

Trip to Noumea

I just spent a week in Noumea. It was my second trip to New Caledonia and with clear sunny days, temperatures hovering in the 30's, warm gentle seas, delicious French pastries to indulge in, what more could I possibly want? Interesting feng shui of course and I was not disappointed. I had gone up to do some work for clients. Once word was out however, more requests started to come in. So much so, I will be returning this winter. How does that sound, slipping away from Auckland's June glum for a week.

This trip however, I had time to investigate the form of Noumea more than I had been able to four years ago on my first visit. Viewing this cute little city from on high, with the great dramatic volcanic ranges that form the spine of the country off in the distance to the North, it's a cracker. The sheltered inlets and the city hub built for the most part to face the waters of its two sheltered harbours; the feng shui of Noumea affords some great opportunities to take advantage of these natural conditions.

As always in the tropics of course, there are major issues with see-through. In the steamy heat, ventilation is of paramount importance in any building, but especially domestic homes. For new readers; and even those familiar with the basics, it's always timely to remember that any building that allows us to see directly out again upon entering, be it through other doors or windows, is a building in which it is always hard for the occupants to save money. Financial outgoings are always greater than anticipated. Still there were some good examples of very positive feng shui to be found as well. With its main harbour facing directly to the Southwest, and good shelter and positive land form support, the feng shui of Noumea continues to bode well for the rest of Period 8.

My delightful hosts Andre and Marie-Anne showered me with their hospitality and took me to their weekend get-away at Point Noir along the Western coast about an hour and a half's drive northwest of Noumea. Adjacent to a venison farm and with large herds of wild goats also freely roaming the nearby hillsides; we could hear the dear barking just outside our windows at night, it is an untamed, desolate place. The desolation however, is staggeringly beautiful and is what gives Point Noir its great charm. Deep blue waters, stony coasts washed smooth by eons, majestic spreading acacias and great

windswept grasslands, it reminded me of the vast open vistas to be found in South America.

That evening Andre put his boat in the water. Together we set four crab pots in his secret spot. Next morning and up just after the crack of dawn, with coffee and some local venison salami on the ubiquitous baguettes for a quick breakfast, we were off over glassy waters to claim nature's bounty; the six biggest mud crabs I have ever seen; and the most delicious! A roam along the mudflats, a meander across the bay to a private island and a long, languid soak in the warm tropical waters of the bay followed. Nothing but the distant calls of birds across the bay and our light hearted chatter broke the otherwise total silence. Bliss, pure bliss!

Back at the batch, crabs now cooked and served on a great wooden platter with creamy home made mayonnaise and yet another fresh baguette, it was a lunch of unadulterated decadence. A siesta to follow was of course, sagely mandatory. Thanks Andre and Marie-Anne; a treasured memory.

On waking however, the weather had changed and steady rain was setting in. We decided to pack up and return to Noumea. And yes, I know what some of you will be thinking – that meant we now had to travel towards the southeast! You are right and I found it noteworthy that as we packed up several small but irritating things went wrong for my friends. Nothing major, just vexing. Then the next morning back in Noumea and following a scheduled power cut, my host Andre discovered that his wi-fi system had stopped working. It took him most of that day to get it sorted. Tai Sui roused? More likely just made cranky. I also noticed though that my flight home two days later, and again to the Southeast (by four degrees), was delayed by half an hour. I missed the first shuttle and had to wait half an hour for another and then on arriving home discovered there were several small, silly, incidental but irritating things that had gone wrong, mostly just that morning. Coincidence? Maybe - but for me a clear sign of travelling towards Tai Sui; luckily the flight back is only a little over two hours.

Oh yes, and the rest of the crabs? Don't worry. They were taken to share with friends back in Noumea. Not an ounce, not even half an ounce was wasted!

Quote from Mae West:

*Oh, Miss West, I've heard so much about you.
Yeah, honey, but you can't prove a thing.*



Point Noir Mud Crabs

QUOTE:

“Diogenes struck the father when the son swore”

Applied logic

Going to bed the other night, I noticed people in my shed stealing things. I phoned the Police but was told no one was available to help. They said they would send someone over as soon as possible. I hung up. A minute or two later I rang back. “Hello?” I said, “I just rang you a minute ago to tell you there was someone stealing stuff in my shed. You don’t have to hurry now, because I’ve shot them.” Within minutes there were half a dozen police cars outside my house, two helicopters hovering above it and an armed response unit lined up across the street. They caught the burglars red handed. The officer in charge said, “I thought you said you shot them?” To which I replied, “I thought you said no one was available!”

Ownership versus Custodial Responsibility

‘The earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood that unites one family. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.’

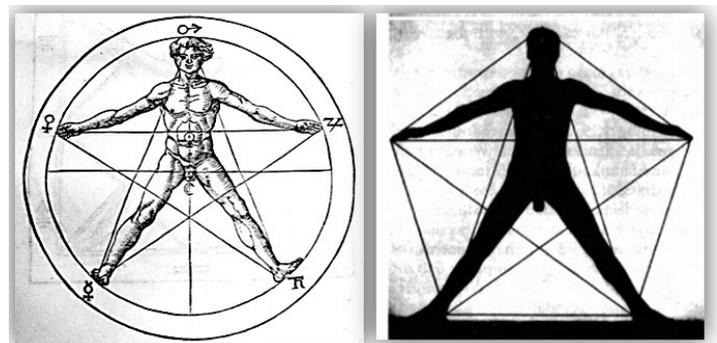
I don’t know where this quote comes from or who first declaimed its wisdom but it is not only profound it’s pertinent. I am often surprised by the way in which people so regularly refer to themselves as the *owners* of land and clearly consider themselves in *possession* of it. The idea that almost always accompanies this particular inanity is that of their *right* to do whatever they *please* to the land. Private individuals no less than governments are as likely to display this thinking. It is however, morally and intellectually bankrupt. The land precedes us all and will be here long after mankind has either evolved

into beings who stoutly deny they ever descended from humans, or we as a species, have destroyed ourselves and our once pristine habitat.

This happens not only here in New Zealand of course. What is it I wonder that makes us humans think we have a mandate to treat the land in any way we think fit? To display such scant regard for our environment and the generations we espouse to cherish, and who will follow us onto this planet, seems to be of the same blind arrogance that our forbears showed, especially but not exclusively 16th to early 20th century colonists. Not that I am an advocate of looking backwards but I do whole hearted endorse the axiom ‘Not to know history, is to be condemned to repeat it’.

Surely today, it’s become blindingly obvious that no thinking person claims dominion over the natural order as a founding principle of that order. Nevertheless, it is wise to recall that it was *man* who claimed divine ordination for the institutions of his sovereignty over this world, for holy wars, slavery, the superior status of men over women, and the sinfulness of anything but the missionary position in sex. Perhaps one day we will learn the lesson that this earth is after all, not only the *only* home we will ever have but it is also the *only home* of every other species we share it with is likely to have. As such we have an inherent duty to look after it and hand it on to the next generations (of all species), with apt knowledge and awareness of how to fulfil the same custodial responsibility with all due diligence and moral obligation.

**Mysteries unravelled, Complexity revealed
The ‘KEY’**



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