



Changes to Timing of World Congress



It has been confirmed that the World Congress will not take place in January 2024 as we have not yet received the permit from the Indonesian government and the WSA believes it is too short notice for members to allow for appropriate planning.

After discussion, the Zone Reps instructed Suyono, WSA Executive Chair, to advise by the end of October at the latest whether we have received a permit to hold the Congress in July 2024. Suyono will work hard to obtain a response over the coming months. If by October, we have not received a permit, the plan is to postpone the Congress until January 2025.

Ultimately the plan is to have a full World Congress in July 2024 or in January 2025 - with a decision being made by this October. Thank you everyone for your patience and understanding!

Check out the congress website for the latest news... The news and blog page also has a series of stories about five important projects in Kalimantan including BCU School and colour YTS and Kalimantan Gold.

We start with Kalimantan Gold, YTS and BCU! <https://www.subudworldcongress.org/news>

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NEW DATES FOR WORLD CONGRESS

Attached is the letter from the WSA Executive Chair, Suyono Sumohadiwidjojo on the new dates of the next World Congress.

Based on intensive consultation with the Government and discussion with representatives of the Zones and the Council members, the proposed date for the next World Congress in Kalimantan is **18th - 28th July 2024**.

[Click the link below to see Suyono's letter](#)

Pioneering Kalimantan gold mining.



<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/07/CONDATES.pdf>

SUBMISSIONS Submissions to Subud Voice on any aspect of Subud life are welcomed.
Send to Harris Smart, subudvoice@gmail.com

To Pass the Examination for Heaven

Excerpts from words of advice from M'bakju Rochanawati, Bapak's granddaughter, circa 1963/64

All that matters is worship of God.

M'bakju Rochanawati is not afraid to die or give up everything; but I will not give up worship of God.

It is important for you to be happy already in this world, otherwise you will not be happy after you die.

Even if you are ill and suffer, you must be happy inside.

It means God is taking some dirt off you when you are ill.

When you are near Bapak here, you may often feel like 'complaining', or feel 'irritated' or 'unpleasant'. This is the dirt coming out.

The unpleasant feelings you have now come from the influences around and they come into you and also there is dirt inside.

All this comes out when you are near Bapak.

When you suffer, when you worship God, it is only like pricks hurting from the outside.

But if you do not worship God, the suffering takes the whole of you.

Therefore with the worship of God, you can always be happy, even if you have to suffer, because inside you are strong and happy.

When someone does not like you – leave it; or if someone likes and admires you – leave it – it does not matter.

All that matters is worship of God: Please God, forgive, forgive, forgive.

The helpers sometimes say in the latihan to the members: "Don't think when you do the latihan", but when they say that, they think themselves.

The way to heaven is through hell.

(M'bakju Rochanawati describes how we have to pass through fire, water, and air.)

M'bakju has experienced this. *(She describes that she had to become one with the fire, and one with the water, therefore she did not feel the fire as fire nor the water as water).*

Now you are still in the golden years; until you are sixty-three. Make the most of your golden years.

As a helper you may come to know the secrets of people, either from inside, receiving or, from outside when they tell you about themselves.

But a helper must never repeat this to someone else; it must be locked up. *(Gestures pointing at closed mouth.)*

You are under obligation to God in this regard. And also the helpers must not test about another person unless that person asks for it.

M'bakju is alone in my worship of God.

M'bakju would give up everything and everybody, if necessary, but not my worship of God. They can take everything away from me, but nobody can take my worship of God; and in that, I am alone.

M'bakju must not be too close to people, not even to my own children. Sometimes I see that my children want me very much, but I must not be too close to them either, just as I must not be too close to everybody else.

It is the same with them as it is with other people. I must not be too close with you either, so when we separate, it will not be too hard to separate. Worship of God has the first place.

You must sit on the passions and not let the passions sit on you. But with most people, the passions sit on them.

You must worship God under all conditions, whether happy or sad. You must worship God under all conditions, sincerely, 100%.

M'bakju *(talking to the women after latihan about the importance not to be afraid, but to worship God):* God will protect you if you submit 100%.

It is especially important with women who may have babies, as it affects the baby, if you are afraid. *(Among various examples, M'bakju gives the example: someone who is not afraid of TB will not catch it when living among TB people, but someone who is afraid of it will catch it).*



So it is with fear. What you are afraid of can enter into you. Therefore you must not be afraid, but submit to God, and God will protect you.

You must watch yourself each day and not speak badly about others or judge them or be jealous or irritated or gossip or take notice of things which are not your concern.

If you do this, are watchful every day, then you will begin to build a good character.

If you do this and do not allow your passions to be the boss, but correct yourselves as mentioned, this is like an inner fasting.

You must be the boss above your passions, and not let your passions be the boss.

You must love yourself.

If you love yourself, you will not readily dirty yourself and you will not do those things as mentioned before, like talking about other people.

Your first love is to God, then to yourself, then to your husband and your family.

You must be thankful to God for suffering because it means that the dirt inside us from ourselves and from our ancestors is being removed. It is better to be ill and suffer in this world than in the next. Every part in yourselves has to become clean.

We always make ourselves dirty by sinning unconsciously or by sinning and not being able to stop (*for instance, by speaking about other people, by disliking other people, by jealousy, envy, etc*).

You must be aware of your sins. Suffering makes you aware of your sins.

M'bakju is not afraid to die, but I want to die at the right time, when freed from all my sins. Before you die you must come to being alone with God.

M'bakju does not mind what people say about me; all that matters is to worship God.

Patience is the key to heaven. Without patience you cannot make progress.

If you feel worried or hurt by people, or pleased if they admire you, or angry with someone, or sad, this eats into your heart and makes wounds.

But for heaven you must have a whole, pure heart.

So when anyone hurts you – leave it – leave it, forgive him or her – leave it and forget it.

Let it not get into you; it must remain on the outside.

Inside you must be happy and untouched by it, worshipping God.

M'bakju is always happy and praying inside, "Oh God, forgive, forgive."

And when people come with their worries, it does not make M'bakju weak because I am always praying inside to God, and therefore being happy.

You must come to that.

To pass the examination for heaven, you must be happy all the time. You cannot come into heaven with a heart full of wounds. If someone hurts you, forgive him or her and forget about it. Don't let it enter you and remain with you." <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/02/Rochana-wati.pdf> ●

“ *If someone hurts you, forgive him or her and forget about it. Don't let it enter you and remain with you ...* ”

After I Die

Rashidah Pope writes from Perth, Australia, about the importance of every latihan...

When I was a child growing up in Cilandak, Bapak would often give talks during social events like weddings, birthdays, Eid and other celebrations. For us kids, it was always an exciting treat to be able to stay up late and play outside in the cool night air. With no television and no telephones, our main entertainment in those days was to attend social events at the hall, to play outside and enjoy the food and festivities

One evening, during a big event in the latihan hall, my friends and I were playing hide and seek out the front of the hall while Bapak was giving a talk inside. I was about 7 or 8 years old and not yet of the age where I would be listening or paying any attention to the words of Bapak's talk.

That evening, the main large front doors of the Hall were all wide open and my friends and I were running around outside and having great fun. When it was my turn to hide, I found a hiding place behind one of the big doors of the hall and was puffing and panting and catching my breath.

As I stood there hiding in the dark behind the door, I suddenly was aware of Bapak's voice over the loudspeakers and I heard the words, "After you die, you will regret every Latihan that you have missed or didn't attend."



After you die, you will regret every latihan that you have missed or didn't attend...



I was only a child, and I wasn't listening to Bapak's talk, but as I heard those words at that precise moment, I felt the words go straight into my chest. That was all I heard, and then I ran off and played with my friends again. Even fifty years later, I have never forgotten that moment, and it has had a most powerful impact on my life.

Some people might say I tend to be a bit over-zealous about Subud and the latihan... Even when I have had a good excuse or a very good reason not to go to the hall, and even when my lower forces really, really didn't want to go, I still do my best to make going to latihan my priority, no matter what. Those words I unexpectedly heard as a child are the reason.

I'm not saying that these words are true for everyone. We each have our own unique journey. But I believe that I heard those words at that precise moment over fifty years ago because going to Latihan at least twice a week was what I needed most for my life. It was THE most important purpose of my whole life and the reason I was born.

God willing, when I die, I will not feel too much regret for the latihans I have missed.

No doubt there will be regrets, but I've tried all my life to prioritise the latihan, despite all the forces and busy life events that constantly attempt to prevent me from going. ●

Acknowledging Grief and Depression

Vincent Mount is from the UK and is currently the acting chair of Subud's charitable wing Susila Dharma International. He writes...

This year I have been struggling with a profound depression that hit me hard and surprised me by its potency. It came when I returned from my big trip away in Indonesia, New Zealand and Australia in February.

That had been a powerful experience of attending the World Subud Council gathering in Kalimantan, representing SDIA, and then spending a couple of weeks to be with my son Hamdan in Melbourne, and my sisters Clarice and Marcia and their families in the South Island of New Zealand.

My sisters Alice and Virginia had come from England as well. I had such a lovely time with my sisters and son, feeling a happy connection with them all, it felt like a huge blessing. I was away a whole month from work, although I maintained a connection with my colleagues, so it wasn't a big shock coming back when I returned.

An incredible journey of self-discovery...

My time with three of my sisters over the last few days on the Banks peninsula at a remote beach felt sublime. We had gone out to New Zealand specifically to spend time with Clarice, who has been dealing with cancer over the last decade.

She has been on a decline again, the cancer has come back with a vengeance, causing her a lot of pain and upheaval. She is coming to terms with the fact that she is dying, though it has been a hard process for her to fully accept, wanting to maintain a positive approach.

It has been an incredible journey of self-discovery along the way, and she has shown me a resilience inside that has been moving to witness. In our days together I had thought I would want to talk with her a lot about death and life, but actually what felt most natural and comfortable was just spending time with each other.

We made and ate lovely meals together, swam and spent time on the beach, which was quiet and beautiful with the light and colours held there. We talked, laughed, listened to music and danced together.

That was what was natural, feeling that connection between us as siblings, stripping away the differences and confusion of difficult conflict that had sprung up over the years of her dealing with the cancer in her own way, and the polarising experience of Covid. We shared about our mother >



Rosanna who had just died on Christmas Eve, the ending of an era for us children.

Returning to England...

I hit the ground with a bump. I started to feel the meaninglessness of work and my life, and steadily began to feel very low in confidence and self-worth. I felt increasingly like a fraud, that people would see me for who I am, inexperienced and with no real special capacity or skills to offer in my work.

This also affected my Susila Dharma work, my relationships with people all around me. I felt very vulnerable and alone, unable to reach out. I felt like I had a very thin skin, it was painful going to work, painful getting up each morning, extremely challenging finding purpose and focus each day. I questioned everything about myself and faced all my inner demons.

I lost my appetite, my sex drive, my confidence and any resilience I thought I might have had. This went on for weeks on end, I began to despair that I might ever feel anything else again. I tried doing the Ramadan fast, for the first time in twenty years, thinking and hoping this might help. But it just seemed to amplify my feelings of depression and hopelessness even more, and after doing most of the fast I stopped, it seemed like to wasn't good to carry on.

My solace was curling up in bed and sleeping in oblivion, and not wanting to emerge from that place. When awake, I just liked being out in nature, walking and feeling immersed in it. Those were the only two places I felt ok, and this went on for weeks on end. Even in latihan I felt very little, like I was drifting and lost.

The only thing I could do was pay attention to small things, observing that something might change for a few minutes or an hour, and that small detail was important in itself. I would notice the light in the sky, the colours and smells of flowers around me, the birdsong of spring, the sensation of dissolving in water when I swim. I needed to be quiet and alone often. But I would feel guilty about being so low around my family and colleagues, like I was letting everyone down.

Gradually my wife and a few close friends spoke to me about grief and suggested that much of what I was feeling could be explained by that. Before when my dad died when I was 16 years old, it felt different to losing my mum, so I hadn't been prepared for this. Looking after my mum for the last twenty years has been quite a rock for me in my life, and suddenly that wasn't there anymore.

My children are growing up, most of them off doing their own thing, not needing me so much anymore. My wife Mariamah has been studying these last two years and is fulfilled in pursuing this new part of her life journey. I have been a steady ship holding things afloat for my family, working at my job for the last 13 years. But now I felt adrift, without direction.

I was able to mention to a few colleagues and friends that I was going through this process, and I heard a few times people tell me that they had been through similar experiences and the most encouraging thing was that they had come through eventually, and that it would shift and change, and I would feel better again, even stronger than before. This was hard to imagine at the time but comforting to hear. I didn't know that grieving felt like this.

I wrote a song about my depression...

The first song I had made in four or five years. That was cathartic. My songs have always been a way for me to express my emotions held deep within. I shared my song with my sister Clarice, even though I had doubts about doing it, adding to her struggles. I knew it would be hard for her to hear it. She wanted to know what was behind my words.

The song starts about the small observations I'd had walking in nature and observing the light and the sky, the moon at night, feeling like I was reaching out to it, acknowledging my mum. Some of the verses convey the heavy feeling of hopelessness and depression and are mournful and hard to share in a song.

But in the chorus, I acknowledge wolves willing me to ride, that someone is by my side, that I am not alone. I guess those beings have always accompanied me, chiding me to keep going, and in this case to keep showing up. It's been the hardest thing to acknowledge that all I could do sometimes was to show up each day.



I can try to face my feelings more fully, acknowledge them and let go of them as they come...



Little by little over the last few weeks, I have started feeling better, lighter, not quite so low. I have more resolve, more feelings of focus, and my appetite and sex drive have returned, and so has my ability to surrender more deeply in the latihan.

Through this process I have come to acknowledge that I have always struggled with depression in my life, but that I have masked it with being busy with one thing or another. Work, marriage and fatherhood, looking after my mum, and having various Subud roles as well.

I have more respect for the inner churning of depression and hopelessness inside. I understand that I don't have answers for most of the big questions in life, like what I'm here for, like why is it so hard to be alive with the meaninglessness of things around me. I'm grateful that I have never felt that suicide was an option. But I have friends who have died this way, and I know how close many people come to that. I find that fact hard to bear, that we often feel so alone and helpless with the burden of living.

Experience in Freiburg...

I had an experience a few years ago in the Freiburg congress that stays with me. I think it was in a general testing after the latihan, but I can't remember exactly now. We asked how my soul was before I came into this life, then how is my soul in this life, and lastly, how will my soul be when I leave this life. The receivings were very clear and helpful to me.

In the first one about how my soul was before I came into this world, I was flying, quite happily, flip-flapping around. In this life, I was rather bowed down and burdened, experiencing all the hardship and heavy feelings that I've described above. And in the last one I was flying again, but this time I flew with real purpose, soaring high and wide, a wonderful feeling.

And I realised that I had to come into this world to experience the grounding of earth to help me to soar in the next life. It was good to feel this. I guess the experiencing of living it in actuality is really hard, but I see that now for what it is. I might have to remind myself of these things again in the future, I seem to have a short memory.

But I feel comfortable staying close to my hopelessness inside, that the feelings of one thing are connected to the other feelings, one can't come without the other. I shouldn't try to be happy, but I can try to face my feelings more fully, acknowledge them and let go of them as they come. Let them flow through me, threads of life that are all important. Each of them is valid and welcome. ●

Vincent is a practising landscape architect with over 20 years in the field, working in the UK, USA, and Colombia. He has design and project management skills that have enabled him to carry out and deliver projects from inception all the way to implementation, including many community and public realm improvements.

He's travelled widely and is happily married with four children. He's a keen musician and songwriter and has volunteered and managed volunteers through his work. His interest in Susila Dharma is in engaging young people and becoming more active together to raise the profile of humanitarian projects around the world. He is keen to encourage people in their creative and courageous efforts.

Vincent has also served as chair of Susila Dharma Britain.

Letter to the Editor *Ismail Fido writes...*

Dear Harris,

It was a most interesting Subud Voice for July. There seem to be a number of people my age or older reminiscing or writing their spiritual autobiographies. I find that interesting.

I was surprised to see David Warrior - who was a very quiet man - do that. He lived, may even still live, in Cilindak and was on good terms with Emmanuel Williams and some of the other long-term Western residents.

There always seemed a difference between the long-term residents and we visitors. You visited more times than me and often went on Subud business, so I would say you might have a different insight into the place than me.

At the time of all this reminiscing Subud also seems to be going through a sort of catharsis. Where it will lead, I have no idea. The motto of the Delphic Oracle was "Know thyself". I am not surprised that many spiritual traditions caution about revealing personal details. ●

Glimpses of the Soul

Harris Smart reviews the new book by David Warrior...

I have recently very much enjoyed *Glimpses of the Soul* by David Warrior. David is originally from England, but he has lived for many years in Indonesia where he is well-known for involvement in the advertising industry. His book is a “spiritual autobiography” of his life in Subud.

His book divides into three parts. The first part focuses on the first three years of his life after he was opened as a teenager. He very quickly began to have vivid and meaningful spiritual experiences. For example, it became impossible for his mouth to accept alcohol or pork. Or his legs might guide him when his mind had no idea where he was going. His life at this time was often unsettled in the material sense, but the guidance he received from God was clearly evident, often in quite amazing ways.

This phase of his life culminated when he went to the USA to attend a Congress at the Subud community in Skymont. He went into a full-blown crisis, which was often characterised by crippling feelings of fear, but on the other hand, he had some visionary experiences of his own and was often able to help other people through his insights.

Some of the experiences are so amazing they are humorous. For instance, through a series of misadventures he missed the plane back to England. He was completely broke, and his plane ticket expired at midnight. Two minutes before midnight he was given a lift back to England on an empty 747; no passengers except David and eight stewardesses.

This section of the book also includes a very interesting discussion about relationships between men and women. David was finally faced with an agonising choice...

I was confronted with a choice; St. Tropez or Cilandak in Indonesia. A summer with a beautiful young French woman on the French Riviera, or five weeks in a very hot and humid compound, living in a bamboo long-house with two thousand Subud members from all around the world surrounded by about two million mosquitoes?

Indonesia...

He chose the mosquitoes and went to Indonesia for the '71 Congress and has remained there for most of the rest of his life. His very vivid spiritual experiences have continued. For instance, he has had ghostly encounters with the legendary Javanese king Senopati.

And when a disgruntled employee wanted to murder him, David was saved by his spiritual intuitions on two occasions. At one point he was forced to live outside Indonesia for two years after he had exposed a corruption scandal.

However, this part of the book is particularly concerned with David's outer experiences of “effort and enterprise”. He has worked for three multinationals and finally, with his wife, founded their own advertising agency in Jakarta. But he has been involved in many other activities as well.

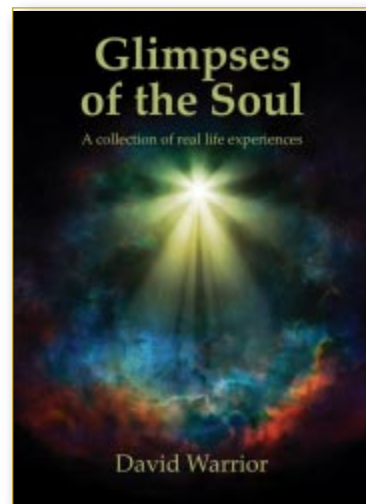
He set up a small factory to make stoneware which was extremely successful as well as beneficial to the families of those who worked in it. He also participated very actively in a number of programs for YUM, the Indonesian Susila Dharma foundation. He designed buildings for its clinics and worked in a project for the homeless.

At the other end of the spectrum, he has represented major overseas companies to the Indonesian government. At other times he has worked in the fashion and audiovisual industries. His story is an inspiring example of how one person can have many different talents.

Reflections...

The final part of the book is a series of reflections on various things which have come up out of David's inner and outer experiences, and the intertwining of the two. For instance, he talks about courage, the courage that Bapak said we should have in doing enterprise.

He also examines different kinds of fear that prevent us from doing things. His discussion of the nature of different forces - material, vegetable, animal and human - is illuminating. He also gives



some good advice about what to say to your children when they ask about sex.

He talks about enterprise as one who has really walked the walk. His book is very timely in that there is a great deal of discussion about enterprise at the moment as we approach the 2024 Congress and David says a lot of things worth listening to.

He is particularly interesting when he talks about the relationship between the forces and advertising.

Marketing and advertising is like playing with material forces on steroids! The entire objective is to turn a basic human need into an imaginary burning desire. In some cases, even the 'basic need' is purely imaginary, simply created by advertisers who then feed the consumer's carefully cultivated desire...

Somehow wearing a particular brand of jeans will solve your problem with finding a fashion model to go on a date with. Sports cars promise the same. Even deodorants promise to make you irresistible to the opposite sex.

No, it won't. We all know that. So why does it work? It all goes back to that wonderful fantasy feeling our imagination creates for our heart, which in turn corrupts our mind that holds the purse strings.

He also explains how he has been able to work in advertising while avoiding the pitfalls of exaggeration, dishonesty and unethical behaviour.

But he has useful things to say about enterprise in general. At one point he says that Subud members sometimes remind him of people standing on the edge of a cliff waiting for instructions about how to fly. Little do they know that the instructions about how to fly only come after they have jumped off the cliff.

David's experiences are often quite out of the ordinary, but he does not tell them in any vain or boastful way, but continually refers them back to the explanations given by Bapak and Ibu Rahayu. His life may be described as adventurous in both the inner and outer senses, but he sees its central purpose as learning to become obedient to God.

I think this is a very interesting and valuable book, full of colourful experiences and intelligent discussion. It is certainly one of the best of the Subud "spiritual autobiographies". David hopes that the book will be a good introduction to Subud for new members, but it also has a lot to say to old-timers like me, who may find their own experience mirrored in David's book.

The book can be obtained by going to the bookstore at www.lulu.com and entering David Warrior or Glimpses of the Soul in the Search.

Wrong Problem, Wrong Answer

David Warrior has recently shared with me some 'offcuts' from his book Glimpses of the Soul. There were some things he had to cut out of the book because he did not want the book to become too long, and some of these he has sent me. The first of these is a story about testing, and how important it is to identify what the problem really is when someone asks for testing. I found it a very important and instructive story...

It was some time around 1972 that I received a message from a friend (I will call him Jack), in England in the form of a letter. I had known Jack and his wife quite well during my first two years in Subud South London. They were in their early thirties, happily married and very sincere Subud members.

As I read their letter it was clear that they were going through a difficult time. Jack was feeling very restless with his job, his wife was also feeling 'stuck', and even their latihan seemed flat. They were unhappy and Jack felt that he and his wife needed a big change.

He had a strong feeling to move to New Zealand or Australia to the point he did some testing with the helpers about emigrating. The result they received was fairly positive, but this would be a very big and risky move, so Jack really wanted a second opinion.

Jack had heard that I knew Ibu Mastuti well, so he hoped I could get his request for advice through to Bapak and get a reply a lot quicker than going through the normal channels of the secretariat.

It was the next day that I had the opportunity to explain Jack's story to Ibu Mastuti and she was



Bapak would pray for an improvement in his situation...



more than happy to oblige. She told me she would speak to Bapak that night before dinner and I should come to see her the next day in the big house for Bapak's response. That night I wondered what Bapak's advice for Jack would be.

Around lunch time the next day I wandered over to the big house and saw Ibu Mastuti. She smiled and came over to where I was standing at the rear entrance and surprised me with a question. "Bapak wants to know, what is the real problem?" Fortunately, I did not react to the absurdity of Bapak asking me a question, and instead simply said that Jack had been married for several years and his wife still had not become pregnant. They had no children.

The next day Ibu Mastuti passed on Bapak's advice for Jack, which was that Jack should stay in England and that Bapak would pray for an improvement in his situation. A couple of months later I heard that Jack and his wife were expecting their first child. I take this as a cautionary tale about testing a possible solution before understanding the real problem.

Experience with Sudarto

The second 'offcut' that David has shared with me concerns a story about Sudarto, who was one of the very experienced Indonesian helpers who lived in the Wisma Subud compound in Jakarta...

It was about nine o'clock in the evening and I was sitting on the terrace of Pak Sudarto's new house behind the latihan hall. It was Ramadan, and there were about half a dozen visitors sitting on benches eagerly asking Pak Sudarto various questions, most quite personal, others on more general subjects.

A young American lady had asked whether the stories in the Bible were true, or just myths? She was interested in the passage referring to Moses being led in the desert by a cloud during the day and a column of fire at night. Could it be real?

Pak Sudarto closed his eyes for a few moments and then started to try and explain. After a couple of minutes, it was clear that his English vocabulary was not really up to the job to explain a rather complicated answer.

Or it could be the young American lady's English was the problem. Suddenly Pak Sudarto turned to me and said "*tolong terjemahkan*", asking me to translate. He then closed his eyes again, so I closed my eyes to concentrate on hearing his words.

Pak Sudarto started talking, and after a couple of sentences, he stopped for me to translate. As I explained in English what he had said I suddenly saw in my mind's eye a Cecil B DeMille production of a middle eastern man walking in a vast desert on a dark night, followed by a very long line of hundreds of men, women, and children.

My eyes were still closed, and I heard Pak Sudarto's distant voice start again, and now I was translating as he was speaking. The film in my mind continued and it became almost surrealistic as I continued with the explanation. After a few minutes the film faded out, and I opened my eyes to see Pak Sudarto beaming at me with his trademark smile.

It was then that I realized that he had stopped talking after his first couple of sentences. That was a shock!

It seems that somehow Pak Sudarto was able to 'share' his receiving with me, and I was only relating what I was seeing. I first apologized to Pak Sudarto, not knowing if I had overstepped a line, and then asked him if what I had said was right. He laughed and said "*Benar, betul, bagus*," confirming that I had delivered his explanation correctly.

I was quite stunned by this experience, and when I looked at the young lady who asked the question I felt as embarrassed as she looked confused. And then we moved on to the next question from someone else, which thankfully did not require my participation.

Of course, anyone reading this will be asking "Well what was the answer?! Was the story in the >



Sudarto.

“ I was quite stunned by this experience...”

bible a myth or was it real?"

The answer was rather enigmatic to our worldly minds, but as best as I can remember, what I saw was that the event really happened, that is that Moses did lead a huge crowd of Israelites through the desert. The cloud and pillar of fire were real, but only visible to Moses, not to the crowd, and the moral of the story was symbolic, that when we are guided by our inner, we can see the signs that others cannot. Such was Pak Sudarto's receiving.

Editor: Some years ago, we made a small book containing Sudarto's very interesting writings for the PEWARTA on the subject of sex amongst other things. If you would like to obtain a copy as a PDF, click here: <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/06/05SUDARTO.pdf> ●

What Subud or any Enterprise Needs

Sahlan Diver writes...

Encouragement of the enterprise ideal is good, but Subud at the national, zonal, or international level can help make it happen though a dedicated support team. This is not the same as Subud owning and running enterprise, an unwieldy arrangement guaranteed to end in disaster, but in Subud providing free or reasonably priced packaged services that allow the enterprises of its members to take root and flourish.

So, how would you go about providing marketing services to budding Subud enterprises? I am going to spell it out for you in detail, as I know too well from past experience of Subud that these things tend to get lost in wishy-washy debate which ends in harmonious feelings but no actual action plan.

At least four experts are needed. (People more familiar than myself with marketing might want to add to the following list)

- (1) A person who is an actual marketing professional, preferably with experience across a range of industries
- (2) A person with a proven track-record of social media campaigning.
- (3) A commercial artist with the skills to enliven advertising copy and web pages with appropriate graphics
- (4) A Linux server expert to organise the essential web site hosting and coding. A properly functioning, frequently updated web site is an essential for any serious venture, whether purely commercial, cultural or charitable.

Please don't tell me you have this covered by a register of experts. That won't cut it...

To read his complete article, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/06/05CENTERPRISE.pdf> ●

Subud in Suriname

Read about Subud in Suriname, a small country in South America, located on the Northeastern coast. It is the middle of the three Guyana's.

Suriname has a unique situation because although it is located in South America, many people of Javanese descent are to be found there, because Javanese were brought there to work in the plantations.



Subud was brought to Suriname by Mr. and Mrs. Bambang Saptodewo; he was the Consul General of the Republic of Indonesia in Suriname in the period 1967-1971. On 8 November 1967 the organization Subud was founded in the compound of the Consul General at van Brussellaan # 3 in Paramaribo.

To read more about Subud in Suriname, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/06/06ASURINAME.pdf> ●

That Bigger Perspective

Salamah Pope passed away on August 30, 2017. Her daughter, Rashidah Pope, has written this tribute to her mother...

When Mum turned 80, she described herself in her autobiography:

“Now I am ancient, I am a sort of semi-Pagan, a nature-lover and a philosopher.

SuBuD is my passion, my safety, my comfort; I am a card-carrying member of the Green party, and – for the hell of it – a Theosophist. And also I am a Friend: that is, a Quaker.

These things I belong in, go to, attend, am involved with; yet, although I never go near a mosque, I know myself, deeply, in the marrow of my bones, to be a Muslim. The word Al-Lah (meaning, simply, The God) lives in me.”

When someone asked Mum if her life story had a common theme, this is what she wrote:

“And it dawned on me, that my life theme really, truly, was Spirituality. The Spirit, the SuBuD spiritual latihan, and God, ‘life, the universe and everything’. And, secondly, about values, human values, goodness, and ethics – the Big Question of “How ought we to live?”

Salamah was born Jenny Stewart in 1933; an ordinary suburban girl in an atheist household in North London. Her life journey transformed young Jenny into Salamah Pope, a philosopher, a teacher, an anthropologist, a writer, an environmentalist, a futurist, and an activist, as well as being a mother, wife, grandmother and great-grandmother.

Growing up in an atheist family, it wasn't till she joined Subud that she began to believe in “God” because Subud gave her a direct experience of something “Other” that she knew wasn't of this world. She was passionate about Subud because it filled an emptiness that she experienced when she was a teenager.

In her own words this is what she wrote:

“As a teenager, I knew there was something missing from my life. There seemed to be no meaning, no purpose even, in my life. I couldn't decide what I wanted to do when I left school. I didn't even know what I liked and what I didn't like. I was thoroughly mixed up young woman.

So, I went shopping - for God, or Something to fill that emptiness inside me - and that started me on to a search, a Quest, which resulted in my finding the Gurdjieff system of Work on Oneself.

Which, in turn, led on to Subud.

Which changed everything.

And, eventually, filled up that empty hole inside me, and gave me myself, my Real Self.”

Her Spiritual Compass

Mum was an active Subud member for 60 years and this was her constant and her spiritual compass. Her parallel religious journey took her through various faiths and traditions and in the end, it was the Quaker values of simplicity, peace, integrity, community, equality and stewardship of the earth that resonated most with her views on life.

She first came across the Quaker Universalists while living in Indonesia, and in Perth attended meetings on Sundays in Fremantle, and later joined officially as a Quaker.



Salamah Pope.

“ Mum was always honest and direct...”

Salamah had embraced Islam when living in Indonesia in the 60s and continued to observe the fasting month of Ramadan right up until the end of her life. Her interest in anthropology led to her working at the Jakarta National Museum, and there she studied the Hindu gods and goddesses and sacred texts and myths.

Many years later, after moving to Australia, she told me that on her census form she had put herself down as a Buddhist because those were the values she connected with.

On another occasion she sent each of us a link to an online questionnaire to see what our religion was. She delighted in the fact that the questionnaire had identified her as a pagan. We all agreed that also suited her, and frequently joked about her being a pagan Muslim Quaker Pope.

Salamah's large perspective on life was both a blessing and a burden. She felt that each of us had a responsibility to make the world a better place and in this she constantly strove to educate those around her.

Her natural talent was a teacher; she had taught at the International School, at the National University in Indonesia and, when she was in her 40s and 50s, travelled around the world lecturing at conferences on Cosmologies. In Perth she gave lectures and workshops on many different topics at the Theosophists, at the University of the Third Age and other organisations.

Even in death, she didn't want to miss the opportunity to teach. She specifically asked me to put information about the Quakers and Subud in to the order of service.

The Pattern of the World

Discovering a Pattern of the World was what inspired her life's work – in her 40s she had a spontaneous spiritual experience of how the world was ordered, or put together, and that was what she most wanted to share with others in order to find “A Cosmology fit for Gaia” – a pattern of the world that would make the world a better place.

She was dismayed by the state of the world and the trajectory she felt we were on, and to her, this pattern made sense of the world and identified what it meant to be a human being and to be a good steward of the earth.

“ *She taught me
about putting things
into perspective...* ”

Mum was an avid reader and writer, and there are literally boxes and filing cabinets full of her writings that stretch back for over 30 years. There are two books that she published – one of her life's work and the other is an anthology of Subud stories. She has at least three more books on the boil – mostly finished but not published. Hopefully we will be able to get some of those published before too long.

As a person, Mum was always honest and direct, which made her quite intimidating and was also apt to offend people unintentionally. It must have been in her DNA, as my grandmother told me that when mum was 5 years old, her kindergarten teacher wrote in her report that she was “Honest to a fault”. She would say things that were true, but most of us would know not say them.

When *Antidote*, the collection of Subud stories was published, many people told me how astounded they were by the honesty with which she wrote about herself.

The honesty went both ways though and even as an adult, she struggled to be tactful. If she offended you, please let me ask for forgiveness on her behalf.

When I was a teenager, one evening Mum came into my room and found me weeping at my desk because I was struggling with writing an essay. She didn't say anything, but took my hand and walked me outside into the dark night. She told me to look up at the stars and see how many millions and millions of stars there were and how large the universe was. She taught me about putting things into perspective and to look at the bigger picture.

For Salamah, living in the bigger picture, living spirituality, saving the earth, were her priorities in life and now that she is on her next adventure into the Great Mystery beyond this world, I trust she is experiencing that bigger perspective that she so often reminded us about.

Bapak's Ideas

(Somewhat Simplified) for Subud Sibling.

Salamah Pope spent many years endeavouring to codify and explain Bapak's philosophy, culminating in her book The Pattern of the World. She also wrote an introductory essay which we present here exactly as she wrote it. There is a link to the complete essay and also a link to the complete book, The Pattern of the World...

1. Introduction

As we all know, Bapak brought us the great gift of the latihan: but he also bequeathed us a holistic set of ideas – a 'philosophy', as he called it – which could, I think, be almost as beneficial to humankind.

Please note that, in order to make this essay on Bapak's ideas as simple as possible, I am using end notes for those who want a little more information.

Although these ideas together make up a holistic, coherent whole, they can be grouped under different headings:

- (i) the traditional cosmologies that Bapak used;
- (ii) the natural energies (called 'the lower forces' by his translators)
- (iii) a way of describing a true human being; and
- (iv) a universal ethic, derived from a natural hierarchy of human values.

The foundation of all of these is the Sufi model of creation, which Bapak talked about sometimes: Zat, Sifat, Asma, and Af'al. This depicts a four-stage pattern of emergent (= evolving, developing) process, although at first sight this may seem unclear. And the English translations of the terms (Zat = the essence or power of God; Sifat = nature, qualities; Asma = name, identity; and Af'al = products or results) are not much help here either. Yet to realize the coherence – and therefore the practical value – of Bapak's ideas as a whole, I think it's necessary to understand this model or pattern.

2. The Pattern of Process

The key to this pattern of process lies in its unseen inner form. In other words, the model as a whole is a formal framework, or an outline, or pattern, of advancing process – and each of the four stages in it has a different "format": that is, a different arrangement of its contents. You can think of this as being like a skeleton made up of a progression of four differently-shaped bones.

All Bapak's fourfold cosmologies have the same inner form, or skeleton. What this means is that within or behind all the outer visible things which make them up – the 'appearances' – lies a hidden structural form or formal structure – a different 'reality', perhaps – that is common to them all. This maps the upward urge, the opposite of entropy, showing how everything evolves in a formal, fourfold pattern of process.

It is this common pattern which connects up everything – the cosmologies, the natural energies, human beings and everything else we can see in the visible world – all together. I saw it first in a latihan vision, and it is the only thing I have added to Bapak's ideas. However, as Bapak said that what I had seen about this pattern of process was *betul*, (correct or true), please bear with me while I go over it in some detail.

To describe it first in archetypal and somewhat poetic terms, this pattern of process advances from a state of Chaos, through a state of Separation, to Union, and thence Transcendence. The same pattern, put in dryer, conceptual – and less woolly – terms is: from (i) an initial random mass or undifferentiated whole, through (ii) a process of differentiation, emerges (evolves) (iii) an integrated, coherent, organised whole: which then has (iv) a mass of various results.

The simplest and most abstract description of the whole pattern is its inherently (i.e. non-conventional) symbolic numbers: from One, comes Two, then Three, and finally Four; or, from a monad, develops a dyad or duality, which coheres into a trinity or triad, which issues in an emergent (i.e. processual) quaternary.

This pattern is not new. It goes back to Plato, Chuang Tse and others who have also discovered and formulated it, albeit in different sets of terms. For example:

Plato said: a Chaotic Whole separated into a Pair, which then came together and United as an integrated Whole, and then produced all the things and beings of this world.

Hegel said: Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis, from which comes another, follow-on, Thesis.

Jung said: from a global whole, emerge different parts, which then integrate as a dynamic coherent whole (Individuation), which has consequences.

Classic stories, too, from Mills and Boon to the epic Ramayana, show this same formal pattern: (i) boy-meets-girl-and-they-fall-in-love, (ii) boy loses girl and has to battle to get her back, (iii) they meet up again and get married, and (iv) live happily ever after.

And, generally speaking: projects develop from an initial whole but undifferentiated concept, through a preparatory stage, to a complete, organized whole – which then has results. Alternatively, a potential, via a middle developmental stage, is actualized, and that has results – which may, in turn, be potentials of follow-on processes.

Today many community forums use a version of this same pattern in their work. Open Space Technology, for example, first gets people who usually don't know each other into a circle (random whole), which then self-organizes into small special-interest groups (differentiation), and later they all come back into a circle again for "convergence" (an organised whole), which then has a variety (random whole) of results.

To read Salamah's complete article click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2022/04/Bapaks-ideas.pdf>

Salamah's complete book on Bapak's ideas, The Pattern of the World is available for free at

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/10/Pattern-of-the-World.pdf>

The Legacy

Peter Jenkins writes from the Northern Rivers of NSW. Australia...



Peter Jenkins with his real legacy, the YES Quest, which helps young people find direction in life.

Here he writes about another kind of legacy...

Milk, bread, butter and a few bananas. He loved apples, but they were too much for his ancient teeth and aching jaw.

Looking a bit like a scarecrow, the old man mumbled and stumbled his way, the few hundred meters from his wooden shack to the shop at the far end of the beach.

The shack was as dilapidated as he was, but he was happy there. Probably happier than he had ever been, but he wasn't sure. He didn't remember much.

He had some money in his pocket, a shopping list in hand, and a small notebook and pen tucked inside his straw hat.



Just one thing left to do...



No shoes. Soft sand between his toes and the tiny waves washing his purple, swollen feet.

How wonderful it was to be so happy and so ready to die. Very soon now. Maybe today.

Just one thing left to do. A simple four-line poem. A goodbye to the world, with all his wisdom expressed in one perfect verse.

The elusive little poem had been hovering just above him like a butterfly and now suddenly, it landed. His eyes filled with tears as he reached in his hat for the notebook and pen and carefully wrote it down. His legacy.

He was ready now. Blissful and free. He clutched the poem and stumbled forward, dropping his hat, stick, and shopping list. No need for bananas now. He was about to die.

Some twenty minutes later, a woman walking on the same beach, saw a hat floating on the water, a notebook, and a sodden page in the waves.

Then she saw the heap of crumpled clothes... or, yes it was the body of an old man.

There was a piece of paper in his hand.

She plucked it and read... milk... bread... butter... bananas.

Peter Jenkins' real legacy is the YES Quest which he founded to help young people in Subud find direction in life. As a special bonus to readers, click here to watch the feature-length movie about the YES Quest made by David van Noortwijk. <https://youtu.be/kclpMxbjwLg>

About Names and Changing a Name...

Isti Jenkins from the Northern Rivers of NSW, Australia, writes about names. Isti was formerly an International Helper...

When I first heard about Subud... I heard that there was a certain person who was Granted a Gift, the gift of choosing a suitable name for those who asked.

Of course, this was Yang Mulia Bapak Subuh, the founder of Subud. Someone who I had not yet met but it rang a bell, because it was noted that even Jesus Christ could do this!

Having the right name suddenly felt and became important to me when I was 17 years old.

Here is a list of questions that I aimed to find an answer to:

Why did I have a name?

Did the name have a meaning ?

How does the name I have affect me?

What attitude should I have to my name?

Should I change my name, if I'm unhappy with it?

Will I know if or when my name needs to be changed?

Well, I shall try to describe my story...

Firstly, we all know that at birth our parents choose for us a name; we are labelled with this name to prove our existence, an existence that is unique, since we are all different.

We hear this name more and more through its sound and tone from everyone around us to which we respond in one way or another.

As we mature and become spiritually aware around the age of 16, I believe we are blessed with curiosity that brings us to question more about our inner life than the outer one that has developed during home life and life at school...

So, what is the purpose of my existence, who am I really and can I see or feel an 'inner map' that will take me closer towards my destiny and farther away from my fate and what I inherited??

[In 1965...](#)

I wrote to BAPAK and asked for a more suitable name since I had reached a point in my life >





Isti Jenkins working with young people at a Subud Australia Congress.

where I was struggling to find my identity. The initial he said was the most important and so after selecting a list of five with the letter R, I received a letter stating my name was Renata.

It actually means BORN AGAIN. I accepted the name, but also felt that the time would come when I could receive (or at least partly receive) a name for myself that reflected a deeper part of my human nature or origin. This was certainly an aspiration that stayed with me almost thirty years.

In 1967/68...

I lived in Wisma Subud, Cilandak, Indonesia, during which time I embraced Islam... Why? Because the more I learned, the more I believed about this Messenger called Muhammad and I loved to hear the

Call to Prayer and to witness this open devotion from Muslims. Therefore, it was part of the process to be given an Indonesian Islamic name, if requested, and this was Rosada... and it suited me well.

What I find interesting is that during a Ramadan in 1970, I really did experience a REBIRTH and witnessed the power of the Latihan penetrate my entire body and soul.

Therefore, I felt totally transformed and Blessed, but at the same time not quite in balance and certainly not 'grounded' enough to cope with normal everyday life throughout that phase. The purpose of the name RENATA felt complete. Reflecting a little I had clearly moved from Renata to Rosada (it meant one who is spiritually aware) and it was Rosada who married in 1972 and Rosada who found the balance she needed; she received and followed guidance, giving birth to four beautiful children and fulfilled her role as a mother and wife until 1992. But this, the next phase of my life ended and the purpose of the name ROSADA felt complete.

It was not until the year 1992...

That I constantly received another name in my Latihan, the name of ISTIWATI ...although perhaps that wasn't quite it? I wrote to IBU RAHAYU, (the daughter of Bapak) since it was known that she had been given the Divine Attribute of Understanding and gift of being able to receive suitable names for members who ask. Not only did she receive a name to match the inner content of the member, but also provided the meaning.

I happened to be staying in Wisma Subud once again for the month of Ramadan in 1993 when a letter was delivered to me containing the correct name, which was ISTIGOMAH.

In short its meaning was 'steadfast', but the full meaning was given to me by Sofyan Brugger and meant : 'One who does not deviate from the straight path, under the line of the Prophets'!

Yes, this truly struck a deep chord for me both inwardly and outwardly; it covered all my beliefs, actions and aspirations and I felt very privileged to be given it, steering me away from temptations.

A NAME CAN...

Strengthen our strengths, show our own life, it is our identity.

It can become the stamp of our existence and become something.

A NAME CAN...

Describe our mission on earth, it can be the link to our essence and human soul, it can live on forever with memories, messages and spirituality that makes us feel the same and part of a global village.

A NAME CAN BE...

Ultimately like a SONG, A DREAM, A PICTURE, A PAINTING, A MAP, AN EXPRESSION, AN IMAGE, A TRIGGER, A MASK, A DISGUISE, or a RESPONSE... to a PRAYER.

BUT...

We do not need to change our name if we are happy and comfortable with it.

Bapak and Borobudur

Dr Rachman Mitchell writes from Perth, Australia...

Sometime in the early seventies we took a holiday in central Java. Bapak invited us to stay in his mother's house in Semarang. It was with some awe that I found ourselves sleeping in the same room as Bapak had had his Ascension.

I remembered his description of his return through the roof of his house and saw his body lying there, when he kissed his forehead and entered his body (giving me many thoughts on the Church's view of the crucifixion).

The next day we drove to Borobudur and climbed its steps to the summit. Each step represents many hundreds of reincarnations. At the top, representing Enlightenment, there was a definite lightness of being as we looked out across to Gunung Rapi, but nothing compared to the description of Bapak's Ascension.



Keep On Keeping On

Ismail Fido writes from Brisbane, Australia...

It is a very difficult, not to say perilous, time for the world at the moment. The events currently unfolding in the Ukraine are frightening enough, but what is happening in India and elsewhere is also alarming.

Here in Brisbane, we seem safe and protected currently, but who knows what will happen next?

Meanwhile, for most of us, life seems to proceed normally, with the odd glitch such as the shortage of certain items on supermarket shelves.

My own life, in comparison, might seem insignificant, but not to me. For every Subud member, their life is important.

The death of Rita, my wife of 35 years, after a long battle with Alzheimer's last November shocked me, but I think it was a blessed release for her and I believe her to be either already in Heaven, or well on the way there.

I saw Rita the day before she died and she looked absolutely radiant, said "I love you" and gave me a big kiss and hug. It was as if she were preparing for our wedding, rather than death. It reminded me of the tomb of Maulana Rumi in Konya, which is decorated as if it were his bridal chamber.

Rita's death also reminded me of what Bapak said about marriage, in that at that time the husband takes on the task of purifying his wife's ancestors as well as his own. I got the feeling that Rita's ancestors were now all cleansed and she would soon be meeting them in Heaven.

Since being widowed, I feel a very different man. I was exhausted after the long years of caring for Rita. Life has really begun anew. I loved Rita very much, but she has gone to a far, far better place. I remember her, commemorate her and pray for her.

In the last few months prior to Rita's death, I was increasingly confused and agitated. In Subud parlance you could say I was in crisis. Perhaps I had a premonition of what was going to happen?

To anyone in Subud in a similar situation, I would suggest you seek out a couple of good Helpers, talk to them and then, if necessary, test how you should be.

The death of a loved one is a significant stage in one's life. What happens after? I am very much reminded of that wonderful song composed by Harry Lauder after the death of his only son in World War One: "Keep right on to the end of the road." It has both real content and faith that there is something beautiful after death for those who led a good life.

Keep Right on to the End of the Road - Bing video:

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=keep+right+on+to+the+end+of+the+road+youtube&qpv=keep+right+on+to+the+end+of+the+road+youtube&view=detail&mid=09E3A555B68742AE76F609E3A555B68742AE76F6&&FORM=VRD GAR&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3Fq%3Dkeep%2Bright%2Bon%2Bto%2Bthe%2Bend%2Bof%2Bthe%2Broad%2Byoutube%26qpv%3Dkeep%2Bright%2Bon%2Bto%2Bthe%2Bend%2Bof%2Bthe%2Broad%2Byoutube%26FORM%3DVDRE>



Rumi's Tomb..

Testing Dialogue

Two “old timers” talk about testing... Anthony Bright Paul writes...

Perhaps the most significant event in Subud that happened for me was when I went to Sjafruddin and complained that I didn't receive anything in testing. I think the reason was that I immediately began to think.

When I went to Sjaf, it was up in Bapak's study and only Asikin was in the back of the room - and he began exercising with me and I well remember that there was the noise of everybody in the dining room below, all the clatter and bang, and I was brought forward and was shouting and then Sjaf began to test.

I got these tests not just immediately, it was almost as he said the words I was receiving these tests and afterwards I could not remember a single test and I thought about this actually for years, and then I realized much, much later that what I was receiving on a totally different level, and that was why I couldn't remember what was said.

That is a reflection on the sort of testing that one often does in a group and the questions that are asked are often quite trivial, so I thought I'd just mentioned that, because I was a bit surprised that nobody had remarked on this.

Nobody had asked me why it was that I had forgotten what the questions were, and nobody had commented, “Well what was the use of testing if you couldn't remember what was being tested?” Well, I think it was simply that I couldn't live at that exalted level.

Léonard Lassalle responds...

I have not often shared with you where I am at vis à vis testing.

I have been aware of how some of my friends who are helpers test questions with members after discussing their problems or do general testing after a general latihan (like in Assisi at the zonal meeting).

I do not do this in that way, After the general latihan, to my understanding, it is better to stay calm and peaceful and go home with that pervading feeling of peace. Bapak always did testing on different nights to latihan, often linked with explanations, and followed by a talk.

We have a small group of about 10/15 in our close region; we meet at my house since Covid twice a week, but mostly on Mondays.

When I do testing with one, or more rarely, several members, I do not decide about what to test in advance, but rather



Let the member receive for themselves so that their soul will guide them through their feelings



feel in my soul and receive what to say. Generally, it is not to give an answer yes/no but to let the member receive for themselves so that their soul will guide them through their feelings.

In truth, why do we get confused in our daily life? It is usually because our presence is not connected to our soul. The soul will always show the way through understanding; Yes/No generally comes from the Self/Ego consciousness.

I hope that what I say will be understood and not create misunderstanding.

Editor's note: Sjafruddin (Sjaf) was much beloved Indonesian helper who accompanied Bapak on his early visits to England in the late 1950s.

About to Love Once Again

Dahlan Simpson sends us this story about two friends, formerly partners/lovers, Henry and Lillian (Lily) who split up some years previously, meet again by chance. There is an unmistakable spark...

I am a stockbroker and I love it - the thrill and the buzz, where else can you get the magic? - it's incredible. That's how Lily and I met long ago, with she being a chartist. They, by the way, are people who search for patterns in share price charts and make predictions. That was always a mystery to me - and Lily became a mystery for me too eventually, and sadly we parted... that was years ago. Anyway, I meant to say that for her it is an office job, so we would rarely meet professionally, if at all - but, as you will see, it is not only that. Sometimes chartists actually get out!! I had a funny dream the other day...

To read the full story, click here: <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2023/07/LOVE.pdf>



The Passing Of Mardiyah Tarantino

I was saddened to read recently that Mardiyah Tarantino, surely one of the best writers in Subud, has recently passed away. I first read of this in an email distributed by the English Subud member Anthony Bright Paul. I have put together this tribute for Mardiyah from emails by Anthony, Mardiyah's husband, Rashad Tarantino, and Abdurrachman Mitchell, another close friend of Mardiyah and Rashad from when they all lived together in Wisma Subud. I have edited the emails to remove things that are not relevant to Mardiyah's passing.

From Antony Bright Paul: *Haga las Honorarias*, that is 'Say your prayers' in Spanish. Dear Buddies, Mardiyah Tarantino died last Friday, as you can read the letter below from Rashad Tarantino, her husband.

I fell in love with her long before I even met her and that was by reading *Life at the Café Berlitz*. She had that wonderful knack for a writer of making the characters describe themselves by their actions and the way they spoke. Her devotion to Bapak and Ibu was manifested in her latest book *Bapak: Lost in the Amazon*.

From an email by Mardiyah's husband, Rashad: My dear wife has passed on ahead of me just today at 10:10 PM on Friday, 9th of July. She was 91 and 4 months old.

She was someone very special as an artist, writer and actor. Her memory for works of Shakespeare and Chaucer were recited flawlessly, clearly and in the correct spirit.

In the early days before our marriage, which took place within six weeks, our ideals were shared. I was to marry a member of Bapak's family, and Mardiyah's ideal was to work in Bapak's Sekretariat. She learned Bahasa Indonesian and did work for Bapak.

I of course married Mardiyah, from which there has never been a moment of regret. We liked and loved one another.

An amusing incident from Bapak's secretariat was Mardiyah receiving a raise in salary from Prio Hartono's salary which was reduced in kind. That was one of the happiest times in her life, even when Bapak scolded her for translation mistakes.

Ah well! She is gone ahead of me, and I weep!

From Abdurrachman Mitchell: I read your calm letter and then choked up as I came to the end when you said, "I weep". In truth I realise that my emotion was not only my sympathy for your loss but also for the memory of our being close neighbours 55 years ago on skid row of Wisma Subud.

Both families lived ultra simply with no AC, running water, gas stoves or fridges, but enveloped by the feeling of being part of Bapak's family. We welcomed our relative material poverty for the richness of this atmosphere coming home often at 3am after an evening of Bapak talking and testing with us in the waiting area of the old latihan hall. We awoke to the sounds of our neighbour's cock crowing or the gander honking.

Both Mardiyah and my wife, Rohana, were Ibu Sumari's special daughters, expected to be ultra-sensitive to her wish to see them without sending a maid to call them.

I remember the way Mardiyah walked with the lightness of a ballet dancer, legs slightly rotated outwards causing a slight bounce at each step. It was the sparkle in her eyes and the look of happiness on her face that made it such fun to be in her company. This belied the serious work ethic that she had in contributing to the work of the Sekretariat.

We were lucky to be able to re-experience those moments together in the UK Subud Congress in Malvern Girl's school about 20 years ago when we sat in the Headmistress's study.

There is nothing but the emanations of your own soul that can ease the pain of your loss, but perhaps playing some preludes of J S Bach who wrote so much to ease human pain.

From Latifah Taormina: Farewell to my dear lovely friend, wonderful author, and beloved sister in Subud, Mardiyah Tarantino. Just learned you passed on last night. Heaven just couldn't wait! May you be forgiven any shortcomings and be ever so richly rewarded for your many many good deeds — and your sense of humor. God be with you and your wonderful family ever and always. We'll all miss you so. Much love from here.



They Were There – *The Best of Subud Voice Volume 3*

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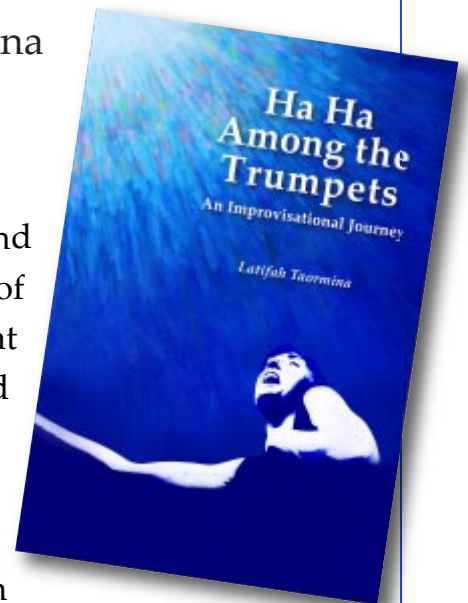
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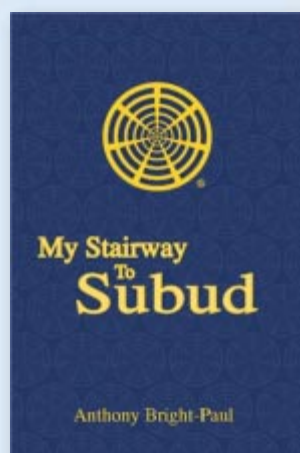
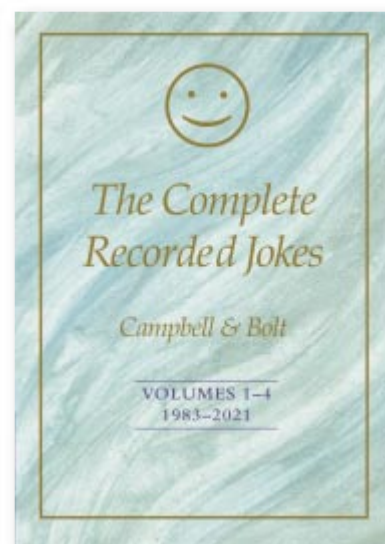
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MONTHLY ONLINE

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:

20 AUGUST 2023

Subud Voice is published online monthly and
 issued on the 1st of each month at

www.subudvoice.net

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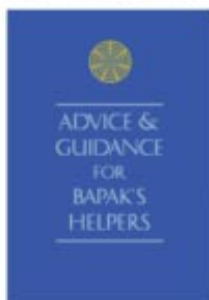
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