

DuVersity Newsletter No. 31



Thirty-one is the third Mersenne prime ($2^5 - 1$) as well as the fourth primorial prime [a number $p_n \pm 1$, where p_n is the product of the first n primes], and together with twenty-nine, another primorial prime, it comprises a twin prime. Pradjapati created the universe by articulating the odd numbers from 1 to 31, according to the Vajasaneya Samhita - white Yajur.

"From the union of Brahm, which contained the types of all things, with Maya, the principle of individualization, and under the influence of the three qualities, resulted the whole creation. But the universe existed at first in two original productions, which were, so to say, the two great germes of it; these were Mahabhouta, which is the condensation of all souls, all the subtle elements and Pradjapati, which is the condensation of all gross elements. From Pradjapati, combined with Mahabhouta, sprang all the genii, and the human race in particular. Pradjapati was thus the primitive man, who, dividing himself into two, produced man and woman."

This issue of our Newsletter includes contributions from an old 'graduate' of Coombe Springs, the original centre of John Bennett's work as well as extracts from Michael White's continuing explorations of meaning through his own writings and interviews. His forthcoming book *The Latch* draws on his insights into Ring Composition. Readers will find an interesting contrast between the Hawaiain 'healing prayer' and Knud Kuschke's analysis of communication. I am delighted to continue offering fiction, in this case by Steve Mitchell whose new collection of short stories *Meaning of Ghosts* was called by a critic "the finest collection of stories out there". The final piece is a mystery, dating from June 1998, discovered lurking in my archives and with no clue as to who 'Allan' was nor 'The Society for the Protection of Stupid People'. Provocative!

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NAKED AWARENESS

Michael White

This article consists of excerpts from three chapters from a forthcoming book to be titled, *The Latch*. The book consists of three chapters of prose and eight chapters of poetry which are written in the style now called "ring composition". Ring composition was the literary style used when literature made the transition from spoken word to written word and typically included an introduction, a midpoint called the turn and a final section called the latch. In my book there are three chapters written in prose with four chapters of poetry in the first half and four more in the last half such that the themes of these chapters relate "across the circle" to one another in a style known as parallelism. The first four chapters of poetry trace the evolution of consciousness that has ended with us in a rather desperate ecological, political and fiscal situation. The final four chapters of poetry propose an alternative perspective on this untenable mess. The prose sections provide a setting for this and draw out the conclusions that arise from it with the latch being the section that connects us back to the beginning, echoing T. S. Elliot's famous lines, "the end of all our exploring/will be to arrive where we started".

Awareness of oneness is the basis for identification of everything that appears via sense perception or imagination. To return to this is to return to the source. It is the light that brings things out of darkness, that allows them to have identity. It is the ground of meaning, cognition, sensation, emotion, memory and all the endless stream of thoughts and perceptions that arise in the mind as awareness finds itself in the world.

Naked awareness, allowing phenomena to arise in the stream of consciousness without clinging or attachment, is the return to basic nature. This watchfulness is the very essence of human consciousness without mediation or modification. This is the phenomenological ground of basic humanness. To gain this ground releases compassion as a natural reflex. This is compassion without limitation, unprejudiced, freed from limitations, embracing all, rejecting none. Once basic humanness is experienced it is naturally empathetic to all other humans without distinction.

Uncontrived awareness allows the free natural flow of whatever arises. Not holding self liberates. The fabrications of mental analysis fall apart and disappear like waves settling back into the great ocean. This uninhibited naked ease abandons all pretence. Then you can be joyful in any circumstance, nonjudgmental, beyond good or evil, tolerant in any company. The dynamic energy of this awareness cuts through to this intrinsic self clarity. It is unfabricated and free of elaboration so that the all pervading essence of human nature and of great nature itself shines through. This primordial purity dissolves phenomena into emptiness which like space itself has no birth and no cessation. Our own intrinsic nature is this self arising path to freedom. Mountain like, it creates an elevated perspective, ocean like, it has great equanimity, dance like, it flows spontaneously. To dwell in this unmoving equalness is to remain naturally in your own self-present primordial essence which is equal to nature itself.

The light of appreciative discrimination allows appearances to come forth out of wholeness. Relaxation into the natural unmodified state allows appearances to recede back into wholeness. Once you associate appearances with cognitive units of meaning, once you have a word attached conceptually to an appearance, it requires a special awareness to allow it to fall back into wholeness. To empty cognitive attachment from appearance creates the intrinsic awareness, free from conceptual elaboration, so that phenomena dissolve into basic space. This unwavering equanimity dwells without seeking in pure spontaneity

What lies beyond this penetralium of mystery? To sacrifice the self on the altar of emptiness cuts loose the reactive habituated, mechanical, conditioned prejudices and feeds a new identity that celebrates the imaginative process of the universal intelligence that takes us back to where we began. When the grand archetype of the ancients, the basic principle of

organization, was the circle, life on this earth was defined in relation to the perfect symmetry of the sun moving across the vast expanse of the sky, echoed by the great full moon following its trail, both moving within the circle of the horizon, within the cycle of the seasons, the wheel of the Milky Way overhead - its constellations revolving around the north star, racing along the ecliptic of the black face of the firmament with rotating, whirling, wheels within wheels. The ancient imagination was identified with the cycles of nature, and, consequently, products of their art embodied and reflected these principles. This was mirrored in the *oroborus* (the snake with its tail in its mouth), the yin yang, the *triskelion* and the *enso*, (the Zen master, brush in hand). The forces of nature were perceived to move in circular patterns and, if you identified with nature's course, your art and philosophy would likewise use the circle as the model of composition. Even now modern poetry works with the principle of analogy and metaphor which can be seen as archaic remnants of the principle of "As above so below" which still survives as a correspondence or parallelism between two levels of meaning in the structure of a work of art.

The flashbulb of mindfulness, lucid and alert, is the house of being. The ground of all being is a priori the ground of our being. Basic unfabricated awareness is as vast as the realm of space or the flow of time. The continuum of time space awareness has direct immediate responsiveness which generates expressive displays of spontaneous adornments. The play of the dynamic energy of phenomena proliferates and dissolves in the matrix of awareness. These apparitions take any form from representations of materiality, to imaginal fantasy, to dream, all clothed with cognition and draped with emotion. This stirring of thought and sensation arises as the basic responsiveness of awareness. The multiverse of appearances and potentials all transpire in the essential space of awareness. Appearances are vivid yet empty. This basic space of awareness is the point of view of "just as it is" without the processing of conceptual manipulation or judgment. From this place all that arises is perceived as ornaments on empty space. This world that is manifest in our awareness is, like all other perceptions, apparent yet inherently nonexistent.

The continual displays that parade across awareness have a magical quality of spontaneous presentation which are immediately qualified by a myriad of meanings that erupt in its wake. No effort is required, nothing need be done. Meanings arise and fall as naturally occurring emanations, equal to any other sensation, processed in this natural flow like leaves falling into the cool dank compost of the earth, with the smell of old rain, with the subtle scent of time itself, doing its work. Direct apprehension cuts through all sense of permanence to ride the flow of the stream of consciousness without holding, allowing each thing that arises to express itself without binding it to an abiding identity. Like old stone walls unplumbed by the weather, all things arise and decay, even these oracle bones, even the hardest granite, measured in geologic time yield to impermanence. Despite the best efforts of scientists, philosophers, theologians and cosmologists the universe remains a mystery, being the stochastic interplay of the vibrant energy of elemental particles, momentarily configured in our perceptions, constituting a string of inferences we heretically refer to as knowledge. Even our knowledge is but glorified ignorance.

Modernity has taken human life on this planet to the edge of extinction. Each eon introduces a new paradigm and the one we have now has humanity dominating nature and our worth measured by our possessions. Things are not what they seem, something is deadly wrong. It doesn't take extraordinary vision to see that human beings are not doing a good job with the earth, with our global relations among countries, between religions, or in fiscal affairs. If all people are one body the destruction of war is oxymoronic. The strife of war is but a parody of inner strife, which, when resolved, ignites fires of creative energy. These flames immolate the self, not on the battlefields of war, but to the creative clarity that overcomes attachment to personal opinions, to historical setting, to geographic place, to hopes and fears, to opinions and prejudices, to greed and possessiveness. All sacrificed on the altar of this art. The labyrinth of

the mind, strange, mysterious, titanic, is the stage that re-enacts the majestic contact with nature. This creates a sublime intimacy that is our innermost anthropic birthright. Herein is the fulfillment of life, not something found by faith or by searching, rather only by being. Like asking what is the meaning of a flower, what is the meaning of a butterfly, what is the meaning of a snake, simply that it is. This is the raw rapture of being, of being alive, of recognizing your own being.

Here follows an interview I did with Tibetan scholar Bellezza.

Tibetan Archaeology, Zhang Zhung and Pre-Buddhist Funerary Rites: An Interview with John Vincent Bellezza



John Vincent Bellezza's work documenting the pre-Buddhist history of Tibet has opened a window into the ancient traditions of Tibet. He has published seven major studies and numerous scholarly articles. His books, *Antiquities of Zhang Zhung* (2011), *Zhang Zhung: Foundations of Civilization in Tibet* (2008), *Spirit Mediums, Sacred Mountains and Related Bon Textual Traditions in Upper Tibet: Calling Down the Gods* (2005) and *Divine Dyads: Ancient Civilizations in Tibet* (1997) provide detailed archaeological, anthropological and ethnographic information along with textual and linguistic research that casts light on the prehistoric remains that he documents. His *Antiquities of Northern Tibet* (2001) and its companion *Antiquities of Upper Tibet* (2002) survey a great variety of archaeological sites on the high plateaus of Tibet. These books are richly illustrated with photographs of different types of ruins including megalithic remains and prehistoric rock art on the high plateaus between 14,000 and 18,000 feet. They provide detailed archaeological surveys of over five hundred pre-Buddhist sites

Before his work little was known about Zhang Zhung. As a result of his many field trips to document pre-Buddhist sites associated with Zhang Zhung, he has begun the process of establishing the extent of its boundaries, its chronology and its religious and political traditions. He has inventoried over 600 archaeological sites and over 100 rock art sites potentially associated with Zhang Zhung. The extreme altitude, mostly over 14,000 feet, has acted to preserve both the ruins of the ancient pre-Buddhist societies but also the tradition of the indigenous deities which still survives within both the Bon and Buddhist communities in these high mountain areas. He has conducted over twenty expeditions into Tibetan hinterlands since 1992 including one to six major islands which are only accessible during the winter when he hiked across frozen lakes to survey the extensive ancient remains on the islands. He has surveyed, photographed and documented numerous ancient residential sites including mountain-top fortresses, palaces and villages of semi-subterranean stone houses with corbelled stone roofs. He has documented hundreds of ancient cave sites, many with petroglyphs and pictograms on the walls. He has found thousands of megalithic remains including standing stones, stone circles and unusual rectangular arrays of standing stones some with associated edifices and many with hundreds or thousands of standing stones. A detailed inventory and analysis of these sites with photographs is now available through a website sponsored by the University of Virginia. This website is titled *Antiquities of Zhang Zhung* and can be found at www.thlib.org/bellezza.

John makes occasional trips to American and Europe to attend conferences and currently acts as a Senior Research Fellow at the Tibet Center, University of Virginia. This interview was conducted in January, 2011 near his family home in New Hope, PA.

JMW: Languages change over time, how difficult is it reading Classical Tibetan texts from the 9th century?

JVB: Because of the standardization in the imperial period with the great lexicons and the councils that were held, and the standardized translations going back in the 9th century we can read Classical Tibetan and can understand things written 1000 years ago. It's essentially the same language. It has not changed drastically. It has been closed off in many ways. There are things that go back as early as 9th century, particularly Buddhist matters, that were all part of the great codification of Buddhist literature in Tibet. That tradition continues until the present day. But when you get into Old Tibetan which is what the archaic ritual materials are written in, it is a whole other culture, non-Lamaist, non-Buddhist, call it what you will. It is a different language that's related closely to Classical Tibetan but it's a different language.

JMW: So is the language that you're dealing with in these manuscripts the language that the Tibetan kings hired the translators to produce? Was there a script before that?

JVB: That's the big question. The Bonpos say there was. I've found no physical evidence of it.

JMW: You cannot find a text.

JVB: Not just texts, there are no inscriptions, nothing on rocks. It isn't there and I've looked for years. So I've come to the conclusion it isn't there. As I have mentioned in my newsletters and other writings, the letter A may have been introduced earlier as a magical symbol. Tibetans may have known that A as the sound *ah* with all this mystical symbolism attached. But that isn't the same as an alphabet or a script.

JMW: So as far as you can tell there are no Zhang Zhung texts.

JVB: There are but they are written after the fact. They were written in the Zhang Zhung language using Tibetan script, but very few records remain. The key to translating the oldest texts is finding old analogous ritual texts written in Classical Tibetan, making it that much easier to decipher them. So once we figured out that much archaic stuff remains in Lamaist literature, then and only then did the stuff from the library at Tun-huang start making sense. In terms of understanding this material nobody can compare with Lopon Tenzin Namdak, the senior-most Bon scholar and expert on ancient Tibetan culture. He's clearly the foremost expert on ancient Tibet. He's a dyed-in-the-wool cleric, but his knowledge is amazing. If he would have turned his attention to the Tun-huang manuscripts, we would have had this stuff a lot sooner. But it doesn't seem to interest the Bonpo very much; it's not a part of their cultural universe. Actually it belies their historical claims about Shenrab living 18,000 years ago and his twelve life events. Not to say that Shenrab and other ancient priests didn't exist. These ancient archetypal funerary and curative priests may be based on individuals or based on clusters of individuals as often happens in ancient mythology. A cluster of individuals or an early tradition of practitioners gets anthropomorphized and boiled down into one set of legends. The Bonpo Shenrab myths may be emblematic of this. There is a theory that Guru Rinpoche is at least three different people. But where is the critique of him? Well, you're not going to get it from the doctrinaire scholars of the world, that's for sure because they are absolutely uncritical. That's my biggest argument with some scholarly work: once you become something, you have a vested interest to uphold it. That mindset is not to look at the historical weaknesses in Buddhist argumentation

JMW: The principles of historicity have not been applied to these things. I guess maybe it's generational. The first generation of American scholars studied with these lamas and they were obviously impressed.

JVB: Rightfully so, you just got to respect your teacher. Even if you have some reservations, you keep it to yourself. I believe more transparency in the long run would really help. It's going to change. When religion becomes a weaker force among Tibetans in Tibet, unfortunately. On the other hand, it will lead to a revisionism, to people who will want for the first time want to apply scientific methods to their beliefs. That seems to be what the Dalai Lama wants. He asks people

to apply methods of looking for truth. There are some truth seekers out there. If you are really and truly a truth seeker it isn't always pretty. It can mean some real bloody sacrifices in terms of who you are and what you are depending on and how far you want to take it. Most people just want the convenient truth. Most just want truths that validate their sense of reality and then there are those that really want truth but they want it in the armchair, they really want to be comfortable. And how many want to take a plunge for truth? About my work, I would just say it is important to keep focusing on materials, texts, places, people, concrete sources, empirical sources, to me that does a greater service in the long run.

JMW: Let's discuss some of your research into ancient pre-Buddhist funerary rituals. First, what's a star crossroads?

JVB: It's a direct translation from the Old Tibetan; they are celestial pathways. Where constellations are converging, perhaps. This would be a celestial route demarcated by the stars.

JMW: And were these the pathways of the dead to travel to the celestial land?

JVB: This is intriguing but no one knows. This funerary material is really early, as much as 1200 or 1300 years old.

JMW: Would there be a psychopomp, a deer or horse to guide you?

JVB: It would have to be. The pathway starts from the underworld and goes to the upper world then up the celestial world.

JMW: When you die are you more likely to go down, to go into the underworld?

JVB: Only if you die a violent or accidental death. So you need various sacrificial animals to pull you out. Just to get you back to square one.

JMW: So if you die a violent death, you are going the wrong way.

JVB: It is associated with demonic causes. Your soul's been hijacked by these demonic entities and they want to drag you down into their realm, the underworld.

JMW: What's the geography of the underworld?

JVB: It has nine layers according to the some Old Tibetan texts. There's a ladder between each that you have to use to pass through. You need professional help getting through all that.

JMW: What kind of help do you need; who's your helper?

JVB: You have priests of course; they would carry out rites to retrieve the soul and send it on its way to the ancestral paradise. And if you die a violent death, there is a whole battery of various rituals, chanting and whatnot. And all kinds of offerings need to be made such as arrows, cloth, food offerings, vessels, woods, various types of herbs, grain, many things, beer. Until you appease the demons, there's no sense in providing for the afterlife. First you need to retrieve the soul and this ritual is very complex. There are many different parts. A text I've translated for my forthcoming book is the explication of the ritual for women who die in childbirth. There are fifteen different origin stories and it progressively adds more and more until you get the whole picture pretty much by the end. It's an elaborate ritual clearly.

JMW: So how do you get the deities to work in your favor?

JVB: You need a receptacle, something to hold them, contain them.

JMW: Such as . . .?

JVB: Arrows or ritual constructions like miniature castles

JMW: Do they use mirrors?

JVB: There's a group of texts that mentions mirrors but it is used magically to apprehend visions and almost as a weapon to deflect attacks. But the mirror is really a standby ritual element. In Tibet practice you almost always find a mirror. At least in more recent times mirrors were used to attract or contain the consciousness of deities.

JMW: Would the priests wear the mirrors as an ornament?

JVB: Probably in more recent times, particularly the oracles. There are a lot of old mirrors that have been found. Some are in museums and some are in private collections. They were made of bronze and highly polished, and some of those were certainly made to be worn.

JMW: The ones I've seen didn't look like you could look in them and see an image. It wasn't reflective, it seemed ceremonial or ornamental.

JVB: They weren't for cosmetic purposes. But if they are highly polished, you do get some image. You get some reflection.

JMW: It seems like a lot of the same kinds of things were happening in curative rites that were happening in funerary rites. Is that valid?

JVB: In some places there was a strong resemblance as with the basic set of divinatory, prognosticatory and therapeutic rites.

JMW: Are there divinatory rites, what are they trying to divine?

JVB: They are trying to determine the cause of death.

JMW: And prognostic rites? What are they prognosticating?

JVB: The condition of the dead, primarily their current mental state and their best route out of the underworld.

JMW: Do each of these rites have ritual texts that you have to read and offerings that you have to make.

JVB: Especially for a funeral of a high status person. These kinds of funerals must have been very ambitious undertakings.

JMW: I'm sure you had to pay the priest to handle all this.

JVB: You would have to make some offering at a minimum.

JMW: You have documented numerous arrays of standing stones and some of these are associated with buildings. Have you been able to connect these rituals and rites to those locations? Is this where those things were taking place?

JVB: We need more archeological information.

JMW: Why were they standing up all those rocks?

JVB: They may be part of the original ensemble of reconditioning the soul so that it is in a fit state to enter the ancestral paradise. They are vessels for the soul in some cases and also somehow a launching pad. They bridge two realms of the vertical layers of the universe.

JMW: So they have their base in the ground and they are pointing up to the sky.

JVB; And the middle is in the world of humans; they are like bridging instruments. A big question is what precise relationship exists between the texts and the ancient standing stones. It is not entirely clear. That's very hard to prove at this juncture. In my research we need more textual evidence but there's not a lot out there.

Of what might a New Age Consist?

Richard Heath 23 June 20 1 2

John Bennett has been instrumental in changing "the rules" when it comes to facing how change must come from our will, which operates very differently to either our being or our functional skills. He also had a lot to say about the last 2000 years as having been and still

being rooted in the notion of the individual human as the bringer of significant change, summed up in a big word, the *Megalanthropic* epoch.

To achieve a change through human existence requires the achievement of some kind of freedom and the ancient Greeks appear to have found a freedom that enabled individuals to be heard so that it is possible now to recite the names of great Greek innovators, as if history became a cake and great human achievers the raisins. These days, ennoblement by the Nobel committee fixes all the strivings to achieve and the cult of celebrity appears like an empire that will last as long as the stories of which it consists.

The idea of a New Age was presented by Bennett as a Synergic epoch, one in which groups will take over from this individual action. Alongside, there has been a new age movement full of individualism and a great deal of recycling of perennial traditions and practices labelled transformational. Bennett himself set up a boot camp to prepare people for new age communities, but the problem or question is always as the title above, for the actual will is not a technique and in what way can will operate within groups in a new epoch rather than through individuals?

One clue comes through the arrival in the last five hundred years of the idea of experimentation, something dreaded by the Christian and Muslim clerics. To experiment with reality one has to be free of all of the factors that make reality a seamless cloak. The beginning has to be noticing that reality as existing within the mind and projected upon "reality", has interesting deviations that appear thought provoking. It is as if something real is present in the illusion called reality, a quickening or higher energy that would seek to be let loose to act but cannot without a human agency.

Another clue lies in the rate of transformation and this has been illustrated in studying the evolutionary history of life on earth. When oxygen levels had climbed far beyond today's, giantism ran riot and the tree like species used a very inefficient mechanism for cross pollination using the wind. These large plants would generate vast amounts of pollen and the higher they were, the farther they might achieve cross fertilisations. But the rate at which a single generation might be counted could be one hundred years.

Smaller plants by contrast started to be fertilised by beetles and then flying insects and their generations came down to the scale of a single year, these insect pollinated plants then growing into bushes and trees, of new formation.

The key appears to be that increasing the rate of transformation increased the rate of natural selection and that this came through experimentally doing the opposite of what the "big plants" are doing.

I had personally wondered why publishing my books was such hard work for such a little gain except in progressing my own ideas. In other words there were a lot of unsatisfactory aspects, ignoring financial ones, in that book writing was not creating a recognisable community of ideas, in my lifetime at least, and writing books was making me more isolated, in the sense of the megalanthropic age.

One key factor is our natural identification of ideas with the person who first had them, their precedence and their intellectual property. But then it occurred to me that it was the ideas that were real and although it took me to have them, they were getting off to a bad start by immediately becoming my property. In order to protect my property, ideas would have to be integrated into books and articles so as to become more substantial so that they could be protected from being used elsewhere without due deference to my good self.

Such protection turns the ten percent inspiration into the ninety percent perspiration. It is also an ego-building exercise and develops a fundamental neurosis regarding what you are doing and why. I believe this can be connected to the challenge of change preceding a synergic age.

The functional tools of synergy already surround us but how they are being used has to arise from the twin peaks of Being and Will and not Function. Will operates through Being because we do things but we largely cannot understand how we are doing things or why since purpose and understanding, with respect to something new like a "new age", are properties of will. Will can and does act, but human responsibility relies on human understanding.

I had to question how I was delivering ideas and saw that ideas are the stuff of synergy in that they are portable and can travel into the beyond without having any strings attached. Seeing in a sense my own death, and the death of others, there was a new idea that within the functional tools of the Internet and apparently inane use made of them to form virtual groups, there was a new experiment that could be made, to use my abilities to generate and disseminate ideas without saying how I should be valued for having them.

There was a further part to this experiment in that for some time I had worked with the model that if I could find "things that needed to come into existence" then I would attract the abilities to achieve those "things", indeed I would be part of these things or ideas but not then in the sense of intellectual property. In fact this could even be the illusive power of will.

So, with these thoughts in mind I decided to replace my books with web pages, still turning to higher production values, but making myself available for work, this time so as to open a stall where the produce is free. It has turned out that I needed to write books to rid myself of a chip on my shoulder whilst training myself to explore ancient number sciences and produce texts and diagrams efficiently. This has freed me from book production cycles but most importantly it has given me a real-time relationship with the discovery process and made me clear that those discoveries are passing into a synergic future which I will not need to control.

On one level this could be a recipe for an idiot whose attention seeking has now developed grand philosophical roots but rather I offer this communication in the spirit that everyone could use a more experimental approach to what they think they are doing and not imitate what all the big trees are already doing. To personally move into a new age requires a change in how we do things and why.

HO'OPONOPONO

A Growing Sign of the Changing Conditions of Work on Oneself - John Kirby



Dr Hew Len

Ho'oponopono, from Hawaii, is usually known as an ancient practice of reconciliation and forgiveness. Until recently it was expected to need an intercessor or priest to successfully practice it. This is changing in our generation and no priest, qualified healer or intercessor is needed in the practice of what is described in what follows. In some descriptions this practice, this work, is called 'prayer', Hawaiian Healing Prayer. I think it more accurate and helpful to address it as work. Indeed, Dr. Hew Len, the one to bring this to the world from Hawaii, far more often describes it as 'work on oneself'.

The higher intelligences in the last 50 or so years have increasingly moved closer and amongst us, Medjugorje for example. Becoming more aware of the higher forces moving closer to us we find also that there is a great potential difference growing in what is between us, between man and man.

Working on oneself in these new conditions is aided by greater understanding and new practices. It adds to our understanding and experiences of how the 4th Way can be embracing and progressing in these times.

The following passages are from a book by Joe Vitale entitled *Zero Limits: The Secret Hawaiian System for Wealth, Health, Peace, and More*.

Note: Dr Hew Len from Hawaii, the current bringer of Ho'oponopono to the rest of the world gives a wonderful interview available online at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OL972JihAmg>

HO'OPONOPONO

By Joe Vitale

Two years ago, I heard about a therapist in Hawaii who cured a complete ward of criminally insane patients--without ever seeing any of them. The psychologist would study an inmate's chart and then look within himself to see how he created that person's illness. As he improved himself, the patient improved.

When I first heard this story, I thought it was an urban legend. How could anyone heal anyone else by healing himself? How could even the best self-improvement master cure the criminally insane? It didn't make any sense. It wasn't logical, so I dismissed the story.

However, I heard it again a year later. I heard that the therapist had used a Hawaiian healing process called ho 'oponopono. I had never heard of it, yet I couldn't let it leave my mind. If the story was at all true, I had to know more. I had always understood 'total responsibility' to mean that I am responsible for what I think and do. Beyond that, it's out of my hands. I think that most people think of total responsibility that way. We're responsible for what we do, not what anyone else does--but that's wrong.

The Hawaiian therapist who healed those mentally ill people would teach me an advanced new perspective about total responsibility. His name is Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len. We probably spent an hour talking on our first phone call. I asked him to tell me the complete story of his work as a therapist.

He explained that he worked at Hawaii State Hospital for four years. That the ward where they kept the criminally insane was dangerous. Psychologists quit on a monthly basis. The staff called in sick a lot or simply quit. People would walk through that ward with their backs against the wall, afraid of being attacked by patients. It was not a pleasant place to live, work, or visit.

Dr. Len told me that he never saw the patients. He agreed to have an office and to review their files. While he looked at those files, he would work on himself. As he worked on himself, patients began to heal.

"After a few months, patients that had to be shackled were being allowed to walk freely," he told me. "Others who had to be heavily medicated were getting off their medications. And those who had no chance of ever being released were being freed." I was in awe. "Not only that," he went on, "but the staff began to enjoy coming to work. Absenteeism and turnover disappeared. We ended up with more staff than we needed because patients were being released, and all the staff was showing up to work. Today, that ward is closed."

This is where I had to ask the million dollar question: "What were you doing within yourself that caused those people to change?" He said "I was simply healing the part of me that created them." I didn't understand. Dr. Len explained that total responsibility for your life means that everything in your life - simply because it is in your life - is your responsibility. In a literal sense the entire world is your creation.

Whew. This is tough to swallow. Being responsible for what I say or do is one thing. Being responsible for what everyone in my life says or does is quite another. Yet, the truth is this: if you

take complete responsibility for your life, then everything you see, hear, taste, touch, or in any way experience is your responsibility because it is in your life. This means that terrorist activity, the president, the economy or anything you experience and don't like--is up for you to heal. They don't exist, in a manner of speaking, except as projections from inside you. The problem isn't with them, it's with you, and to change them, you have to change you.

I know this is tough to grasp, let alone accept or actually live. Blame is far easier than total responsibility, but as I spoke with Dr. Len, I began to realize that healing for him and in ho' opono pono means loving yourself. "If you want to improve your life, you have to heal your life. If you want to cure anyone, even a mentally ill criminal you do it by healing you." I asked Dr. Len how he went about healing himself. What was he doing, exactly, when he looked at those patients' files?

"I wrote their name and I just kept saying, 'I'm sorry' and 'I love you' over and over again," he explained. "That's it?"... "That's it." Turns out that loving yourself is the greatest way to improve yourself, and as you improve yourself, you improve your world. Let me give you a quick example of how this works: one day someone sent me an email that upset me. In the past I would have handled it by working on my emotional hot buttons or by trying to reason with the person who sent the nasty message.

This time, I decided to try Dr. Len's method. I kept silently saying, 'I'm sorry' and 'I love you,' I didn't say it to anyone in particular. I was simply evoking the spirit of love to heal within me what was creating the outer circumstance. Within an hour I got an e-mail from the same person. He apologized for his previous message. Keep in mind that I didn't take any outward action to get that apology. I didn't even write him back. Yet, by saying 'I love you,' I somehow healed within me what was creating him.

I later attended a ho 'oponopono workshop run by Dr. Len. He's now 70 years old, considered a grandfatherly shaman, and is somewhat reclusive. He praised my book, *The Attractor Factor*. He told me that as I improve myself, my book's vibration will raise, and everyone will feel it when they read it. In short, as I improve, my readers will improve.

"What about the books that are already sold and out there?" I asked. "They aren't out there," he explained, once again blowing my mind with his mystic wisdom. "They are still in you." In short, there is no out there. It would take a whole book to explain this advanced technique with the depth it deserves. Suffice it to say that whenever you want to improve anything in your life, there's only one place to look: inside you. When you look, do it with love.

THE CHOICE OF MEDICINE AS MY WORK AND MY EXPERIENCE OF "THE WORK" - Rachman Mitchell

The decision to become a doctor came after about five years of asking myself what I was going to do with my life.

Initially the main impulse that I considered real in myself was the desire to see the world. As my main interest at school was history I sat the entrance exam for Worcester College Oxford to read history in order to get into the Foreign Service, and was accepted. There was still a year of school to go and I did not consider myself scholarship material so I applied for a student exchange with a school in the US



Coombe Springs - Main House

sponsored by the English Speaking Union and was accepted.

This was a year in my life in which a huge opening up in myself occurred. I met many interesting people, one of whom was the doctor to Gurdjieff, the founder of the Work. It was after my meeting with him that I decided that if it were possible I would try and get into medical school. By "chance" the daughter of Kenneth Walker, an eminent surgeon and the author of a book on Gurdjieff which I had read at school, was staying in his house and she gave me an introduction to see her father when I returned to Britain.

At that time young men had to do two years of National Service in the Army, Navy or Air Force. The medicals for this were brief and to the point and involved being asked to drop one's trousers and give a cough while the examiner grasped one's testicles.

Three months into my National Service I was given a fuller medical, which revealed my myopia and led to an interview with a doctor who explained how my short sight limited my usefulness to the service. When I said that actually my main wish was to become a doctor he said " Right. I will recommend your discharge from the Army on grounds of ill health".

At that time I would write down my thoughts and ask myself questions. For example: "Science fascinates you but more important is finding out how people click and how they experience life. Medicine is where both happens." I phoned Kenneth Walker who invited me to have supper with him at his club in London and encouraged going in for medicine.

I realised that I would have to start again to get the science basics and do my first MB. I enrolled myself at Brighton Tech starting one term late in January 1953.

I think that having been accepted to Oxford and been an Exchange scholar made it easier to get an entrance to a London Medical school. One interviewer asked me what books had I read the previous summer and when I said *Adventure with Ideas* by A. N. Whitehead the interview went on far beyond the allotted time. I was accepted into three medical schools and chose Guys Hospital because its buildings had a slight similarity to those of Worcester College.

The whole time that I was a medical student at Guy's Hospital I lived at Coombe Springs, the headquarters of The Institute for the Comparative Study of History Philosophy and the Sciences and also the home of J. G. Bennett who was one of the leaders of the Work as created by G. I. Gurdjieff. My medical studies sometimes took second place to what went on at Coombe. For instance at the end of the day at medical school I might take the train to a school at the other end of London to do "movements". These were complicated movements to improve the awareness of how far we are from being a harmonious conscious coordinated being. Certainly our energy and state of consciousness were different at the end of it.

A bus was often laid on and we would reach Coombe at about ten pm to have our supper together.

Mornings always started with the "Morning Preparation" where we gathered together, usually sitting cross legged on the floor, while we did some exercise of relaxation or sensing of the body. Sometimes JGB gave us an exercise for the day, which was to help us observe ourselves and even to "remember ourselves". Every task in our little community was an opportunity to work on ourselves, be it washing up in the kitchen (plates and dishes) or the back kitchen (pots and pans) or waiting at table. At weekends we worked in the garden and at lunch time Mr B would ask us what we had experienced or observed about ourselves. Any "wiseacreing" or dissembling was jumped on. Later we worked on building a nine-sided hall [the *Dlameechoonatra* - see photo above] to



illustrate some of the mysteries of the Enneagram and to be a place where the movements could be done.

JGB was clearly influenced by the short stays he had had in the late twenties at the Prieuré in Fontainebleau where Mr Gurdjieff had set up his Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man. The efforts that were expected of one to free oneself from mechanical reactions and become a conscious being were immense.

I did find time to study my medical books, but my studies of the occult and the time spent in working at Coombe took me away from the normal pursuits of a medical student such as sport and beery parties. I began to take myself far too seriously. However I met and became friends with a wide range of very interesting people who remained firm friends for the rest of my life.

Saturdays were for group meetings. This consisted of a group of people of all ages who met under the guidance of a group leader appointed by JGB who was already fairly well grounded in the techniques of the Work and who had very responsible positions in life. I was in "L and M group" taken by a Mrs Allen, a quiet spoken, kind and observant woman. A task would be set for the month and members would report their experiences and their observations.



Spring House

I had as my bedroom and study a room off the old stables. Coombe Springs was a large Edwardian building with a Springhouse in a distant corner of the garden in Tudor style. One entered by a large oak door with a metal bolt into a fairly dark space. The light from the open door revealed an oval pool about six feet long with flagstones around it. Some mornings I would go down for an early morning dip into this ice cold but invigorating water.

The front of the house faced a rose garden surrounded by a yew hedge. This descended to a lawn where sometimes in the summer movement classes took place, also parties and gatherings.

The young men were expected to work to keep the place going and at the same time provide it as a means for working on themselves. The first principle being self observation, especially of the behaviour of the different parts of one's self. As a broad division of this self there are the intellectual, emotional, moving and instinctive centres, but in addition to these are the Higher Intellectual and Emotional centres. The outcome of our observations led to some rather dismal conclusions; that most of our behaviour was reactive and mechanical which made us entirely subject to forces that were not coming from a conscious being who could make really conscious choices. The main difficulty lay in being willing to continue to observe when seeing how my "I" so often was under the influence of negative emotions of fear and of "considering" what others thought or felt about me. "The Peace of God that passeth all Understanding" eluded me as did a fearless yearning to be truly myself and follow certain essence instincts that are in me. I knew that to be a good doctor I needed to feel love and compassion for my fellow men and women, which I knew was deep within me. However my fears, anxieties and simply the social environment with its over-regulation inhibited me from experiencing more profound feelings.

The success that had accompanied me with the fair sex in the US seemed to utterly desert me in the UK, I was unable to relax, and was much too serious about myself: whenever I began to play the fool, which had been natural to me, I would freeze up. Was then the Work good or bad for me?

It saddled me with a somewhat gloomy picture of mankind in general and myself in particular - which I still think is fairly realistic. This gloomy picture has been relieved from time to time of experiences, transcendent or immanent, which have convinced me that Heaven exists, and that

the Presence of the Almighty is with all of us at all times despite the terrible things we do to one another, often in the name of religion or some ideal that we don't really understand.

The Work provided a structure like religion. It is like a *tariqa*, a way with a general guide map to aid self-discipline. However, because of the community I was in and because of the influence of our guru J. G. Bennett, my dependency on others for ideas, guidance, etc. was reinforced and to a certain extent re occurred when later on myself and my family went to live in Cilandak, even though Bapak (Pak Subuh) warned us over and over again not to be too dependant on him. It was so nice to be in the atmosphere of his family to feel his compassion and care for us that in a way my dependency was again encouraged.

There are moments in a life when a deep need is illuminated and this occurred to me when J. G. Bennett was giving a lecture about Subud to an audience in Red Lion Square auditorium. I am unable to remember a single word or idea of his talk. All I can remember are the words over the stage: "Above all to thine own Self be true"

ORIENT EXPRESS



It all started with the year before, when I lived in Brighton doing my first MB for entrance to Medical School and travelled to Coombe Springs every other week end, either by hitch hiking or eventually by my Lambretta. I went to Coombe Springs as this was where J. G. Bennett had his home and his centre for the Work ('The Institute for the Comparative Study of History Philosophy and the Sciences'). That summer JGB had gone on a journey to renew himself. His teacher Georgy Ivanovitch Gurdjieff

had died five years earlier [1949] and he was feeling at a loss and was seeking to renew his connection with the sources of Gurdjieff's teaching. It was to take him to some interesting people, the meetings with whom he recorded in a diary which he sent to his friend, later his wife Elizabeth who, in turn, read them out to us, his students [*Journeys in Islamic Countries*].

I listened seated on the floor, yoga style, in rapt attention to his description of his meeting with Sheikh Amin Bey [1], an ex Turkish Colonel, living in Damascus and his description of the principles of Islam. This Amin Bey had become attracted to the spiritual way when he was a Colonel in the Turkish army and a governor of a small province. As part of his duties he had had to dig up the body of a man for forensic purposes and beside the body he had found the body of the man's father. It was completely fresh and had not decomposed and had a pleasant smell. He made enquiries about the man's life and found that he had been someone who had been loved by everyone, a truly pious man who had never said a bad word about any one. Even the dogs of the village would come and lick him (not considered a blessing by many ordinary Muslims).

Something went ping inside my chest when I heard this. I shared a room with an older friend Victor (later Ranier) Gebers and slept only 4 hours but woke fresh as a daisy the next morning with the determination to go to Syria and meet Amin Bey as soon as I could. I had long been unable to reconcile official Christianity with the Sciences and particularly Astronomy. I found it hard to accept the idea of Jesus being the Son of God and the view that we humans were the centre of the Universe and thus so important. The Creator of this vast Universe is far too great to have a human son and indeed this is what I found in Islam together with a sense of the practical and the mystical. When JGB returned it emerged that there was another just like me who wanted to go as well: John, later Muhtar Holland (son of Dick Holland a teacher living at Coombe). John was studying Arabic and Turkish at Balliol College Oxford. JGB gave us a list of contacts in Turkey and I worked the whole of my Easter holidays to get the money to make the journey. So, in mid July 1955 we set off from Waterloo station on the Orient express to Istanbul.

I had a large army rucksack. John had a small attaché case in which he had a Turkish and an Arabic dictionary, a change of underwear and another pair of socks and that is all. For the rest of the journey he relied on me for change of shirts trousers etc. He was and remained a delightful idealist with his head in the clouds, a scholar with a special interest in the mystical philosophers of Islam. He made an interesting humorous but occasionally irritating companion as I was forced to be the practical one.

I cannot remember the Channel crossing; there was no tunnel in those days but I think we remained in the train carriages that were transported on the ship.

We got off at Vienna whose station 10 years after the war's end still looked as if it were still in one. We were hungry and found a place to have Viener Schnitzel. I remember that I had saved 75 pounds and that we had to be somewhat careful of our funds so this was quite a blow out. We then saw that we had only a few minutes to spare to catch the train again and to find it as we raced through the vast but dark space of the Sudbahnhofen shouting "Istanbul". As we got back to our compartment we found we were sharing it with an Austrian couple who told us to take our feet off the seats.

We did get on better terms with them and later arranged that they should have the compartment to lay full length and sleep while we stood in the corridor. Shortly after it was our turn to sleep full length the train stopped and we were woken up by a guy opening the door to inspect the compartment. A few moments later four women completely covered in black chadors came in with a baby and small children. The compartment was being taken over by this Ottoman Turkish family returning to Turkey after centuries in Bosnia. There were chickens under the seats and a tree in the toilet. Muhtar was delighted as he had a chance to practice his Turkish and I had a chance to gather a smattering of words. We were kind of adopted into this family for the rest of the trip. In fact we lost our English reticence very quickly and Muhtar enjoyed himself immensely as he interpreted some of the conversation to me. We eventually drew into Istanbul having passed through the immense walls that had once surrounded the city of Constantinople, which had fallen to the Ottoman army eight centuries earlier through the superiority of their army and artillery whose huge guns slowly pounded an entrance into the city.

We spent the first night at a hotel called the Pera Palace where we had an enormous breakfast after short rations on our 3 day journey. Muhtar remarked to the waiter about me: "Like the elephant, the more he eats the more he eats." I really didn't mind him showing off his command of Turkish or his mastery of Mullah Nasr Adin [Mullah Nasruddin] the traditional comic and wiseman of Turkish sayings.

In those days the population of Istanbul was probably a tenth of what it is now. We were



bowled over by our first taste of the East. The souks [markets] seemed to stretch for miles each dealing with a speciality such as shoes, carpets or metal ware. There was such life in it, such a community of traders, such colour and noise!

We were joined on our second day by a young woman student who was keen to practice her English but obviously too shy, at the end of the day, to take us to her home.

Istanbul was so fascinating that we spend about 10 days there wandering through the streets and viewing with awe the huge mosques of the Süleymaniye, the Sultan Ahmet, the Blue Mosque and the Ayah Sophia. Most had been designed by a Christian who had converted to Islam. The first of

these was built by Mimar Sinan for Suleiman the Great the scourge of the Christian world in the sixteenth century.

We had an appointment to make with businessman named Mr Shehun, whom I did not know at that time was the nephew of the Amin Bey I so much wanted to meet. Our appointment was at 9.30 but Mr Shehun kept on telephoning his apologies. Throughout the morning various people passed through the office and introduced themselves. One young man from Damascus came through and gave us his card and told us to look him up when we got to Damascus.

Eventually at about midday we had a final call from Mr Shehun from his house on an island in the Sea of Marmora inviting us to come and have lunch with him there. " You take ze boat from Gata Koey", and that is what we did with the sun sparkling on the Sea of Marmora. I cannot remember much of the remainder of that extraordinary day. We decided to move on and bought a season ticket on the Turkish railway system that allowed us to go anywhere in Turkey for 6 weeks. It cost us five pounds.

I think our first destination was Konya the home of the fourteenth century Muslim saint Jalal a din Rumi and the Mevlevi dervishes who followed that way. The rail journey only prolonged our euphoric Thousand and One Night mood of our appreciation of the traditional eastern way of life. We shared a carriage with a young Iranian engineer graduate on his way to the US and "civilised modernity" and argued with him on the relative values of the different life styles of the US and Old Turkey. We did not change his view. However the train stopped in the middle of a desert region. Many got out and squatted hunker style on the ground. Maybe half an hour passed with nothing happening. At last our Iranian student got up impatiently and went to the front and fixed the problem in five minutes and we were on our way.



It was on this journey that a Turkish "peasant" offered the eyes of the sheep's head he was eating as a gesture of supreme hospitality, which we very graciously refused. We visited the tomb of Jalal a Din Rumi in Konya. It was a special place with a great sense of Peace and happiness. One old lady began to spontaneously weep in front of his grave.

The octagonal Tekyeh beside the tomb lay unused. In the time of the Ottoman Empire the Mevlevi had become wealthy and many of the Sultans family had become Dervishes themselves even though the Order was one of a simple and disciplined life with its main practice being that of the turning. This is where the Dervish stood and then began to turn and to abandon himself to the Presence of God and experience the ecstasy of that state. This was often accompanied by music of flutes and stringed instruments and drums, which stimulated the turning movement. It was in fact a "movement", which I had experienced in the Movements of the Work [devised by Gurdjieff].

At that time the Mevlevi practices had been banned by the government whose founder Kemal Atta Turk had ordered a State or civil government untrammelled by religion. So the Mevlevi order went underground. Things have changed since then and there has been an immense revival of the Mevlevi turning with groups even visiting London where it has become a kind of entertainment or artistic spectacle.

In fact recently I have seen on TV groups of the Mevlevi Dervishes practicing their turning with some groups even having men and women together. Some Sheiks are concerned that the attention of the young people may wander in the intensity of feeling evoked by the turning and so have the sexes separated.

In former times it was said that the Turning was like the spinning Earth revolving around the Sun and that this simile was carried out by Dervishes spinning on the top of high towers with walls only a foot or so thick and that their feet were guided so that they did not fall.



It seemed also that members of a Tekyeh would have various duties such as cooking, cleaning, cleaning the toilets and all was part of their religious duties. So a Sheik had to rise from the bottom.

We had various contacts from JGB in Konya. One was an elderly Sheik. We went to a mosque where several men were sitting quietly before midday prayers and later saw him. He was about to teach us the Fatihah and how to do the Rakas [2] and then decided not to as we would be returning to the UK where it would be difficult for us to

continue. Another “contact “ from JGB was a schoolmaster who promised to take us to Urgup and the Cappadocian 9th century churches built into the rocky hillside. We had by that time run into Jimmy O’Byrne from the Manchester group who was also doing a trip around Turkey on his own. Our schoolmaster turned out to be gay so we took turns sitting next to him in the driving seat. The front seat was for three, his driver, himself and one of us. It was a long drive but worth it. Byzantine style paintings decorated the churches, which were in the Ayah Sophia style but of course much smaller within the rock that had been carved out. Fanatic Muslims had desecrated some of the paintings but not all. We left in the late afternoon and just before sunset the jeep got stuck in the sand. The schoolmaster suggested we spend the night in one of the churches and we were equally definite that we would get this jeep moving which we did with immense physical effort.



The return was a miracle along a dusty track with the front lights very dim and occasionally going out all together.

Next place was Adana near to Tarsus (birth place of St Paul). We arrived late about midnight and were able to find a hotel. We were conducted upstairs to the flat roof and there above us, were the stars. He turned on a light near a chimney, which showed up about twenty beds. He went up to the occupants of two of them and gave them a kick and then smoothed the sheets for us to get in. We were tired, young and not squeamish. We woke to the sound of the dawn prayers and then later to the full morning light. By then I had begun to grow a beard and was informed by someone that only the elderly and the wise wore beards. It was enough for me to become clean-shaven, which I have remained since.



the Mevlevi order.

Possibly it was here that we met Farhad Dede [2] a “retired” Mevlevi who had once been the occupant of a large Tekyeh in the days of the splendour and renown of these places in the Ottoman Empire. Muhtar (John) was particularly impressed with this old man who poured us tea with great dignity and told us of the life he had once led as a member of a Tekyeh of

When the train came to the border crossing with Syria we could not produce the bit of paper that had been given to us when we came into Turkey saying how much sterling we had bought in. The border guard took all our money except for 5 pounds and gave us a receipt, which would enable us to receive the money back again after we returned from Syria. Such is the way of bureaucracy and no amount of arguing could alter it. We found the Turks to be principled people but absolutely firm in their interpretation of the rules.

We were determined to go on so when we reached Aleppo we went to the British Consul there to ask for a loan and for help. He was sympathetic and while we were sitting in his office he had a phone call from Dr Altounian his Armenian friend and one of the leading doctors of the town. The Consul spoke to him of this British medical student and his friend who had arrived in Syria with no money and immediately we were invited to stay with him.

He had a large house with a big library. He had been a friend of TE Lawrence who had stayed with him many times. He took me to his hospital where he proceeded to suck fluid out of a woman peritoneal cavity with no anaesthetic. He asked me to use the foot pump!

We walked around Aleppo admiring the old Crusader castle that dominated the city with its paved slippery slope before the massive vertical walls making a difficult fortress to take.

Dr Altounyan took us to his farm on the Euphrates across the northern Syria desert punctuated every 10 to 20 miles by another Crusader castle standing empty and massive despite it being a ruin in the dry desert air. A reminder of the Crusades and of the Christian kingdom that had held out here for more than a hundred years.

Later (in fact just recently) I found that TE Lawrence 's knowledge of Arabic and Arabic culture had stemmed from a long stay he had done pre the 1914 war to make a study of the Crusader castles and hence his meeting and friendship with Altounian.

It was time to move on and we took a taxi all the way to Damascus viewing the old irrigation channels and passing through two medium sized towns one of which had an enormous water wheel.

My hat had been dived bombed by pigeon shit and had slipt into the squat toilet that we used. It was thoroughly washed and used, as the sun was really hot.



We rang the young man who had given his card and he arranged a meeting with Amin Bey. It was precisely at 12 o'clock midday and we were five minutes late.

He told us that a good Muslim should always be on time (an interesting comparison to how his nephew had treated us in Istanbul). I immediately liked this man. Perhaps I was already primed from my experience of Bennett's diary the year before.

He was sitting crossed legged, a quiet air of authority and intense blue eyes that looked at us squarely. He appeared happy in himself and he often smiled. I took no notes after and I really cannot remember much of how he described the relationship of body, mind and soul, but I do remember what he said when I asked him whether I could embrace Islam straight away.

He advised me against it again as there was no Ummat or Muslim community in England at that time. He advised me to be a good Christian and said, "All Ways lead to the top of the Mountain". "Besides do not worry the Way will open for you".

As regards the Spiritual Way he informed me that JGB was in fact a beginner, not in any sense a Teacher or Master. At that time I was not able to accept that. I knew that he believed in the Second Coming of Christ and that in fact that event was quite near.

He demanded absolute purity amongst his students, no premarital sex. They should follow the five pillars of Islam.

His effect upon me, a 21 year old, was very deep. I felt very light, very happy as if I was on Cloud Nine. It lasted for six weeks or so.

Our return to the UK was fairly uneventful. We got our money back, repaid our loan and took the return Orient Express. At Vienna Muhtar suggested that he went off to buy food for the next day whilst I kept the seats. He returned with six Viennese cakes of extreme richness.

John went on to become a Muslim some years later and has translated many volumes of Islamic mystical literature.[4] I had a number of experiences before becoming a Muslim, a decision I have never regretted.

Notes

[1] Amin or Emin Bey was Emin Chikou, who figures predominantly in Bennett's book *Journeys in Islamic Countries* edited from the journals spoken of here.

[2] Farhad Dede also features in *Journeys*.

[3] Rachman sent this note: "Raka is used in Indonesia for the saying of the Fatihah standing, then a bow when one says *Subhana Alzeem* (All Praise to the Highest (the transcendent) then standing when one says Allah listens to those who praise him, then the next bow is with forehead on the ground when one says *Subhana Allah* (the Immanent) then one sits on one's heels and says forgive my errors and my mistakes and raise me up and then a final bow to the ground."

[4] Muhtar Holland died in 2011. He translated *Masters of Wisdom of Central Asia* by Hasan Shushud for Coombe Springs Press and was working on a translation of the works of Al Ghazali until his death.

Rachman Mitchell today

I am a 77 year old semiretired GP living in Perth WA. who celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary with his wife Rohana a years ago. Six children and fifteen grandchildren celebrated it with us. It was a timely reminder of the significance and wonder of the Holy Denying The Holy Affirming and the Holy Reconciling. We have lived and worked in Indonesia, Arabia and Yemen as well as New Zealand. I was for a short time physician to Pak Subuh the founder of Subud. In Indonesia I worked there with a group to form a Foundation for medical care and rehabilitation of some of the poorer sections of the community. In Yemen I helped facilitated the first team to go to the para olympics. These days I work for Fremantle Street Doctor and run a clinic for indigenous men just one day a week. I love my garden and the piano both of which seems to be instruments of basic learning than accomplishment. I am also writing of some experiences and events that I have witnessed in my life.

COMMUNICATION: Making myself understood – Understanding the other

Knud Kusche

Knud is a marine engineer by training and has worked many years as a marine surveyor. He became interested in training and qualified as a professional trainer for adult learning. He works in a training centre in Brittany (France). He specialises on risk analysis and crisis management in the marine industry. Obviously communication is a key item in crisis management. On the private side Knud became involved with what was then called the Work in 1980 and has attended many seminars with e.g. Anthony Blake, John Wilkinson, Karen Stefano and Pierre Elliott. He was also a member of a Gurdjieff foundation group in the 1980's.

Communication is a term widely used and probably little understood. I did what one could call a one man brainstorming (storming my own brain) on the subject and wrote down what came to my mind. (first part of the article). Then I investigated the concept using the Enneagram and J. G. Bennett's concept of the Sevenfold Work (second part of the article). Finally I imagined a scenario for a seminar on communication (third part not included here). The scenario is no more than a sketching of the broad outline, an attempt to put into practical application what I investigated more theoretically before. What I present (which Anthony gracefully edited) is thus not meant to be an easy and quick read but a working paper which invites the reader to do his own thinking, reformulation and feedback.

Playing with the words

Communication: Common: shared by all concerned like common sense, in French: *la commune* = village in an administrative sense,

Understanding = a verb denoting physical activity: I stand under (a different point of view).

In German *verstehen* where *stehen* is stand and *ver* denoting movement towards (this other point of view)

In French *comprendre* where *com* is the same "com" as in com-munication (with) and *prendre* take. I take with me or embrace (the other point of view)

Communication

What is it (in this context): process of emitting and receiving a message. Can be done verbally (using words), in writing (words, images, diagrams, formulae etc) and non-verbally (gestures, facial expressions, body language) and of course combining all these modes.

Has a **purpose**: wants receiver to act according to sender's intention on receipt or at least get clear message back that action will not be taken. Action can be physical (doing something), intellectual (understanding) or emotional (accepting, sympathizing etc), action can also be disapproval, antagonism etc.

Efficient communication: message sent understood by sender (knows what he wants to communicate or there is more than facts to a message), sender aware of his com. skills and limitations, able to evaluate feedback and re-send adapted message.

Message understandable by receiver i.e. is at his level of competence (intellectual, physical, emotional).

How (to make it efficient): reformulation by both sender & receiver, if possible both cognitive and emotional. There is time to confirm and reconfirm. There is an agreed and understood common "language" (words or other). There is willingness and ability to reconsider. There is a wish to

communicate i.e. to share, to open up and thus become “vulnerable”. There is acceptance that by communicating one cedes (perceived, imagined?) power (the monopoly of information).

Emergency communication (no time, danger): must be an exception, with pre-agreed protocols and procedures; continuous re-assessment to be prepared as far as possible, consciousness that non-verbal communication (concerning primarily emotional and physical understanding) will play the main role.

Obstacles: emitter and receiver not in tune with each other or cannot be tuned (because of different language, culture etc); no interest or perceived usefulness and intent not shared; noise, and power games.

Sender/receiver: speaking – listening, active – passive. Sender able to put himself in position of receiver; half of the process of communication is not directly under control of sender. Message takes on a life of its own (see sound bites in the political arena) after it has been announced..

Can the sender accept that there is a large degree of freedom in a message? Can he tolerate this, make it a virtue, or must it be eliminated as far as possible (emergency situation)? This is not about ambiguities intended to manipulate or obscure. There is a residue of uncertainty which is unavoidable

A Sevenfold Work in the Enneagram

Although seen more from the point of view of the sender, communication as seen from receiver (active listening) is just as vital and interesting.

In the book by John Bennett called *The Sevenfold Work*, seven lines of work, demanding distinctive attention, are described. They are divided into three groups according to the basic triad of Active, Receptive and Neutral.

Active: Assimilation, Struggle and Service.

Neutral: Manifestation.

Receptive: Receptivity, Submission, and Acceptance.

The meaning of these seven terms needs to be studied in depth but the brief interpretations of them that follow, located in the context of communication, may be enough.

When put into a circle to make an **enneagram** we add some other factors designating the kind of inspiration we can draw on. These are

0 WISH 3 HOPE 6 COMPASSION

0 - Wish, intent, objective, aim

ACTIVE part for Sender: Sender can influence, do, stop, change etc. PASSIVE for receiver (part of the circle 1 – 4)

1 – Assimilation: Recognizing & assimilating wish, aim etc. Clarifying intent: what for? Service, not for private purpose, will become public. Understanding aim and intent. Becoming aware of the different possibilities to deliver, express, create the message

2- Struggle: Preparing message. Content, style, form, how delivered (written, oral, visually, example, body language), decide the final form

3 – Hope & Faith: Uncertainty about outcome, doubts, questions, hope that message will be adequate, useful, right, faith and trust in my work, myself

4 – Service: Sending the message: Get involved with the outer world, do, let go of control, release into the public arena (pushing the send button)

NEUTRAL: Manifestation: Message, intent, aim is on its “own” sent, but not received, exists. Can disappear, arrive in wrong place, arrive late is in the realm of possibilities but cannot be taken back, made non-existent by sender or receiver. The hazardous factor always present, added here for completeness

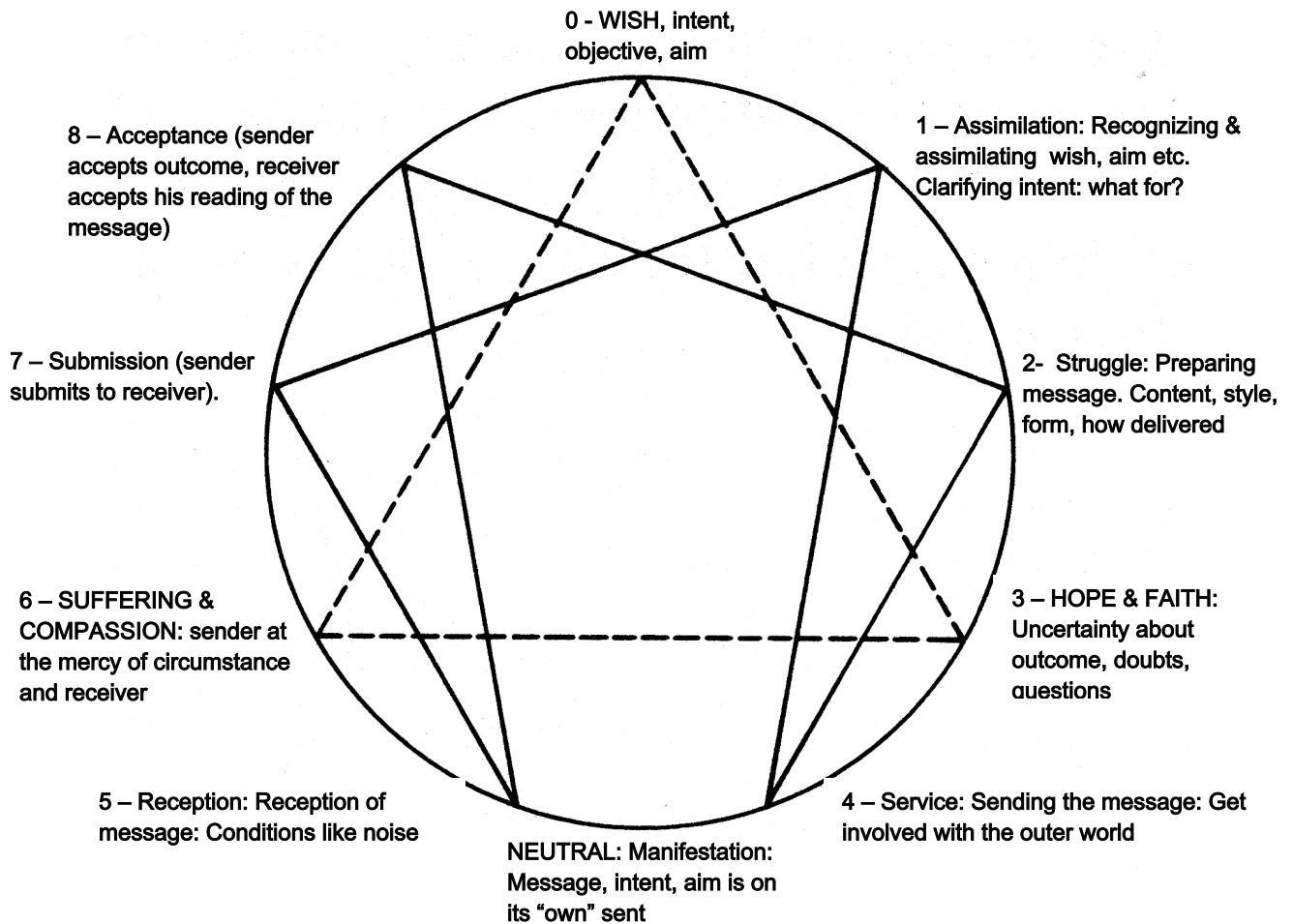
PASSIVE for sender, ACTIVE for Receiver (part of the circle 5 - 8)

5 – Reception: Reception of message: Conditions like noise, circumstances, completeness, timing, who picks up intended receiver or other (e-mail copied to wrong person e.g.), in short uncertainty

6 – Suffering & Compassion: sender at the mercy of circumstance and receiver, even if present (oral) reaction of receiver unpredictable, only limited changes or adjustments possible, if it goes wrong options are limited, compassion for receiver if bad message, for oneself if intent not to be realized

7 – Submission (sender submits to receiver). Comprehension, interpretation, judgement by receiver

8 – Acceptance (sender accepts outcome, receiver accepts his reading of the message): Action (doing or not doing, accepting or not), asking for more information or clarification (getting involved, sending his own message, turn from receiver into sender), reformulating (open attitude, becoming engaged, showing interest, seeking common intent and wish).



ON READING ALOUD AND RECORDING MR GURDJIEFF'S WRITINGS

Anthony Blake



Most things happened mostly by momentum and my readings of the last two series of writings by Gurdjieff are probably no exception. Though, after completing the First Series, I was considering his next two books as possible candidates for my ministrations, amongst others such as Rene Daumal's *Mount Analogue*, it was a chance remark by someone thanking me for the Beelzebub readings that impelled me to make a start and see where it led me. Of course, there is the edict, as pronounced somewhere by Gurdjieff himself, "better not to start; but, if start, better finish". I had long been attracted to the idea of the Second Series, with its travelogues and portraits of "remarkable men" and I looked forward to it also as a relief from the intensive demands of sustaining the paragraph sentences of Beelzebub, which would tax any mortal, I feel, not least because the punctuation adds to the torture of reading it aloud. Here I must add that there are two main axes of challenge in reading Gurdjieff at his most expansive; one of them is simply finding ways to breathe as some sentence goes on perhaps forasmuch as a whole page, the punctuation not adequate enough for this, or I might say, only something an underwater swimmer with highly developed lungs could manage, the other being the challenge of meaning, even at the basic level of

recognising and conveying the interrelationships of the plethora of clauses Gurdjieff intertwines, as if making a tapestry. But I remember well, on reading my very first chapter "The Arousing of Thought" the feeling for a kind of musically-notated script behind the words, a pattern of its meaning, capable of guiding the reading.

The shift of struggle from *Beelzebub* to *Meetings* is appealing but Gurdjieff of course is still provocative and sets the reader up with the diatribe of a wise Persian directed against Western literature which turns out, in fact, to consist of stories about journalists in Azerbaijan and with some unlikely tale of superior journalists in ancient Babylon. *Meetings* also has a sting in its tail, in the infamous last chapter "The Material Question" which not only contains the amusing story about manufacturing corsets but also a harrowing account of Gurdjieff's financial disasters, placed in the context of human conflict and suffering in the region he was brought up in, the chapter ending with the collapse of his proposed business in antiques in New York because of the crash on Wall Street. Gurdjieff certainly knows how to work the emotions of the reader, in this being true to his expressed conviction that understanding without feeling is misunderstanding (let alone the automatic instinct I will get to later). I've felt myself moved, infuriated, depressed, excited in equal measures. Much of his portraiture of people is pious in the extreme, so that one has to weep over the account of his father and his desire for his grave to be found and marked with a special inscription, or anonymously attending the Mass arranged for the soul of Dean Borsh.

As to the form of the writing, Gurdjieff himself tells the reader, in the chapter on professor Skridlov, that he is going to write in a certain way - of course it has to be an *ancient* and not a modern way - called "making images without words" a peculiar phrase not least because he goes on to paint word pictures of scenes on the river Amu Darya, and then resumes his usual flow. The clue, of course, is to thinking images, or "mentation by form" and some people such as Henderson have attested to the action of such thinking being awakened by reading *Meetings* in particular, but all of Gurdjieff's books offer images endowed with feeling that work "of themselves" in one's mind, but not the surface mind of linear attention but Gurdjieff's famous "subconsciousness" deeper down still but capable I suppose of informing us somehow.

I'm wanting now to speak of the action of reading aloud. Though I have done a lot of it in my time, in these series of recordings I have discovered new intensities of feeling-sensing, there at the very heart of the action. Most people will have experienced the special quality of actually hearing their own voice in the moment of speaking and, in many groups, it has been adopted as an exercise in self observation and the like; usually, such an exercise is useful for only a limited time because there is strong automatically regulating mechanisms for reducing what in physics is called "free energy" which in the nomenclature of spiritually minded people might be called "higher states". I do not know whether Gurdjieff of himself has dealt specifically with this mechanism anywhere in his writings or recorded talks, but I can attest to its pernicious sway and how it serves to close down the special or higher to re-establish dull normality. In this case, namely in the reading aloud from *Meetings*, I felt nearly overcome by the intensity of the "self reverberating" experience of my own voice not least because it was clear to me that "I", the person thinking and attending, was not the same as the "speaker" and I had no idea where my voice was coming from. As this experience was arising in me, I had still to maintain the execution of the task and every mental association ensuing from the intense experience in my own speaking would inevitably result in errors which had then to be gone over and corrected. It came to me, over just this phenomena, that I was experiencing just what is in essence the core of "doing movements" - that is the Gurdjieff movements which enjoin us to combine several distinct actions and amplify a kind of self awareness that is almost the opposite to the usual kind of self *reaction*. At the same time, I became aware of my breathing and, that, strangely, the demands being exerted on me were resulting in an improvement and deepening of my breathing, such that my total sense of what is called "well-being" or "health" seemed to indicate improvement. This of course resonated with the comments made by Gurdjieff on how he managed to restore his physical health; so that I had the experience of reading about something that was, in some way, happening to me right then and there. It is important to emphasise that in the core of all these various experiencing is was a sense that "nobody was doing it" and thus I came face-to-face with the absolute enigma of doing. I also had at the back of my mind Idries Shah's acerbic remark, "one is not interested in the experiences of a pencil getting sharpened, only that the pencil is sharp and can do the job".



What did my various interesting experiences amount to besides giving me material for what I suppose, Gurdjieff would call "logical being confrontation"-and please notice that all such confrontations and corresponding mentation start exclusively only by the impact of an inescapable actually experienced contradiction - which has in part resulted in these notes? Well, one general point is that this input of sound, sense, breath, etc in the pursuit of meaning brought home the essential role of the automatic instinctive component of understanding; simply put, unless it is in the workings of the body it does not count for anything. In a way deeper than conscience, the seemingly mechanical, bodily, chemical, etc functioning of my organism is integral to my understanding. As I am wont often to say: the contemporary prescription of a divide between software, roughly "mental", and hardware, roughly "physical", is false. It is a typical case of how a convenient divide or twofold classification can obscure what is most important for us and needs to be addressed in terms of threefoldness.

Enough of that "mere theory" as it were, which will tend to be either ignored or believed in, neither of which is desirable. The Third Series proved even more harrowing than the first two. What in God's name is it about? The very first words "I am" thunder off the page and I remembered that over the years I, actually, in some way foresaw and anticipated the time when I would have the effrontery to pronounce these words of Gurdjieff, necessarily then acting as if they were my own. The whole opening scene is dramatic: Gurdjieff lying wounded and near death in some oasis near the Gobi Desert involved in a moment of intense self reflection that, it appears through its recurrence later on, to question the very essence of his teaching as he had then formulated it, namely that work on oneself necessarily entailed "intentional suffering". The Prologue is a masterwork of confession in the classical sense of revealing the workings and question of "I". Gurdjieff's abandonment of the method of intentional suffering and taking up using the results of unintentional suffering, in his case on account of his wife and mother both with terminal illnesses, marked an extraordinary *volte face* and I think only Bennett has consistently drawn attention to Gurdjieff's moves away from "artificial" to "natural" ways of working.



What follows is extraordinary in the sense that, as Gurdjieff himself says most readers would just not grasp the point of what he is doing in describing the absurdities of his encounters with Orage's group in New York; which seems to exhibit simply a basic dialectical technique for energising such a group - get them set up, dismiss them, re-admit them - but he manages to warn about the dangers of prolonged self observation, producing as he says "candidates for lunatic asylum" and creates a message of a total teaching with no less than 24 divisions only in which can there be a balanced development. He also introduces two inner exercises, the only time such things were described by him in his writings.

But I'm straying into the content of the books, which is not my business, since I'm here concerned with my experience of reading Gurdjieff's books rather than daring to presume I can interpret what they "really mean". One thing that sticks in my mind is the relentless contrast between Gurdjieff's claims for his powers - for example telepathy, curing illness, making money, etc - on the one hand and facing disasters of all kinds on the other. Every advance he makes is annihilated by some adversity, including of course the terrible thing of having to watch his beloved wife died because he, Gurdjieff, at one-time capable of curing her, could no longer because of his depleted state due to his motorcar accident.

In very vivid way, Gurdjieff summed up the whole thing in the episode of the cayenne pepper when, driven to hysterics by Orage's philosophising he says he inadvertently dumped the whole pot of cayenne pepper into the dish he was preparing for himself and the people with him in his apartment, which fiery dish they were then forced to eat, lacking any other food due to the absence of funds at that point. This, of course, reminds one of the episode of the Transcaucasia incurred forcing himself to eat the red peppers he has spent his last projects on that occurs in the first chapter of Beelzebub.

This bizarre and even farcical image is balanced by the sweetly mysterious portrait of his mother walking towards him accompanied by two peacocks, a dog and a cat which, he says, always came with her on her walks; and the scene of his mother and wife leaning towards each other behind him, as he sat working on the bench, and whispering together in their made-up language. One just has to feel them, and not interpret them. But they draw attention to the form

of mentation Gurdjieff seems to be advocating and I have been trying to see what has been going on me as a result of the images I have read into myself.



'My uniquely beloved wife' : Julia Ostrowska

It seems so subjective to talk about; because I have to bring into the picture as it were particular impressions that belong to me. Just this afternoon, weeks after making the recordings, I was sat in my garden and picking up on the feeling that, in spite of his endless boasts of superhuman toil, powers and sufferings he *speaks human*. I mean that he is telling my story and yours. He had been sitting in his garden worrying about how to pay the mortgage just as I have done and was doing. Then it came over me that I was him, lying

wounded in 'purgatory' between the hell of the desert and the heaven of the oasis, though there was neither of these physically present; it was that the very *air* carried the moment of experience, the air having the *form of experience* that was the same: in the Third Series, does he not cry out, "What is this sameness? Why sameness?"

What next then for this upstart reader of Gurdjieff's "sacred texts"? Well, there remains the enigma of "the Herald of Coming Good". In the Third Series he urges people not to read it and says he tried to withdraw and destroy every copy, yet in another place he refers to it concerning the *Tzvarnoharno* or the special energy that is akin, so I believe, to *havareno* in Pahlawi (according to John Bennett), *daimon* in Greek and *genius* in Latin; though, typically, inverted in usage by G to mean that which people *project* onto 'remarkable men'. So I am tempted, since I have gone the "whole hog", to include the postage, in this case "Herald" and commit the alchemical transgression of tangling with the "recalcitrant fourth". At least, it is even shorter than "Life is Real"!



Note: Information about the readings and some background to the books can be found at <http://www.anthonyblake.co.uk/Readings.html>

CLOUD CHAPEL - Steve Mitchell

"Memory is prayer or possession," she'd told me once, "which do you want?" She hadn't known what she meant and, even when I asked her later, she couldn't explain it. Her expression was strangely confused then, as if I might be mistaking her for another person, a person dimly remembered from long ago.

And when she actually is a person remembered from long ago, eight or nine years later, I still recall the comment, more of a declaration really, in the midst of a now-forgotten conversation.

"I don't know what I mean," she'd told me. "Do I have to know what I mean?" She tugged at my sleeve across the table then slid her palm up my forearm, thrumming her fingers at my elbow. "I just say things. I figure out what I'm talking about later." She was teasing me. "Life's more interesting that way, don't you think?"

It's the moments of quiet that tumble back, the moments when nothing was happening. As if our life together had been composed of pauses and transitions, the eccentric architecture of alleyways and doorsteps. What returns are the spaces between, when we were simply together, not the things that actually happened. Whatever they were.

Our hush had laid the cornerstone for a structure in some inner landscape, its shape coming together shadow by shadow, each moment of quiet adding more detail. And later, when we no longer knew each other, there were moments of stillness with others that built upon the foundation. A door, a vaulted window, the suggestion of a roof.

It was a structure I could occasionally enter at will. At other times, I would find myself spirited away all at once. Blinking, disoriented, yet somehow calmed. It was a place that sheltered me.

Sometimes in that stillness, she would be with me: her smile, her touch, or the timbre of her silence, pulsing like the vanishing tone of a bell. Or, sometimes I would discover someone else. Always feeling that, perhaps at the same moment, this remembered person might be pausing somewhere, on a subway platform, by their desk or at their kitchen sink, not necessarily remembering me, but a certain bracing quality of silence.

Long after I'd forgotten the full story of our relationship, the individual events linking in a chain, her presence would appear and bloom within me. There was no predicting it; no apparent reason for her sudden arrival. But she would breathe and burn, for a moment or an hour; then her touch would slowly drain off, leaving me with the kind of vital, echoing silence that signified an ending, a beginning.

When she actually re-appears, is it ten years later?, she is a different person and so am I. The touch and presence is no less real. One of our essential lives reaching out toward another.

She calls me out of the blue. Eight o'clock one evening. "Eric! God I know it's been forever! It's Trish..." She's going to be in town next week for a conference. Just a few days. "So, you wanna get together, have coffee or dinner? Talk about the wonders of our lives?"

I meet her downtown. Walking distance from her hotel so she doesn't have to drive. The city has changed a lot in ten years. I meet her at a Thai restaurant because she always liked Thai and they have tables on the sidewalk and it's early May so the evening light is beautiful and not too warm. I find a table and wait.

The light is shifting around me, reflections thrown from the slow stream of cars, the angled sun through nearby branches, the shadows of passersby. There's a constant flicker on my skin. I try not to think forward, not to anticipate: to imagine how she has changed, what her life has been.

During our brief conversation on the phone, she'd still seemed passionate and clear, her words spilling out in all directions as if quickly trying to gather up every notion of life. I'd smiled to

myself, perhaps even chuckled, at her voice and the renewed assurance of her. I'd held the phone to my ear, allowing it to empty into me.

I sip my wine patiently; it's cold, crisp as a spring apple. I like the damp chill of the glass along my palm, the sharp clink as I place it on the metal table. The sidewalk and restaurants are starting to fill. I return my hands to my lap, allowing them to lie open, easing myself away from scenarios and scripts.

I summon this place of quiet which opens itself to me, this location I sometimes share. I feel a coolness and the sense of vast space I notice when noise falls away into open air, unable to impress itself.

I have a few pictures, saved from years ago. I'd pulled them from the closet after the phone call. It was some kind of strange ritual I didn't quite understand. I'd spread them on the kitchen table, my fingers toying at the edges of the stiff paper as if their solidity might prove something I couldn't quite grasp. I shuffled through them more than once, withdrawing five or six from the stack and laying them side by side, searching for a narrative.

But, the pictures didn't connect me to any memory. I could recall the moments they were taken, the beach trip, the picnic, and the hike on the Appalachian Trail, but they had no weight, leading only to more pictures playing out in my head, scenes from a film damaged by time. They might have been a version of us, our life. They might have been someone else.

I find a place for my body in the chair, for my hands in my lap. I find a place for myself on the sidewalk. I find a place for my breath within my body.

"I want this moment to last forever," she'd told me, fingers lacing into mine. I don't know where we were or when. The world around us did not exist then. We had our own time.

I know the dense spark in her eye, the pressure of her fingers between mine, the way her lip curls into the hint of a smile, the ministry of her touch. "I want to keep saying 'now' and 'now' and 'now'. Just so we never forget."

It is not a picture, this memory. Not a scene from the dimmed film. It's her breath close to me, her palm on my arm, as real as the moisture passing to my fingers from the glass in my hand.

And the stillness is present; it's a music or the soft brush of a voice. The stillness enters me as I enter it and I imagine that, for an instant as she walks from her hotel to the restaurant, the light changes around her; for an instant, the stillness overtakes her.

It isn't sharp or demanding, it's not enough to break her stride. Only enough that she might smile to herself or notice the open sky; her eyes rising to the break between buildings, the deep blue and the high, voluminous clouds shifting in their passage.

What I learned from her, then, was that every truth is one part mystery. That the shadows between things might be things themselves. She taught me wonder: her eyes lighting at a firefly, her hand dipping into a cool stream, her body swaying in a certain rhythm, her lips parting for a kiss.

"You make me crazy!" I told her, more than once. And her smile in response always filled me with joy. We could be standing in the darkness on a hillside staring into the night sky, her arm outstretched, her hand open and moving against the night as if nudging the stars into alignment. I would offer my exclamation and she would smile, bumping against me, the heat of her body at my thigh, my arm.

And maybe that never happened, or perhaps I've blended events to shape my experience; or maybe I've simply invented a gesture which feels clear and true and made it real to myself.

"I knew it would be alright to call," she'd told me on the phone. "Even though it's been so long. I knew you wouldn't mind. I knew you would always be you."

There's the hush of her, silent in the next room, sleeping perhaps, as I read by the window or wash the last dish. The hush of her in the apartment, something light and full, reminding me of morning. There's her presence in the corners, in the creases of the furniture, like the scent of sex on a damp pillow.

There's nothing to hold these memories; they're smooth and formless, never still, as fluid as the shadows on the tabletop. They flicker and drop, leaving a darkness that is a waiting or a glorious pause in the breath.

We're driving and she's slumped in the passenger seat, her legs up, bare feet on the dashboard, toes wiggling in time to the radio. The windows are open and the air whips by me in a roar. Strands of hair blow across her face and she doesn't brush them away. Eyes closed, fingers tapping a rhythm on her thigh. She's forgotten me for a moment, and that's okay: I can watch her, my eyes moving from the road to her and back again.

I look up and she is there. Watching me. Motionless, half a block away. People streaming past her on both sides.

She's older. Her hair is longer and pulled away from her face. Her dress is yellow. Her skin tanned. A smile curls at one corner of her mouth, her eyes claiming the part of me that knows her.

Words have slipped away. There is sound disguised as motion; noiseless; the rush of something opening in the air. Silent bells at fever peal.

"Well, look at you," she says, not yet moving toward me.

I find a place for my body in the chair, for my hands in my lap. I find a place for my breath within my body. I stand to meet her, hands outstretched. I find a place for her in my life.

If only for a moment.

THE SPINNING PATTERN

a short essay and poem on the enneagram by Anthony Blake

Quotes are from T. S. Eliot's Four Quartets

From 0 to 1 the material is gathered into a 'world' but without form. From 1 to 2, the world is divided and choices are made. Across the hazard of 3, the process comes into actualisation.

From 4 to 5, the work is forged and meaning is made. Across the dramatic uncertainty of 5 a decision is made that offers the work up to greater intelligence.

From 7 to 8 the work is resolved into a form that can take its place in a greater whole. From 8 to 9 it is completed and realised.

In my end is my beginning.

From 1 to 4, courage. From 4 to 2, discrimination. From 2 to 8, vision. From 8 to 5, awakening. From 5 to 7, sacrifice. From 7 to 1, remembrance.

We must be still and still moving, into a deeper communion, into a deeper union.

From 0 to 3, I am. From 3 to 6, I wish. From 6 to 9, I can.

And all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well.

I must change the world

I must be changed

I do not matter
I am given

*Out of the dreaming time, a thought flickers into life.
Assuming myself, I stride forward.
Uncertain where to go, I find a breeze that carries me.
Deposited on a mountain slope, I begin to climb and
reach a summit where the view makes me ecstatic.
But, darkness falls and I am left alone.
In the new dawn, I find myself on a verdant plain
The sun shafts through the clouds and guides me to a hill.
Standing there, I see the dream that brought me here.*

The Society for the Protection of Stupid People

"Order is just chaos waiting to happen"

Dear Anthony,

My friends, holding me in such high esteem as they do, refer to me as "Techno-Idiot". As promised, I enclose below, after the black hole letter, material related to the enneagram. The Chinese Ministry of Agriculture is probably receiving most of this, but always favouring the shotgun approach to dialogue, he who speaks last wins, maybe some of this will actually show up on your "Idiot-Box". In other words, excuse any damage to your e-Mail system caused by my bungling.

I always thought an interesting phenomenon in the Black Hole theory was the development of what is called singularity. In my own, rather disturbed little world, this is an image of a phenomenon taking place on a vast scale, that is hauntingly familiar. It's a little like Fractal Attraction, that fascination that many of us feel towards the Mandelbrot and co. Our theory is that the Black Hole construction of singularity is a manifestation of the Universal "I, and the Father are one", and that our universe is heavily peppered with these little darlings. Celestial Avatars, if you would.

We assume that the unconditioned states of matter contain a higher intelligence than conditioned states. What is all that about? The laws, via the Autoegocrat, become too dense for God to manifest directly. Things just become too complicated. The Universal judicial system just gets over loaded because the first stage of creation has to keep pumping out the newly arisen to maintain the cosmic order, but the bigger things get, the more stupid they become. But then, as if sent from above, there appears on the event horizon, an entity that seems impervious to the ordinary laws, to the mire in which the universe propels itself perpetually. The Spice Girls! Oh, God forbid. No, not the Spice Girls, but those little sources of , what is it you and John called it, Reflux of the Spirit? Yes, Black Holes.

"No", said the Black Hole, "I have not come to destroy but to recreate the conditions of original unity, singularity, I myself am the Law. And I say I eat all laws!"

Remember, evolutionarily speaking, renewal can only take place within a limited region. Within the event horizon.

Hmmm, well I think the effects of the food poisoning are wearing off now.

Live long and prosper,

Allan

P.S. What did the black hole say to the exhausted soul, lying bereft of energy, on the desolate shores of the senses, suffering the inevitable consequences of thermodynamic decline because its sense of Self was identified with the planetary body?

"Well Son, if you can't live within the system, then eat it."

Enneagram Stuff

We believe that the material you developed on triads in the Dramatic Universe, when applied to the enneagram offers a rather refreshing insight into the working of things. Combine this with the release from The Society for the Preservation of Stupid People Inc., our copyrighted exposition of the Dual Enneagram, into your capable hands, then as outlined in DuVersity Home Page, under the heading The DuVersity has two main purposes

- * To foster the dialogue process by both practical and theoretical means

- * To design and run joint ventures in which understanding can be co-created

the future is looking so bright we ought to wear shades. As we say in the Society.....Let's Rock!

Historical Note. We arrived at the breakthrough of the triad placement on the enneagram by a visualisation exercise linked to the Doppler effect.

With the informing triad labeled First Force, Second Force, Third Force for points 0\9, 3,6 respectively, we set about taking an imaginary journey around the outer cycle using color doppler to represent the three forces.

We assumed that the six points; 1,2,4,5,7,8 would be correspondingly influenced by the relative strength of the Forces (colours) at their six locations (Harmonics of the Hexad). We then cross referenced the results of our visualisation exercise with as many enneagrams as possible, and came up with the triad placement we explained in the first E-mail sent to you.

i.e. Points 1.....123.....World 96

2.....213.....World 48

4.....213.....World 24

5.....231.....World 12

7.....321.....World 6

8.....312.....World 3

We also cross-referenced Rodney Collin's ideas in *Celestial Influence*, somewhat reluctantly on my part, as it has more holes in it than Swiss cheese, but did receive exact confirmation of our theory based upon his body type information. The triads above correspond exactly with the essential nature of types and their position on the enneagram. Our connection to the Body Type information in the Fourth Way is very strong and offers what we believe to be irrefutable verification of our triad placement theory. We also used G's system of energies out-lined in the Purgatory chapter.

Add to this the second enneagram, and we believe you will find this all opens brand new vistas to explore and enjoy in this area. It is the understanding of the feminine essence that has been driven out of our contemporary societies. We believe the trite undertakings of the feminist movements in this century are the beginning of the re-entry of the Feminine principle. The Female is Evolution.

The double enneagram re-establishes the original perfection. i.e. the enneagram, before God changed the laws as described by G., would consist of three informing triangles with no breaks in continuity in the outer cycle. The change in the laws introduced Hazard, and the dark night of the soul, or, a break in continuity which requires an intelligent action to manifest from the future at point 3, if a return is to be made, 'the journey of faith', and it is this that the second enneagram describes.

This is why, for instance, that is possible historically for the Male principle to eradicate the Female, and for a civilisation to be largely trapped in the functional world. The second enneagram is optional from the point of view of functional existence. The beast will survive.

The third enneagram that emerges has its plane of operation in the eternal realms and is the product always and everywhere of the continual sexual exchange between these two loving partners. Observe as you explore this new diagram that the inner circulations are one moment flowing together in the same direction, the next moment, flowing against each other. They are always in contact maintaining a resonant harmony. i.e. the higher worlds always maintain their harmony. Higher centres always work perfectly, no matter what imbalances are being created in the other two realms. I just read your piece on the sexes at the website and I feel this material will be of great value to you Anthony when writing on that subject.

tata for now

ENSO



Karen Stefano is continuing *The Collage Connection*, a series of 'playshops', mostly in Santa Fe. Please look at and enjoy her colourful web site at www.tissuepapercollage.net.