

# Vision

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## Speech Of The Honorable Justice **Rodney Hansen**

**On the occasion of the Ficino School Prizegiving**

**14 December 2012**

It is a pleasure to speak to you on this happy occasion. My prizegivings are normally not so well attended. I am much more accustomed to handing out unwelcome prizes to unwilling recipients.

You may wonder how I come to be present. The reason is that my Associate, or Personal Assistant, is the Secretary of the School Board and for reasons best known to herself prevailed on me to put myself up for selection. Through her, I have come to know something about the school, though it has been very much a presence in my life since it began. I live not far away in another of Mt Eden's gracious old homes. School pupils have often visited and sung in St Barnabas Church just across the road.

I learned much more when my wife and I visited the school a few weeks ago. At the assembly we learnt about the history of The Globe Theatre from Liam. (I noticed he acknowledged by name every child who asked a question, from the oldest to the youngest.) We heard the children's prayers in Sanskrit and English and their beautiful rendition of "Little Town of Bethlehem". We visited some of the classrooms. We saw the children's work. We met the

teachers. We quickly realised that the children who go to Ficino are fortunate indeed.

I saw and heard more of Ficino when the Room 2 Choir (I think it was) performed at the Lighting of the Angels at the Methodist Church in Mt Eden last Friday. Angels themselves, their performance of the Nativity on a busy street silenced the traffic and entranced the bystanders.

These experiences put me in mind of an all-too-brief period of my own schooling. I was educated entirely in the public school system, I have to say somewhat mournfully, in the middle of the last century. There was a conventional reliance on the three R's (not altogether a bad thing) and, (I say this for the benefit of the children present) on strapping wayward boys in primary school and caning them when they were older. We were not taught to be still; we were whacked if we weren't.



**Justice Hansen**

That is except when, at the age of 11, I was taught for a year by a wonderful man and a gifted and dedicated teacher. His name was Bill Barris. He was given permission to establish a composite class of Form 1 and 2 pupils (the equivalent now is Year 7 and 8 I think) at what was then called Manukau Intermediate School in Onehunga. A measure of his dedication was that, at the beginning of the year, he visited the home of each pupil so he could understand something about their home environment and tell parents about his ideas. This was truly radical at a time when parent interviews were well in the future and communication between school and home was by end of term reports.

But it is what he did inside the classroom that left an indelible mark and of which I was reminded by my visit to Ficino School. There was a huge emphasis on the arts, especially Mr Barris' great passion for music and literature. Every day we had a creative period in which we individually and together wrote songs and poetry. Can you imagine a class of 30 pupils together writing the lyrics and music of a song – word by word, note by note – or together reciting from memory Henry the Fifth's speech before the Battle of Agincourt – from: "*Once more unto the breach dear friends*" until rising in a crescendo he shouted: "*God for Harry, England and St George*". We found nothing odd in that. We were all ardent Royalists in those days.

And in GK Chesterton's "*Lepanto*", a large chunk of which we learnt off by heart and recited in unison, we found not only rich and rousing verse but history, religion and a rich array of poetic devices.

My time in that class ignited in me a lifelong love of music and literature and when, one day about ten years ago, I saw on a visit to Eden

Gardens that Bill Barris had won prizes in a fuschia competition – how right that such a man should grow fuschias – I did what I had been meaning to do for years. I wrote to him and told him what he had done for me. He had opened a door to a garden in which the fuschias are always in bloom.

It is easy to forget the quality and permanence of these childhood experiences. That which we beheld with the "*glory and freshness of a dream*" need never fade. William Wordsworth speaks for me when he said:

*My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.*

When I heard and saw these beautiful children I thought of how their learning at Ficino would resonate for them throughout their lives. The ability to be still. The safety in silence. A love of literature and music. Tolerance in all things. Respect for others. An understanding of our place in the world. An appreciation of the divine nature of things.

I am uplifted to think that each year children of this learning and background are emerging to take their place and play their role in Society. For this the community is in debt to you – the parents, the dedicated teachers, the school community and, most of all, to you, the children, each of you, prize winners or not, "*trailing clouds of glory*"; "*golden in the mercy of His means*": the brightest flowers in the garden.

Justice Rodney Hansen is a graduate of Auckland University. He was admitted to the Bar and as an Associate Chartered Accountant in 1969. He was a litigation partner of Simpson Grierson before joining the separate bar in 1991. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1995 and a Judge of the High Court in 1999.

From 1986 until his appointment to the Bench, Justice Hansen was a member of the Council of the Commonwealth Lawyers' Association and its President from 1996 to 1999. From 1999 until 2006 he was the President of the Legal Research Foundation.

Justice Hansen is married to Penny and lives in Mt Eden. He has two sons and four grandchildren.

# Out on the Briny

by John Denton

In late April my wife Alison and I headed off on a 21 day cruise which began in the Middle East, took us through the Suez Canal and finished in Rome. It's a wonderful way to travel with great accommodation and superb food and beverages to return to at the end of a day's exploration. Every day we met new people at meal-times and became good friends with a number of them.

The voyage started in Dubai in the Persian Gulf, or as the locals would have it, the Arab Gulf, and sailed through the Straits of Hormuz overnight. We were on the side facing Iran so I would regularly take a look out in the early hours. Visibility was limited but I counted 23 tankers and later there would have been the same again and again. Apparently they wait there for instructions from the owner to 'fill her up' when the price is right.

By morning we had sailed as far as Fujaira, one of the seven Emirates which make up United Arab Emirates, situated on the Gulf of Oman. This is a place the world will be hearing more of as it will soon become the biggest oil transfer port in the world. This is because of difficulties posed by Iran, which threatened to close the Straits of Hormuz, so a decision was made to bypass them by bringing oil pipelines down through the Desert to Fujairah. We saw new Porsche and Mercedes production plants popping up in the nearby desert, an indication of accumulating wealth.

Fujairah is a progressive country with lots of money, sand and rocks and it is like most of the nearby countries, incredibly dry apart from the occasional oasis. Marriage became

very expensive here (US\$25,000) because it is traditional to invite at least 500 people and the bridegroom has to pay for the wedding. As a result, the young men decided big savings could be made by importing a bride. Consequently there was a problem because the local girls were not getting married, so \$23,000 is now awarded to each man who marries a local girl. Problem solved!

Next we went to Oman where we stopped at Muscat and Salala. We saw and smelt burning Frankincense and saw Frankincense trees from which gum is extracted by slicing the bark and collecting and processing the resin which bleeds from the tree. Myrrh also comes from this area. We enjoyed the market (soukh) at Muscat, although I got into trouble for not bringing enough money from the ship. Frankincense and Myrrh can be bought in the markets along with pashminas, and an awful lot of junk.

The soukh is very close to the waterfront but disappears uphill in a maze of alleyways. It's colourful, interesting and polite. The currency is not widely used so this can cause some difficulties and forget about using your Visa card. Some English is spoken and the people here seem to be doing 'OK'. They wanted to trade but did not pester or annoy us about it. Bargaining is a way of life here.

In Salala we visited a fishing village where sardines are netted from the shore in season, and a fascinating old trade port going back as far as the days of Cleopatra and beyond. We also visited the tomb of a long-dead Muslim Saint. In the surrounding graveyard males are indicated by a simple stone at each end of the

body, females by two stones at the head and children have three. Just stones in the sand in a sandy stony desert.

There are lots of camels; all of which have an owner. They go out and forage during the day and return home by themselves in the evening. Camel racing is a big deal in these countries and these camels come from Australia!



The current Sultan of Oman is in his seventies. As a boy he attended the only school in Salala where he was taught Arabic and Islamic Studies – the only subjects available. The British took him from school, educated him, put him through Sandhurst and brought him back. He replaced his father who was a hard man ruling by harsh interpretations of Sharia law. Since then Oman has become a progressive country where the Sultan and his family look after the people with a Council that includes a number of women at the top level. In return the Sultan appears to be loved and respected by the people.

After Salala we were in pirate territory for a few days so we had a pirate briefing and practice drill (we had to huddle on the stairs). We had a slight “wind-up” when some small fast fishing vessels headed in our direction. The crew began to prepare for trouble but it was a false alarm.

After that we spent four days sailing up the Red Sea to Aqaba in Jordan. There was not a lot to see on the way. Distant mountains and desert plains came and went. On board there

were games, lectures and more eating to pass the time. The sea temperature got as high as 28 degrees but we never had a swell of more than 2 metres. On the way, the film ‘Lawrence of Arabia’ was played a lot because Lawrence, together with Arab irregulars, captured the ancient fort at Aqaba from the Turks during World War I. It was taken after a long desert crossing which was said to be impossible. Lawrence spent considerable time in Jordan and some of the film was shot at Wadi Rum which we visited. The Israeli port of Eilat is just around the bay from Aqaba.

Jordan seemed to be a cheerful yet barren place. Many of the buildings seen have structural steel sticking out of the roof and generally look unfinished and it was explained that there is a good reason for this. There is a tax on buildings but it is only payable when the roof is finished, so the buildings are left this way to avoid paying the tax.

We spent a day visiting Petra and Wadi Rum. The rock carving at Petra was done by the Nabateans, who are mentioned in the Bible. They migrated to Petra from Medina in Saudi Arabia and had a thriving community for centuries. The Romans wanted them out of Petra so they stopped the water supply and the Nabateans had no option but to surrender. Clearly it was an advanced but small civilisation that came to a sudden end as they migrated onwards into Israel. Not far from Petra, on the top of a steep and rugged mountain around 2000 metres high we could see a small bright, white, domed building and we were told that this is the tomb of Moses.

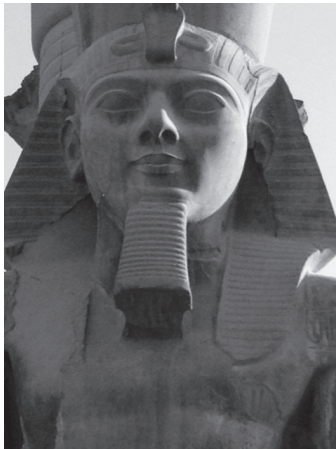
Wadi Rum is a spectacular place of sand and massive rock formations. We were treated to a drive through the desert in the back of Toyota utes and were served spiced tea made over a fire in a tent. In the evening we were taken back to a tented area for a feast with music. The band members were jolly and dressed in full Arab costume as were all the locals. They sang, danced, waved a wicked looking curved

sword around and played tambourines. One gentleman kept up well with the bagpipes and they really enjoyed themselves. Interestingly, as my wife pointed out, during our time at Wadi Rum not one of the local women was sighted. However, the feast was delicious and we got back to the boat after 9pm.

The other terrain we saw in Jordan bordered on the Negev desert and was mostly very poor with small flocks of goats and sheep being herded manually on rocky land with no fences.

Next the ship went to Safaga in Egypt whence we bussed to Luxor. The highlight for me here was the Valley of the Kings. Even though the temperature was 42 degrees plus. We saw King Tut in his tomb and also spent some time at the big temple in Luxor - an awesome place. The Valley of the Kings is quite a small area containing about 35 tombs. It is easy to see that before the first tomb was discovered it would have appeared to be just another valley amongst the endless rolling dunes of sand. We were fortunate because there weren't many tourists so we were not hurried or crowded. To see and touch some of these sites was a life-time highlight. The temple by the Nile was also inspiring for the design, the work, the history and the timelessness.

The obvious poverty in Egypt was a bit disturbing and it will be some time before it improves. They really have been on the bread-line since the Arab Spring began and subsequent events devastated the tourist traffic to Egypt. Many are living as they would have a thousand years ago on subsistence farming, with a donkey and cart for transport. On the other hand satellite aerials are abundant on buildings in the urban areas. It was interesting to see the canals that come off the Nile and how



the terrain returns rapidly to desert the further away it is from water.

A few years ago the Nile had 400 tourist boats operating. There are only 30 to 40 at present so the economy is in a shambles. We were told that the general level of education is such that a man with a beard is considered to be a wise man.

We enjoyed the daylight trip through the Suez Canal with many stories and insights from an Egyptian scholar with a broad education, and a great sense of humour .

The canal has been broadened and deepened over time but there is no overtaking, except at the lakes near Ismailia. The ships travel in 3 convoys daily (2 southbound and 1 northbound) and it is very efficient. The terrain is mostly flattish on both sides with a lot more activity on the western side.

There are UN soldiers present and Egyptian soldiers every few hundred metres - a lonely looking life. Many wave with a smile to the passers-by. It's very interesting to watch the local life as you slip silently by at 11 to 16 kilometres an hour. We learnt that about 450 marine species have migrated from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

We will leave the story as the ship enters the Mediterranean and heads for Haifa in Israel.

We learnt a lot, enjoyed ourselves and are glad to be back home.

Along the way we took professionally guided tours at most places and without these we would not have learnt nearly as much. They were nearly all very knowledgeable and some were outstanding. Since arriving home we have had the atlas out to consider - what next? where? when?

# Debt & Delusion

by Louis Boulanger

*“There is an interval of time between cause and effect which can sometimes be so short as to deem worthless an understanding of the process connecting them. Knowing that the pulling of the trigger precedes the release of a bullet provides scant opportunity to take evasive action. In the case of the consequences of an over-accumulation of debt, the opposite problem presents itself. Sometimes the interval between cause and effect appears to be so long as to separate them by oceans of doubt. Every generation balks at the suggestion that historical precedent hold sway over present circumstances. The argument of this book is that all the conditions sufficient for a repetition of debt-related calamity are in place. These conditions include the complacency of the*

**N**ever mind that Peter Warburton wrote the above back in 1999. His warning still stands to reason and therefore remains valid.

Globally, debt continues to grow and to remain unsettled; as if this was normal and without consequence. The delusion that the debt does not matter will unravel. That much is certain. What is unknown is how or when it will do so. To the unwary things may appear to be different this time, but they are not. Indeed, the natural law of cause and effect is still at work.

As a professionally trained actuary and financial analyst, it had never occurred to me to question the soundness of the endless suite of sophisticated financial instruments that the industry I operated in kept creating. How could I? We were trained to trust the system, not to doubt its soundness. Well, that all changed after I read Peter Warburton's book in 2005, along with other books on the subject.

It's funny how nothing in life really happens randomly, although at first it appears to be just that: a series of unimportant, unrelated

coincidences. I had just decided the previous year to take a break from employment, after what seemed like serving masters from afar for 27 years. I had until then always worked for large global consulting firms and just wanted to be free from duties that I no longer felt relevant, or so I thought at the time.

Instead, what I found is that, despite my intention to keep away from anything that could be even remotely related to what had in effect been my work domain, I was constantly drawn back to it! Only now, do I realise what force was pulling me back at that time to the very essence of the matter that had occupied most of my adult working life. I was finally able to look at it objectively!

This realisation came to me recently, after reflecting on a reading of a Marsilio Ficino letter, in which he wrote: *“Do you wish to think usefully? Then have very few thoughts, and those of a kind that very few think. This is what Pythagoras meant when he said ‘Turn aside from highways and walk by foot paths.’”* That's it! I had to disengage myself from the tentacles of

the mainstream financial industry if I was to ever be able to fully engage myself in thinking usefully about my chosen career path.

In his letter to Banco, the arithmetician, Ficino went on: *“Why do people wander around heedlessly? Shrewdness and discrimination are needed, for the hare lies hidden in a small lump of grass. Evils lie everywhere, while the good is reduced to narrow limits. Do you want to have a powerful memory for what is good? Then take care to learn the reason behind what has to be learnt. For reason is the indissoluble bond between truth and memory.”*

People everywhere appear to have accepted that when it comes to economic matters, it is far better not to try and understand. It seems that they ‘wander heedlessly’, because they have, consciously or not, abdicated their sovereignty as individuals. As such, it is widely believed that economic matters are best left to politicians or others who are academically qualified to decide for us. After all, they promise that they will do “whatever is necessary”, don't they?

That sounds reassuring, but is it? Let's consider what governments and central bankers actually do. Governments redistribute wealth and central bankers control the money. Governments want to do so much for us that they need to borrow money and so, they issue bonds. From humble beginnings, bonds have developed into the pre-eminent global financial market, altering the centre of gravity of the whole financial system.

You likely own some bonds yourself, directly or indirectly via Kiwi Saver or managed superannuation scheme or other retirement savings or managed investments. The same situation can be observed everywhere around the world. So, broadly speaking, it is ‘we the people’ who ultimately own those bonds. But, what is it exactly that we own, when we buy such a bond and effectively decide to lend our money to the government?

In my view Warburton asks a very important

question, which is: whether governments are adding to the stock of private wealth when they issue bonds, or are merely redistributing the ownership of existing wealth? Believe it or not economists have debated this question long and hard without coming close to an agreement. Economists are clearly confused about what government debt actually is.

Let's not forget our friends the central bankers. They control the money supply, remember? Only they can issue the money in which the debt is denominated. Let's keep things simple for the sake of keeping this short and limit our consideration here only to government issued debt securities, or bonds. After all, our whole financial system is based on the assumption that government bonds are the least risky financial asset to own and that the debt owed by governments will be settled.

Global public debt outstanding (measured as marketable government debt securities or bonds) has reached \$50 trillion and continues to grow, currently at the rate of about \$5 trillion a year. The total value of all debt, public and private, has already reached \$200 trillion globally. That is an astonishing level of debt and is more than three times the value of the goods and services we produce globally in a year.

It gets worse, much worse, when you also include unregulated, over-the-counter credit derivatives or financial instruments that derive their value from the underlying debt securities or bonds. Once you add the total notional value of these derivative markets to the underlying bonds, the grand total gets close to \$1,000 trillion or one quadrillion dollars or \$1,000,000,000,000,000. The mind boggles at the size of that number...

But my purpose here is not to wander heedlessly in the enchanted forest of financial sophistry. I merely aim to bring to your attention the delusion! So let's leave the magical mystery world of more ‘sophisticated’ debt instruments to the experts and just focus on

the plain vanilla government issued debt securities or bonds. Indeed, let's be shrewd and discriminate, if we are to find that small lump of grass in which the hare lies hidden.

Why are even conservative investors so willing to buy bonds or lend their hard earned money to governments? What is the attraction of owning such debt? I presume it is because of government's authority to levy tax on people. In this sense, we could say that government bonds are little more than vouchers to be redeemed against future tax. Some have even suggested that government bonds are nothing more than guaranteed certificates of confiscation, but not only for that reason.

Bonds, as financial instruments of debt, are redeemed at their face value or in nominal terms; not in real or inflation adjusted terms. This takes us back full circle to our friends the central bankers. The purchasing power of the currency in which the bonds are denominated fluctuates based on how well or not the central bank that issues that currency manages its supply relative to its demand and other currencies. Not easy, but don't worry: that's not our problem, remember? However...

Although we did indeed delegate that responsibility to central bankers, we are still the ones who will have to bear the consequences of their decisions. And that's where the snare lies! So, it is not very useful to think that 'they know what they are doing' and hope that 'all will be well'. Now is the time to be shrewd and use discrimination; indeed, to think thoughts of a kind that very few think.

Total disregard of the laws of nature when it comes to advancing economic theories, as eloquently expressed by Shri Shantananda Saraswati in the following quote, is at the very heart of our current predicament:

*“One of the laws of nature is the true expression of what lies within for nothing in nature is concealed. This is known as the law of cause and effect. Conscious application of this law of nature is to speak*

*the truth, but the major part of conscious energy is being spent in not disclosing the truth. The result is that everyone is trying to convince others of the truth of their inflated needs by minimising the natural needs of others. All this is being done by proposing new economic theories with total disregard to the laws of nature. One must understand the laws of nature first and then put them into practice on oneself before offering to others.”*

So we're back to the natural law of cause and effect, but this time with the added benefit of spiritual guidance on the subject matter. It turns out that conscious application of this natural law in human affairs is to speak the truth. No wonder the world is in deep trouble! It is clear that much energy is being spent in not disclosing the truth. Authorities also seem to be desperately trying to convince us that they need to act as they do and, if that means financial repression for us, then so it has to be.

For over 40 years our global financial system and money has been based on debt and our faith in the ability of sovereign nations to pay their debt. That debt continues to increase at an exponential rate and remains unsettled. Yet, everywhere, people continue to believe that this debt will be repaid and that there is nothing wrong with the money in which the debt itself is also denominated.

The truth of the matter is that the leverage in our financial system has reached a critical threshold. Authorities are well aware of this and have already begun to put in place procedures to protect, not us, but their failing system. This is, of course, because our financial well-being is now at the mercy of central planners and policy makers in whom we have earlier placed our faith and trust.

They will only be delaying the inevitable a little longer, for what they do is done with total disregard to the laws of nature. In the end, as always, only the truth will set us free from this delusion.



# Book Review

by Marilyn Marshall

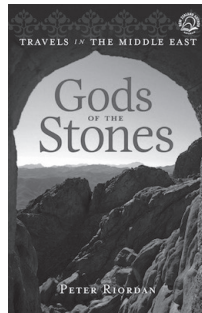
**“Gods of the Stones: Travels In The Middle East”** by Peter Riordan. Published by David Bateman, Albany, Auckland, 2011.

This beautifully written book, which won the NZ Travel Communicators Book of the Year Award in 2012, describes the author’s travels in the Middle East in 2009. It appeals right from the start.

Peter Riordan landed in Cairo on a hot, steamy night and had to immediately adjust from air conditioned comfort to “the glare of lights at the exit doors and the waiting frenzy of taxi drivers, touts, porters and hangers-on anxious to attach themselves to each emerging passenger”. It was a far cry from the 1930’s when the famous English journalist and travel writer H V Morton (1892-1979) undertook a series of journeys to the great religious and historical sites of the Middle East and wrote a trilogy of books which are still in print today.

As Riordan notes, this was a time when visitors were infrequent, “generally people of means on some eastern extension of their Grand tour, or those of great determination on some confidential journey, for which Arabic was an indispensable item of luggage”. Back then, mass tourism did not exist.

Peter Riordan’s rationale for the trip is simple: though not himself of a religious bent, he wanted to follow in Morton’s footsteps, albeit “not too slavishly”. He vividly describes some of the photographs in Morton’s books which inspired him, such as one taken outside the city walls of Jerusalem:



“If there was ever a road to draw the eye and spirit towards unknown adventures, this is it! The dirt road is wide, it curls lazily to the horizon, where the light is obscured by a dust-filled haze, and a far off building, seemingly the road’s destination, is but a nail clip of shadow. In the foreground, two Arabs try to bring some order to their herd of goats and

sheep” Behind them receding from view, are three figures. One carries a bundle on her head and they’re caught mid-stride, their robes and head dresses fluttering as they move away...” But it is the city walls themselves which catch the eye, he writes. These walls had already witnessed more history than it was possible for the ordinary person to grasp.

He wondered how much of that world of Morton’s remained. He knew that much had changed but much, he hoped, had not. He notes that the journey was undertaken at a time of relative tranquillity in the region, before the Arab Spring uprisings and when the positions of Mubarak and al Assad seemed secure. It is fortunate for readers that he undertook the journey when he did, and wrote this splendid book, as the scene has changed so dramatically in the last four years.

He travelled through Egypt, Jordan, Israel, Syria, Lebanon, Turkey, Cyprus and Greece and the book’s chapter headings give you the flavour. To quote a few: Cairo Fragments... Secrets in the Sand...The Desert Fathers...To the Holy Mountain...Damascene Interlude...Cities of the Decapolis...The Land of Ulysses...

Riordan has a gift for creating atmosphere. Through his descriptions of people and places, you feel you are right there. Throughout the book there is plenty of life, colour and humour interspersed with quiet, reflective passages as the author contemplates a half-forgotten ruin, a scene of great beauty or a place of religious or historical significance. Some of the writing is powerfully evocative, using contrasts to paint word pictures so vivid you can “see” them in your mind.

While following Morton’s footsteps in Egypt, Riordan visited old Coptic churches in Cairo and several Coptic monasteries in the desert still inhabited by monks. He also discovered that even today, there are monks who, like the Desert Fathers, forsake the relative comfort of life in a hermitage for the solitary life. They live in caves in the desert but unlike their predecessors have their supplies trucked to them. Monasticism in Egypt dates back to the

persecution of Christian believers across the Roman World.

During his travels in Sinai, Riordan visited the famous monastery of St Catherine, describing the stupendous nature of the terrain and one or two hazards encountered on the way. After that, came Jordan and the rock-cut Nabatean city of Petra... and other places Morton had visited, including what remains of the great Crusader castle at Kerak and some very old Christian churches. Then he crossed into Israel and writes compellingly of the land and its people. His observations of a nation living on the edge are acute.

Then onto Syria and beyond. There is so much more in this book, but it is not the purpose of a review to rewrite it! One of the things that stood out for Riordan was the hospitality the Arab peoples showed him while travelling in their lands, and he felt sure that no matter what, this hospitality would endure.

About the author:

New Zealander Peter Riordan has worked as a journalist in New Zealand and Australia. He is currently a freelance editor and writer in Wellington. “*Gods of the Stones*” is his second book; he has also written “*Motorcycle Masala*”, an account of a motor cycle trip through India, and “*Strangers in my Sleeper*”, a journey through the Indian sub-continent by rail.

## Auckland School Cultural Groups

### *Come – and enrich your life!*

<b>Economics</b>	@ 27	Sat. 7.15 – 9.45 am	Russell Allen	276 8770
<b>Forms of Government</b>	@ 27	Sat. 10.00 – 11.45 am	Russell Allen	276 8770
<b>Plato</b>	@ 268	Wed. 9.45 – 12.00 pm	Lillian Beanland	521 5054

New members are welcome.

For enquiries, please phone the group tutors listed.

At 27 Esplanade Rd, Mt Eden & 268 West Tamaki Road, West Tamaki.

# Bookshop News



by Geoff Long



## One Self

Philip Jacobs' second book expresses the one essential truth that is at the heart of all the world's mystical and philosophical traditions in a simple, direct and practical way.

*One Self* is a new title sourced from the Study Society by Philip Jacobs, an author who is able to present matters in a very straightforward and easily accessible manner.

"*Being Oneself*" also by Jacobs has been available from the bookshop for several years now so it is great to have a follow on.

For those not familiar with the Study Society, it is a like-minded group of people who also follow the teachings of Advaita and Shri Shantananda Saraswati. The familiar *Good Company* books have been published from their transcripts and remain a source of delightful instruction.



## Advaita: Tools for Spiritual Unity. NEW Study Society Edition

The essential spirit of Advaita presented in plain English together with simple practical techniques for daily living. This book has also been published by the Study Society. It is a good companion - clear and simple.

- The bookshop team is very pleased to announce that we have finally been able to restock the Bhagavad Gita with commentary by Sri Sankaracharya from Samata Books. This is the original preferred translation that has formed the basis for the School's study and has been out of print for many years. A limited reprint has been made after a number of requests, but it is not known if there will be any more forthcoming.
- Highly recommended! The book *Dying To Be Me* by Anita Moorjani, also available on CD, is a really simple and direct description of what it is like to live without desires, fears, hang ups, and more. It gives a greater appreciation of who we are and what this creation is. A great Christmas gift!

### Recent new arrivals include:

Letters of Marsilio Ficino Volume 9  
Work and its Secret - Vivekananda  
The Seven Steps to Awakening  
Restocking of the CDs from Ireland

### And for the Sanskrit faculty:

Sanskrit Grammar - Whitney  
Sanskrit Manual - Bucknell

And lastly on order is a book on Economics by Leon MacLaren. It will be interesting to see how the present debt ridden economies fare in relation to his analysis.

Any queries or comments to Geoff Long [advasco@xtra.co.nz](mailto:advasco@xtra.co.nz)

All the best and good reading!

# Practical Philosophy

An introductory course of nine sessions is offered for all who seek a greater understanding of the nature of human existence. This course provides ample opportunity for discussion, and is based on the practical application of great philosophic ideas from East and West.

When these ideas are put into practice they lead towards new perspectives, greater mindfulness, clear thought, discovery of inner potential, and more effective action in every aspect of life.

The next course commences Tuesday 15 October or Thursday 17 October. You can attend any of the venues and times indicated below.

## **27 Esplanade Rd, Mt Eden**

Tuesday 15 Oct - 9.30am and 7.45pm  
Thursday 17 Oct - 7.45pm

## **North Shore, Massey University Study Centre**

Albany Highway. Gate 1 (Opp. Albany Mega Centre)  
(Take right hand turn down the drive for Study Centre)  
Thursday 17 Oct - 7.15pm

## **Hamilton**

Parents Centre, Boundary Road, Claudelands  
Tuesday 15 Oct - 7.15pm

## **Course fee is \$150 for nine weeks**

To enrol, simply turn up 15 to 20 minutes before start time.

For further information

**[www.philosophy.school.nz](http://www.philosophy.school.nz)**

or call us toll free on **0800 610 539**



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## **A special thanks...**

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