

January 2012

Live encounters

January 2012

Free international online journal by citizens of planet earth

Eye on the Amazon

AMAZON WATCH

13,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE STAR PLANTING

10,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE PYRAMID

2,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE WHEEL

3,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

4,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE HOUSE OF SHANG

5,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE IMPERIAL SEAL

6,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE MIND TEACHINGS

7,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE ANOINTED ONE

8,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE LORDS OF RED & BLACK

9,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE MAYA

10,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE HOLY WARRIOR

11,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE HIDDEN SIEGE

12,000 BC BAKTUN OF THE THUNDERBOLT OF MATTER

1,000 A.D. BAKTUN OF THE GALACTIC IMPROVIZATION

2,000 A.D. NEW HARMONIC

3,000 A.D. FIELDS BEYOND REALITY

4,000 A.D. 2012

The 2012 Prophecy



Amazon Watch is a nonprofit organization founded in 1996 to protect the rainforest and advance the rights of indigenous peoples in the Amazon Basin.

We partner with indigenous and environmental organizations in campaigns for human rights, corporate accountability and the preservation of the Amazon's ecological systems.

We envision a world that honors and values cultural and biological diversity and the critical contribution of tropical rainforests to our planet's life support system.

We believe that indigenous self-determination is paramount, and see that indigenous knowledge, cultures and traditional practices contribute greatly to sustainable and equitable stewardship of the Earth.

We strive for a world in which governments, corporations and civil society respect the collective rights of indigenous peoples to free, prior and informed consent over any activity affecting their territories and resources.

We commit, in the spirit of partnership and mutual respect, to support our indigenous allies in their efforts to protect life, land, and culture in accordance with their aspirations and needs. [For more information, please visit amazonwatch.org.](http://amazonwatch.org)

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January 2012



Dear Readers,

Finally the year has come; one which many believe will show us the way to a new world. It is hoped that this new dawning will bring peace on earth. Or, at least some sanity among warring religious retards and those with skewered political ambitions. Live Encounters New Year issue features...

- . The 2012 Prophecy written by **José Argüelles aka Valum Votan**.
 - . Memory Land – an Exclusive collection of unpublished poems by **Randhir Khare**.
 - . **Sue Healy** writes the definitive profile of the life and times of the great Maurice Girodias, “the Lenin of the sexual revolution”, who permanently changed the face of Publishing.
 - . **Natalie Wood’s** incisive article strips bare the latent anti-Semitism in English society.
 - . Zeitgeist and Still Life on a corner are two poems by **Terry McDonagh** poet, writer, playwright.
 - . On display in the photo gallery is the work of **Caroline Bennett**, a well known international photographer and supporter of Amazonwatch.
 - . **John Hank Edson** an attorney, author and environmental activist writes about The Privilege of Working with Indigenous Rainforest Guardians.
 - . A Catalanian poet and traveler, **Pau Sarradell**, has contributed two poems, along with the English translation.
 - . **Candess M. Campbell**, PhD, an internationally known Intuitive Life Coach, Licensed Mental Health Counselor, Seminar leader, Hypnotherapist and Author who has written on Developing your Intuition.
- And then we have a budding poet, **Matthew Van Orton**; our resident poet in Ubud, Bali, **John Chester Lewis**; and an interview with **Mohammed Abdullah**, a Saudi national, who speaks candidly about life in the Wahabbi kingdom, by Mark Ulyseas.

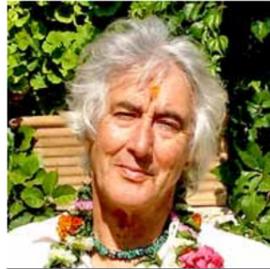
In 2012 we will continue to strive towards sharing of knowledge because we believe that knowledge should be free. Please circulate this publication among your friends and family

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Mark Ulyseas

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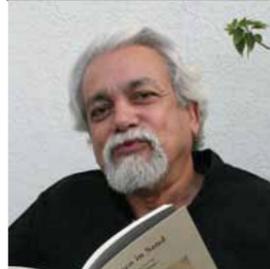


The 2012 Prophecy

José Argüelles aka Valum Votan - January 24, 1939 – March 23, 2011

José Argüelles aka Valum Votan, Messenger of the Law of Time, had sent me this article gratis for a one off magazine that I published in Bali, Indonesia, in July 2009. I am republishing his article as a tribute to him and all the work he has done. Please refer to the various weblinks that are included in this article, particularly to www.lawoftime.org - Mark Ulyseas, Editor

www.lawoftime.org www.13moon.com/Votan-bio.htm



Memory Land Randhir Khare

Khare is an award winning author of twenty one volumes of non-fiction, fiction, translation and poetry. Executive Editor of Heritage India, the International Culture Journal, a Director of The Rewachand Bhojwani Academy and Visiting Professor to the Dept Of English, Pune University. Recently he was given The Residency Award by The Sahitya Akademi (India's National Academy of Letters) for his contribution to Indian Literature and the Human Rights Award for his efforts to preserve and celebrate marginal and minority cultures.

www.khare-bullough.com/randhir/randhir.html



Maurice Girodias - The man who fought censorship Sue Healy

From Ireland, journalist and award-winning short-story writer Sue Healy spent ten years working in Budapest. Graduating from UEA's MA in Creative Writing in 2009, she won the 2011 HISSAC Award, 2011 Molly Keane Memorial Award, 2010 Waterford Annaghmakerrig Award and the 2010 Ted O'Regan Award. She was highly commended for The New Writer Annual Award, and shortlisted for the Meridian, the Wells Literary Festival and the Doris Gooderson Award. She's been published in 'New Europe Writers Anthology', 'The Moth Literary Magazine' and 'The New Writer Magazine'. A prison creative writing tutor, Sue also runs her own workshops: www.suehealy.org



English Antisemitism: In A League Of Its Own? Natalie Wood

Born in Birmingham, U.K. Natalie began working in journalism a month prior to the outbreak of the 1973 Yom Kippur War. She continued in regional Jewish journalism for more than 20 years and left full time writing to assist her husband open a bargain books business. A year ago, Natalie emigrated to Israel.

www.alwayswriteagain.blogspot.com - my.telegraph.co.uk/perfectlywriteinrael/



Zeitgeist Terry McDonagh

Terry McDonagh, poet and dramatist from Cill Aodáin, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo, has published six collections of poetry, a play, a book of letters and a novel and poetry for children. His work has been translated into Indonesian and German, funded by Ireland Literature Exchange. With piper Diarmaid Moynihan, he completes poet/piper duo, Raithneach. Twelve of his poems have been put to music, for voice and string quartet, by the late, Eberhard Reichel. His most recent poetry collection is The Truth in Mustard (Arlen House). He was a runner-up in 2010 Fish poetry prize. He shares his time between Ireland and Hamburg. www.terry-mcdonagh.com



Photo Gallery Caroline Bennett

Prior to diving into the organizational side of communications, Caroline worked as an Ecuador based photographer and multimedia journalist telling award-winning stories that shed light on social justice, cultural and environmental conservation, and the human condition. She brings an arsenal of multimedia munitions, commitment to visual storytelling and deep passion for the forests to the mission to defend the Amazon.

<http://carolinebennett.com/>



The Privilege of Working with Indigenous Rainforest Guardians - John Hank Edson, Amazonwatch

Hank Edson is an attorney, author and environmental activist living in Palo Alto, California with his wife and son. He is the author of several books, including The Declaration of the Democratic Worldview (Democracy Press, 2008). His books are featured at <http://democracypress.net>.



Poems from The labyrinth Pau Sarradell

Pau Sarradell, a Catalanian of the Balearic Islands, is a poet and traveller. He has published three books of poems in Catalan. Quadern de viates i d'hiverns (Notebook on travels and winters), Papers d'estiu (Summer Papers), El laberint (The Labyrinth). Pau studied Catalan Philology at the University of the Balearic Islands. He edited the The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in Catalan and also wrote the Notes. email psarradell@gmail.com



Developing Your Intuition Candess M Campbell

Candess M. Campbell, PhD is an internationally known Intuitive Life Coach, Licensed Mental Health Counselor, Seminar leader, Hypnotherapist and Author. She specializes in assisting others to gain their own personal power and to live a life of abundance, happiness and joy. Early 2012 she will be releasing her book 12 Weeks to Self-Healing: Transforming Pain through Energy Medicine. <http://www.12weekstoselfhealing.com>. You can reach her at www.candesscampbell.com.



Two Poems Matthew Van Orton

Matthew Van Orton (family name Malecki) was born in communist Poland in early seventies. In the nineties, he studied medicine and lived on and off in Amsterdam and Miami, before settling down with his family in London. Soon after, divorced, he moved to Cornwall where he found peace in nature and tranquility of the ancient celtic land. Some years later, he broke up from his second relationship and left. He has two beautiful sons...and India.

<http://mvanorton.wordpress.com/>



Rango John Chester Lewis

Lewis was born in Southern California and began writing poetry during university in Colorado. He lives in Ubud, Bali, Indonesia where he works on his poetry, music, and painting, when not running JL Galleries fine art.

www.poempress.com - www.jlgalleries.com - www.johnniechester.com



Mohammed Abdullah, a Saudi national speaks candidly about life in the Wahabbi kingdom Mark Ulyseas

<http://www.marculyseas.wordpress.com> <http://www.coroflot.com/markulyseas>
markulyseas@liveencounters.net



José Argüelles aka Valum Votan, Messenger of the Law of Time, had sent me this article gratis for a one off magazine that I published in Bali, Indonesia, in July 2009. I am republishing his article as a tribute to him and all the work he has done. Please refer to the various weblinks that are included in this article, particularly to www.lawoftime.org - Mark Ulyseas, Editor

The 2012 Prophecy

by

José Argüelles aka Valum Votan

Messenger of the Law of Time

(January 24, 1939 – March 23, 2011)

2012. It seems that date is increasingly on everybody's mind. What does it mean? Where did it come from? As awareness of that date becomes an event of mass consciousness, we begin to sense the coming of something of the greatest magnitude, a veritable world shift. Its ripples are creating the first waves, washing up on the shores of the old consciousness. What is behind December 21, 2012 that it would create such an effect?

It is generally known that this date is related to the Mayan calendar and the Mayan prophecies. How did the Maya come to this date, and what do their prophecies say about it?

The Maya, whose civilization reached its heights in Central America and Mexico between AD 435 and 830, were expert mathematicians with a unique and superb calendar. The fact is they used many calendars -at least seventeen - simultaneously, and had a mathematical system that staggers the imagination. Yet, by materialist anthropological standards they were culturally a late stone-age people! If so, who were they and how did they come to be operating with a sophisticated sense of time far beyond anything known even today?

In contemplating these facts, and through profound meditation and a life-long study of the mathematical system of the Maya, I have concluded that such an advanced achievement could only be a reflection of an advanced civilization and system of knowledge, whose origins are beyond our planet and even from beyond our solar system. The fact is that the Maya were operating with a galactic time science. (See: *The Mayan Factor, Path beyond Technology, 1987*)

According to the time science of the ancient Maya, our history has been shaped by a galactic beam. A great moment of transformation awaits us at 2012, when we pass out of that beam. The primary intention of the Mayan calendar system was not to measure time but to record the harmonic calibrations of this synchronization beam, 5,125-years or 5200-tun (360-day cycles) in duration.

December 21, 2012 marks the precise conclusion of the passage of our solar system through this galactic synchronization beam. For humanity this beam constitutes the *wave harmonic of history*. Why? The beam, 5,125 years in diameter, commenced 13 August B.C. 3113, a date marked by the Mayan calendar long count as 13.0.0.0.0, 4 *Ahau*. This precise date 13.0.0.0.0, 4 *Ahau* will occur again on December 21, 2012. Exactly 1,872,000 days will have passed, a cycle of 13 *baktuns* of 144,000 days each.

This interval, B.C. 3113- A.D. 2012, comprises the totality of history as we know it – from the First Dynasty of Egypt to the Twin Towers, hence wave harmonic of history. During this cycle, humanity has gone from a tribal creature just learning how to live in cities, to being a full-blown planetary organism.

The conclusion of the cycle in A.D. 2012 – kin 1,872,000, 13.0.0.0.0 – bodes nothing less than a major evolutionary upgrading of the planetary life process. At this point, a resonant frequency phase shift will occur ushering us into the brilliance of the post-2012 era of our galactic-solar-planetary evolution. We shall understand that we have passed not only into a post-historic but post-human, or super human phase of our evolution.

If we speak of a “galactic synchronization beam,” what is this beam and what is it synchronizing?

We are dealing with an intelligently focused, high frequency *time beam* that is calibrated by thirteen sub-cycles called *baktuns*. Each sub-cycle is approximately 394.5 solar years or 144,000 days in duration. Each *baktun* is further divided into 20 smaller cycles called *katuns*, 260 in all. Each *baktun* was holographically charged with a program for activating and synchronizing the collective human DNA and its mental capacity into slow but steady increments of expansion and acceleration – a process characterized by military conquest, imperialist colonization and consumption of material resources.

During the twelfth *baktun*, A.D. 1224-1618, all of the major civilizations reached an apex of expansion and pre-industrial complexity, spilling over from the Old world to the New with the European Conquest of the Americas and circumnavigation of the Earth. **This set the stage for the thirteenth and final *baktun*, A.D.1618-2012.**

During this concluding *baktun*, the cumulative effects of the first twelve cycles attained an exponential momentum, known as the “climax of matter.” Not only does the year 1618 inaugurate what is usually referred to as the “scientific revolution,” but it also marks the beginning of the mechanization of time and consciousness. This fact, more than any other, sets the final *baktun* apart from all of the previous ones. For the mechanization of time, through the perfection of the mechanical clock, creates an alienation from nature, and a highly advanced capacity for social complexification and technological acceleration unlike anything hitherto known.

The process of the mechanization of time also created a totally unconscious mental field in which the human systematically separated itself from nature for the purpose of creating a vast industrialized order eventually to be known as the technosphere - a sphere or bubble of artificial time cast over the biosphere. Henceforth, the human species was to be living on its own artificial time, apart from the rest of the biosphere that continues to operate in the natural cycles.

Artificial time was to be a double-edged sword. On the one hand immersion in artificial time allowed the human species to construct a fantastically elaborate and complicated global civilization. On the other hand, in separating itself from the natural cycles of universal order, a profoundly materialistic belief system was created that has crippled the biosphere in its pursuit of resources and profits, while fomenting a psychology of alienation that has resulted in today’s global mega crisis.

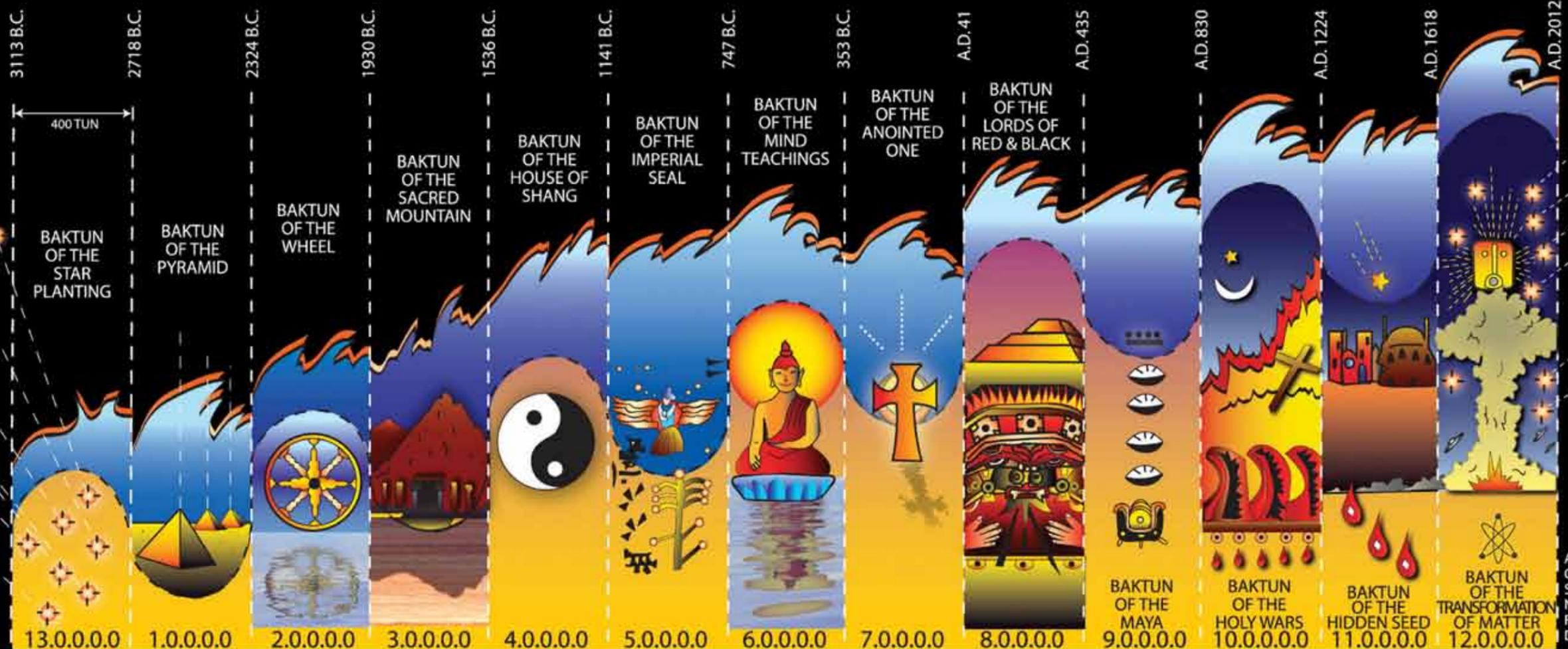


RAINBOW BRIDGE VISUALIZATION

VISUALIZE THAT YOU ARE IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, IN THE GIANT OCTAHEDRON CRYSTAL CORE (WITH TWO RED AND TWO WHITE SIDES AT THE TOP, AND TWO BLUE AND TWO YELLOW SIDES BELOW). IN THE CENTER OF THIS GIANT CRYSTAL IS AN INTENSELY BLAZING POINT OF WHITE LIGHT. AN ETHERIC COLUMN OR AXIS OF LIGHT EXTENDS NORTH AND SOUTH FROM THE BLAZING CENTER POINT TO THE TIPS OF THE OCTAHEDRON. AROUND THIS AXIS OF LIGHT ARE TWO INTERTWINED FLUX TUBES THROUGH WHICH PLASMIC ENERGY IS CONTINUOUSLY PASSING. COILED AROUND EACH OTHER LIKE THE TWO STRANDS OF DNA, THE FLUX TUBES ARE RED AND BLUE IN COLOR. IN THE CRYSTAL CORE THERE ARE FOUR TIME ATOMS CONSISTING OF SEVEN POINTS EACH. STRUNG ON THE NORTHERN AXIS OF THE COLUMN OF LIGHT, WITH THE TWO FLUX TUBES WOUND AROUND IT, IS THE RED TIME ATOM. IN THE SOUTH IS THE BLUE TIME ATOM. THE RED AND BLUE TIME ATOMS TURN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS TO EACH OTHER: THE RED NORTHERN TIME ATOM IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION, THE BLUE SOUTHERN TIME ATOM IN A COUNTERCLOCKWISE DIRECTION. THE GRAVITATIONAL PLANE OF THE OCTAHEDRON EMANATES HORIZONTALLY OUT FROM THE BLAZING LUMINOUS CENTER. ALONG THIS GRAVITATIONAL PLANE, EXACTLY OPPOSITE EACH OTHER ARE TWO MORE TIME ATOMS: A WHITE ONE AND YELLOW ONE, WHICH TURN AROUND LIKE PADDLE-WHEELERS MAKING A SLOW CIRCULAR MOTION, COUNTERCLOCKWISE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AROUND THE CENTRAL POINT OF LUMINOSITY. NOW VISUALIZE THAT FROM THE CENTER OF THE CRYSTAL A GREAT STREAM OF MULTICOLORED PLASMA-FILLED LIGHT FLOWS TOWARD BOTH OF EARTH'S POLES, SHOOTING OUT TO BECOME TWO RAINBOW BANDS, 180 DEGREES APART. AS THE EARTH REVOLVES ON ITS AXIS, THIS RAINBOW BRIDGE REMAINS STEADY AND CONSTANT, UNMOVING.

NOW, TAKE THE WHOLE EARTH REVOLVING BENEATH THE RAINBOW BRIDGE AND PLACE IT IN YOUR HEART. IMAGINE THE TWO STREAMS OF RAINBOW LIGHT SHOOTING OUT THROUGH YOUR CENTRAL COLUMN ABOVE YOUR HEAD AND BENEATH YOUR FEET. NOW YOU AND THE EARTH ARE ONE. THE RAINBOW BRIDGE OF WORLD PEACE IS REAL. THERE IS A SCIENCE BEHIND ALL OF THIS. WHAT EXISTS AT FIRST IN THE IMAGINATION, VISUALIZED BY ENOUGH PEOPLE IN A TELEPATHIC WAVE OF LOVE, WILL IN TIME BECOME A REALITY.

GALACTIC SYNCHRONIZATION BEAM SHOWING 13 BAKTUN CYCLES AS THIRTEEN MORPHOGENETIC SUB-FIELDS



1 BAKTUN = 144,000 DAYS
 1 KATUN = 7,200 DAYS
 1 TUN = 360 DAYS

1 BAKTUN = 20 KATUN
 1 BAKTUN = 400 TUN
 1 KATUN = 20 TUN

260-KATUN CYCLES
 52-UNIT GAIA LIGHT BODY

DRAGON / IMIX	URUK, MENES	ZOSER EGYPT CALENDAR	SARGON	ABRAHAM	SHANG DYNASTY, CHINA	KING WEN	GREEKS	ALEXANDER	ROMAN	FALL OF ROME	JOROBADUJI	GOthic	DESCARTES	NEPTUNE
WIND / IK	KILNS	GREAT PYRAMID	BABYLON		AKHNATON	CHOU DYNASTY	KUSHITE	CELTS	EMPIRE	BYZANTIUM		EUROPE	SCIENTIFIC	URANUS
NIGHT / AKBAL	UNIFIED SUMER	GIZA		CRETE	HITTITE	CHINA		ASOKA	TEOTIHUACAN	RISE OF	VIKINGS	MONGOLS	MATERIALISM	SATURN
SEED / KAN	EGYPT				EMPIRE	KING DAVID, JERUSALEM	NINEVEH	SPREAD OF BUDDHISM		CLASSIC	HEIAN JAPAN	KUBLAI KHAN	CHING DYNASTY	JUPITER
SERPENT / CHICCHAN	OLD		CHARIOT	EGYPTI QUEEN	THEA EARTHQUAKE		PYTHAGORAS	ZAPOTEC		MAYA	CHIMU	MAYAPAN	NEWTON	MALDEK (a-belt)
WORLD-BRIDGER / CIMI	KINGDOM		WARFARE	HATSHEPSUT	OLMECS	VEDIC	BABYLON REBUILT	CHIN DYNASTY	NAZCA	BUDDHISM IN JAPAN	XOCHICALCO	AZTEC	BAROQUE MUSIC	MARS
HAND / MANIK				VALLEY OF	CHAVIN	CIVILIZATION		HUANG-TI	GERMANIC	TIKAL	CE ACATL	BLACK PLAGUE	INDUSTRIAL	EARTH
STAR / LAMAT			EGYPT	KINGS		INDIA	LAO TZU	EARLY	INVASIONS	POPE GREGORY	TOPILTZIN QUETZALCOATL	INCA	REVOLUTION	VENUS
MOON / MULUC	HIEROGLYPHS	AKKAD	MIDDLE KINGDOM				PERSIAN	MAYA	MOOHE	MUHAMMED	RISE OF	MOGHUL / INDIA	AMERICAN &	MERCURY
DOG / OC		UR			JADE	HORSE WARFARE	EMPIRE	HAN		PALENQUE	TOLTEC	OTTOMAN TURKS	FRENCH REVOLUTION	MERCURY
MONKEY / CHUEN	CUNEIFORM				KING TUT		BUDDHA MONTE ALBAN	END OF	CONFUCIUS	PACAL VOTAN	MAYA		ROMANTICISM	VENUS
HUMAN / EB		HARAPPA			RAMSES			DYNASTY	HAN DYNASTY		IFE	MING DYNASTY	EUROPEAN	EARTH
SKYWALKER / BEN		CIVILIZATION			ASSYRIA	JERUSALEM		TEOTIHUACAN	TIAHUANACO	COPAN	ANGKOR WAT		IMPERIALISM	MARS
WIZARD / IX		INDIA	ZIGGURATS				PLATO	RISE OF ROME		HIEROGLYPHIC STAIRWAY	CRUSADES	FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE	ELECTRICITY	MALDEK (a-belt)
EAGLE / MEN				HORSES			CHUANG TZU			SPREAD OF ISLAM	BUDDHISM IN	PRINTING CONQUEST	RUSSIAN REVOLUTION	JUPITER
WARRIOR / CIB			BRONZE	CENTRAL ASIA	VEDAS	LA VENTA	ZOROASTER	GREAT WALL	CONSTANTINE		TIBET	OF MEXICO, PERU	WORLD WARS	SATURN
EARTH / CABAN			TECHNOLOGY	HITTITES		ASSYRIAN		OF CHINA	BUDDHISM IN	T'ANG DYNASTY	SUNG DYNASTY	EUROPE EXPLORATION	HIROSHIMA	URANUS
MIRROR / ETZ'NAB			MENTUHOTEP	EGYPTIAN	PHOENICIANS	IRON	BANTU WEST AFRICA	PELOPONNESIAN WAR	CHINA	MISSISSIPPI CULTURE, BAGHDAD	RUSSIA / KIEV	BENIN	NUCLEAR & SPACE TECHNOLOGY	NEPTUNE
STORM / CAUAC	STONEHENGE	PYRAMID	UR, NAMMU LEGAL CODE	EMPIRE	MYCENEANS	WEAPONS &	JULIUS CAESAR	GUPTA DYNASTY, INDIA	PADMASAMBHAVA	ANASAZI	QUEEN ELIZABETH	GALILEO, KEPLER	HARMONIC CONVERGENCE	PLUTO
SUN / AHAU	GILGAMESH	TEXTS	HAMMURABI	ARYANS INVADE INDIA		WAR MACHINES	ARISTOTLE	CHRIST		CHARLEMAGNE	ZIMBABWE		EARTH REGENERATION	PLUTO

A.D. 2012 GALACTIC SYNCHRONIZATION NEW HARMONIC FIELD BEYOND DUALITY

○ SOLAR-PROPHETIC (SPI) EXHALATION ● GALACTIC-KARMIK (GK) INHALATION



JOSÉ ARGÜELLES AKA VALUM VOTAN

In the 13-*baktun* analysis the human race is viewed as a single planetary organism. In entering the artificial time of the 13th baktun the human DNA became an excited and agitated field, extruding technology much like a spider extrudes its web. The purpose of technology and the pursuit of materialism allow the previously dispersed human community to come together, however chaotically, to finally realize itself as a single life form capable of existing anywhere in the biosphere. This end-result is the cumulative effect of the 5,125-year synchronization beam.

The process of arriving at this globalized condition has occurred so rapidly that the human mind with its various provincial values shaped by antagonistic tribal, religious and nationalistic beliefs, has hardly had a chance to rise up from the conflict it has engendered to see that we are in actuality a single planetary organism.

Despite the present day crisis, "Little do the humans realize how close they are to the moment when the genetic game board of their reality becomes the illumined design of galactic destiny." (*Mayan Factor*, p.154)

Other factors to consider in reviewing the significance and meaning of 2012 include:

First, the intensity of interest in the 2012 date is itself a manifestation of the process of acceleration and synchronization engendered by the galactic beam. Until the *Mayan Factor* was published in 1987, when the 2012 date was first dropped into the mass consciousness, next to no one knew about it. The purpose of the *Mayan Factor* was to alert people to the conclusion of the cycle of history in 2012, and the tremendous shift in consciousness this date augured. In the ensuing years, curiosity about the date developed slowly.

However, since 2007, interest in 2012 has become a feature of the mass consciousness, inclusive of books, web sites, documentaries and feature length Hollywood films - at least two of them due to be released within the coming year. To many people it is the end of time, the end of the Mayan calendar, even the apocalypse.

These are popular misperceptions that unfortunately get raised to the status of supernatural reality by the entertainment industry. But the mass interest whether fearful or hopeful is already a shift in consciousness. Something is going to happen. But what that is actually is up to us. We can go into fear or we can generate the kind of positive co-creative script the world needs in order to conclude and regenerate the cycle on a successful evolutionary note.

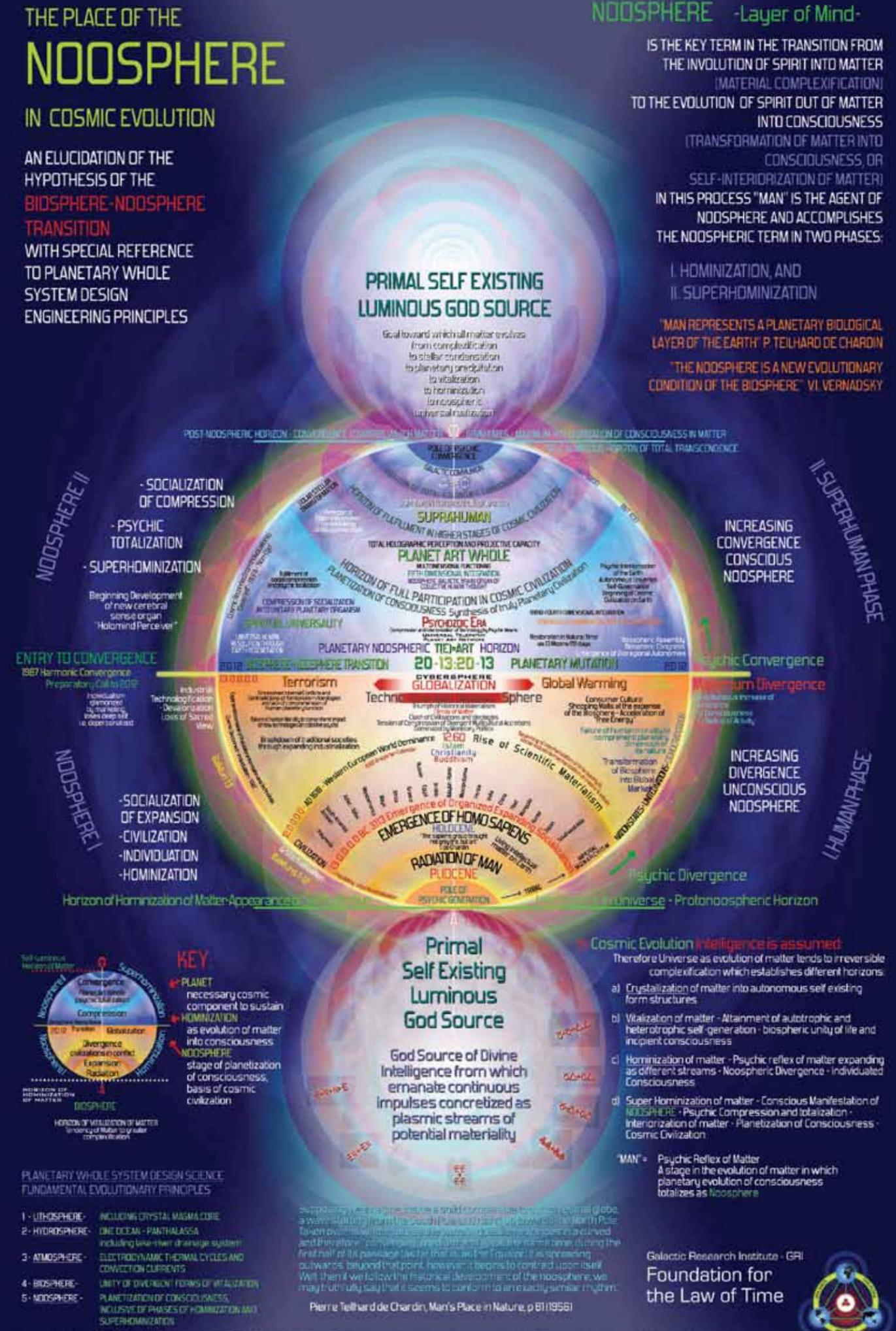
Second, there is the advent of the *noosphere*. The galactic synchronization foreseen as the conclusion of the cycle in 2012 is the moment of an evolutionary shift, or mutation. In fact the entire 5,125-year cycle - but an instant of geological time - could be seen as a mutative phase. This phase complete, a new evolutionary stage begins. This is known as *the noosphere*, literally, the mental sheathe of the planet, the mind of the Earth, where we think and act as one planetary organism.

In fact, what we refer to as the crisis are but the various effects of the *biosphere-noosphere* transition, the chaotic and dissipative shift into the new order of planetary reality. As a planetary organism we are now being inevitably pushed into a new condition of planetary consciousness, the *noosphere*.

THE PLACE OF THE NOOSPHERE

IN COSMIC EVOLUTION

AN ELUCIDATION OF THE HYPOTHESIS OF THE BIOSPHERE-NOOSPHERE TRANSITION WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO PLANETARY WHOLE SYSTEM DESIGN ENGINEERING PRINCIPLES





This process, already underway, is an aspect of our evolutionary mutation. As a critical mass develops, it will snowball into a consciousness shift, the most primary prerequisite for entering the *noosphere* and creating the peaceable world envisioned in the decades following 2012.

Ervin Laszlo, defines the coming consciousness event as “**WorldShift 2012**”, and in his forthcoming book of the same title, makes this the principle point: “Preparing for an effective WorldShift by the end of 2012 is now the top planetary priority.” Such a quantum shift achieved through evolution of our consciousness is the program of the noosphere, as well as the galactic significance of 2012.

As WorldShift 2012 points out, there is a path to 2012. It is not a matter of passively waiting for something to happen. Once one has heard about 2012, one is called to action to help define the new reality. To make this a coherent process, a “Noosphere Forum” has been called into being. Its first stage is activation through the cybersphere and the convening of bioregional noosphere congresses. To participate, go to: www.noosphereforum.org

Which brings us to the third point concerning 2012: The perception of time. According to the Mayan view, time is the universal factor of synchronization. The universe is an ever-evolving harmony giving rise to the value time is art. As the frequency shift occurs, the old calendar will be replaced by a new one based on the harmonic standard of thirteen moons/28 days. This new calendar is already used in many parts of the world (see www.lawoftime.org). By this means, the philosophy of time is money gives way to the new value time is art. This fundamental shift will give rise to a new collective human priority: Instead of ransacking the Earth for resources, we shall seek to transform the Earth into a work of art. This perception will be of inestimable value in shifting our post-2012 priorities.

Finally in consideration that Earth is a member of the heliosphere – the solar system as a living organism - 2012 augurs a new solar age, what is referred to in the Mexican prophecies as the coming sixth sun of consciousness. Exploring the relation between solar frequencies and our own psychic powers, which the Maya term tinkinintah, the more adventurous members of our race will evolve a science of bio-solar telepathy, establishing a sure means for our continuing evolution. By creating a planetary telepathic network the notion that the noosphere is the mental sheathe of the planet will be realized.

The cosmic consciousness of the noosphere will be the supreme legacy of our 2012 awakening, the [Harmonic Convergence of 2012](#).

The best is yet to come.



Here are various links to help you understand The 2012 Prophecy.

- **JOSÉ ARGÜELLES AKA VALUM VOTAN**
- www.lawoftime.org
- www.13moon.com/Votan-bio.htm

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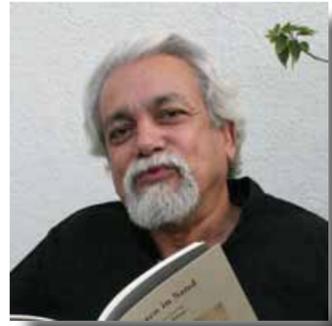
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Over the last twenty years Randhir Khare has experienced the mysterious power of the jungles of South Gujarat. There beside the numerous rivers, in the grasslands and forests, in the presence of people from traditional communities and in the sacred spaces, He discovered what it means to belong. These forests were once protected by great Bhil archers who shielded them against invading plunderers. With the coming of British colonial occupation, the Bhils were reduced to poverty and other traditional communities to rootlessness. Today, even the sacred spaces of their mother goddesses are being reduced to rubble as mainstream religions colonise their shrines. But despite the forces of change, the mysterious power of the jungles persists. *Here is a n EXCLUSIVE selection from the poet's unpublished Memory Land, which celebrates this relationship.*



Return

Dark centre, fragrant with beehives,
Bamboo shoots, worms, wild water,
Snake nests, hill crabs,
Mud kneaded by angel-feet of rain.

Wandering into your blood I found myself
Among fireflies
Drifting through green Mahal air,
Among boulders washed by the Purna and Khapri,
In the highlands of Gotiamal
And memory lands of Linga,
In the crusty wounds of Ahwa
And the Devi light of Dhavalidod.

As a child's eyes wet with light
Turns dry
I left your world,
Wandering into the labyrinth of need,
I lost myself -
Shedding snake skin I went out, became
A wanderer with an empty bag of dreams.

Tonight, here on the western coast
Where the restless sea hammers the shore
And salt wind
Settles its wet wings on sand,
Drying and dying, you come to me
With the voice of time.

Blessed one,
Mother of the great rolling Purna, Khapri,
Mother of Chinchali, Chikar, Vaghai,
Mother of Wasurna,
Mother of the dead, the living,
Mother of memory and forgetfulness,
Mother of snail and crab, ratel and wolf,
Mother of panther, snake
And worm and moss,
Mother of the seen and unseen,
Mother of the heart of flowers
And the tenderness of dying,
I hear you and turn your way.



Kestrel

He rises from an ancient sal,
Floats on a layer of air,
Eddies on a stumbling wind,
Then climbs a thermal stair.

High up, he halts, hangs in blue,
Folds wingtips and falls
Through a shaft of evening light
Along the forest walls.

He tumbles, dips, tears through green,
Emerges with a shiver,
Talons bloodless he scales air
And glides across the river.

He's dignified, will not return
To stalk the prey he's lost
For though he's empty bellied,
He'd prefer to face the cost.

He's waiting for the moment
When his feathers burst in light
As he swoops down to a living heart
And claws his way to flight.

I lack his wisdom, patience -
To leave behind what's lost
And search for new beginnings
No matter what the cost.



Storm

I heard your voice rise from the river
To the steamy air
Turn caw of jungle crow
Then breeze song
Cicada castanet
And the hiss of the forest burning red.
I heard you in the click of the tree frog,
Night heron squawk,
Snake rustle and the whistle of the kheriya.
Then mother, came your terrible silence.

You arrived with the wind
Dark and terrible, bursting through trees,
Churning clouds till they split at the seams,
Rained grey and hard,
You spoke thunder, mother,
Electric eels through the watery air.

You hammered on my windows,
Dislodged tiles,
Shoved your great wet hands into this house
And touched my face, my hands, my chest,
Drummed around where I lay in the darkness,
Danced around me;
Breathed secrets I do not remember,
And then you left.

I opened the door,
Walked out into the night in search of you;
The river sang in the dark below,
The kheriya whistled
And the bent Sal dropped two leaves,
A lone firefly blinked,
That's all.

I'll leave my windows open for your return,
My door open - so you may enter
Smelling of the river, of the sky, of the earth,
Of centuries of remembrance,
Of legends and lore,
Of peacefulness and love,
Of the burst of birth and death,
Storm mother, earth mother, come.



Summer Fire

It begins in the east
A spray of sparks explodes
In the flesh of Dangi dark;
Each finds a home
Becomes a tongue of flame,
Hissing and licking,
Moving down the slopes;

Somewhere below
They meet, a single tongue,
A mouth, a head and shoulders,
Legs that move,
A beast set loose
Amidst the dry bones of the trees,
Scrambling up the slopes,
It lifts its glowing head
Towards the night sky
And roars;

All year it has waited
Smothered by the damp mud
And rain, flowers and fields of grain,
Quenched by rivers,
Chained by the vines of green;
But now, the dry land grey
And cracked
Cannot restrain
The beast from breaking free.

All night it roams
The splintered hills
Cracking the limbs of trees
With flaming teeth,
Gullet swallowing embers of the dead
Mulched into its belly
Tight with smoke.

At dawn its gullet goes
Frayed by the heat,
Its belly bursts as it rolls down
Falling face first in a spring stream
Dissolving in silence,
Twirls of smoke rise
Out of the sleeping forest
As from the ruins of a shot down craft,
Scattered and useless.



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Waiting for rain in the killing fields
Of summer,
The muted forest stares up at the sky,
Seeds clenched in its fists
It waits for rain
And the sacred hymns of rivers;
One head of the fire beast is dead,
A hundred wait to resurrect.



Janu Kaka - The Kunbi Shaman of Dhavalidod Speaks

1.

Dear friend, I sit across you,
Drinking tea
Smiling with a clear light
In my eyes,
How will I ever get to tell you
What I've seen?
My forests giving way
To roads and fields
And cold barbed wire holding
Back the trees –
Lest they surge forward and
Devour the change.
My mother's home now gone
To saffron shade,
My peacock feathers
And my tray of grain
Pushed to the backroom
Of my life...
And still – I smile.

2.

Where will the devis go when these trees are gone?
Sacred companions in the groves of the holy ones
Who stretch their arms to shade,
Their trunks to rest,
Cool earth beneath them soft with belonging;
Every day some disappear, not even their roots re-
main –
The imli, hardoun, katore,

When time was a newborn,
The great forefathers of these trees were here,
Calling with voices of flowers and fruits
The holy ones;
They came, each to a home, a prayer,
A space, a stone,
Each to a river, stream and hill,
Each to a mantra chanting her new name.

Now, with every clearing a field appears
A new god to guard it,
A new prayer, a new mantra,
A new need, a new sacrifice;
Where will the devis go when these trees are gone?

Back to the heart of their beginning
In the great cave of the faithful
Where time is still to be born
And the hum of their breathing pulses in the dark
Where the seed of tomorrow
Floats in the warm ooze of faith?

Standing here in the light of morning
Where field and wood meet indifferently,
I raise my hand and say –
Peace be to you,
Don't go to war on what the axe has done
It's not your fault, nor his,
Nor the one that made him a weapon,
Nor the one who enslaved the one who made him a
weapon
Nor the god he prays to faithfully;
Such is the way of blood and mud,
They meet sometimes as friends
And sometimes foes.



Janu Kaka - The Kunbi Shaman of Dhavalidod Speaks

3.

I saw Birsingh last night,
 Standing beneath the old tree
 By the river
 The moon watched us
 Waiting for one to speak
 He said nothing
 Neither did I
 The wind fell on its stomach like a drunk
 Rolled over and started snoring.

There were women in the fields
 Long dead women
 Waiting
 Sickle in hand
 Song hanging on their lips
 Eyes empty
 And a curlew by the waterside
 Told me that my time had come
 That I had crossed over.

But this morning
 I am here
 Walking in the marketplace
 Sitting down with the living
 Offering prayers at the shrines of devis
 Eating
 Resting
 Being with a world crowded with want
 And hate and thanklessness.

I must prepare myself
 For the long journey ahead
 The parting, the leaving
 Divide my belongings
 Carry nothing
 But this skin stretched on bone
 And the certainty
 That the river will bear my ashes
 Westwards where the sun forever sets
 And hours darken like honey.



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I have seen children in the trees at night
 Frozen like fruit that refuse to fall
 They watch me
 Walk between worlds
 Waiting to greet me
 When I have given my ashes
 To the river
 And my memory to the wind.

The devis glide through my thoughts
 White egrets in single file
 Along the green river
 My mind is stilled
 Like the day that's pinned to the sky
 Like a stone that hangs suspended
 Over the water
 Like a dream that is waiting to end
 Like Birsingh under the old tree
 By the river.



Tukaram Talks To Jaari Mata In Barade - Quiet time of a drunken Bhil at the shrine of a forgotten Devi

It's the mowra that's brought me to you
 Telling me, look here Tukaram,
 It's time you stopped thinking about your stomach
 But your heart instead,
 Fired as a lump of summer mud,
 It's not even fit to be trampled on, or kicked
 Or even thrown in anger;
 Go to Barade jungle, go, go.
 So I dragged myself up and down through the trees,
 Reached here where lean cattle graze
 And thorns tear the leather of my soles.

Now beside you, I sit cross-legged,
 Look at you straight in the face
 Like one stares when one has told a lie,
 What have you to say to me ?
 You wind-eaten mother of the half asleep,
 You wide-eyed, stubborn hag
 Who sits on my back
 Who trails me like a shadow
 Who always forgives
 Who accepts my curses
 What have you to say this time?

Look here, there's mowra to be had
 And more, much more than you'd ever imagine,
 My life's half lived like a partly eaten murgi
 There's still a leg left, half a breast and wing
 And bones to be chewed
 Until the juice is out of them
 And they're for no more than the earth,
 So I can't sit here waiting for you to speak
 As the murgi turns to worms
 And the air stinks
 And they say, that was half a man.

So, what have you got to say?
 Speak stone, speak to me;
 I've offered you a coconut
 Like I was meant to do,
 Like I was meant to do,
 Lit agarbattis, smeared you with red,
 It's over now and time to go,



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Don't hold me back; the dark has come,
 I have no light to lead me through the night;
 You heard me? Didn't you?
 It's over now, I've eaten the coconut's flesh
 And drank its blood and thrown the shell away,
 What is there left to do but leave?

I've left, I've gone, away,
 I'm free of you, for now,
 Barade's arms wrap around me like a mother,
 Like a wife, a bhabi, a sister, a daughter,
 A dying nani who does not want to leave
 And grabs my hand to save her from the endless pool
 In the womb of the forest;
 It's a long way home
 To the half-eaten murgi,
 The mowra glass
 The bubbling laughter of forgetfulness,
 I'm wandering home.



What Raisingh Knows

1.

The Khapri In Summer

This river speaks even in summer,
The others fall silent
Sunk deep into themselves
In wombs below their rocky shells
Settling in to sleep through the white heat
When stones crumble
And the tired panther
Lies mist eyed waiting for the drum of rain
And birthing streams.

This river moves through sun and shade
The shifting seasons -
Along a throbbing artery,
Swelling the great heart of the land
With melon beds,
Bees hives and bubbling green,
Speaking as it moves
Of lives now gone
And those arriving like winged seeds
To be sown
So these forests live;
This river speaks even in summer.



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2.

Speaking Of Storks

The storks don't stop here anymore,
They fly overhead in hundreds
Early morning when the sun
Has hardly opened his eyes;
I have seen them -wave upon wave -
Lap over those hills,
Just as the mist streams over treetops;

You can smell their feathers in the air
Scented with wandering;
December then, the air so chill
It reaches to the heart
And hangs like icicles around
And numbs the blood;

I've stood out there in that bare field
And watched them floating
On their way beyond -
They come, some say, from cold lands
Far away
To feed and love and nest
And rear their young;

Then they return
But never pass this way -
Perhaps they catch another wind
Rise high until the land dissolves
And light and clouds
Make another space...

The storks don't stop here anymore,
This is no home
But just a passage way
That travellers pass through hurriedly -
Car eyes staring through the night.



Dangi Fisherman

You stood all afternoon
Waist deep in the shrunken river
Watching fish beneath the surface swirl,
Your sons beside you waiting
For the catch.

Three dull explosions threw
Water shafts into the air
That rained back down
Droplets gleaming on your skin -
White bellies rose,
Fish on their backs -
Stunned dead by the blast.

You shiver now upon the grassy bank
A chill breeze climbs the river
And the sun's yolk pierced by a peak
Trickles across the evening,
Your two boys at your feet
Coaxing twigs to flame,
Faces bronzed in the firelight.

Two handfuls of fish
Spread on a leaf
Is all the river let you have.

It's dark now
And the flame persists -
Licking the air with panther tongues
Whilst all about
The forest, restless, stirs -
And insects cloud the breath
With soundless wings.

This Land, According To Varu

This land does not grow -
It stays as it is,
One acre remains one acre
So do two or ten or one hundred,
But people grow, from two to ten
To a hundred to a thousand,

And then the land can hold them no more
Fences begin to move
Pushing their way into the forests,
Climbing hills, crossing rivers,
Till they can move no more.

I stretch my arms, embrace the wind
And the wet fragrance of flowers,
Bathe in the river at dawn
Listen to the black partridge
In a nearby field,
And bless the day.

River Girls

Girls are down at the river today,
Lean, brown, small hipped and smiling,
Floating on the water's skin,
Plum breasts hard against their chests.

Tomorrow they'll be women, fill themselves
With life each year
Until their homes are laughing with their young,
Dark cares pollening the air they breathe.

They'll be themselves, for now,
Playing with moments like they do their hair,
Cascading on the river's rim,
Twirling and combing, ribboning in red.

The river's seen it all,
The young, the heavy wombed, the old -
And death come staggering down the drunken path
To watch a pyre flame its way to ash.



Hunter

Bow strung, you walked these forests
For fur and feather
And the rivers offered you fish –
More than your nets could hold,
Wild fruit soft and ripe
That you may harvest, eat,
This was your home.

Your women brought you children
And the air was filled with their growing,
Discovering, loving, aging, dying,
You multiplied as numerous as the gravel
On river beds;
And then they came
Like jackals, ringed these hills
And forest lands – attacked,
Your arrows found their mark
But still they moved uphill...
Vultures circled where their corpses lay.

Then the pale ones came,
Bought you with silver and promises,
You opened the great green doors
And let them in,
They stayed –
Hunting you as they did boar,
Bullet for arrow
Till they broke your heart
Like the summer does the stones
Splitting them open
Till their veins reveal
Dark secrets of an ancient time, now gone.

You stand there at the edge
Of the tree line,
Catapult in hand,
Two forest wagtails dead beneath your shirt,
You look at me
And in your eyes there's hate,
Indifference, curiosity
Meeting and merging –
Streams down the slopes...
Filling pools,

Filling pools,
Deep waterholes
Where children of the wild



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Stop to drink,
And in summer sockets deepen
To mossy puddles-
Cool with memory
Till the rains return.

You walk away
Tracking the tree line over the hill –
All that remains is the space
Where you stood – empty,
The grass springs back,
Your tread now gone.



Ramchandra Misses Mowras

Mowra flowers are used to brew liquor

There was a time when Mowras flourished here,
Families of them, groves of them,
All down those hillsides overgrown with sal
And where those fields lie blond in harvest.

In leaf, they stretched their arms, shade touching shade,
Cool shelter from the flame breath of the sun,
And I have slept beneath them as a boy,
My goats around me crunching on the grass.

And when they flowered, the forest air was filled
Drunken aromas floated in the haze,
All night the bhattis swelled their bellies
And hearts and heads were spun into a blur.

Stripped bare of leaf and flower I've seen them stand
Roots spread, entwined, and deep into the earth,
Branches splayed and waving in the wind,
They were the force that pulsed this forest's heart.

There was a time when Mowras flourished here,
Families of them, groves of them,
Across this land now given to the plough,
They sleep beneath the earth on which we stand.

Time Of The Devis

There was a time
When every tree was a miracle
When birds were messengers
When fish swam into the hands of fishermen
When rain filled the breath of the wind with mint
When fields and marketplaces broke bread at harvest
When the arrow and the plough slept side by side
There was a time.

That was the time
When stones refused to be thrown
When there were no places of worship
When fences were doorways, gateways,
When the wolf lay with the lamb
When the old took the hand of the new
When loving was a way of living
When death was a journey and birth an arrival
That was the time

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Up until the revision of the censorship laws in the late 1950s and early 1960s, most books containing any frank description of sexuality and sexual acts could not be legally sold in the main Anglophone markets. As recently as 1955, a shopkeeper in a lower class part of London was sentenced to two months in prison for having in stock **D.H. Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover**. The U.K.'s, Obscene Publications Act, defined 'obscene' as that which 'depraves and corrupts'.

In the U.S.A, an important criterion for censorship was whether a book was pure enough to be sent through the post, thus giving the American Post office an important role in censorship. Essentially, however, the decision lay in the hands of the U.S. courts and depended on how they interpreted the first amendment guaranteeing freedom of speech.

Parisian publishers had long provided a home for talented writers who were pushing the boundaries of censorship in the Anglophone world.

The Irish writer **James Joyce** moved to France and *Ulysses* was published in Paris in 1922. Predictably, it was banned U.K. and the U.S.A. (but not in his native Ireland – rather surprisingly as Ireland had very strict censorship laws that outlasted most others in the Anglophone world). Other novelists followed Joyce's cue. **Henry Miller** and **Radcliffe Hall** both travelled to Paris to find a willing publisher. And in the 1930s, that publisher was one **Jack Kahane** of an earlier publishing house, the **Obelisk Press**.

A native of Manchester, England, Jack Kahane had come to France during World War One, married a French woman and had started a publishing company. Kahane had an entrepreneurial spirit and he had also written a number of 'naughty books'. He disliked the prudishness of his homeland and enjoyed 'corrupting' its youth from afar with, somewhat literary, English-language erotica. Kahane and his newly founded company, Obelisk Press, published some highly regarded books including Joyce's *Pomes Penyeach* and the reminisces of whom he referred to as

'that cosmic monument of sexo-journalistico-literary bombast', the Irish rake, Frank Harris.

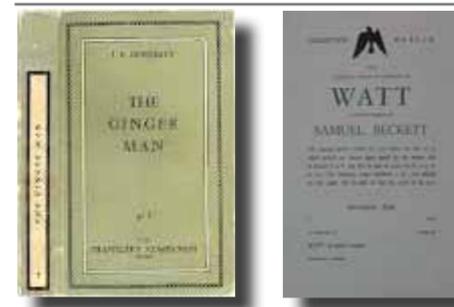
Perhaps most notably, Kahane discovered Henry Miller and **Tropic of Cancer**. The cover illustration for this book was executed by his eldest son, 14-year-old Maurice Kahane, later known as Maurice Girodias.

Jack Kahane dropped dead on the first day of the Second World War and the then twenty-year-old Maurice suddenly found himself in the role of family provider. The subsequent German occupation saw the young man give up his Jewish name, Kahane, and take Girodias – his mother's name. There remains suspicion as to whether or not Girodias collaborated with the **Nazis** and, if he did, the extent of his collaboration. Although never convicted in postwar trials, he was perceived to have been a small time collaborator and it was difficult for a suspected collaborator to find employment in post-war Paris.

Thus, to earn a living, Girodias revived the Obelisk Press brand and published new works by Henry Miller. These editions sold in great quantities to the American G.I.s in Paris at that time.

He also published new English language translations of erotic French language classics such as **The Memoirs of Fanny Hill** and the first French language edition of **Zorba the Greek**.

However, it was a Miller book that first landed Girodias in court in 1947 when he published the French language edition of **Tropic of Capricorn**. Prosecuted under the 1939 French Obscene Publications law, it was the first application of that law since the prosecution against **Flaubert's Madame Bovary** and **Baudelaire's Fleurs du Mal** a century before. After two years, the case was dropped. Nonetheless, the litigation was a drain on Girodias' already precarious finances with the result that he was expelled from his own company. Girodias said that this episode urged him to 'attack the Universal Establishment with all the means at my disposal.'



He launched a new publishing house, Olympia Press, naming it after the controversial Manet painting of a courtesan.

In 1953, Girodias became acquainted with a loose group of expatriate writers in **St. Germain des Pres** who were producing the English language literary magazine *Merlin*. By the time Girodias came along they were preparing to publish an installment of **Watt**, by **Samuel Beckett**.

Girodias saw an opportunity to take advantage of the situation whereby he would subsidize *Merlin* and in return the young writers would make themselves available to be commissioned by Girodias to write pornography.

Girodias' stable of writers included the **Scots writer Alexander Trocchi**, later noted for his novel **Young Adam**, **Iris Owens** and **Christopher Logue**, a British poet. **Richard Seaver**, future editor and publisher, was one of the team who translated erotic French classics into English.

Although all were literary minded they were not above a little literary prostitution, especially as Girodias' offer meant reasonably comfortable living in Paris in those years. **Jim Haynes**, a Louisiana native and retired Professor of Sexual Politics at the **University of Paris 8**, who knew Girodias and many of the writers, says Girodias' offer would have been hard to refuse.

"At that time in Paris, one could live cheaply and Girodias' advance of \$250 was a lot of money. It would not be fair to say he exploited these writers, but he took advantage of the fact that these were available English-speaking writers living in Paris. Both parties benefited."

Olympia Press had various imprints: the **Ophelia Press**, the **Collection Merlin**, the **Atlantic Library Series** and the green-covered paper-back **Traveller's Companion Series**, the latter being the better known and most profitable. Jim Haynes first met Girodias in Edinburgh in the early 1960s, when **Haynes** was running a book shop.

Haynes' bookshop was one of the main outlets for Olympia Press books in the U.K. - albeit illegally so. **"Girodias' books were 'under-the-counter' books, dirty books. Everyone was bringing them into the country and they were bringing sexuality to everyone. I remember them as cheap books, badly printed on cheap paper and using cheap ink. The series was a mixture of pure porn and occasional literature within some. Individual travellers brought them over from France. I sold them for a reasonable price but I know they were often sold on again at outrageous prices."**

As Haynes recalls: "I remember many books had **'MUST NOT BE IMPORTED INTO ENGLAND OR U.S.A.'** printed across the back, somewhat ironically – it was not a legal requirement to carry this warning. It was simply Girodias poking fun at the authorities."

Rather than the 'D.B.'s, however, it was Girodias' literary discoveries that were to earn him his place in publishing history. He was introduced to Irish writer, Samuel Beckett and Girodias went on to publish Beckett's *Watt* in his literary *Merlin* Collections title in July 1953. Girodias would publish three more of Beckett's novels: **Molloy**, **Malone Dies** and **The Unnamable**.

Although it took five years to sell the 2,000 copies of *Watt* that were printed, Girodias went ahead and published the other novels as promised. **Watt was immediately banned in Beckett's native Ireland.**

Girodias' next literary discovery was also set in Ireland and also banned there upon its publication, as it was in the U.S.A.

The Ginger Man was written by the young **Irish-American author J.P. Donleavy** and it had been rejected by more than 30 publishers, partly on account of its at times baffling, stream-of-consciousness narrative, but more because of its risqué content. **Girodias bought Donleavy's novel for £250, and published it as 'no. 7' in the newly launched**

Traveller's Companion Series where it ran alongside titles including: **School for Sin, The Whip Angels and Rape** – all of which were advertised at the back of *The Ginger Man*. When Donleavy realized his book had been published as part of a series of erotic books, he was enraged. The outcome was almost 20 years of litigation and deep mistrust and resentment between the two parties.

Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* was the novel which brought Girodias the greatest kudos and it made him rich, for a time. However, as he wrote in a letter to Beckett, 'it also signaled the end of the party.' Nabokov's work had been rejected by a series of top publishers in the U.S.A. – **many of whom liked the novel but were too afraid to publish such a potentially scandalous story with its protagonist obsessed and ultimately intimate with a 12-year-old girl. Girodias published the book**

***Lolita* was instantly popular. It became the number one bestseller in America and Graham Greene chose *Lolita* as one of his best three books of 1955 in a report that appeared in the *Sunday Times* on Christmas Day. Other journalists were not so supportive, with John Gordon of the *Sunday Express* writing 'without doubt it is the filthiest book I have ever read. Sheer unrestrained pornography'. The furore surrounding the novel brought it the attention of the authorities. Nabokov did little to defend the book, afraid of embarrassing his employees at Cornell University. It was left to Girodias to fight for *Lolita*. Nonetheless, the success of the book provided a welcome windfall for Girodias and Olympia Press and very likely caused many an American publisher to berate themselves for not having the courage to take the book on.**

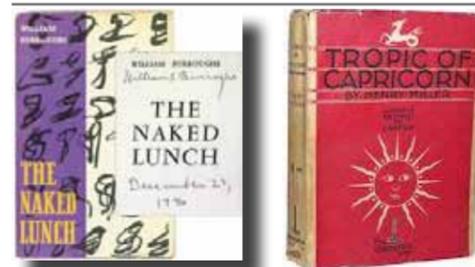
On December 20th, 1956, some twenty-five books on the Olympia Press imprint were banned by France. They included *Lolita* and there can be little doubt that the controversy surrounding *Lolita* was behind the ban.

Lolita was soon banned in the U.K. Girodias responded by suing the French Ministry of the Interior. Nabokov refused to help him and their relationship deteriorated from there onwards, resulting in yet more costly years of litigation over publishing rights for Girodias.

The *Lolita* hubbub had brought fame for the Olympia brand, nonetheless. **Smuggling 'D.B.s' from Paris became a rite of passage for many students and travellers to Paris.** The immense popularity of these books was beginning to make the law look outmoded. And there was a growing feeling that the laws would soon change in Britain and in the U.S.A. Greene's support of *Lolita* paved the way for publication in the U.K. **The Bodley Head**, where Greene was both an author and a director, approached Nabokov in June 1957 and asked for a two to three year option to publish the novel, pending a change in the country's obscenity laws.

In the U.K. in 1958, the then **backbench MP, Roy Jenkins**, won a private member's ballot that allowed him to introduce legislation. He chose to propose amending the Obscene Publications Act, allowing 'literary merit', as vouched for by acknowledged experts, as a possible defence against prosecution for obscenity. By this stage, with the country awash with contraband Olympia Press tomes and there was wide recognition in governing circles that Victorian taboos could not be upheld in the late 1950s.

The new law came into effect on 21st of July 1959. The following year saw the celebrated *Lady Chatterley's Lover* trial in London, which challenged the Western government's authority to suppress 'obscene' books, 'The *Lady Chatterley's* prosecution in 1960 [was] a great show trial with prominent writers and academics and even a bishop appearing as a witness for the defence. The publisher, Penguin Books, against all expectations. It is worth noting that Olympia Press had earlier published an expurgated edition of Lawrence's masterpiece.



Similarly in the U.S.A, a case heard in 1955-57, established that if the work can be shown to contain 'redeeming social importance' publication maybe permitted. Allen Ginsberg, who had associations with Olympia Press via his promotion of William Burroughs, made use of this amendment in his 1957 trial defending his poem, *Howl*. Grove Press, whose owner Barney Rosset, was Girodias' American counterpart and friend, also made use of this defence when publishing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1959. At the time, the postmaster-general was quoted as saying 'if this book is not filth, pray tell me what filth is.' The book was banned. Grove Press immediately took a counter-action, seeking freedom of distribution through the post. The judge noted 'the record...indicates general acceptance of the book,' and allowed postal distribution.

But it was an Olympia Press title, ***Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs**, that was the subject of one of the last big censorship trials in the U.S.A. Due to its 'obscene' language it was banned by the Boston courts in 1962. The ruling was overturned by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court in 1966. The Appeals Court found the book did not violate obscenity statutes, as it was found to have some social value.

Haynes recalls the impact of this verdict: "From then on anything could be published if it was deemed to be of literary worth and have 'socially redeeming value'". This was known as the SRV clause. So, as long as a preface was written by some academic, you could publish what you wanted – and you could always find a willing academic, no matter what you wanted to publish."

Ironically, the demise of censorship also heralded the end for Olympia Press. With the remarkable success of *Lolita* and *The Ginger Man* as well as the Miller books, mainstream publishers were willing to 'take the risk' now that Girodias had tested the waters. And as soon as there were lucrative contracts to be had, Girodias saw his writers flee Olympia Press.

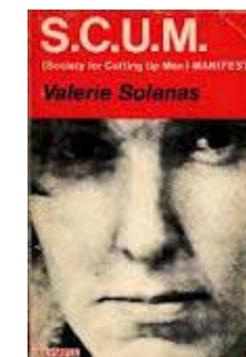
The Olympia Press was declared bankrupt by 1965 and Girodias went to New York blaming his misfortune on the Gaullist regime that had returned to power in 1958. Girodias launched an American Olympia Press, although this venture never had the success of its Parisian incarnation.

A noteworthy twist to the Olympia story occurred in 1970, when the Olympia Press title was being auctioned in Paris, Girodias travelled to the city in the hope of buying his company back. He was outbid every time by a stranger, a woman, who eventually bought the company. Unbeknownst at the time to Girodias, she was Mary Price, wife of his litigious nemesis J.P. Donleavy.

It should be noted that even though Girodias' move signaled the end of the Girodias' run Olympia Press of Paris, he continued to court controversy in New York.

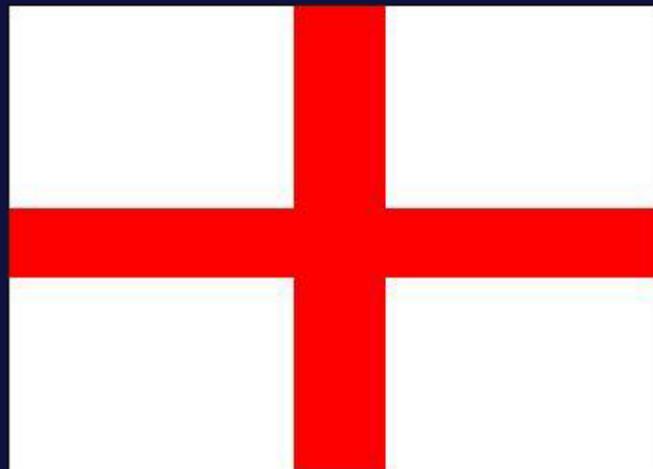
Girodias published the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* (1968) by radical feminist Valerie Solanas and narrowly escaped being shot by her (when Solanas could not find Girodias, she went in search of Andy Warhol and shot him instead).

He also attracted the wrath of Henry Kissinger by publishing *President Kissinger, a fantasy satire*, and soon found his U.S. visa in review. He returned to France and died in his native Paris.





English Antisemitism: In A League Of Its Own?



They say the English Premier Soccer League is the most lucrative in the world. But what of native antisemitism? That's surely in a league of its own!

While I often warn against seeing antisemitism where it doesn't exist, I must stress that it is ever-present. This happens both when there are no Jews in evidence – and even when those spouting anti-Jewish hatred have never knowingly met a Jew throughout their lives.

The situation has become increasingly, depressingly, indecently nasty since Israel's war in Gaza during December 2008 - January 2009. This, I believe is because it coincided with the start of the world economic recession.

Once again, international Jewry has found itself the world's scapegoat for money worries. Yet despite fantastic competition from the likes of [Sweden](#), [Germany](#), [Italy](#), [Spain](#) - and most recently [Belgium](#), British Jew hatred is now like it was centuries ago.

Certainly, it is the worst it has been since the end of World War II and those old enough to remember say it was present even then – barely before the flames of the Holocaust had been doused or the State of Israel was born.

Now it is a fashion accessory for the politically correct and is so much part of the fabric of British culture that it is allowed to fester – most often disguised as anti-Zionism – whereas any remarks about and actions against blacks and other ethnic minorities are confronted without delay.

Earlier this year, the [Jewish Chronicle](#) reported that in 2010 “there were more major antisemitic attacks in Britain last year than in any other diaspora country.”

Using evidence gathered by researchers at Tel Aviv University, The JC.com added: “Almost one in four attacks which took place worldwide happened in Britain ...there were 614 incidents worldwide, 144 of which were perpetrated in the UK ... while most European countries have either a strong far-right presence, as in Eastern Europe, or a strong Muslim pro-Palestinian community, as in Western Europe. What is ‘very unique to Britain’ is that is both are strong, and both are perpetrating attacks against Jews.”

As non-Brits, the T.A.U. team co-led by [Dr Roni Stauber](#) could not possibly begin to understand the daily reality behind the figures and so the reasons for them.

Jews have lived in England both openly and covertly since the reign of William 1, even possibly since Roman times. Some stayed secretly after the 1290 expulsion initiated by Edward 1 and there was a further ‘mini-expulsion’ ordered by James I. But they started to drift back during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell when their presence was tolerated if not formally allowed.



Lord Justice Leveson

Today, the mainstream Anglo-Jewish community continues to dwindle because of a low-birth rate and the pull of emigration to Israel and elsewhere. However it is growing rapidly in parts of London and Manchester due to communities made up of ultra-Orthodox Jews which produce large families.

As an aside, I speculate whether the future Anglo-Jewish community will be made up exclusively of 'Haredim', left to do battle with their mirror-opposite Islamist opponents. I appreciate that neither side wants to know this, but sadly they have much – an embarrassment of riches - in common!

Be that as it may, British attitudes are hardened partly because the population is an island race with a xenophobic distrust of and hostility towards any outsider. These feelings became entrenched, partly through the teachings of the Church and also via brilliantly sketched anti-heroic Jewish figures in English literature which have become integral to the mental landscape of anyone who reads, watches a play or views a movie.

I do not necessarily agree that figures like Shylock and Fagin are antisemitic. But they help to explain the society which produced them; made them pantomime villains and so deeply etched a certain version of Jews into the public psyche that the average person may find it hard to distinguish the fictional characters from real Jewish people who may be their friends.

All of which brings me to the utterly nauseating antisemitism which is allowed to permeate the online media and a request I have made to the current Leveson Inquiry in London.

Lord Justice Leveson (a prominent Jew in private life) is investigating the culture, practice and ethics of the Press following the 'phone hacking' scandal in the U.K which reached its height and then closed The News of the World newspaper in July this year.

There is a huge amount of Jew-hatred allowed in readers' comment sections in the on-line Press. Sadly, it is far worse in a forum like the Telegraph Online than those with notoriously anti-Israel policies like [The Guardian](#). I simply can't fathom why. Even the Telegraph's 'FAQ' section doesn't clear up the mess. It states:

"My Telegraph is moderated by a dedicated team of moderators here at the Telegraph who investigate reports of unsuitable material that are sent in by users ... We moderate to help encourage free, open and civil discussion. We try to delete as little as possible though some content has to be removed, usually for legal reasons, sometimes for taste reasons and always with the aim of keeping the community running smoothly and minimising conflict ...

"... We don't read the comments before they go live so that discussions here flow freely. Therefore we rely on readers to complain about anything that is offensive or inappropriate ...

"The main types of content that we remove are ... personal abuse ... libellous comments ... racist, sexist and homophobic material and comments likely to incite religious hatred. This should be self-explanatory. Generalisations about entire groups of people are never sensible and, in some cases, may be illegal." (my highlight).

" ...we moderate by responding to complaints from readers ... Many factors are involved in our decision. The words you use and the context in which the comment is made can affect our decision as much as the content itself. However, we accept that moderation is a subjective business."

So the Telegraph's policy is confusing, self-contradictory and totally meaningless. If the moderators can't decide what incites racial hatred then I suggest they need a lawyer to help them. Perhaps Lord Leveson may be their man!

I've now contacted the Leveson Inquiry and appealed that it widen its brief in order to deal with the problem. My request concludes thus:

"My hope is that the Government's decision to ban online criminals and cyber bullies will be followed by a severe crack-down on internet racism, perhaps under the terms of the Racial and Religious Hatred Act 2006."

I have received a standard reply assuring me: **"All submissions are read and considered by a member of the Inquiry Team. We may contact you to discuss your submission further in due course, if this is appropriate."**

I have a sneaking suspicion I won't hear from them again. If I'm right, that will be another lost opportunity; another bad day for racial harmony – and another reason for more British Jews to leave the U.K. for overseas.





Zeitgeist

I sometimes need a place
Where Zeitgeist
Has another meaning:
a little place
where the skeleton
of a rusting car
lies easily among
charred furze-bushes
and I need a house
on shifting sands
with windows to the wind
and a pen
to such in secrets
out of the black earth.

I could live there
with red and black berries,
with ghosts in naked bushes
after November – timeless
till spring. My Zeitgeist.

Still Life On a Corner

There's a kiosk under a big tree
on the corner of a quiet street where
a woman, down on herself, is smoking.

She doesn't see far off any more but
shuts her eyes and hears echoes of
a family in a far-too-distant land.

A man in a wheelchair curses time and
the coming and going of cigarette smokers.
He drinks his reserves when the air is too hard.

A younger person sifts through raindrops.
He counts from where he stands to the end
of his secrets: banknotes hanging out to dry.

The big tree is nourished from below and
its leaves hang fat and happy. Now in summer,
it has much to give – in winter much less.

These people return each day as history does
to paper – unaware of what's in store for them.

Still life on a corner.



Photography allows me to meld storytelling, art, and the unraveling of the human condition by encapsulating isolated moments, whirling them into a fusion of truth and art, and sending them out into the world to tell stories that would not have the same effect if told through another medium. I strive for a balance in my work that is both grounded in ethical photojournalism and inspires a call to action through high-impact visual storytelling founded in truth and dignity of the people represented. I seek not only to expose important stories that may otherwise go untold, but also to reveal our commonalities as human beings, despite the situation in this world that we share.



www.carolinebennett.com



The Privilege of Working with Indigenous Rainforest Guardians

I'd like to tell you about the real rainforest guardians – the indigenous peoples who call the Amazon their home, the people who know the Amazon intimately as a kindred being, not just a place of far off beauty and power. I'd like to tell you why it is important that I, Amazon Watch, and everyone promoting an environmentalist agenda, make the foundation of our activism a strong partnership with the indigenous peoples who still retain an authentic, sustainable connection to the ecosystems we hope to save, nurture and preserve.

It helps if we begin by acknowledging our own relationship with the Amazon out here in the blogosphere: It is as distant as a Google Earth satellite view of South America. As it turns out, however, even miles above the planet, we can deduce the important role indigenous peoples of the Amazon play in preserving the rainforest. If we look at a satellite picture of the Amazon rainforest basin overlaid with a map of indigenous owned land in the Amazon, it is hard not to notice that the indigenous-held land is green with forest while much of the surrounding land is deforested and brown. Fortunately, indigenous territories comprise more than a quarter of the Amazon basin, which means that all this land is in the hands of environmentally competent stewards. Without the many successes in the growing indigenous rights movement establishing indigenous title to many important ancestral territories, the outlook for the preservation of the Amazon might be significantly gloomier than it is today.

The indigenous of the Amazon have been excellent environmental stewards for thousands of years. One of the many challenges that come with living in the Amazon is its notoriously poor soil, which is quickly leached of most of its nutrient value. However, throughout the Amazon basin a different kind of soil, terra preta do Indio (black soil of the indigenous), can also be found, which is extremely fertile. Chemist Bruno Glaser marvels at the pre-Columbian Amazonian indigenous culture that created terra preta: "They practiced agriculture here for centuries. But instead of destroying the soil, they improved it – and that is something we don't know how to do today."

Geographer William Woods estimates that terra preta do Indio constitutes as much as 10% of the Amazon rainforest basin, an area twice the size of Great Britain, much of which is scattered on the near hilltops running along the Amazon's many waterways. The indigenous have rendered all this land sustainable for agriculture by building a soil that, some two thousand years after its creation, continues to build as much as an additional centimeter of depth each year.

Scientists recently made a further discovery that calls to mind the veins of terra preta tracing the rivers of the Amazon basin. In 2008 a team of anthropologists published their discovery of an intricate network of towns and mega-villages connected by a sophisticated grid of roads dating back at least 1500 years. The network is estimated to have been home to thousands of indigenous citizens of what has been described as "one of the earliest urban civilizations." Thus, prior to the upheaval caused by European colonization and disease, the indigenous of the Amazon maintained sustainable, large scale, settled agrarian societies in the rainforest for thousands of years.



©Amazon Watch

According to Survival International, today indigenous rainforest guardians in the Amazon number 940,000 who together belong to some 350 to 400 distinct tribes. Other estimates set the number at more than 30 million when people from other traditional, rainforest-dependent ethnic groups are included, such as fisherfolk, rubbertappers, Maroons, and Quilombolas. In Bolivia, indigenous people still make up a majority of the population, and in Peru, they make up approximately 45% of the population. However, the disastrous toll on indigenous populations did not end with Conquistadors; in the last century, the Amazon has lost approximately 100 tribes due to the same forces imperiling the rainforest itself. Therefore, while the indigenous represent a significant demographic that is learning to translate its ecological wisdom into political power, the valuable contribution they offer the rest of humanity is as vulnerable to devastating loss as is our natural wilderness.

Given the weight of the indigenous peoples' history in the rainforest, their deep knowledge of the rainforest ecosystem, their success maintaining sustainable societies within the Amazon, their substantial numbers and landholdings, the indigenous of the Amazon are much more than a good cause – they are a leading force in the movement to achieve balance and harmony in human society's relationship with the environment.

In 2008, Ecuador adopted a new constitution that includes a chapter specifically devoted to the Rights of Nature and that establishes as a principle of law that "Nature or Pachamama, where life is reproduced and exists, has the right to exist, persist, maintain itself and regenerate its own vital cycles, structures, functions and evolutionary processes." The Ecuadorian constitution also gives nature "the right to be completely restored." Under the Constitution's Rights of Nature chapter, the government of Ecuador is obligated to take action to ensure the protection of these rights and the Ecuadorian people are given the right to benefit from the environment. These provisions give legal expression to the indigenous understanding of Pachamama as a living entity in itself that also embraces all living beings, all of whom manifest the same dignity and command the same rights as human beings intuitively recognize themselves to possess.

Ecuador's triumphant expansion of rights to include Pachamama was followed in January 2010 by Bolivia, which passed the world's first law granting nature equal rights with humans. In April that same year, Bolivia hosted the World People's Conference on Climate Change and the Rights of Mother Earth. The highlight achievement of this conference was the adoption of a "Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth." Bolivia then submitted the Declaration to the United Nations with the hope that it will be adopted as a companion to the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. These new laws and declarations reflect the sophisticated eco-centric worldview of the indigenous communities who have lived in harmony with nature within the Amazonian rainforest for thousands of years and who have also witnessed and suffered first-hand the ruinous consequences of avaricious resource extraction by colossal multi-national corporations.



© Amazon Watch/Christian Poirier

At the same time that these examples of indigenous leadership give cause to all human beings to celebrate our expanding enlightenment, they also challenge us to ask ourselves: If nature's rights must be recognized and defended, what about the rights of the indigenous?

Human beings living in non-indigenous societal structures have a long history of regarding themselves as separate and above nature. Unfortunately, even when it comes to environmentalist strategies to protect nature, this tendency to elevate the status of human beings above nature often translates into a blindness toward an aspect of nature journalists Mark London and Brian Kelly call "the forgotten animal in the environment – human beings."

In effect, we will save the jaguar and the rainforest because we love animals and understand the importance of biodiversity and the role of the rainforest in the planet's climate systems, but we do not find any persuasive motive to protect the rights of indigenous peoples to maintain their millennia-old way of life in their ancestral homeland. We fail to understand that biodiversity is a concept that applies powerfully to human beings' different ways of life in promoting the health of both our species and the community of life on our planet. We neglect to recognize the vitally important role indigenous peoples play in the planetary and rainforest ecosystems.

Let me give you two examples of the way the rights of indigenous peoples are being trampled by leaders in the environmental movement.

The first example involves the REDD (Reducing Emissions from Deforestation and forest Degradation) movement, which attempts to protect rainforests and respond to climate change by creating financial value for the carbon being stored in standing forests as an alternative to cutting forests down. A great number of parties, including the United Nations Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination, have criticized REDD for placing the rights of indigenous communities at risk in the way that it defines what constitutes deforestation and degradation, in the way that it creates unintentional reverse incentives for polluters and loggers, in the way that it omits to recognize indigenous rights, and in the way that it has failed to involve indigenous peoples in REDD policy discussions and negotiations.

The second example sadly comes from Bolivia, the very government championing the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth. Bolivia has recently drawn international criticism for violently suppressing the protests of indigenous communities opposed to the construction of a national highway through indigenous owned lands in the Isiboro Secure National Park and Indigenous Territories (TIPNIS) rainforest. In the midst of a 400-mile march from their home to their nation's capital, roughly 1000 men, women and children were attacked at a night's encampment by police wearing full battle gear shooting tear-gas canisters directly at them. Their leaders were beaten and hundreds were seized and herded onto busses headed for unknown destinations. Video taken at the scene caught police knocking women down and forcibly taping their mouths shut. The violence continued into the next day.





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Ultimately, the domestic and international outcry over the government's actions resulted in the resignation of a number of key government officials and the suspension of financing for the highway by Brazil's National Development Bank (BNDES). As noted in an earlier Eye on the Amazon post, Bolivia's former ambassador to the United Nations, Pablo Solón, issued an open letter to Bolivia's president reminding him and the nation that Bolivia's position on the rights of nature included obligations to respect the rights of indigenous peoples.

These grave examples of blindness toward indigenous rights among leaders in the environmental movement are also a useful measure of just how sophisticated is the vision at Amazon Watch, which makes solidarity with indigenous peoples the foundation of all its activism.

On September 25th the Bolivian government violently suppressed a 400-mile protest march by the indigenous communities being directly affected by the construction of a highway through their land, also a national park, without their consent. Aware of the mounting tension over the highway's construction, Amazon Watch co-authored and delivered a letter to the Bolivian government four days before the violence broke out. The letter was signed by 60 other leading international environmental organizations and asked the Bolivian government to respect the rights being asserted by the indigenous protestors.

In making this request, the letter discussed at length Bolivia's history of leadership and its important present role in the global environmental and nature rights movements. The letter also detailed at length the interwoven environmental and social consequences of violating the rights of the indigenous communities threatened by the highway's construction. Given the large number of resignations resulting from the government's violent conduct and the subsequent halt of the flow of funding for the highway project from the Brazilian National Development Bank (BNDES), the Bolivian government probably wishes it had taken the Amazon Watch letter more seriously to heart. With respect to REDD, the concerns with which were also detailed in last week's blog, Amazon Watch is active in Peru, Ecuador, and Brazil helping to defend indigenous rights as the REDD movement evolves. Most important among these efforts is Amazon Watch's support for Peru's "Indigenous REDD" alternative strategy that prioritizes local territorial rights over investor rights, guarantees community-based management of the projects, keeps indigenous territories out of carbon markets, and requires widespread legal recognition of indigenous territories as a pre-requisite.

By partnering with indigenous allies to effectively assert their rights and discuss the issues surrounding REDD with interested parties from the "developed" world and by organizing delegations of indigenous leaders to conferences and international gatherings, like climate conferences and World Bank meetings they have previously not had access to attend, Amazon Watch is helping to redefine REDD in a way that will have substantial positive repercussions. Amazon Watch's focus on a strong partnership with indigenous peoples will prevent REDD from becoming a tool that will allow industrial countries to continue polluting into a mechanism for helping the world invest appropriately in the value of ecologically sustainable indigenous societies. In Brazil, Amazon Watch helps support the Coordinating Body of Indigenous Federations and Tribes of the Brazilian Amazon (COIAB) in providing workshops on REDD aimed at helping the indigenous communities develop a unified strategy for protecting their rights.



©Amazon Watch

In Ecuador, they are monitoring the country's controversial and rapidly expanding Socio Bosque (Forest Partners) REDD program. Amazon Watch will soon publish a much-needed legal and social analysis of the program, its contracts and several case studies, and give workshops to communities concerned about Socio Bosque.

These are just two impressive examples demonstrating that Amazon Watch recognizes, as we all should, that the future of environmentalism requires much more than a commitment to sustainability and the rights of nature; it also requires a commitment to the rights of indigenous people.

Among the most important reasons the future of environmentalism requires a commitment to respect, defend and advance indigenous rights are the following:

First, to disregard the rights of the indigenous who live in harmony with and are a part of their native ecosystem is simply logically inconsistent with any effort to preserve that ecosystem.

Second, the momentum of the indigenous rights movement in recent decades has led to government recognition of large indigenous land ownership claims that have remained substantially environmentally intact under indigenous stewardship notwithstanding the economic pressures and trespass and destruction brought upon such land from outside. To adopt any strategy that denies the rights of indigenous peoples is to undermine one of the most environmentally beneficial movements affecting the Amazon.

Third, as a result of the success of the indigenous rights movement, indigenous communities now hold legal title to a large portion of the existing rainforest. Legally recognized ownership of these lands makes indigenous communities powerful, either as an ally or an adversary. Partnering with these empowered indigenous communities to accomplish a shared goal makes far more sense than rendering that goal divisive by requiring that we pursue it in a way that requires the sacrifice of indigenous rights.

Finally, the indigenous peoples' deep knowledge and experience of the rainforest ecosystem, their cultural investment in a nature-based way of life, their historical relationship to the rainforest, their current record of environmentally sustainable economic and social practices, and their current leadership in crafting an eco-centric vision of legal rights all make indigenous peoples an essential partner in the effort to save the Amazon rainforest, a partner whose rights must be respected and defended equally with those who live in developed societies.

Today, we should be proud and grateful to have such strong, knowledgeable, visionary and culturally rich partners in our fellow human beings living among the world's remaining indigenous societies. May we all open our perspective a little bit larger to make indigenous rights a part of our worldview and a part of our vision for a more balanced, healthier planetary environment.

16

De vegades el camí
ofereix al caminant
plaers exquisits.
Com –posem per cas—
una cadira a l'ombra
d'un garrover, una tarda
asolellada de juliol.
I davant la cadira
una vall. Plena d'ametllers
verds a la terra seca.
I a la cadira de devora
algú que parla amb eloqüència
de la collita d'enguany
i de la mecànica celeste
i de la llum de la tarda.
Un got de vi. Un altre.
Passa la tarda. Plana. Plena.
I el temps queda en suspens
quan deixen de cantar
les cigales, i els grills
encara no hi han començat.
Avança l'ombra. Canten els grills
i s'esvaeix la llum. De vegades
el camí dona al caminant
oportunitat de ser feliç.

16

Sometimes the way
offers the walker
exquisite pleasures.
As –for example-
a chair in the shadow
of a carob tree, on a sunny
July afternoon.
And in front of the chair
a valley. Full of almond trees
green on the dry soil.
And on the chair beside
someone who speaks eloquently
about this year's harvest
and about the celestial mechanics
and about the afternoon's light.
A glass of wine. One more.
Afternoon passes. Flat. Full.
And the time gets suspended
when the cicadas
stop singing, and the crickets
have not started yet.
The twilight spreads. The crickets sing
and the light fades. Sometimes
the way gives the walker
a chance for happiness.

9

Vos confés que de vegades
m'he allunyat molt
buscant el que no sé

i he arribat a terres
on la pell de la gent és d'altre color
i fan el pa d'altra manera
i parlen llengües que no entenc

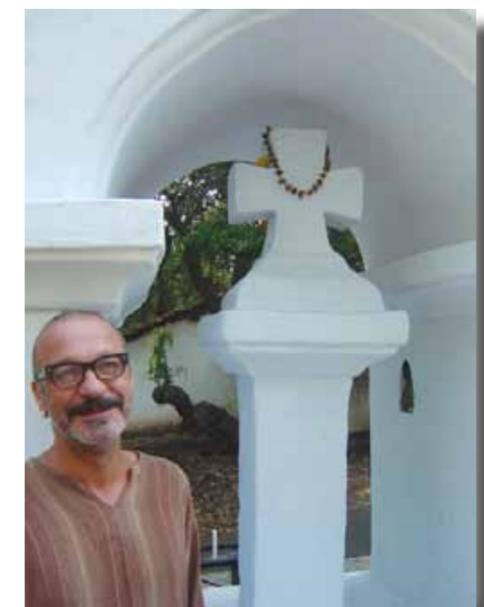
Vos confés que he sentit
-a parts iguals- por
i desig que el fil es trencàs.

9

I confess that sometimes
I went far away
to search for what I don't know

and I have arrived in lands
where the skin of people is of another colour
and the bread made in another way
and languages that I can't understand are spoken

I confess that I felt
-in equal shares- fear
and wish for the thread to be broken



Pau Sarradell, El laberint.
Res Pública Edicions. Eivissa, 2000.
e-mail: psarradell@gmail.com
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Developing Your Intuition



Many times I have been asked how I became intuitive. It was not until I began teaching Clairvoyance in 1999 that I realized that we are all clairvoyant as children. Children tend to lose this ability when they are teased about it or if they don't have someone to validate this ability.

I first noticed I had intuitive ability as a child when I was watching an American television show called Hollywood Squares. There was one secret square and I could always pick the secret square at the beginning of the show. I shared this with my family and friends and was teased, so I learned to keep this kind of information to myself. Now, when I teach classes, my students realize they have been intuitive since childhood as well. In class where it is safe to talk about intuition they begin to remember several occurrences they had as children. In addition, as they learn more about what intuition really is, they recognize how intuitive they really are.

I hope you will notice how Intuitive you are as well. Here I listed ways you receive intuitive information and tools you can use to more fully develop your own intuition.

Forms of Intuition

There are four ways in which you can deepen your connection with your intuition.

1. Clairsentience or clear-feeling. This form of intuition comes from your feelings and physical sensations. When you begin to develop this sense, it is important to slow down and notice how you feel in certain situations.

You probably can remember a time when your gut told you not to enter into a relationship or a job and you did it anyway. Later you regretted it. Paying attention to these gut feelings allow you to have faith and learn to listen to your inner guidance. Listening to the inner guidance is a way of connecting directly with your Higher Self.

It may be helpful to keep a journal of your senses and become more aware of the information you pick up.

2. Claircognizance or clear-knowing. This is when you find you simply know something, but cannot explain why. This information may be coming from your Higher Self or you may be tapping into the Collective Unconscious. The difference between someone who works as a clairvoyant, such as myself, and others, is that I listen to this voice. Don't do what we call intellectual over-ride (where you doubt the information or think everybody knows this information). Practice listening to what you know.

In your journal, list your inner thoughts and note when you find them to be true or not. Also, watch when you doubt yourself and then see if you were right.

3. Clairaudience or clear-hearing. This is when you hear information. These voices can be from different sources. When you hear information, ask who is talking to you. You may get information from your Higher Self, from your God, from Angels or Guides, from loved ones who passed on or from different aspects of your own Ego.

Your Higher Self sounds like your own voice and is supportive and loving. God, Angels and Guides have a loving, yet commanding voice. Loved ones who passed on usually sound like they did when they were alive. Your ego can come across as negative, discouraging, fearful, and depressing. When I ask a question and am not sure whether the response is coming from my ego, I take my attention into the heavens and ask again. I can usually discern between my Higher Self and my Ego.

Become aware of the voices you hear. Just let it happen and don't analyze; instead, listen, and start to distinguish your Higher Self from your Ego. Make notes in your journal.

4. Clairvoyance or clear-seeing. With clairvoyance you may see images and understand the meaning of these visions. Some of the visions come through dreams, and others can come with your eyes closed or open. Be aware of your dreams and the images that come to you with your eyes closed. Record these images, as well as other intuitive experiences, in your journal, and begin to see a pattern of information from your Higher Self.

Another example of nurturing clairvoyance is seeing an incredible bird fly by and then being aware of what you were thinking right before it happened. This can be a message. Also, when you find coins or feathers on the ground, this could be a connection from your Higher Self, an Angel, or someone who has passed over.

Often images come in meditation, so if you don't already, begin a meditation practice. Make notes in your journal regarding what you see.

According to Doreen Virtue in her book How to Hear your Angels you can determine whether the information you are getting is true if it is consistent, motivating, positive, clear, and familiar to you.

Take the New Year to develop this inherent ability and enjoy the learning!

**UNSTABLE MINDS**

You ever young immature you, and night
 You popped into my life, eager to loot
 Self-destructing mind
 Hesitation shifts you from foot to foot
 Too jumpy to be capable of repose
 Or of deciding what is worth pursuit
 Your mother thought you beautiful, I suppose
 She rocked you all day and watched you sleep
 Perhaps that`s half the trouble
 An almighty teacher preacher now, you keep
 Getting less beautiful towards the year`s end
 Your indecision sours to malice, deep
 Most against those who`ve done nothing to offend
 Nor did they even battle, only I
 Have watched much, though not as secret friend
 But picturing roles reversed, with you the spy
 The lights go up, and we`re the only audience
 The experiment with truth notices finally
 Your ragged defeat, your sad pretence
 You stay still, the audience is fleeing the scene
 Time to go home babe, though you now feel most tense
 These games have little sense, if you`ve lost
 It doesn't matter now, sleep well
 Unstable minds need more sleep than most
 And need to learn all they can, about repose

LIVE ON

On my skin

The map of the trails and life paths
 As unique as my ragged finger print
 But never will be as naked and telling
 As my birthmarks to geo-cover my skin
 For what does not kill me only makes me stronger
 And all these battle scars I have won
 With nothing to depend on, no shoulder to rest on

But my own

They have now all healed
 The human wounds rooted like any oak or maple
 Have loved, hence lived
 These imprints now only litter my temple
 The stigmas they are, blueprints that go
 A long way back to lifetimes of losses
 Antagonist i am, never resting but taking on
 Different shape and role
 Never letting go off the rope
 Forever

I will hang on

Rango

she keeps smiling at me like she's flattered,
 like it's some grand compliment,
 to repetitively catch me looking,
 right into where her eyes will be,
 'if only she'd look my way once again.'
 like it is a statement of profound magnitude,
 that I visually hover in anticipation of her glance,
 right under plumb nectar lips of a beautiful wife,
 whom even seems to be in discussion with me,
 about this waitress that I am unable to cease ensuing,
 and she never once appears to catch,
 that I want her attention,
 that we're requesting her presence
 that I would like to pay
 and that you desire conversation
 regarding our leftover packaging,
 so I try waving but she looks away

Back home after dinner as I randomly pinch your feet in
 squeeze groupings while feigning to massage said feet, I was
 watching a large insect on our T.V. screen, when Rango,
 moments after he and Beans duck that empty water jug,
 in their animated Hollywood mock up scene that is your
 typical Hi-Fi, slow motion, spinning vehicle rolling free
 rotating upside down, missing by the distance of a
 couple of ice cubes, while floating over hero-x with one hand
 on his hat and the other around 'the girl'-y and just then,
 after their near death experiment, Rango is walking
 around talking as he opens his mouth and he seems to look
 right at that insect on our screen saying 'fluffy Joe' as he
 shuts his lizard mouth and his little lizard lips close together
 just as camera angle shifts, leaving the impression, that
 Rango really did eat our insect, and I laugh because
 Rango had been getting so much credit that he only kinda
 deserves indirectly, and while I am laughing, I lightly grasp
 at your toes one more time while looking towards your
 other end atop these feet which I am caressing, and I am
 noticing that in this light, I so do appreciate, those subtleties
 in your closed stunning eyes that you meticulously painted
 for dinner, and as you continue to sleep, I softly mention
 that you are gonna love this movie

Later in bed I finally put down my laptop after lying next to
 you for hours, while editing and adding lines to various
 new poems, but I still can't sleep. My eyes itch and burn
 yearning of reprieve, for lately I have been sliding through
 endless wakened dreamscapes. I feel quite fortunate for my
 recent journeys, still at times, it is too much, this pulsing
 aura of energy, blazing color vibrations throughout my soul,
 until I am beyond spent, after days of duration, my brain hot
 wired to direct currents of an overwhelming frequency
 that I can no longer channel due to exhaustion,
 so I hold your sleep, tossing yet not turning, whilst giving
 thanks for my deluge and listening to your language of
 dreams, when all of a sudden I can't hold back its power, as
 the pulsing diverges from the flesh and bones of beautiful
 dream swarming chains of words and hand painted
 observations that have been synthesizing steadily within my
 brain, until finally in a beautiful twist this
 bombardment of signals and vibration begins to penetrate
 and move warm across your delicate smooth skin, tingling
 more and more rapidly until an inaudible hum of magnetic
 vibrations carries love, crossing through polyphonic
 dimensions, as together we breathe, hovering in the one,
 lending that if we return, there is a balance, as so that I may
 finally come down, and I fall straight asleep,
 thinking only of you.



Mohammed Abdullah,
a Saudi national
speaks candidly to Mark Ulyseas
on life in the Wahabbi Kingdom



Location
A popular Asian tourist destination

What is your name?

Mohammed Abdullah. I live in Riyadh where I graduated from King Saud University.

And what are you doing here?

I am free here. If I was in Saudi I would have to wear my thob with an Aogal and Shumak. Here I can wear jeans and a T-shirt and relax.

In Riyadh men cannot visit the Mall unless they are accompanied by a female relative or wife. We are not allowed in by the police. Only women have free access to the malls.

And I can roll a joint and smoke it without fear of the police catching me, putting me in jail for six months and/or giving me 60 lashes.

Is that all?

No. In Saudi we cannot be seen with a female unless they are a relative or wife. If the religious police (Hayaa) catch a young unmarried couple even walking together, sitting in a car or having coffee in a restaurant they will send the girl home and give the boy a good beating, sometimes even lashes with the cane.

On more than one occasion I have seen a young man being beaten in the street by the Hayaa.

In spite of this young people meet secretly. There is a rapidly growing Gay and Lesbian community.

We have secret parties in an "Esteratta". This is usually a house situated far out of the city. It is a big property with very high walls, a large garden and in the middle is the house. This shields it from all prying eyes. I have an Esteratta outside Riyadh but it is not very big, you know. The Saudi princes (3000 odd) and other very rich people have huge properties. Here they have lavish parties. Prostitutes are flown in from Morocco and Lebanon.

Flogging and amputation of limbs are used extensively in Saudi Arabia as judicial punishments. They are prescribed by Saudi Arabian law despite the fact that such punishments contravene the UN Convention against Torture. They are applied to many offences, ranging from alcohol and "sexual offences" to theft, and can be handed down by courts with little regard to fair trial procedures.

Hash per kilo is around 17,000 Riyals approx. depending upon supply from Morocco and Israel.

Other than parties at the Esteratta what else do the young men do for entertainment?

Drugs, making homemade Arak and watching movies at home.

The popular stuff is Hashish and the different types are:

Jamila (beautiful) very good quality about two years ago, now it's not so pure.

Shaitan (Satan) is the latest which comes from Israel.

Samarkand is okay, and Shepra is from Morocco.

Prices range around 200 Riyals per stick – length of the index finger and thickness of two fingers.

Hash per kilo is around 17,000 Riyals approx. depending upon supply from Morocco and Israel.

Home made Arak is made with water, sugar and baking powder. Fermentation is around 3 to 4 days and then it is distilled. The Arak is very strong so when we get together and drink it, fights usually break out. But no one reports this to the police. It is friendly fights, you understand?

Many young people have got into this habit and it is now becoming a major social problem but no one talks about it.

All this happens because we are bored. We cannot meet girls, nor hang out with them in public places for it is dangerous.

And those who have a little money like me and my friends, we come to Asia. It's cheap here, we get girls and can smoke Hash !

Social media like Facebook, Twitter, Myspace etc. are monitored by the police and the Hayaa. Many youngsters have been caught for unIslamic behaviour...and many of these have been let off because of 'Wasta' - Vitamin Wow i.e. knowing an important person.

Do you have any restrictions while travelling abroad?

My country does not allow us to visit Israel, Afghanistan and Thailand (I have to check my passport for other banned countries). It is stamped on the passport.

Sometime ago one of my friends visited Thailand and when he returned to Riyadh he got into a lot of trouble with the police. He was interrogated and an investigation followed. But he paid his way out.

Water is more expensive than petrol. One litre of water costs 2 Riyals while a litre of petrol is less than one Riyal.

The junior police are honest and helpful because they are paid 7000 Riyals salary per month, which is high by our standards. But their top officers are very corrupt and take huge bribes, some going into a few million dollars!

And what about women?

Hahahaha...women are paid a higher salary than men in all jobs but less than those expats from Europe and America, they get paid much more.

Do you know we men have to pay a kind of dowry to the father of a prospective bride? The minimum Mehar is 70,000 Riyals. If I wanted to marry a Saudi girl I would have to pay her father about 400,000 Riyals plus gold jewelry etc.

Are there complaints by pilgrims to Mecca?

Yes there is rising crime like theft, cheating and violence. Mecca has many problems now and this is because years ago when Africans came for the Hajj they remained in my country and quietly settled down. These people are not like the Arabs, they are unscrupulous. Not all, just this scum who give the people of Mecca a bad name. And what is shameful is that Hajj pilgrims with European and American passports are treated very well unlike those from India, Indonesia and other Asian countries. And this is not Islam.

But this happens as a direct result of the Wahabbis and their interpretation of the Koran. No where is it said in the Koran that one has to shut one's business five times a day when one prays. Yet the Hayaa enforce this practice and usually people are beaten in public for not adhering to this law.

So is there anything else you would like to share with the readers?

The Saudi Royal Family are Wahabbis as you probably know and these people are the cause of creating the wrong impression of Islam. Our people hate them and if they do get a chance they will revolt. But I don't see a revolt being successful as there are around 3000 princes behind the family.

Water is more expensive than petrol.

One litre of water costs 2 Riyals while a litre of petrol is less than 1 Riyal.

There is no free medical program for the poor.

And lastly, if you want to be as rich as Bill Gates, open a Bar in Riyadh.



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