

New Civilization Network

by
Flemming A. Funch

The New Civilization Network is a movement that started on the Internet and which is now also growing beyond it. It is a space for people of purpose to meet and share information and visions and develop collaborative projects. It is somewhat unique as an organization in that it doesn't have any specific agenda that people have to agree with. It is about moving into the unknown together in a positive atmosphere, celebrating our diversity, and looking for synergies amongst us. NCN on the Internet consists of an assortment of mailing lists, chat rooms, bulletin boards and web pages. You can find it at: <http://www.worldtrans.org/newcivnet.html>.

Off the Internet you can find New Civilization Salons in different areas. That is, regular gatherings where diverse groups of unique people get together and talk, interact, and change the world. Call Flemming Funch at 818 774-1462 to be put on the mailing list for salons in the Los Angeles area.

What IS a New Civilization, anyway? Well, it is the world that is

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Someone Listened by Diana Thomas

I have a friend who, unknowingly, has been my mentor for twenty years. She is extremely competent within her profession but she excels as a human being. When I am around her she ingenuously showers me with her kindness, confidence, competence, honesty and happiness. After each encounter, I strive to absorb a few more droplets of her shared humanity before it evaporates into the demands of daily living. What magic transpired to achieve such peace within oneself?

Someone listened. They listened to her with their ears and eyes and heart and in so doing empowered her to acknowledge and challenge her individual qualities. Someone listened, encouraging her to compose and choreograph her own life according to her needs.

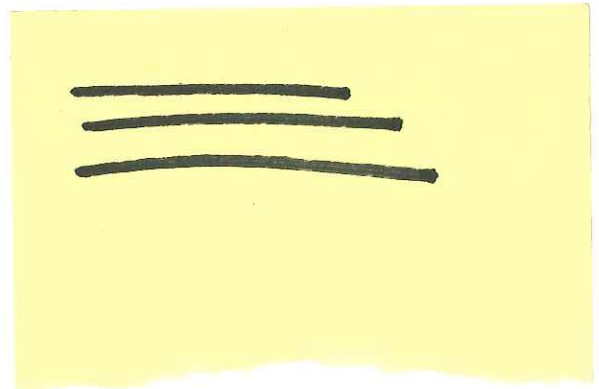
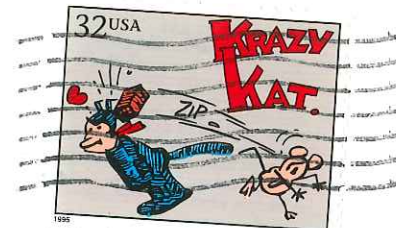
being envisioned and created by people of integrity, spontaneously working together in an open and positive fashion. What exactly that means is what will emerge from our collective visions and activities.

Christmas Just Passed

by
Lucy Rowens

Christmas just passed. People with money shopped for gifts for their loved ones. Others gave of themselves to needy people or causes by volunteering their time. Christmas should be EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, not just on December 25. Everyone has something to give. Let us all in 1997 find something to give someone daily, whether it be volunteering time, love, or even a kind word. It will make the world a better place to live.

TRY IT!!!!



Now she listens. She listens to her inner self first so she can effectively listen to others. She listens holistically, motivated by genuine interest or concern, responding to both verbal and nonverbal messages. She passes on the gift of empowerment wrapped subtly in the art of listening.

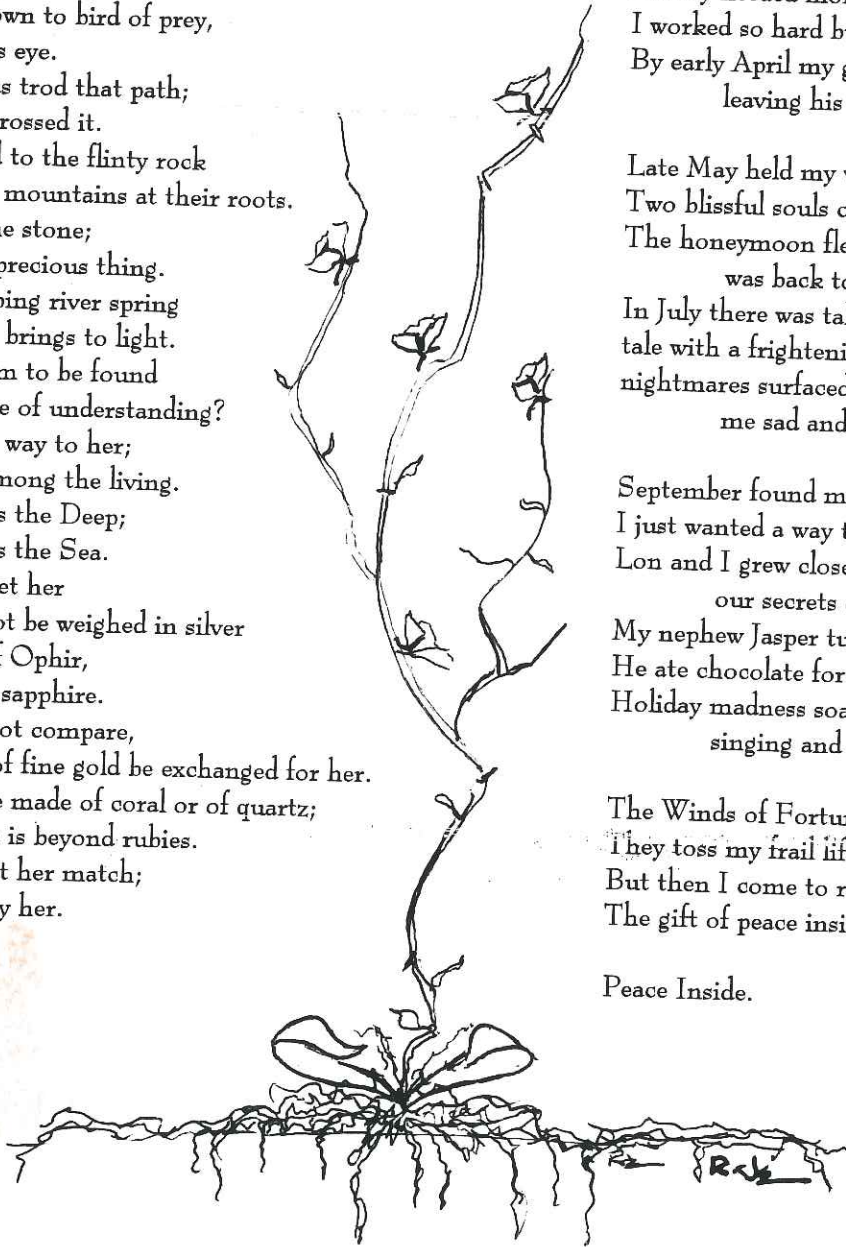
I am still discovering the magic within myself and in the process I am learning to listen rather than partially hear; respond rather than impatiently await my turn to speak; understand rather than critique. Now is the time to pass along the gift...for everyone deserves someone to listen.

(Our apologies to Ms. Thomas for a misprint in this article in our previous edition.)

Job 28 5-19

Translation by Roger Eaton

The Earth, from which comes bread,
Below seems overturned by fire.
From its rock comes sapphire
And in its dust is gold.
A path it is unknown to bird of prey,
Unseen by falcon's eye.
No proud beast has trod that path;
The lion has not crossed it.
Man puts his hand to the flinty rock
And overturns the mountains at their roots.
He honeycombs the stone;
His eye sees every precious thing.
He probes the weeping river spring
And what is hid he brings to light.
But where is wisdom to be found
And where the place of understanding?
No man knows the way to her;
She is not found among the living.
"Not with me," says the Deep;
"Nor with me," says the Sea.
Solid gold cannot get her
And her price cannot be weighed in silver
Or valued in gold of Ophir,
In precious onyx or sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot compare,
Nor can any vessel of fine gold be exchanged for her.
No mention shall be made of coral or of quartz;
The price of wisdom is beyond rubies.
Topaz of Cush is not her match;
Pure gold cannot buy her.



The Gift of Peace Inside

by
Debra Andre c.1995

In January the earth opened up.
I thought it was the end of the world.
February brought my birthday month, and
a warm celebration with laughter.
I really needed money in March.
I worked so hard but I didn't have a dime.
By early April my good friend had died,
leaving his beauty behind.

Late May held my wedding day...
Two blissful souls chanting by the water.
The honeymoon flew by in June, and then it
was back to the grind.
In July there was talk of a murder... A tragic
tale with a frightening tone. Forgotten
nightmares surfaced in August, leaving
me sad and alone.

September found me searching for answers.
I just wanted a way to be happy.
Lon and I grew closer in October, sharing
our secrets of joy.
My nephew Jasper turned one in November.
He ate chocolate for the very first time.
Holiday madness soared in December, with
singing and parties and wine.

The Winds of Fortune seem to blow.
They toss my frail life to and fro.
But then I come to realize...
The gift of peace inside.

Peace Inside.

Silverlakana

-- by RvA

Theyre building a new playground house for Silverlake. The street is a mess. Coming home yesterday, up the incline on W Silverlake just before you see the lake, I noticed on the right a homo homeless ambling towards me. Suddenly he stumbled over a rock. His rigid body rotated about some point in the air. Then, completely horizontal, stiff as a broomstick, hands still in pockets, he dropped the remaining 10 inches in perfect alignment with a footwide receiving strip of broken pavement. I had the radio on, the windows closed, but I heard it.

I stopped my car just past the landing site and got out. An afternoon lake walkabout a few yard up mustve followed my gaze. We both rushed to the facedown body that lay aimed downhill. I damned myself for not having a car phone as we studied the dead body before us.

The walkabout walked around to the body's head and said, as a matter of formality judging by his tone, "Are you alright?". To both of our surprises, the head lifted from the pile of rubble, turned sideways and through a sheepish grin over a small cut on the jaw informed us that he was fine. Having delivered this good news, his head dropped back into the rubble. He'd discharged a tricky social obligation.

However, Walkabout and I, possibly relieved Homeless was alive, found ourself with a new set of obligations. A car phone wouldve been of no help. It looked like Homeless was going to require first aid, not paramedics or morticians.

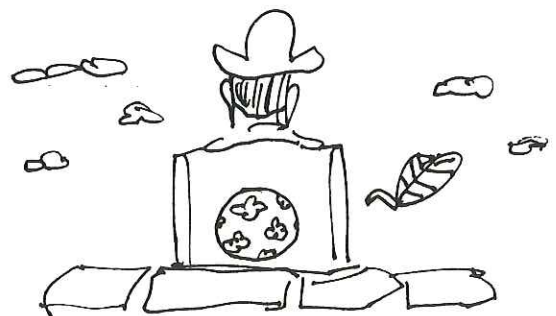
Homeless' pants had slid down to his thighs and what at first appeared to be a diaper turned out to be a bandage affixed to the base of his spine. Visible above the

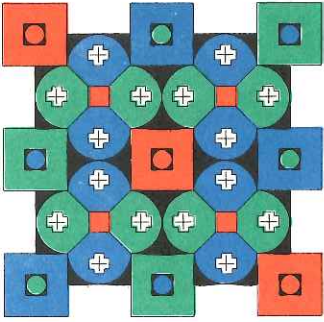
bandage was a big hole the size of a golf ball. And through the hole where you would expect to see vertabrae I saw nothing. It looked like a crater on the moon when the inside is completely in the shadow. After an exchange of meaningful glances, Walkabout and I gingerly brought up Homeless' pants to cover the somatic anomaly.

Was this an ET? I looked around for other people. But the 3 or 4 other people in the vicinity were studiously ignoring the drama on our side of the road. We tried to get homeless upright. He looked like one of those fragile emaciated 50-60 year olds you could lift with a finger. But even together we could barely get him to his knees. How heavy are robots, I wondered. They never mention it.

Apparently Homeless contained intergalactic technology not to be trifled with. Starting on hands and knees, then clasping the chainlink fence with his left hand and his loose pants with his right, Homeless slowly pulled himself wobbly vertical. I retrieved his shoe from behind the karmic rock, placed it on his foot, and stepped back. He offered us both a disarming smile and rotated 45 degrees to face his original direction. We tensed, ready to catch him when he swayed perilously.

But he regained his balance and without any further dallying proceeded with dignity down the hill, albeit clutching his pants to hold them up. Walkabout and I untensed, exchanged AOK signs, and merged back into our respective world lines.





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The Newsletter

The CCI newsletter is an occasional publication of Collective Communication, Inc., a California non-profit. It provides information, perspective, and a bit of humor (we hope!).

CCI affirms and promotes communication through electronic and print media. It is the goal of CCI to use this media to integrate our efforts as one voice so we can be heard. CCI provides support, information, and encourages diversity -- the same diversity that exists among Earth's populations.

L. A. Shares '99

Have you ever had the inkling to write a story, a poem, or to jot down a thought that could be shared with the world -- in Print or Electronically?

Well now is your chance to let that story, poem, or thought come to life.

Please send your articles to:

CCI Editor Patricia Rowuin
420 N. Dilman Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90063-2221

or to our Website:

<http://intermix.org>

The deadline for our next edition is May 15, 1997.

It will be great to hear from you.

The Editor's Corner

The holidays are behind us now, it seems forever even though it has only been a few weeks. But, as you can see the City of Los Angeles remains full of dreams as it enters the New Year.

The City of Los Angeles has returned to normal. The shopping malls are no longer open till midnight. The holiday decorations have come down, the lights no longer adorn the streets and houses. Holiday cheer is slowly being replaced with thoughts of hope and love.

The New Year brought rain

and the constant reminder of how important a community really is. The weather has brought communities together. We saw it when Los Angelinos opened their hearts, souls, and pocketbooks to help those who lost their lives protecting us from nature and from our fellow human beings. Mother Nature a.k.a. the weather is like a holiday - it has us celebrating all year long. Communities draw together at the battle lines putting themselves between nature and hope. We forget that Mother Nature can only take so much. Man builds cities in areas that are not suitable for building. Rearranging rivers and streams for many years, until Mother Nature can no longer take the rearranging and with her force returns to how it was meant to be. Mother Nature has brought back the community. Just as it was meant to be. Knowing who is your neighbor and respecting them is what a community was meant to be.

Enjoy the beauty of the New Year - Keep tight those dreams for each one of you is a part of what *L.A. Shares* is all about.

Patricia Rowuin

