

# Possibility Management NZ.

## The question was posed: What happens when Archetypal Nothing meets Archetypal Everything?

Where are men and women actually at? Where is our X on the map in collaborating as Initiated Men and Women? Having survived thus far through patriarchy and whilst in a time of huge cultural, biological, ecological, environmental, political and societal shifts, there is a burning necessity to leave patriarchy and emerge into a new story of what it means to be Men and Women.

The charges of a magnet create a field by holding the charges away from each other. What happens when you take Women, as Archetypally Everything, and Men, as Archetypally Nothing, and turn them first away from each other, for each to figure out what becoming Archetypally Everything and Archetypally Nothing actually means, then bring them together? What does that look like right now? In reality, not as a fantasy.

The following two pieces of writing emerged as an experiment to share what happened during two parallel 5-day Possibility Labs; a Men's Lab and a Women's Lab, including the perspective of all 31 people present. These are multi-dimensional communications, layered with the voices of everyone who placed their attention on putting almost incomprehensible experiences into words that could reach the 5-bodies of anyone who reads them. Millicent Haughey held space for the Women's writing, Tristan Girdwood for the Men's.

A warning for you, the reader! This writing comes from an entirely different context than the one you grew up in, and there may be many parts that make no sense to you, and parts that bring up uncomfortable feelings for you such as fear, anger, sadness or even joy! The invitation is to read with an open mind to care about not making any assumptions or conclusions about anything that you read, and to let it land in parts of you that need her to do this. It might be that there are parts of you starting to be noticed and tended to, or worked up, that this writing speaks to. If that happens, then you will know you are not alone with that.

With Love, Tristan and Millicent.

## An open letter from the Women of the Earth

*"Every action has an equal and opposite reaction"* – Someone.

This month the Women did an almost impossible thing. For 5 whole days we left the mainstream culture, we dropped our patriarchal commitments, we left our work benches, we left pleasing others, and we came together. We came together to learn anew what it is to be a Woman right now. There is no more time to put off building out the soil for another culture. The waiting is over, now we simply start. We started with Nothing. We unfolded Everything. And we closed the space with 'we will create more.'

We began by listening, at long last, to the Gaia" in us who never stopped speaking. We only learnt to silence that voice in us to survive in a culture that wanted our aliveness dead. A culture that hunted us, seeking only to domesticate us. A culture that claimed ownership of our bodies, our thoughts, our voices and our dreams. Then fed them, like cattle feed into the underbelly of a culture built by men, for men. We learnt to survive as domesticated women by severing ourselves from ourselves. We hid our rage, silenced our dreams, damned our grief, withheld our joy that babbles as mountain streams fresh and vigorous. We froze our fear, glacier-like, inside our nerves.

*"In the beginning I was terrified of the chaos, the unstructured mycelium, the web of Sisterhood that had been created, the wild, soft, fierce, tender, slow, fast and strong, all together. I did not know and at the beginning that my survival strategies were being burned and smashed. I had been killing the Everything in me in so many different ways. Deciding instead to be a better man than the men. To fit into the standard way of thinking from Industrial Civilization, I killed off Gaia in me".*

You, Gaia, equipped us with finely tuned hormonal cascades and bodies shaped with whipped cream softness. With extreme precision you installed yourself in us. You placed the moon within our pelvises, the cords of you tracing through our bodies like hair strings, sensitive and attuned to the rhythm of life. You wrapped our hearts with honey Love and our wombs with your humous, deeply tunnelled, thick with nutrient channels, perfectly designe to be the beds upon which life itself could spawn. You gave us tenderness like the final note of sun stroke before slipping away into the night. You gave us a roar so deep it could shake the bones of this planet, calling forth life itself. You gave us feet that could sink deep into earth with soles beating in tune with mycelium. You gave us a flurry of networks within us to come into deep collaboration with other Women.

You gave us everything necessary to collaborate with each other. And in return we learnt how to numb it all. We learnt how to silence you.

*"I feel intense fear of writing, even now, but my sisters next to me acknowledge my fear and encourage me to write with it. I let her be with me, she has seen me naked and honest, I let me be with her in this fear. I feel the sadness of the immense void and pain I have experienced by isolating myself from my sisters and killing off their love. And I now surrender at long last to being in Gaia arms. An awakening is tingling through my being and I feel with you, my Gaia sisters, alive, alert and loving fiercely. The lab effect and magic continue".*

We silenced you through numbing our wombs with pills. Our ecstasy of creation with cold logic, our innate urge to collaborate was silence with revenge against our sisters. We learnt to control the soft folds of our bodies with commitments to becoming better men. And we turned cold hearted away from the ache in our souls by shaming each other, hating men and trying to fit into a system not built for us.

Now, with the pressure building, with time running out, Women are moving. We have drawn a line in the sand, tape across the ground and from here we go no further. This month, as scary as it was, we arrived together and started the slow process of birthing... Everything.

Groaning back to life under heavy thick skins, life force releasing us into the ancient art of Women being together, as Women. As the Women not meant for men, belonging instead to the entire field of consciousness that is Gaia. That i our starting point. No longer are we silent, we make a stand for Gaia, for all of life! We are the voices of those who cannot yet speak, cannot yet stand up, cannot yet feel themselves and what is and has happened to them. Their rage their fear, their sadness, their joy flow through us.

The answers are not coming from the media or the mainstream. Gaia has always been speaking and the Women are learning to listen again.

Unlike anything I have experienced before, each Women at the Laboratory contacted. Her piece was essential. The moment one Woman started leaving, even a slight energetic slipping away, at least one other Woman would notice and ask, in fierce commitment: "Where are you? Why are you not here with us?". From there the next evolutionary space would unwind itself, writhing ove the ground, like a hose coming to life with full force of water gushing through i When this happened, the whole space would drip with the tension, groaning under the contractions of another labour pain. Another layer of what is keepin Women from collaborating, another layer of what is pushing us apart. Another layer found for healing. Together we went through that. The processes arose i necessity. In real time, on what mattered right now. Such as:

- A mother and daughter at the Laboratory opened the Archetypal doorway to heal the pain of mothers raising daughters in patriarchy. The pain of daughters with absent mothers. The pain of a world not made for mothers with daughters. An intergenerational, multidimensional healing space ensued:

*"I've been so afraid of the moment that, I knew would come, when my daughter would turn around and rage at me for how I had at times neglected her, closed my heart to her, didn't listen to her or didn't see her, didn't support and didn't love her in the way that my heart longed to or how she deserved. When the moment came in the Lab where the daughters raged at the mothers I opened my heart and with my full presence, listened to HER voice. When it came my turns to speak to my mother I held nothing back. Experiencing the wa that hurt happens generation after generation was a deeply healing experience I made a decision and declaration to look at my daughter when she speaks an be fully present with her. It's already working".*

- Two Women went through birthing processes during the Intimacy Café, simply because it was time and they were ready.
- We learned to un-plunger ourselves, our impulses and passion. Letting our Seed speak and be sprouted.
- We started over with our physical bodies. We went in a wild journey of decolonizing our bodies from Patriarchachy
- We learned to be Healing for each other. We moved the rocks out of the way and let the river of impulses flow through us.
- During the early morning sitting space Women wailed and shook, as frozen fear and grief melted, backs against another Woman.
- Womb healing processes were created.
- The softest of caressing was given the fullest of time to unfold.
- The kitchen was handled without jobs.
- Joy came galloping back to life through the Women, lifting time and space, dancing unbound through the cells of our bodies. At long long last, the Women are laughing again, from deep in their bellies. Our joy is the music essential to the birthing of life's unfolding.

Healing spaces emerged like coosings. Nurturing and safe, spaces abundant with Love, tender yet fierce. Bouncing with the fiercest of Love, healing could not help but happen. Cracking the cocoon open to expand, to empower, and to ignite the fire inside, reclaiming our voice and our ROAR!

From Nothing Everything emerged. We spoke words and sentences that have never been spoken before. We discovered processes that have never been done before. We dove into our underworlds and revealed the ways we kill our sisters and how we create separation that keeps patriarchal games running. We gave ourselves unconditional permission to follow impulses, create messe then be there together to clean it up. We gave each other beeps and Go's! Again and again and again. We made some ground-breaking discoveries:

- Reaching is an act of Archiarchy\*\*.
- Each of us Archan Women\*\*\* has her unique voice and important piece i this "uni-verse" (one - song) we create on earth together.
- Adapting by not saying what you want or need and honouring what you se or sense happening has nothing to do with loving or keeping fellow Archan Women nor Men.
- It is necessary to clean up patriarchy out of our own bubble to be able to create the culture we want to create.
- It is not so much about having to know how to relate with Men as Archai Women but right now it is about how to create and keep cultivating sisterhood.

And when it came time to meet the Men, the Women had each other's back. We would force nothing, hold back nothing, it was time to become Everything For Gaia, not for ourselves nor for the Men, but for life and for the future. That could only happen right in the rawest of nows. To begin the birthing of something else. The space was open for the Men to leave at any minute, the option was open for the Men to not come at all.

We moved, before knowing how. As the Men entered the room, the line of Women began to quake with generation upon generation of pain and grief, wit every bit of rage that was never voiced, the room was liquid as frozen terror began to melt, as the Men walked in. There was no need for introductions, no opening, the Initiation had begun. The words, sounds and deep pains in all ou bodies at long last had a space to be fully there, exactly how big it was. The room filled with steam from the quaking, raging, grieving Women. Magic was birthed. We knew how to do this, we knew how to move as one organism to birth the next outrage of healing. One part of the organism of Women would start and in an intelligence deeper than logic, Women would gather by her, know where to touch her body, know where to hold, know how to stand, how to feel, how to add their voice to enable the unfolding of her piece to the fullest extent. When tiredness overcame, Women would find another to rest beside, c arms to fall into, softly laying herself against her sister. Her eyes closed. When she found the next piece, no matter how quiet her voice, another sister would turn her and amplify her words so they reached, roaring into the inferno. Turning into each other's soft folds, like a coral reef supporting all colours, the deepest most authentic proclamations of love were voiced to each other. "I love you" was spoken as wet skin met wet clothing, as water from the body flowed un-dammed. Grief galloped untethered through bodies that no longer held the silence. Visions and images flashed through the field of Women as they tapped into the Archetypal Feminine of the entire field of consciousness.

We let the pain of Gaia speak through us as Women in Patriarchy. And we let Gaia speak up about how to be Gaian Women. Withdrawing Love ends here. Performing, competing and comparing ends here. Poisoning our bodies ends here. Colonising our bodies with concepts and judgments ends with us.

Numbness was not an option, now we simply go. Across from us a cracking began. Some cracks were beginning to show in the armour of Man. Essential headline cracks, a crack of hope, the beginning of something else. May that crack never glue up, that crack is the most precious thing that could ever happen, it is where the next will flow through. For us, for Gaia and for all of life

*You might ask what happened after the Men left, the precious headline cracks perilled through them? Well the Women collapsed in a sweaty, writhing pile and laughed. Long and quaking as the stars hung high and singing, and one thumb nail moon rocked orange in the sky.*

From the Women not meant for men, Gaia is talking. Gaia is not quiet, nor predictable, not controllable nor definable. Gaia is Love, the fiercest, loudest, most Brilliant, radiant expression of Love you could ever dream possible. Reaching into the darkest parts of you calling you deliciously, abundantly fully to life.

Women, one of the main instruments we have on Earth to play the music of ou soul is our Voice, our language. When we let our heart pump the nectar of our Seed through our blood, with our Feelings into our Voice, we become the mouth of Gaia. Through our words Energy is created, moved and managed. It is time for us Women to wake up our Voice. We are the Voice of Gaia, the Voic of Archiarchy. Will you speak up?

WE ARE MAGIC WOMEN WHO CREATE LIFE, AND WE CALL, INCESSANTLY UPON OUR TEAM.

*"Gaia is the rooted field of consciousness of this planet, the Archetypal Feminin has a deeply rooted connection to this as does the Archetypal Masculine. Through centuries of Patriarchal social organising, the Archetypal Feminine has been silenced, both within men and women. Meaning a huge part of consciousness (Gaia) is silenced, thus the wisdom is not lived. Right now we are living in a time where the multifaceted effects of this are being acutely experienced. "Archiarchy is the name of a culture that is neither matriarchy or patriarchy rather it is founded on authentically initiated Men and Women collaborating. We do not know exactly what that looks like. There is a clue that a huge part of the healing necessary is through the Archetypal Feminine as it i her voice that is most silenced.*

*\*\*\*The Archan Woman is a term for a Woman authentically Initiated into the Archetypal Feminine - the Everythingness, we are still discovering how that goes.*

There is healing needed before Women and Men can celebrate with each othe Do not rush over the healing. We can only be exactly where we are at, only then will we find the next piece. Otherwise we will be fooling ourselves. There is no more time for that.

**Where the Men are at.**

Us men have got a long way to go. This is not to blame us, or point out that we are slow, or that we are 'behind' the Women. It is simply a reality check the we badly need.

It is so easy for a Man to think that he has 'made it', that he can relax, put his sword down, stop paying attention, and sink back into his soft chair with crossed legs, folded arms, and a knowing smile on his face. He thinks it and shake change things to walk into the middle of a men's circle, cry and yell and shake his stick while walking around in circles looking at the other men as though his personal problems are important. He deludes himself that he is transforming. What is actually happening is that he is just venting, allowing him to go back t his real life a little relieved and continue doing the same thing. What he does not realise is that his personal problems hold the key to cultural shifts. His personal problems are his training ground for relating to life at a level of intensity he can hardly imagine is possible. His delusion is that his victimhood is intense, but it is just a show, a distraction from the intensity of actually being present. He is afraid, deeply afraid, cripplingly afraid, he is terrified of how afraid he really is, and how afraid it is possible for him to be, and every single problem is directing him to this fear. His problems say: be afraid. Again, and again, and again. The communication persists until it is completed. And a Man's job is to be finely, deeply, sensitively, delicately, afraid.

For 4 full days we prepared ourselves to meet the Women. It was an impossible task, which is why it was worth doing. We faced the unknown agai and again. We took each of our 5 bodies to their limits, and we kept going. We kept our balls to the grindstone, we took a stand for one another's voices and hearts, we fell apart, we made mistakes again and again, we tried the next thing, and the next, and the next. It was wild, ecstatic, and deeply deeply connective.

And...

It was not enough. There was something that just would not fall apart. A layer of soft cushiony numbness in the background that the light could not quite reach.

*"Did the process fail by not completing? That is a very 'patriarchal' question. This was not about succeeding or failing. Or fixing. Or being sorry. For me this was about creating awareness about where Men are at and where I am at and making that visible. The process did not 'work' for the women as I could barely open my heart and fully receive the energy sent to me. My fear covered my sadness and yes there I stood as a boy. Call that a heck of a reality check! Where I stand, where the Men stand, where the Women stand and where Gaia stands."*

On day 4 the Women showed us the pain of 10,000 years of being a Woman i Patriarchy: rape, abuse, factory-like systems for children to grow up in, body shame, objectification, suppression, manipulation, numbness, ecocide, genocide, war, hate crimes, separation from magic and destruction of all living things. They did not hold back. Not only did the Women not hold back, they gave everything they had; all of their Rage, Fear and Sadness filled the space and all the while being in connection with each other; being side by side; holding, comforting and going full out together. It was one of the most powerful, stunningly beautiful acts by a group of Women that could ever be witnessed. Their commitment and Love for Life and Gaia was palpable. As Men in that Space it was an honour and a privilege to experience.

*"What a ride, 4 days of preparation and then the most important reality check i my life. I stood there in the room opposite the women writing in the expression of the pain of everything. I was hit again and again, I felt pain again and again, sadness and fear and the words of women echoing from the broken heart of Gaia.. "The air is not for you... the sky is not for you... your gifts are nx for you" I thought I was listening, I thought I was truly feeling the pain. The nex morning after sleeping in the training space we sat in the circle. No sitting and no movement on this day. The echoes of the voices still somehow appealing to me through the residual charge of the night before. I thought I was listening, I thought I was feeling the pain, I thought I was doing a good job and getting it right. Gaia spoke through that! When it landed, I saw my whole life fooling myself. Relating to everything from behind a veil of actions frantically calculate to do the right thing, make it work or know. Anything to hide the truth that nothing was there."*

*"The great sadness and fear of witnessing the women's pain changed my world. I didn't know what patriarchy was before then. I learnt that I don't know anything. When I catch myself thinking I know everything it feels ugly and brut. now. The experience of the women returns to me every day, in my heart, undeniable."*

And even that could not break through to us. Not one Man among us could face that without closing our hearts, even a little. Not one. Most of us were no even close. It was an initiatory experience for us to get such a clear reference point about this.

*"Now, in the aftermath I perceive my self naked. Stripped away are the concepts and beliefs I held on so tightly (and, yes, there are more hidden in the midst of my intellectual-emotional complex). They gave me the illusion of safety inducing the idea, I know who I am and what I am capable of. My arrogant self led me to believe I could manage the meeting with the Women. Now the bits and pieces of my identity are shattered all over the place. Old habits and instincts desperately try to reach out and grab something to find orientation and consolation in something, that does not exist anymore. My box rants on, that the process on Saturday night was a failure and of course incomplete. It wants me to give in and indulge in the insanity of my self destructive swamp. It would be so easy to follow that."*

We left and sat in silence in our Training Room after the few unspoken words were spoken. There was not much to be found from looking from man to man meeting eyes. It was not the space for consolation. There was shock, and the only thing to be done was to let it sink in, deep into the new cracks in that soft cushiony layer of numbness. As the cracks deepened, we realised how grateful we were for that experience, how lucky we were to be these Men who were prepared to hear those Women as much as we could. Light was shining into new places in us, and that was a gift worth fighting for.

*"A heck of a reality check."*

If you think you have done this process Men, think again. The process ends when Patriarchy ends. And it starts with opening your eyes. Look around, you have got a long way to go.

*"There is a scene in the movie The Wizard of Oz where the wizard is revealed as a "humbug" pretending to be powerful and fearsome whilst hiding behind a curtain. This is where Men are at, covering behind a curtain using outdated technology to put on the show of being someone. This is where I am at, and there was life before I got this and now there is life, all along the women have seen through. One more part of that scene from The Wizard of Oz that hit me was Dorothy telling the wizard "you're a very bad man" and wizard replying "of no, I'm just a very bad wizard". I'm always going to be bad at pretending to be something and when I give it up I truly open the door to discovery."*

Where does a Man go from here?

What is he to do upon realising how much of him is a show, a fake, is leaving childish messes in his wake, is a victim secretly taking revenge on every Man and Woman and child and Gaia? How can he stand to keep looking in the eye of a Woman, knowing that she sees all of his fakeness for what it is, and that she is furious, insanely furious, about his destruction of life on Earth? How is a Man to look into the eyes of a Woman who still loves him even while she feels all that fury and pain? How could she bear to be close to him, he wonders. How could she bear to let her children be close to him? And yet maybe she does. Knowing the risk, but also knowing that there is only one way for a Man to exit Patriarchy; to attune his sensitivity and reclaim his numb feelings, bit by painful bit until the horrors of Men's ways become so apparent, that even trying to fix them is useless. There is nothing more to do other than let the cracks widen. Archetypally, Man is Nothing, the cracks are in that stuff between him and being Nothing.

What is Nothing?

*A quality of presence where there is nothing to defend or hold onto, where worldviews and beliefs are recognised as nothing more than neutral stories the can be created, deleted or changed in any moment, where anything is possible because nothing is in the way, where everything is noticed because anything stands out in nothing, even the most subtle detail, where magic happens because anything can be created on a blank canvas.*

*"Emptiness is therefore a possible new reference. It is a scary reference, sinkin in deeper and deeper in these days after the Lab. A challenge beyond understanding and yet, this is the way. I can't go back to the old. So, emptiness, hello! My box is in terror of this."*

When will a Man be present enough to meet the Everythingness of a Woman? When will a Man be sensitive enough to enter a Woman's Garden without stepping on the flowers?

We can only keep working, relentlessly, passionately, for life and the regeneration of it. Inch by inch. Step by step. Process by process. Not alone but by navigating to rock bottom together about the Patriarchy in each of us, until we meet each other there, at the bottom.

It looks like we can not do it without Women. We see only what we see. We learned to live by supporting each other to stay blind and numb. We learned not to be dangerous enough to another Man, because it is dangerous for us. Women can see through the layers of Men's show. Women can challenge Mer so that Man can see how Nothing Man is. This is a precious gift from Women for us Men. It will take collaboration with Women to face the reality of where w are and find out what is the next step to live with open hearts.

*"And finally I have also seen the power and beauty in Men, together creating a culture of vulnerability and support for each other. Instead of the illusion that w can figure it out all by ourselves."*

*"Thank you to all the Men and all the Women for your Love and presence. This has been an amazing week. And it is life changing."*

Love, the Men.

For further un-cut personal accounts of the Men who wrote them: <https://medium.com/@tristangirdwood/mens-accounts-from-men-s-lab-march-2024-new-zealand-20f7b1cdaa9f>



## March - August 2024

EXPAND THE BOX TRAINING

15-18 August, **Expand The Box**, Motueka, with Ana Norambuena

POSSIBILITY LAB

29 March - 1 April, **Possibility Village Lab**, Motueka, with Ana Norambuena and Michael Porter

RAGE CLUB

6 April 9am - 4pm, **Embodied Rage**, Motueka, with Annika Korsten, Sybille Biedert & Team

27 April - 25 May, 5.30pm-8pm, **Rage Club**, Wellington, with Tristan Girdwood

RAGE CLUB SPACEHOLDER TRAINING

15 July - 19 Aug, 8pm-8.30pm, **Rage Club Spaceholder Training**, Online, with Tristan Girdwood and Annika Korsten

GREMLIN TRANSFORMATION

10th Apr - 29th May, 6.00am-8.30am, **Gremlin Transformation 1: Gremlin Die** with Vera Franco & Lisa Ommert

10th July - 21st Aug, 6.00am-8.30am, **Gremlin Transformation 0: Meet Your Gremlin**, with Vera Franco, Lisa Ommert & Tristan Girdwood

POSSIBILITY TEAM

Thursdays 7.30pm-9pm, **Possibility Team**, Online, with James Andrews

WORKTALKS

Thursday 4th April, 8.30am-10.30am, **Stepping in the dark**, online, with Jacopo Lombardo

Thursday 2nd May, 8.30am-10.30am, **Discover your non-linearity**, online, with Jacopo Lombardo

PM EMBODIED WITH MOVEMENT & MUSIC

22-26 May 2024, **Embodied Freedom Movement Facilitator Training**, Takaka with Sybille Biedert

FOR WOMEN

6 April 9am - 4pm, **Embodied Rage**, Motueka with Annika Korsten, Sybille Biedert & Team

FOR MEN

Thursdays 7pm-9pm, **S.P.A.R.K's for Men**, Online, with Tristan Girdwood

22-25 Aug, **Inward**, Golden Bay, with Tristan Girdwood, Elliot Cleland & Jason Horton - SAVE THE DATE

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