

Issue 96 –March 2004

Meetings (10.30am - 3rd Sunday of every month)

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Next Meeting – 21 March 2004

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www.capacitie.org

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Editor's Note

The big delay between issues was due to copyright problems I had with two of the articles I was hoping to use in the January issue. Thanks to all contributors - keep them coming. The *Capacitie* website reached its capacity and has now moved to a more spacious address at www.capacitie.org. In view of the increasing interest level I've decided to set a six-month programme of LookforYourself workshops. The menu is on page 12 of this issue and includes two sessions which will be led by friends who attended the Sydney weekend workshop with Douglas in 1991, Chris McLean and Bob Hughes. Bob has just finished work on a very interesting new website at <http://www.wellspringconnection.net/>

The 9.15 to Nirvana is nearing publication. Anyone wishing to receive direct notification, as soon as final details of availability are known, please let me know by emailing, phoning or writing and I will add your name to the list I am preparing for Ann & John.

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 \$15 per annum, Email – Free

All talk, all conversation, all communication,
 in its essence,
 is a cry (in words and gestures)
 for love.

Ingram Smith

Letter from Shane Keher

Dear Alan, Thanks again for making these wonderful Newsletters available. Not only do I enjoy them, and receive confirmation of my own seeing, together with seeing It from other perspectives, but they stop the mind getting into a fixed "formula".

Re Warwick's two contributions - I think that if there's a rejection of the re-appearance of apparent suffering, and the egoic patterns that go with it - then, well, that's about the best formula there is for perpetuating the "problem". Also, if there's judgement of someone else's current experience of lostness, despair, self pity or whatever as "adolescent" (even if there's some psychological truth in the observation) - then, again, there's perpetuation of suffering and the judge's perspective is, by judging, merely a recreation of separative mental tendencies - just arrogance of the verbal mind.

Rather than the inherent dualism of indulging a tendency or adopting a "martial arts" stance AGAINST the tendency - how about BEING THE TENDENCY COMPLETELY? Example: lets say an egoic me is having a very bad day of "adolescent self pity". There's probably a lot of self criticism involved in it already (so I don't know why it's helpful for someone else to point the finger as well.....). If I let myself "fall into" the very centre of the self pity, without the intention of making it go away, feeling it completely (which may involve accepting the resistance to feeling it completely)..... something which is quite odd, from the mind's perspective, "mysteriously" happens. The supposed state of self pity simply cannot be sustained - it needs the FUEL of further mental involvement for sustenance, eg: "I wish I was enlightened like Fred.....geez I'm still stuck in this garbage.....I'm such a mess....". What I notice is that the emotion, entanglement or state automatically transforms if somehow there's the willingness to directly experience it.

Staying with the example of self pity - if directly experienced it may change into an experience of old grief, which may then open into lostness, which may then open into.....THIS - no subject, no object, just Here..... radiant fullness of Spacious Awareness.

I suppose this is an "application" of Ramana's injunction to "Be Still". In being still IN THE MIDST OF whatever state, or putting it another way, being still AS self pity, anger etc - the state MUST "self liberate". I think that's what happened to Ramana when, at age 16, he lay down and surrendered completely to the fear of death.... and woke up. In the lingo of Dzogchen - everything self liberates when directly experienced.

Perhaps one can be Awake and be pretty screwed up simultaneously!! On the other hand, re what Warwick was saying..... different things work for different people. I've just found that when I stop FIGHTING the re-appearance of various tendencies, it is then they "disappear". It's only when I create a subject-object relationship with a phenomenon through INVOLVEMENT (indulgence or rejection) that the phenomenon has apparent "reality".

By the way, I really loved Margot's "in the moment" - delightfully evocative of the wondrousness of what is right in front of us - Happy new year.

Shane Keher

Letter - Attainment of Truth from Gerald Reardon

In the Newsletter, issue 95, an article titled "Response to Gary from Warwick Wakefield", Mr Wakefield makes, I believe, erroneous opinions in regard to Krishnamurti.

In Holland 1927 Krishnamurti made the following statements during one of his talks.

"The attainment of truth consists in unfolding life and in giving to life the fullest possible scope for its expression. To me the only goal, the only world which is eternal, which is absolute, is the world of truth".

"To the minds of most people it seems necessary to have an intermediary, an interpreter of the truth. And I want to show that such a mediator must of necessity step down the truth and that a mediator is unnecessary to life.

By a mediator I mean a Guru – that a Guru, in its narrowest sense of the word is unnecessary, and that in order to have a criterion by which to judge our feelings and our thoughts it is easier, I hold, to use the goal itself as the mediator, as the ultimate Guru, and not another, either a person or an ideal, which would help momentarily. Because I hold that the person who helps momentarily is stepping down the truth, and that the danger of that stepping down of the truth is the betrayal of the goal, of the ultimate. If each one, therefore, fixes his own goal, which is the goal of the world, and is hence thereby creating order, that will act as the Guru, as the mediator, as a necessary requirement in helping each one to go towards the goal”.

My understanding is, Krishnamurti did not falter from these statements during the following fifty nine years of his life.

Gerald Reardon.

Untitled from Carien McGuin

Always hated to be told what to do
Yet I keep telling people a detailed how to;
Me, my control not to see,
Couched in words differently
To manipulate from victim mode too.

The victim is trying to net the instant caught,
The controller is trying to recreate perception fraught
With the idea born in fear
That Love is the need to endear.....
To confirm all the while "I am here".

Control is the yang of the victim-yin pair
And neither is there without the other to share;
Where then is this need for both hope and despair
To fracture the real world of Love always there?

Living in fear, it's Life one does not see,
Need becomes greed, to stamp Life in the seed,
Or contort it to Man's idea of a feed
Until distracted, the Life rampages in weed
In balancing the fallacy of both need and of greed.

Love is a word, a no thing of felt thought,
A trade-off of opposites to unite in the bought;
Or is it the feeling of home in the union,
Of Being with Being in instant Communion?

Carien McGuin

Lifetime

of hesitant approaches

you want to engage with me
do you see yourself
investing energy elsewhere
in THE MORE REAL
or so you contrive

I'll be here or there,
watching perhaps,
attention fragmenting to a degree
beyond contrivance of thought and system
krishnamurti-like lies an impossible question
that
which would strike one anew.

Andrew Hilton

Sometimes the Zen Ancestors Take Unexpected Forms – from Thomas Petruso

I was absorbed in reading all about how a thousand years ago Old Man Huangbo used to answer students' attempts to grasp in language the nature of What Is by knocking them upside the head, when suddenly a red-orange-yellow-green-blue-indigo parrot landed on my arm, plucked up my bookmark, threw it on the floor and bit my thumb.

Thomas Petruso

The Centre for Postsecular Studies from Alex Reichel

Dear Friends, I thought you might like to know that at London Metropolitan University Dr. Mike King has set up The Centre for Postsecular Studies with power to take Ph.D students. For many years in England and in USA there have been groups working away to bring the secular mindset to an end: groups like The Scientific and Medical Network to which yours truly has contributed. I thought this would be a good occasion to print out for you the "motherhood statement" of The Academy of the Word to show that, in our own limited way we have made a contribution to what promises to be a new vision for the world. I include also our programme for Epiphany Semester, 2004.

The Academy of the Word.

Are you fed up with the parlour games that pass for scholarship in this sterile secular world? Do you hunger for real perennial wisdom rather than the pap served up by the Kingdom of Nothingness and Meaninglessness? Are you aware that the Western world is showing everywhere the symptoms of death? Out of this chaos, the creative word is emerging. New visions of reality, new ways of knowing, in almost every field are appearing: in science, arts and humanities, medicine and health, education, economics, agriculture, environment and so on. Above all there is the emergence of new insights into spirituality, religious studies and creativity. It could be that you feel a sense of gratitude for the intelligence and love of learning you have been given, and that you know whom to thank for these things. You may have the ability to monitor the emerging Word. If this is the case, you may be interested in enrolling for a course at the Academy of the Word. You may be interested in personal growth and satisfaction through meditation and contemplation, study, learning and dialogue with like-minded friends. The Academy of the Word moves beyond the Current understanding of an educational Institution" which doles out meal tickets. We are Concerned centrally with the healing power of Truth.

Alex Reichel

Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some great thing? Traherne

(I have been going to Alex's meetings on and off for several years now and what he says above is nearly all true! We stumbled on Mike King independently and there is a link to his impressive website on Capacitie. I put it there because Mike has written some excellent essays including notes on Traherne and Harding amongst many other matters. I am interested in the possibility of matching Mike King's London project with a similar programme in Sydney and hope that is what Alex has in mind. Ed.)

Brains from Gerry Lee

Krishnamurti always said that the brain is different to the mind. In discussion with David Bohm it was said that "But if knowledge and thought are not adequate what is it that is actually required? This led in turn to the question of whether mind is limited by the brain of mankind, with all the knowledge that it has accumulated over the ages. This knowledge, which now conditions us deeply, has produced what is, in effect, an irrational and self-destructive program in which the brain seems to be helplessly caught up.

If mind is limited by such a state of the brain, then the future of humanity must be very grim indeed. Krishnamurti does not, however, regard these limitations as inevitable. Rather, he emphasizes that mind is essentially free of the distorting bias that is inherent in the conditioning of the brain, and that through insight arising in proper undirected attention without a centre, it can change the cells of the brain and remove the destructive conditioning.

The brain is the repository of all conditioning and is the home of thinking, thoughts, images gathered through millions of years of culture and existence.

When we are choicelessly aware and are acting with clear awareness we are out of the brain's conditioning and are in the mind. The brain can have no connection to the mind, but the mind can have a connection to the brain.

The question is where are we if there is no mind?

Is there a state of no mind? Or is the truth, the infinite, the great deep void, part of the mind? When I think about it I have this image of a limitless void in space (the mind) over this lower area containing the brain and all its contents. Had a vision of this vast space, dark, limitless, where thoughts and images floated by and I realised that they were in fact the universal thoughts and images of mankind.

Gerry Lee

Impossible means stupid! From Gary Hipworth

Thanks Warwick Wakefield (December Nowletter) for pointing out how pathetically pontificatingly desperately human I am. It is refreshingly honest and personal feedback which one rarely gets, because we have been conditioned to be sensitive to the other person's fragile ego. It also helps to prove my point that we are paradoxical creatures.

I dare say Warwick that you have done more searching for the holy grail than most people on this planet and yet you seem to be getting more pissed off and angry with every passing minute. Were you hoping that I might be able to give you some answers but yet again you have discovered this 'new' emperor has no clothes? I think it would be better to direct your anger and brilliant way with words at existence. Existence is the problem and the miracle. There goes that paradox again. Let me be



clear about what I mean so get ready for some more pontificating!

As a child I sensed that the world was 'an open-air lunatic asylum'. I discovered what makes people act the way they do - that is behaving contradictory beings.



decided to devote my life to like stupid, self-interested, slavish

After many years of searching I came across J. Krishnamurti's teachings. In essence he said, find out for yourself what is the T. Another ten years went by and then I discovered that the T was a lovely big fat zero of an illusion. With this insight I went from normal 'stupid' to wise 'stupid'.

I blissed out on being nothing for a few years then wrote a book about it and tried to convince anyone who would listen that the solution to human stupidity and the path to causeless bliss was to realise the nature of the self.



Then I got bored. Death of loved ones also interrupted my bliss. I also noticed some strange contradictions in people who professed to be 'enlightened' (including myself). They had a shadow side. J. Krishnamurti tried to rationalise his all too human failings by telling us it was our problem, we were conditioned, he wasn't and that was that.

The other contradiction involves the physical body. If one is spruiking the line that the truth is that we are 'unborn' and therefore eternal it should come as a shock to find out when we wake up each day that the routine activity for an organism is "tearing others apart with teeth of all types-biting, grinding flesh, plant stalks, bones between molars, pushing the pulp greedily down the gullet with delight, incorporating its essence into one's own organisation, and then excreting with foul stench and gasses the residue." (Ernest Becker - The Denial of Death).



The denial of our physical body is probably *the* grand lie of them all. We cannot exist without a body. This is a fact that anyone can establish for himself or herself at any moment. So why have we been so ready to accept the gurus and their stupid solutions and their contradictory lives?

Don't they promise us a way out of what is an impossible situation? That is, they promise immortality, life after death, or permanent happiness or bliss in this life. I would have really appreciated the terrifying truth about the human condition from anyone at any time in my past fifty-six years. It did not happen. I can deal with the truth no matter how much it hurts, but I have a lot of trouble dealing with lies, denial and stupidity. Of course, each one of us comes into the world as a helpless creature and so our earliest conditioning is not of our own making. This means we are already living in denial and comforted by lovely fairy stories by the time we are five years old. For any individual to 'unstupidify' their own brain after such a dependent beginning is almost impossible.



After all, who wants to face the reality that humans are born into an impossible situation? Impossible means literally, 'not capable of existing or happening'. I quote Becker again. "This is the terror: to have emerged from nothing, to have a name, a consciousness of self, deep inner feelings, an excruciating inner yearning for life and self-expression-and with all this yet to die." I would also add, and to know in advance that one is mortal. This is the real problem. So what happens when life creates a living creature that is bursting with an 'inner yearning for life' but also knows that it is going to die? Put yourself in that situation right now. Not just intellectually. If you are really seeing that truth, you would become mortified and terrified about the brutal reality of life. You could not go about your daily life with equanimity.



However, you could learn to cope with being in an impossible double bind if you developed 'the vital lie of character' (Becker again) as a defence against your true helplessness. This basically means that you are neurotic but only to the degree that it is necessary. Society makes this personality business into a virtue by promoting a hero system that allows us to believe that we can transcend death by participating in something of lasting worth. Of course, deep down any thinking person can see this is a lovely myth, a fabrication. But we seem to need our myths if we are not to go mad. So our stupidity deepens with every new layer of myth that we add, including the myth that we are not our bodies and reality recedes a little bit more into the distance. Reality is too painful so we have jointly conspired to block it out with the 'sacred' curtain of culture.



Becker points out that every society has a hero system. The related problem is that one society's hero system is another society's poison. So we go to war to kill off the hero system that threatens to destroy our own myths of immortality.

This is when evil shows its face. In the 'sacred' name of our culture's hero system we go out and slaughter innocent people. Don't look to the devil.



Evil is of our own making. This is what is happening in Iraq. Bush, Howard and Blair (immortals in their own minds!) are following the hero system of their respective culture. It rewards them intrinsically and extrinsically for making us all feel a bit safer in a terrorist world. (Another illusion - actually thinking we are more secure).

What is Becker's solution? He has no miracle cure. He thinks the best we can hope for is to develop a moral equivalent of war, or 'non-destructive heroism'. He means that we should develop an objective hatred that does not have a human scapegoat but something impersonal such as poverty, disease, the degraded environment etc.



Then you have the Buddhist/ nonself approach, which is an attempt to lay the blame for our suffering squarely at the feet of the illusionary 'self', not the fear of death. The logic goes that our self-consciousness is a mental construction and so it can also be de-constructed. Get rid of desire, meditate day and night until the mediator wears him/ herself out and goes away and presto! No 'me'. No more suffering. No anything!

Wait! There is still something hanging around - the ageing, smelly, shrinking, decaying, mortal, miraculous body.

For me all these strategies are still trying to deny what is truly an impossible situation for a self-conscious mortal creature. If we want the truth surely we want the whole truth? The whole story of the human existence cannot eliminate either a mortal body or the miracle of a self-conscious being without some kind of denial of the 'other side'. One begets the other. More correctly one side is the other side. Two sides of one coin. Humans are flawed, miraculous beings. There is no way out of our condition without denying some crucial aspect of what makes us truly alive. Can we live with the whole truth? Gods (small g) with anuses? (Becker again).



Life plays with possibilities, not impossibilities. What is possible? No denial? Laugh at the absurdity of what life has created in you and me and every human being.



Laugh at the impossible creature trying to deny its very impossibility so that it can get through each day. Let self-pity happen without running away from it. Let anger happen without directing it at a scapegoat. Love life more than any belief, or any guru or hero figure. Love the body that has given you and me a taste of existence, no matter how short. Follow your inner creative voice no matter where it might lead you as this is the best known way for channelling the anxiety that comes with the dread of knowing too much. For God's sake every one of us is in an impossible situation. That's the price nature has made us pay for our miraculous gift of self-consciousness. If none of this works for you at least I hope you have had a good laugh at my silly suggestions. Of course there is no way out! Thanks U. G. Krishnamurti.



Wait! Here's the knockout insight. When I see that every single human being who has ever been born is/was a mortal being just like me then I am liberated from any silly idea that some other mortal being has a way out of an impossible situation. I am free. I can now stand on my own two mortal feet without the need for any support from any other mortal being, living or dead. I can even laugh at my shadow side.

That's the end of the hero system that produces most of the evil in the world. That's the end of leaders and followers. That's the end of authority forever! That's real equality! My father (Len) was dying and a doctor was giving him some advice. Len turned to me and whispered in a conspiratorial manner "Even doctors die". That's laughing at death.



There is one indisputable fact that we can all see at any time if we are not in denial. We might be headless voids but headless voids are still mortal. Goodbye all death-denying beliefs including theism and atheism, the idea of a permanent self, soul or entity, and headlessness (Sorry Douglas Harding but there is still a mortal head and only a mortal head can perform the headless experiment or engage in dialogue). Goodbye security. Goodbye all religions. Goodbye leaders. Goodbye followers. Goodbye groups. Goodbye stupidity and neurosis. Goodbye seeking. Welcome messy, unpredictable, beautiful, impermanent, ugly, paradoxical, absurd, terrifyingly violent and creative and uniquely individual living.

Gary Hipworth

Please note: Pictures in this article were produced with acknowledgement to clip.art.com 'royalty-free' website.

(I am able to include my reply to Gary in this issue because of the hold-ups referred to in the Editor's note.)

Reply to Gary from Alan Mann

Dear Gary, A note in response to your two recent contributions *The Absurd Paradox* in Issue 94 and *Impossible means stupid!* in this issue. I confine myself to your dealings with death.

First you claim that the fear of death is shared by all right-thinking folk. This, in my view, is an unjustified assumption. I am not afraid of death let alone terrified out of my wits on an almost continuous basis, nor are many other readers of this publication.

You then go on to explain my lack of fear is a neurotic compensation for the inevitable ending of things. You claim I have achieved this fearlessness through denial of death by attachment to some belief system; some theory which offers the disembodied 'me' life after the death of my body. Not so, I have neither a fear of death nor a firm belief in personal survival after death.

The third assumption you make is that the underlying motivation of the various teachers you decry is their offer of a false hope of life after death. I see them quite differently. The sages I'm interested in are trying to awake me to a more comprehensive apprehension of life now as it unfolds rather than offering some future blessedness. Their aim, as I understand it, is to awaken me a level of being where our everyday life is lived 'more abundantly'.

What is it that dies? At both the cellular and species levels the body is in constant death and renewal. Why the identification with only the intermediate level of *this* body? I suppose it is because the body-mind is the dwelling place of the 'me', the caretaker who has promoted himself to landlord. Presumably, your fear arises from the fact that the organism defined as 'my body' comes to an end. Does the body actually have this fear or does fear arise with, or as part of, self-consciousness, the body-mind's sense of me-ness, which you told us you saw through some years ago. If the latter, it is clear that neurosis lies in the fear of the death of something, which is self-sustaining and arises and falls away (dies) on a daily if not hourly or minute by minute basis, anyway?

What happens when this body labeled Alan dies? One half-completed Newsletter and a pile of unfinished projects here at Greville Street plus some sadness amongst the immediate family and friends and a lot of cursing about where Alan could have filed one or two vital documents. Apart from these mini-ripples I imagine the world would go on as before, not missing a blink. Just one worn-out body and mind dropped out of the scheme of things.

Walking back across Circular Quay from a performance of Blithe Spirit last week with Margot and talking about all this and observing the passing parade with the Silver Gulls up to their usual greedy antics, I saw consciousness of this, the scene before us, would not change in the slightest if I dropped dead that minute. The 'surviving' awareness wouldn't be my awareness but, of course, it never was; that was just an inadequate 'description of convenience'.

In your book, you told of awakening one day to a sense of freedom; a realization of the absence of the 'me' which had, up to that time, tormented you and was the cause of much suffering. My copy of your book is on loan at the moment so I can't pinpoint the exact details. My own, very limited, experience of such breakthroughs is that they carry with them a deep conviction that what we normally think of as the important question of death is quite meaningless. It is not that we are assured that our death won't happen but we are shifted, by the wake-up experience, into an awareness which is totally free of the fear.

In *The Absurd Paradox* and in your book you tell us about moments, even extended periods of pure bliss, I am intrigued as to why these experiences didn't break the fear pattern. Presumably, the fear of death was not present at those times so, was the bliss 'state' illusory? Why didn't that insightful revelation deal with the fear? One of the characteristics of such experiences seems to be the elimination of death-dread – a result, I assume, of seeing through the false

identification with a 'me' as entity rather than process.

The only time I experience a momentary fear of death, and it hasn't occurred now for some time, is when awakening from deep sleep. My pet theory is about this is that it results from the ego, in the process of re-assembly for the day ahead, realizing its recent absence and projecting that absence as its future.

Alan Mann

(Coincidentally or synchronistically, depending upon where you stand on that one, the following message arrived on the Lookforyourself conference a few days ago. I grabbed it from the conference with Michael's permission because it captures my understanding, takes it a couple of steps further and expresses it more clearly. Ed)

Death from Michael Adamson

Hi Everyone, Thought I'd toss in my 2 cents worth regarding the subject of "Dark Night of the Soul" or undergoing "death."

It seems to me that if a "wave" – which is not a noun, (i.e., "thing" or "object" but instead is a "process" or "activity") – thinks/believes/assumes it is separate from the water upon which it is (but in fact isn't), then going through the "death process" is inevitable...as long as that point of view or identification continues.

However, if and when the "wave" realizes it IS water, then the attachment to and identification with the "form" (i.e., the waving) instantly dissolves thereby rendering the "need" to go through the death process obsolete and non-threatening...even laughable.

In other words, when "Being" identifies itself with a "thing" (i.e., a perception or an appearance within awareness), then the name of the game becomes "survival." And along with that invariably comes the accompanying feelings of limitation, lack, fear, separation, incompleteness, inadequacy, insecurity, etc followed by all the various (and futile...as well unnecessary) attempts to overcome, eliminate, deny, suppress, transcend, etc these (self-induced) experiences. In other words, the intention – driven and directed by habit and fear – is to keep on surviving as "form" (i.e., an object or thing)...especially in and as a desirable one.

However, "form" – as I believe we all inherently know from direct experience – is never permanent since change ("dying") takes place from moment to moment. Furthermore, there is no "independently existing 'it' or 'thing'" that undergoes, or could possibly undergo, this changing or dying, or that these processes occur to or is a "victim" of.

The change that takes place is modifications only of the no-thing or formless energy forming and unforming. No birthing, no deathing happens except as "formings" and "dissolution of formings" in and AS successive moments of now. "That" within which, and as permutations of which, these formings/expressions appear is what could be called or referred to as "LIFE." Life, then, is the Source Condition within which birthing and deathing take place as processes or expressions.

Waves are said to be "born" and "die," but the water that makes up these wavings and IS these wavings, isn't born and doesn't (can't) die. Death isn't possible. Likewise, our True Nature or Original Condition (what we're always already ever presently looking out of) is subject to neither being born or dying.

Michael Adamson

From Margaret Armstrong

This hour, a gulp in the long throat of the past,
Swallows what once was future, but soon spent;
This hour is a touch of hands, an accident
Of instants meeting in unechoing vast.

From Essay on Memory by R.D. Fitzgerald

How do i really experience the world? From Chris Cheney

For around 30 years, most of my work has been solo with no speech, and i don't listen to the radio when i work either. When working with crew, there is usually not much in the way of inspiring conversation.

Many, many years no television. (A good thing in my opinion). It was a couple of years after this conference started, before i could get a computer. It went down once, couldn't get the restore disks with the right drivers, and was off line for six months. Some of it is probably catharsis, some of it is likely just getting my money's worth.

All told, i would rather read what others have to say, ('Threedrom, 'the bad solopsist' included), but it occurred to me to try to write how i view the world, as distinct from any off the cuff response to any other expression, or any view that i have studied, (although these certainly play a part in how i see it).

It strikes me that this is a sometimes overlooked benefit and most uncultlike aspect of Headless Tribesmanship. Gurus tend to talk about other Guru's 'mistakes' at times, but lookforyourself means just what it says.

The Sutra of Hak Un is very clear on this point. Which one is correct? Kwanseum Bosal is Kwanseum Bosal. Kwanseoom Bosal is Kwanseoom Bosal.

How do i really experience the world? This question must give rise to as many expressions as there are people. I remember the years from three to five, as a time of formation of my basic worldview. I had already forgotten the event where a decision was made to locate in my body rather than in the whole space. That decision was seen as necessary in order to learn to use my body effectively. After some experimenting back and forth, awareness took up more of a permanent residence in and around the body proper, and in a very short time, the former ability of attention to locate anywhere was forgotten.

At the same time, the world assumed a more stable, solid form of existence. Rather than a kaleidoscope, or a transforming liquid collage of shape, things acquired weight, relative size, color, and appearance. Objects became more distinct, their relative masses and other qualities perceived more specifically, object by object. The feelings from within my human body came to occupy a different area of awareness, than the feelings outside of it, or at its surface. One learns that cement is hard and heavy, that leaves are of various textures, and light in comparison to dirt, and that dead creatures are different than live ones.

Seeing the dead baby birds on the sidewalk after a storm, seeing a dead cat one day, with a reflective pan shaped eye hanging from the socket, seeing dead worms on the ground after a spring rain, one learns for the first time of death. And it is puzzling. Where did the bird go? Where did the cat go? Where did the worms go? Clearly, that is not a bird, nor a cat, not worms anymore. They are seen as dead, where they were before alive, and so, life and death appear.

And, (speaking of worms) with great cheerfulness one learns to sing;
 "Did you ever think when the hearse goes by,
 that you might be the next to die?
 They wrap you up in a big white sheet,
 and then they bury you six feet deep,
 All goes well for about a week
 and then your coffin springs a leak
 The worms crawl in the worms crawl out
 the worms play pinochle on your snout*
 your stomach turns a ghastly green the pus pours out like sour cream."
 (alternately, "they eat your guts and they spit 'em out") etc. etc.

So, then a lot of things happen, many different worlds may appear, in the always right here and now. And so it goes. The 'development of the superego' an extension of the first sense of 'right and wrong'. The sense that life must have a meaning, and that my life must have a purpose. I learn to identify with my name. A million likes and dislikes soon appear, and with them, thousands of (well meaning for the most part) human beings who are passionately convinced with all their might and main, that their perceptions, opinions, and conduct, should determine my own.

Many things happen, some of them may be thought of as 'miracles', those events where the Maya and the Mahamaya accord in some unusual way. The love that can be felt directly where another is felt as spirit alone. Where two hearts as one dwell in one empty space that feels even larger somehow, like infinity squared. Eventually, the whole deal may be seen as one big miracle, even the hard parts.

So what is it like lately? Well, i must confess, i don't perceive people as objects without consciousness, as a rule,

although that perception is available.

I don't even perceive cars as objects without consciousness, although that perception is also available. Nor do i perceive any of these as objects with consciousness in the sense of 'spooked up' creatures inhabited by consciousness, (except sometimes, when the hobgoblins want to dance). (Rarely, there is a bone weary old hobgoblin here as well, taking up occupancy in a distinct knob that has appeared like a minaret on an ancient castle. He is noticed, tickled, chucked under the chin, and summarily thrown into the moat, with the disappearance of the minaret, and doesn't seem to mind it much, even his yelps of protest seem rather cheerful.)

There seems to be some relationship with how others seem to perceive themselves that may have a bearing on how they are perceived here, but not always, and only to a degree. In fact, often, mostly, i don't think of them as objects, or even as self or others at all. More like the feeling and expression of a unique self that is projected around a light that appears in empty space, like the flames that rise in the air from a greater fire. The flames may have different colors, and some of them are white, or clear like space. Sometimes a flame may appear as dim, and the human body may appear more like a ghost at that moment.

What i perceive often is the esthetic interplay of color and form that makes up the world in motion. I may refer to that as light, but it is the light, that is, as it were, the first child of the clear light that is pointed to by an inpointing finger. Then, in another moment, light gives way to texture, to the sensations of matter, apparent densities and qualities, and a world appears where color remains, but it is more a place where metal is shiny, concrete is heavy, and snow is wet.

When Richard Lang came to New York recently, we took a walk by the Hudson River. We paused for a moment, and he took a picture of what turned out to be a crafty looking tramp, sort of reminded me of pictures of the Afghan "Freedom Fighters", or maybe it was the Taliban, i had seen in the newspapers, smiling and trying to look like nice guys for the camera. Im glad i don't look anything like that.*

While we were standing there, looking out at the river and talking, he mentioned 'the weight of all that water'. It was quite interesting, because a few months earlier, I had walked the river with another old friend who lives in Europe, whom i introduced to Headlessness only a few years ago. At the time, he professed not to get it, saying that, 'he only saw his finger' while doing the inpointing. However, a few years later, when i brought the subject up again, he said that Seeing 'was the only meditation that he knew', and in fact referred to it as 'his religion'.

Well, that friend and i had had the same conversation, about a mile down river. I had begun by telling him that sometimes i perceived water as light, and sometimes as water. As i had shifted perception back and forth, from the 'massive weight of all that water', to the ephemeral, gossamer 'water of light alone', he had stood next to me, and accurately called out the changes as they occurred here. "Light, heavy, light, heavy."

It did not seem remarkable at all, we were both quite matter of fact about it. I suppose that it is no different than what many people do in their daily communications, or in fact, how they are able to understand one another's speech at all, given all the possible interpretations that there are of speech.

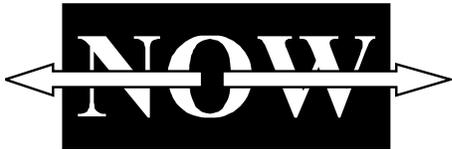
Well, probably sometime more may appear, but that's it for now. I remain blown away by the fact that whatever appears, appears and returns to the "One Pure Clear No Thing" that somehow gives birth to all of this. Love, Chris

Chris Cheney

*(Chris is referring to the camera's view, or the passers-by view of himself. Ed.)

Sydney Look for Yourself Meetings

Saturday 3 AprilDouglas Harding - Melbourne Talk - Video
 Saturday 1 May..... Chris McLean workshop
 Saturday 5 June.....Richard Lang interviews Douglas - Video 1
 Saturday 3 July.....Richard Lang interviews Douglas - Video 2
 Saturday 7 August.....Bob Hughes workshop
 Saturday 4 September..... Frequently asked questions - DEH Video and Dialogue



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

Regular Dialogue Meetings				
<i>LOCATION</i>	<i>DAY</i>	<i>MEETING PLACE</i>	<i>TIME & CONTACT</i>	Phone Nos.
Dialogue Sydney City	Third Saturday	Theosophical Society Level 2, 484 Kent St., City	2.30pm Terry O'Brien	02 9949 8379
Dialogue Chatswood	Third Sunday	81 Greville St. (off Fullers Rd) Chatswood	10.30 am Alan & Margot Mann	02 9419 7394
Dialogue	Fourth Sunday	New venue - To be advised	Terry O'Brien	02 9949 8379
Dialogue Nowra	First Saturday	The Tea Club, Berry Street, Opposite Roxy Cinema	4-6pm -Riche Riche du Plessis	4423 4774
Dialogue Nowra	Third Sunday	3/117 Berry Street Nowra	10.30 am Riche du Plessis	4423 4774