



TALK FOR THE DAY (TFTD)

The editor writes...

A regular occurrence in my inbox is that I receive a “talk for the day”. These are sent to me and many other people by Ashwin from India. In my opinion, these emailed talks provide another very good way to read Bapak’s talks. Ashwin V Rajaraman has developed a particular format where he chooses a quotation from the talk, which is usually very attention grabbing, and he then provides you with a link to the complete talk.

I am often grabbed by the introductory quotation and go on to read the talk, so I think this is another very good way to encourage us to read the talks. I echo the remark that someone gave Ashwin in feedback, “Amazingly, Ashwin, you always send an excerpt that suits my specific need the day I read it!”

So, I wrote to Ashwin to ask him who he is and where he lives and all that kind of thing and why he started this initiative...

A brief profile of Ashwin

“The meaning and purpose of human life is to act as a channel for the Power of God to work through us for the benefit of ‘All That Is’.

I often attribute this quote to Bapak, though actually Bapak may have never said those exact words in the same exact way as written here. But for me, this understanding of man’s purpose came to me only after I joined Subud and only from Bapak and I believe this is what he asked us to do and be (or become) - I have come across all parts of this sentence in his various talks, his books and his letters over a period of time. This is my motto and creed in Subud Life. Hence for me, it is Bapak who said this because I would not have come to this understanding otherwise, but for him and his work...



At home working on TFTD.

Ashwin is an IT professional who has postgraduate diplomas in Marketing Management and Computer Software & Applications, in addition to a graduate degree in Physics. He has worked in different domains and industries throughout his professional career, in a number of different countries around the world and has a rich and varied experience and exposure to different cultures and doing business in and with them.

A strong believer in teamwork, he has created multiple successful teams from scratch in his various assignments and operations around the world and has held a number of top management >

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positions rising to a Group President level as part of his illustrious career. Currently Ashwin is a Consultant and Advisor to a couple of mid-tier IT Organisations in his native hometown of Chennai, India to which he returned last after many years abroad.

Also a creative artist dabbling in photography and digital art, Ashwin is an avid photographer, has a passion for dancing and loves to travel – in fact his cherished dream is to travel the world, connect with different cultures and people through photography and bring their varied stories to the forefront as a form of showcasing both the diversity and the inter-connectedness within this world we live in.

A Subud member since early 1984, a past Chair and current helper, Ashwin organised the First Zone 1 & 2 meeting held in Chennai, India in 1995 which enabled Ibu Rahayu to visit India for the first time. He has also brought out a compilation in two volumes, of all talks of Bapak delivered during Ramadan over thirty years, titled 'Bapak's Ramadans Talks'.

Currently he anchors his personal Subud initiative 'Talk For the Day', excerpts from selected talks of Bapak, sent by email twice a week on Mondays and Thursdays, to interested members around the world. Recently Ashwin has been co-opted on to the board of SICA as Director Fundraising and is in charge of SICA Projects worldwide.

Ashwin is married to his wife of 25 years Trisha (Subud name given by Ibu Rahayu) who is an educationist by profession and runs schools for under privileged children wherever she goes and in whichever city she lives in! They have a son Adri (only name given by Ibu Rahayu) who was slated to join Massachusetts for his masters in Robotics this September before the pandemic postponed it by a year. Adri is currently a Research Scholar in Robotics in IISC Bangalore, India.

He signs off with 'Be the change you want to see in the world', a quote made famous by his role model Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, who lived it his entire life through his thoughts, words and deeds.

[Ashwin talks about the genesis of TFTD...](#)

During the World Congress @ Freiburg in mid-2018, based on my earlier compilation of the two volumes of Bapak's Ramadhan Talks (which I had brought out one each in 2011 and 2013), there were several requests from brothers and sisters from different countries, to send them excerpts of talks (rather than the full talks) on the days of the latihan.

So after an extended trip of Europe during that time - I was out for 3 months starting with the WC - when I came back, I started this initiative and about 350 (it was around 150 in November 2018 when I started TFTD) brothers and sisters receive this now twice a week since then.

The first TFTD was sent on the first Monday of November (2018) with the short message as >



In the field, shooting wildlife on his camera.



As a young man with his newly married wife Trisha, after she was just opened in Subud (by Ibu Rahayu) @ Subud India's first Zone 1 & 2 meeting in Dec 1995.

below (only the message is included, not the TFTD, which follows the format in a later section detailed below).

“This is my endeavour to send an excerpt of a talk by Bapak, every Monday and Thursday (the days of the latihan in most parts of the world). It could be long or short depending on the talk and the message it contains.”

As on date there are about 150 TFTDs which encompass a wide variety of subjects that Bapak spoke about in his various talks during his life-time.

What Ashwin hopes to achieve with this initiative

Encouraging members to listen, read and watch Bapak’s talks...

Inspiration for people to learn from them, to relate to their everyday life experiences...

Develop a reading habit to enjoy the talks...

Translation of the talks in the local language for the benefit of members in that country...

The format of the TFTD is unique and brings out the core and essence of Bapak’s talks...

To receive a TFTD and see for yourself how well the format Ashwin has developed works, he can be reached at: ashwinrajaraman@gmail.com and ashwin@subud-sica.org and would be interested to hear from you and happy to reach out to you with the next TFTD – to receive it regularly in your inbox, get in touch with him . . .

To read more about Ashwin’s life in Subud, and to see some of the feedback he gets about TFTD click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/TFTD-continuation.pdf>



And with the IHs and Subud India members at the Chennai get together this year in February before the lockdowns started.

WILL THERE COME A TIME WHEN THINGS ARE SO BAD THAT JOKES ARE NO LONGER POSSIBLE?

The editor writes...

Recently the words I hear on many lips, including my own, are "Who ever thought it would be possible?"

These words come to mind with each new stage of the development of the virus. We are constantly being confronted with situations we would never have imagined could happen, and those words come to our lips.

Take my own country of Australia. We are one of the countries which has done quite well in limiting the number of infections and deaths from the virus. We went through a period of a lockdown and a few weeks ago we started to emerge from lockdown; once again we could go to the pub, and people could go back to work, and so on.

And then we got hit by that thing that we dreaded, the second wave. It happened in my home city of Melbourne in the state of Victoria, although I no longer live there, and I now live in northern New South Wales. But in Melbourne there was a sudden SPIKE.

It seems that one of the main causes of this spike was that some security firms had been employed to guard people in quarantine and some of the guards had felt the need to guard the people in quarantine so closely, that they got into bed with them. Then they went off to their second job driving Uber cars, and thus spread the virus far and wide.

This has led to a situation where the city of Melbourne is now in lockdown for six weeks and the >

borders with Victoria have been closed. You can only go in or out of Victoria now if you are doing it for some essential reason and have a permit. Who would ever have thought? I think the fine for any infringements is about \$13,000. Drones now patrol the border. Who could ever have imagined it would come to this?

And such situations are being repeated all around the world? And so, this second question arose in my mind, will things get so grim that it will no longer be possible to joke about them?

In the crisis to this point we all know that many people have suffered deeply and grievously. People have died, people have grieved, people have lost their employment, lives have been thrown into anxiety and insecurity.

But still it's been possible to joke. After all, joking is one way to cope with situations we don't like. It is a human response. So, while it may not have been possible to joke about people dying or losing their jobs, it was always possible to joke about certain aspects, such as the metaphorical language that was used to describe the crisis. For example, you could joke about how important it was not to sit on a spike.

But now things are grim. There is nothing worse than having your hopes raised then dashed. And basically, we thought that after our period of lockdown, we would come out of it and go to the pub, and things would gradually return to normal. But no, not just in Melbourne, but in many other places in the world, there has been a second wave.

We thought it was all over and now it was starting up again, only worse. We saw that this thing is going to be harder than we thought. This is really going to be the test of our resilience, individually and collectively? How resilient is my sense of well-being? How resilient are our economies? Are they going to be able to go on forever finding more and more billions?

Laughter is one of the things that keep us going. It is good to laugh. Laughter exercises the whole body and liberates the mind from gloom. So long, of course, as our laughter is not directed maliciously against others. We only need turn to ourselves to find things to laugh about.

Many years ago, Dirk Campbell and Marcus Bolt produced those books of cartoons and Subud humour. Often they pinpointed our little flaws in Subud, such as our moments of pomposity and self-deception. I once asked Dirk Campbell where he got his ideas from, and he told me, "Mostly by observing myself."

So, I do not think it is wrong to laugh. It does not mean we are not aware of the seriousness of the situation, but it does mean we can joke about it. Perhaps it is one way of keeping our spirits up and staying on top of the virus. After all, we do not want the virus sitting on us, we want to be sitting on the virus.



From 'A Laugh Within a Laugh' by Campbell and Bolt. A few copies are held by SPI... but all four cartoon books will soon be published as one volume called 'The Complete Recorded Jokes'. Watch this space...

JUNE ISSUE OF PROJECTS AND PROPERTIES

Ruth Taylor, Zone 3 Secretary, writes...

We are delighted to share with you the June issue of the Zone 3 newsletter 'projects & properties'. Please distribute this to groups and members in your countries.

English, Spanish and French versions are attached, with thanks to Paloma de la Viña and Joseph Delcourt for translations. Thanks also to everyone who contributed to this newsletter.

In this issue we have an exciting variety of articles and features, including:

- Talks with Area 2 IHs - the first in a series of interviews with each of the IHs, beginning with Alan Boyd

- Creative projects - learn about some of our talented members, an author, a videographer, an artist, and a musician
- Property news - The Amaranthe Project, which will build a new eco-village and Subud House in the Pyrenees, is making exciting progress...
- Introductions and reflections - from the new Subud France CC, Joseph Delcourt, and Subud Britain's Chair, Louise Mackenzie
- Subud journeys - tales from travellers: an Indonesian member visiting the Netherlands uses his talents, and a British member visiting Kalimantan explores some social enterprises
- COVID-19 responses - some of the positive actions taken by members to stay connected during these extraordinary times

Enjoy a great read, and a visual treat! Click here to see the newsletter...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/Projects-Properties-Zone3.pdf>

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SICA NEWSLETTER

Dear Bothers and Sisters,

I am so grateful for the wonderful people I can work with, this is the reason for this newsletter being dedicated to our team. We want to be strong for you and with you. Everyone is very welcome to get involved because we need you, we need your talent, for more human culture. Culture, as you know, is a broad field. This is why SICA is for all of us, not just for the artists, SICA is about becoming aware of our gifts, supporting each other in developing our talents and sharing them for a better world.

I am so happy to welcome Amelia Williams for the US (in fact already working as our SICA Admin since one year), Margarita Fisco from Chile, as the new secretary and Zaskiah Wongsodrono from Suriname, as the new treasurer in our team, and Ashwin Rajaraman as our new fundraising director.

Here is an extract from a talk from our beloved Ibu Rahayu, about SICA and its meaning:

97 GEG 1, Talk from Ibu Rahayu, Spokane, USA, 7th of August 1997, subudlibrary.net, Provisional Translation PI-SH by Sharif & Tuti:

"...As the latihan makes progress in the soul of each one of us, it will give rise to something new, leading to the arising of human culture. This is why we have established an organization for this development in Subud, which we call SICA (Subud International Cultural Association), which will become a vessel for whatever develops by way of our soul that has the character of culture.

This development will be very broad because it embraces every kind of talent that exists within our membership. So, for example, one who is a dancer will become a beautiful dancer, a singer will become a beautiful singer, and if this flowering takes place in the human intellect it will lead such a person to excel in medicine, architecture or some other discipline..."

With Love, Rusydah & the SICA-Team

For the complete newsletter click: <https://mailchi.mp/8d3b64e613b1/0x8f6mq3zw-12444610>

The Amaranthe Project – blooming into reality

Erica Sapir, Subud France gives an update on this exciting project in the Pyrenees. She says: "We are very excited at finally getting close to our aim, after many years of haggling with different kind of authorities..."

Despite the general slowdown linked to the confinement and the planetary impact of a tiny little beast, the Amaranthe eco-



Subud France South West celebrate together.

hamlet project is slowly being set up at the foot of the Pyrenees in the south of France.

The year 2020 will be, for our project, and we hope also in a much wider scope, the year of change and transitions.

The passage to the notary is planned for the month of June.

At the same time, the project to create a Subud house is being set up on a plot of land adjacent to the eco-neighbourhood.

This project is being carried out by the local and regional group, Subud France South West.

The ground plan (pictured) shows the proximity of these two projects. We plan to buy in addition the small plot of 1500 m² in the south part of the land and in its continuity, where the Subud house will be built.

These two projects are linked but managed separately by two different legal entities, which are now official:

The SCI Bocage (property investment company)

- Manages the future Subud house project
- The 19 members at the origin of its creation have raised the necessary funds for the purchase of the land and its development.

• Negotiations with the current owner have been completed, the only thing missing is the finalisation at the notary's office.

• The construction plans and proposed business model will be presented at the next national congress, to ensure at least the inner support of the French brotherhood.

• Multiple and varied support is of course welcomed to realise this beautiful project!

The SAS Amaranthe (simplified joint-stock company)

- Manages the eco-hamlet project
- The purchase of the land is also planned soon, with hopefully the start of the development work from September 2020.

• In the first section which includes seven houses and a large shed, common workshops, and there are two plots for two houses, still free.

For more details and information, contact:

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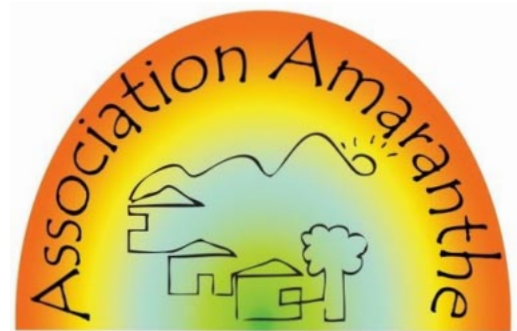
You can also visit the website of the Amaranthe eco-hamlet:

<http://www.ecoquartieramaranthe.fr/>

This article has been republished from Projects and Properties: Zone 3 Newsletter, June issue...



Cecil and Erica on the land of the Amaranthe project in the Pyrenees.



“

This year will be a year of change and transitions

”



INTERNATIONAL HELPERS AREA 3 CUBA VISIT

February 5-12

Attending from Area 3: Joan Fromme, Illène Pevec, Benedict Herrman and Kohar Parra

Our 2020 trip to Cuba helped:

1. Support the growth of the national and local helpers

2. Strengthened the functioning of the national committee

3. Tested in three new male candidate helpers (one will wait to begin this process)

4. Clarified expectations for the management, disbursements and reporting of SD contributions

5. Provided clarifications about the Care Support program and Subud Pensioners project

6. Participated in an Inter-religious event.

7. Brought Subud members from across the country for five days of latihan, testing, and three meals a day

8. Demonstrated caring of all members through distribution of needed medicine and clothing

9. Opened one new man member from Manzanillo

10. One more helper who is doing committee work now will transition back to helper in Havana. Havana lost one of its long time men helpers to old age and illness. Sharifhuddin has had to retire from helper duties. His house was used for latihan for years.

11. Distributed 12 Bapak's Guide for Helpers donated by WSA fairly amongst all groups. We had distributed 9 in 2018 visit and still need to bring more when next we go.

To read the complete report click here

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/2020CubaVisit.pdf>



ORGANIZE YOUR OWN PEACE DAY

Latifah Taormina writes...

Here is a link to a YouTube video of an interview I just did for our local community TV station via Zoom about the Peace Day work I am doing here in Laguna Woods, the retirement community in Southern California where I now live — and the Peace Pole we will be dedicating on Peace Day itself. As many of you know, I began doing things for Peace Day back in 2012 when I was still living in Austin, Texas, and working for the Subud International Cultural Association (SICA). So Subud is my deep inspiration for all this.

I'm sharing this in the hopes that you might consider launching something similar — especially those of you who have a visible Subud center or Subud house in your community.

There's also a backstory to all of this. Watch the video and then read the back story that's below under the video link. Here's the link. (The video will also show you why you should arrange your TV monitor to be higher than you are if you are going to be filmed via Zoom. Mine was lower than my head so I had to look down at it—making my already large 86-year-old nose look even larger!)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lvPjf0qh0P8&list=PL42xcltr8DpPXkbsUc939JQKcMcLsLVzX&index=2&t=0s>

The back story is about what first inspired me to use Peace Day as a platform for what I really value >

— and the lesson I didn't get till it was done.

The lesson is that we have to be the change we want to see — in Subud, in ourselves, our family, our community. Easier said than done.

It all came out of what happened to me when I was wanting to make a difference for the SICA back in 2012 when I was serving as SICA Chair. I always felt SICA's big job was to somehow be a bridge— a cultural bridge—from Subud out into the world, something that gave people a feeling—a good feeling that they couldn't quite put their finger on but could feel. (a feeling that was really coming from the inner content of the work, work that was alive.) Well, your mind can really go through some twists and turns challenging yourself to do that, and I experienced a lot of them.



Well, your mind can really go through some twists and turns challenging yourself to do that, and I experienced a lot of them.

It all began in 2012, about three months or so before the UN's International Day of Peace — "Peace Day"— was to take place. That's when I happened upon a UK website, Peace One Day, inviting NGOs all over the world to participate in celebrating the UN's International Day of Peace on 21 September. Well, SICA is an NGO, I thought to myself, and filled out a form on the site. Then came the question, "What will you do?" And "Poems for Peace" popped into my head, so I put that down. Well then all kinds of mail came to me from the Peace One Day people with marketing materials and all kinds of stuff I could use. So now I had to do it! Well, I was living in Austin, TX at the time and on the board of a theater there and knew all the theatre people, so I called a director friend to see if he'd like to help put a Poems for Peace program together, and he loved the idea. So, he did it, and I got a grant from the City to cover all the costs.

Everything was working, but no one from our small Subud group in Austin had been able to help, nor would any be able to come. No wonder that on the day it was to happen — I suddenly questioned whether it was OK to call this a SICA event, when I was the only Subud person involved. And then. . . my eyes fell on a copy of one of Ibu's talks lying on my desk. She begins all her talks, "Brothers and Sisters whom I love and respect." LOVE and RESPECT! That was my big aha. If people could feel love and respect, I thought to myself, then it's Subud. So full of that feeling, I picked up flowers and goodies for the actor/poets participating as well as flowers for the front of the house. I put the flowers and treats for the performers backstage. I stood at the door with the flowers nearby and greeted everyone as they came. Somehow, the whole event was magical. And people came up to me afterward and asked, "Who are you?" "What is this?" They were touched by the inner content of it all. Touched by the latihan. I saw it. It was just a first step. It didn't mean that every Poems for Peace event afterward was like that, but they are still doing them in Austin, and SICA is well thought of there.

I don't think you can just tell yourself to have love and respect. I think you have to ask for it to be there. I really believe if we could act from that place of love and respect, things would change.

So... all you who have Subud houses, perhaps you might consider putting up a Peace Pole on Peace Day, 21 September, this year or next. Invite your community to come for its dedication — socially distanced if still necessary. It's a way to show how much you care about the community you share with them. Forget about having to explain Subud. Be Subud. Be good neighbors. Be a contributing part of the community where you live. Be a peacemaker.

Isn't that what Bapak prayed would be the result of everyone doing their latihan — that the world would become calm and peaceful for mankind.

I enclose some materials I've created to build and encourage community participation in Peace Day here as well as some information about Peace Poles and where you can get them. To obtain the materials about how to organize your own Peace Day contact Latifah at ltaormina@gmail.com ●

Spontaneity!

Anthony Bright-Paul writes...

I was with Bapak in his study at Coombe Springs in the very early days. Bapak was smoking a *kretek* (clove cigarette). Suddenly he explained to me that if he were not allowed to smoke – and here he made a flicking gesture as if to flick the cigarette out of the window – if it was not God's Will that he smoke, the cigarette would be spirited away.

This prompted me to ask him about the movements the priest made in church. Instantly Bapak explained that originally all those movements were not taught, but the whole ritual emanated from inside.

When Bapak first saw a class of the Gurdjieff movements, he said it were better if they tried them 'with their eyes closed'. Anyone who did the Movements, as they were called, knows that they were devilishly complicated and needed a lot of practice.

One time when I was in his study, Maria Bradford entered with a little basket of green grapes that I knew she and her husband Eric had grown themselves at their home in Garstang, Lancashire. Maria presented the grapes to Bapak, who took one look at them and suddenly plucked one grape and ate it. I remember this well as Bapak used to eat very late. In the meantime Sjaf and Asikin would be walking and walking round and round in the garden, as they did not allow themselves to eat until Bapak had eaten. For us, who were used to eating all together in the dining room this was all new, brand new.

'If we do not pass on this gift of the latihan it is a sin' – Bapak made that absolutely clear. Yet my good friend Maxime Georgin in Paris – whom incidentally I have never met – quotes Bapak as saying that 'propaganda is useless'. On another occasion some Subud members attended an ecumenical meeting in Cape Town, South Africa, which was not very successful. Bapak's comment was 'Not Subud enough'.

So what did Bapak imply? It depends, I believe, on the right understanding of *nafsu* and *jiwa*. If I am planning to go on a holiday or to a Subud conference, I must make use of my *nafsu*; that is to say make use of my ordinary functions. I may need a passport and a visa, insurance etcetera. So for all these things, I need to use my functions effectively. But if I use my functions to speak about Subud, I will, and can only, produce propaganda.

When Bapak took a grape out of Maria's basket he did so spontaneously. When Bapak spoke it mostly came from his *jiwa*, spontaneously. Not always, for he also liked to chat sometimes.

So various Helpers in Subud do sometimes say or act from their *jiwas*. When I asked Icksan Ahmed how it was that he came to me in the latihan – the first time I experienced something – he answered 'I was drawn.' Clearly this was an action of his *jiwa*, actually propelling him forward. So here is a clear example of the *jiwa* activating the *nafsu*, or the functions. It was entirely spontaneous.

One time in the North of England I was driving Sjafruddin, who quite often came North to stay with the Bradfords in Catterall Cottage, where Bapak also stayed once. I was chattering merrily away, when I suddenly had an attack of 'Coombe Springs-itis'. That is to say that I felt that I was too 'dispersed'. In the days of the Gurdjieff Work under Bennett, to be dispersed was a sort of cardinal sin. So as I was driving I tried to quieten myself. After a little while Sjaf put his hand on my knee and said, 'Tony, when you try to be quiet you are a whole lot more noisy'.

Did Sjaf decide to speak me or was it spontaneous or pre-determined? And clearly, when Ismana said to me out of the blue, 'Tony, you cannot change your nature', this was also entirely spontaneous. If Bapak were not allowed to smoke, the cigarette would have flown out of his hand.

It is difficult for us to hack this – we always look for changes in the functions, in the *nafsu*, even Bennett in 'Concerning Subud' made this mistake. The real changes that are taking place are in the *jiwa*, in the realms of the Will, where we can only surrender.



*Anthony Bright-Paul
(photo by George Bennett).*

I remember that Bapak asked Abdullah Pope about his surrender, and he blithely replied 50%. Bapak snorted – 5%. Let us be honest – for the great majority of us in Subud our surrender is 1% or 2%. It is minimal. Even that is a great leap forward, enough to leap over the moon!

Postscript

When I read through my own article and when I thought about it a bit I realised that we are all being trained to be spontaneous, right from our very first latihan. So some are calling on God in prayer spontaneously; one may be weeping in remorse spontaneously; another may be laughing with joy, in every case what is happening in the latihan is occurring spontaneously.

I remember that my great friend John Donat, son of the famous actor Robert Donat, after he was opened, leapt in the air on Hampstead Heath, declaring, 'No more ought!'. He meant an end to artificial feelings imposed by one's by family, by custom and by teachers. From henceforth, real feelings emanating from his own essence, from his veritable self.

Guilty as Charged?

Marcus Bolt, UK, writes...

Recently, returning from a walk, I stopped at the gated entrance to a field to watch the new born lambs gambolling with their mothers. A thirty-something, smartly dressed woman passed by and said, "Aren't they lovely..."

A conversation ensued, the young lady asking me where I lived in the village. I told her that I lived just down the road and had only moved in a couple of months ago, just as lockdown started; then I launched into my tale of woe of not being able to meet villagers, establish myself with doctors, hairdressers, shopping routines etc, nor even visit my grandchildren, and asked, "How about you?" She told me that she was also in lockdown at her parents' house just up the hill.

"Where did you move from?" she asked, and I told her Bristol. She replied that she went to Bristol Uni, and that her brother was there now, studying to be a vicar and added, "You must call in on my parents; they'd be delighted to meet you. They live in the last house on the left at the very top of the hill."

I thanked her for that, and the conversation, said goodbye and started to walk home. On the short way back, feeling warm inside and how nice it was to have a conversation with a complete stranger, I suddenly remembered that a day before, while walking past that house, I had noticed a large box, full of what looked like freshly printed New Testaments with a sign saying 'Please take a copy'.

Then it clicked... brother training as a vicar, come and meet my parents, free New Testaments... probably a very religious family and maybe a little 'fishing' going on here?

Trying to find the precise words to describe this scenario, I googled and discovered there's a technique called 'Friendship Evangelism' – a form of covert missionary work of befriending someone (lonely, single, in need?) then, after a period of 'grooming', introducing the Evangelical 'message'.

Well, I guess this sort of thing happens with any group seeking new members, be that a religion, a golf club, a political party... and I felt a little guilty in that I've probably done something similar in the past; maybe being a tad over-friendly to applicants, or someone I thought might be interested in Subud? Then I came across this Bapak quote:

"...there is no force forcing people to join Subud. It must be spontaneous. People join Subud out of a spontaneous wish, through being touched.

"Bapak is not telling you to go out and spread Subud by lecturing to people. The only thing that is new in what Bapak said the other day is that Bapak wants you to be aware that the latihan kejiwaan is not for you but for mankind. That the way to spread it to them is not by lecturing them, but by loving them. If you want to spread Subud you do it by loving your fellow man, and that will awaken an interest



in Subud and their understanding of Subud. The difference is that if you lecture to people, then that is propaganda, that comes from the nafsu. But what Bapak is talking about is the propaganda that comes from God. When people love Subud because you love them, then that is propaganda from God.” – 84 JKT 4

I realised then that, just as we do not proselytise in Subud, neither should we force the ‘loving people’ concept; if we have arrived at the point of genuinely loving people, then it will happen naturally, spontaneously – and it will come from them, not us. If we force it while not really ‘loving’ them, then it’s just another form of the annoying ‘Friendship Evangelism’ and it will fall as disappointingly flat as the young woman’s did on me. ●

A COLD WINTER’S DAY

Lucien Hinkle has learned to understand the language of his cows...

One fine winter morning, all the cows were standing out in the barnyard. It was cold and windy, but the cows were in the lee of the barn out of the wind, and the sun was shining brightly. Each cow was standing broad side to the sun, warming herself.

They stood like that for a long time, contentedly soaking up rays and chewing their cud. Then a young cow said to an older one;

“Hey Rosetta, you’re standing in my sun!”

“No I’m not, Madera,” she replied.

“Yes you are.

“Am not.”

“Are too.”

“No I’m not,” Rosetta said. “You’re standing in my shadow.”

The young cow was puzzled for a moment, and then said:

“Well, I was here first!”

“No you weren’t.”

“Yes I was.”

“Was not.”

“Was too!”

“But I’m bigger than you,” said Rosetta

Madera wasn’t sure what size had to do with it, so she stood there thinking about it for a while. Finally she said:

“Then you must have moved, Rosetta.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Yes you did.”

“No, you moved.”

“Did not!”

“Did too! I saw you.”

Madera hung her head sadly. She always lost these arguments with Rosetta. All this time the other cows had been listening quietly, and just then old Grand Mom spoke up.

“There can be only one explanation for this,” she said. “I think the sun must have moved.”

All cud chewing stopped. The cows stared at one another in disbelief.

Suddenly Rosetta exclaimed, “That’s right, Grand Mom, that has to be the answer! You sure are the smartest cow in the herd.”

With that all the cows moved around until they were again soaking up the warmth of the sun, and returned to contentedly chewing their cud. ●



Lucien can understand what they say..

Subud Education Association Announcement Letter

Dear Educators:

Welcome to the Subud Education Association (SEA). We are Subud members working in the field of education. We have formed an association to support each other, to share our ideas and practices, and to learn from and inspire each other.

Education is a love, a vocation, a guided art. We aspire to provide a space for dialogue and sharing between Subud members. Let us learn from each other's experiences.

After Ramadan in Cilandak last year, and after discussion with Harris Roberts, Rasunah Marsden set up the Subud Education Association (SEA) which is lodged within SDIA. It took from then until January 2020 to assemble a group of people to join the SEA working party to get some tasks done.

SEA was formed to create some continuity so that all of those who have worked on (or will work on) Subud-inspired educational activities (as teachers or in school projects) will be able to access resources and share insights as educators based on the Latihan. There have been many inspired educational activities in past decades. Hopefully in future, we'll be able to ensure that connections and the needs of Subud educators and those working in educational institutions around the Subud world, are met. For example, we are currently working on creating a website which will convey an overall picture of Subud-inspired educational efforts and allow lively interactions between our members.

The SEA working party members are Garret Thompson, Halimah Polk, Hadrian Pollard, Salamah LeClaire (formerly Dick), Harris Roberts, Faustina Ramos Coco- Pfeiffer & Fernando Fattah Nieva Martinez. We are still looking for a member to join the working party from the Australia/New Zealand area.

The SEA working party members contribute our own tasks as we participate in working to set up the connections and infrastructure needed: website, blogs, resources, archives, funding and other matters.

To date, all of our work has been voluntary, but fundraising and providing scholarships & bursaries is 'on the agenda'. We need volunteers to help with many SEA activities, e.g. website creation and maintenance, administration, information on projects, etc.

If you wish to join the Subud Education Association or would like to be involved in any capacity, or if you have any questions please email any of the working party members for further information.

Sincerely,

SEA working party members

Rasunah Marsden, Chair rasunah@shaw.ca

Salamah LeClaire salamahdl@gmail.com

Garrett Thompson iscgarrett@gmail.com

Halimah Polk halimahpo@gmail.com

Harris Roberts roberts.harris1@gmail.com

Faustina Ramos Coco-Pfeiffer faustina.ramos@me.com

Hadrian Pollard Hadrian.pollard@gmail.com

Fernando Fatah Nieva Martinez fernando.fatah.n@gmail.com

To read the Sea Mission statement click here

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/SEA-Mission-Statement.pdf> ●

BROTHER FRANCIS AND SISTER CLARE – EXPLOSION OF LOVE

Katharine Walmsley reviews the book 'Explosion of Love', paintings by Lydia Corbett, words by Anne Ellison and Lydia Corbett. The Foreward is written by Martin Shaw, Bishop of Argyll and The Isles who accompanied Lydia and Anne on their pilgrimage to Assisi. This collection of paintings and text are a personal and modern interpretation of a journey through life, Assisi and beyond, with Saint Francis and Saint Clare...

Here is a book to act as a substitute experience for the many members who have had to cancel their bookings to Assisi in Italy due to COVID-19.

So many were disappointed in the Zone 3 abandoned trip to the city which witnessed the lives of >

St. Francis and St. Clare, young people in their day who took it upon themselves to care for the poor, the homeless and the sick.

Their legacy, still alive today, has been the establishment of Franciscan and Poor Clare Monasteries and Convents for monks, nuns and teachers worldwide. Somehow, despite centuries later, the qualities of love, inspiration and the human force of these saints still inspire visitors and pilgrims to Assisi.

'Explosions of love' is described as a personal modern interpretation of a journey through life, Assisi and beyond with St Francis and St. Clare.

The first sentence of this handsomely illustrated book explains

'...it envelops all of life. Life is like being in love all the time with all of God's creation....' Everything after this sentence is a surprise, unexpected and

original, yet expresses all the positives of human existence.

Lydia Corbett, a Subud artist, known in the art world for her beautiful paintings shows through her work how she finds understanding of the world of St. Francis and St Clare.

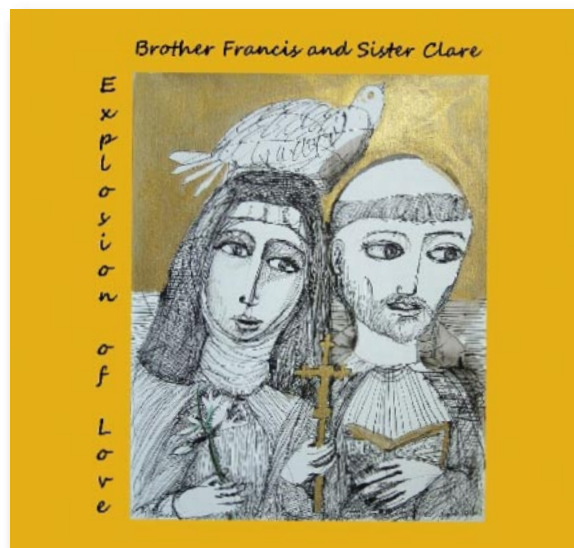
Lydia's paintings are said to possess a dream-like quality which abandon scale and perspective. Yet her work interweaves human subjects with animals, vegetables and minerals. Despite this formlessness of dimension, her drawings communicate clarity of vision.

In the many drawings and paintings, she not just images the experiences of the Life of Francis but ingests for herself the wisdom of his own discoveries on his path to love. As she visits the Basilicas, Churches, buildings and Assisi sites, her paintings illustrate the process Francis went through to find himself and his mission in life. Anne Ellison, a friend of Lydia, put words to these works which meditates on the human qualities of these two amazing people who were destined to become saints. Songs and poems by Lydia relating to Francis are included.

This book is dedicated to 'being human' which Lydia draws upon as a framework through illustrations and words. From reflections to joy, to directions to inspiration, to liberation, to benevolence, vision and rejoicing, the journey goes on. If these qualities were the steps taken by Francis to complete his humanitarian work, Lydia also has a deep sense of sharing and understanding.

It is claimed that colour and light flooded Lydia's being as she interpreted her feelings through the medium of drawing, sketching and painting. With her good friend Anne Ellison, a wordsmith and osteopath, they have produced this wonderful book with their thoughts and feelings which Assisi has inspired in them.

Lydia was born in Paris. Her background is art, her mother being a painter and her father an influential gallery owner. In 1954, when she was 19 years old, she met the artist Picasso. I remember being



The Cover...



Need...



Explosion...

told he was fascinated by her ponytail hairstyle, which was a new fashion then. He asked if he could sketch her. That meeting led to some 40 paintings of her by Picasso. She was known then as Sylvette. In fact, if you want to know more about Lydia's

other paintings, go to her website <https://www.iwassylvette.com/> Go to the tab marked SHOP and you will find the book for sale. Lydia now lives in Devon and is a member of the South Devon Subud Group. She is represented by the Francis Kyle Gallery in London. The book is available with a soft cover or a hard cover and dust jacket. Size: 17 cm x 17 cm To order contact Lydia at Sylvettedavid123@gmail.com or visit her web site <https://www.iwassylvette.com>

At The Messiah

Hussein Rawlings writes...

Every year since they were seven or eight years old, I would take our children to a rendition of Handel's 'Messiah'. We sat in the cheapest seats, at right angles to the stage (and soloists) and close to the choir and orchestra. They could see the different instruments and learn their sounds as well as enjoy the performance.

This annual event – which was an exciting night out for young children – became part of their musical education as well as learning the story of Jesus. Years later, when in their teens and listening to other 'music', they always requested we include them whenever they heard us discussing an upcoming performance of 'The Messiah'!

One year (1997), after they had all grown up, my wife and I and a son went to the annual performance. On this occasion we had premium seats directly facing the stage. I recall as we were shown to our seats that the person I had to sit next to was somewhat larger than normal and spilled into my space. "I hope I don't have to jostle for my rightful space all evening" I thought as I settled into the seat and felt the hostility of my neighbour at being squeezed out. After a while I felt that person become adjusted to their own area and their annoyance lift.

When the performance began the sense of connection I usually felt with The Messiah was missing. The soloists, choir, and orchestra were all excellent, but seemed 'far away.' Although we were sitting where the acoustics were believed to be very good, they seemed inferior to the cheaper seats where we usually sat.

As the performance continued I still did not feel any connection to the music. The whole performance remained 'remote' – as if there was an invisible pane of glass separating me from it – however as I was feeling the latihan strongly within I decided to instead just surrender to it. While doing this it seemed as if I was given an understanding of the Christian doctrine very clearly as the work unfolded. Actually, I already had a good knowledge of Christianity and its theology – from an Anglican education where I had excelled in Divinity – but suddenly I was understanding the theology, or sensing its origins, with unexpected clarity. (For those unfamiliar with 'The Messiah', the arias of the soloists, and the choruses and anthems of the choir, are all derived from Biblical quotations, comprising a full rendering of Christian theology).

Inwardly I was accompanied by the latihan throughout the evening, and as each new aria or anthem set out some new aspect of the doctrine of that religion, my understanding of it peeled back to new and deeper levels. Each time this happened I naturally gave thanks for this fuller understanding. It was as if I participated by sitting and receiving the understanding, and also observed all this happening within me. Understanding and Feeling seemed united, and as my understanding filled out during a particular piece, so was a prayer released in thanks. I did not think the prayer, but only followed the feeling of what to pray. The prayer already existed, as it were, and I merely gave voice to it. When the performance was about two thirds over my prayer extended to include the followers of that religion, >



asking that they also be enabled to come to this understanding for then they would truly know the value of their faith. I felt the sincerity and aspirations of many of those present, not only around me but throughout the auditorium, for my feeling seemed to have widened to include them all without any effort on my part. So I was also aware of restrictions or limitations in their understanding, and prayers just kept rising from within on their behalf. It mattered not that many present may not have been Christian, and simply considered themselves present as music lovers, for I sensed the soul's aspiration irrespective of the mind's outlook, and prayers just kept coming on behalf of them all. And as these prayers flowed through me I understood that a prayer exists for every situation, awaiting only for someone to give voice to it!

While I was experiencing this within, I noticed a man in pale green garments standing slightly above me, about 3 or 4 metres away in front of me. Although the auditorium sloped down towards the stage, he appeared above us all, his feet at about the same level as my head. He stood slightly to my right, so that I remained 'facing God' in this condition of received prayer. His head inclined to the left to look at me. He observed me but said nothing, remaining motionless with his right arm across his body, holding his left arm which hung relaxed at his side. He was not a tall man, though very strongly built, and had a strong and forthright open face. He emanated a unity of both spiritual and physical presence. Where his wide sleeve hung on his right arm I could see his wrist and part of his forearm. "How strong he is," I thought. "His wrist is as thick as my forearm." As I ceased following my prayer to look more closely at him, and take in what I could feel of his attributes, he disappeared from view.

After the performance I asked my wife and son if they had experienced difficulty connecting with the performance sitting where we were, but they had felt fully engaged and found the acoustics very good.

Postscript

Not long after this, and quite unexpectedly, I (whose religion is Islam) was invited to attend a discussion group of ordained Christian Ministers (practicing and retired) where theological issues and doubts they could not raise in the company of parishioners were aired. ●

GROUNDED!

Rohana Darlington, UK, writes...

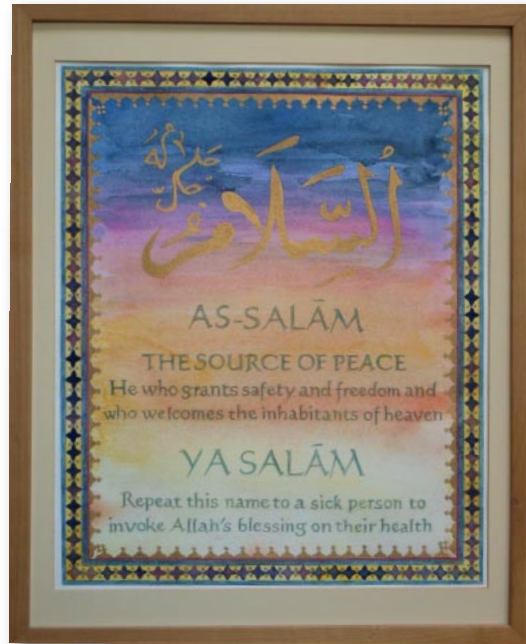
I really enjoyed reading other people's varied experiences of having latihans at home during lock down. To add to them, here's another contribution.

I'm luckier than some in that at least I share my home with my husband Mashud, another Subud member, and so we can have latihans whenever we like in any of the rooms in our house. But during Ramadan we were severely tried because we had big problems with our computers. Just before we were locked down, we'd arranged to buy a new computer with completely different upgraded software and asked a computer engineer who lives near us to transfer our old data to the new one.

There were various technical hitches so that the work was only half completed when lock down began, and our engineer had to do some of the work remotely, but had not been able to finish it. Then, just when we needed to be connected to the internet, we had new problems with our server, and our supplier tested both computers remotely. As one computer still worked, they said their router wasn't the problem.

Our computer engineer had to collect our new computer and check it at his home, but then said there was nothing wrong with it. Finally, our internet server supplier suggested we get a new package and new router, and this solved the problem. They assured us they had never encountered this difficulty before!

This was a real issue for us as being in the older vulnerable group we rely on home delivery for all >



our supplies. And as a member of the Memories of Bapak transcribing team, I was forced to stop work until the computer worked again. Also, during Ramadan I received I needed to set up a new commercial website for my artwork, so this was another problem for which I needed our computers to work online.

Strangely enough, despite these problems, both of us managed to stay calm and we carried on as well as we could in the circumstances, as we realized this was an important Ramadan test for us, to see how we could cope with the situation. Normally, I have Team Viewer remote computer help from one of my daughters but because the internet was down, she couldn't help either. And Mashud needed the computer to do his work online as treasurer of Central London Subud group.

Anyway, during Latihan I had the spontaneous experience of walking round and round my room, feeling each foot was fully conscious and showing me how to proceed in life. One step at a time, I was shown, guided by the Latihan, was how I should go forward, purposefully but carefully with my feet on the ground. In my case, the grounding I needed was having to get to grips with challenging new technology in a much more professional manner.

At the end of the Latihan, it dawned on me so clearly it made me laugh aloud. Grounded not only means being down to earth, but also is what is happening during lock down! We are all being grounded, as naughty teenagers sometimes have to be, until we can learn what lesson we need to assimilate. Being grounded, I'm also taking care of our lovely garden in this dry weather, having to weed and water every day, my hands in the ground as well. Both gardening and struggling with new technology provide all the grounding experiences I seem to be required to deal with just now. ●

A NICE DREAM

Sebastian Paemen, UK, writes...

I had a nice dream last night. I dreamed that I was at the opening of a large, beautiful, new mosque in some sunny country. The style was traditional Moroccan/Andalusian. Colourful, with lots of arches.

There was a small Jewish community in the town where the mosque was. They didn't have a place to pray. The imam, accompanied by some elders, went over to them and invited the rabbi, a friendly old man with gentle eyes, to come and pray with his congregation in the mosque. There was a spare room which they could have.

It was Friday afternoon. Muslims and Jews both went to the mosque together on that day. The Jews, wearing black hats and beards, went to their prayer hall and the Muslims went to theirs. Everybody prayed together. The atmosphere was happy, and alive with good feelings. Afterwards we all shook hands, smiled at each other, and wished each other well.

Later I thought about the early days of Islam when indeed there were times when Jews, Christians and Muslims had shared their houses of worship. ●



The Orientalists

Lawrence Brazier, Austria, writes...

Many of the books and authors mentioned here are well-known. There are dozens more from writers of various nationalities, and only a lack of space precludes complete inclusion. It is my hope, however, that any bookish reader with an interest in Orientalism may find something to enhance their interest with some works still to be discovered. The prevalence of British authors here does not indicate prejudice, but does reflect the books that are actually on my shelves.

There has been much debate about the authenticity, or otherwise, of Orientalism and its influence >

“ There has been much debate about the authenticity, or otherwise, of Orientalism... ”

on socio-political thought. The books and authors figuring in this essay had, with the exception of Kipling, Lawrence and Gertrude Bell, no political axe to grind. Most of them were travellers who found the East, indeed, "other" than what they experienced at home. Their undertakings mirrored a personal enthusiasm for the Orient. I would contend that their writings and translations had no relevance to a debate about socio-political attitudes based on worldly devices. The world of the spirit is likely to be more enduring and, as for this world, socio-evolutionary investigation would be more apt.

The British may currently be retreating to their island home, but in earlier times they were inclined to leave their homes at the drop of a hat. Those with the wherewithal journeyed away to sometimes sunnier, and definitely more exotic regions. One of the noticeably inherent vanities of the British, however, was founded upon the notion that they were never actually foreigners in whatever region they found themselves beyond their own coastline.

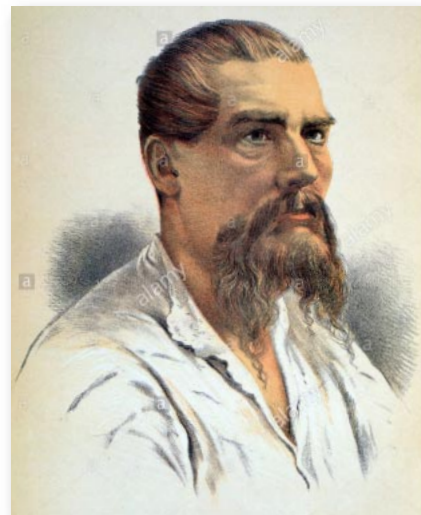
Sir Richard F. Burton must have had a horror of doing a proper job because he went to extraordinary lengths to avoid a nine-to-five existence. Even when being extremely erudite, he was also eloquently funny in a sardonic sort of way and his dealings with the Oriental mind were tempered by a perfect understanding of the *conditio humana*, which means the state we are all perpetually in. For his two-volume *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al Madinah and Mecca*, Sir Richard elected to travel by choosing a travel box to contain his necessities that was sturdy enough to withstand falling off a camel's back twice each day. With a command of Farsi, Hindu and Arabic, together with the dialects thereof, which he learned among tons of other languages picked up the way lesser mortals collect butterflies, he disguised himself as a wandering Dervish. He explored bazaars, frankly searching out the bizarre (which must surely be a derivative), and drinking countless cups of chai in his attempt to find rare manuscripts about Al-Islam.

The point of Sir Richard's drop-out endeavour is that he certainly spent more hours daily than he would be required to submit to in a mundane job. There must have been the endless waits, the errant camel or donkey that refused to be moved, the aggravation of monetary negotiation. In 1856 Burton made clear his reasons for exotic travel. Notwithstanding his erudition, he was heard to maintain: "The gladdest moments in human life, methinks, is the departure upon a distant shore into unknown lands. Shaking off with one mighty effort the fetters of Habit, the leaden weight of Routine, the cloak of many Cares and the slavery of Home, man feels once more happy. The blood flows with the fast circulation of childhood...the glorious face of nature gladdens the soul".

Many Orientalists went, quite obviously, in search of something ethereal, the atmospheric interludes in life that may offer a hint of the divine. If any reader has heard the hypnotic call to prayer from a muezzin, floating at dawn over palms at the edge of a jungle, they will know what I mean. The point is that although there may be a sudden crashing rise of birds, the voice itself does not shatter the silence. It really does float hauntingly as an isolated sound. The call to prayer heard in a city is often more strident but no less enchanting. One is struck by something stealthily all-encompassing, something impossible to ignore. Something that lingers in a suddenly pervasive brittle silence.

To read the complete article click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/The-Orientalists.pdf>



Sir Richard Burton, explorer and writer.



Burton in "native garb".



Lawrence of Arabia.

DEATH DUE TO CORONA VIRUS

Simon Whelan of Subud New York City died of the virus in March...

The Editor writes...As far as I know this is the only death of a Subud member because of the virus. I knew Simon slightly because once when passing through New York I sent out a plea to the group for a place to stay and he was the one who came forward. I guess that was the kind of guy he was.

A Latihan and Remembrance was held online on Sunday, April 5th, 2020 by Subud NYC. From the Remembrance:

We remember our Subud brother Simon Whelan, a member of Subud New York for nearly 30 years. He died on March 29 following Covid-19 complications. Simon was opened originally in Ottawa and also lived in Montreal. He is survived by his brother Jon Whelan in Banff, Canada and step mother, Lisa Whelan, a member of Subud Ottawa.

From Oswald Norton: Simon and I worked for Humphrey Williams and Hadrian Michell at a Subud enterprise, MicroTraffic, in the early 80s. Later in life, I saw him every year at the annual Subud PNW kejiwaan retreat at the Menucha Retreat Center outside of Portland. I loved his humor and his very quirky view of life. I will miss his presence. May He Rest In Peace.

From Rashid Butte: I remember Simon with bemused affection, and I have no doubt he has gone on to a better world. Although I didn't know him well, it was very clear that he looked at the world with wide open eyes. As is the case with Subud, there are significant movements and currents in life that exist without mainstream media coverage, and which may only -- if ever -- be generally appreciated in hindsight.

Simon was keenly aware of that. Knowing that Subud was important although definitely not mainstream, he looked for corresponding realities buried beneath TV propoganda and was not afraid to speak of what he found. In the case of the little known and lesser understood Qanon movement, he proudly wore his truth on a Q t-shirt.

If I were to suggest a fitting epitaph for Simon it would be one or all of the following.

This, from Aldous Huxley: "Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored." This, from Winston Churchill: "Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened."

Or this, from Dave Collum: I am a "conspiracy theorist". I believe men and women of wealth and power conspire. If you don't think so, then you are what is called "an idiot". If you believe stuff but fear the label, you are what is called "a coward". May God bless Simon with a happy place in the hereafter.

Simon Whelan to me:

Sat, Jun 9, 2012, 12:13 PM

Hi Harris :

I have a bedroom for you in a 3 bedroom house in Astoria, Queens, NYC. We are a 30 to 40 minute subway ride door to door to the Subud House in Midtown Manhattan. My name is Simon Whelan and, if you are interested, here is my contact info...

(We do not have his current contact info but we trust that he is in the best possible place...) ●

THE PASSING OF LAURY GRATIET

Hamida Thomas writes from Susila Dharma...

It is with great sadness that I announce what many already know. Our dear sister and long-time SDIA team member, Solen Lees, lost her son, Laury, on July 1. For those of us who know and love him, he was an amazing, caring and charismatic person. May he rest in peace. The funeral is planned for July 13.

Some of you have been asking us how you can remember Laury. Laury was a passionate volunteer engaged in and committed to environmental protection. Instead of sending flowers, consider sending >

a message and a contribution to the Laury Gratiet Environmental Youth Fund which will support SD projects working with youth to conserve and protect the natural environment.

<https://www.susiladharm.org/laury-gratiet-environmental-youth-fund/>

Donations to Susila Dharma Youth Projects in Memory of Laury Gratiet

Laury (25.05.99) was born and raised on the Cote D'Armor – the northern coast of Brittany, France – where he lived with his mother, Solen, his father, Jacqui, his sister, Maia, and much later with his half-sister, Poppy. He was very close to his maternal grandparents: David & Kathleen Lees and his paternal grandparents: François & Louise Gratiet.

Growing up by the sea he developed a passion for sailing and for teaching young people to sail – he spent much of his time out on the Atlantic.

Laury travelled around the world with his family – Laury lived at Amanecer in Colombia and loved helping out at the Semillitas day care centre for children when he was meant to be doing his school work (aged 10-11); he volunteered as part of Human Force with Susila Dharma in Kalimantan, Indonesia and Puebla, Mexico; he travelled to Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil, and spent significant time in the UK where he had friends and family, including his godmother, Nina.

All the travelling resulted in him speaking several languages fluently: French, English, Breton and Spanish.

Laury played the accordion and particularly loved Latin American and Breton music and he was passionate about Breton dancing.

Laury had a beautiful smile, an infectious laugh and a warm heart. His mother, Solen, describes him as sensitive, intelligent, stubborn, charming, lovable, passionate, idealistic, infuriating, determined and affectionate! He cared passionately about people and planet and he was motivated by making the world a better place.

We know that he would want any donations for his legacy to go towards helping others so we have set up this page dedicated to funding youth programmes which have an environmental focus with Susila Dharma. Instead of flowers, any contributions to this fund would be gratefully received in his honour.

Rest in peace and harmony, sweet Laury. We love you – love is eternal. ●



I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE...

Subagio writes from Adelaide Australia...

Last Thursday 11.06.2020 morning my Protégé in Translation and Interpreting, a very kind young Indonesian lady, Rita Kinge took me out for lunch to Empress Restaurant in Burnside.

While I was reading the Menu I fell out of consciousness, I thought I was going to die, and I was ready for it. The Owner of the Restaurant called the Ambulance. The Paramedic gave me Cardio Pulmonary Resuscitation then they took me to RAH. In RAH, I was given a Pacemaker implant in my chest.

The bottom part of my heart did not send enough elec-



. Rita and Subagio at Court... >

trical message to upper part, leading to Low Oxygen Level in the my Brain, resulting in loss of consciousness.

I was discharged the following day Friday, 12.06.2020 after lunch and immediately started work again. I am lucky, I have Rita, who accompanied me to RAH and stayed there, taking notes for me what the doctor/staff said. She has been a good friend to me since we met. When I noted her talent in English language and good demeanour, I trained her for interpreting in Court, I invited her to watch me in court. Now she has done interpreting in every Court and every Hospital. God bless.

Stay safe and well. Love to all, Subagio.

Thank You, Leonard Van Hien

Latifah Taormina writes...

Seven years ago, Leonard Van Hien, cellist, sent these three wonderful musical pieces that were part of a CD he was making as a surprise for his beautiful wife on their wedding anniversary! Leonard told us making the CD was a most "enjoyable collaboration" between himself and Sachlan McKingley, producer.

A tall and loving giant among us, Leonard has just passed on, but his love and music lives on. Happily, he put three pieces from that CD on You Tube. And we can share them with you here! May God bless him and his family for his many good deeds and lasting gifts!

Massenet: Elegie: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W58yofpnlCI&feature=youtu.be>

Schubert: Serenade <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7rswzSacZT0&feature=youtu.be>

Van Hien: My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-VSTVRHQzrw&feature=youtu.be>



PEOPLE

Sebastian Paemen shares...

Sometimes the things which bother me don't bother you.

Sometimes the things which bother you don't bother me.

Sometimes the same things bother you and me.

Sometimes the same things don't bother you and me.

Sometimes the thing which is most important to you doesn't mean anything to me.

Sometimes the thing which is most important to me doesn't mean anything to you.

Sometimes it doesn't really matter, we love each other anyway.



See Sebastian's blog at adutchmanbythethames.weebly.com/blog

AVAILABLE ONLINE FOR THE FIRST TIME
A GIFT FROM GOD &
BAPAK: THE MAN AND HIS MISSION



“

*A landmark production
presenting a vivid and coherent
account of Bapak's life and
the story of Subud...*

”

For the first time Subud Voice is making available online four video programs which document the history and development of Subud from Bapak's birth in 1901 to his 100th anniversary in 2001. The programs are...

BAPAK THE MAN AND HIS MISSION

Part 1: 1901-1959: The Origins of Subud. 1 hr 16 mins

Part 2: 1957-1971: Preparing the Vessel. 1 hr 20 mins

Part 3: – 1971-2001: Putting the Latihan into Practice. 1 hr 26 mins

Then all three were compiled into one handy 65 minute version
A GIFT FROM GOD 1901-2001.

For more information and how to get the programs
CLICK ON THIS LINK

<https://www.subudvoice.net/shop/>

This will take you to a page where the four videos are listed, each one identified by a thumbnail of Bapak.

If you want more information about each of the videos click on the thumbnails of Bapak, which will take you to a page describing the contents of the video and its duration.

Each of the videos costs **US\$25** to purchase the rights to watch online, as many times as you like.

Or you can purchase the rights to stream all four for **US\$60**.

The site will ask you to set up a LOG-IN with username, email address and password in order to purchase the rights to view. Please make a note of this information in case you need to access the site on future occasions.

The site will give you the option to pay for the videos from a PayPal account or from a credit card. Once you have made the payment you will receive in your email account LINKS to whatever videos you have purchased to view.

Remember that we are selling the rights to these videos in order to support the ongoing production of Subud Voice.

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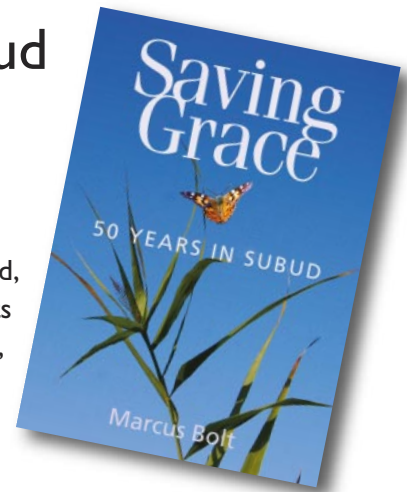
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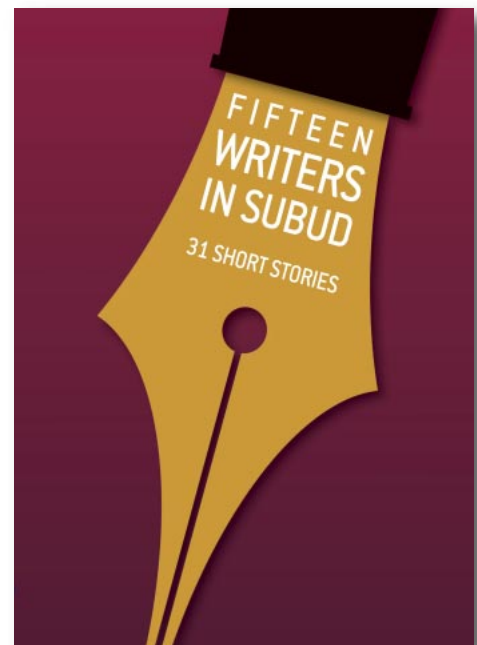
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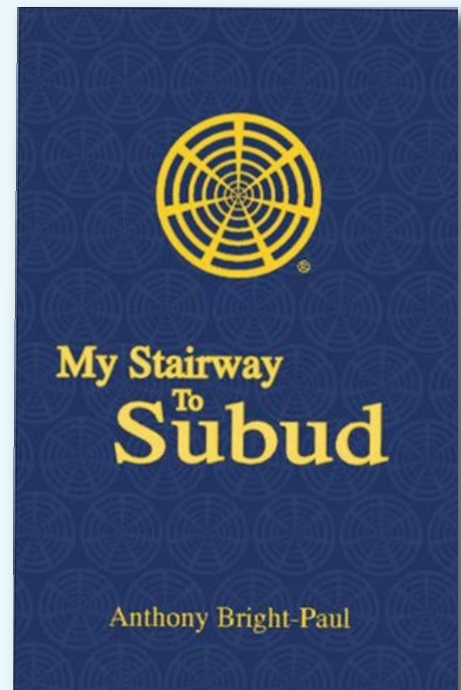


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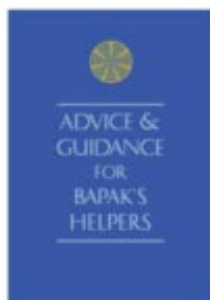
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