. Donald was a masterly and sympathetic interviewer. He could coax reticent people to open up. When linked together, by a master craftsman, this was a revealing portrait of a previously unknown Australia. Ordinary working men and women, in a unique environment, with its own unique life style and problems, were being given a voice for the first time..Working people were not normally heard in the elitist world of Australian radio.

The program made a huge impression on me and I am sure on many others. Unfortunately, the series seems to have disappeared. Three years ago, knowing of Donald's advancing years I asked the ABC to find the programs and have them copied for him. But I heard nothing.

Donald was hopeless in my time at organising himself. Life was frenetic as a result. Production days were a frenzied blur trying to locate tapes and trying to check and fine-tune scripts. But sharing an office with him, we did find time to talk. He had lived a fascinating life pre-ABC.

He went to Britain in the mid-1930s, having obtained an executive traineeship with a leading British tea-firm. I'm not sure now of the name and brand and perhaps I should not reveal it anyway in view of what I am going to say. Working among the company's top executives in London Donald soon discovered to his horror that it was obtaining leaks from a secret source in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Office about the forthcoming budget. This enabled the company to make huge profits by ordering virtually the whole tea crop in advance from Sri Lanka because it knew of impending excise rises. Donald resigned in protest.. It was a job that promised a young man everything, providing he had no moral reservations.

On his way to Britain, or on his way home, Donald visited Germany, and attended one of Hitler's mass rallies. He admitted later that it was an exhilarating experience - dangerously so. He was frightened at the mass hysteria. It may have been one of the key moments that turned him against war. He was a pacifist during World War 2, avoiding conscription by taking up market gardening somewhere on the outskirts of Sydney.

Finally a note of regret. Donald was an outsider in the Talks Department. A slightly odd-ball Indiaphile, gifted but difficult to control. Those who worked with him know what a dynamic contribution he made to broadcasting. Sadly, historians of the ABC, official and otherwise, have relied solely on the accounts of senior officers, who marginalised him, in making assessments. He does not rate a mention in the official history. However the other senior Talks documentary producer, reliable but unutterably dull and predictable, receives an honourable mention.

Donald was an important formative influence on my life. As a novice I learned much from him, about broadcasting and about life. Vale, Donald. Sayonara.

Neville Petersen

On Donald Ingram Smith to be read at his memorial from Mark Lee:

There are some wonderful people in our lives and then there are those that are beyond measure. Donald Ingram Smith was beyond comparison to many of us.

Most of the stories of life and living he told are in his book THE TRANSPARENT MIND. Of all the books on people who knew J. Krishnamurti his is the one I get the most comments on from readers around the world. Not a big seller as fewer than a 1000 were published, still it has touched the hearts of many who want to read about Krishnamurti through an eye-witness. Donald's experiences with Krishnamurti profoundly affected his living and perception. He was a truly serious man in his own right. When we visited him in January this year he was writing more and probably he had another book in mind.

His conversations and writings were always life affirming, insightful, and probing. They came out of his endless search for insight and a meaning of life that he could share with others. When we called him on the telephone from California he invariably had a new perception, a new insight to share. In one of these conversations he said how important it was in life to not interfere with what is, with what life is. He quoted the French proverb "How beautiful it is to do nothing, and then rest afterwards." He lived humbly, spoke as a prophet, and lived a truly serious life of happiness and generous good will.

Donald had special bonds with people, and if they were in his heart he was psychically close to them in a profound way. Our daughter Nandini was one of those and he helped her unknowingly with his affection and that connection.

Dearest Donald is gone from this life and has left our lives all the better for his. Often we say of those who have died, "He will not be forgotten," or "We will remember him..." but Donald stepped out of the vulgar stream of life and with that he has changed our lives. What greater legacy could a person leave that is beyond mere memory?

Day before yesterday, on Sunday at 9:00am California time many of Donald's American friends gathered in the Oak Grove, in Ojai and planted a large California Live Oak in his memory. He remains close to Krishnamurti because the tree stands a few feet from where Krishnamurti gave his talks from 1922 to 1985. He remains close to all of us. From friends:

Mark Lee, Asha Lee M.D., Nandini Lee M.D.

Traveller's Tales from Margot Mann

Ne'er cast a clout
Til May is out

Our U.K hosts reminded us of this North country saying when we were shivering during the last week of May. Translated, it means "don't take off any layers of clothing until after the month of May." Another reading of the second line is "until the May tree blooms." My favourite North country saying – "I could have covered a flag" means my disgust (usually with pretentiousness) made me feel so sick I could have covered a flagstone with vomit.

England was as lush and picturesquely green as ever. We went for long walks around Hereford, through fields of barley, wheat, oats, potatoes and buttercups and daisies. A late spring meant we saw the last of the wild bluebells and primroses in the dales around Grassington, and as it was early in the season, we often had to beat back fat stinging nettles, or scotch thistles, which later walkers would flatten further.. Roses bloomed luxuriantly in cottage gardens. At weekends and on public holidays, everyone goes to their nearest Garden Centre, to eat in the restaurant and buy their bedding plants (annuals.)

At Martin Mere we lurked in hides to enjoy the rare sight of nesting Black Winged Stilts. The hides were full of very serious birdos, many with expensive high-powered telescopes.

On the way to the top of Garway Hill, we stumbled on a small team of archaeologists hoping to uncover the remains of a Romano-British dwelling. They were very keen for us to sign their visitors book, presumably because the number of signatures influences the size of their grants. The view from the top of the hill embraces seven counties, and the larks spin skywards in the breeze. Near Upper Mill, on another day, we kept on climbing up a narrow path until we found ourselves on a golf course, where I picked up a lost golf ball, only to discover in the nick of time that it wasn't lost. Behind Credenhill church where Thomas Traherne was the incumbent in the 17th century, we climbed to the remains of an iron age fort. All walkers had been warned by the organisers that "stout shoes and walking sticks" were essential, but my trusty thongs were perfect.

We spent a lot of time getting lost as we attempted to track people down in our hire car. Lurching from one side of England to the other, we missed signs, took wrong turnings and generally managed to be late at every destination. We were frequently overtaken by cars sporting red and white flags, as soccer fever intensified.

Our most hair-raising adventure was driving through London's aptly named Congestion Area (cost A\$20) to first of all leave our luggage at the hotel, and then drop the car off at the hire car place. It was a nightmare. I kept saying to Alan "Quick, get in that lane," which drove him crazy. The only difference between traffic in New Delhi and London, it seems, is that the traffic in India flows more smoothly because there aren't so many traffic lights. We needed a pathfinder screen. After this ghastly experience, we cheered up when we got a couple of cancellations to a sold-out performance by Paul Lewis playing Beethoven at Wigmore Hall.

Auntie Dot's 96th birthday party brought forth 23 of her nearest and dearest, as she sat in the corner receiving homage and opening her presents (a recent biography of the Queen was one.) Douglas Harding gave us a book of his poems, written on his 97th birthday, and wrote down the names of all the Alans he knows (seven.) We met another one of the seven, Alan Rowlands, a couple of days later under the dome at the British Museum. Richard Birt, retired vicar of Weobley and the driving force behind the Traherne Festival, organised us to participate in a short scene, performed in front of a slightly bemused audience in Leominster Church. The dramatic occasion concerned one of the very few times Thomas Traherne's actual words were recorded, when he got up in church and challenged Rev. Toombes, a supporter of Antipaedobaptism (against child baptism.) Richard is a wonderful actor and spent a lot of time at the festival impersonating the rather reprehensible Philip Treaherne, brother of Thomas, who was responsible for altering some of Thomas's poems. No one knows why his name is spelled differently.

It was while we were at Leominster church that I first saw a Ducking stool or "Cucking –stole" described as "one of the most ancient modes of punishment known in England." An eight metre long pivoting beam with a stool on one end, this contraption was on display in the church: they were even selling small wooden models for £S3. Apparently, in Saxon times it was a simple punishment consisting of a man or woman sitting on a "stool of use", thus exposing the culprit in a disgraceful position to public derision. This punishment was not only inflicted on Scolds, I was pleased to read, but was "also visited on Butchers, Bakers, Brewers, Apothecaries and all other who gave short measure, or in any way adulterated human food." This is the reason, we were told, for the baker's dozen – the extra loaf was thrown in to avoid the charge of underweight.

These stools were used from as early as 13th century until as late as 1817. In later centuries the culprit sat on a stool at the end of a long arm on a mechanism which could be wheeled into water and lowered so that the miscreant

was ducked. There are frequent allusions to the Ducking Stool in poems and plays. In 1780, Benjamin West wrote:

"If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul, or lug the coif;
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din:
Away, you cry, you'll grace the stool; ...
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches."

And from Vincent Bourne:

"Then twice or thrice virago dip ye,
And not a lambkin on the lea
Will leave the stream more meek than she;"

There is a story of a woman who in 1809 emerged from her ducking, cursing and swearing at the Magistrates, which rather gives the lie to the efficacy of the Ducking Stool as a punishment, as these poets would have us believe.

We went to different kinds of church services during the Festival, including Compline and Evensong, and were struck by the anachronistic words of some of the hymns –

"Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest."

And "You my blessed guardian, whilst I sleep
Close to my bed your vigils keep." (T. Tallis)

One of the Festival highlights was seeing the work of stained glass window craftsman Tom Denny and hearing him speak of his vision for three window panels in the Audley Chapel of Hereford Cathedral, commemorating Thomas Traherne.

We stayed for 2 weeks at The Old Dairy, a cottage near Hereford. When the dairy was renovated, the old ships' timbers in the upstairs bedrooms could not be moved because of Heritage regulations, so we scored a few thumps on the head from a very large beam about shoulder height.

On our last day, after walking along the Embankment from the Tate Gallery, we considered having a look inside Westminster Abbey, but the queue was 100 metres long and it cost A\$25, so we kept walking. The "Da Vinci Code" effect?

Margot Mann

Perfect Brilliant Stillness 6 – from Jim Clatfelter

Message 1

Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?
Edgar Allan Poe

Polarity is paradoxical. The two poles of a polarity are irreconcilable opposites, yet indivisibly one because they can only exist together. What appears as either/or is essentially both/and. The primal polarity which forms the foundation of existence is the life-dreamer and the life-dream, which appear to be two but are essentially one. Existence is an essential oneness appearing as duality.

(p 140, The Laughing Jesus by Timothy Freke and Peter Gandy)

Hello Alan, I'm enjoying the current Nowletter discussion on life as a dream. I find Timothy Freke quite clear when he says that existence is polarity, oneness appearing as duality. Awareness and appearance (seer and scene, dreamer and dream) are the yin and yang, the polar opposites that make existence possible. Life has no currency without both negative and positive poles. This is so clear in the paper bag experience. Both the near side and and far side of the paper bag are necessary. Neither side is primary. One without the other is inconceivable. We call it a paradox because they are visibly both absolutely opposite and indivisibly one at the same time. There is no line of separation between the two that are one, between the dreamer and the dream. Dreamer and dream are the two poles of life, of reality. Jesus said to them, "When you make the two one, and when you make the inside (near side) like the outside

(far side) and the outside like the inside then will you enter the kingdom." When you see the polarity as a unity, you will be complete and satisfied, no longer a seeker. Dualism and non-dualism, and all other fundamentalisms are then seen as false and incomplete views. The one thing necessary is the vision of the two as one. Most people aren't even aware of the near side, the dreamer, the empty and open side. Non-dualists see this side and declare it real and primary. Then they refer to the far side, the dream, as illusory and unreal. How about a little harmony and balance? Both sides are real. Both are necessary. Seeing their oneness and indivisibility is the one thing necessary. See the two and make them one! This is life and balance and wholeness. All anyone can do is state the case. Some will see it. Some will not. To me that's the value of discussion and debate. Some will see and be satisfied. My best to you and Margot.

Message 2

Hi Alan, I think Timothy Freke uses the dreamer-dream polarity to center us in our actual experience in the same way Douglas uses the seer-seen polarity. He doesn't mean to imply, and he specifically denies, that appearances are unreal, illusory, imaginary, or dream stuff. He is calling our attention to a polarity we seldom see, that of the seer and the seen, the dreamer and the dream, awareness and appearance. He is calling us to wholeness. Of course, I can see how the use of the word dream is unfortunate. You object to that word as much as I object to the words illusion and unreal for temporary things.

David Carse, on the other hand, does mean that appearances are unreal, illusory, imaginary, dreamy, or nothing at all. And many spiritual traditions mean that too when they call the world a dream or an illusion. Now that's what I call illusion. Wei Wu Wei says that "The essential understanding is that in reality nothing is." That's a half truth. Nothing *is* at the near side of the bag, which is the near side of vision. At the far side, everything is. Wholeness requires both sides.

Message 3

This is a link to a 6 minute movie of Tim Freke. He talks about the dreamer and the dream in it. It may not clarify much, but it's on the right track. <http://www.monday9am.tv/archive/play/3>

Jim Clatfelter

(I watched the movie Jim recommended and found myself with nothing to complain about. Alan)

Perfect Brilliant Stillness 7 – from Dennis Waite

The Self cannot be described but David Carse makes a very good effort. Quoting from Sufi and Taoist sages as well as Advaitin ones, he helps uncover the non-dual truth that is the essence of the phenomenal appearance. The language he uses is direct and carries the conviction of experience. In many books on Advaita there is the distinct feeling that what is said is in the realm of theory or based upon what has been read elsewhere; one is left in no doubt that this is not the case here. Although nothing new is being said, the material comes across so clearly, simply and self-evidently. And I think this is the key to why the book succeeds. The words carry the understanding to those seeking the explanations but they cannot prevent the heart-felt, mind-less, direct 'knowing' from shining through and piercing the merely intellectual.

Although much is said about the inadequacy and ultimate failure of language to speak of reality, David's writing is very good. I have said in my own books that it is not possible to talk clearly about this subject without using the correct Sanskrit terminology but this book seems to give the lie to that statement. There are some very original metaphors and many brilliant, quotable observations. Sometimes, every other paragraph seems to contain a new profundity.

David is not a teacher of Advaita and specifically states that he does not teach. Beginners will probably not benefit and should perhaps look elsewhere to begin with. But, if you think you know it all already yet feel that 'it' has still not clicked, this is definitely for you. It is the book for those who want to differentiate between intellectual understanding and realization. I have also noted that it seems to receive praise from both traditional and neo-Advaitins – and that is praise indeed!

I have mentioned elsewhere that I always pencil in the margins of any Advaita books that I read these days. Positive comments are marked: 'good', '!' and Q (for 'quote'); things that I don't understand are marked '?' or, if I disagree, 'x'. There are very few '?', only a couple of x's and many Q's and good's. What more can I say? The only adverse comment that I would make – and it is a warning for potential readers as much as anything else – is that the early chapters do go on a bit! So, if you find that, don't be put off and give up; keep reading – it just gets better... and better!

Whatever is not present in deep sleep does not exist.

I assure you, as long as there is an 'I' to say "I am That", that 'I' is the ego.

What is being asked is whether it is possible to awaken while remaining comfortably asleep.

See: http://www.advaita.org.uk/reading/read_satsang.htm#stillness

Perfect Brilliant Stillness 8 – from Maikel Annalee

Dear Alan, This is just a short message to affirm that your response to David Carse is valid. He may think/imagine/claim that he is experiencing the Dream of Real Life; but if so he would not claim; "Everything is consciousness."

Susan Hansen hasn't made it any easier by paraphrasing him to say: "Self realization is not comfort but annihilation." She also misuses the term 'consciousness' by making it part of David's disclosed claim that: "there's nobody home! There is Presence, Being, Consciousness. ... And that is all... no separate individual self[partly agree] or entity[strongly disagree] or person[partly disagree] except as a mere thought construct."

David's claim: "All is well. Totally" is an apparent 'death' wish of his and seemingly Susan's too. I would be happy to write more extensively and definitively; but I don't want to waste time on these hypocritical and hypothetical "thought constructs" in disguise. The following will have to do for now.

At the recent "Stars to Brains" conference at the ANU Canberra, I predicated the extension of the static term: 'consciousness' into what more truly represents the actual dynamic process it has, deceptively and erroneously, been used to describe: *Contaction*.

This process is at the heart of Ing[h]ram Smith's work. *NOW* his heart, *IS* free to involve and evolve, inhale and exhale, inflow and outflow and even now, as he predicated, "*is re-establishing the timeless communion*", which is dynamic *Contaction*.

"As I sat there, inner space and space outside interflowed, were individually one.... because consciousness was not occupied. A thrilling aliveness had become a dynamic emptiness that is not void but space filled with invisible energy."

(Ing[h]ram Smith: *Truth is a Pathless Land*, 1989, p210-20; *The Transparent Mind*, 1999, p 140. NOTE: Underlined words only in 1999 edition).

Moving on to Timothy Freke, here you clearly identified the fallacy of a fundamentalist non-dualist. But whilst I agree with your expression, I do not accept his four suggestions, for the very reason you reject his fourth. In this case consistency makes for coherence. Life is that it is - You are that you are - Life is a dream - And you are alive in Life!

In this telling of the story, the dream's the thing wherein to catch the con-science of reality. It's equivalent to yours, but coming from the 'other side'. It seems both these non-dualists could be renamed 'mono dualists' or even 'duelling non-dualists'. Confusing perhaps, but surely no more so, than their current posturing.

Maikel Annalee

The Observer is the Observed from Rudi Anders

Dear Sebastian You started a fascinating discussion on 'The observer is the observed.' I don't know any of the other people in the discussion. - (I will freely paraphrase on this whole page)

I think that at the base of the statement is Krishnamurti's observation that there is no entity within the human separate from thinking or perceiving, no entity that operates the mind or brain. K seems to be saying that the self or ego is an invention of the brain; it is just another thought, an idea. We put that self between us and the world. There is no me thinking, only thinking. K thought it was funny when someone at a talk thought he became the tree he looked at. The entity that we think observes is the same thing that does the observing. He carefully adds that everyone has a separate body and brain; if you think you are a tree, or something else you look at, you are crazy.

During any intense emotion: anger, excitement or something extremely beautiful, the me, the self, is forgotten for a moment, (which feels good), but then thought says 'I want to keep that experience' or 'anger is wrong' and the self is back. K's challenge is to clearly see that the self is an invention of the brain and actually does not exist. Then the human being functions without the illusion, imagination and intervention of the self. This is my take on what K talks about. It is very interesting to read other people's views.

To say, 'the observer is the observed,' out of context and taken literally would mean the person is what he looks at. Why would he use what I consider to be such an ambiguous and awkward phrase? When anyone gives a long talk, it would be very understandable if some of the words were not fully considered. On the other hand, I read in one of his books that when he communicates he is mindful of the effects of the words. The effect of the phrase is that we are having a good look at how we think, and questioning his writings, and that is what he says he wants us to do.

Perhaps that was his intention. K also mentions that it is good for the brain to ponder something we don't understand. The discussion helps to keep my brain alive!

Rudi Anders

The Observer is the Observed from Beryl Starke

Hi Alan and Margot, on reading the May newsletter the topic observer is the observed (Seer & Scene) triggered a hunt through some old talks and questions and answers by Krishnamurti in talks at the Oak Grove Ojai in 1946. Perhaps these were in some of the discussions that were held at Donald's parents place in 1947 as mentioned in Donald's book on Krishnamurti.

There were some quotes on silence also but would make email too long hope you had a great trip to the Traherne Festival. Was surprised that Traherne died at such a young age one can only wonder what else he could have written had he lived longer.

Questioner: Is there any difference between awareness and that of which we are aware? *Is the observer different from his thoughts?*

Krishnamurti: *The observer and the observed are one; the thinker and his thoughts are one. To experience the thinker and his thought as one is very arduous for the thinker is ever taking shelter behind his thought; he separates himself from his thoughts to safeguard himself, to give himself continuity' permanency; he modifies or changes his thoughts, but he remains. The pursuit of thought apart from himself, this changing, transforming it, leads to illusion. The thinker is his thought; the thinker and his thought are not two separate processes.*

The questioner asks if awareness is different from the object of awareness. We generally regard our thoughts as being apart from ourselves; we are not aware of the thinker and his thoughts as one. This is precisely the difficulty. After all, the qualities of the self are not separate from the self; the self is not something apart from its thoughts, from its attributes. The self is put together, made up, and the self is not when the parts are dissolved. But in illusion the self separates itself from its qualities in order to protect itself, to give itself continuity, permanency. It takes refuge in its qualities through separating itself from them. The self asserts that it is this and it is that; the self, the I, modifies, changes, transforms, its thoughts, its qualities, but this change only gives strength to the self, to its protective walls. But if you are aware deeply you will perceive that the thinker and his thoughts are one; the observer is the observed. To experience this actual intergrated fact is extremely difficult and right meditation is the way to this intergration.

Another Q and A which expands this answer follows;

Questioner; *I want to understand myself, I want to put an end to my stupid struggles and make a definite effort to live fully and truly.*

Krishnamurti; *What do you mean when you use the term myself? As you are many and ever changing is there an enduring moment when you can say this is the ever me? It is the multiple entity, the bundle of memories that must be understood and not seemingly the one entity that calls itself the me.*

We are ever-changing contradictory thoughts feelings; love and hate, peace and passion, intelligence and ignorance. Now which is the me in all this? Shall I choose what is most pleasing and discard the rest? Who is it that must understand these contradictory and conflicting selves? Is there a permanent self, a spiritual entity apart from these? Is not that self also the continuing result of the conflict of many entities? Is there a self that is above and beyond all contradictory selves? The truth of it can be experienced only when the contradictory selves are understood and transcended.

All the conflicting entities which make up the me have also brought into being the other me, the observer, the analyser. To understand myself I must understand the many parts of myself including the I who has become the watcher, the I who understands. The thinker must not only understand his many contradictory thoughts but he must understand himself as the creator of these many entities. The I, the thinker, the observer watches his opposing and conflicting thoughts-feelings as though he were not part of them, as though he were above and beyond them, controlling, guiding, shaping. But is not the I, the thinker, also these conflicts? Has he not created them? Whatever the level, is the thinker separate from his thoughts? The thinker is the creator of opposing urges, assuming different roles at different times according to his pleasure and pain. To comprehend himself the thinker must come upon himself through his many aspects. A tree is not just the flower and the fruit but is the total process. Similarly to understand myself I must without identification and choice be aware of the total process that is the me. How can there be understanding when one part is used as a means of comprehending the other? Is it possible to understand one contradiction by another? There is understanding only when contradiction as a whole ceases, when thought is not identifying itself with the part.

So it is important to understand the desire to condemn or approve, to justify or compare for it is this desire that prevents the full comprehension of the whole being. Who is the judge, who is the entity that is comparing, analysing? Is he not an aspect only of the total process, an aspect of the self that is ever maintaining conflict?

Conflict is not dissolved by introducing another entity who may represent condemnation, justification or love. In freedom alone can there be understanding but freedom is denied when the observer through identification condemns or justifies. Only in understanding the process as a whole can right thinking open the door to the eternal.

Beryl Starke

Huxley's "Error" from Jim Dodds

Huxley's idea of a "reducing valve of consciousness" that protects us from drowning in the torrent of perceptual phenomena that he expressed in "The Doors of Perception" is a powerful metaphor. But I wonder if it is precisely the belief that the torrent will drown us that leads to the denial of immediacy by which we pretend we are not enlightened. Is this why we forget the earliest years of our lives and is it perhaps what is meant by the legend of Lethe, the waters of forgetfulness, which we drink of just before we descend to this world from heaven?

This "descent" into the world from a higher state is a coded reference to what Bohm might have referred to as the outflux of the holomovement from the implicate order. Rather than any conscious intention to create the world such a scenario suggests that there is simply an internal momentum inherent in the original nature, which always proceeds from what we usually refer to as chaos into form. As this tendency to form proceeds intention may develop as consciousness emerges from the background potentiality of mind. What also develops of course is the tendency of form to conserve itself, and this is the foundation of the energy that Lao Tzu characterizes as yang and of all forms of conservatism. It is why we pretend we are not enlightened.

Before we continue that discussion though, a digression about language is too tempting to resist. A few years ago the idea occurred to me that we cannot decipher the language of dolphins because they are not communicating with anything like the abstract word symbols we use. It may be that their cries are actually sonic holograms, not symbols but actual pictures of the objects they are talking to each other about. Just as the sonar of a submarine returns a recognizable echo I believe that the utterance of a dolphin registers in another dolphins brain as a picture, not a word.

Through a tortuous track this leads to the speculation that the long sought Ur language of humans has the same characteristics, and that the legend of Adam naming the animals refers to utterances that were literally reflections of the activity his brain produced when he saw various creatures, reflex utterances that would produce the same picture in another brain. When another creature hears such an utterance the reflection in its brain produces recognition of the same experience.

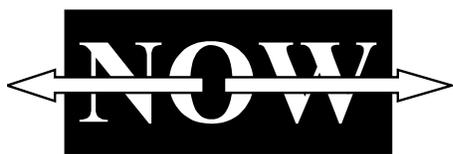
Such creatures retain their connection to the original nature, and when people like Douglas Harding, Suzanne Segal, John Wren-Lewis and Byron Katie have this experience of a spontaneous awakening and return to that original state, which this community acknowledges as a sort of "getting out of one's own way," the question becomes not, "What have they done?" but, "What have they stopped doing?" I was seventeen in 1961 when I discovered Alan Watts, and I've been studying that question ever since. In my late night musings a few days ago I came upon an interesting idea that I would love to share and hear reflections on. I formulated that idea into a sort of questionnaire, which one might present to an interested party...

- Would you agree that there is such a thing as enlightenment?
- Would you agree that one of the first things humans learn is how to postpone gratification?
- Do you understand the argument made by Krishnamurti and others that there is nothing one can "do" to move toward enlightenment, as "doing" is exactly what pushes one away from remembering that is already the case?
- Would you agree with Eckhart Tolle's statement that simply being here and now is what enlightenment is?
- Would you agree that what we constantly do is to push away the now, to deny immediacy?
- Do you understand the argument that we create our own sense of time and that the sense of time passing is exactly what "separates" us from immediacy?
- Would you agree that postponement of gratification, putting things off and procrastination are all different names for denying immediacy?
- Would you agree that the advaita attitude that we are all actually enlightened but somehow prevent ourselves from accepting and believing and experiencing it is true?
- Would you agree that there must be some way to understand and begin to "unlearn" the habitual process by which we constantly distance ourselves from enlightenment?

What do you think of my idea that the attitude produced in the mind by the notion of postponement of gratification, which we all learn as infants, is precisely what slowly separates us from enlightenment?

Jim Dodds

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
Melbourne	Third Saturday	Bells Hotel, 157 Moray Street Sth Melbourne	11am-1pm Gary Hipworth	0416 121 142
Melbourne	First Saturday	Room 205, 2nd floor 253, Flinders Lane, Melbourne	2pm – Joan Deerson	(03) 93862237



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Academy of the Word Seminar Programme Dr Alex Reichel (02) 9310 4504 – 2nd & 4th 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.

Andrew Cohen Discussion groups – Sydney 1st Tuesday in the month - What Is Enlightenment? magazine.

Enquiry through an article by a contributor to the magazine. Recent authors have been Ken Wilber, Michael Beckwith and Andrew Cohen – **3rd Tuesday in the month** - the teachings of Andrew Cohen. Discussion of a short text. Upstairs at Home Dot Cafe, 91 Glebe Point Road, Glebe 7 to 9pm **Enquiries to Graeme Burn 0416 177 012 or Christopher Liddle 0406 755 758**