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FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
FEBRUARY 2019

PAULO COELHO
Pandora's Box

Cover photograph section of 'The Dream', oil painting by Henri Rousseau, 1910.

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Live Encounters is a not-for-profit free online magazine that was founded in 2009 in Bali, Indonesia. It showcases some of the best writing from around the world. Poets, writers, academics, civil & human/animal rights activists, academics, environmentalists, social workers, photographers and more have contributed their time and knowledge for the benefit of the readers of the magazine.

We are appealing for donations to pay for the administrative and technical aspects of the publication. Please help spread the free distribution of knowledge with any amount for this just cause.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

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Pandora's Box

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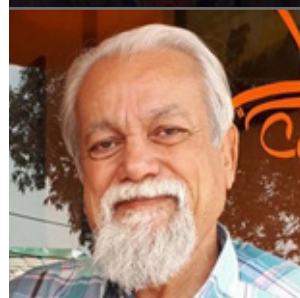
Paulo Coelho (Portuguese: [ˈpawlu ku'eɫu]), born August 24, 1947) is considered one of the most influential authors of our times. He is most widely read and his books have sold more than 195 million copies worldwide, have been released in 170 countries and been translated into 80 languages. He has received numerous prestigious international awards amongst them the Crystal Award by the World Economic Forum. He has been a member of the Academy of Letters of Brazil since 2002, and in 2007 he was proclaimed Messenger of Peace by the United Nations. Paulo is the writer with the highest number of social media followers and is the all-time best-selling Portuguese language author. <https://www.facebook.com/paulocoelho/>



Veritas vos liberabit

Mark Ulyseas

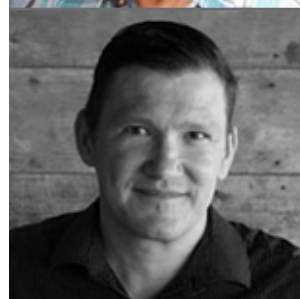
Ulyseas has served time in advertising as copywriter and creative director selling people things they didn't need, a ghost writer for some years, columnist of a newspaper, a freelance journalist and photographer. In 2009 he created *Live Encounters Magazine*, in Bali, Indonesia. March 2016 saw the launch of its sister publication Live Encounters Poetry & Writing. He is the author of three books: *RAINY – My friend & Philosopher*, *Seductive Avatars of Maya – Anthology of Dystopian Lives* and *In Gethsemane: Transcripts of a Journey*.



Between Worlds - Walking with Shamans Part II

Randhir Khare

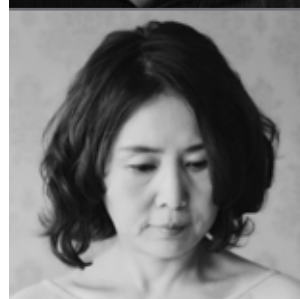
Randhir Khare is an award winning poet, artist, writer, playwright, folklorist and distinguished educationist who has published numerous volumes of poetry, short fiction, essays and novels and educational handbooks and has travelled widely, reading and presenting his work, nationally and internationally. He has presented his work at the Nehru Centre in London, at the Ubud Writers Festival in Bali, the India Festival In Bulgaria, at the Writers Union in the Czech Republic, in Bulgaria, Slovenia and at the Europalia Arts Festival in Belgium.



Chhath - Varanasi

Joo Peter

Aka Joachim Peter is a Visual artist and writer based in Southwest Germany, presently working on documentary & travel photography in Asia right. He loves to explore and combine all arts in his work. Joo has studied Arts; painting and graphics, worked for theatre (designing stage, costume and light), did some work for television and film, went into teaching. He writes essays and a blog in his native tongue, German, for he feels his language combines philosophy and humour.



Sri Lanka - 1

Mikyoung Cha

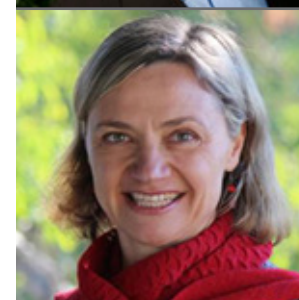
Mikyoung Cha is a graduate in Oriental Painting from Hyosung Women's University, Daegu, South Korea. She has participated in a number of group art exhibitions in South Korea and Japan. In 2016 she took up photography – the camera becoming her paint brush. This globe trotting photographer is a regular contributor to Live Encounters Magazine.



Why John Ruskin Still Matters

David Morgan

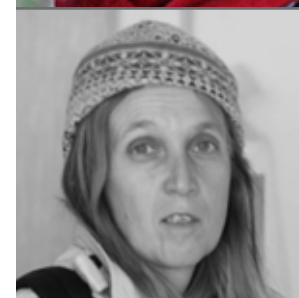
David has been a professional editor and journalist for over thirty years beginning his career on the subs desk of the *Morning Star* newspaper. He is editor of numerous historical publications under the Socialist History Society imprint. David's interests and research include Turkey and the Kurds, literary figures like George Orwell, Edward Upward and William Morris, British anarchism, the 17th century English revolutionary era and the history of psychoanalysis. He has contributed towards many different publications and writes review articles, commentaries, opinion pieces, polemics and poetry.



Totalitarianism and Refugee Camps

Dr Emma Larking

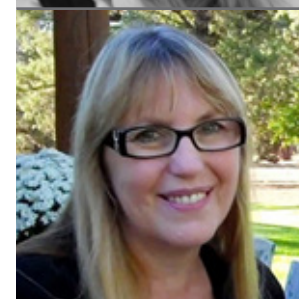
Dr Emma Larking is a social and legal policy researcher, and a Visiting Research Fellow at the Australian National University's School of Regulation and Global Governance (RegNet).



Paris Pavements d'Or

Jude Cowan Montague

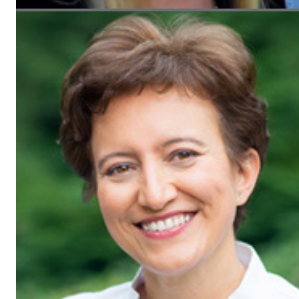
Emma Larking is author of *Refugees and the Myth of Human Rights: Life Outside the Pale of the Law* (Ashgate/Routledge, 2014), and co-editor with Hilary Charlesworth of *Human Rights and the Universal Periodic Review* (Cambridge University Press, 2014). Her disciplinary backgrounds are in literature, law, political theory, and applied philosophy.



Lover Archetype

Dr Candess M Campbell

Candess M. Campbell, PhD is the author of the *Live Intuitively: Journal the Wisdom of your Soul* and the #1 Best-selling book *12 Weeks to Self-Healing: Transforming Pain through Energy Medicine*. She is an internationally known Author, Intuitive Coach and Mentor, Psychic Medium, Speaker and Workshop Facilitator. She specializes in assisting others to regain their own personal power and live a life of abundance, happiness, and joy.



Homemade Cezerye

Ozlem Warren

International cooking teacher and Turkish culinary expert Ozlem Warren is a native of Turkey, lived there and extensively travelled for 30 years. She has been teaching wholesome, delicious Turkish cookery in the US, Jordan, Istanbul and England. Her recipes have been published in the local media in England, Hurriyet and Sabah national daily newspapers in Turkey. Ozlem also took part at the *"Turkish Chefs of the World"*, *"Dünyanın Türk Seferi"* TV program aired at TRT, National Turkish TV channel and in 37 countries.



Severed hand of a mannequin discarded on the sidewalk.



Paulo Coelho (Portuguese: ['pawlu ku'eɫu]), born August 24, 1947) is considered one of the most influential authors of our times. His works have been translated into 81 languages and are sold in 224 territories. So far, the 1,018 versions of his 29 books have sold more than 225 million books around the world. He worked as a director, theater actor, composer and journalist. His collaboration with Brazilian composer and singer Raul Seixas gave some of the greatest classic rock songs in Brazil. He has received numerous prestigious international awards amongst them the Crystal Award by the World Economic Forum. He has been a member of the Academy of Letters of Brazil since 2002, and in 2007 he was proclaimed Messenger of Peace by the United Nations. Paulo is the writer with the highest number of social media followers and is the all-time best-selling Portuguese language author. Coelho's latest book, *Hippie*, is his most autobiographical novel to date. <https://www.facebook.com/paulocoelho/>

PAULO COELHO PANDORA'S BOX

On the same morning, three signs arrive from different continents: an e-mail from journalist Lauro Jardim asking for confirmation of some data on a note about me and mentioning the situation in the Rocinha slum neighborhood in Rio de Janeiro. A phone call from my wife who has just landed in France: she has been traveling with a couple of French friends to show them our country and they ended their trip frightened and disappointed. And lastly, the journalist who is coming to interview me for a Russian television channel: "Is it true that in your country half a million people were murdered between 1980 and 2000?"

"Of course it isn't true," I answer.

But it is. He shows me data from "a Brazilian institute" (actually the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics, one of the most prestigious in the country).

I keep silent. The violence in my country crosses oceans and mountains and comes all the way to this place in Central Asia Central. What to say?

Saying is not enough; words that are not turned into action "bring the pest", as William Blake said. I have tried to do my part: I opened my institute, and together with two heroic persons, Isabella and Yolanda Maltarolli, we try to give education, affection, and love to 360 children from the Pavão-Pavãozinho slum in Rio de Janeiro.

I know that at this moment there are thousands of Brazilians doing much more, working away in silence, without any official help, without any private support, just not to let themselves be overwhelmed by the worst enemy of all: despair.

At some moment I thought that if everyone did their part things would change. But tonight, as I contemplate the frozen mountains at the border with China, I have some doubts. Perhaps, even with each one of us doing our part, the saying I learned as a youngster still holds true: “there is no argument against force.”

I look at the mountains again, lit up by the moon. I wonder if there is no argument against force. Like all Brazilians, I have tried, fought, and forced myself to believe that the situation in my country will one day get better, but each year that passes things seem to grow more complicated, regardless of who is in the government, the party, the economic plans, or the absence of any plans.

I have seen violence in the four corners of the world. I remember once in the Lebanon, right after the war of devastation, I was walking through the ruins of Beirut with a friend called Söula Saad. She remarked to me that her city had been destroyed seven times. I asked her half in jest why they did not give up re-building and just move elsewhere. “Because this is our city,” she answered. “Because those who do not honor the earth where their ancestors are buried will be damned for ever.”

The human being who does not honor his land does not honor himself. In one of the Greek myths of creation, one of the gods, furious at the fact that Prometheus has robbed the fire and is going to make men independent, sends Pandora to marry his brother, Epimetheus. Pandora brings a box with her, which she is forbidden to open. However, just like Eve in the Christian myth, her curiosity gets the better of her: she lifts the lid to see what is inside and at that moment all the evil in the world is released and spreads over the Earth. Only one thing remained inside: Hope.

So, despite everything pointing to the opposite, despite all my sadness, this feeling of impotence, despite being this very moment almost convinced that nothing is going to get better, I cannot lose the only thing that keeps me alive: hope – that word always used with such irony by pseudo-intellectuals who consider it a synonym for “fooling someone.” That word so manipulated by governments who make promises fully aware that they are not going to keep them and tear the hearts of the people even more. That word is with us so often in the morning, is wounded in the course of the day and dies at nightfall, yet always rises with the dawn.

Yes, there is a saying that goes: “there is no argument against force.” But there is another saying that goes: “where there is life there is hope.” And that is the one I shall remember, while I gaze at the snow-covered mountains on the Chinese border.



© Translated by James Mulholland



Participant at the Laos Pi Mai Parade in Luang Prabang, Laos PDR.

Ulyseas has served time in advertising as copywriter and creative director selling people things they didn't need, a ghost writer for some years, columnist of a newspaper, a freelance journalist and photographer. In 2009 he created *Live Encounters Magazine*, in Bali, Indonesia. It is a not for profit (adfree) free online magazine featuring leading academics, writers, poets, activists of all hues etc. from around the world. March 2016 saw the launch of its sister publication *Live Encounters Poetry*, which was relaunched as *Live Encounters Poetry & Writing* in March 2017. He has edited, designed and produced all of Live Encounters' 145 publications till date (February 2019). Mark's philosophy is that knowledge must be free and shared freely to empower all towards enlightenment. He is the author of three books: *RAINY – My friend & Philosopher*, *Seductive Avatars of Maya – Anthology of Dystopian Lives* and *In Gethsemane: Transcripts of a Journey*. www.amazon.com/markulyseas



MARK ULYSEAS

VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT*

The truth will set you free.

So what is the truth?
 What we see?
 Hear?
 Touch?
 Taste?
 Speak?

The tentacles of *media in all its avatars* has reached deep into our thoughts setting up colonies of impressions of the world around us and turning *them* into a truth that is twisted beyond recognition. Certain individuals claiming to be of one religion or another have carved these impressions into an exotic phantasmagoria that incite us into their world. This world has its own rules in which one must exist or become an apostate, whatever this means. There is no middle or *other* path.

So how does one find the truth to be set free?

And what is this freedom? Life before death or after death?

And what is death? Physical or spiritual?

And what is life?

Illusion or delusion?



The present ebb and flow of life is becoming increasingly toxic. Politics, religion and traditions are fast becoming a lethal concoction garnished by prejudices that defy all logic. Reason and honest debate are a near extinct species.

Utter a word of dissent on any topic related to religion and one is immediately branded an anti-*this* or anti-*that*. A kind of mental and spiritual laziness is creeping in. We are afraid to face a reality, a reality that stands on the threshold between reason and delusion. We are afraid that, perhaps, all that we believe in is not what it seems but in actual fact is something else entirely. People with their attendant paraphernalia of charms and symbols pontificate about truth and where it originates. We are afraid of contradicting these folk for fear, fear instilled in us from childhood, of a vengeful God and what may happen if we question their claims or worse still rebel. Superstition of colours, numbers, days and certain natural events have joined the colonies of embedded impressions residing in us. Fear has become part of our DNA.

So what is this truth that will set us free? Freedom from fear, fear of the unknown?

The slitting of an animal's throat in worship to a god? And then cooking this slaughtered animal and eating it?

Self-flagellation to achieve a level of mental agony to enable one to cross over from the physical to the supernatural world, albeit momentarily, in the hope of finding the truth?

To believe that an event occurred in the past and that in this belief one is set free from the entanglement of the mendacity of living? But does this belief cancel out all other beliefs?

Why do we have to believe in anything?

Why do we need to have a purpose in life?

Aren't we all animals with teeth, nails, hair, and the sexual urge, always prone to extreme violence to one another and to the world around us?

A follower of the Sanatan Dharma told me that the truth is within us. And to find this truth the seeker must experience life, the sacredness of life, and through this experience find one's way back to discover and embrace the truth within. And to experience life one has to live it in harmony with all living things and not be guided either by Holy Scriptures or rituals of worship in any form. If one uses such crutches then the seeker would never find the truth within. When I asked the follower what he meant by the truth, he replied, 'God'.

Is having *free will* **the truth**?

Many espouse the belief that we don't have *free will* and that all that happens in our life is pre-ordained. So if this is the truth it cannot set us free when we are imprisoned in our manacled lives.

Someone remarked to me the other day that God cannot exist because there is so much suffering and hence the notion of truth is a man-made untruth.

Perhaps *free will* does exist. Perhaps free will is the cause of so much suffering in the world. Perhaps free will offers us a choice and we often choose that which enriches us, materially et al, without any love or care for the living world around us.

Is this revelation about *free will* **the truth**?

That we are masters of our own destiny?

There are those that believe we live in Maya – an illusion created by God. And that in reality we and the world we live in is an illusion of God, so nothing really exists.

So is this **the truth**?

There are ascetics that distance themselves from humanity by retreating physically and mentally into the wilderness by avoiding all contact with humans in the hope of finding the truth through communion with their God/s.

And the truth that they find, is it a personal experience or **the Truth**? How can we know this for sure?

A follower of the Sanatan Dharma told me that the truth is within us. And to find this truth the seeker must experience life, the sacredness of life, and through this experience find one's way back to discover and embrace the truth within. And to experience life one has to live it in harmony with all living things and not be guided either by Holy Scriptures or rituals of worship in any form. If one uses such crutches then the seeker would never find the truth within.

Perhaps the truth that sets us free *is love*, a love so great that it can solve *all man created problems* on earth. But many of us have overlooked this *great love* because we are blinded by pathological anger and hate in our hearts.

When I asked the follower what he meant by **the truth**, he replied, ‘God’.

In another incident I met a devout Christian lady who spoke passionately about her belief. When I asked her about the meaning of ‘The Truth will set you free’, she replied, ‘That God sent his only son Jesus Christ to be born among us, and give his life for the sins of humanity, thus setting us free from the mark of Cain. And that all who believed in Him would be set free.’ And when I pointed out that there were other ancient faiths around the world with their own interpretations she said that the only book she ‘follows’ is the Bible, which cannot be questioned. Not a word. Not a comma. It is **the Truth**.

Of course, Jews, Jains, Muslims, Buddhists, and Sikhs et al have they own versions of the truth.

And so it goes like a dog chasing its own tail.

Could it be that the truth is the miracle of life on a beautiful blue planet circling the sun? And that *this truth is all that we have to love and cherish* in the vastness of space?

Perhaps the truth that sets us free *is love*, a love so great that it can solve *all human created problems* on earth.

But many of us have overlooked this *great love* because we are blinded by pathological anger and hate in our hearts.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om



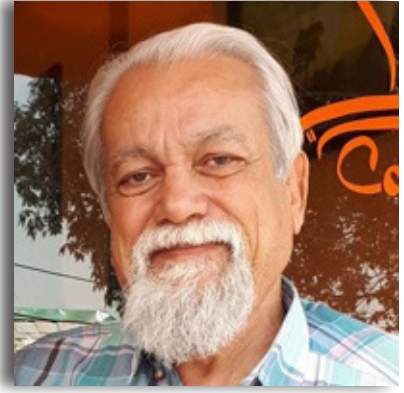
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At the boat races on the Nam Khan in Luang Prabang, Laos PDR.

* *Veritas vos liberabit (Latin) is a variant of Veritas liberabit vos ("the truth shall set you free").*

This article is the second in a series of three by Randhir Khare. He talks about his experiences with three types of shamans: *The Spirit Healer*, *The Story Healer* and *The Physician*. For the last three and a half decades he has shared a meaningful and enriching relationship with shamans. Randhir is presently working on a book....WALKING WITH SHAMANS.

Randhir Khare is an award winning poet, artist, writer, playwright, folklorist and distinguished educationist who has published thirty-six volumes of poetry, short fiction, essays and novels and educational handbooks and has travelled widely, reading and presenting his work, nationally and internationally. He has presented his work at the Nehru Centre in London, at the Ubud Writers Festival in Bali, the India Festival In Bulgaria, at the Writers Union in the Czech Republic, in Bulgaria, Slovenia, the Pune International Literary Festival and at the Europalia Arts Festival in Belgium. In India, he has performed his poetry with various traditional and contemporary musicians and founded (and leads) MYSTIC, India's first poetry-music band. In the last few months, he has published two path-breaking volumes of poetry, MOUNTAINS OF MY SILENCE and MEMORY LAND, which also feature his line drawings in a style uniquely his own. He is the recipient of The Sanskriti Award for Creative Writing, The Gold Medal for Poetry awarded by the Union of Bulgarian Writers, The Human Rights Award, The Residency Grant 2009 for his life-time contribution to literature in English awarded by The Sahitya Akademi and The Palash Award (for his lifetime contribution to education and culture) among others.



RANDHIR KHARE

BETWEEN WORLDS

WALKING WITH SHAMANS

PART - 11

The roar of the Khapri river echoed through the wild wet hills around us, filling the monsoon air with trembling blasts of gravel breath. Dense green foliage formed impregnable walls of jungle on either side of the road. Above, the walls curved inwards and merged with one another. Individual identities had been lost. They had become a single mass of leaf, vine, twig, branch, trunk, flower, fruit, moss, mud, bird, animal and insect. An awesome beast, reeling and lunging in the wind. Swaying to the rhythmic roar of the river.

The jeep struggled down the jungle road, headlong towards a narrow bridge which had become a flowing stream of slush. Occasionally holes in the roof of green, dull grey light would pour in, sometimes, only sometimes, shrinking to a drip. Then the vehicle sank into a ditch, coughed, choked and struggled till it climbed out and went on, only to plunge headlong towards a narrow bridge. Beneath it flowed a wide feeder stream of the river, swelling fast. Soon the jeep was enveloped by an awful gush of muddy water and thrown to the other bank where it teetered on some slippery rocks. We sat there, waiting to be washed away.

But that didn't happen. The storm subsided and the stream became sluggish.



Janku Kaka's mud representation of the Spirit of the jungles.
Photograph by Randhir Khare.

Above us on the embankment stood a lean old man in a white dhoti and oversized white shirt, sheltered under a battered umbrella. “Get out of that jeep,” he called, “get out of that jeep. The storm hasn’t finished. I can’t keep it quiet for long. It will return and the water will carry you away. Get out of the jeep.”

In the midst of all that wildness, he seemed an apparition, an unreal being who had suddenly materialised. Rather than argue, we climbed out and scrambled up the slope. That was my first meeting with Janu Kaka, the Bhagat (Shaman) of Dhavalidod.

He very quickly took charge of the situation, organised a few men from his village to haul the vehicle out on to the road and had it covered with plastic sheets. “We’ll deal with it in the morning,” he said quickly. “Now you need to dry yourself or you’ll die in this weather.”

We followed him back to Dhavalidod and spent the night on a cool dry cow dung smeared floor, covered with sacking cloth. Late into the night when my teeth started chattering, he asked me to sit up and gave me a warm thick soup in a small bowl. It tasted like vomit. “Finish it quickly. Then chew these leaves.” He handed me a green paste.

In less than half an hour, I could feel my body beginning to warm and some time later, the heat was unbearable. I perspired profusely. Lying there, I looked out into the night which was filled with fireflies. They passed the open door in streams, whirls, swirls, appearing and disappearing. Some seemed larger than others...they glowed like tiny orbs. I sat up and watched the display.

Right: The refurbished sacred abode.
In the foreground stand vaghdev plaques of earlier times.



© Randhir Khare



Above: The new deity.
Left: The refurbished sacred abode. In the foreground stand vaghdev plaques of earlier times.

© Randhir Khare

“This is not Ayurveda,” he once told me. “Yes, I do use roots and bulbs and leaves and bark and fruits and seeds and a lot else – but its NOT JUST THAT. The power lies in HOW I use them, WHEN I use them, WHERE I use them. There are numerous powerful physical spaces in this jungle which have healing energies; so sometimes I make people spend time there before or after they have taken a dose. Or sometimes some people need to be treated at certain times of the day or in certain seasons or days of the week. But finally, the real power of my healing comes from TRUST. If you don’t TRUST me and my effort to heal you, I can’t heal you.”

“You must rest now,” I heard him say from somewhere inside the house. “Rest.”

“I can’t,” my voice seemed to come from somewhere else. “I can’t.”

I stood at the door for a while and then walked out. He was soon beside me, sitting on an old wooden bench. “You are a restless spirit. You need to check that.”

“Check what?” I wanted to know.

“Your restlessness. If you go on like this, you will never be a satisfied person. You’ll always want to be somewhere else. That doesn’t help.”

“Then what helps?”

“You don’t know me so you’ll think I am talking nonsense,” he said quietly.

“Ok, let’s say I don’t think you are talking nonsense. So say what you like.”

He laughed softly. “But I DO know you. I didn’t meet you by accident. You didn’t come here by accident. It’s part of a plan. Your restlessness brought you here. You need help.”

“What sort of help?” I asked.

“You need to cure your restlessness.”

“Why?”

“Because all your ailments are brought upon you by this restlessness. Your stomach problems for example.”

“What about my stomach problems?” He was beginning to irritate me. His knowingness unsettled me. “I think I should sleep now.”

“I think you should slow down.”

“I AM SLOWING DOWN. I AM GOING TO SLEEP!”

He placed a bony hand on my shoulder and patted it. “Good. Slow down. When you lie down just now, lie on your back with your hands on either side of you, palms facing upwards – open. Feel your breathing.”

I had had enough of his ‘wise’ counsel and lay down on my left side and shut my eyes. A while later, I felt myself choking. My breathing came in short quick leaps, back and forth. So I turned on my right side and started feeling a sensation of burning in the pit of my stomach. It rose quickly to my mouth which was soon filled with a foul bitterness. I stumbled up and stepping out of the open door, let loose a stream of unwanted bile, then returned to lie down – on my back, following Janu Kaka’s instructions.

My body lay there rigidly for a while, almost as if I was uncomfortable about it being in contact with the earth. As my breathing became increasingly calm, I felt my body beginning to relax...and as it relaxed, it became more receptive to the gently throbbing energy that the earth expressed. In that rise and fall, I rocked to sleep. Outside, the monsoon jungles heaved and shivered and the air breathed fireflies.

Unlike the Shaman Nathu Baba who was a Spirit Healer, Janu Kaka was a Physician. He tended to the needs of the body and knew HOW to use the elemental powers of Nature to heal the body. “This is not Ayurveda,” he once told me. “Yes, I do use roots and bulbs and leaves and bark and fruits and seeds and a lot else – but its NOT JUST THAT. The power lies in HOW I use them, WHEN I use them, WHERE I use them. There are numerous powerful physical spaces in this jungle which have healing energies; so sometimes I make people spend time there before or after they have taken a dose. Or sometimes some people need to be treated at certain times of the day or in certain seasons or days of the week. But finally, the real power of my healing comes from TRUST. If you don’t TRUST me and my effort to heal you, I can’t heal you.”



Janu Kaka's main 'clinic' was the makeshift bamboo and mud shack just outside the village. That was where he had placed a small mud mound which represented the Mother Spirit of the jungle. He offered his simple and unadorned but powerful prayers and offerings to her and in her presence, in the courtyard, he received hundreds of people who came with their ailments. Few left unhealed. As his 'fame' spread patients began turning up from far flung places and he did his best to help them. However he often mentioned to me – "they carry the sickness of cities with them. How can I help them? They aren't in touch with the earth. They don't even belong to the earth anymore – what power can I draw on to heal them? In fact, they come with ailments I don't even understand. I urge them to live closer to the earth, to Nature. But they are always in a hurry. They just want to be healed."

Then he added with a smile, "I already know you for years, you've changed so much. You aren't so restless anymore. I think we can be friends. Good friends. I want to tell you something. This forest is changing. It is not what it used to be....the ancient trees are vanishing, cattle and crops have invaded the jungles....other people's gods have taken up residence here, alien places of worship are being built. We are becoming strangers here. Remember that little bamboo shack I kept my mud devi in? It's a temple now and a strange god sits where she used to sit. I cannot heal people there any more because that doesn't belong to the jungle anymore. That doesn't belong to this earth. Soon people won't even trust me anymore. Do you know? I am not allowed to even visit where my sacred space once was."

Like Janu Kaka, many other shamanic healers have fallen by the wayside as nature's old spaces are cleared out to make way for new land usage, and new gods. In the process, a whole tradition of healing is being wiped out.

The last time I met Janu, he was meeting his 'patients' in a small teashop in Ahwa, a nearby town. We sat in silence and allowed our teas to get cold. "This is the end," he said finally.

A year later he was no more.

Above: The author's last meeting with Janu Kaka.



The author with Janu Kaka during their early friendship nearly 3 decades ago.
Photograph by Randhir Khare.

Aka Joachim Peter is a Visual artist and writer based in Southwest Germany, presently working on documentary & travel photography in Asia right. He loves to explore and combine all arts in his work. Joo has studied Arts; painting and graphics, worked for theatre (designing stage, costume and light) , did some work for television and film, went into teaching. He writes essays and a blog in his native tongue, German, for he feels his language combines philosophy and humour.

www.joo-peter.photoshelter.com www.viva-cuba.net



CHHATH - VARANASI

TEXT & PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOO PETER

The ancient city of Varanasi never ceases to amaze me. On my numerous trips to this sacred Hindu place of pilgrimage I saw many religious ceremonies that have been performed for eons. The following photographs are glimpses of women pilgrims performing the Chhath Puja, an ancient festival dedicated to the *God Surya* and his consort, *Chhathi Maiya*.

The rituals of the festival are rigorous and are observed over a period of four days. (*Dates for 2019 - 31st Oct to 3rd Nov.*). They include holy bathing, fasting and abstaining from drinking water (*Vratta*), standing in water for long periods of time, and offering *prasad* (prayer offerings) and *arghya* to the setting and rising sun. The main worshipers, called *Parvaitin* (from Sanskrit *parv*, meaning 'occasion' or 'festival'), are usually women. It is believed a childless couple who observes the fast and performs the puja with purity is blessed with a child. Some pray for a son.

The devotees who observe the fast during this festival are called *Vrati*. Chhath does not involve any idol worship.



© Joo Peter Photography

Portrait of a young mother on the banks of the River Ganges.



© Joo Peter Photography

Obeisance to the God Surya.

Arranging the offering.



© Joo Peter Photography

Offerings.



© Joo Peter Photography

Patently biding time to immerse in the River Ganges.



© Joo Peter Photography

The gathering.



© Joo Peter Photography

Mikyoung Cha is a graduate in Oriental Painting from Hyosung Women's University, Daegu, South Korea. She has participated in a number of group art exhibitions in South Korea and Japan. In 2016 she took up photography – the camera becoming her paint brush. This globe trotting photographer is a regular contributor to *Live Encounters Magazine*.



SERENDIPITY

TEXT & PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MIKYOUNG CHA

This beautiful island nation had witnessed, not too long ago, a civil war, that brought great suffering to its people. Despite so many hardships the resilience of Sri Lankans is amazing. Their kindness and warmth, their infectious smiles and above all the vigour with which they go about their daily chores is wonderfully overwhelming to a first time visitor. Perhaps this is why Sri Lanka was referred to by the Romans as *Serendivis*, the Arabs as *Serandib* (corruption of the Sanskrit *Sinhaladvipa* which literally meant 'the island where lions dwell'), and to the Persians as *Serendip*. The word *serendipity* is derived from this word. It means the making of happy and unexpected discoveries by accident.



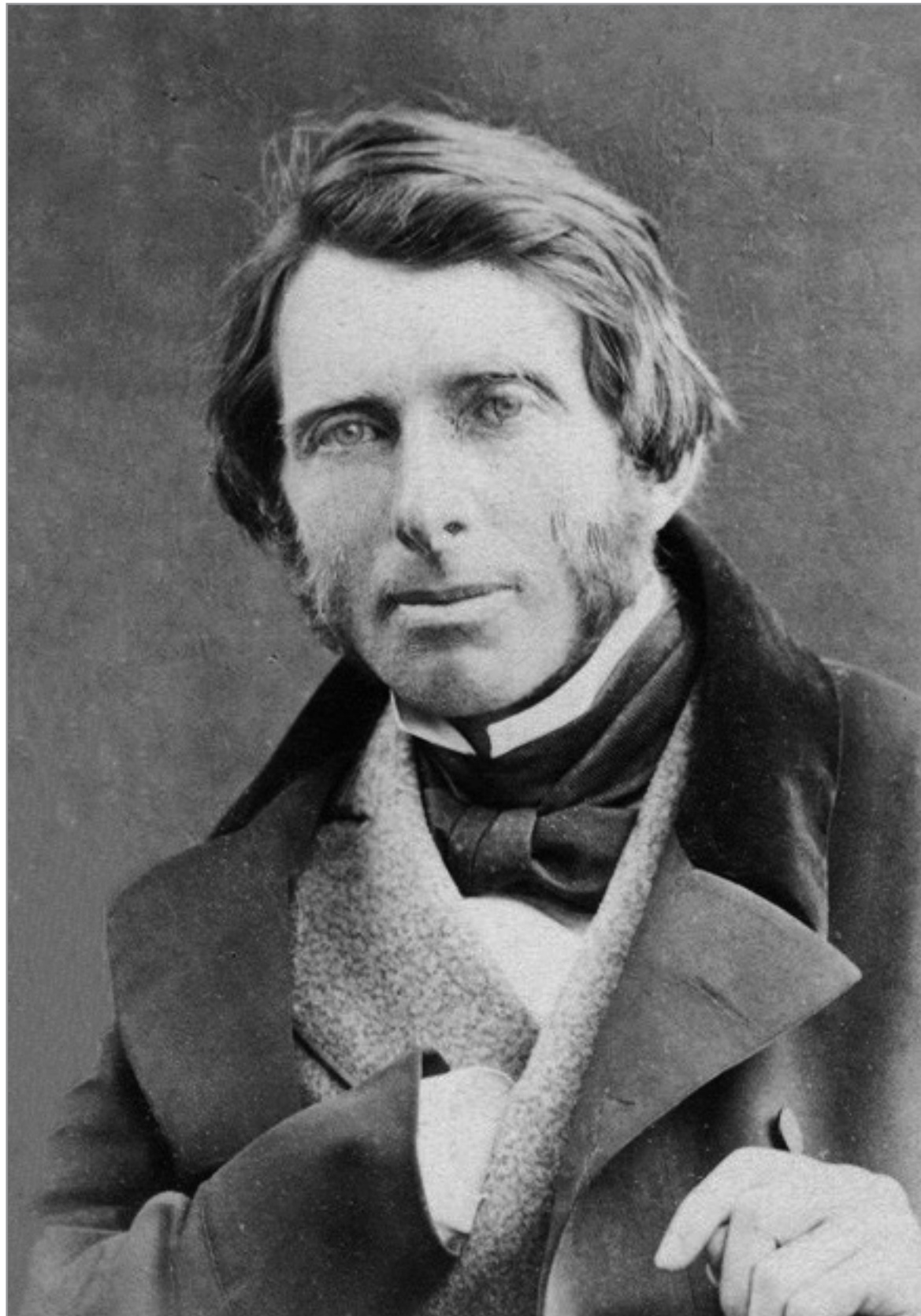












Ruskin in 1863. Photograph W. & D. Downey.

David has been a professional editor and journalist for over thirty years beginning his career on the subs desk of the *Morning Star* newspaper. He is editor of numerous historical publications under the Socialist History Society imprint. David's interests and research include Turkey and the Kurds, literary figures like George Orwell, Edward Upward and William Morris, British anarchism, the 17th century English revolutionary era and the history of psychoanalysis. He has contributed towards many different publications and writes review articles, commentaries, opinion pieces, polemics and poetry.



David Morgan looks at the work of the 19th century British art critic and social commentator John Ruskin to discover what he has to teach us today.

DAVID MORGAN WHY JOHN RUSKIN STILL MATTERS

"How deadly dull the world would have been twenty years ago but for Ruskin!"

This was William Morris writing in 1894 in his famous article, 'How I Became a Socialist', which appeared in the political journal, *Justice*. Here Morris pays tribute to John Ruskin as the most powerful critic of Victorian society and the main inspiration for his own work as an artist and political activist.

Morris had also read Marx, he worked alongside Marx's political partner, Friedrich Engels and his daughter Eleanor Marx; historians such as E P Thompson and Ray Watkinson have seen William Morris as a pioneer English Marxist. It very pertinent that Morris himself should choose John Ruskin as his formative inspiration. Describing Ruskin as "my master", Morris says, "It was through him that I learned to give form to my discontent, which I must say was not by any means vague. Apart from my desire to make beautiful things, the leading passion of my life has been and is hatred of modern civilization."

By "hatred of modern civilisation" Morris means the injustices, suffering and conflict created by modern society in its relentless pursuit of progress and private wealth. In this respect, Ruskin famously sums up his own attitude to social ills when he states *"There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest numbers of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest, who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."*

Morris of course saw himself as a socialist, even a revolutionary Communist, although the meaning of "Communist" in the 19th century differed greatly from its meaning after 1917; Morris associated it with the Paris Commune of 1871. Ruskin, by the way, had strongly opposed the Communards, but he was still able to inspire some of Britain's foremost socialists.



'Study of Spray of Dead Oak Leaves' (1879) John Ruskin.

Ruskin was a great independent thinker who displayed tremendous courage; he was unafraid to espouse radical, even revolutionary, ideas, but he never defined himself as a socialist as such. It is without doubt not insignificant that Ruskin had ceased all public activities by the late 1880s, the decade when the modern socialist parties began to be formed and an organised independent labour movement emerged. Ruskin was to work closely with the Christian Socialists collaborating with them to provide education for workers and artisans when he taught art and drawing classes at the London Working Men's College, enlisting Pre-Raphaelites such as Rossetti to teach at the college as well. Labels really matter very little; what actually counts is what people do: while not a card-carrying socialist, Ruskin was always keen to encourage the talents of individual workers by employing them and commissioning them to undertake creative work, such as painting.

Like Morris, many prominent people, artists, writers, social reformers, pioneers in different fields, many original thinkers, and political leaders, as various as Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi and Marcel Proust, have drawn valuable lessons from studying Ruskin's work and following his example. Gandhi, for example, was to translate Ruskin's "Unto This Last" into Gujarati retitling it "The Welfare of All" (Sarvodaya); in doing this, Gandhi declared that some of his "deepest convictions" had been learned from reading Ruskin and he went so far as to state that the encounter with Ruskin "transformed his life". Many people less famous than Gandhi could express exactly the same sentiments.

Ethical socialism with which Ruskin is commonly associated in Britain was once a major influence in the Labour Party and Ruskin's name was frequently cited by Labour pioneers as the public figure whose many writings helped shape their political outlook and opinions. When the journalist W T Stead questioned the first intake of Labour MPs on their influences many cited the works of Ruskin. "Unto This Last" was the book that was most often mentioned. "Ruskin seems to have been regarded by many who were active in the movement as a fellow socialist," commented historian David Martin in a study of the early Labour Party from 1906-1914. Robert Blatchford, the editor of The Clarion newspaper, included Ruskin alongside Morris, H M Hyndman, Edward Carpenter, George Bernard Shaw and Annie Besant as leading British socialists. Ruskin was also included in a once influential study titled *Great Democrats*, published in 1934, a weighty tome that consisted of forty profiles of the pioneers of democracy, Chartists, Christian Socialists and early Fabians.



The Valley of Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland (1866) John Ruskin.

In reality, Ruskin was far from being a "democrat" in the modern sense of the term at all and he had very little respect for Parliament denouncing the building itself as the "most effeminate and effect-less heap of stones ever raised by man"; one suspects that Ruskin was not simply thinking of the style of the building alone.

Ruskin's social and political influence declined considerably in the early 20th century under the cumulative impact of the assault on Victorian values waged by the likes of Lytton Strachey in books like *Eminent Victorians* and the harrowing experience of the catastrophe of world war which instilled a widespread feeling of scepticism and hostility to heroes of all kinds. While Ruskin did not aspire to heroism, he did cast himself in the role of teacher and opinion former and his general approach as a social critic came to seem old fashioned. His language had become somewhat archaic. Today, that is even more so. It is no longer easy to speak about ethical values or to espouse morality in today's culture. We inhabit a culture where cynicism is the norm and where mention of things like "virtue" or "honour" or "joy" are belittled. Even the words are now hardly used so much have they been erased from public discourse. The prose of a Victorian like Ruskin can seem extremely remote even though the issues that concerned him, namely the environment, social justice, education, housing, poverty, the nature of work and the importance of cooperation are just as urgent now as they were two centuries ago.

Ruskin's ideas live on, not just in Britain, but around the world where active Ruskin societies can be found as far afield as the US, India, Russia and Japan. As celebrations take place to mark the 200th anniversary of his birth, it is the perfect occasion to revisit his legacy and explore Ruskin's abiding influences. So who exactly was John Ruskin? What did he stand for? And why are the ideas of this mid-Victorian writer not only still relevant today but becoming modern again?

He was born on 8th February 1819 and his life spanned the entire Victorian age. He died in 1900 but spent the last ten years confined to his home in Brantwood on Coniston Water, a virtual recluse sheltered from the world that had long become too hostile for him to endure and cared for by his relatives; late photographs show Ruskin as a frail old wreck of a man wearing a long, untidy beard resembling Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

His consciousness of the world was essentially green and he has been claimed as a pioneer environmentalist or ecologist. He spoke in opposition to railway construction because he was aware of the destructiveness of development and that in interfering in the natural environment to make way for progress was to wreck a destruction that was permanent.

He had been a child prodigy writing competent poetry before he reached his teens. He was an only child born to extremely protective parents; his mother taught him at home, instructing him to read the Bible from end to end and memorise entire passages. His mother accompanied him to Oxford when he went to university and his father visited them at weekends. He never experienced poverty and had no need to work for a living. His only paid job was as Slade Professor at Oxford a post he held from 1869–1878 and again from 1883–1885; he finally resigned over the issue of vivisection which he strongly opposed.

Ruskin could have chosen to live a life of luxury and leisure on the generous allowance provided by his wine merchant father and a private income derived from the lucrative sherry business. It is admirable that he didn't choose to squander his inheritance on self-indulgent trifles and excess but devoted millions of pounds to individual acts of charity, sponsoring countless good works, educational activities, public museums and financing causes such as housing for the poor all with the aim of improving the social conditions of his fellow citizens. His strong sense of duty and commitment to the community are values that should today be more widely emulated by the rich and powerful in our own society. He stated that he practised what he preached and he was widely revered as a good natured and “gentle man”. In public and in private he was the Good Samaritan, the good neighbour and the good citizen.

His singular vision was inspired by Biblical teaching but also by the splendours of the natural world he saw around him and all its living creatures. He was inspired in equal measure by the abundant beauties of nature in all its manifestations from the grandeur of the mountains to the intricacies of a flower and even a dried leaf attracted his attention because he was able to see beauty in its intricate form. The colours of nature were a source of inspiration. The blue scarf that he always wore became his trademark. Its natural colour was symbolic of the sea and the sky which he loved rather than an indication of political allegiance.

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Loggia of the Ducal Palace, Venice (1849-50) John Ruskin.



Mer de Glace, Chamonix (1849) John Ruskin.

Ruskin has been described as Britain's Goethe and like Goethe he combined many interests that are usually seen as quite distinct; typically those of the artist and the scientist. In an essay, "John Ruskin as a Victorian Goethe", Elémire Zolla writes:

'He was one of those people ...who refuse to restrict themselves to one specialty, surrendering themselves to the corporate delirium that oppresses modern people, bound to a division of intellectual work that is an aspect of the linguistic confusion of Babel. The art critic won't dare to look at the stones that nevertheless speak like the pigments of a painting, the metaphysician doesn't dare descend to the art gallery to enlighten the judgement of those who contemplate works of art, or to the marketplace to judge the fairness of contracts. Ruskin challenged the taboo of specialties, of exclusive skill. He understood that the universal conditions of what is conceivable, the supreme intellectual principles, permit one to contemplate, act, and judge, and that whoever knows them has the right to bring order into the chaos in individual disciplines.'

Ruskin began his writing career as an art critic defending the work of Turner in *Modern Painters*, which is a work of five volumes, published over a 17 year period starting in 1843. But he was never solely interested in art. He was concerned with the circumstances surrounding how art was produced and especially the conditions of work of those who produced art. When he began to study architecture, Ruskin became preoccupied with whether the workers derived any satisfaction from the tasks they were compelled to carry out. He believed in human creativity and that those who undertook the work should be happy in doing it. It was an indictment of the society if workers were working under conditions of compulsion amounting to slavery. He chose to learn from history to embolden his critique of contemporary society and drew a stark contrast between what he believed were the more human-centred and integrated circumstances that the craftsmen of the Middle Ages had experienced comparing their situation unfavourably with the harsh, mechanical and repetitive conditions endured by workers in the industrialised factories. His interest of the medieval period was emphatically not driven by nostalgia.



Rocks and Ferns in a Wood at Crossmount, Perthshire (1847). John Ruskin

This brief summary is to crudely simplify Ruskin's basic arguments and much more could be said, but the main point is that his critique of industrialised capitalism and the economics of the free market posed a great challenge to the fundamentals of how society was run and the prevailing orthodoxy. For this Ruskin incurred the wrath of the defenders of liberal capitalism and he was to be attacked mercilessly in the press.

Different strategies were adopted to undermine Ruskin and tarnish his reputation which persist to this day and can be found in historical studies of the Victorians. He is frequently defined merely as an 'aesthete' akin to Oscar Wilde, who was incidentally a great admirer of Ruskin. The portrayal of Ruskin in the film, *Mr Turner*, by British director Mike Leigh about the life of Turner includes a gross caricature of Ruskin as an effete aesthete which reflects the contemporary lampoons in the Victorian press. Alternatively, there is the tendency among commentators to dwell obsessively on Ruskin's private life and especially his failed marriage to Effie Gray; much of the innuendo is largely based on threadbare evidence, pure speculation and derives from the whispering campaign that Gray's supporters waged in their attempt to destroy Ruskin's reputation and by so doing elevate his former wife as the blameless victim. Nothing more need be said about this, apart from to state that it should not be used as a means of obscuring interest in Ruskin's bold and original ideas or in undermining his courageous critique of social injustice. We have a lot that we can learn from Ruskin in how we run our society and how we treat each other as human beings and how we relate to the planet and all the other living creatures that inhabit it.

Ruskin's philosophy of life is best summed up in his own simple but beautiful words: "I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."

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This article first appeared on the School of Regulation and Global Governance (RegNet) website, and is based on a review essay published in [Arendt Studies](#) ('Are Refugee Camps Totalitarian?' (2018) *Arendt Studies* Vol 2, 243-252).



DR EMMA LARKING TOTALITARIANISM AND REFUGEE CAMPS



Image: Manus Island refugees

The Australian Government [continues to defend its off-shore refugee detention regime](#) in the face of on-going reports of terrible conditions in the camps and accommodation centres on Manus Island and Nauru. Most recently, the Australian Medical Association described the situation for refugees on Nauru as a [‘humanitarian emergency requiring urgent intervention’](#). It’s timely then to consider the wider political significance of detention. Although Australia’s camps are among the most brutal, the phenomenon of ‘encampment’ is global and it is growing.

In her book, [The Origins of Totalitarianism](#), Hannah Arendt analysed concentration camps as essential institutions of totalitarianism. Her definition of what constitutes a concentration camp was broad, and included three categories that she said correlated with ‘basic Western conceptions of life after death: Hades, Purgatory, and Hell.’

In Arendt’s account, the internment camps used by democratic countries during World War II to imprison enemy aliens and stateless people, and the camps for displaced people established after the War, represented Hades. They were ‘relatively mild’ versions of the Nazi ‘corpse factories’ that literally constituted ‘hell on earth’ – but they were concentration camps nevertheless. She associated the Soviet Union’s labor camps, ‘where neglect [was] combined with chaotic forced labor’, with Purgatory.

The ‘life after death’ typology builds on Arendt’s claim that whatever the conditions in the camps, their residents had in common being *treated as if they no longer existed, as if what happened to them were no longer of any interest to anybody, as if they were already dead...*

By destroying inmates' juridical and moral personalities, and their individuality, the totalitarian camps achieved 'total domination'. Because of the diffuse terror that they spread, the camps subdued and conquered not only those detained but entire populations.

While contemporary refugee camps do not inspire terror more broadly, they have an anaesthetising effect, undermining belief in the importance of human dignity and corroding respect for the law as an institution that protects each individual equally – those who are spurned along with everyone else. Societies that are politically anaesthetised succumb readily to the lure of centralised power and even tyrannical leadership. They prepare the ground for totalitarian regimes.

The 'worldlessness' of the camp, and its existence 'outside legality,' symbolise the destruction of humanity's greatest political achievement: mutual recognition of our compatriots as equals and co-creators of shared worlds. All camps in Arendt's account share this character and deprive the incarcerated of their 'juridical' personas – which is to say – their politically constituted and lawfully enshrined equality; and along with it, their capacity to participate in a public sphere of action.

Camps in their most dreadful, totalitarian incarnation, go beyond this to also destroy what Arendt calls 'the moral person' within those imprisoned; and after this, to annihilate each person's 'unique identity'. The former happens when martyrdom becomes pointless because there is no one to witness or testify to it, and when 'conscience ceases to be adequate' because victims are not allowed to choose between good and evil but are offered only choices between evils: 'Who could solve the moral dilemma of the Greek mother, who was allowed by the Nazis to choose which of her three children should be killed?'. The latter occurs when individuals lose their capacity for spontaneity and the dignity of being more than biologically functioning puppets, becoming 'ghastly marionettes with human faces'.

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The majority of contemporary refugee camps function outside legality and attack the juridical personas of their inhabitants. In [Refugees and the Ethics of Forced Displacement](#), Serena Parekh discusses how humanitarian organisations like the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) operate as a kind of sovereign power in camps in the global South. Usually, the laws of the host State do not apply within these camps, and there are no other independently arbitrated legal frameworks.

This may be the case even when refugees attempt to invoke the law, and when humanitarian organisations cloak their actions in legalese. In an [article describing non-violent sit down protests within Buduburam Refugee Camp in Ghana](#), Elizabeth Holzer says the protesters made rights claims and appealed to international law, while UNHCR invoked the law of Ghana to 'frame transgressions in legal terms'. Holzer notes, however, that the protests were violently suppressed, and that the refugees were unable to advance their claims or obtain redress when they were arbitrarily detained, either by appealing to the law of Ghana or under international law.

Immigration detention centres in the global North also operate outside legality. Access for outsiders or independent monitors is limited or refused. The people detained are excluded from the legal protections and rights afforded to citizens, and are subject to draconian forms of control. As a result, many centres have fostered terrible cruelty among staff, and have institutionalised perverse and degrading punishment regimes. The centres inflict lasting psychological and physical damage on those detained, and go some way towards attacking their moral personalities and unique identities.

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Arendt's characterisation of camp residents as being 'treated as if they no longer existed, as if what happened to them were no longer of any interest to anybody' is contentious. Civil society organisations lobbied for Europe's displaced and persecuted peoples before and after World War II, and official organisations were established to assist refugees, including the League of Nations' High Commissioner for Refugees.

Arendt has also been criticised for failing to recognise the agency of those incarcerated. Even within the Nazi camps – or 'holes of oblivion' – there were moving acts of defiance and demonstrations of human solidarity.

Arendt's account of totalitarian domination largely ignores the solidarity and dissent that persisted, although as faint echoes of large-scale resistance. [Primo Levi described](#) the camaraderie he forged with a fellow camp resident in Auschwitz, and how the two men shared everything they had. He also describes the bravery of the civilian Lorenzo, who – living outside the camp – would risk his life to smuggle bread to Levi. Lorenzo was Levi's saving grace: he 'was a man; his humanity was pure and uncontaminated... Thanks to Lorenzo', says Levi, 'I managed not to forget that I myself was a man.'

In detention, the refugees are identified by number, and the experience of forgetting or of failing to answer to one's name is frequent. Hani Abdile grew up in Somalia and dreamed of becoming a journalist: 'I used to take the water bottle and pretend I was reporting from Baghdad.'

Parekh makes a useful distinction between agency 'as a subjective disposition' and the agency one has if one's words and actions are recognised 'as meaningful and politically relevant'. Within camps, refugees organise collectively and attempt to speak out and protest, but their actions rarely gain lasting traction. More often they are pilloried by politicians and the media for not submitting quietly to their incarceration.

Placing camps outside legality and destroying the juridical personas of those detained was, Arendt argued, 'the first essential step [for the Nazis] on the road to total domination'. Recognition of this imposes a heavy obligation on anyone in a position to challenge contemporary camps. Our first step must be to listen to and amplify the voices of those detained. This challenges the worldlessness of the camp, honours the moral personalities and unique identities of those inside, and preserves their capacity to testify and our own capacity to witness.

What is both moving and somehow soul shattering about the wonderful book, [They Cannot Take the Sky](#) is the vitality and liveliness of the voices it contains. These are the voices of individuals who were held, or who continue to be held, in Australian detention centres. The stories in *They Cannot Take the Sky* are first person narratives taken from interviews with the book's editors. They are the unmediated voices of detainees describing their experience and their thoughts, sometimes in tones disconsolate, bitter, and weary, but often with warmth, humour, and expansive spirits.

Some themes are repeated: the commonplace brutality; the subjection to arbitrary and capricious rules and mechanisms of control; the humiliation of being forced to queue for hours for the toilet and shower, to eat a meal, to receive inadequate medical attention, or to spend fifteen minutes on the internet. The excruciating boredom and uncertainty; the constant recurring question – uttered with genuine bewilderment – 'why is this happening to me, what have I done to warrant this?'; and the grinding dreariness of endless days with no meaningful distraction or occupation, and no end in sight. The book subverts the enforced facelessness of contemporary refugee camps while powerfully demonstrating some of their common features.

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Image: Manus Island refugees

Ali Bakhtiarvandi, also a refugee from Iran, is now an Australian citizen. He spent four and a half years in detention and remains traumatised by the experience. In *They Cannot Take the Sky*, Bakhtiarvandi explains that he was repeatedly told by immigration authorities that he would never be allowed to stay in Australia; sometimes they told him the country would not accept him because he had been a political activist in Iran, sometimes they told him he would not be accepted because they did not believe he had been politically active in Iran.

I would be like, “Hani Abdile, CNN, Baghdad.” She was still a teenager when she arrived in Australia after fleeing war in her country. She had escaped on her own, travelling without family or friends. The last part of her journey took eight days in a people smuggler’s boat. After eleven months in detention ‘even if you call me Hani all the day, I would never say yes. If you called my boat number, I would say yes. Or they would call you Detainee, like that is your name.’

The Kurdish Iranian journalist [Behrouz Boochani](#) has been held on Manus Island since 2013. Through social media, columns for *The Guardian*, and a [recently released book](#), he continues to defend his humanity and pursue his ‘mission’ – ‘my duty as a journalist’ – by describing what he sees around him: ‘[t]his system is trying to take people’s personalities by calling them by a number and humiliating them. After a long time they think they are not human. But fortunately I didn’t lose my personality’. ‘I always think of myself as a...reporter and human rights activist. I am always watching...and monitoring the system. And just sometimes I find that I am a refugee...and my name is MEG45.’

Boochani argues that the detention regime inflicts systematic torture. He has said that ‘[\[t\]he issue must be understood as the annihilation of human beings](#)’. In *They Cannot Take the Sky*, he explains his sense of defeat when he learned that the Australian High Court had refused to impugn the legality of the detention centre. The decision seemed to signal that ‘Australian civil society is defeated, completely, because they couldn’t change anything’.

Yet despite this bleak prognosis, Boochani continues to assert his humanity and to speak out, and it is from him that the book takes its defiant title: ‘When I was outside prison I knew that the sky was beautiful, nature was beautiful. But I found nature power and nature beauty in Manus. The sky is like a friend for a prisoner, because around you everything is metal fences, but the sky, they cannot take the sky.’

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Realising the right to have rights may be difficult, but for the sake of our own humanity we cannot collude in believing it is impossible.

Bakhtiarvandi was told ‘the Australian government and the Australian people, they don’t like people like you.’ He asked to see a UN representative: ‘because I am not a criminal’. He was refused: ‘[n]o, nobody is allowed to see you.’ He went on a hunger strike, refusing food even when he was stripped of his clothes, forced to wear only a surgical gown, and placed in an entirely bare isolation cell in which the lights remained on 24 hours a day. He was kept in the cell for a month, and on day 48 of his hunger strike, Bakhtiarvandi was held down by security guards while a doctor forced a tube into his nose and injected liquid nutrients.

Such barbarism must not be allowed to continue. It offends and denies the humanity of those on whom it is inflicted. It sullies and debases the humanity of those responsible for the infliction. There can be no justification for camps that operate outside the law and that deprive the people detained of legal status and political agency. We must not forget Arendt’s terse warning: *The road to totalitarian domination leads through many intermediate stages*.

Although totalitarianism was once defeated, ‘totalitarian solutions’ created a hellish precedent. They persist, Arendt argued, ‘in the form of strong temptations which...come up whenever it seems impossible to alleviate political, social, or economic misery in a manner worthy of man.’

Beyond amplifying the voices of those detained, a political imperative in opposition to refugee camps is global activism and collaboration for recognition of a universal right to citizenship and legal status, or what Arendt called ‘the right to have rights’.

I have [explored elsewhere how this may be achieved](#), including by establishing [a global refugee regime based on fair burden sharing between States](#) – something for which Parekh and organisations such as [Australia’s Refugee Council](#) also argue.

Realising the right to have rights may be difficult, but for the sake of our own humanity we cannot collude in believing it is impossible.

Jude Cowan Montague worked for Reuters Television Archive for ten years. Her album *The Leidenfrost Effect* (Folkwit Records 2015) reimagines quirky stories from the Reuters Life! feed. She produces 'The News Agents' on Resonance 104.4 FM and writes for The Quietus. She is an occasional creative writing tutor for the Oxford University Continuing Education Department. Her most recent book is *The Originals* (Hesterglock Press, 2017).



PARIS PAVEMENTS D'OR

ARTWORK BY
JUDE COWAN MONTAGUE

As a child I watched British and American celluloid versions of of Paris: Gene Kelly cavorting down those cobble paths between painters hawking work; John Huston's spectacular Moulin Rouge about Toulouse-Lautrec's emotional interactions with night club life. Finally, for me, I came to Paris! First when I was at college in Oxford, with my boyfriend I explored this strange new (to me) city, wowing my way around the art treasures, the Jeu de Paume, the Sacre Coeur and the twisty old village labyrinth of Montmartre. And then later, I came to read poetry in the ex-pat bars of the capital and see the new art of friends showing at small galleries. And my eyes turned from the romantic scenes to the glut of homelessness. Paris harvesting blue sleeping-bags. Wanderers, not flaneurs with artistic choice, but bleary-eyed shufflers with plastic cups of wine and wet blankets, shivering in doorways and beneath bridges. The hardness of Paris, the brutal day of the sleepless. My feelings of sentimentality, hypocrisy and witness are encoded for me in pastel and ink on paper, narratives of journey, despair and confusion in the city. And always the rats. Don't they have a right to life too?



Paris Pavements 23



Paris Pavements d'Or 4



Paris Pavements 13



Paris Pavements 14



Paris Pavements 18



Photograph Pixabay

Candess M. Campbell, PhD is the author of the *Live Intuitively: Journal the Wisdom of your Soul* and the #1 Best-selling book *12 Weeks to Self-Healing: Transforming Pain through Energy Medicine*. She is an internationally known Author, Intuitive Coach and Mentor, Psychic Medium, Speaker and Workshop Facilitator. She specializes in assisting others to regain their own personal power and live a life of abundance, happiness, and joy.



The Lover Archetype

The creativity of your subconscious mind not only shows up in dreams, but also shows up as archetypes in your life. Archetypes are overlying patterns that show up in all cultures that are seeded in the psyche. Some examples of archetypes are mother, judge, teacher and healer. Today we will explore the Lover. When you begin to look at these patterns in your life, you can unleash your creative energy. You can access your natural path and move toward your Divine Soul purpose.

Leonard Cohen's song Lover, Lover, Lover, rings in my ears as I explore the Lover Archetype in this series on archetypes.

"May the spirit of this song, may it rise up pure and free. May it be a shield for you, a shield against the enemy," Cohen purrs. Love, being in love, being a lover brings forth not only the purity, freedom, passion, but also the enemy within: the jealousy, possessiveness, control and codependency. These are the sun and the shadow sides of the Lover archetype.

If your creative energy is connected to the Lover archetype, you may find that you sacrifice much for your ideals. It may be that others think you don't live in reality, or that your view of the world through the lens of your heart is not realistic.

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We all have an aspect of the lover archetype within, but I imagine when you think of your friends and loved ones, someone who embodies this archetype comes to mind. Whether they are passionate about life, about their relationships, or have a great passion for music, art or gardening, you can identify them right away.

If your creative energy is connected to the Lover archetype, you may find that you sacrifice much for your ideals. It may be that others think you don't live in reality, or that your view of the world through the lens of your heart is not realistic. The lover may characterize you as genuine, happy and giving to others. The shadow side could manifest as obsessive, possessive and scary.

There is also something about the Lover archetype that draws us deep into a sense of suffering. Think about the suffering artist, the struggling musician, and the one who gave up everything for love.

As morose as it may seem, my favorite song, another of Cohen's greats, is Joan of Arc. Cohen is a contemporary musician who clearly understands passion.

It was deep into his fiery heart
he took the dust of Joan of Arc,
and then she clearly understood
if he was fire, oh then she must be wood.
I saw her wince, I saw her cry,
I saw the glory in her eye.
Myself I long for love and light,
but must it come so cruel, and oh so bright?

It was Carl Gustav Jung, who was the father of analytical psychology who gave us the concepts of the archetypes, as well as the collective unconscious and the understanding of introversion and extroversion. He identified the shadow side of the archetype as the part that was relegated to the subconscious because, due to its negative qualities, it was not easily integrated into the personality. In psychoanalytic therapy and in dream work, it is important to access the shadow and bring it into the light so that it does not gain power and cause you to subconsciously behave in ways that can be self-defeating or damaging to others.

We know of many instances where the shadow side of love has been destructive. One example would be of Guinevere and Lancelot. Guinevere was married to King Arthur and had an affair with Sir Lancelot. Lancelot was a knight, one of King Arthur's favorites. This indiscretion leads to the undoing of the Round Table.

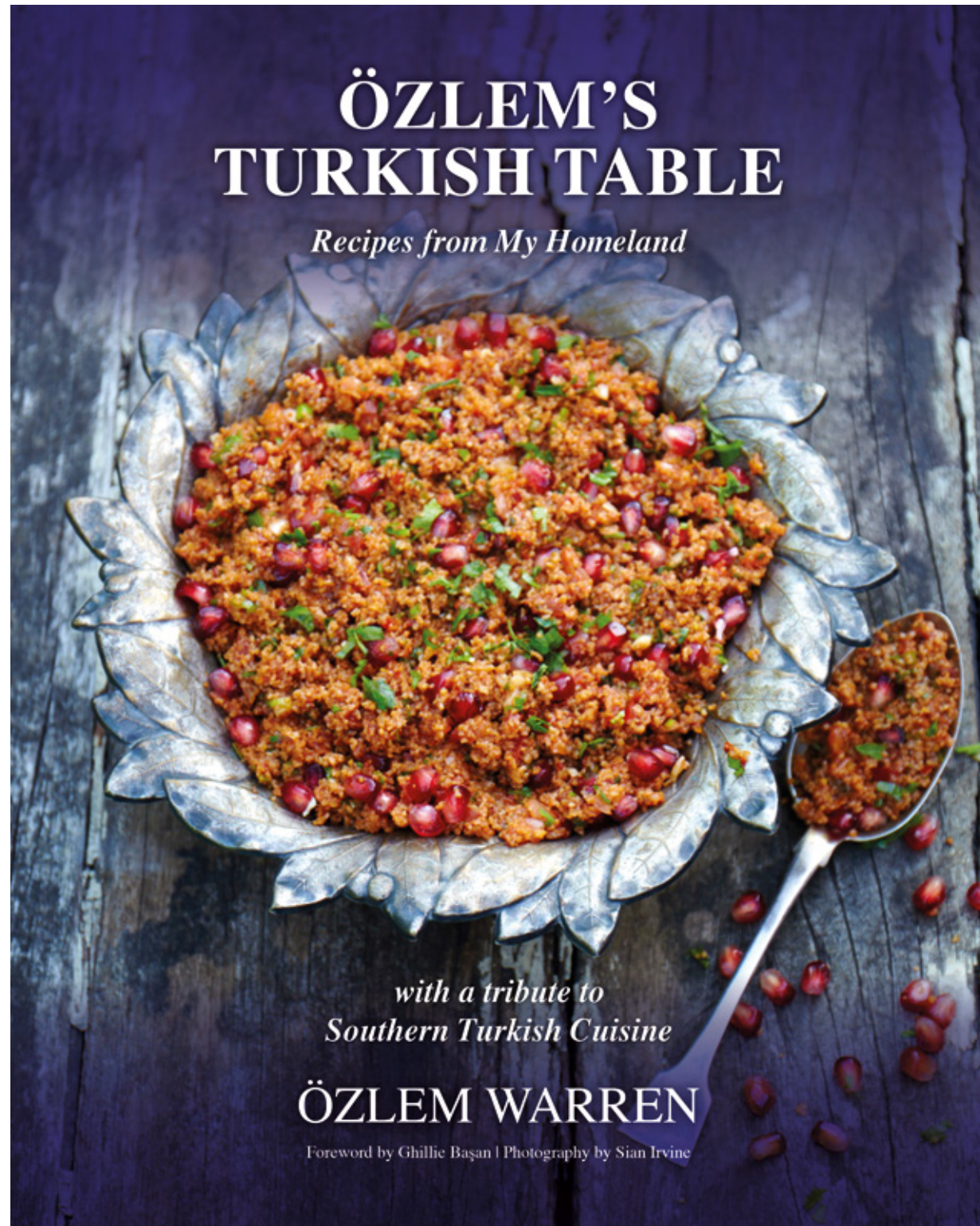
What about one's love for their country? This can also be an outpour of the Lover Archetype. With this strong passion, one can get caught up in an uprising that can end up in disaster or war. The obsessiveness of the shadow side of love can be all encompassing.

Some of our greatest discoveries have come from those who gave their lives to find a cure, understand a formula, and take a passionate stand. In today's world, workaholism can show up as an expression of the lover archetype. Creativity abounds when you love what you do! The shadow side of this may be neglected relationships or declining health.

It is time to examine your own life and find what stokes your fire. For whom or what would you be willing to give up everything? Whether you actually do it or not, what do you love to do the most? When you look back over your life, where has passion been the driving force behind your choices? Who makes you angry? What would you fight for? Where do you find your bliss?

The Lover may or may not be a significant archetypal pattern for you. As you reflect, take notes on other archetypes you identify. Think about how others see you. Is your career representative of one of your archetypes? For example a strong archetype for me is the Teacher. Interwoven in my life and career is being a Spiritual Teacher. It comes natural to me. What would you do with your time if you had unlimited resources and freedom. What is your natural path? What is your Divine Soul Purpose?

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HOMEMADE CEZERYE; CARAMELISED CARROTS PASTE DELIGHT WITH NUTS

Have you ever tried the delicious Cezerye dessert? A specialty from Mersin region at southern Turkey, Cezerye is a delicious confectionery made of carrots, nuts and sugar, coated with desiccated coconut flakes. They are utterly delicious, healthy and also known to be an aphrodisiac.

With my roots going back to southern Turkey, Antakya, I grew up sampling the very best Cezerye from the nearby Mersin region. Such a delicious and healthy snack, it was always available whenever we wanted some for a treat, therefore I haven't really thought of making them when I was home. But living abroad and not having an access to these scrumptious treats make you brave enough to have a go at them, like making homemade Turkish Delights. I am delighted to report you that compared to making Turkish Delights, Cezerye is so much easier to make, lighter and equally delicious. They are traditionally made with hazelnuts; I used walnuts for my Cezerye recipe and they were delicious. My children absolutely loved them!

Carrots have never been sweeter; hope you can have a go and treat yourself, family and friends with these delicious carrot delights. Cezerye keeps well in an air tight container for a week.

Afiyet Olsun,

Ozlem

Signed copies of
Ozlem's Turkish Table; Recipes from My Homeland
by Ozlem Warren is available at
www.gbpublishing.co.uk/product-page/ozlem-s-turkish-table-hardback



Spread the cooked carrot & nut paste evenly and tightly, making sure they stay intact.

Serves: 6

Ingredients:

- 3 medium to large carrots (app. 400 gr), cleaned and grated
- 200 gr / 7 oz. / 1 cup white sugar (or 1¼ cup brown sugar)
- 50 gr / 2 oz. walnuts, chopped into small pieces
- 8 fl. oz./1 cup water
- 50 gr/ 2 oz./1/3 cup desiccated coconut flakes to decorate
- Bowl of water to shape cezerye squares or balls

Instructions

1. Place the grated carrots, ½ cup water and sugar in a wide, heavy pan.
2. Cook over medium heat, uncovered, stirring often. Cook this way for about 30 minutes or until all the liquid evaporated.
3. Stir in the rest of the ½ cup water and cook again on medium heat, stirring continuously (carrots also release their own juice, therefore I prefer to add the liquid a step at a time so that the carrots won't become mushy).



Cezerye; Caramalised carrot paste with nuts.

4. Cook the carrots until all the juice evaporated and they are softened, this should take another 30 minutes. Using your stirring spoon, mash the cooked carrots to turn into a thick, chunky paste. At this point, they should also thicken, start to caramalise and get sticky (you can take a little bit between your fingers to test whether it sticks or not). Turn the heat off.
5. Stir in the chopped walnuts to the carrot paste and mix well. Again using your stirring spoon, blend them all well and turn into a thick paste.
6. Cover a small rectangular dish or tray with parchment paper. Spread the carrot paste evenly and tightly, making sure they stay intact, with a height of 1,5 cm (0.6").
7. Cover with a cling film and rest the mixture to settle for 2 hours in fridge.
8. After 2 hours, start shaping the carrot paste. Have a bowl of water near you. Wet your hands, take a dessert spoonful and shape into small round balls. Or wet your knife and cut into small squares.
9. Spread the desiccated coconut flakes on a dry surface and coat the carrot balls and squares with the flakes to coat all over.
10. Cezerye is ready to serve. Cezerye keeps well in an air tight container for a week.

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FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
JANUARY 2019

Cover photograph section of 'The Dream', oil painting by Henri Rousseau, 1910.