



Volume Two: Issue Seventeen

May, 2006



God at work at the North Pole...

This is sunset at the North Pole with the moon at its closest point. Notice also the sun below the moon.

Amazing

From the Editor

Hello Everyone,

It has been an extremely busy time here in Adelaide with *Simply Magick* just completed last weekend and *Tiuty* about to start tomorrow (Friday). Some might say it is a miracle that the newsletter is ready to go!

I particularly appreciate receiving Patrick's commentary for this issue as it has been put together between the above two courses.

This month's article considers that we live our life from our own particular mindset (we have called it theory), until we wake up and realize what we are creating! *I Am Therefore I Think* takes us into a theatre beyond time (and no doubt space) to catch a glimpse of a reality shift.

We have a new contributor! Johan Kruger has written a poem called *Presence*. I was reminded of the space created for us to learn and grow in all esoteric training courses I have attended with Patrick when I read it. Perhaps it touches you in a different way.

The Book List continues and we have added a bit of humour. All in all we hope that it is good for the soul!

Enjoy!

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Suppose that I am, therefore I think... What is reality?

by Jan Melanie

There is no theory of metaphysics. It is not really a subject either. Rather it is a space, a gap, or a doorway through which anyone can step if serious enough and focused enough and curious enough about this gift we call life. It appears to be about self, later it seems to be about Self. Could it be that ultimately it will take us beyond the concept range of Self? What is Self anyway? The following explores the concept of the humble Self and one moment in its creation ...

Whilst metaphysics does not spring from theory, it could be said that those of us willing enough to step through this doorway are subjects desirous of making more sense of self and our relationships with our world. In effect we are theorizing a self in process. Theorizing self offers the potential to reveal a multidimensional self or a multiplicity of selves. It invites the opportunity to realize the transformation and transmutation of thought. Thought is not crystallized – it is fluid, open and expansive. It requires risk and courage and humility to acknowledge a change of thought. It is an admittance of growth, perhaps a process of catharsis wherein like grief, a need to displace fears, angers and guilt's outside of self occurs before a transcended self emerges. Yet self exists in time and space, and although unique, is not special. How is it possible then to write about a self that theorizes itself? All I can do is to make aware a space that exists between conception and perception in a sort of play seemingly written by the subject herself. It is a play about impact and how it occurs in exchanges between individuals in private and public spaces. It also reveals it is in the intent that perception, outcome and success is felt.

So, what is reality? The subject matter has been chosen because of its unique state of silence beneath which bubbles questions of power, of authority, of motherhood, of sovereignty and of freedom in an environment of control, regulation and surveillance. I recommend therefore that you don't get caught up in the subject matter ... don't let it take you off on a tangent. Remember, it is from the perspective of the self who created this scene whilst shifting realities, and the framework is supposed to be theoretical (and even that is challenged).

What is reality?

In confronting what appears to be a myriad of ways of speaking 'I', it became clear to me that the author purporting to be constructing new theoretical perspectives was working through their own insecurities in an attempt to make sense of their world. I realized that theory should be read as a point of view and that many theories represent many different points of view. Who is right? Is it the one that attaches closely to my world or should I reach beyond and explore outreaches? I have decided that rather than either agree or disagree with other author's creative ventures into rebuilding foundations, I would weave a new reality thereby inviting others to appreciate, without lecture, that my reality is that which I make real.

As far as we can discern,
the sole purpose of
existence is to kindle a
light in the darkness of
being.
- Carl Jung

My approach is risky. There are no boundaries unless I choose to make them. Theory is just a play and the space in which it is acted, viewed and reviewed is contained in the revelation of meaning implied by the author according to her cadence, and felt by the reader as impact. This is the stage upon which Being transcends self. For this to occur a focus on self is central with brief encounters with body, mind and subjective reality assisting this process to occur.

The performance, set in the 1990's and much like a soap opera, is one where feminists are seated around a large oval table plotting a course of action for how to improve abortion services for women. They have through personal experience and/or through listening to other women's stories, as well as confirming with statistics, gathered enough evidence to convince themselves that this is a serious problem. The discussion is varied, as one would expect. Some want to educate the public about women's rights, others believe we should take the matter into our own hands and seek permission as is required by law, to set up a service that compliments the needs and desires of women choosing abortion.

The other side – that which can be called consensus reality in general, authorities in particular – do not sit around a large oval table and plot their action. Rather, the ominous 'they' merely stand their ground feeling quite safe and protected by the social construction of their omnipotence. Yet a closer look sees them as opaque, lifeless and formless. You see they were handed power back in the seventeenth century, and as gifts are received, they gratefully accepted and proceeded to control those subjects willing to give over their ownership, their power, their authority to another. Although the time appears to be quite recent and long ago simultaneously, it occurs to the viewer that there is no time between, they actually exist together – at the same time, in the now.

The performance continues. The forum of feminists have got the permission they sought and are providing the service they promised themselves they would. Thoughts to expand on this have been put into action. A reaction to perceived needs has been effected and accomplished.

The viewer sits and ponders; shifting from left buttock to right buttock with a crossing of legs expressing all is not as cosy as it seems on the stage.

Meanwhile, news hits the airwaves that President Bush, if returned to office, would abolish the right of women to have abortions on demand. Another megabyte of information received draws our attention to the plight of women in Ireland who merely want the right to go to Britain for an abortion. Through the stage of courtroom interference making judgement that a young woman could not travel to Britain for an abortion, the viewer realizes the drama being played out is going to be running for a long time. A reaction to the perception that singular authority is being threatened has been enacted through assertion of intolerance and warning. The ominous 'they' are wielding their power.

Time is not a line, but a
series of now points.
- Taisen Deshimaru

There is excitement, intrigue, curiosity, questions to ask but no-one listening – the performance does not invite audience participation. The performers are articulate and intelligent. They have read their scripts well, so well they appear not to be acting at all. Is this illusion real, or am I dreaming?

When the curtain drops and the viewer moves away, she takes with her images of reality and thoughts of reality, and wonders if they are hers or someone else's. She checks her watch to see the time, she needs evidence that only a few hours have passed and it is still 1993 as it was when she went in. This is little comfort as she heads back to her post-graduate studies with questions screaming to get out of her head. She feels herself being drawn into another soap opera. This is one where written language is the unchallenged expression of both thought and feeling. She wondered if she could express her immediate feelings to another, or if she even wanted to.

As she got closer to academia she felt herself stiffen as if self was being challenged in some way. How can anyone represent another or a group without their own thoughts interjecting? Given this, how is it possible to express her feelings to another when the other's agenda has boundaries unaccommodating? Does this mean in reality she does not feel? She thought about the concept of language being colonised, as she found herself disruptively scrutinizing the flow of feeling to thought to expression. Remembering the imagery in the play she considered – when feminist becomes feminism, containment reduces expansionist. Within the congruency of her self, with her thoughts unexpressed, she realized that she was acknowledging her feelings, and in truth she was the only one who could. In this experience she had triggered her creativity. She became aware that at this moment in time and space she had felt the power and the knowing that thought is creative.

If none of this is making sense, allow me to thicken the plot and ask you the reader, what is sense? Is it rationality, control, identity, orderliness, a pre-occupation with attachment? Perhaps it requires qualification as to whom, for whose purpose and what is at risk or what is to gain. If I have a sense of direction, for example, then sense is owned by me and working for me, and I take the risk to grow with freedom. But sense can be used to manipulate in order to gain power. For instance, what spaces and places really feel safe to express? An individual question best answered in the silence of one's own mind. Perhaps it depends upon whether the feelings I want to express are inside or outside the language 'permitted'. Perhaps being on the outside of groups and on the inside of self, willing to relate, detachment is the space in which self-actualization germinates. There is no one answer that can possibly reflect the multitude of selves and the multi-dimension of self.

THE END.

What about the above scenario? The viewer watching her own play felt discomfort. In this reflective theatre did she gain a glimpse of awareness of how thought can be colonised? Had she been duped by feminism in her desire for personal power and autonomy?

It is proof of a base and low mind for one to wish to think with the masses or majority, merely because the majority is the majority. Truth does not change because it is, or is not, believed by a majority of the people.

- Giordano Bruno

The scene as she was made aware through the juxtaposition of time that the question of reality was not fixed; rather it was adopted, allowed, and manifested by thought. When she questioned, "whose thought it that", and realized she may think differently she wondered where it might be 'safe' to truly express. The uncertainty of a new way of seeing herself, of taking charge in her own life was being scrutinised by her old self. There is no one else. The 'other' is merely an illusion made real through a need to make sense of a current world through linear connections with a believable past.

"Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great."
Mark Twain

A bit of Humour ...

Official Announcement



John Howard and Peter Costello today announced that they are changing our emblem from the Emu and Kangaroo to a CONDOM because it more accurately reflects the government's political stance. A condom allows for inflation, halts production, destroys the next generation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives you a sense of security while you're actually being screwed.

Damn, it just doesn't get more accurate than that!

Poet's Corner ...

Presence

by D.Johan Kruger

From the centre of the field
of unfolding possibilities
collapsing, solidifying
in your choice of intent

I come to you
my brother
my sister

Joining your story
and mine
twisting a new thread
of life
into the tapestry of
our collective Presence.

We un mould the past
we shake the towering constructions of comfort
that threaten our very existence.
We break the walls that disconnect
our hearts, our souls, our minds, our bodies ...

Pulled by future aspects of Self we forge
- in loving courageous act of Co-Sentience -
a place worthy of our Aspirations,
Dreams, Desires and Hopes.

Let love be our midwife
Let realism be our shadow guide
Let friendship be our sustenance
Let Hope lead us into redemption
of our ... for too long ... Broken World.

How could there be any
question of acquiring or
possessing, when the one
thing needful for a man is
to become-to be at last,
and to die in the fullness
of his being.

Antoine De Saint-Exupery

Book List:

An author to add to your growing recommended booklist...

There are a series of books by the author NEVILLE GODDARD being recommended as a good read right now.

The source of this recommendation, John Lee, tells me that Neville Goddard was the teacher of Carlos Castenada in the 50's (that is 1950's!).

Below are a couple of titles...

Goddard, Neville; *The Mystery of Forgiveness*
Immortal Man

I believe Patrick managed to talk John into temporarily parting with one or two of these books prior to *Simply Magick*. That is how well worth a read they are – you may have to beg, borrow or steal for an immediate read!

I have read parts of *Immortal Man*. It is a series of lectures given by Neville and published after his death.

For a full list of titles go to amazon.com website. It may be more economical to purchase through this or similar source for those of us who reside outside America.

Consciousness is a being,
the nature of which is to
be conscious of the
nothingness of its being.
- Jean-Paul Sartre

Current Events

by Patrick Desplace

Hello There,

As many of you know, I have just completed "Simply Magic" and am about to start "Tomorrow is up to You" (11 day residential). The lead up has been and is ... anyway! I am snowed under. I have some "scary" material about Earthquakes – our planet is "rumbling" as never before. There is so much data that I do not have the time to compile it all for this Newsletter. Maybe I will ask Jan to send an ADDENDUM after TIUTY. Please do initiate a free Google Alert about Earthquake...

Since the previous Newsletter we have had **DOZENS** of earthquakes from 5 to 8 in magnitude – there was a tsunami alert for the pacific this morning (4th May).

Below is a link I recommend you look at - from Yahoo news! Apparently Earth is scheduled to be "hit" by a fragment from a Comet about to visit us. D-Day is 25th May 2006! So keep your eyes to the skies on the day of Doom! The first to sight the comet will get a kiss from Jan... or me with Nina's approval...

http://news.yahoo.com/s/usnw/20060413/pl_usnw/former_military_air_traffic_controller_claims_comet_collision_with_earth_on_may25_2006104.xml

I have looked at the background of the author and suspect he has ulterior motives as he is publishing a new book and needs all the attention he can get. Anyway, we do not have long to wait to verify his credibility.

I have reproduced an email I received about Bird Flu. The question at the end (ARE WE CRAZY!!? OR ARE WE IDIOTS!!?), is not correct as the answer is, many, too many are simply far more stupid than they look!

Please keep an eye for the following words: **"WHY NOT?"**. Two words that may be of great significance to you in a near future...

Suddenly, from behind
the rim of the moon, in
long, slow-motion
moments of immense
majesty, there emerges a
sparkling blue and white
jewel, a light, delicate, sky-
blue sphere laced with
slowly swirling veils of
white, rising gradually like
a small pearl in a thick sea
of black mystery. It takes
more than a moment to
fully realize this is
Earth...home. My view of
our planet was a glimpse
of divinity.

- Edgar Mitchell, Apollo 14
astronaut and founder, Institute
of Noetic Sciences

Subject: Bird flu.....

Do you know that 'bird flu' was discovered in Vietnam 9 years ago?

Do you know that barely 100 people have died in the whole world in all that time?

Do you know that it was the Americans who alerted us to the efficacy of the human antiviral TAMIFLU as a preventative?

Do you know that TAMIFLU barely alleviates some symptoms of the common flu?

Do you know that its efficacy against the common flu is questioned by a great part of the scientific community?

Do you know that against a SUPPOSED mutant virus such as H5N1, TAMIFLU barely alleviates the illness?

Do you know that to date Avian Flu affects birds only?

Do you know who markets TAMIFLU?

ROCHE LABORATORIES.

Do you know who bought the patent for TAMIFLU from ROCHE LABORATORIES in 1996?

GILEAD SCIENCES INC.

Do you know who was the then president of GILEAD SCIENCES INC. and remains a major shareholder?

DONALD RUMSFELD, the present Secretary of Defense of the USA.

Do you know that the base of TAMIFLU is crushed aniseed?

Do you know who controls 90% of the world's production of this tree?

ROCHE.

Do you know that sales of TAMIFLU were over \$254 million in 2004 and more than \$1000 million in 2005?

Do you know how many more millions ROCHE can earn in the coming months if the business of fear continues?

*The true mystery of the
world is the visible, not the
invisible.
- Oscar Wilde*

So the summary of the story is as follows:

Bush's friends decide that the medicine TAMIFLU is the solution for a pandemic that has not yet occurred and that has caused a hundred deaths worldwide in 9 years.

This medicine doesn't so much as cure the common flu.

In normal conditions the virus does not affect humans.

Rumsfeld sells the patent for TAMIFLU to ROCHE for which they pay him a fortune.

Roche acquires 90% of the global production of crushed aniseed, the base for the antiviral.

The governments of the entire world threaten a pandemic and then buy industrial quantities of the product from Roche.

So we end up paying for medicine while Rumsfeld, Cheney and Bush do the business.

ARE WE CRAZY!!? OR ARE WE IDIOTS!!?

*Man will occasionally
stumble over the truth, but
usually manages to pick
himself up, walk over or
around it, and carry on.
- Winston Churchill*

Contact Us

My general aim for the newsletter is that it is eclectic in its style. Please submit any articles, reviews, book titles, jokes, poems, and reader's responses to the email address below.

ADVERTISING – You may be looking for an investor, or have product for sale, or you have accommodation ... you may even want to advertise an adventure you have organised, or a course you are running.

Talk to me through email or via Skype. For the latter download this free program from www.skype.com and when set up do a search for my name. In the “message section” when asking for authorisation, please make a note that you would like to talk to me about advertising – then I won't dismiss it if I don't recognise the name.

Please send correspondence and submissions to me, Jan Melanie, at the following email address: jan@accessit.net.au

Remember to advise me if you change your email address and you wish to continue to receive the newsletter. It would also be appreciated if you no longer wish to receive the newsletter that you also let me know this.

Every month I find I am receiving messages to the effect - 'mailbox full' ... sometimes the same ones every month. After several attempts over a period of a couple of weeks I wonder if the address is actually being used at all. Eventually these addresses I delete from the mailing list.