

Vision

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Fifty Years of School in New Zealand

This year marks a significant event in the history of the School in New Zealand – the celebration of its 50th Anniversary in Wellington.

The Wellington School, formed in 1956, is the oldest outside of the United Kingdom, where the parent organisation began in the 1930's, firstly as a small group of people who came together in London to study economics, then expanding in the early 1950's to encompass the study of Philosophy. This led gradually to the formation of Schools elsewhere, the first being Wellington where the Introductory Course began in September 1956.

The School has grown significantly in New Zealand since the early years. After Wellington had been established, the Auckland School followed close behind, advertising the course in 1960, and later came branches in Hamilton and Masterton, and more recently in Palmerston North.

Around the world, the number of Schools continues to increase. There are now 70 across the UK, Europe, South Africa, Australasia, and the Americas. The longest established Australian Schools are Sydney (1967) and Melbourne (1977), and elsewhere two of the oldest are Johannesburg (late 1950's) and New York (1964).

The Residential Week held each July in New Zealand took place in Wellington this year to coincide with the 50th Anniversary. It was attended by Australasian School Leaders and members of the Wellington and Auckland Schools, and invited guests from the Australian Schools. The week was conducted by Mr Donald Lambie, Leader of the international body of Schools.

Special events included evening concerts with David Ward, a senior member of the London School and a pianist and musician of international repute, and a Gala dinner to conclude the week.

The official 50th Anniversary is to be celebrated on 9–10 September at Philosophy House in Wellington and presentations on a variety of topics are planned: “Western Art”, “New Frontiers in Medicine”, “Spiritual Jihad”, “Calligraphy in Practice”, “Philosophy and Stress”, “Mozart”, “The Eastern Wisdom”, “Education”, and “What is a School?”. Speakers will be from the Wellington and Australian Schools and highlights include a reception and formal dinner on the Saturday evening. Celebrations conclude soon after midday on Sunday, 10 September.

A warm invitation is extended to Auckland students who would like to attend.

The Lord's Prayer

**O Thou, the breath, the light of all,
Let this light create a heart-shrine within,
And your counsel rule 'til oneness guides all.
Your one desire then acts with ours, as in all light, so in all forms.
Grant what we need each day, in bread and insight.
Loose the cords of mistakes binding us,
As we release the strands we hold of other's faults.
Don't let surface things delude us, but keep us from unripe acts.
To you belongs the ruling mind, the life that can act and do,
The song that beautifies all, from age to age it renews.
In faith, we will be true.**

(Translation from Aramaic text)

This very different version, given to a student by a friend, prompted a little research into the history of the Lord's Prayer. Sometimes known by its first two Latin words as the Pater Noster, or its English equivalent Our Father, it is probably the most well-known prayer in the Christian religion. The Lord's Prayer is excerpted from Matt. 6:9-13 during the Sermon on the Mount. A similar prayer is found on Luke 11:2-4.

It is called the "Lord's Prayer" because it was the prayer given by Jesus in response to a request from the Apostles for guidance on how to pray. The doxology (*For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen*) was not present in the original version of the prayer, but rather was added to the Gospels as a result of its use in the liturgy of the early church. For this reason, it is not included in many modern translations.

In the latter part of the second century, Matthew translated the Lord's Prayer in rather crude Greek, behind which one can still sense the original Aramaic. The commonly accepted version of the Lord's Prayer is based on that of Matthew. This version however is considered by scholars to be inaccurate.

The English wording of the *Our Father* that is used today reflects what was mandated for use by Henry VIII, based on the Bible produced by Tyndale (1525). Later, in 1541, after his official separation from the Holy Father, Henry VIII issued an edict saying:

"His Grace perceiving now the great diversity of the translations of the Pater Noster hath willed them all to be taken up, and instead of them hath caused an uniform translation of the said Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, etc., to be set forth, willing all his loving subjects to learn and use the same and straitly commanding all parsons, vicars, and curates to read and teach the same to their parishioners."

This English version without the doxology became accepted throughout the English-speaking world, even though the later English translations of the Bible, including the Protestant *King James* version (1611), had different renderings of prayers as found in the Gospel of St. Matthew. Later, the Catholic Church made slight modifications in the English: "who art" replaced "which art," and "on earth" replaced "in earth." During the reign of Edward VI, the *Book of Common Prayer* (1549 and 1552 editions) of the Church of England did not change the wording of the *Our Father* nor add the doxology. However, during the reign of

Elizabeth I and a resurgence to rid the Church of England from any Catholic vestiges, the Lord's Prayer was changed to include the doxology.

Prior to the Protestant Reformation, the Our Father was universally recited in Latin by clergy and laity alike. Hence it was then most commonly known as the *Pater noster*. The English translation we have today is due to Henry VIII's efforts to impose a standard English version.

Here is an outline of the evolution of the Lord's Prayer in English:

A.D. 1300 – Fadir our in hevене, Halwewyd by thi name, thi kingdom come. Thy will be done as in hevене in erthe. Oure urche days bred give us today. And forgive us our detes, as we forgive our detoures. And lede us not into temptation. Bote delyvere us of yvel.

A.D. 1582 – Our Father which art in heaven, sanctified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heaven and earth also. Give us this day our super substantial bread. And led us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil.

A.D. 1611 – Our Father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heauen. Giue us this day our dayly bread. And forgiue us our debts as we forgiue our debtors. And leade us not into temptation, but deliuer us from euill. For thine is the kingdome, and the power and the glory for ever.

A.D. 1789 – Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, forever and ever. Amen.

A.D. 1970 – Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come. Your will

be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from the Evil. For the Kingdom, Power and the Glory, are yours now and forever. Amen.

Even the above are not the final word. Search other sources and you will find versions which differ from those given. It is a wonder the Lord's Prayer has survived with any vestige of its original meaning!

To conclude is another, refreshingly different version of the Lord's Prayer translated from the Aramaic:

Oh Thou, from whom the breath of life comes, who fills all realms of sound, light and vibration.

May Your light be experienced in my utmost holiest.

Your Heavenly Domain approaches.

Let Your will come true - in the universe (all that vibrates) just as on earth (that is material and dense).

Give us wisdom (understanding, assistance) for our daily need, detach the fetters of faults that bind us, (karma) like we let go the guilt of others.

Let us not be lost in superficial things (materialism, common temptations), but let us be freed from that what keeps us from our true purpose.

From You comes the all-working will, the lively strength to act, the song that beautifies all and renews itself from age to age.

Sealed in trust, faith and truth.

(I confirm with my entire being)

(Nazarene Transl. from Aramaic)

Information in this article has been extracted largely from the following websites:
http://www.thenazareneway.com/lords_prayer.html
www.geocities.com/Athens/Olympus/2961/lprayer.html
Thanks also to Tim Farquharson for the commencing version of the Prayer.

Reflections on a Four Day Tramp Around Ruapehu

by Russell Allen

The trip, a tramp round Mt Ruapehu in four days, usually done in five to six days, was great. That was the initial response; it was hard but a good thing to do – but why?

Was it good because it was enjoyable – hardly! Most days were predominantly painful, with sore feet, aching legs, hot and sweaty etc. Although it is certainly good to feel worked out and a little fitter, this is probably not what it was really about. Nor was it overwhelmingly a challenge fulfilled. Was it the beautiful scenery – yes definitely but nothing that could not have been viewed in an easier way.

It was a good trip for all these reasons and more, but what was the nature of this “more”?

It was about making connections – but to leave it at that would be glib.

There were three of us: two young men and myself, much older. We knew each other but not in a close way; three people, each of us no doubt looking for different things from this journey.

We had planned for five days, with the necessary food, equipment and hut tickets, but as time progressed it became clear that all of us secretly hoped to be out on the fourth.

Day one started with a drive from Auckland to Whakapapa Village within the Tongariro National Park in the Central North Island, after an early start. The journey down involved some interesting conversations about career choices and the like involving some real issues facing all young people. There was also all the usual trivia, with stops for coffee, that make up such trips.

By noon we had embarked on the first leg to the first hut, the Waihothonu, north-west of

Ruapehu itself. This was a beautiful walk, passing impressive waterfalls, but otherwise uneventful. The hut was full, and noisy, but served its purpose well enough.

The next day we aimed for a hike expected to take eleven hours. We were on our way by 7.30am, full of confidence. Slowly our confidence waned. Every rise was followed by another deep valley, with yet another slope to climb on the other side. As the day progressed the scenery became more barren, although beautiful in its own way; perhaps we weren't inclined to notice it!

As midday came and went the hope of making the Rangipo Hut in time to proceed to the next hut became uncertain. The two lads powered ahead and I struggled to keep up. Eventually we arrived at the hut well after 1.00pm, reluctantly accepting that to attempt the next hut was not safe in winter conditions. Besides, we were all pretty tired.

The afternoon turned out to be surprisingly rich. Once we had the wood heater going, the hut was warm and the outside even colder. We met Graham, who had also set out with similar expectations and had come to the same resolution as ourselves to stay put. Conversation was lively, with interest for all. Graham was my age, an engineer of some standing. As one of the lads was studying engineering at Auckland University, this led to a natural connection. It was obvious that the enjoyment of each other's company was mutual.

The sunset and sunrise from this Rangipo hut was very well worth seeing, with the Desert Road far in the distance yet able to be made out, with car lights moving along it. It was a rugged scene, yet serene and peaceful. Supper came and went, others arrived, and an early night was welcome. Aches and pains failed to

stop the onset of sleep.

The following morning there were high hopes of making the Magaturuturu hut, the best part of 11 hours away. This day was different. Graham and myself set out early, 15

minutes before the others, who quickly caught us up. But somehow the going was easier, pace was steady and we made the next hut in quick time. A good break and steadily onto the Ohakune Mountain Road, getting some fine views of snow covered slopes of the magnificent Mt Ruapehu. We reached the road seven-and-a-half hours after leaving the hut but this was good going. Everyone was ahead of me and well into lunch by the time I arrived.

The road was an issue; it involved a three kilometre steeply uphill walk on tarmac, not particularly pleasant with weary feet. Hitching a lift was always a possibility, but we were unlikely to get one because we were four men.

For myself, long before arriving there was an inner certainty that we were going to get a lift up the road, despite the fact that the odds were against it. After lunch, during which almost no cars passed, the four of us trudged off. Hardly had we moved 20 paces and a car approached. It was a utility with both seats occupied; and yet the driver stopped immediately when with absolute confidence I put up my thumb. He indicated the back tray. All four with packs climbed into it and away we went. Although it was freezing, there was laughter and delight as we powered up the hill, the happiness self-evident to all.

Such moments should not be passed over lightly. for they indicate a world we hardly understand, where what is needful plays itself out easily and lightly, with apparently no effort



Mt Ruapehu

from us. And they leave a mark, a sign that all is well in the world despite what we might think at times.

No surprise, we arrived at the Mangaturuturu hut in good time. With a fire alight, we were all in good spirits. The following day should be straightforward, we thought – at worst an eight-hour walk out to the road.

But the last day again was different. To date we had had almost perfect weather, no hint of rain and a lot of sunshine, quite remarkable really for this time of the year. This day also remained dry but there were changes in the air. Again Graham and myself set out before the others. Somehow things seemed well in tune and we moved steadily across a fairly level area then started climbing. At this point we could see the other two behind us; surely they would catch up soon. We continued. Graham had commented how good these two lads were, waiting for us at appropriate points on the previous day, a sign of leadership, and I agreed.

Leadership, and how to get young people involved, has long been an interest. Some say young people have to demonstrate commitment before being invested with trust and authority. This trip was another chance to consider the issue in the company of two very well intentioned young people.

So we moved on. Up a slope, across a plateau, the two still behind us and more than two hours gone since we left. So we stopped and

waited. They arrived in full conversation, and continued straight on as if we did not exist. So what were we to make of this? Whatever else, it was not a mark of leadership, as they had not conspicuously checked that all was well with their climbing companions. It was understandable enough, but was it also an opportunity missed?

At the bottom of the next valley they were seated, taking a snack, as I approached. I had resolved to speak, just to point out what had happened. But as I opened my mouth an



Suspension bridge

alternative arose in mind and instead they were asked, had they left the hut tidy? A curious question in the circumstances, but they said they had, with a laugh, and suddenly the whole atmosphere was easy. We were one again.

But now it was down one side of a valley and up the other with no apparent end in sight. The path was rough and feet were sore. Graham was the first to leave, I followed but he slowly drew ahead, and the two lads soon overtook me and also pulled away. Having climbed up out of a deep valley there ahead was the longest hill we had so far encountered.

As I climbed the first steep section, with fading resolution, my eyes fell upon a small, fully formed flower. It consisted of a single bowl no more than 1cm across; the main section a pale

white but the rim had a trace of purple. It was supported by a flimsy stem 5cm long. It sat alone amongst the bleak boulders. It was not exquisite, but it was beautiful, and I remembered you can only observe beauty if you have beauty within yourself. This allowed me to look again and appreciate the beauty that lay beyond the form.

I did not stop or stare but passed on, but there was a wistful wish to linger and a feeling of a lost an opportunity to relish it fully, thinking it could never be the same again. But suddenly there was another one, just as beautiful, just as totally refreshing. Also letting this one pass by, I moved forward full of wonder. And then a little later was a third, just as exciting and endearingly beautiful. That was it; just three flowers, fully connected with, although maybe there were hundreds all around had I looked.

Moreover, not very far further on one of the young men was waiting, not unexpectedly, but very welcome all the same. The others had gone on ahead to collect the car, which is exactly as things ought to have been.

These were magic moments, worth all the effort that had gone before.

Eventually we all arrived at the road and recovered our cars. Graham went his way, now a friend. The remaining three had a pleasant evening in National Park, showering, eating etc. before returning to Auckland the following day.

So that's what happened. The "more" than what usually goes to make up a good trip revealed itself in a few seemingly trivial incidents that in fact were almost everything, for it is moments like these, when connections are made, that enlighten and produce real joy.



Absolute Art

Oh how mysterious it appears,
 such playfulness in nature's hands,
 forever unfolding in eternal glory.
 Like great jugglery, it moves in time.

The multi-stranded web reflecting sunlight
 dances its silent tune,
 ceaselessly in the gentle breeze.

Oh little sparrow,
 moving with perfect grace
 amongst cherry blossom,
 Spring echoes your melodious sounds,
 orchestrated perfection unfolding.
 How divine all this is.

Gathering...
 A blackbird's work is never
 done in preparation for its young.

Unmoved by its presence a camellia flower
 falls nearby...
 its task complete.
 What a glorious show it's been,
 from birth to death
 still giving of itself,
 as it wastes away to be of use another day.

The play goes on, the stage is set,
 the actors poised, nature the great director
 who laid the stage,
 guides the actors in their tasks.
 How well they all perform.

Daffodils...
 turn to light the stage,
 A soft breeze directs their heads...
 like curious onlookers,
 so beautiful is this place.
 So full of beauty,
 this tiny corner of the garden,
 for this, a momentary glimpse,
 early one morning.



by Geoff Taylor, Hamilton



Sage the Saviour

Strong-scented leaves of hoary green,
 Long pointed, dense in bushes low;
 Bright flowers of violet blue on spikes set
 proud,
 Officinalis salvia – long known
 Before Christ's birth, when it was widely used
 For mem'ry warming, quick'ning senses too;
 For pains in throat and joints, for cleaning
 wounds,
 Relief from asthma gained by smoking leaves.
 To darken hair, infusions made a rinse;
 Conception aid- well prized in Roman times.

In Jupiter's dominion, strong this herb
 For healing of the liver, breeding blood.
 In preservation of brain's faculties,
 More valuable than life to rational minds,
 Thus heralded as Sage the Saviour:
 Oh powerful sauge, insurer of long life,
 Most potent is your strength before you
 bloom;
 This truth proclaimed in century
 seventeenth:
 "He that would live for aye
 Must eat the sage in May."

by Carmel Hare, Auckland

Art in Action

in Wellington

29-30 April 2006

by Lilian Beanland

Four members of the Auckland School and their families attended the Wellington School's "Art in Action" weekend at the end of April and all agreed that it was a splendid event.

Philosophy House was transformed by invited artists and craftspeople who brought their works, their enthusiasm and their creativity to be viewed by the many Wellingtonians who attended the two-day event. It was very evident that the artists, the public and the philosophers were all delighted to be there.

The quality and the variety of the art and crafts was such that though there might be personal favourites, it does not seem appropriate to single out any of the work on display for special comment. Many of the artists have museum collections of their work, or have exhibited in New Zealand and overseas.

There were painters in oil, water colour and acrylic, including two who are well known, a renowned glass worker, an icon painter, a Chinese calligrapher, a tapestry weaver, two potters, and a scribe who specialises in Celtic



and Heraldic design, vellum illumination and decorative scripts. There was paper weaving, an oriental rug collector and an oriental rug restorer, a harp and guitar maker, a violin maker and a leading bone carver. All of them were of the highest calibre.

There were two evening concerts, the first being a wonderful "Celebration of the Harp" featuring a world renowned Celtic harpist, Baroque harpist and pedal harpist, and the second a memorable performance by the young New Zealand School of Music Quartet titled "Mostly Mozart". It was worth travelling to Wellington just to hear such talented musicians.

The Wellington students excelled themselves in setting up the event. The food, coffee and helpful, happy service was appreciated as much as the artists and their works.

This was the first Art in Action held in New Zealand, and it was an outstanding success. I look forward to the next.

Congratulations Wellington!

**Fine art is that in which the hand, the head,
and the heart of man go together.**

- John Ruskin (1819-1900)
British art critic and writer

Around and Around... **The Lawn**

by David Gibb

I have been asked “how is the new Cub Cadet ride-on mower we use at 268 West Tamaki Road performing?”

The answer? Very well.

We had a John Deere for 10 years prior, but the new one has 5 h.p. more, a slightly wider cut and a faster traverse. It feels a superior mower to work with and due to the position of the dollar at purchase, was nearly half the price. It was made in Ohio and has an indicator for the amount of time it has been running, which is handy as a guide for servicing. The lawns average out at about 23 cuts a year and 2 1/2 hours a cut.

Rocks and other obstructions are sometimes hard to spot and on three occasions with the John Deere, the offending objects – a horseshoe from a draught horse, a solid steel rod, and a heavy steel tent peg – were struck with a very loud bang. It was a wonder the crankshaft wasn't broken, as it stopped the motor suddenly each time.

Sometimes the thought comes, that when Mr MacLaren, the founder of the School, was getting classes started in philosophy back in those early years, he couldn't have guessed what kind of wheels it would set in motion. May they keep turning for a long time to come!

As you work each day for your daily bread
Remember what the Philosopher said
Use each precious minute as if it was your last
Don't live in the future and don't live in the past
Seize each golden moment and recognise its worth
For once you understand this you inherit this wondrous earth

– by Barry Cramp, Auckland

Auckland School **Cultural Groups** held on **Sundays**

Vedic Dance	8.30am	Rosemary Auld	412-8782
Art Group	1.00pm	Ngaire Bennett	445 3827
Shakespeare Study Group	6.00pm	Hamish Hudson	638 9667
Choir	7.30pm	Frances Gore	817 5060

**New members to these groups are welcome.
For enquiries, please phone the group tutors listed.**

Shakespearean Lessons for Life

by Joan Joass



Not so very long ago, under the expert direction of Hamish Hudson, a Ficino School Senior Boys class (then aged 11 and 12) put on a production of King Henry V. I was at that time fortunate enough to be in the role of form teacher to these boys.

As anyone who has helped with a children's production will know, there were many hours of rehearsals coupled with the pressure of learning lines (one boy had some 500, in full Shakespearean language), remembering directions, extra practices for principals, costumes, make-up, etc., all needing to be fitted in with normal school curriculum studies and homework. It did indeed give a very literal slant to the old saying 'blood, sweat and tears' (not least from Mr Hudson!)

When the curtain finally lifted on the first performance, all concerned rose to the occasion with admirable courage and enthusiasm and managed to delight, enthral and provoke their audiences for the following week. I would have to say that the effect that this production had on the boys' characters, the qualities it brought forth, astounded me: courage, valour, tenacity, humour, support, loyalty, friendship and sheer hard work to name but a few.

As a matter of interest, I asked the class afterwards to write down, individually, the thing they had liked best about the production, the thing they had found the hardest, and the most valuable personal lesson they had learned.

Not only do I have their permission to share a selection of their contributions with you, but they insisted I identify the authors as well! So, in no particular order, here are some comments from Michael, Nikhil, Dhruvesh, Luke, Hamish, Paul, Kayur, Justin and Alvin, just as they gave them to me (apologies to Toby and MoHong – I seem to have mislaid their copies).

The best part of the play was:

- Being on stage
- Learning what an actor does behind the scenes
- Making people laugh
- The fighting scenes
- Acting! Forgetting about real life
- Seeing the wonder on the face of the audience
- Having fun
- The team work and support from your friends

The hardest thing about the play was:

- Learning lines (unanimous)
- When you make a mistake and the audience doesn't support you
- Taking in all Mr Hudson's advice
- Getting changed really fast
- Sacrificing my rugby practice!
- Having a beard – it itches!

Valuable lessons learnt:

- Support your friends
- How an actor feels on stage
- Team work
- That Shakespeare wrote Henry V !!
- I have gained confidence in speaking
- A play is not boring but really fun
- When you believe in something, you can do anything
- That spirit gum is very sticky (that chap with the beard again!)
- Energy has a limit. If you use too much, you collapse
- Gave me confidence to speak and perform in front of people
- To obtain a fantastic, fascinating, superb vocab.

These boys are now 14-going-on-15 years old, and still often refer to their performance of Henry V. What can one say but long live Mr Hudson's Shakespearean productions!



Bookshop News

New in Bookshop this term

Leonardo da Vinci In His Own Words

by William Wray, pub. Arcturus.

This book captures the beauty and genius of Leonardo da Vinci's writings, which are accompanied by his evocative sketches and drawings.



Mozart's Letters Mozart's Life, selected letters newly translated by Robert Spaethling, pub. Faber & Faber

This is a new translation of the Letters. Here is the composer at his most intimate and unguarded, expressing his feelings about life, love, music and the world around him.



The Rule of Law and other essays by Sir Kenneth Jupp, pub. Shephard-Walwyn

Drawing on his fifteen years' experience as a High Court judge in England, the author explores the concept of justice in seven essays. In search of justice, he has turned to the scriptures, history, law, philosophy, science, government and political economy.

Marsilio, a historical novel by John Stewart, pub. Two Twenty Publishing

This book spans the uncertain formative years of the young Marsilio Ficino's life between the age of twenty and twenty five. It is also a picture of the times (the Florentine Renaissance) in which he lived. It is not confined to Florence, but moves to Rome, Milan, Venice, Budapest and other cities.



Marcus Aurelius – The Dialogues

by Alan Stedall, pub. Shephard-Walwyn

One of the last great pre-Christian exponents of classical Western philosophy was the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius (AD 161 – 180). In "The Dialogues" Alan Stedall has taken the essential threads of Marcus's thought from The Meditations and woven them into a coherent and progressive discussion which might have occurred during a meeting that really did take place between Marcus and four other famous figures of classical antiquity.

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School of Philosophy (Auckland) Inc

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**He who knows others is wise;
He who knows himself is enlightened.**

- Lao Tzu (6th Cent. BC)

Chinese philosopher, reputedly the founder of Taoism

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