

Meetings (3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday)  
 81 Greville Street  
 Next Meetings – 16 September  
 21 October  
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*“The aim of human polity is happiness. There is no obligation on us to be richer, or busier, or more efficient, or more productive, or more progressive, or in any way worldlier or wealthier, if it does not make us happy.” G K Chesterton*

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#### Editor's note

There is talk of a Dialogue Group starting in Melbourne - see Gary Hipworth's note under '*Comment & Letters p6*'. Peter Carroll, a regular at Greville Street and Clontarf meetings, is the guest speaker at Alex Reichel's forum on Tuesday 11 September. I have dedicated a lot of space in this issue to reports on our overseas trip in the hope that you will be interested in the Harding and Traherne sections of our holiday. Margot sat down and created her contribution from memory whilst we were at Glen Davis. My notes were lifted straight from the daily record I keep when travelling.

Some of us will be at the Krishnamurti annual get-together at Springbrook, Queensland at the end of October - see notice on page 8. Richard Lang is coming to Sydney next March. Richard has been a friend of Douglas Harding for many years and, in addition to leading workshops in Europe and North America, is the driving force behind the 'LookforYourself' email list and the 'Headless Way' magazine. We are planning a weekend Workshop and Dialogue for 29, 30, 31st March 2002 which Richard will lead. I would like to have made this the constantly postponed "Gathering on the Border" but I don't think Richard will be here long enough to travel down and back in time to catch the plane he's booked.

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**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 thoughts, experiences, discoveries and any responses to what you read here.**

### Travellers' Tales from Margot Mann

The Traherne Festival was held over one weekend, early in June, at Credenhill, the little church where Traherne was vicar in the seventeenth century. We stayed at Mrs Bullock's B&B, a few miles away in Hereford. Our room was cold, and after Alan had fiddled unsuccessfully with the heater, we asked Mrs. Bullock if we could have some heat. "Oh, no," she replied, "the heaters go off at the end of May".

Mrs Bullock couldn't wait to get us out of the house in the mornings: her 'full English breakfasts' appeared on the table the moment we came into the dining room and we could see through the archway into the kitchen where she would wash each dish as we finished with it, so she could get on with her 'jobs'. She showed us an impressive array of coloured tablets she took every day for her heart and other conditions.

We stayed at a range of B&B's. The going rate was 40 pounds sterling a night, although sometimes we were charged this much for rooms without en-suite. Some of the most attractive 17th century houses, with their sloping floors and quaint renovations, have been adapted as B & B's and had the obligatory en-suite crammed into a corner of the bedroom. These telephone-box-like constructions frequently conceal showers which produce a fine spray of scalding or icy water, and toilets fitted with special pumps which come with a list of instructions.

At one of these places we met Mr and Mrs Fawltly Towers. We struck Basil first. "Oh, you come from Australia, do you? Hmmm. The wife and I were there earlier this year." Pause. "Yes. We liked Australia." Pause. "Your Aborigines are a problem, aren't they? We walked into the Guests' Lounge and switched on the tennis, closely followed by Mr FT, who didn't seem to have much else to do. "All that money you're spending on them. Real problem." The next morning, after a fruitless struggle with our en-suite shower, we checked out. Mrs FT presided. "Have you had any feedback about the shower", we asked tactfully. "What's that supposed to mean," said Mrs. FT. "Has anyone complained about the shower," we asked, more specifically. "Some people have just been in that room for a week and they didn't complain", replied Mrs FT, rattling through a jar of coins and eventually handing over the money she owed us in very small change.

The best one of all was a farmhouse on the outskirts of Llanfair Ceirinion, near Alan's mother's birthplace in Wales. Another old restored farmhouse, this one had spectacular views over the valley and a proper en-suite, and was presided over by the wondrously named Ivernia Watkin, who was the town clerk, so it transpired. Soon after we arrived, she knocked on the door with tea and warm cinnamon cookies, and asked if we would like tomato soup and crusty bread for tea, on the house, as someone had given her a lot of tomatoes that morning and she had made them all into soup. The next day we had scones and jam and cream for afternoon tea.

Wherever we slept in England this summer, it was too hot. Friends and relatives, who obviously never sleep in their spare beds, gave us beautifully matching duvets which seemed to be filled with cement, they were so heavy and hot. We would regularly scratch through cupboards and drawers at night, looking for sheets or alternative light bedclothes. With B & B's it was the same: hot heavy bedding. Once I discovered a candlewick bedspread; at other times we found spare sheets. The first night of the Traherne Festival was a social evening to break the ice. About 60 of us crowded into the little church at Credenhill to meet each other, eat the finger food provided by the ladies of the congregation and drink a little wine. The church was filled with late spring flowers, and the walls were adorned with Traherne verses, decorated by a member of the congregation who taught art at the local school, just down the hill. She also sold Traherne greeting cards with painted flower borders.

We sat in the pews for the entertainment which followed. The vicar was first, singing such well-known songs as Shenandoah, Molly Malone and My Bonny Lies over the Ocean, encouraging the audience to sing along with him in the choruses. His efforts were very well received and thence followed a woman singing traditional folksongs, and finally a young woman sang "You are the Wind Beneath my Wings". Hilda Hickman, the energetic 82 year old secretary of the Traherne Association was heard to say "not my cup of tea" at this point.

The next day George Usher, the last Credenhill incumbent, gave a lecture on details of Traherne's life and background, about which there is still some disagreement. George was so enthusiastic about his fascinating subject that Richard Birt, the President of the Association, was forced to cut short some of the morning program. That afternoon, Ceredwin Lloyd-Morgan talked to us about a little known Welsh poet, Margiad Evans born 1909. In between lectures, we all tottered down the hill to the little local school about ten minutes walk away, for morning and afternoon tea and to ease our bladders. At lunchtime we queued up for fish pie and salad, followed by fruit salad and cream. It was here that we met Esther De Waal, an historian and the author of numerous books on Celtic spirituality and on the Rule of St. Benedict. I happened to be sitting at her table and heard her tell the story she obviously dines out on, about the time in the early 80's when she was at home with her husband, the Rector of Canterbury Cathedral, and their four sons, and the Pope came to lunch and wittily referred to their youngest son as Benjamin.

The next day we attended the Annual General Meeting of the Traherne Association. Alan is the only Australian member. There was some discussion about name tags for the next festival, and someone wanted a list of names and addresses of

festival attendees to be made available, but Hilda Hickman thought this could create a dangerous precedent as anyone could get hold of the list and make nuisances of themselves. Some people at the meeting were quite surprised to learn that there was a considerable amount of information about Traherne on the internet.

We missed some of the Sunday activities because we had to duck off to a birthday party nearby. However, we returned in time to attend All Saints Church in Hereford for a music recital which marked the end of the Festival. A young local soprano sang Gerald Finzi's Dies Natalis, appropriate because the music is set to the words of Thomas Traherne and also because this year is being celebrated as the 100th anniversary of Finzi's birth. We arrived in time to hear Christopher Finzi, Gerald's son, talk about his father. He was accompanied by his wife, Hilary. Christopher is 'Kiffer' in the book Hilary and Piers wrote about their sister, Jacqueline Dupre's life, which was subsequently made into the film Hilary and Jackie starring Rachel Griffith.

While we were waiting for the recital to begin, the vicar of All Saints told us that they had some wine in the bar and during the interval the audience was welcome to drink it until it ran out. It should be explained that in some of the (Anglican) churches in England it is hard to differentiate between the sacred and the secular: in All Saints, Hereford, for example, the cafe tables and chairs are directly behind the pews and there is even a toilet capsule close by, inside the church; an en-suite church. A few minutes later, the vicar ran back to the microphone to explain that one of the Church's lawyers, who happened to be in the audience, had just told him that in fact they were not licensed to sell alcohol in the church on a Sunday and therefore, anyone who wanted alcoholic refreshment during interval should go down the street to the Green Dragon. So we did.

When we arrived in England we stayed for a few days at St Pancras Youth Hostel - we even had our very own en-suite. The shower was one of the best on the whole trip. You can tell that we are now shower experts. We walked a lot in beautiful warm weather and one day while drinking coffee from the kiosk in Russell Square (big cardboard mug, pretty cheap) we saw a pickpocket apprehended. Three plain clothes police (as we later realised) stopped an ordinary looking guy with short black hair and sunglasses. He was inclined to fight back until they showed him their SunHill I.D.s They systematically frisked him, and the female cop made a note of everything while one of the others put on gloves and put the evidence in a plastic bag. The suspect seemed fairly resigned to this treatment until he was asked to remove his shoes and socks and you could tell, even from a short distance, that he was angry; he threw his socks on the grass. We were taking a very keen interest in all these goings-on, and were pleased to notice a lot of police around, talking excitedly on mobile phones. It was obviously a big blitz on pickpockets. Then we noticed everyone else in the park going about their business without paying the slightest attention to the drama being played out on a path close by. In fact, one woman sitting on a park bench a few feet from the action, continued to read her book and never once looked up. I was hoping the pickpocket suspect would look up and see me mouthing 'bastard' at him. The English are weird.

One night in London, by a series of strange co-incidences, we went to a dialogue meeting quite close by, in Camden. It didn't work for me, mainly because there were two people who did most of the talking and who talked together a lot of the time when other people were trying to say something. Even the group seemed to collude in allowing these two to think they knew most of the answers. Not my cup of tea, as Hilda Hickman would say.

On another night we saw Macbeth at the New Globe Theatre on the Embankment. We were yardlings, crammed in with hundreds of other yardlings, all standing up for two and a half hours. At least it wasn't King Lear which would have been even longer. Yardlings must not sit or squat - if you do you are whisked off by vigilantes until you regain your strength and can stand up again. Not that there is any room to sit or squat - and just as well it didn't rain because there is no cover for yardlings and umbrellas are forbidden. I liked the production, Alan hated it. London is a great city, especially when the weather is warm.

Towards the end of our trip we went to Salisbury for the Douglas Harding gathering, staying at Sarnum College, a theological college in the Close of Salisbury Cathedral. About 40 of us were in residence this time for the 4 day gathering. I met Catherine, Douglas's wife, for the first time, and we discussed Iyengar yoga. She said she was about to become an Iyengar yoga teacher when she met Douglas. Douglas is amazingly spry for his 92 years and Catherine is busy helping him and doing some of the presentations. There were 3 of us from Oz this time, and quite a few names that Alan could put a face to, after internet conversations across various continents.

There have been annual gatherings which we have not attended, but this one had a different flavour from the 1991 gathering at Reading. This meeting was smaller, partly because Douglas and Catherine now run workshops in many countries, and it seemed to be more about old friends coming together with Douglas and Catherine, doing their favourite experiments and catching up with each other in the beautiful surroundings of Salisbury Cathedral.

We met up with some old friends from the 1991 gathering. One of these was Meg, who didn't come to Salisbury but who we later caught up with at lunch in London. We ate at a very ordinary Italian restaurant in Paddington, and 3 indifferent

risottos, a medium green salad, a bottle of chianti and 3 coffees cost us the rough equivalent of \$A145. The next day we flew to Kuala Lumpur where it was warm and humid and fish, vegetables and noodles for two cost \$A9.50.

Margot Mann

### Extracts from Alan's journal

#### *1 Dialogue in London*

I found I had left the phone numbers and addresses of the man who runs the London Dialogue group at home. The phone book didn't help because most of England seem to be 'ex directory'. I remembered the Dialogues were held in a Quaker meeting house and we'd noticed one earlier in Gordon Square. So we called in and found that it was the right place and they confirmed a meeting was to be held that night. I rang the coordinator, Adam Parker-Rhodes, and along we went. Coincidentally, the meeting opened with the tabling of a couple of John Wren-Lewis articles. One of the group had just downloaded them from the internet. They were Journal of Consciousness articles and, I think, the letter to 'What is Enlightenment' magazine. The person who tabled them had been impressed by the clarity of the articles and the absence of 'mumbo-jumbo'. She raised the question of whether the state John describes is attainable. This question and the 'if so how' extension of the question became the main theme of the meeting. It was an interesting re-run of some of our recent Newsletter exchanges. The meeting was similar to what used to happen a lot at our meetings before people developed the habit of challenging the domination of the meeting by one or two speakers. There was quite a lot of dynamic frustration and confusion which I always find refreshing. It is hard to say after one meeting whether there are significant differences between the London approach but I think we are on the same wavelength.

As we sat waiting for the meeting to begin I was talking to Margot about why Dialogue seems to be fading. This question remained as a faint background to my involvement in the meeting and I wondered afterwards if the problem might be that, if Dialoguers are still entrapped in discussion rather than Dialogue, what hope is there of any momentum developing. I had in mind both the experience of the meeting we had just left and the last 10 years in Sydney.

#### *2 Traherne Gathering*

Friday 8 June We walked along the footpath beside the River Banwy before breakfast and set out for Stokesay Castle which we spent a couple of hours inspecting. It is a fortified manor house dating from the 11th cent. and reasonably well preserved. Booked into Mrs Bullock's 'Dolwen' (Hereford) at 3pm. We met some of the delegates to the conference at a 7.30 to 9.30 social evening at the church - wine and nibbles plus some singing. I thought it was very jolly and that Tom would have approved but some of the Traherne purists were a bit sniffy about the choice of music which included a bit of near-pop stuff. Met Alan Rowlands who seems to be a fellow spirit and full of fun. The evening alerted me to the work of R.S. Thomas, a Welsh poet and I should look for his poem 'The Bright Field' and the books of Cecil Collins. When we returned to 'Dolwen' with Audrey and Jeff, Mrs Bullock was waiting to tell me I'd left the tap running in our room and locked the door as I'd left. The plumber was trying to fix the shower as we departed and the water was 'off'. She didn't have a spare key to get in whilst we were rollicking in Credenhill Church..

Saturday 9 June We had a good paper from George Usher in which he described the uncertainties which surrounded Traherne's life from the death of his parents at an early age, to the death of Orlando Bridgeman, his London based patron, the uncertainties of the civil war and, arising from divided loyalties within Traherne's family and the families with which he was associated. Also, the uncertainty about who Traherne really was and whether John the cobbler was his father or an older brother and so on. The talk reinforced my view of Traherne's relationship to the church as a convenient source of income and a cover for his real passion - getting to grips with what is really going on. I found the idea of uncertainty and continuous 'living on the edge' as a background and possible motivation for Traherne's work very credible. We then had a paper from David Constantine, a Cambridge academic who compared the work of Traherne with that of R. S. Thomas the Welsh poet who was killed in the First WW and who was the first person to review any of Traherne's books. He gave a good account of himself and pointed to Traherne's insistence on the primacy of the senses in coming to grips with reality as a precursor of empiricism. He showed how this emphasis on 'sence' was reflected in the frequent use in the poems of words such as - innocence, intelligence, excellence but he left out the key word 'essence. This perhaps goes some way to explain his criticism of Traherne as being unconcerned with reality. He read some R S Thomas poems illustrating what he meant by a poetic encounter with reality. These were descriptive and evocative but nevertheless descriptions of the reality apprehended by the poet on the occasion described. Traherne was tackling reality at a more fundamental level, he was not so much interested in descriptions of reality but 'essence' or that in which and as which reality manifests. To miss that is to miss Traherne completely. He wanted us to enjoy the world aright not by right appreciation of our own or other people's interpretations and descriptions but directly by learning how to see clearly; by removing the 'lids from our mirrors' 4/86. There was and is too much emphasis on Traherne the man and not enough on the message and its impact on our everyday life. In the afternoon we heard a talk about Margiad Evans who had been influenced by Traherne but that was not apparent from what the speaker said about her. In fact, I got the impression that she'd been more interested in Henry Vaughan.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Traherne Association we learnt that the Dean and Chapter of Hereford Cathedral had just published a comprehensive guide book in which the only reference under the heading 'Traherne' is to a 16th

century glass-blower of that name. I was quite pleased to hear this as it confirms my belief that the church authorities regard him as a heretic and so they should. He can't be squeezed into cosy little Credenhill or the cathedral or even the church at large and it seems to me that those within the church who are sympathetic to his message spend far too much time trying to persuade themselves and us that he's really one of the orthodox. So my highlights for the weekend were: George Usher's revelation of our uncertainties about Traherne and Traherne's uncertainties about what was going to happen next: and how that might have inspired or motivated him, the discovery that Hereford Cathedral has turned its

back on one who could be expected to be treated as a favourite son: the limitations of the scholarship approach to Traherne, I didn't hear the words 'capacitie' or 'essence' mentioned all day, except for the discovery, thanks to Richard Birt, (former vicar of Weobley) of Cent 4/84 which captures my view about waking up to our true nature as an act of will as well as of grace and which I hadn't picked up in earlier reading of Traherne.

### *3 Douglas Harding Gathering at Salisbury*

The theme of the gathering was 'Where am I' as opposed to the more familiar 'Who am I' and 'what am I'. Douglas pointed out that the word 'who' implies a plurality and that an answer which involves the selection of one among many. Far better, he suggests, to ask 'where am I and what am I where I am?' So this was the question we explored and although there was much talk the answer, as always, was revealed by the experiments. Afterwards, in London, I realised that the objection to 'Who am I' applies equally to the outcome of the closed-eye experiment if it results in a residual 'I am'. The gathering was held at Salisbury and we stayed at Sarum College which is in Cathedral Close. It was a wonderful environment in which to meet old and new friends and find out how closely the mental images of email friends match the real thing. My interest in Dialogue arises from a conviction that communion or what Bohm and/or de Mare called 'impersonal fellowship' is an important element and one rarely come upon in these times. I find the experiments create the condition for this as they open us to the level in which differences can be held without division. I met George Schloss at the gathering and he agreed to me publishing one of his commentaries on headlessness in the Nowletter. George has some valuable insights on the relationship between Heedlessness and Headlessness. That will be appearing as a single subject Nowletter sometime this year, probably next month. We also met Anne Seward again and I'm hoping to persuade her to let us have a taste of her work in these pages before too long.

After saying goodbye to everybody we stayed an extra night at Sarum College and went off to Salisbury town centre for a very bad pub dinner. As we waited for them to deliver our order I thought about the gathering. It was a workshop more than a gathering. We did all the old and some very useful new experiments. But nearly everybody had been to a workshop or several before and I would have liked to have more time allocated to discussion or dialogue and to take the rare opportunity to share our experiences of headlessness; to look at some of the questions arising from the realisation that results from a successful application of the experiments. Perhaps that has something to do with us going every tenth year instead of annually. Douglas has a new book about to be published by Watkins "To be and not to be - that is the answer". I also noted one of his quotes during the workshop "It's not me becoming enlightened but coming to the One as the One." I have been tactfully trying to get the Traherne Association to ask Douglas to explain to them what Traherne was on about at one of their festivals. They misunderstood my over-tactful approach and thought I was suggesting that he become a member of the Association which they offered and he had to politely decline. I'll have to be more forthright and /or forceful.

*Alan Mann*

### **Letters and Email**

*The first letter arises from an exchange in Salisbury at the Harding gathering when George challenged the 'empty mind - anti-thought' approach which is common in seeker circles. For some reason I had thought Heidegger's 'Discourse on Thinking', which impressed me when I read it about 20 years ago, had a contribution to make. On re-reading I think not but it resulted in the following. Ed.*

### **'Thought' from George Schloss**

Dear Alan, I don't know that particular Heidegger. Although I've struggled through him from time to time I must admit to a terrible prejudice, not only about the portentous and, in my view, sometimes tortuous, even ridiculous prose, but his absolutely dreadful behavior during the Nazi episode. I mean terrible - betraying his teacher, Husserl, and his mistress, Hannah Arendt. Just awful. And then his so-called rehabilitation without so much as a mea culpa.

As for thought, Traherne does it better. There's nothing more glorious than thought. After all, it's what we're doing now, what distinguishes us as a species. I think Hegel - certainly one of the most committed thinkers of all time and one of the most difficult - got it absolutely right. Like rings stored up in the bole of a tree "thinking" its story, we negate a quality in order to preserve it on a "higher" level.

Just as I would claim that's what the experiments do as regards the great and even not so great religions of the world, so, too, they perform the same service as regards the philosophies. By locating them, literally putting them in their place and negating them in order to preserve them, or preserve in them what's worth preserving, they provide us with an absolute

measure with which to judge their truth. The same goes for thought itself, all thought. By locating it, we don't diminish but, seeing it aright, ennoble it. Up to now, with a few rare exceptions, all the best of us have been able to do is think about thinking, with the result that, again with few exceptions, we tie ourselves up in knots. But now that we can see where thought's coming from and who it's coming from, we can sit back and admire accordingly. It all reminds me of those before-and-after photos you see in ads to lose weight and lighten up. Its head in the right place - thought, the ugly duckling, turns into a swan, the fat lady into a beauty. And after all, if taking only a bite from the Tree of Knowledge got us kicked out of the Garden, it wasn't until, almost starved to death, we ate the whole damned apple that, via the experiments, we were given a glimpse of the Heavenly Jerusalem. As St. Paul said, sin miraculously transformed into grace will show us the way home and home free. Just a thought. Best to you both, George.

*George Schloss*

### **Chesterton from Alan Mann**

Prompted by John Wren-Lewis's article in the May edition I bought the biography of Chesterton by Maisie Ward to read on the plane. (Second hand from Gould's bookshop \$8)

I don't have the same enthusiasm for Chesterton as John and Alex Reichel but he's growing on me. I wondered about John's conclusion that Chesterton's ability to get at the heart of mystical awareness in his writing (as demonstrated in the quotes John used in his article) was not the result of firsthand experience or at most that he had only touched it. Perhaps 'only touching' is enough I thought. I decided to check this out as I read the biography. I made a list of the pages providing evidence of revelation.

I made fourteen entries. On page 15 there is a quote in which GKC recalls the wonder of childhood as 'a hundred windows opening on all sides of the head': page 21 includes an anecdote from his schooldays showing him to be aware of everything except himself: later, a record of him in the midst of gloom experiencing a vision of everything being all right (p38) and, interestingly, at this point he says that he is glad the vision faded as "*it is embarrassing talking to God face to face*": the pleasure in things as they are (p79): 'it is good for us to be here', wherever we are at present (p81), and so on. Perhaps the following quote from page 82 best captures what I am trying to demonstrate: "*I have made a discovery: or should I say seen a vision. I saw it between two cups of black coffee in a Gallic restaurant in Soho: but I could not express it if I tried*". Some vision if even he couldn't do justice to it!

It seems that Chesterton had at least the standard human quota of 'perfect moments' and whilst he wrote beautifully about them he doesn't seem to have really believed them. The aspect of his life which raises questions for me is his long wrestle with the issue of whether or not to convert to Catholicism. His final decision to convert seems like a denial both of the common sense, which exemplified most other aspects of his life and of his vision. In wondering why he did this I assumed, following John's line of argument, the absence of continuous, direct experience of the noumenal led him to surrender to what he thought might be the best expression of or interpreter of it, i.e., the Catholic Church.

If Chesterton had really hit the jackpot yet still felt a need to maintain the ritual, surely whatever religion or denomination he found himself in would have done? I like Jung's note on this tendency to shift allegiances. If I remember correctly, he decried the urge to seek a 'better' expression on the grounds that in the end all expressions must be transcended and it's easier to shed one cloak than two or three. So why did Chesterton opt for faith in the church rather than faith in his vision? And why the rejection of non-Christian expressions?

I find myself coming down firmly on both sides of this fence. His writing about his vision or 'perfect moments' is convincing but his reaction to them very odd. I just realized this is another version of our old question of whether liberation should or does result in right action.

*Alan Mann*

### **Dialogue in Canberra from Dave Knowles**

*The writer of the following note, originally a contribution to the Bohmian Dialogue email list, has been associated with a regular group which has been meeting in Canberra for the last 15 years. I met Dave through my connection with the Australian Transpersonal Association in particular the email list he has been managing for the Association. He came to the August Greville Street meeting and we are hoping that will be the first of some interesting exchanges. Ed.*

It's a mysterious thing this dialogue - even more mysterious for me in that I am not a member of any Dialogue group, yet have found out through conversation with a friend, Alan, who 'hosts' one, how uncannily similar the operation of our Men's Group is. I have often wondered in the last year or so what makes the regular fortnightly breakfast meeting of this loose grouping of somewhat grizzled men so satisfying. No agenda - no plan: sometimes we just eat breakfast - sometimes the usual male-type thing on how well your carburettor works, sometimes a plunge into the meaning of life, sometimes the deep listening to one of us with a life-problem.

And yes - sometimes dialogue, or conversation, or argument, or counselling, or musing, or thoughtful silence, or jokes. It would seem to me that the common thread is the intent brought to this - that we all are prepared to listen first and especially to be sensitive to any sort of unusual need of the part of another. The intriguing common thread is that we have just about all been through some form of Lifeline training and (in most cases) the subsequent answering of crisis telephone calls, though few of us are still practising this. I would guess we have learnt to not ride our own hobby-horses so hard, but to exercise some degree of empathy and it is this that provides the stable underpinning to unpredictable and satisfying dialogue.

Alan has pointed me at the Bohmian underpinnings of Dialogue and that sat easy with me. I feel privileged to find myself in a group that sort of stumbled across something similar by "accident". To extend my experience and satisfy my curiosity, I am now planning to make the trip from Canberra to Sydney to attend the Greville Street meeting. About the facilitation aspect: the role of "facilitator" pops up occasionally as a transient mantle that can be taken on by anyone as they see fit and then discarded again. It quite often leads to a temporary meta-discussion about what are we doing here anyway. This is usually defused by someone asking if we'd like another sausage or something.

*Dave Knowles*

*Dave came to the August Greville St., meeting and we are hoping to find out what the Canberra meetings are like before too long. Ed.*

### **Possible Dialogue in Melbourne from Gary Hipworth**

Gary writes that he is contemplating the possibility of a Dialogue group in Melbourne, he writes:

Please advertise in next Nowletter that I am considering starting a dialogue group/ meeting in Melbourne and anyone interested please contact me directly on email - [seachange@ozemail.com.au](mailto:seachange@ozemail.com.au) or phone - 03 52581119.

*Gary Hipworth*

### **1Modern Fables No. 11 from David Clouston**

#### The Man who knew how a movie would do.

Once upon a time, a man appeared in Hollywood who was able to predict very accurately how any given movie would perform at the box office. In the local vernacular, he "knew what it would do".

His services quickly became much sought after. However, a canny executive at a Major Studio had signed him to an exclusive contract ten minutes after first meeting him. So he found himself working in a large, gorgeous office on the Studio lot. Every day, people would come and explain potential movie projects to him. And at the end of the conversation, they would ask him "What do you think it'll do?" He would study the project, count silently on his fingers for a few moments, stare out of his double-glazed window at the palm trees, and deliver his opinion.

He would say, "It'll make \$200m if you get Tom Hanks instead of Mel Gibson. Otherwise it's only \$125m." And, "Lose Bob Towne and get Konner and Rosenthal. Otherwise it won't open." And, "Bring in Zanuck as E.P., and pass it by Rob Reiner. That'll put it up to a double." And, most strangely of all, "Halve the budget. Throughout all the effects, and get Friedkin to direct. Then you'll do a ton." Friedkin? Halve the budget? Time would pass, the movie would or wouldn't get made, and if it did get made the Man Who Knew was always right. The Studio executive was promoted. He was promoted again. He was summoned to New York to meet his ultimate employer, the head of a large conglomerate. The head told him, "You're doing great out there. But the shareholders need to feel more comfortable with the predictions. We're sending out an Expert to talk to this guy." The Expert, who was from Chicago and knew all about futures and options, talked to the Man who Knew. The man explained his system. The Expert listened carefully, nodded, and went to the Studio executive. "I don't know," said the Expert frankly. "It looks screwy to me. But hell, if it works..." But hell, if it works... The executive paused for a moment to savour those wonderful words. "If it works," he said carefully, "we'll make it. I mean, I don't care if we're talking about Hannibal Lecter VI or The Grapes of Wrath, here. If it works, that's all we need to know." The Studio prospered. The executive bought a large house. He bought a larger house. He became head of the conglomerate. The Man Who Knew continued to sit in his gorgeous office, listening to potential movie projects, delivering his opinion.

One evening, as he was walking home from the Studio, he encountered a Holy Man sitting on the sidewalk. The Holy Man said, "What are you doing with yourself?" The man considered. "I am predicting the specific consequences of this or that tiny movement in the Great Flux," he replied. "If you have that much insight," said the Holy Man, "you should be employing it in furthering a larger cause. Try harder." So the Man Who Knew decided to give up his career in Hollywood. He joined the Holy Man on his pilgrimage around the cities of America. Whenever they were hungry, the Man Who Knew made a little money by betting on the outcome of basketball games.

The Studio executive no longer had any information about what a movie would do. He fell victim to Goldman's First Law, 'No-one knows anything'. He was fired. The conglomerate failed to perform to stock-market expectations. It was taken over. Hollywood searched its soul for a moral to this sad story. It found one. Never walk home from the Studio: take a limo

*David Clouston*

### **What is Enlightenment?**

I have no real idea. I seem to have more ideas of what it is not.

At one time I did attempt to investigate the phenomenon, but I didn't seem to get anything too substantial. The people I visited or heard about who were declared 'enlightened,' either by themselves or others, seemed to have 'blind spots.' I met a lot, but not all by any means of course.

I have no way of knowing if what I saw as blind spots were to do with them, or me and my idea of how they would be if they were in such an 'exalted' state. I feel there must be people who are 'clear.' I think a combination of my ideas and classical ideas of the state is that, most importantly to me, the person has no revenge, resentments, anger, judgements, doesn't take anything seriously, and lives in a permanent state of unconditional love.

Classically, it is said that they can pass on the state to suitable people by transference. They can manifest, heal, walk on water, disappear and appear simultaneously whenever and wherever they want. They are aware of, and can live in, all the 'levels' at the same time. That sort of thing. I don't think I have met any like that. But of course I may have done and they didn't tell me - because it wasn't appropriate to do so. My overall feeling is that there are many different states that are pronounced 'Enlightened.' I think that 'The True State,' whatever it is, is very, very rare. Much more rare than we would like to admit.

'The True State.' I have come to feel that there may be several stages to this event, and even the 'final' stage is not final. There seems to be no beginning and no end. ALL is changing.

More frequent than 'The True State' seems to be 'The Satori.' Not very deep; not very long, but a wonderful glimpse. And VERY nice. Life changing. I think when this 'happens,' it is so strong people think, 'This is It.' I don't think it is. Another event could be called 'Realization.' The realization that we are not only the body, mind, and emotions. We realize that the body mind and emotions have a 'life of their own.' This does not mean that we are not responsible for them, but that we were born with inherent programs, and we pick up a lot more during our childhood conditioning - religion, education, politics, social position of our parents, and general experiences in life. We are recycled - with parts that have cellular memory of their own.

And something, that is not these things, can watch them. When we realize this there is a great sense of freedom. We are not yet 'There' though. Another stage is just watching our behavior and being responsible. Not judging, not supporting, not suppressing, just watching. If full responsibility is taken - without judgement, the conditioning, character, personality, ego, pride, start to disappear. And still we remain unique. I think that if we don't take care of this stage we will become disconnected from whatever we have realized and slip 'back' into a state that is less aware.

Another stage could be called 'No-Self Realization.' Who is the one watching that we are not the body mind or emotions? And who is watching the watching? At some stage a complete disappearance seems to happen. Like a dreamless sleep. The Unformed. Nobody there to know that there is nobody there. Then, a lovely game. Just floating in between - 'here' and 'there.' And much more.... Lao Tzu is quoted as saying, 'The truth cannot be said. If it is said, it is not the truth.' I feel that it is true that it cannot be said . . . but it can be heard. It cannot be said, but in the saying, connecting with the state that is already on the inside can happen.

Something I would like to add . . . The majority of people do not seem to know that there is an alternate way to live, other than the way they were given. Some decide to 'improve their life.' Others decide to 'Search for the Truth.' All these states are based on survival - safety, security and predictability - even though safety, security and predictability do not exist in this dimension - we have invented the terms to pacify ourselves. These states are an attempt to escape life just as it is, in each moment. Many 'Spiritual Seekers' are attempting to escape life as it is.

Very few are true seekers. In my opinion a true seeker is not seeking. A true seeker is living life fully, unconditionally, gratefully, with awareness and is continually open for anything that happens. A true seeker has come to see that life is about living - in each moment, just as it is. Not thinking about, understanding, working on it or surrendering to it. Not even accepting it. Just living it - with unconditional awareness. A true seeker knows that life is as it is, in each moment. There is no alternative to this moment, just as it is. A true seeker has come to see that free will, as we think of it, is an illusion. What we call and like to believe in, as free will, is the temporary illusion that we are able to say yes or no to situations. We can of course, but if we need to experience this situation we will draw it to us time and time again. Until we

take responsibility for it. I am not intending to say that all is one way or the other. The survivor can include expansion into more consciousness, and the seeker can include the material world. It is that one works and the other does not. Nothing on the outside, in itself brings, 'The Peace that Passeth All Understanding.' Nor am I intending to infer that one state is better than another - seeker or survivor. Everything is. No matter what, are we having fun? With Love... paul

*Paul Lowe*

Reprinted from the following web site with the author's permission. [http://www.ineachmoment.com/article\\_what\\_is.htm](http://www.ineachmoment.com/article_what_is.htm)

*Thanks to Margaret Armstrong, George Schloss & John Wren-Lewis for the following::*

### **My Deepest I**

It was the bank of white roses which showed me  
my deepest I, as I walked past that garden;  
the roses and the benign lupins close by  
and the twist of grey rubber lying in the road  
which became a dead grass snake as I approached.

My deepest I is we. This is the one true fact  
from which all others hang subordinate,  
and I keep forgetting.

Strange to forget so many times  
what I have known from birth,  
that I am no more separate than night from day,  
than right from left. I, the roses, the lupins, the snake  
and you, the one who passes by are **we**  
Are one

*Margaret Pelling*

*From 'The Enquirer' which is the Unitarian fortnightly  
published in England*

**Liberation is never  
OF the person, it is  
always FROM the  
person**

**Nisargadatta**

The life force, afflicted with doubt,  
As to what it was bringing about,  
Cried: Alas, I am blind,  
but I'm making a mind  
that may possibly figure it out

*Thomas Thorneley*

***The white-robed cleaner, hoisted up to groom  
Great Buddha's nose, tickles it with his broom.***

**Hô-ô**

### **Krishnamurti Gathering**

**The next Krishnamurti Gathering will be held at the 'Kuranda' Theosophical Education and Retreat centre over the weekend of 27/28 October 2001. Participants may arrive Friday evening (26<sup>th</sup>) in time for a light meal if more convenient for them, otherwise Saturday 9am in time for registration.**

**Cost: per person for the weekend, Friday evening to Sunday 5pm is \$125 flat rate, regardless of arrival time. Day visitors \$30 per day. Please send full payment on booking and no later than October 18 to:**

**The Treasurer, Krishnamurti Australia, PO Box 458, Burleigh Heads, Queensland 4220.**

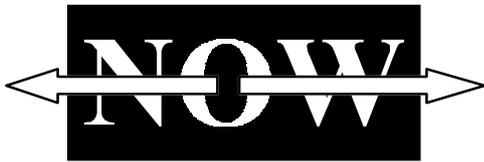
**Enquiries: Freecall 1800 633 727**

**Meetings Sydney** - Dr Alex Reichel (02) 9310 4504

Academy of the Word Seminar Programme – Under St Peter’s Church, Devonshire St., Surry Hills

**Second** Tuesdays 6.15pm - Healing & Well-being - **Fourth** Tuesdays 6pm - State of the World

<b>Programme</b>		
11 September	In pain, on purpose – with pleasure	Peter Carroll
25 September	Carl Jung, Wounded Healer of the Soul	Claire Dunne
9 October	to be advised	
23 October	to be advised	
13 November	Email to heaven – george.houston.reid@heavensgate.org.etern	Anne Fairbairn



**If unable to deliver please return to:**  
**81 Greville Street, Chatswood 2067**  
**amann@bigpond.net.au**

DIALOGUE MEETINGS				
LOCATION	DAY	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
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
Nowra	First Saturday	The Tea Club, Berry Street, Opposite Roxy Cinema	4-6pm -Riche	4423 4774
Nowra	Third Sunday	3/117 Berry st., Nowra	11am - Riche	4423 4774

