

NEXT
Greville Street Meeting
20 February
19 March

Issue No. 60
January 2000

Victorian readers please see notice on page 9

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Editor's note,

Thanks to this month's contributors. There was a very positive response to Eric Best's article in the last issue but so far nothing in writing. One reader generously admitted that it had made her aware of how much residual prejudice she had been hanging on to about those who hold a more orthodox approach to religion. Others, like myself, found that it covered all I would like to have said if I'd been able to find the words to say it. The factor which sustains my interest in the Nowletter and in Dialogue is the broad range of views which they bring together. There is, as my friend Traherne never tires of pointing out, a fellowship of the mystery and that is what I think we are about. I find Richard Dawkins an unexpected but wonderfully helpful member of the order as I read his 'Unweaving of the Rainbow'.

In issue No. 56 Marian Nisbett drew our attention to the male/female ratio at the Greville Street meetings which was running at about 2:1. At the meeting on Sunday 16 Jan there were 10 women and 4 men.

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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Please make cheques payable to Alan Mann

The Transparent Mind

We make our own reality. The world each one of us lives in is a construct of our responses to experience. When I put the question "Does each human being create their own reality?" I found that it only led to more mental speculation.

So I put the question to myself. "Do I create my own reality?" and I was immediately faced with my own reality: that I am both the subject and the object of consciousness. For instance whenever I feel sad, is there a difference between the experience of sadness and me feeling it? Similarly with joy: can there be any difference between the person experiencing joy and the joyous feeling, or the singer and the song?

It is obvious that you and I live in a world of probable occurrences. In that vast domain of probabilities we activate only those we wish to turn into our reality, hopefully an improved state. We humans are blessed, some may say cursed, with the ability to desire and then to produce an immense range of inventions and happenings.

What I do, whatever action I take influences the outcome, is the manifestation of my inner emotions, thoughts and intentions. This knowledge allows me to "know" that the objects and actions I perceive are my own creations, and further that the way I see them gives 'reality' to my mental activity.

This process of image making has its origin in and rises from the life-energy manifesting in and through me. I am the one who decides to stand up, to open the door, to walk outside the house. The whole body, all its various nerves, muscles, joints, function together to carry out that inward impulse, make it real in outward space. The conscious intent awakens and operates the physical mechanism by changing the behaviour of the whole body. We live in and amid a universe of energy which forms the corporate structure of my physical body and yours. In a real sense my conscious intention activates and at the same time conditions the combined movements of the body.

The human body, like any other other organism, is composed of cells, all of which depend on the total organism to survive as does the whole body depend on the functioning of its constituent parts. Much as a great orchestra with its many different instruments unites to perform a Beethoven symphony, so does every cell in the body operate

together in one total action. If the realization that each one of us makes our own reality - 'of the world we live in' as well as 'of ourselves' - is true, and for me it is, then how is it that objectively, 'scientifically speaking' we all perceive the world in a similar fashion, and so share a single "out there" reality. Whatever our individual differences, the fact is we have a common inheritance, the pool of historical legends and myths and traditional knowledge in which we all participate.

When quantum theory was first formulated it was discovered that the normal three-four dimensional space-time measurements were inadequate to explain any one action prior to its happening. It is as if each operation needs its own space and action and that each can be observed either as a particle or a wave depending on what the observer is looking for and so is looking at. Each particle has its own movement in its own space as does every organ and function in the body.

One way of experiencing how different each time-space action actually is, would be to imagine two people in two separate cities or two different countries and even speaking different languages, playing a game of chess and communicating their moves either by computer or telephone. Two different boards are needed, each with its pieces placed in exactly the same pattern. Similarly each one of us is a mind-body chess board and we play the life game according to traditional rules, laws and common knowledge.

While the visible universe we live in has an invisible life-energy foundation, our perceived universe is a construction of our feelings and mental activities which become our consciousness. Mind is inherent in every particle of creation, be it a cell in a rock, a finger nail, a heart, or a fully mature human being.

All is energy and energy is the essence of consciousness. I am what consciousness is. Awareness is me.

I incorporate all. I am one instance, one movement of the whole cosmos.

Ingram Smith

Ingram Smith's new book 'The Transparent Mind - A Journey with Krishnamurti' has been published and will be launched shortly. I hope to include a brief review in the next Nowletter. Ed.

Headlessness As Meditation

by John Toler, American Zen abbot in Japan.

I would say that the practice of Headlessness is (or certainly should be) meditation.

Douglas Harding says that it is "meditation for the marketplace", and I think this (the meditation part of it) should have even more emphasis. Okay, we can all see that we have no head. That's obvious. But where do we go from there? We go back to it, and back to it, and back to it again! And that's meditation.

In Zen training it is said that true Zen training begins only after you have realised "enlightenment" (in other words, only after you have realised who, or what, you really, really are). Only then can your "real training" begin! And what does this "real training" consist of? It can only be coming back, again and again, to the realisation of who you really, really are. It's not something that sticks to you on first meeting, but something that you must realise, joyfully, again and again, until it becomes natural. And that's meditation!

Many people have said to me that they thought that if a Zen monk "attained enlightenment", that he would be "enlightened" forever after, and would not need to refer back to anything. But that has not been the experience of the famous Zen masters of history or of current times (my own Zen master, one of the most influential in modern Japan, says, "training never ceases"). They have all come back to their original experience, and expanded on it, as shown in all their writings.

Of course there are the "highs" that one can get from meditation, and many people mistake those for enlightenment. Entire books have been written about people who have "attained" such highs, and considered themselves enlightened, when they were really just giddy. I have heard that there are Indian gurus who can give you a "high" (somewhat like having ingested LSD) merely by looking at you! That may be true, though I wouldn't want to traipse around the subcontinent searching for one, when I have perfectly competent Zen masters here in Japan and wonderful spiritual friends in Douglas and Catherine Harding (and when that high by the guru lasts only a few days, and is discovered, when you look closely, to have nothing to do with really understanding your Self, then what? Well, the only thing is, of course, to go back to the guru, who will be expecting you and ready to

give you another high, for a price).

I think that those "gurus", who can inject you with such a "high", are not really as interested in showing you the way to your own Self, as in making you their "disciple", which means, if you are rich, contributing lots of money to their "cause". Having heard lots of stories about Americans who have contributed millions of dollars to "gurus", who live in splendor with their several wives and several Cadillacs, and nod to their "disciples" to give them another "high", it seems obvious. Forgive me for being so direct on this point, and let me emphasize that it is only my private opinion. And also add that I most certainly realize that there are, and have been, a great many true Indian and other masters who do not fit this description. (Though it has always made me happy to know that Sakyamuni was actually Nepalese! Not that I dislike India. I love it!)

However, to get back to meditation. Douglas Harding has shown us exactly how to see "what we are" and "what we are not". Really too kind of him to have given us such a wonderful short cut, but no more, actually, than the famous masters of Zen, Sufism, Hinduism, and the Christian mystics have done, as he points out clearly. However, what we need must - MUST - do is take it from there and meditate on it. Not just say, "Okay, I see that", and let it go. If we do that, we very soon no longer retain the realization of who or what we are, though we may recall that it was a very good experience. But take it to heart and really meditate on it (which means keep it in your "mind").

If meditation on "who we really are" is faithfully carried out, I feel that at last there is hope for the human race. I urge all of us, myself included, to work at it (and it is work, though pleasant work) until it is no longer work. Or, until it "works" by itself.

Something interesting happened last night. I was visited by a man that I didn't know very well and he noticed a calligraphic scroll I had hanging, with only the character for "mu" (nothingness) on it. He asked, "Toler san, have you ever entered the world of Mu?" I said "Yes. Many times." He then asked "How can you do it? At what times do you do it?" I said, "Oh, you can do it anytime". He asked, "How?" So I led him through the pointing exercise. When I came to the question,

"Now, what do you see at the place where your finger is pointing?" He said, "Nothing." I said, "Well, that's Mu, isn't it?" He thought about that for about ten seconds, then suddenly laughed loudly and clapped his hands and said "I've been pondering that for years, and you showed me in a minute!" and thanked me profusely.

John Toler

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The Board Game

He had a million excuses for all sorts of things, but in reality he knew none of them mattered. How he played the game was of no importance: (he sees life as a gigantic spiralling board game where everybody begins on the outside and slowly, through all sorts of trials, and revelations, moves in toward the centre) He believed that finding the centre was all that mattered. Much has altered in the days since those beliefs crashed down around him.

He once told a really doubtful class (he's a teacher) that all anyone needs to understand is that life is a game, and to remember that when we die the game continues. If you understand (he was thundering his message) that the purpose of the game is not to find God, but to realize you have been in God all the time and that the entire spiralling board game is GOD, then you are winning. There were doubtful mutterings in that class that day, because they all knew that life is too precious to be considered a game.

Never-the-less he had so much invested in 'His Way' that he could no more accept their denial, than they could accept his analogy. Even as he walked out of class he secretly realized he could not back down, that he was as rigid as they were – and that this too was part of the game! By this time he had managed to strip all glamour, all ritual, all human fantasy from his vision of GOD, and he wanted to dismiss all other practice because, according to him, finding god amid new-age angels, religious ritual, or guru hunting was a total contradiction in terms. He felt such practices were dangerous because they led people away from their centre. These performances seem to be designed to keep the Followers (insert sheep here, for such was his arrogance) occupied with the charade taking place on the outside edge of the board; so while they chanted, or danced, or went through ceremonies with their priests he was

certain they had no way of looking inwards toward the centre. "There is no need for the rituals," he muttered to himself, certain that he had a much deeper understanding of 'the search' than any Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, or Hindu.

"But don't forget it's a game," answered his rational, all seeing inner guide. "Could there not be many ways to get to your centre?" It was such a simple question, but he was shocked to his core because he immediately understood. Although he knew his was not the only way, that there were other game plans that would enable searchers to reach the centre, he had somehow become bewitched by his own intellect. He though the had gained an understanding that others did not have, so the humiliation was great when he recognized that there were a variety of energies not available in his method that others maybe using. Chanting and praying might create a by-pass energy that flicked them straight into the centre. How did he know what worked and what didn't? Maybe praying to those new-age angels did work somehow, maybe as the new-agers kept saying, success did hinge on belief.

Stripped of his pride, another realization yawned open in front of him. If the board game was GOD then it did not matter where the players where on the board, or what type of game they were playing, they were always in God! Therefore his precious 'centre' revered for so many years, had exactly the same structure as a pilgrimage to Mecca, a pronouncement by Krishnamurti, or a Hell's Angels bikie being 'born again'. They were all simply part of the game. Indeed it didn't matter if one was almost into the centre (as he thought he was), or still right out on the edge of the board, everybody was in GOD - but not in a consciousness that allowed them to know this.

Is it the state of consciousness that gathers one up in the Unity of God? And might this state end the game? He doesn't know and that feeling of not knowing daunts him. For days he has walked around, amazed that he had become so enamoured of his own belief system that he thought his way was better; ashamed of his arrogance and praying silently that the lesson would not be forgotten and that he would not fall into another state of ignorance.

So now he admits that the game could go on, maybe for lifetimes; that it is the same game for every person on the planet; that there is no better, more intelligent, higher, or more profound 'way';

and that he is not back where he started thirty years ago, but is in the same place he has always been. It is indeed a hard game!

Lyn Willmott

Warwick meets Byron Katie II

This is the second of Warwick's Byron Katie reports. There are references to 'The Work' which he explained in his earlier report. See issue No. 58 Ed..

I had another Work session the day before yesterday which made a lot of things clear, or at any rate clearer, which were previously only maddening formulations of words. It came about like this:-

I had looked up the Los Angeles contacts on the Byron Katie website and one of the persons there answered the phone and agreed to "do lunch" as we say here in the States. She said that her friends, Christie and Adam, might join us. Apparently they had just completed a trip to Australia, where they had gone from Cairns in the north to the rainforests of Tasmania in the south. And they had gone to Katie's weekend in New York, so they had really not properly unpacked their bags and settled back into their home.

But they did turn up and we had a splendid lunch, with lots of chat about Australia. They stayed, in Sydney, at a Place called Simpsons at Pott's Point, just around the corner from my place, and went down to Bondi Beach for falafels. They took the ferry to Manly, and they drove their rental car on the wrong side of the road and then decided not to drive in Sydney. And they are very beautiful people, open, humble, naked and fearless.

They have the Work at their place every Thursday night, but they said that if anyone really wanted to do the work with them they were available anytime they had some free time. So I said, "What about now?" and they said "Great, let's do it!" and we left the restaurant and went to Starbucks and got some coffee and then drove down to the beach front at Santa Monica. We found a table with chairs right on the beach, in the sand, and we sat around the table and did the Work.

It was a perfect situation. The day was warm, almost hot, with a golden sun in a dazzlingly blue sky. No clouds. No mist or fog. Everything

sparkling. Hardly anyone else on the beach, just an expanse of shining sand. And we did the Work.

We had some immediate rapport, which helps. I suppose they are both in their late thirties, for whatever that's worth. Christie did most of the question asking. She was very loving, very accepting, non-judgmental. And very subtle and creative. For example, at one time we were on the subject of the thoughts that cause me pain, the thoughts, in this case, that "I should have a loving woman as my partner, in order to be complete." And the further thought, "I want this thought to stop tormenting me; I want this desire to go away and leave me in peace." Christie asked me if I could know that these thoughts shouldn't arise, if I could know that these were really MY thoughts. And when I went inside to contemplate the matter, it was clear that there is nothing personal about these thoughts, they occur to millions, if not billions, of people. And cause whatever suffering they cause if they are held on to, and taken to be Truth. And there was no particular reason that they shouldn't occur to me; I am not above the rest of humanity, I have no Special Dispensation from God.

But, having seen that, that these thoughts, in fact any thoughts, are not MINE, there was a flash where there was a distance between me and these thoughts. You know, I have spent AGES, as a disciple of Andrew Cohen, as a friend of Ramesh Balsekar, as a reader of the books of Nisargadatta Maharaj, trying to disidentify with thoughts, trying to find a distance between me and my thoughts, all without effect, and suddenly it happened. Even though it was a fleeting moment it was wonderful. And the practical effect was that thoughts were no longer fixtures, they were free to come, as they will, and then leave, as they will. Come and go as they will. Haven't you heard a million times about "letting go"? And have you ever really been able to "do" it? But I swear, it was happening then.

And something else fell into place. The saying, "let it be" or "just allow". If these thoughts, any thoughts, are not really MINE, then I can really "let them be". And they do go. But if I claim them as MINE, then they stay around and reproduce. The idea that I should have a loving woman as my life partner gives birth to "there's something wrong with me that stops it from happening", which gives birth to "I'm doing something wrong; how can I put it right?" But there is a difference

between following the logic of the process, which is not TOO difficult, and actually seeing it happen inside you, seeing how the claiming of, or fighting with, particular thoughts, creates suffering and the son of suffering; all on a gorgeous sunny day on the beach in Santa Monica when everything is perfect.

It was a beautiful occasion. Feeling the pain inside like a stone in my heart, and surrendering to the sadness of that pain, dissolving into tears, and then seeing, in the midst of tears, that there is also a part of me that LOVES this surrender, that it is a deeply sweet experience, sensuous like the perfume of Jasmine on a Summer night, or the taste of your lover's skin at the base of her neck, or the rush of sensation when you bury your face in her breasts; the surrender to sadness is just as sweet, and when you see this, without judging this as pleasure obtained under false pretences, or as inauthentic, but accepted as an intimate friend, then the delicious joke of it all emerges and the tears turn to laughter, a sweet and loving laughter that in no way sets itself against your tears, or anything else which might appear in your interior universe. And the sudden fluidity of your interior world makes you gasp. The power of your thoughts makes you gasp.

The word ecstasy comes to mind. I imagine its roots are latin; ex - out of, and stasis - fixity or rigidity. In that moment I was literally out of fixity; I had become fluid, energy taking one form and then dissolving and reforming, with nothing fixed. And this seems to me to be what loving yourself is about. Accepting ALL parts of yourself without judging them "good" or "bad". Accepting everything as it arises. This wonderful, sensuous, wild flow and rush of energy, the thought/feelings coming in like waves, in whatever form they take, and then flowing out again like waves. That seems to me to be as close to "self love" as I have ever known it.

Katie often says, "It's a beginning." and that's how it appeared to me, on the beach at Santa Monica - a beginning. And I kept thinking that this was a promise kept.

I think this might be a fitting conclusion to my stories about my own adventures with The Work? It seems to me that it sheds light on several matters; being non-judgmental to yourself, "loving yourself", letting things be - many things that seeker types read about but which remain infuriatingly out of reach.

*Byron Katie is coming to Australia later this year.
Denmark, W.A, Oct 28 - 29
Byron Bay - Oct 31 - Nov 1
Victoria - Certification course Nov 6-19*

Tao Te Ching

Over the past year, participants in the 'Look for Yourself' email list have sampled excerpts from a new translation or, as Anne Fairbairn might say, a transcreation of the Tao Te Ching. This is the work of Jim Clatfelter who has now completed the total conversion and made it available on the web. The site is given below.

In addition to his translation of the verses Jim has provided a commentary. The commentary is written from the headless perspective and is another example of my claim, in issue 57 'The Uses of Headlessness', that headlessness provides an invaluable tool for unravelling the mystery in whatever tradition it is clothed or disguised.

I have a copy of the Penguin Classics version, translated by D C Lau, and have read it several times. I read it again in parallel with Jim's version to see how freely he was translating. And I discovered he was fairly free but not more than necessarily so. I suppose I am particularly well disposed to his approach because of my interest in headlessness and I wondered to what extent that coloured my response. Putting the headless angle aside I feel that the Penguin translation and possibly others I don't know about have fallen into the hands of scholars who are interested more in the history of the document or the language of it rather than the underlying inspiration and 'message'. I think that the Clatfelter translation recovers the 'truth' of it because it has arisen from the same place as the original. The average reader of Lau's translation could be excused for understanding it as an ancient management manual and the introduction supports this view.

On the rear cover of my Penguin it says "As a treatise both on personal conduct and on government it is moral rather than mystical in tone, and advances a philosophy of meekness as the surest path to survival." That strikes me as missing the primary aim of the work and focusing attention on secondary behavioural aspects and overlooking the experiential. The Clatfelter work

restores the lost dimension.

As a taste of the book here is Jim's translation of the famous stanza 56:

Those who know don't like to say
 Those who say don't know
 Close the mouth and guard the senses
 You'll see more than what's on show

Untie tangles, dim the glare
 Dull the sharp and join the dust
 Abide in primal unity
 And then do what you must

You cannot hold it or let go
 It can't be blamed or praised
 In all-embracing oneness
 Be astonished and amazed

I found a pencilled note to myself in my Penguin copy which I'd made on an earlier reading; "*does this interminable recitation of riddles lead to ever deeper levels of understanding or is the resulting complexity just confusion on confusion?*" This grumpy frustration is probably fairly typical. It seemed to me that the Lau version had lost its bite. Possibly because of many translations taking it further and further from its source, in both senses, but also because the idiom is not ours and the result is often unnecessary obscurity. Maybe the obscurity is also due to the absence of two way looking and perhaps the main difference between my Penguin version and this new one is the author's willingness to point out and explain the missing link.

In an appendix to my old copy it says that works of the period used rhyming passages which were intended to be learnt by rote with the meaning explained in an oral commentary. Hence the cryptic nature of most of the sayings. Jim has restored this tradition by providing us with a commentary

The Clatfelter approach also resolved my complaint about the book's repetitive strain. As I read through I found myself being constantly turned back upon my self in the sense that John Toler describes as meditation in his article on page 3 of this Nowletter. So, not only did the content become clearer but also the purpose of repetitive presentation came alive.

Jim's note on accessing from the web:
 I have finished the Tao Te Ching *headless*

commentary and posted it at <http://www.geocities.com/~jimclatfelter/jimztao.html>

If you'd like to print it on 30 pages in 2 columns, you can download the MS Word file at <http://www.geocities.com/~jimclatfelter/jimztao.doc>

If you don't have MS Word 97 or 2000, you can get a free viewer that will let you read and print the file.

for Windows 95 or 98 go to

<http://officeupdate.microsoft.com/downloadDetails/wd97vwr32.htm>

for Windows 3.1 go to

<http://officeupdate.microsoft.com/2000/downloadDetails/wdvw9716.htm>

For those who don't have dealings with the internet I can lend my copy. Ed

People

Christmas greetings from Phil Lanson and Ruth and Brett who are all now in London following Brett's recent departure.

There is a chance that Phil might slip over for a couple of weeks in February-March in which case we might see him at the Katoomba weekend.

Recognition Of The New Millennium

The boundary of Time is a solid, dependable, human construction. It directs our lives, yet it is illusory and subjective.

We have just witnessed a wonderful drawing together of humanity as millions of people celebrated the same event - the entering of the year 2000. Such is the power of this man made division of space, yet it has wedged us so relentlessly within its structure that mankind has lost contact with the divine endlessness of the cosmos.

The sun gets up, travels across the sky and when it sets, darkness reigns until the break of a new dawn. This magical exchange of dark and light is a planetary-sun cycle, which in turn becomes part of a larger solar system cycle, which is part of a much larger cosmic cycle. An endless continuum, reaching out, and out, and still further out, until the mind lets go and accepts another state of consciousness.

The cows in the field do not know Time. They eat, walk around, munch on grass, and rest, both in daylight and in the dark, unaware of this division, living always in the enormity of timeless space. All animals live in this state, being part of the landscape, existing without time, living in an undivided Whole.

Not Man. Time has separated us from any awareness of the endlessness of existence. Time is a boundary between the wonder of the space we are living in, and our segmented human existence. It's a boundary of necessity, springing out of a need to control and civilise mankind. It is part of the same development that set boundaries upon this planet so that mankind could feel safe as he claimed the territory. If we simply look at a picture of this sparkling blue planet living in the blackness of space we can see how ridiculous it is for us to think we own it. Yet another illusion that divides and controls us.

Although Time is a man-made illusion, its law has become a part of man's consciousness, offering stability in exchange for a feeling of 'oneness' with the world. What would we humans be like if we had not been conscripted by Time?

What would our feeling of awareness be like? Would we have developed a different style of civilisation if we had developed a state of consciousness that was not tempered by time? Is there a possibility that such a state already exists within us, waiting to be recognized? I really believe there is.

Lyn Willmott

Poems

Here are two poems which were transcribed by Anne Fairbairn, the first is taken from her book 'A Secret Sky' which is published by Ginninderra

Press and comprises thirty three poems by Wadih Sa'adeh. The second I recorded at a talk which Anne gave to Alex Reichel's State of the World Forum at the time of the Kosovo war.

His Face by Wadih Sa'adeh

He sketched his own face and saw
that it looked like someone else.
He added lines and shading,
zigzags,
open squares,
roads...
He ripped it into pieces
and disappeared.

Letter from Babylon circa 2000 BC

(inscribed in cuneiform on a clay tablet)

Master, your slave girl Dabitum,
sends you this message, your warrior
seal,
an eagle sejant, stamped on clay.
Through gaunt nights swollen by moons,
with infinite tenderness I could feel
our child growing close to my heart.
Despoiled by lack of sustenance
your son died in my womb today.
What fires will feed his spirit soul?
The wars have torn us all apart;
nobody cares for me in this place,
shielding their own with savage concern.

Anne Fairbairn

The first poem is a perfect example of the type used by Sufi masters to communicate the message of headlessness. I am hoping Anne may be able to throw some light on whether it was Sufi inspired. Ed.

NOWHERE MAN

A Journey of Self-discovery

Gary Hipworth

You are invited to join us for afternoon tea, to launch the book.

At: **The Ozone Hotel**
 42 Gellibrand Street
 Queenscliff VIC 3225

On: **Saturday 29th January 2000**
 From 2.00pm to 4.00pm

RSVP: **By Monday 24th January please**
 03 5258 1119 Jo & Gary home
 03 5258 1544 Jo work
 0416 121 142 Gary

This is your invitation from Gary and Jo to join them for the launch of Gary's book. Gary needs no introduction as he is a regular contributor to the Nowletter. Many of the Sydney readers met him when he and Jo came to Sydney last year for the weekend seminar which was later summarised in a booklet "Insight & Transformation".

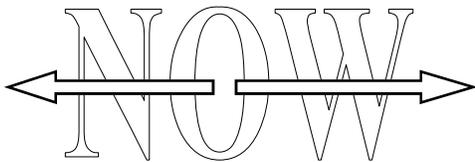
Margot & I are going down for the launch and Victorian readers might take this opportunity to combine the book launch with a chance to meet some of their fellow Nowletter subscribers.

We hope you can make it as I for one would like to put some faces to names. Don't forget to let Gary or Jo know if you are going.

BLUE MOUNTAINS - KRISHNAMURTI WEEKEND GATHERING
26th & 27th February 2000 - See last Newsletter, No. 59, for details

REGISTRATION FORM: To: The Treasurer, Krishnamurti Australia,
 C/- PO Box 458, Burleigh Heads, 4220.

Name:.....
Street:.....**Suburb:**.....
Post code:.....**Tel:**.....(day).....(evening)
Enclosed: Chq/ Money Order - \$50 Deposit \$...../ Full Payment * \$.....
Full payment - Fri night to Sun \$145, Sat & Sun \$110, Day visitors \$40 (incl. lunch)



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

DIALOGUE MEETINGS SYDNEY AREA				
LOCATION	DAY OF MONTH	MEETING PLACE	TIME & CONTACT	Phone Nos.
City	Third Saturday	Theosophical Society Level 2, 484 Kent St., City	2.30pm Terry O'Brien	02 9949 8379 018 410 127
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