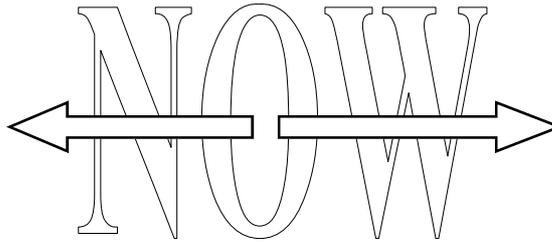


**Greville Street
Meetings
16 May 99
20 June 99**



**Issue No. 52
April 1999**

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NB

Subscriptions: Please note your address label which shows when your subscription is due. Let me know if incorrect. I will automatically cancel any overdue subscriptions from May on the assumption that non-payment means a wish to cancel.

Transcripts of "Insight & Transformation" Gary Hipworth talks with the Sydney 'Now' Group \$10 postage paid Australia.

The Glen Davis weekend planned for 1-2 May is uncertain and will be resolved at the Greville St meeting on April 18.

Thanks to this month's contributors for sharing their stories with us so openly .

The Nowletter appears between 10 and 12 times every year and is a vehicle for news and views about awakening to what is really going on. Contributions from readers are considered the most valuable content so please think about letting me have your views, experiences, discoveries and responses .

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Warwick meets Francis Lucille again

San Diego - Saturday, 6th March, 1999

Let me see if I can briefly recap some of the teaching that Francis uses to point to truth.

The starting point seems to be the question, "Are you conscious?" The answer is, obviously, "Yes." Self evidently. Even if everything one knows, experiences, senses, remembers, and imagines is an illusion, one is conscious. Even if one doesn't know exactly who one is, one is conscious.

Now, let's proceed to the question that has troubled us for centuries: The world seems to contain two kinds of stuff, conscious stuff and material stuff. The man-in-the-street (maybe not Greville Street), usually gives some validity to both. I look at this plate and I have an image, which belongs to the domain of consciousness. Then I shut my eyes and the image is gone. But I assume that behind the image is a material object which exists independently of my image of it. Or my memory of it.

The current opinion among scientists is that only material stuff is real, consciousness is at best an epiphenomenon of matter.

Francis stands firmly in the camp of consciousness; only consciousness is real and all that is called the material world is an event in consciousness. So, things, material things, plates for example, do not exist if they are neither seen nor remembered. Only consciousness, limitless and qualityless, and the objects of consciousness such as sounds and sights, (or should we say seeing and hearing), exist.

Furthermore, as we know from our DEH experiments, the whole world, all that we know through our senses, is inside us. Then who am I? Consciousness. Then what is consciousness? God is another name for consciousness.

You mean my own particular consciousness? No, there is no personal consciousness, there is only infinite, impersonal consciousness, which is not mine and not yours. But I seem to be at the centre of my world? Then remember Pascal's definition of God: "God is a circle with no perimeter and with a centre that is everywhere."

But I seem to have an independent, separate and personal existence?

Sure, that's because of the belief in the existence of separate material objects, one of which is "my" body. That's what comes of trying to have a foot in each camp, the materialist camp and the camp of consciousness. But if you take your stand firmly in the camp of consciousness then there is no material body,

just a collection of perceptions which have no existence apart from the perceiver, which is consciousness, which is God. Rather like swirls in a flooding creek which might be seen as separate entities. But at a more comprehensive level they are seen as patterns in water, as persons, seen at a more comprehensive level, are patterns in consciousness. The feeling of being separate can only be sustained by the belief that, firstly, there is material stuff which can exist independently of consciousness, and, secondly, that "I" am irrevocably attached to, and have the same limitations as, this body, which is a material entity.

Well, how do we get rid of this belief?

We don't. It's the wrong question. It is not my belief. The question assumes the existence of a separate "I", an independent consciousness, and then asks how that independent consciousness can dispel the illusion of its independent existence. This false belief is God's false belief. I cannot dispel the illusion of my separate existence, I can only know that I am consciousness, indivisible, lacking nothing, happiness in my very essence, in truth God.

Well then, what is this immensely complicated world in which apparently separate entities have relationships; friendships, love affairs, animosities, wars, births and deaths?

Francis asked me to be open to the possibility that it is a dream. And I am.

And then the question arose, "How can I wake up?"

Again, wrong question. It is not my dream. Warwick, the supposedly limited person, is not the dreamer. God is the dreamer, consciousness is the dreamer.

But I, Warwick, who is tapping at the keys of this little computer, know that I am conscious. And I know, I have both a logical and a visceral understanding, that consciousness is indivisible. That I am God. When it first dawned upon me I said to Francis, "It appears to be the height of presumption to say that I am God." and he replied that it is presumptuous to say that I am separate from God, that I stand in the face of God.

We are left with God mucking around like a bunch of kids playing hide and seek, or telling ghost stories to frighten themselves. But all along no-one was ever lost, and the ghosts were always known to be a figment of the story-teller's imagination. Does a dream mean that the dreamer is asleep? No, for a dream can only exist in consciousness. A dream is not separate from consciousness.

To speak as if there were separate persons, I must tell you that there are times when it is palpably clear, and the well-being that accompanies this clarity is like

being stoned. And there are times when the clarity fades. But that doesn't worry me, for when the clarity is there it is seen to be simple, not a matter that requires great intelligence or even great courage, simply something that is as obvious as a response to the question, "Are you conscious?"

Francis said during satsang today that the mind is a very powerful tool that can be either destructive or useful. If it stands in the camp of consciousness then it is inspired and motivated by consciousness and it will work everything out. If it stands in the camp of materialism - to tell you the truth I can't remember what he said the mind will do when it stands in the camp of materialism, but there is no need, we all know it, and we all know that the end result for the one who is tapping at these keys, and the one who is reading the screen on their monitor in Australia, is the grave and worms.

The other night, chatting in the kitchen, I said, (there were four of us there) "In India people who come to spiritual teachers are looking for a gift from the teacher, they expect him to use some supernatural powers and go ZAP and then they will get a job or a wife or husband or the gates of heaven will open and drown them in bliss."

Francis said, "Westerners, in their own way, expect the same thing."

I said, "The way I see it, Westerners are looking for some understanding, they are looking for someone who does understand to point them in the right direction so they can understand also."

Francis was very insistent that this is the same thing as expecting to be zapped by supernatural powers. I forget the exact structure of his argument, I found it difficult to grasp for quite a while, but the gist of it was that you who are seeking is consciousness indivisible, God, and nothing, in truth, can either be added unto you or taken away from you.

Alan, you will be interested to know that he says that knowing the truth will dispel the idea that you have to save the world; but in your personal life it will impel you to do the right thing. Personally he refuses to eat meat because he will not participate in the process whereby animals must be killed so we can eat their flesh.

He is, as you say, Alan, by far the most interesting teacher I have encountered. I think we should invite him to Australia. I have spoken to him about it. He says that the earliest opportunity would be November 99. He would expect to have an audience of at least twenty people. He would pay for the air fare for himself and his wife, Laura. He would expect to stay with someone while he is here (in Australia). I believe that in Sydney and Byron Bay we could attract quite

decently sized audiences. I have one or two friends in New Zealand; I believe I could rustle up an audience there also. I will bring back three videos that we can all have a look at - I think you will love them.

One final thing; he said, again in the kitchen, the other day, that what first inspired him in his own searching was that he had heard that it was possible to have unadulterated happiness. Just hearing that it was possible immediately changed his life. He says that he had long been familiar with the idea that while individuals die, God remains always, but he didn't give a damn whether God remained; he could only be happy if he remained also. I feel exactly the same way.

Warwick Wakefield

Letter to my son - April 1999

Dear Delian, I don't expect you to finish reading this - its just a letter that you may read later in your life - long after I have gone and cannot discuss this type of thing with you. From that statement it is obvious that I believe eventually you will begin to question your life and who you are.

For the past month I have been waiting for something to happen, because early in March it occurred to me that it was time to burn my diaries. All thirty years of them.

It started when I tried to explain to Irene that she was eternally trapped in her own play, and unless she recognized this, she would continue forever acting out her particular variety of Irene-roles. It was difficult telling a person that her life was not real, just a collection of performances that would forever maintain the LIE if she didn't wake up to what was really happening. Then I realized - as I spoke to her - that actually I was speaking to myself, reminding me of my own lie, and this letter is the result

By creating the diaries, I have kept myself intact all these years, so I wonder if I am really ready to destroy them? Burning the 'idea' of who I think I am, reveals the Abyss - that ultimate emptiness where all 'ideas of Self' disappear. Once before I felt I should destroy them, but put it off because such a radical and final step seemed too absolute. In truth of course, the diaries are like a certificate, recognizing 'me' and praising my struggles towards self- discovery. An anathema indeed, for if there is no self then I have wasted thirty years playing a game, but maybe one must play this game to find the truth? It's like the riddle of the circle. Seems life just goes around in circles - sometimes one thinks one has actually got somewhere, only to find one is back at the beginning doing the same thing over again - maybe with a new partner, or in a new place, or a new job; and this repetitive pattern is the circle - or the spiral - we travel around. It is fed by the role we continue to play. While this game continues, we will continue to plod around the same experience, over and

over.

For me there have been many aspects of the Game, like the crippling emotion I have felt on and off for so long, believing that my only contact with love – you – is metaphorically and physically so far away you have almost disappeared from my life. For years this awful sense of loss has been with me as I play my role as ‘person too worthless to be of any importance’. The battle to annihilate this role has gone on and on, yet some devious part of me constantly presents it to the rest of me (This is a clue but it is almost impossible to isolate this ‘me’ and find out who and what it is) So the rest of ‘me’ plays the ‘game’, and regardless of the pain, it steers me safely along a familiar path.

One might think that knowledge or experience - even simply living - would heal such a wound, but achievements, no matter what they might be, change nothing. Knowing that I have done this to myself, placed myself in this position of loneliness and pain, does not help because knowing something does not give one control over it.

When I assured Irene that once she realized the TRUTH, the whole game would dissipate - I was fooling both of us! Even though we might understand how the ‘role’ has distorted our life, this intellectual understanding cannot bring change?

Nothing can be hidden. Irene, like the rest of us, is fooling herself, probably because it is too awful for her to look at what is really causing her to ‘act out’ this chosen role. It’s so hard to face internal doubts and fears, especially when they seem to threaten one’s sanity. I remember when I had to acknowledge my internal drives. We were at Dromana, and you were so young. Too young to remember my insanity. It was a terrible time, but I did make a massive break -through, though I’m still not in the clear. None of us are free until we are able to let go of our roles.

Although I no longer pretend, I have failed in my next step. Looking inward has cleared much of the turmoil, and it has altered my life, but the same pattern continues because I cannot stop the performance, the game, the role; call it what you will. I suspect these roles permeate every cell of our being. I wonder what game stains your cellular system? In our role-playing we are the pain, or the guilt or whatever we have decided to take on. Look at my pretence. Pages and pages of heartfelt honesty in those diaries. Thirty years of dragging up the pain, looking at it, then allowing the ‘self’ to carry on. Showing very little change, always living the role.

Admittedly, through using a diary, I contacted bits of the lie, but I never reached the actual taproot. Until the root of the lie is fully understood, experienced and accepted, the role cannot end. I never actually dug up

the root cause and admitted this terrible truth; I live in pain because I choose to retain my role; I live in pain because I am too afraid of the change; I live in pain because I cannot drop the role and accept reality.

Suddenly I have understood that the role does not control me, though for all of my life I have allowed it to be this way. Talking to Irene brought it into focus, and it does tie in with burning my diaries. The burning will be a symbolic gesture saying that I choose not to live in pain and will burn the past because it really does not exist. The past lives only in my memory and the reality of those events depend on the vagaries of memory. We all know how twisted memory can become. This is another key point. Is it possible to accept that there is no past, that memory is not real, it’s just brain clogging data, soaking up physical energy to keep it intact? I have read many wise men who say this is the only real way to live. Once the past has been let go totally, a new state of living begins. This is where unconditional love begins apparently.

Like so many others, my unhappy state of isolation and loneliness is a REACTION to an event (or events) This is the way it works: our interpretation based on our experience has told us that the painful events in our lives supply the fodder for our continuing ‘game’. The ego has become confused. In my case it feeds me data that I have responded to in a sad, passive, submissive manner because it is in my character to act this way. So it’s characteristic of me not to fight back – though I have tried hard to alter this trait since I realized what a mouse I was! I believe this aggression has embarrassed you from time to time, but I’ve struggled to keep attacking. It really is not in my basic character so it has been a strain on my nervous system. I’m sure basic character traits shape our roles, and I’ve been aware enough of this to try and change the pattern. For some people, self destruction is expressed passively, and turned inwards, for others it takes the form of murderous anger, destructive guilt, lack of a conscience, lack of feeling, arrogance, inability to connect with others, the list goes on! It is this combination of character traits, and unhealthy experience, that gives humanity the enormous range of roles and performances. Yet all of it is a lie! All of it is a game! It is said that love is the answer. This is true, but not, I suspect, in the way it’s told in poetry and song. We are loved! Loved continuously. Loved into life. After all these years I do not question that this energy flows through us all the time, but consciousness is too dim to allow us to fully experience this creative force. It’s happening right now, to me as I write, to you as you read, but we remain oblivious to it. (As I was writing then I felt overwhelmed by joy, and I knew intuitively I could be in this state all the time, but because I am so dense, it seldom reaches my conscious level of awareness). John Wren Lewis spoke of his experience of continually being ‘loved into existence’. Of the loving

life force continually renewing him, second by second – forever. Too many people have experienced this down through the ages for it to be a mirage. So it would seem that I have always been loved, but have imagined - in my role as a desperately unhappy person - that the love needs to come from a human realm and that the only way I would not be unhappy was if I was loved. (It goes round in circles like this!) At this time, the only person I have been seeking this special love from is you. In the past I sought it from Mum to start with, and Dad, then Jack, then George, and numerous other friends. Up until that phone call to Irene (a month ago now) every five minutes or so, if I was not busy, I'd remember that I was alone, and that you are very far away. (Often distance is not physical) Alone and unhappy because I am not wanted. This is the scenario I have chosen to act out over and over again - only the names and places change. This is my basic one act play. Pathetic, but played with gusto.

So! There it is! The core motivator; the engine at the centre, driving one's life. We develop a role based on incoming, perceived data. Mine for instance was a mother leaving a three years old child with an old Aunt. Creeping away, never saying goodbye, and the child waits and waits. How long is five months in a child's heart? Eventually the child takes it upon itself to believe that it's not wanted and this realization is so painful, that as a form of protection, the child withdraws into a state of non-existence, and tries for years to remain invisible (becomes a mouse) Such perception is based on what the child understands. The internal story becomes the basis of the role that drives the person forever, constantly confirming the original proposition.

For me it has always seemed that I was a helpless victim, but it's safe to feel helpless. In such a condition one does not have to act, or take control. Rejection is a major component of my role. I can keep it up for the rest of my life if I choose, or I can drop this very familiar scenario and actually look at the LIE.

This is what I was trying to talk to Irene about. Asking that she at least recognize what she is doing to herself. The difficult thing is to wade through these messy, emotional waters. It needs clarity, but to get to such a point can often take much time effort and turmoil. Even so, I intuitively feel that at any time we can choose to 'let it all go'. Perhaps this is what happens to those who suddenly 'find God'. They let the role go and a new state arises.

The letting go moves one into a state of TRUTH. It has to be lived and believed internally. One cannot lie to oneself. I reached this point once, had understanding of what I was doing to myself, but that was all it was. Understanding is not enough. We need to be able to experience it as Reality. The letting go has to be an actual experience.

I'm hoping that the symbolic act of burning my diaries may create an energy that will assist me to experience the truth of what has been said above. Though I have reached this point before, the realization sank below the awareness of my consciousness and the play-acting continued. I want it to stop. I think, doing this will offer a different reality. A cleansing of memory so the past is no longer an influence, and all that exists is Now. I want the burning to be a metaphor for the burning up of 'me'. This intent may spread out into the collective ocean of consciousness, and the energy from that ocean may stop the 'game'.

That's the plan, but I'm waiting – not sure for what. I have spent hundreds of hours writing words in those diaries, so the waiting is a sort of a build up. As I wait, I watch, and already there has been a change. The helpless victim has gone, the lonely need to use you as my defence against the isolation has gone. All very positive stuff. But I'm wary because all this has happened before. I don't know how it happens, what unconscious mechanism drops into place, but I forget and slip back 20 or 30 years at the drop of a hat! This time, although the role playing has not stopped, it is minimised, and my awareness is helping enormously. So I will wait for a while longer, then go down to Reeves Beach one day, and have a bonfire. There are a few clues if you ever want to investigate this pathway. First watch for your personal, internal destroyer. There seems to be a part of us that refuses to allow change to take place – I mean structural change such as I have been suggesting in this letter. Probably the internal protector (part of the Ego) who thinks changing the basic structure is dangerous. Even though I know that the role does not control me I don't think I can do this alone, that's why I have decided to call on help from the enormous wisdom of the Collective Unconscious. Metaphors and symbology are part of the universal consciousness.

Another clue to look for is repetition. In a relationship, in a difficult situation, in a job or when ever you feel 'this has happened before' you have something to work with.

Admit to yourself who you really are. Sometimes categories help. Like passive, aggressive, imaginative, rational, etc. Books are full of these pigeon-holes. Once you start the investigation – as long as you remain truthful, and as long as you can accept the whole thing is a game anyway -you will uncover heaps of shit and rubbish. Getting rid of all this stuff raises one's energy levels because you are no longer using vital energy to keep the 'stuff' under control. In fact control is no longer needed. Wow! I just realized that.

I guess it has occurred to you by now, that you really do not need a partner – a lover – a wife. I have harped on this for so long haven't I? "Find someone Delian, don't be like me, find a life-long partner" But

in actual fact if you can stop the game playing, and slip into this awareness of 'unconditional love' (almost impossible for most of us) then the NEED to be in love with someone is irrelevant. Hard to believe I am saying this, because for so long I have worried about you being lonely and isolated. I'm shaking my head as I write this. It isn't necessary as long as you are living in truth, aware of the continuous flow of love keeping you alive, and you are not playing any sort of role.

Bloody hell. It's all too much isn't it? I think it's best you find a girlfriend.
Much love Your Mum - Lyn

Lyn Wilmott

Modern Fables - No. 12

Azra-Ben's Marvellous 3-D Picture

Once upon a time, there was a village in a remote part of the Empire. It was a long way from any of the main highways. Many weeks often passed without a stranger being seen.

One day, three travellers arrived. They were on a long journey, and asked the owner of the café if he knew of anywhere they could stay for the night. He offered them accommodation in his own house, which was above the establishment. "My wife is away," he said, "and you will be very welcome."

"We have no money," said they, "but in return for your hospitality we can give you something that may interest you."

Next morning, as they prepared to depart, one of the travellers gave the owner a large roll of paper. He opened it, to discover that it was a painting. However, as the picture seemed only to consist of various strange patterns he could not make out what it was supposed to represent.

"It is a trick," smiled the traveller, whose name was Azra-Ben. "If you look at it from about an arms-length away, focussing your eyes as if on something across the street, you will see an image take form within the picture."

The owner of the café tried to follow these instructions. Nothing seemed to become clear in the painting.

"Keep trying," said Azra-Ben. "It takes a little practice, but in the end you will see what I mean. There is nothing magical in it; it is drawn by a computer in America." With this, all three travellers departed from the village.

That evening, the owner took out the painting. He held it up as instructed, and to his amazement perceived a

three-dimensional image of a flower in the centre. But when he focussed on the paper itself, the image disappeared.

Quickly, he learned how to focus his eyes as though to look through the paper. Whenever he succeeded, the flower image appeared as if from nowhere. He laughed at the trick from America. He hung the picture on a wall in the café and went to bed.

That night, he died in his sleep.

Next morning, the man's wife returned to find her husband dead. Only after some time did she notice the new painting on the wall. She asked her husband's friends if they knew anything about it, but none did. Realising that her husband must have hung it as almost his last action, she decided to leave it where it was.

Several years passed, during which time her son took over the business. He also left the picture where his father had put it. Of course, no-one in the village had any idea that hidden within the picture was an image of a flower.

One day, another stranger appeared in the village. Drinking in the café, he observed the picture and laughed. He said to the son, "That's one of those trick pictures with another image hidden in it."

The son looked at him in surprise. "No sir," he replied. "You are mistaken. That picture has hung there since my father died. We look at it every day. There is nothing within it."

The stranger rose to his feet and walked over to it. He focussed his eyes in the correct manner, and perceived at once that there was a flower. "It is you who are mistaken, my friend," he said. He repeated the instructions that - all those years ago - Azra-Ben had given to the man's father. He then paid for his drink and left.

The son turned to the other village-people in the café. "How absurd that stranger is!" he laughed. "If it was so simple to see something else within that picture, then we who look at it every day would surely have seen it."

David Clouston

Why I am not searching for Enlightenment:

If you ask a number of people to define 'enlightenment' you will get the same number of different answers.

What is it then? Freedom from identification with the self-image is one answer. This seems to be a very difficult thing to do, even if you are convinced of the need to do it. Rather like the biblical injunction to ask God to let you into the kingdom of heaven. It's easier said than done and there's no guarantee you'll be glad

you did.

I can see that the concept of enlightenment could be an attractive one, promising subsequent guru-ship (guru-hood?) with its well-known attendant advantages, including the seductive one of having audiences who listen to everything you have to say. You may even have acolytes, and possibly a Rolls Royce. Every guru has his own recipe for enlightenment, which usually involves doing what he tells you and asking no questions.

However, it's quite difficult to discover exactly who the enlightened are, even when they are gurus. Many of them make the task easier by writing books about themselves, but even when you stumble across a so-called 'enlightened' person, a very small amount of additional research will often reveal that there is no hard evidence to support their claim: they simply say that they are, and speak and act, and sometimes dress, accordingly. Some even change their names. Indian names are very popular.

The fact of the matter is that you only have the enlightened one's word for it.

Searchers quickly find them and hope that some of the enlightenment will brush off onto them. I suppose it's one of the pleasures of the search - discovering new gurus.

The interested observer runs through a short mental checklist: does the enlightened one enjoy life more? are they free from worry? are they more generous, less ego-driven, more community-minded, kinder to the poor, less materialistic, happier? Not usually, in my experience. In fact some gurus I have heard of seem to think that the enlightened state they have identified in themselves gives them carte blanche to behave badly. I find this very strange. Indeed, what's the point? If the state of enlightenment doesn't help you live your life, the only life you're sure you've got, here and now, with other planet-bound folk, why bother?

Of course I can see that the search for enlightenment could be fun, one of the few good reasons to embark on it, in my opinion. You could roam the world, seek out the people on your list who have 'seen something', have audiences with them and then have fun telling your friends about it. It could become a way of life, a focus for living, like growing roses or playing golf. In fact I can see an opening for a forward thinking entrepreneur, who could organise world trips for small groups, including audiences with an approved list of enlightened people on several continents.

I have met a very small number of people who say they are enlightened, and I believe them, but none of their enthusiastic acolytes demonstrate that they are any nearer enlightenment than I am, just that they are

trying harder. Which brings me to the bit I like best - some gurus say you don't have to do anything, that the harder you try for enlightenment, the more it will drift out of your reach. There's not a single thing you can do, these wise ones say.

I feel relieved when I hear that: life is so short.

Margot Mann

Conditioning and Education

I am in complete shock ... absolutely devastated, a state which is irreversible. I am numb all over, I have been betrayed, duped, suffocated, lied to, deprived of my humanness.... in short, I have been conditioned. The word conditioning means: teach or accustom to adopt certain habits. (conditioned by society).

As if this revelation isn't enough, I have helped towards the conditioning of my own children, and their children too. I have no doubt that I have been responsible, inadvertently, for maintaining this conditioning and endorsing the conditioning of so many people in my time here. Can I withstand the ultimate shock that every other human being on the planet is also conditioned. Even more to the point, I cannot see my fellow beings in the same light as I used to. I know something they don't, and there has to be a way to convey it. There needs to be a change in the way we think - a change in our total being.

I've looked around for reasons for this conditioning and apart from the necessary practical conditioning needed for everyday survival there are a number of reasons. One of the main reasons from my direct experience with life is that greedy governments must have "economic growth" in order to finance wars and gain power over other governments and maintain a high respectability level in the eyes of the world. This corruption is achieved by a process called education. At least twelve years of our precious life are taken up in this practically useless activity. I cannot believe that this was allowed to happen to me TO US ALL ! From our history books I see that this has been the way for thousands of years. It is obscenely unjust to think that a tiny minority of power crazed egoists can totally brainwash and rule the whole human race, but of course they do.

Society has fed me and I have fed society for many years now. This life of concepts and conditioning is wrong because it has bred predominantly loveless societies. Every country I go to in my job simply mirrors the last one. Literally ALL conversations are geared around money and entertainment, security and escape. The complete meaning of the word Love long since trodden into the ground. Skin colour and fashions may differ but underneath we are all the same: frightened, insecure, aggressive, greedy.

Obviously these words are nothing new. Some of us

are probably sick and tired of hearing the same old song, sung by a different singer. If all of this is OK then obviously there is nothing to fix. Let us change nothing. I can no longer hold this view, there IS something we can do to fix the problem - that is if anyone is interested.

Having thought on the subject quite intensely I see that the most likely remedy for the sorrow of mankind lies in a "New education" establishment. I am well aware of all the alternative forms of education we have got around the world and although there are some societies in the world who don't treat their children as hindrances I would like to see the matter taken a stage further. I think this step forward can and must at least be given some thought. Can we continue to tolerate the way in which our kids are brought up, mistreated, pushed around? A child doesn't come into this world with a head full of junk, but by the age of five to six it is already three quarters full. They are often talked down to, ignored, bribed, punished, in many cases starved of love. Hardened faces that used to be innocent, dulled imagination that used to be creative. All of which are the result of bad parenting. Having lived in London pretty well all my life, I have witnessed this on a grand scale. I am not saying it goes on all the time but the fact that it happens at all greatly disturbs me, enough to make me want to do something about it. Is it not true that if people want to have their own children they should be educated in the art? If a person wants to be a doctor, scientist, astronaut, bio-physicist, archivist, construction engineer does he not have to spend years studying his choice? Why then is it so easy and acceptable for a couple to have a child when the PROFESSION of doing so is as complex as the above named. Parents realize this all too soon AFTER the event, hence the confusion and misery that normally follows. I fell into that trap myself and have had total experience of the whole matter from the inside. I am partially responsible for my own children NOT arriving at their full potential. There is no need for me to go into further details as I am sure the reader will relate in some way to this.

At the moment, all I have is a lot of proposals - merely words. However, it would be good to get some feedback on my proposals, which I list below, from all the NOW readers out there:

To set up an establishment. Probably someone's house initially

To bring together about half a dozen dedicated couples who want to have children and are genuinely loving and caring towards them. To understand fully that this is no ordinary educational task.

There must be an introductory period of six months, before their own pregnancies, where they get to bring up a new born child alongside its natural parents and

discover for themselves whether they are suitable for the project. Initially, the chosen child would be related or from a close friend. As time goes on this would not always be the case. when the couple are completely ready and understand exactly what it means to bring up a "new" life then they may have their own.

There is one and only one law in this project and that is to allow babies FROM BIRTH to be able to fulfill every moment of potential at any given time of the DAY OR NIGHT under the parents total supervision .

Obviously the parents would be like-minded and totally dedicated as they allow the children to flower through their tender early years. The influences of the outside world would not be introduced for the first year in any way. Then bit by bit over the next few years as and when the psyche develops and establishes itself on a firm footing. By the age of six or seven they may attend a regular school on a part time basis to witness "how the other half live" and take what they need from this experience while still attending the new education. The need for this would not always be necessary. The child will obviously develop more quickly than the so called normal child and their individual talents would be far more concentrated. The effect on the so called normal children would be noticed. This establishment must be totally non-competitive. The environment of the rooms would be geared to every need of the child, objects of interest etc. There must be total freedom for the child to explore and pursue ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING at any time. The attentive adult will watch for each moment of potential that the child is about to experience allowing it to come to fruition without any distraction whatsoever or until the child loses interest no matter if it takes hours or days. All regular subjects would be taught as and when required without forced discipline. If the child shows a particular interest in a subject or shows a talent in a certain area then that must take precedence over anything else.

The demands on the parents would be very great but between them they would organize "shifts" or breaks as each child must have total attention at all waking hours. This will require a very special kind of person and for want of a better word, the psychological 'rewards' would be phenomenal.

In this kind of environment of love, expression and communication a child can only flourish, This seems to be the only way to bring our children to true freedom and love.

The above is just an outline for the basic beginnings. The finer details would be laid out by the interested parties. This new set of actions must naturally set off a new way of thinking. It's an impossible task to condition adults - let us not condition our children.

Phil Lanzon

Surrender

Dear Alan & Margot,

This copy is for any treatment you determine-including the waste paper basket.

A serious drinker at 23, a marketing fellow, a sales producer, and an effective user of time for both commercial and social pursuits.

A genetic pre-disposition towards alcoholism, unrecognised for the first 17 years, asserted itself during the final 3 years. Life was unmanageable but was about to change in a most remarkable fashion.

The day had arrived, I'd reached my own rock bottom, beaten and humiliated, I wanted to surrender, give in now and I said so. I immediately felt an outward flow of energy from my body and I experienced a sense of security and peace. Never have I felt the dreaded compulsion to take up alcohol again nor the mental obsession for the substance. It was 1976.

About 1992 I was to find an explanation detailing exactly the experience. The individual alcoholic was always fighting an admission of being beaten, of admitting that he was powerless and needed help. If he did not surrender, a thousand crises could hit him and nothing constructive would happen. The function of surrender produces that stopping by causing individuals to say, "I quit, I give up my headstrong ways. I've learned my lessons." Very often for the first time in that individual's adult career he has encountered the necessary discipline which halts him in his headlong pace. And this happens because we can surrender and truly feel, "Thy will, not mine, be done." A spiritual point at that moment is a reality.

In everyone's psyche there exists an unconquerable ego which bitterly opposes any thought of defeat. Until the ego was somehow reduced or rendered ineffective no likelihood of surrender could be anticipated. So here we have the need to reach rock bottom to produce ego reduction and a surrender.

The ego basically, must be forging continuously ahead, and operates on the unconscious assumption that it, the ego, should never be stopped. It takes for granted that it is right to go ahead. It has no expectation of ever being stopped and hence no capacity to adjust to that eventuality.

The ego which is full of striving, just quits and the individual senses peace and quiet within. The result is an enormous feeling of release.

On the matter of ego revival Krishnamurti talks of

thought needing a little time and space in which to function. Living moment to moment in reality denies thought much opportunity. Sumarah, page 94, mentions delimiting thought. The attainment of "awareness in thought", which comes when sufficient awareness is in the present and spread throughout the body, so as to give thought a delimited perspective.

When "awareness in thought" arises thought's limited scope and impact on reality is grasped and thought's previous importance is now tempered by this awareness.

Don Jones

My interest in headlessness is due partly to the way it provides a common denominator applicable to all paths of the enquiry. This is illustrated by a couple of quotes from a couple who might be regarded as unlikely supporters of the headless way. Thanks to Lucian who recently dropped them into the NoHead email conference.

Ed.

"Only those who are able to see their own face without a mirror will be able to see their true nature. What kind of seeing is this? To see without the mirror is to see not with eyes seeing objects, but as THAT which sees. It is the in-seeing or insight of Consciousness itself, in which there is no-one who is seeing."

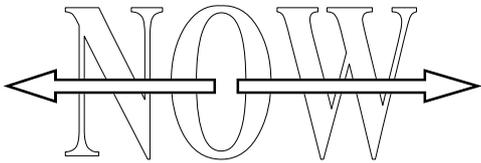
R. Balsekar

"When there is a watcher it is merely the past watching, and that is not watching, that is just remembering and it is rather dead stuff. Watching is tremendously alive, every moment a vacancy. Watching without a single thought, watching without any reaction, watching without identity, only endlessly watching, you are really not awake, you are absent minded, not all there; you are not you but watching. There is no thinker watching the thought, the thinker is the thought. Somebody passes by you and wonders what you are watching. You are watching nothing, and in that nothingness everything is."

J. Krishnamurti

THE MEME MACHINE

Issue No. 45, July 98, was devoted to an article by Susan Blackmore entitled 'Waking from the Meme Dream'. She told us a book was on the way. It is now in print 'The Meme Dream', Oxford University Press. There is a review in the 20 March issue of New Scientist.



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DIALOGUE MEETINGS SYDNEY AREA				
LOCATION	DAY OF MONTH	MEETING PLACE	TIME & CONTACT	Phone Nos.
North Ryde	First Saturday	Swedenborg Centre, 1 Avon Road North Ryde	12.30pm Barry Hora	0243 622 843
Clontarf	First Wednesday	49 Peronne Avenue Clontarf	7.30pm Terry O'Brien	02 9949 8379 0415 410 127
City	Third Saturday	Theosophical Society Level 2, 484 Kent St., City	2.30pm Barry Hora	0243 622 843
Chatswood	Third Sunday	81 Greville St. (off Fullers Rd) Chatswood	10.30 am Alan & Margot Mann	02 9419 7394
Clontarf	Fourth Sunday	49 Peronne Avenue Clontarf	11am Terry O'Brien	02 9949 8379 018 410 127