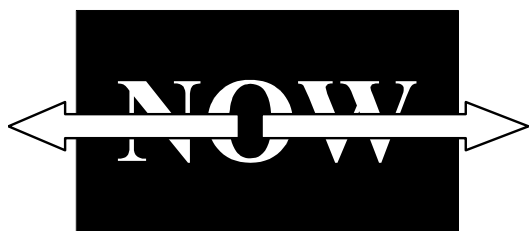


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Chatswood Meetings—81 Greville Street

Dialogue – 16<sup>th</sup> December

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*The Nowletter appears between 8 and 12 times every year and is a vehicle for news and views about awakening to what is really going on.*

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Editor's Note,

Thank you to this month's contributors and a seasonal word from Traherne:

*Having been at the University, and received there the taste and tincture of another education, I saw that there were things in this world of which I never dreamed; glorious secrets, and glorious persons past imagination. There I saw that Logic, Ethics, Physics, Metaphysics, Geometry, Astronomy, Poesy, Medicine, Grammar, Music, Rhetoric all kinds of Arts, Trades, and Mechanisms that adorned the world pertained to felicity; at least there I saw those things, which afterwards I knew to pertain unto it: and was delighted in it. There I saw into the nature of the Sea, the Heavens, the Sun, the Moon and Stars, the Elements, Minerals, and Vegetables. All which appeared like the King's Daughter, all glorious within; and those things which my nurses, and parents, should have talked of there were taught unto me. Nevertheless some things were defective too. There was never a tutor that did professly teach Felicity, though that be the mistress of all other sciences. Centuries 3/37.*

...a most felicitous 2008 to you all.

**Greville Street Dialogue Meetings – Third Sunday of every month**

**For Melbourne and other Sydney Meetings, see page 12**

**Harding Meetings – usually first Saturday of every second month (See above for dates)**

### **The Universe Project: Evolutionary Non- duality - Jeff Carreira**

*(The following is a summary of the talk at Blavatsky Lodge on Thursday 11 October when Jeff Carreira introduced us to Andrew Cohen's teaching on Evolutionary Enlightenment and told us about his relationship to this work. Jeff was personal assistant to Andrew for some years and is now the organization's Director of Education. Ed.)*

The power of what happens over the next hour or two depends not only on what I might say but also on what happens at your end. Not only my responsibility, your participation is equally important—this is more of a collective rather than merely an individual endeavour. When people like us get together to consider matters such as this it is really significant. And keeping it going requires a great deal of effort. Is it possible that what happens this evening could be truly transforming? We are conditioned to doubt that something really transformative could happen on an occasion like this. I think, 'nothing much is going to happen to me', and thereby kill the possibility with doubt.

I have known ANDREW COHEN for 15 years. I was raised as a Catholic but studied science and became a convinced materialist. I rejected all notions of religion but later became convinced I was far too rational and became so open to everything that I drifted to the opposite end of the spectrum where UFOs and other oddities dwell. Then came contemplation, meditation, Vipassana etc. Eventually, whilst studying Buddhism I came across this quote by Andrew Cohen, "if you truly want to be free there is nothing in the world that can stop you...." it dawned on me that it might actually be possible to be free in this lifetime rather than many incarnations hence.

I read Andrew's books and attended talks but could not understand why the books were so clear and yet I couldn't understand what he was saying. I asked him a question at a meeting "where can I get the faith to dedicate myself to this in the certainty that is going to turn out OK?" Andrew's reply was "where did you get the idea of a guarantee it was going to be OK?" That opened my eyes.

The teaching opens up a perspective, an experience which we are calling evolutionary enlightenment. Not just a matter of momentary happiness, joy, bliss, it can't be captured and held in the mind. It must be a renewed experience. We tend to think of our spiritual path and awakening moments as a personal affair but this teaching suggests that the awakening is a common awakening, the awakening of consciousness – a collective view of consciousness.

Human consciousness in general is awakening and some people will be among the first or early custodians of this new perspective for humanity. We can see an example of this in history – in the shift into modernity. The renaissance is evidence of a new opening of consciousness and we can all remember the names of people who led us into modern and post-modern consciousness, but Modernism first seen as our salvation is now revealed to be somewhat limited and the time is ripe for change.

Arlo Guthrie, in response to the question "What was it like in the 60s?" replied "Wow it was great. It was coming out of the ground". This is also a useful metaphor for consciousness as background rather than merely individual awareness. We generally think of awareness as 'mine', that it exists within me it seems as if it exists in and moves around with me and shines out of me. But this is rather as if a radio believed it was the source of the music. Andrew Cohen proposes that consciousness is like this, a sort of field. Meditation and contemplation strengthen one's sensitivity to this but what we are trying to do here now is to create the opportunity for this field to manifest collectively.

We could describe this activity as an enquiry into Post-Metaphysical spirituality. Metaphysical spirituality assumes metaphysical realms that exist but you are not in them, e.g., Heaven, and have to work your way in in some way. Post-Metaphysical spirituality posits higher levels of consciousness that don't exist yet but need to be created. At some point in our history we reached a point where we could no longer be born into traditional, pre-modern consciousness. We were born into modern consciousness because it had become the dominant consciousness. Likewise we are on the verge of whatever follows the present stage.

So, we are trying to create a global culture, which is not regionally limited. There are similarities with the latest developments in business organization where people feel more connected to others, wherever they are located in the world and participating in the same process, rather than to their neighbours and people in their immediate locality. We do much of our training by conference calls and trainers are finding it much easier to communicate this message today than it was a year ago. We tend to think we are getting better as

teachers but the increasing availability and focus on the issue is opening to the field and contributing to the shift in consciousness. As I'm teaching and working with it, the clarity develops. If this cumulative effect is authentic it imposes much greater responsibility on the participants. Are we striving to reach a goal or to make the goal? The reflex is one of doubt, to deny this possibility of a new potential in human consciousness. I think this response must be challenged. In our meetings, it is not a matter of Andrew Cohen transmitting or giving us some something but more like a back and forth participatory exchange which opens up the potential. There is something in human beings that wants to give, to create something better. As more people become involved in the process we increase the effectiveness of this generator,

The aim of creating a collective awakening is a much more meaningful enterprise than the aim of becoming personally enlightened. It involves a merging of traditional Eastern ideas with contemporary evolutionary thought and we are finding intra-dialogue, between faiths more important than moving towards an ideal of combining of faiths.

Evolutionary enlightenment is fundamentally consciousness beyond ego—Ego, the sense of Jeffness that is born at some date and dies some time later and identified as what I am. Beyond that sense of self there is the source of awareness that did not just pop up with this body. Assuming our universe to be 14 billion years old, humanity has only just made an appearance. The awareness didn't appear along that line it was the beginning. Matter's ability to hold consciousness has progressively increased. The progression is from energy to matter, life to human beings and now, self-reflective awareness. What is it that has separated itself out? We don't think of ourselves as evolution but as products of evolution. Consequently we consider ourselves apart from evolution—we are not separate. There is the sense of separateness but it is not primary. The consciousness of the universe is having an awakening and it is having it through us and involvement in this process is not really for one's personal benefit but for the sake of the whole. *(This last point echoes the Peter Kingsley view which I included in the last issue and which I have inserted below for comparison. Ed.)*

I don't see this as a talk but an opportunity to share this awakening to the field from which we are arising.

*(I won't sign this off under Jeff's name as I may well have missed or misinterpreted some of his comments. However, I think this is a reasonably accurate summary. I welcome corrections or adjustments from local Andrew Cohen folk. Ed.)*

**Peter Kingsley extract from Nowletter 127** . The usual idea we have is that meditation is to enlighten us, make us better, give us peace, or whatever. But for these people, meditation is not for oneself. It is an act of service for the sake of the cosmos. The purpose wasn't to get something out of it. It was to attune oneself to the cosmos for the sake of the cosmos. I suspect that in traditional shamanic cultures this is implicit. But in the West, we've somehow become so individualized that we think it's for us. It is for the sake of the cosmos and it has to do with the senses. It all comes back to the senses.

#### **Rowan Williams on Dawkins**

When asked by an audience member "whose fault is Dawkins?", Dr Williams replied that religious believers themselves were partly to blame, adding that in the past God had often been reduced "to the kind of target Dawkins and others too easily fire at"... He said: "When believers pick up Richard Dawkins or Christopher Hitchens, we may feel as we turn the pages: 'This is not it. Whatever the religion being attacked here, it's not actually what I believe in'."

This was extracted from a Telegraph (UK) article by Jonathan Wynne-Jones available in full at: <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/main.jhtml?xml=/news/2007/10/14/nfaith114.xml>

**In the Moment, July 2007 from Margot Mann**

Heavy rain had scoured deep gutters  
in the road up to the hut.  
As we filled the holes with mud and rocks,  
and dug a side drain to check  
fast-flowing water,  
Alan seized a small, sharp-edged stone.  
An aboriginal tool, he cried.  
Yeah. Maybe. We said.

The Australian Museum expert  
later confirmed it as an aboriginal artefact.  
They weren't so interested in the womera  
with its faded landscape painted by  
Albert Namatjira, (Hermannsberg Mission, 1942.)  
My father brought it back from the  
Northern Territory after the War.

The mustard-coloured quartzite stone,  
suitably labelled and mounted on a gnarled  
piece of bark, now hangs on the wall  
in the lounge room.  
The museum didn't want it.

**Feedback from Heinz Rahn**

Dear Alan and Margot, It is hard to believe. i seem to need confirmation after confirmation, to feel connected and at-one and find it in the written word and all around me when i have eyes to see and so forth and most importantly with friends like you. i suppose confirmation is because though we are never not in relationship to all that is, there are the inevitable feelings of separation that we are born to overcome, with help, and for which the dharma is always there pointing the way. When i just have eyes, nothing happens. When i am seeing then i am in relationship to the world and and not separate. Same with ears, nose, tongue, body and mind, always in relationship, never alone in any real sense. We do complicate things, i suppose from the terrible burden of self-consciousness. Self consciousness that implies the separation of self and other that becomes reified with language. "Words, words words", yet they convey the richness of experience like nothing else. Yet does "galaxy" or "blazing splendour" really convey what that possibly means, even if we add moving images and music?

We intensify experience as well as complicating it. Bodhidharma's protest. When, after achieving enlightenment he sat in front of a blank wall for nine years. 'Why nine?' Someone like Jack Spong would ask and spend years providing an answer.

I'm 2/3 of the way through 'Jesus for the Non-Religious' and highly recommend it, and enjoying the treasure trove of 'Zen in English Literature'. Have started reading George Schloss on the screen and looking forward to the book. We're hoping to be off to Diggers for the school holidays. All the best with 'Simplicity' and thank you for the Samten Gyatso e-mails.

*Heinz Rahn*

### The Middle View from Robert Penny

*(We had been talking about our sense of self and the perennial question 'what am I?' at one of the recent Friday Forum meetings and returned home to find a phone message from Robert Penny who wanted to talk about his recent reading of The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth and advising me to look at page 151 onwards. An interesting coincidence, or should I say synchronicity, as it extended what we'd been talking about at our meeting. Here are the pages in question. Ed.)*

Pages 151 to 153 of the manuscript version of *The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth*

Common sense, of course, tries to draw a permanent line between a body that is under my control and a world that is not under my control, but in fact no such line can be drawn. For, in the first place, my willed movements pursue their course in the environment, with results that I may foresee and desire. And, in the second place, the world within my skin is (as I have already shown) at least as mysterious and as far beyond my conscious control as the world outside. Even those organs of mine which are moved by voluntary muscles, are, when I attend carefully to their behaviour, no more forced by me to act as they do than the earth is forced by my will to live to pursue its path in the heavens. At least I can detect no agency or power whereby my tongue is governed when it frames syllables, or by which this hand is guided as it sets down this sentence. It is as if the letters shaped themselves. The words come to me. I am critical of them when they arrive, but I seem to have no more power to determine what shall arrive than I have power to prevent the sun rising tomorrow morning. All I can safely say is that my total body, right up to and beyond the sun, is a going concern, however much or however little I attend to and acquiesce in its transactions<sup>i</sup>.

And the outer part, which ordinarily I dismiss as environment and not body at all, is just as effectively organized, just as serviceable, just as necessary, as the inner part—and just as capable of being taken over consciously. Working inwards, the Eastern yogi rescues his physique from (what appears to be) automatism, making more and more of it deliberate. Working outwards, the Western scientist studies the physiology of his greater body, bringing more of it under control, and leaving no part of it unexamined. So does man come to know himself, and become aware of the behaviour of his 'limbs'—after they have ceased to be limbs. My task is not to observe them and their acts always (this would be to amputate them permanently), nor to incorporate them and identify myself with them always (this would be to lump them together in a permanent and undifferentiated unity); on the contrary, it consists in living movement from level to level, in a rhythm of growth and ungrowth. My life is built out of innumerable acts of sympathetic imagination leading to growth, balanced by innumerable acts of detachment and withdrawal leading to ungrowth. It is the transition between states rather than the states themselves, which is all-important. The pulse, the rhythm of bodily expansion and contraction is the essential thing, and the greater its range above and below the common-sense norm the greater the vitality?<sup>ii</sup>

Just as the gradual discovery of what is happening inside my skin is the discovery of what I have been doing there, so is my study of the outer world an autobiographical exercise. Why do I see the stars as plainly as I see my hand? Because I use them. Until I feel responsible for the sun, until I own to its behaviour, I suffer

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<sup>i</sup> Freud (Moses and Monotheism (1939), p. 165) says that a man's work "grows as it will and sometimes confronts its author as an independent, even an alien, creation." And (I suggest) the better the work the more marked is this experience. Thus Boehme: "I can write nothing of myself but as a child which neither knows nor understands anything." to mention one out of countless instances.

<sup>ii</sup> Mr C. S. Lewis, commenting on the 'mistaken' belief that men own their bodies, well describes those bodies as "vast and perilous estates, pulsating with the energy that made the worlds, in which they (i.e., men) find themselves without their consent." *Screwtape Letters*, p. 108.

And certainly they need to capture something of the innocent surprise of Milton's Adam:

"Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not."

*Paradise Lost*, VIII.

from a kind of St Vitus's dance. When I was a child, my parents knew what was good for me; they knew better than I did what I really wanted, and thwarted my wayward impulses on my behalf. They were in charge of my higher will. Growing up, I take over from them my own control. And in the same way I go on to recognize, in the duties required of me by nation and humanity, in the dictates of religion, and even in the discoveries of science, my own hitherto unrealized intention. At the same time I accept responsibility for the acts of these larger units. In my total body there are no involuntary muscles.<sup>iii</sup>

What is the goal of such growth? Surely it is that I should say, with Marcus Aurelius, "Whatsoever is expedient unto thee, O World, is expedient unto me; nothing can either be unseasonable unto me, or out of date, which unto thee is seasonable. Whatsoever thy seasons bear, shall ever by me be esteemed as happy fruit, and increase." Those all-too-rare moments when we are able to surrender our partial wills to our total will, when we make no demands upon reality, when we are sure that (despite all appearances to the contrary) what is answers to our deepest needs, when the universe is exactly what we intend (no matter how little we understand why this or that detail is necessary)—such moments we know to be our best: they have their own hall-mark of supreme quality. At such times we seem to come to ourselves after long self-alienation, to be in our right minds at last.<sup>iv</sup>

Of course it is impossible to live in this exalted and rarefied atmosphere. Indeed to do so would be to lose all. Life has to be lived at every level, and for most of the time we must be strangers to most of what we are. In any case, the highest and the lowest levels meet, and the extreme of self-realization is the extreme of self-abnegation. There can be no growth to the circumference which is not ungrowth to the centre. The paradox is that only by complete surrender to the supreme will, only by ceasing to assert my personal will, only by giving up the struggle and admitting complete dependence, can I win through to integrity and self-control. Whoever not only says, but *feels*, 'God's will be done,' is mailed against every weakness.<sup>v</sup>

Such are the reflections which follow upon the breaking down of the artificial barriers between the self and the not-self. At present they are little more than unsupported assertions. In the remaining chapters of Part III I intend, if not to prove them, at least to show that they are not unreasonable, and to clothe the dry bones of theory with the living flesh of concrete facts.

*Douglas Harding*

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iii The great discovery of German idealism was that nature is realized mind. Thus Schelling, in his System of Transcendental Idealism, regarded nature as the self made object, as the dialectic of the self's life outwardly manifested. The way to self-consciousness, accordingly, is the study of nature: what I am as knower is revealed in the world that I know. (See Royce, Lectures on Modern Idealism, pp. 101 ff.) The danger of this attitude is the premature and uncompensated absorption of the not-self into the self. The philosopher with half an eye on himself is a poor student of the nature that he eulogizes — as poor, perhaps, as Schelling himself. I cannot agree with Bergson's view that the stars' visibility is a kind of accident. See Morality and Religion, p. 144. "Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do." Epictetus, Encheiridion, VIII.

iv Meditations, IV. 19.

"The free man is he who wills without arbitrary self—will", says Martin Buber. "He listens..., to the course of being in the world; not in order to be supported by it, but in order to bring it to reality as it desires, in its need of him, to be brought..." I and Thou, pp. 59, 60. This is a more balanced attitude than that of the Stoics, with their too-great emphasis on resignation.

fThus Gibran: "And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance." The Prophet, p.99.

v William James, The Varieties of Religious Experience, p. p.285.

James has a telling description of the two ways of 'accepting the universe'—the grudging way, when we are stunned into submission, and the way of enthusiastic assent. "It makes a tremendous emotional and practical difference to one whether one accept the universe in the drab discoloured way of stoic resignation to necessity, or with the passionate happiness of Christian saints." Op.cit., pp. 41 ff. See also pp. 109, 201 ff., 275 ff.

### **Fear on going to China from Carien McGuin**

The fear I'm not aware of,  
 China has always been in my books,  
 In my dreams, in magazines  
 Showing how to cook  
 Chinese food, set Chinese tables, tell Chinese stars  
 and fortunes,  
 Feng-shui, tai-chi, chi-gung

And now I'm leaving Shikoku's Zentsuji Temple  
 in Japan.

In the dream I mess up my Tokyo sleeping  
 arrangement  
 And Emiko has to rescue me,  
 And I relax and Osano puts me on the bus.

But not before I crash on the pavement.  
 In a momentary panic of missing the bus  
 My foot kicks the kerb in the electric-light rain  
 And my body lands grazingly on that knee  
 That insists on attention.  
 It's still healing from a previous panic  
 I don't remember where...  
 Perhaps it was still in Brisbane when I was there.

Meditate, relax. On the bus.  
 Is it just sadness I won't allow?  
 Is it just the reaction pattern of unsurety,  
 uncertainty, going into the unknown?

China is looming unprepared.  
 Akiko has sung its praises, its greatness, its might,  
 From Han to Tang to Olympics today.  
 And I, with no gift, no language in sight,  
 Have the gall to assume I can meet Kukai,  
 The saints, the sun and the moon,  
 In a China that's swallowing the crazed Western  
 mind  
 Like a snake swallows a frog.

I sleep on the 27<sup>th</sup> floor after gift shopping all day  
 in Tokyo,  
 Wake late, trying to send parcels, and almost miss  
 the Shinkansen to the airport.  
 Staggering my unfit legs and two bags up the last  
 of the station steps, the train whistles  
 And in my panic, I fall flat again,  
 On the platform  
 To the complete embarrassment of the train guard  
 Who waited till I gathered myself upright  
 So I could climb on board in the last carriage.

We've crossed the Chinese coast.

My knee still weeping, I watch the brown land fly  
 by,  
 Rectangulated and squared every inch of the way  
 Until we land without fuss,  
 To drive round in a Boeing 777-200 as if it were a  
 bus.  
 Twenty minutes of wheeling round the tarmac  
 roads before we wait,  
 Sixth in line to get a passenger downloading berth.

I am 'sharp' with plum wine,  
 A gift from the hostess who was pleased I so  
 enjoyed  
 My inflight Japanese lunch.  
 Another 20 minutes pass and we disembark.

A wave of something (fear?) as I gather my bags –  
 Only cabin luggage thank heaven!  
 And walk.  
 The Chinese officials are everywhere to guide us.  
 The signs show the way and every airport in the  
 world it seems  
 No matter the site,  
 Is homogenized and pasteurized and  
 identicalised;  
 So, like the rat in the maze, we follow and stand,  
 and follow and stand,  
 Quite amazingly quickly in the Immigration Hall –  
 Thirty gates to process six planeloads of  
 people...perhaps 40 gates.  
 And another few planeloads... plus another few  
 planeloads!

I walk out into the terminal where a huge throng  
 of people  
 Are pressed against the barrier, all welcoming and  
 smiling eager happiness  
 Interspersed with flags and name-calling placards  
 Each looking excitedly for its own special guest.

I can't even think how I'll find Zheru, so I wander  
 quietly along the passenger walkway. Past the  
 crowds, towards the exit – and I hear her – she  
 comes running up out of the barrier, calling and  
 greeting me with an excited and very relieved  
 hug.  
 She has arranged a car, and we're off.  
 Immediately I'm at home. There are lanes and  
 lanes of traffic and nobody sticks to them. Our  
 driver, a very handsome and quick young man, a  
 boy, squeezes them here and pushes them there  
 and darts off at an angle till we slow down in the

Friday pm traffic jam. The airport area is huge! Forty minutes later we're just leaving the air cargo company offices behind and entering the academic area of town, past the University where Zheru got her business degree and on and on to the other side of Peking where she lives. The main roads are adorned with roses. Miles of flowering, wire-trained roses, all in flower now with the Spring. At other parts the roads are lined with a 30-metre depth of pine and poplar trees, with the unquenchable stall holders and small shop brokers peeping through the forest shadows from the other side.

We don't have the noise of the toots, beeps, bells and whistles of Jakarta traffic and we don't have the fear of speed inherent in the whizzing Australian traffic – there's a certain quiet patience in the squeezing and pushing and dodgem cars and buses of Peking.

Peking is harkening to its security like the rest of the world: the Olympic Swallow emblem a blast from the past – Han Dynasty – the locals reference to Peking rather than Beijing – the relentless confusion of the stall holder class cluttering the glittering imported architecture of high rise and 12-lane highways of skysrise, circling above each other sending traffic in different directions.

We arrive at Zheru's apartment at six pm and dash round the corner for a street stall dinner and a German stein-sized beer! We relax. The food is great. Our fish soup takes the cake.

And we go to the supermarket, past a kilometre of stallholders to the bus (2 stops)  
Across the 12-lane (or is it 14-lane) ring road,  
down to the store  
For bread for breakfast, food and water and juice.  
And walk home.  
Up four flights of stairs, and we're done.

Am I in Port Moresby, in Jakarta, in Singapore or Manila?  
Perhaps even Kupang in Timor?  
No. I'm home. I'm really and truly in Peking.  
Beijing.  
China!  
Saturday...a day walking and climbing stairs exploring the Summer Palace in its sumptuous gardens and lakes. Sunday

I am a thought in a  
Moment of God  
A trace of a grin  
A hint of a smile  
A mirage  
A miracle of held sense  
Minute-ist, mind-blowing  
Pre-science.

*Carie McGuin*

***"...the happiest man in the world."* from Greg Campbell**

Dear Fellow Bare Awareness Beings –Dear Friends in the Sangha of Authentic Life,

I will be as brief as possible. Upon my return from years spent in Europe I searched for a Buddhist-oriented hospice where I would be allowed to work as a full time nurse, companion, and counselor. I didn't find such an opportunity and so I have been gratefully living at Jikoji. Although very satisfied here, nevertheless, I am still hoping to serve the dying directly.

Recently, I had some medical tests done at the SF VA Medical Center and the doctor said he believes I may have a brain tumor. I must go back in a few days and do further testing but subjectively it feels true and subjectively I could not be a happier man !

Whether I have a tumor or not I am almost 70 years old and certainly, in any case, approaching the so-called "end". My deepest wish in whatever time remains to me, is to serve the dying as directly as possible and if I myself have a brain tumor I will be able to counsel dying people with a unique authority. Also insofar as Suzuki Roshi, Ramakrishna, and many other great beings have "exited" due to cancer I see this possibility as one of our Greatest Possible Blessings.



I fully realize that the vast majority of people today would hardly welcome the news that they have inoperable cancer. Indeed, had I not been Blest with a near-death experience as a young man I too would probably be typically full of fear, sorrow, and hopelessness. Yet, as I already said, I could not be happier.

In closing I want to pass on a poem by a Japanese Zen master who lived in the middle ages:

*"One day  
I finally looked up over my head and  
Saw the Sun is a Perfect Circle! !  
Since that instant  
I have been the happiest man in the world !"  
With Nine Bows,*

*Greg Campbell*

### **Rasa from Barry Hora**

*(Prompted by the Peter Kingsley extracts in the last Nowletter Barry wrote to remind me of the similarity between what Kingsley is pointing to and what Rasa is all about, a subject we covered at some length in Nowletter 48, November '98 and into 2009. This is taken from <http://sumarah.tripod.com/sh6.htm> Ed.)*

What do your senses report?

Rasa is the sensing as well as the sense of being: the rasa you experience is what you receive of reality. But rasa is not something you control; rasa is the shared, common sense of being, the affective sea we are all fish in.

To some extent, what you see depends on what you let in. Basically, the clearer your window, the more accurate your perspective because you can manipulate your reception, and knowingly or unknowingly distort what reaches you. Reflecting this is a receptivity continuum that stretches from spontaneity through various degrees of separation from what is here.

Clear reception is termed *rasa murni*, and is the ever present flow of being and sensations that we habitually select from in defining our experiences. When you are no longer selecting, that is *rasa murni*, the personal interface with reality: "When I am here, Tuhan is not; when Tuhan is here, I am not" (Yen aku ana, Allah ora ana; yen Allah ana, aku ora ana). The more you are controlling and determining your experience, the farther you are from *rasa murni*. Babies are constantly close to *rasa murni* as they spontaneously sense what comes to them. We sometimes approach this state during periods of extreme stress: the car spins -- crash, helter-skelter, silence -- you are still alive, breathing deeply and feeling the heat of the sun. *Rasa murni* is just what is here.

This immediacy, this spontaneous receptivity and loss of separation from reality is the goal of open psychology; this is where openness is expressed, and the ego is transcended. This is the reality base. Sumarah teaches you how and why not to escape from reality in forming your own version; then through the practice you study your avoidance habits and tendencies and gradually unlearn them.

### **Emily & Thomas from Alan Mann**

A friend recently asked me where I first came across Emily Dickinson's poetry. I couldn't remember at the time but later realized it must have been the quotation in R.H. Blyth's *Zen in English Literature and Oriental Classics*:

In insecurity to lie  
Is joy's ensuring quality.

I am greatly indebted to Blyth whose book also introduced me to Thomas Traherne. Not surprisingly there are a number of interesting parallels in what these two poets/seers have to say. Here is Emily Dickinson speaking of *Nothing*:

By homely gift and hindered Words  
 The human heart is told  
 Of Nothing —  
 "Nothing" is the force  
 That renovates the World —

1563

and Thomas Traherne in the same vein:

Till we see our nothing we cannot understand the value of our being...

SM 4/66

The first issue of the Nowletter in January '93 carried Emily Dickinson poem 959:

A loss of something ever felt I —  
 The first that I could recollect  
 Bereft I was — of what I knew not  
 Too young that any should suspect

Elder, Today, a session wiser  
 And fainter, too, as Wiseness is —  
 I find myself still softly searching  
 For my Delinquent Palaces —

A Mourner walked among the children  
 I notwithstanding went about  
 As one bemoaning a Dominion  
 Itself the only Prince cast out —

And a Suspicion, like a Finger  
 Touches my Forehead now and then  
 That I am looking oppositely  
 For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven —

That raises the interesting possibility that she pre-dated the Douglas Harding technique by nearly 100 years!  
 Here is Thomas Traherne looking oppositely:

His Throne is neer, tis just before our face,  
 And all Eternitie his Dwelling place.  
 His Dwelling place is full of joys and Pleasures  
 His Throne a fountain of Eternal Treasures.  
 His Omnipresence is all Sight and Love,  
 Which whoso sees, he ever dwells above.  
 With soft Embraces it doth Clasp the Soul,  
 And Watchfully all Enemies controul.  
 It enters in, and doth a Temple find,  
 Or make a Living one within the Mind.  
 That while Gods Omnipresence in us lies,  
 His Treasures might be all before our Eys:  
 For Minds and Souls intent upon them here,...

*Thoughts 1*

I think Thomas is using the word 'before' in the sense of both *prior to* and *in front of*, thereby underlining the absence of any fundamental separation between inner and outer. Thomas was also concerned about the sense of loss Emily mentions. I imagine they are both referring to the loss of what Thomas called *Capacitie*, which he thought arose from the oversight of our true nature, our neglected birthright. Here is the first verse of *My Spirit*:

My Naked Simple Life was I.  
 That Act so Strongly Shind  
 Upon the Earth, the Sea, the Skie,

That was the Substance of My Mind.  
 The Sence it self was I.  
 I felt no Dross nor Matter in my Soul,  
 No Brims nor Borders, such as in a Bowl  
 We see, My Essence was Capacitie.  
 That felt all Things.  
 The Thought that Springs  
 Therfrom's it self. It hath no other Wings  
 To Spread abroad, nor Eys to see,  
 Nor Hands Distinct to feel,  
 Nor Knees to Kneel:  
 But being Simple like the Deitie  
 In its own Centre is a Sphere  
 Not shut up here, but evry Where.

In conclusion, a verse from Emily which captures the essential, creative engagement in what Thomas called *Right Apprehension*:

As all the heavens were a bell,  
 And Being but an ear,  
 And I and silence some strange race,  
 Wrecked, solitary, here.

From Poem 280

The rediscovery of *No-thing* in a passive awareness of creative attention seems to lie at the heart of all this. An openness which, whatever is happening is allowed to fill, rather than my usual interpretations and explanations.

Alan Mann

## **Only This, This!**

Soen

*(About twenty years ago Gladney Oakley gave me a copy of The Little Zen Companion on which I draw to fill little gaps like this. I think this quotation (p.325) captures, to the extent possible in words, what is going on. I think this must be the Seung Sahn Soen-sa that Chris Cheney has mentioned in some of his contributions. Ed.)*

### **THE 2007 TEMPLETON LECTURE AND WORKSHOP**

Professor Jack Copeland - Department of Philosophy, University of Canterbury, NZ

### **"Alan Turing and the Curious Birth of Artificial Intelligence"**

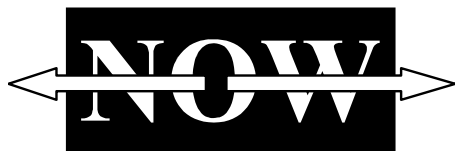
Thursday, 6th December 2007 at 6:30 pm

The Footbridge Lecture Theatre (on Parramatta Road) University of Sydney - Free Admission, All Welcome

Jack Copeland is professor of philosophy and director of the Turing Archive for the History of Computing at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, NZ. His books include "Colossus: The Secrets of Bletchley Park's Codebreaking Computers" and "Artificial Intelligence: A Philosophical Introduction."

Regular Dialogue Meetings				
LOCATION	DAY	MEETING PLACE	TIME & CONTACT	Phone Nos.
Sydney City	First Saturday	Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society - Level 2, 484 Kent St., City	10.30am & 2pm Terry O'Brien	0431605374
Chatswood	Third Sunday	81 Greville St. (off Fullers Rd) Chatswood	10.30 am Alan & Margot Mann	02 9419 7394
Nowra	Second Saturday	Grant's Restaurant	3.30 pm Riche du Plessis	4423 4774 0427234774
Melbourne	Third Saturday	Bells Hotel, 157 Moray Street Sth Melbourne	11am-1pm Gary Hipworth	0416 121 142

*These are all 'open', that is, everybody is welcome. If your first meeting, I suggest you ring and confirm time, etc.*



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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 – 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 – [www.TSsydney.org.au](http://www.TSsydney.org.au) Email: [contact@TSsydney.org.au](mailto:contact@TSsydney.org.au)

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. See upcoming dates at top of page 1.

Krishnamurti DVD Screenings followed by Dialogue – Every Thursday 7.15pm at Blavatsky Lodge, address above.

Melbourne. 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday, 2 to 5pm, Room MR B311 Level 3, CAE Bldg. 253 Flinders Lane, Joan Deerson (03) 93862237

Andrew Cohen Discussion groups – Sydney 1<sup>st</sup> Tuesday in the month-3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday in the month - Andrew Cohen teachings. Enquiries: Graeme Burn 0416 177 012 or Christopher Liddle 0406 755 758

Eckhart Tolle Group – Enquiries: Marion Northcott 9967 8067