

Meetings (10.30am - 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday)  
 81 Greville Street , Chatswood  
 Next Meetings – 21 April 2002  
 19 May 2002

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Editor's note

The Sydney Seeing Workshops went off well. Richard is now back in London where his first job, on the day of his arrival, was a Tai Chi class at which his examiner was present. This was followed by a group therapy session with the staff of a bank which had just been the scene of an armed robbery. No space for jet-lag! It will be interesting to see what happens as a result of his visit to Sydney. Both this newsletter and the Chatswood Dialogue meeting grew out of Douglas's visit in 1990 and from the list which John Wren-Lewis drew up of those interested in some form of local follow-up. The immediate result of Richard's brief stay is reported on page 2.

Thanks to this month's contributors and to Margot for proof-reading, etc. A reminder that the content of the Nowletter is determined by the input from readers so, if you feel it is getting away from your area of interest restore the balance by sending me an article.

The Melbourne Dialogue group continues to meet. There is a note from Gary on page 10 and details of time and place on page 12.

**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.**

**Subscriptions: Postal \$12 per annum. Email – Free**

### Seeing Workshops with Richard Lang

The two Sydney workshops were well attended and thanks to all of you who joined in the fun. Especially to Richard for extending his Singapore trip to include Sydney. There is a good chance he'll be in Brisbane in August to lead a dance seminar and would be available for a Brisbane area workshop. The reactions to the evening at Blavatsky Lodge and the all-day event at Crows Nest varied widely and I'm pulling together some notes from participants to get a feel for what is needed by way of follow-up. It is always a delight to find that the penny drops for people new to this approach and many of us who've been at it for a while also find new angles that surprise. The immediate ongoing results of the visit are a series of meetings at which we intend to show Douglas Harding videos as follows:

<b>Date &amp; Time</b>	<b>Douglas Harding Videos</b>	<b>Appx Length of Video</b>
Thurs 4 April 6.30pm	Melbourne Lecture 1 <sup>st</sup> half - 1990	60 min
Sat 6 April 2pm	Melbourne Lecture 1 <sup>st</sup> half - 1990	60 min
Thurs 2 May 6.30pm	Melbourne Lecture 2 <sup>nd</sup> half - 1990	60 min
Sat 4 May 2pm	Melbourne Lecture 2 <sup>nd</sup> half - 1990	60 min
Thurs 6 June 6.30pm	Interview Section 1 & 2 - 2001	60 min
Sat 1 June 2pm	Interview Section 1 & 2 - 2001	60 min
Thurs 4 July 6.30pm	Interview Section 2 & 3 - 2001	60 min
Sat 6 July 2pm	Interview Section 2 & 3 - 2001	60 min
Thurs 1 Aug 6.30pm	Interview Section 1 & 2 - Q&A	60 min
Sat 3 Aug 2pm	Interview Section 1 & 2 - Q&A	60 min
Thurs 5 Sept 6.30pm	To be decided	
Sat 7 Sept 2pm	To be decided	

The plan would be to show a video followed by a discussion. If anyone feels like leading the discussion into some aspect arising from the viewing or have a closer look at one or more of the experiments, then that would form the agenda for that meeting.

I propose to hold the meetings at our home: 81 Greville Street, Chatswood (*Important note: off Fullers Road*). If this is inconvenient for some of you we could organize to hold the Thursday meetings somewhere South or West of the harbour if someone can provide a venue, VCR, etc. For the time being I'll plan to hold both the Thursday and Saturday meetings here at Chatswood although the Thursday meeting will depend on whether there is anyone who can't make it on Saturdays. I would prefer to avoid duplication if possible and run just on Saturdays.

*Alan Mann*

### Creating a New World Now—from Anne Seward

After sending off my response to George Schloss' s article I showed what I had written to Douglas. He felt I had given the impression that a brief insight into headlessness was all it took to change the world. That I should have seemed to imply this is rather ironic in view of the fact that the point of the article was to encourage people to take the experiments (all too liable to be dismissed as inconsequential) seriously: seriously enough, I mean, to start living consciously from What they reveal. The piece was meant to be a kind of warm-up for the real thing.

Although speculating on the importance of the experiments for the future has its place, and I hope I made a case for that, the future is not where my heart is, and I really have nothing to defend in that respect. So here I would like to redress the balance and try to show what the first article was in aid of.

Firstly, I must make a distinction between what the experiments themselves represent and the Reality they reveal. The door into your house exists for the purpose of admitting you and your friends. From the outside, it is the door that matters, but you don' t take it with you on entering. Once inside, being home is what counts.

So it is with the experiments. They serve as portals into the Here and Now. Whether these particular doors look interesting to you depends in part on the kinds of questions you may be asking. Fortunately, Here and Now consists of many mansions with as many doors. Every one of them, however, demands the same entrance fee. To this crucial issue I shall return in a minute.

The approach we are expounding here relies on simply paying all-round attention. In requiring us to observe simultaneously both the seen and the Seer (the heard and the Hearer, the thought and the Thinker . . .), we are looking within for the kind of truth the modern world already respects in relation to outside appearances, to phenomena, namely *evidence*.

We realise now that numerous spiritual claims concerning our real identity, which a few specially insightful people have put about in the past, can be put to the test *by anyone without further ado or special training*. Here are just a few examples: Eyes do not see, nor ears hear; The world is within one and not vice versa; One is ageless, boundless, unchanging, unmoving . . . Think about it. These assertions are *outrageous*. How can they in any sense be true of *me*? What is the *evidence* for them?

Well, let' s look and see. In the interests of brevity we will limit the following investigation to seeing (all the senses tell the same story) and check out just the first and second examples in the list above. In the present situation (which is *always* what the experiments investigate) I presume you are looking at black marks on a white ground. Now, simultaneously, look back at what' s looking. Assuming you are taking this seriously, I bet you don' t experience eyes or a brain or a face looking. "Of course not!" you agree. Well then, what *do* you experience as looking? Isn' t it Space for these words - and, by implication, the rest of the world? Surely, if Nothing is doing the looking, then *Nothing is what you really are*.

A Seeing workshop is a celebration as well as an initiation. It invites you to enjoy being No-thing-Everything, to relax into it, to give yourself up to It. Of course, initially it is hard when you leave the company of Seeing friends not to slip back into dreaming the illusory life, but nothing will stop you re-turning Home if that' s where you really want to be. We have been criticised for not offering formal support structures, but most people feel these would tend to restrict the spread of Seeing by appearing to contain it, whereas its peculiar property is its *immediate* accessibility. We can all do with help in living it though, and The Headless Way Website and Shollond Trust exist to offer friendship and encouragement. In the wider context, religion has infinite riches at its heart, and many there are besides Seers, both within and outside religion, who live the surrendered life. One' s heart' s desire, by its very nature, can be trusted to draw to itself exactly what is needed.

To return to our mini-workshop: like many others, at first I thought (and thinking is precisely the problem here) that I didn' t "get it". It was only friends assuring me that what I saw was what they saw, and that that was "It", which finally convinced me that I had seen "It" from the beginning. (Actually, It sees ItSelf, and, *as this One*, One has never seen anything else!) "I don' t get it" betrays the fact that we are expecting to "get" something out of the exercises, whereas they require us to let go of all preconceived notions, including there being anything to get, and simply look.

So, I Am Nothing-Everything. Of what use is merely glimpsing this, however, or even of sticking with it for the duration of a workshop? It may not be negligible, given what the briefest glimpse involves. But, an integrated world, a vision I' m inclined to project into the future (and, since the world is My projection, why not?) takes more than that. Like George' s end of history, total integration is only actually realisable for the First person (who is not a person) *now, and now, and now, and now* . . . Integrating the world where it really counts is a job for life.

What does this mean in practical terms? Remember, the appeal of our particular wake-up call is to truth (especially in terms of what one can see), regardless of what the truth might or might not do for one. It requires one to be willing to put on one side imagination and self-interest and to look at the evidence for its own sake. This self-surrender (not self-*denial*) in the interests of a deeper more comprehensive Reality, is the absolute key.

To the extent that one takes What the experiments reveal seriously, one' s life becomes focused not on the Seeing Way in but on *Being In*, on *Being Home*. From this perspective, the idea that something called Seeing is going on is nonsense. Nothing' s going on Here! And everything' s going on Here too, of course, including Seeing. In the Seeing Seeing is transcended.

Who cares, then, if this letting go is conceived in visual terms or not? It' s surrender that matters. It' s interesting, though, how visual metaphors permeate ordinary language. Notice how often we use words like "speculate", "perspective", "point of view", "it appears that", "looking forward to", "visionary", "world view", "I see what you mean" to express *mental* functions. And where would science be without observation? If the writer Jeremy Naydler\* is correct in describing seeing as ' the arbiter and judge of what is real' , then seeing is certainly a crucial aspect of our multi-dimensional Subject. But I digress.

Is it surprising if relinquishing ideas which are monopolizing attention and masquerading as the very essence of one' s being turns out to be the alchemy which transforms and heals my world? This penchant for allowing imagination to substitute for Reality-consciousness operates by taking us unaware(s). It creeps up and overwhelms us, distorting everything like fog. Reclaiming the spacious clarity which is one' s Real Identity, everything is instantly returned to its proper place and seen for what it is, a reflection of OneSelf.

Let me illustrate how willingness to let oneself fall into The Abyss, which is our home and salvation (in England we have house names!), played itself out in relation to this essay by reproducing part of the email I wrote to Alan immediately after my visit to Douglas:

*What, on reflection, I should have done was to make the means available within the essay . . . emphasising that only persistent application will bring about the necessary metanoia in the life of the individual. I deeply regret this. But maybe it would have made the piece too long (she says weakly).*

*Anyway, God knows best.*

*Isn't it wonderful how the Present, whatever the situation, is always redeemable via surrender? I'm so struck how that surrender actually creates a new world here and now. For instance, I record this very sentiment, which I would otherwise not have done; and, since it comes out of a deeper level of connection . . . Well, who knows how the world is affected? This is actually what Seeing is about isn't it? Creating a new world, NOW!*

And that says it all really - but not quite. I have a good title for a follow-up article but no content. At this point, things cloud over. I feel pulled in various directions. Energy dissipates and I lose confidence in my ability to complete the job; confusion reigns. Sometime later I re-call what this mental agitation is in aid of. Turning my attention around, ulterior motives show up - and fall away; in their place Nothing shines vibrant, bright and clear. Revelling in Its beauty, wisdom and peace, I wait for instructions.

Self-surrender creates a new world NOW, sometimes called the resurrection life. With a bit of luck and a great deal of grace, it becomes addictive.

*Anne Seward*

\* *The Restitution of the Ear, Oxford, '93. by Jeremy Naydler, published by Abzu P*

### **This'n That, Now 'n Then—from Rome Warren**

Now issues 77 and 78 might be the most valuable you have published. It is **all** in those two issues even though the brain-washed masses are unlikely to **actualise** through inperience so long as they find similarities to be “surprising” yet blindly accept fixated dogma, techniques and knowledge as gospel! Why? Because they have been brain-washed for so long **nothing** can break their coma and they are unlikely to encounter publications such as the Nowletter.

It seems to me to be highly likely that the ‘**is**’ and the ‘**at**’ become condensed into **this** and **that**. The **is** being an emergence into consciousness by the **at** of attitude created through resonance of feelings and attitude of where me is ‘**at**’. (Touched on in ‘Touch of a Butterfly’ my book which is now at final draft stage).

In the same fashion, insight into ‘time’ as an abiding reminder that only the past/ (“then”) exists as an invisible continuum reviewed by the brain as “now” in consciousness of diverse levels dependent on where the individual is ‘**at**’ in attitude: a self-evident truth.

Truth never needs to be rationalized whereas lies cannot exist without it. In this way one should use ‘surety’ as the description applied to ‘messages’/insights rather than the word ‘certainty’ in knowledge and opinions which are deceptive? You see, as we all know, there is a plethora of interpretations so long as the brain is active. But—when the brain is **not** by-passed—the eyes see through a veil of obscurity (thought) and **all** communication is translated.

When the brain is stilled the mind’s eye sees directly. Instantly, **any** desire to communicate muddies the insight. There’s the dilemma I daily struggled with by attempting to write an unwritable book. It could only emerge through matter. I suspect that is why everyone thought George Schloss’s brilliant piece difficult to understand. How do you describe sunset to someone unsighted from birth. The fact is that you cannot. Yet that same article set me alight. It revealed me to myself.

In order to send feedback I did something I never do. With so many pages to read through and little time to do so I jotted comments in the margin, to save reading it twice.

Right from the beginning a resonance ran between this stranger and me. His intelligence and clarity of expression excited me as it became clear that he too had inperiened Truth. We were on the same mind-waves yet I kept getting dumped by indoctrinated dogma and this was disturbing.

As I mentioned in ‘Touch of a Butterfly’ “God is not an Englishman...” and “Evil is created by the human brain.....” Clarity observes the observer **as** the observed. **anything** that can be misinterpreted is downright dangerous and **here** in Nowletters 77 and 78 the rocks on which we founder are very obvious.

By writing comments I was writing down **my** interpretations/judgment on what was said; picking out the ‘flaws’ and missing the essence and its intelligence between the ‘offending’ lines.

Just as I realized that my once numbered pages in ‘Touch of a Butterfly’, when shuffled, created a ‘circular’ non-linear work much closer to non-linear nature, I saw that George had used a wide-scope presentation as a more holistic approach.

This seemed to be his approach to readers coming from very different directions just as I kept (unwittingly) trying to be inclusive rather than exclusive so if they didn’t see it if I put it one way, they may by another. And it was only at the end that ‘explanations’ could be laid to one side so Truth could reveal itself, not only to the Mind but to the brain as well.

For me this was an ‘a-ha’ moment’ when my brain **realised** the significance of the old adage that “ghosts cast no shadows”. Remember my mantra “Everything is in Emergence. Without Emergence there is **no** thing”? Well, cop this one! The magnificent human body in Emergence is the ghost of its invisible being. It is the shadow of a magnificent soul in its Emergence.

The human brain can never-ever perceive anything more than fragments. The Mind can never see less than holistically. This is no different from Bohm’s use of the ink droplet in glycerine to illustrate the manifestation of the explicit from the ‘implicate order’. He **saw** what he saw.

**Proof** that the droplet remained whole and invisible only became evident when it attenuated as the container cylinder rotated, became invisible and then re-emerged as a perceptible, manifest droplet – the ‘ghost of its abiding presence (pre-sensory existence)—when the stirring process was reversed.

Forgetting the application of words and acceptable terminology I became **aware** of enfoldment when observing clouds as a kid, as no doubt millions of others have done and continue to do. A cloud’s ‘beginning’ seems no different from a second before it germinates—flowers—disappears (dies). Something invisible exists invisibly before it can manifest. For anyone unfamiliar with science, science is a postscript or echo of Actuality, not the Truth itself.

The commentators on the Schloss article reveal more about their own selves (as did my own reading of it) than it does about the his work. Like the weather, perceptions about everything come and go with every change of atmosphere/attitude. (I didn’t travel his route but reached the same destination). It’s not about right or wrong opinions which are valueless but about using challenges as blessings from the universe from which to glean real meaning. We can **all** learn from observing the reflection of who we are. Others can see it whether or not we see it for ourselves.

For me, every technique—no matter what it is called—is a brain-game of trickery to draw us away from stark Truth. Wrongly, I’ve assumed psychological ‘headlessness’ to be a one-off exercise pointing the way but **every** exercise is really a diversion to entertain the Ego.

There is nothing to do but drop the non-sense and all its self-justifications. Gurus have no more value than car salesmen and politicians. And techniques are no more than tools of trade. We get what we deserve. No one can teach me. No one can teach you. We **see** and/or learn solely through direct inperience or direct attention until the self merges with the Self.

#### Upon Reflection

Every thing said—written in (any) language is a manifest emergence of a thinker’s interpretation of thinker – thoughts/ideas/opinions, from brain to brain; indoctrinated program to another modified program.

I say learning-seeing whereas I mean neither in regard to observer-observed. If I use the term evolving—without a book to **explain** (make plain or clear) my meaning, no-one ‘gets it’. We’re back to This’n That.

In short the shadow-reflection ghost can **never** see itself but **only** its resonance with another **outside** itself. In other words, I read the Schloss article. It doesn’t matter to him **or** the separate intellect (of my own brain) whether I agree or disagree. Both are irrelevant.

Both rise from a seeker’s desire to gain something in the ‘future’ and use it to personal advantage (which has vast appeal for the acquisitive brain.)

But—if I stop blaming the writer for my own reactions—I ‘see’ that the feelings **in** me are telling me something I need to ‘learn’ through inperience, not through thought (The *raison d’être* for my creation of the word ‘inperience’ to describe a **felt** process).

As I tried to convey in ‘Touch of a Butterfly’ the soul can only elevate consciousness in its evolution by use of a human body, so the true Spiritual Yearner will observe/**be** as inperienced. The indoctrinated thinker (hubot) can only be ‘used’ as a channel for evolution when it sacrifices its protective separation by focus on inperience.

Maybe this is the *raison d’être* for ‘headlessness’ until it is absorbed in the lure of dialogue? Alan, all this seems so intellectual. It will probably irritate people more than the Schloss article as—to me—it is simply irrelevant opinions of my own whereas the **essence** has **nothing** to do with **anyone’s** ideas and opinions.

The only merit it may have is to so infuriate people that they are pitched willy-nilly into a state of psychological crisis where they inperience the cutting edge of breakdown or breakthrough. For those who brave the uncertainty of shedding the universal craving of ‘needing to know’ they could inperience true **freedom** when they see there is **nothing** to know and nothing worth knowing in this area.

This is the primary key to unlocking the Mind’s connection with evolving consciousness. Without it the individual is locked into the limitations, pain and frustration of brain-controlled indoctrination not through free choice but because indoctrinated ignorance has existed for millennia and for countless millions, **that** is the way it is. Their brain constantly confirms it and, through self preservation, blocks them from discovering the pain-free link to liberation.

Rome Warren

*(Rome added the following postscript when editing the final draft I sent to her. Ed)*

P.S. Look at what’s happening right now, this minute as I write ..I read the Schloss article and immediately rush into print so I get my own five cents worth of input! This is indoctrinated ignorance; otherwise what is it that drives me to elaborate on what he expressed so clearly? And why am I now—in editing This’n That—so busily ‘rationalising’ it when I should be aware that some will ‘get it’ and some won’t? For those who don’t I’m rationalizing irrationality (from their point of view) and proving the stupidity of my own thinking process. And I totally agree with them.

### **End of History—from Carien McGuin**

I very much enjoyed George Schloss’ s essay into the End of History. Somehow I lost the questions and answers and any following pages off my saved copy of Nowletter 77, but even without having read those, and without the benefit of having done any of the experiments except one which you, Alan, did quickly for us at a Katoomba Krishnamurti gathering, I found I was delighted with George’ s varied and joyous description of what he sees is happening. The essay certainly demanded a lot of attention in the reading and there are still pieces that I don’ t understand, like the sentence:

*The experiments. If the Greeks didn’ t have a word for them the Hindus did: Shruti, the absolutely indispensable text absent which root all subsequent fruits are merely flowers.*

The unconnectedness felt on first reading quickly dissolved into the allness, or all applicableness of how George felt the experiments. Perhaps like Anne Seward says in her comments however: "..... *that the emergence of the experiments is itself an event of great import in the larger scheme of things (though of minimal import ultimately no doubt!)*". The apparently incongruent descriptions seem to reflect that wonderful chaos from which all good things come, and he introduces a new way of speaking which takes time out of the equation which is refreshing: e.g. "*...when was the last time YOU heard of, no less watched a man on the moon as distinct from the Man in it? Or, like Zeus surveying the goings-on at Troy from the parapets of Olympus, were you able to enjoy a war in the safety and comfort of your living-room?*"

Here You, or translate I, are in conscious memory that is not mine or yours, without time.

Carien McGuin

### **The Girl who saw beyond the Stars**

I caught the night boat and arrived early next morning in Dover and then by train to London, very tired from the long journey, dry mouthed and weary. My head was throbbing. The three days now that I had lived in my clothes had made them moist and clinging, yet I was very excited. I felt that some great event was drawing close to me.

I was so tired that after I left the station I found a small hotel. After a bath, I dressed into clean clothes and I lay on the top of the bed again for a moment, fully clothed but I fell asleep. I think that I would have slept all day but at two o' clock in the afternoon, the hotel porter woke me up and said "It' s two o' clock, Sir" in a voice that at once seemed to suggest that I'd asked to be awakened at that time.

I accepted from him a cup of tea and showing no surprise, I got up and wandered out of the hotel and down the street. I knew that this was the most important mission in my life, and yet I did not know where to go. This might seem odd, but then the inner promptings which sometimes compel me to do things are so soft, so gentle, as to be often almost indiscernible. They reach me, I think, through my subconscious mind and once I feel that the prompting is genuine and that I am in other hands and being directed, then I obey that prompting, no matter what it costs.

I wandered, at first, a little aimlessly further down the street, but desperately seeking guidance. This was not long in forthcoming. As I was about to pass the entrance to a tube station, I had a sudden desire to turn back and enter in. I did so. For a long time, I stood looking at the names of destinations on the ticket machine. Passers-by gave me a curious side-long glance or two. Then all at once, I felt prompted to go to Hampstead Heath.

I put my finger on the word 'Hampstead' where the name appeared, and it felt right. I then purchased a ticket and descended to the platform to take a train. At the first stop, the doors opened and a young engaging couple got in and sat down opposite me. They were laughing and joking together. That is the only thing that I remember about the journey.

I got out at Hampstead, itself, and taking the long slow lift to street level, I finally emerged from the exit into the welcome fresh air of High Street, Hampstead Heath.

I started walking up the well remembered road to Jack Straw' s Castle. When I got to the top and the ' White Stone Pond' , I felt lost again. I waited there a while, seeking further guidance. Suddenly I thought of the 'Vale of Health' and I started walking down across the grass, to this little cluster of a few houses, which had somehow escaped the 'great plague' and was still to be found nestling on the Heath. There is a small lake nearby. The afternoon sun shone or the children paddling and sprat fishing but I passed them by and crossed over the brow of a green hill. Very soon I came to a tree. This was a tree where long ago, as a boy of ten, I had carved my initials. I had often been back there since. I felt prompted to sit down on the grass at the foot of the tree and to await further events.

With a growing impatience, I waited. My heart was beating with excitement but nothing happened. Absolutely nothing happened. I began to be filled with doubt and sadness. Suddenly I heard the rustle of leaves behind me and I turned eagerly towards the sound. An old man in a blue shiny suit passed by. A small white dog trotted at his heels. He meant absolutely nothing to me.

For about ten more minutes nothing happened, and I felt that I could have wept, but then the sun which had been hiding behind a cloud, cast its light upon the Heath. and I suddenly stood up once again and trusting myself anew to that strange guiding principle. I set off with fresh hope down the hill where I saw a clump of bushes. I knew that these concealed a stream. I took the path between them, which led to a little bridge. As I came to the bridge two people were standing at the parapet, looking at the stream flowing past below. One of them was a man I knew slightly, although I had not encountered him for many years. He was an actor, rather a vain man, of great brilliance, but whom I had never liked particularly or trusted. He greeted me politely enough but I sensed that he resented my intrusion. The other was a very attractive girl whose long black locks tumbled over her shoulders. She was looking at me with great interest and I looked at her with something of a great shock.

My heart stopped. She was very beautiful. I would never have wanted a single thing changed about her or her mauve, flowered, off-the-shoulder, dress. I realized that for me the moment of truth was approaching. Whether my dreams were deceptive or whether my dreams were true. I would now know. I had to find all my courage to put the matter to the test, so much depended on it.

I turned to her "Were you waiting for me" I asked. There was a long moment of silence before she said "Yes". Lost in the wonder of her reply I was almost oblivious to everything else for a while. However, in a moment or two, we both became aware of her companion, and of his thunderstruck face. I took her by the arm and we turned to move on. He moved to detain her.

"Please let me go". she said to him. He drew back. So we left him staring after us in stupid amazement. When I last saw him, he was twisting his arm on the parapet of the bridge. He had locked his fingers together and was looking after us in a hesitating and indecisive flashion. For a little while I walked with her over the Heath

arm-in-arm, saying nothing. As I walked, I was deeply conscious of her presence beside me and yet also intensely aware of the world about us.

People, dogs, and prams passed us, along the path we were walking on. A bench now stood beside the side walk ahead of us, and a nursemaid sat there in her white nannie's uniform. A small child stood by her sucking her thumb and surveying the passing scene. A terrier carrying a walking stick in its teeth, as vain as the face of any human being could be, trotted past us ahead of its master. I saw the wide wondrous eye of the child and the suspicious black eye of the dog meet for an instant as the child reached out an eager hand to grasp the stick.

The dog, gave a warning growl and the nurse-maid leapt up and swept the child away. I think that was when the next words were spoken between us. I said "The child is crying now. I have just seen the nurse shatter her little world". "Yes, I saw that" she said and we fell silent. again. Suddenly she turned to me and said "Was it very terrible when you were young and at school?"

"Well, not terrible" I said "although I was always accused of living in a world of my own, and day-dreaming. I used to like reading poetry and prose instead of playing cricket or other sports, so naturally the fellows thought I was stupid, but the thing that no one ever understood, but I think you will understand is that I had difficulty in accepting the world of every day things as real. I always sensed that there was some greater reality than the world about me. I had trouble adjusting myself to the every day world. I was clumsy and would trip over things and frequently drop things. What troubled me is that the table and chairs all seemed so real and I was even barking my shins on them at times, yet doubting their reality. The war changed all that when I became a gunner, and I was forced to come down to earth and take part in all that terrible fighting.

"I've sometimes had it happen to me" I continued "that suddenly all these things, tables chairs and the tapestry of the world, and their seeming reality, could suddenly swing away from me as if painted on the door of a vault which opens. They swing away from the curve of my eye and I enter the real world which is ever the same and I am completely transformed by the beauty of it. Then suddenly the door of the vault shuts again, and although I come back luminous with wonder, I no longer know the truth that I have just realised."

"However, I know now that I am of this world, and it has a certain reality for us while we live in it, but it is still not as real as people think. "

"How I know what you mean.", the girl said. "Once, when I was at school, I went out into the garden at night and I stood and looked up at the stars and suddenly I saw beyond the stars. I was no longer a separate being but a part of all there is, lost in a world of wonder and love. I now always think, of that other world as the 'World Beyond the Stars' . I also became obsessed with the unreality of the earth after I came back from that trip, and I was truly in love with that other world which had replaced this world of ' the seeming' was so glorious.

"They too, thought that I was strange at school, and I was unhappy there as if I didn't quite belong. I would dream and be accused of living in a world of my own, just as you were. I remember thinking 'Where has the World gone that was here five minutes ago?' Then I would say to myself 'Where is the world that is yet to come in five minutes time?' and in the compass of that ten minutes, 'where is the real world?' Obviously. as fast as I can think of it, it has gone! Once, I dropped sixpence on the floor and I thought "Where has the world gone that was there when I dropped sixpence, and where is the world which will be, when I stoop to pick it up again?"

Then in a soft voice she quoted me a poem which I had not known before,

Into the Silent Land  
Ah! Who shall lead us thither?  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither.O thither,  
Into the Silent Land!

"But why" she continued " are we never awake in both worlds at once? Why do we have to live in this world and when we are in that other world and come back to this, why are we cut off again and know nothing of that other world except the impression that it leaves, of matchless wonder, beauty and abiding love. Is it this same world transformed or is it a quite different world? I remember each time that it happens to me, how my personal life has ebbed away, and then it flows back afterwards. That is how it was the night that I first saw beyond the stars and has been so, ever since."

“We’ll be able to dream the long hours away” I said “talking to each other and seeking to find the world invisible and I will be happy because no one has ever been able to look before with me or even tried to look”. “I know” she said “but things will be different now. You will never be a lonely person again!”

Does that mean that you really were waiting for me and that you might be able to love me?” I asked “but what about the man on the bridge?”

“That is all over!” she said “That was to be our last meeting. I chose the place. Suddenly, it had to be the Heath. I wanted to wait by the tall tree. He wouldn’t let me. I made him wait so long at the bridge. I felt you were very close, but I didn’t know for sure. You are the one I was waiting for.”

“Are you free” I asked anxiously. “I am an artist” she said “and as free as the wind. You are the man of my painting who had to create himself. If ‘they’ brought us together, then I trust that. You are the one for whom long ago I wrote a poem asking you to appear to me and only yesterday a second poem asking for your forgiveness. I cannot ever leave you now for all that I longed for has come about.”

“Never, never, will I want you to” I said “I would be heart-broken if you did.”

We walked on for a while and started to descend towards Kenwood. “But the poems and the painting” I said “You are talking in riddles”. Suddenly, we stopped walking and sat down on a little grassy knoll. She was silent a while. Then she spoke in verse. Indeed, it was with her verses that she revealed so much of herself:

Out of my dreaming  
I have tried to create you.  
See! On this my canvas  
How the calm sea  
Gently laps this Aeolean Island  
Here long ago,  
Dear Sappho used to wander with her harp  
Those who loved her, following after her.

I have not painted Sappho or her throng.  
See! I have painted a grove of trees,  
And that is myself standing upon the steep green cliffs.  
I think I have painted myself quite well  
I have started to paint your arm about my shoulder.  
Just the first brush stroke or two  
But you,  
You,  
I cannot paint  
You must create yourself  
See! I have painted a little speck high in the Aegean Heaven.

That is a Sea-Eagle.  
Come to me as swiftly  
as the Sea-Eagle  
Shall plunge into the Ocean.

I was so moved that I begged her to repeat the poem and she did so three times. “That was the poem that I wrote long ago but the poem that I wrote yesterday, when I felt desperate is this:”

Why, if I’ve longed for you so much  
Have I lain in the arms of another man?  
Why, when he made love to me, have I permitted that?  
This is a question that you might ask of me  
If upon this earth, and apart from the invisible world, we shall ever meet.

“It is a question I will never ask of you” I said “Indeed! Who am I to ask?”

We had almost forgotten the world outside ourselves. The Sun had gone. The air suddenly became oppressive. Great spots of rain started to fall. We got up quickly. There was a flash of fork lightning and simultaneously the firmament rocked with thunder. The rain started down in a deluge. Everywhere people were

running to seek shelter. “We are of this Earth! Let us run too” I said. We grasped hands. The rain blinded our faces. There was more lightning and thunder, but exaltation was in our hearts and we laughed as we ran through the rain.

“Where too?” I shouted to her suddenly above the storm. “To wherever *they* shall direct us!” she shouted back.

“I will always come with you” I answered. We were laughing with happiness and wonder. Already I knew we were on our way, when I heard her singing above the rain and this is what I heard her sing:

“Wait not to find your slippers  
But come with naked feet  
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass  
And waters wide and deep.”

Jack Geddes

(*Author's note.* I am sorry but I lost them in the thunderstorm into which they ran so joyously long years ago, but they took a great truth with them, for there is a reality which can be experienced; greater than the physical world that lies about us. There is a love which is boundless which we can find and, *of course*, there are ‘Directed Ones’. The Greek writer Plutarch, writing nineteen centuries ago an essay ‘Concerning the Daemon of Socrates’ (who was such a person as he told his judges at his trial) wondered why this was so. He thought perhaps that just as you would reach out first to those who were nearest the shore, if you saw men drowning, the Gods reach out to those who have struggled the nearest to them. *Jack*)

### **Melbourne Dialogue from Gary Hipworth**

It was not strictly a dialogue meeting...we relaxed the rules to find out what people really wanted... it was unanimous that dialogue is but one process within an unlimited number of possibilities and that there were too many rules that restricted freedom to explore new horizons. It was agreed that ‘self-discovery’ was a more apt name for future meetings. Everyone is welcome. Donation \$1 per person to venue.

Gary Hipworth

### **The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth**

I thought this extract from the book “Ask the Awakened” by Wei Wu Wei is very interesting given the events of September 11 and the search for EVIL that is going on in the world at the present time.

Gary Hipworth

*“Philosophers, theologians, moralists, sociologists – anyone who spends his time considering the troubles of mankind, their wrongs, griefs, miseries, conflicts, ambitions, personal and general – have analysed these things and attributed them to almost everything from Satan to Heredity. Literature is largely composed of the problems arising from this search for the cause of what is called “Evil”.*

*But you have only to sit back and think for a few moments in order to perceive that what is called “Evil” has only one cause, a most obvious one, that is neither Satan nor Heredity nor anything in between. It is the I-concept, the notion of an individuality, of a separate self.*

*Take that away, and nothing deriving from it can remain – for all derive from pride, greed, envy, desire, ambition etc., all of which are manifestations of egoism or what is commonly called self-ishness.*

*Were every human being suddenly to lose that notion – which we know to be unfounded and quite unreal – all these evils, indeed all “evil” would automatically cease to exist.*

*That is theoretical: we know of no means of bringing that about, and it would be the famous millennium. Only an infinitesimal minority of “individuals” have succeeded in realising that they are not such. But is there any reason why the upbringing and normal education of every child should not be directed, indeed consecrated to that end.*

*Such a process would not produce a millennium created by self-less man and women? No, it would not, but in whatever degree it succeeded in weakening the notion of “self”, the preoccupation with “self”, to just that degree would life on Earth come to resemble the kingdom of Heaven.”*

Wei Wu Wei

*(Editor's note: According to the WWW website 'Wei Wu Wei was an Irish aristocrat and scholar who wandered the Himalayas, finally finding what he sought. While not well known, he inspired such as Ramesh Balsekar, Galen Sharp and many others.' Here Is another quote, this one from the Wei Wu Wei website and very relevant to our recent discussions in these pages. See <http://www.weiwuwei.8k.com/index.html> and for a photo of Wei Wu Wei and Douglas Harding together in 1962 see <http://www.weiwuwei.8k.com/weiwuwei2.jpg> . They don't explain why he adopted the name Wei Wu Wei and suppressed his true identity. Presumably, because, in those days, nobody would take an Irishman's word on such matters any more than they would an Englishman's, witness Douglas Harding's years in the wilderness. Here's the quote:*

*Please be so good as to believe that there is nothing whatever mysterious about this matter. If it were easy, should we not all be Buddhas? No doubt, but the apparent difficulty is due to our conditioning. The apparent mystery, on the other hand, is just obnubilation, an inability to perceive the obvious owing to a conditioned reflex which causes us persistently to look in the wrong direction!')*

*Wei Wu Wei (1964)*

**The Ah! ... If Only; of Immortality.**

When I was young,  
In anticipation, I advanced  
And became involved in the things that young people do.  
I looked young, and all was well.

When I was middle aged,  
In anticipation, I advanced  
And became involved in the things that the middle aged do.  
I looked middle aged, and all was well.

When I was old,  
In anticipation, I retired  
And became a senior citizen.  
I really didn' t **k**ow what to do  
I looked old, and all was not well.

Ah! ... if only  
I had been a junior citizen  
And advanced only, in a retiring sort of way  
To be a middle aged citizen  
And advanced only, in a retiring sort of way  
To be a senior citizen  
Then surely, I would have known,  
What to do, And all would have been well.  
(I think.)

*David Allan*

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

I would like to meet people with whom to socialise and to explore the question, "Who am I?"

I particularly want to discuss that question in the light of the teachings of Francis Lucille, although I am open to other approaches also, so long as they don't include New Age hocus pocus.

I have had some glimpses of the answer to that question, but possibly what was revealed was incomplete, for now the answers are just abstract, theoretical formulations, not living truth.

If you would like to join me, please phone at (02)93314231, or email at [nomistake@ozemail.com.au](mailto:nomistake@ozemail.com.au).

Warwick Wakefield

**Meetings Sydney -**

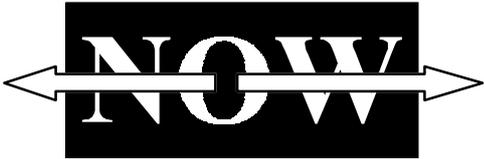
Dr Alex Reichel (02) 9310 4504 – 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Tuesdays Academy of the Word Seminar Programme – Under St Peter's Church, Devonshire St., Surry Hills.

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

**Blavatsky Lodge of The Theosophical Society**

Level 2, 484 Kent St., Sydney (near Town Hall Station) Talks Programme

Every Wednesday at 2.30pm and 7pm – Printed programme available 02 9267 6955 and  
at.....<http://qmtech.com/blavatsky/index.html>



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

<b>DIALOGUE MEETINGS</b>				
<b>LOCATION</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>MEETING PLACE</b>	<b>TIME &amp; CONTACT</b>	<b>Phone Nos.</b>
Melbourne	Sat 23 March	St Stephens Anglican Church Church St., Richmond	11.45 am Gary Hipworth	0352 581119
Sydney 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 Riche du Plessis	4423 4774
Nowra	Third Sunday	3/117 Berry Street Nowra	10.30 am Riche du Plessis	4423 4774

