



## Holistic approach in Kalimantan



*Frederika and supporters in Melbourne. Frederika is in the centre in long purple dress.*

*From a staff writer...*

Australian Subud members, Jayadi and Frederika Paembonan are creating a new environmental and social project in Kalimantan and they have moved there with their young family. They are based in the village of Suka Mulya near Rungan Sari, Central Kalimantan.

The tool they are using is permaculture which is an approach to sustainable agriculture and sustainable living first developed in Australia and now used worldwide. They are introducing permaculture to communities in Kalimantan.

Frederika recently returned back to Australia. She is in the later stages of her pregnancy and for the health of herself, her baby and other children she had to evacuate because of the fires which burned this year blanketing the whole of Borneo in toxic smoke causing death, illness, social disruption and economic catastrophe for the local people for over 2 months.

The devastation of these fires is almost unimaginable. They have been described as ‘the biggest environmental crime of the 21st century’\*. Frederika explained to me how the traditional slash and burn agriculture is now having catastrophic effects. Large areas of Kalimantan which were once peat swamps have now drained and the peat has dried out so that the earth itself is on fire and spewing

out toxic chemicals. Many factors impact on the situation such as the clearing of forest to make palm oil plantations.

Fortunately, with the coming of the rains, the crisis for this year has passed, and Frederika >

“ *The greatest environmental disaster of the 21st century* ”

will soon be able to return to Kalimantan. However, unless the whole situation is addressed, this year's disaster will become an annual event of an ever-increasing catastrophe.

Jayadi and Frederika are two of the most dedicated and hard-working people I have ever met. Jayadi is originally from Indonesia, born in West Papua, but has lived in Australia for many years. His capacity for hard work is legendary and only matched by his inexhaustible good humour. A couple of years ago he spent a lot of time at the Anisha project in India helping them to put permaculture systems in place which has already produced amazing improvements in the environment there.

### We Have To Give Proof

In Kalimantan, Jayadi and Frederika work with the local people. Their work directly addresses the issue of the fires by providing a long-term sustainable alternative to slash and burn. "These people have to be able to grow food and make a living in order to survive, so we have to show them more sustainable ways of doing it," Frederika told me.

(Many other issues such as logging, palm oil plantations and so on, impact on the environmental situation in Kalimantan leading to the fires, but the continuance of slash and burn up agriculture remains a direct cause.)

As part of this work they are setting up a model permaculture farm. Frederika said, "You have to be able to prove to these people that there is an alternative that works. Their future depends upon it."

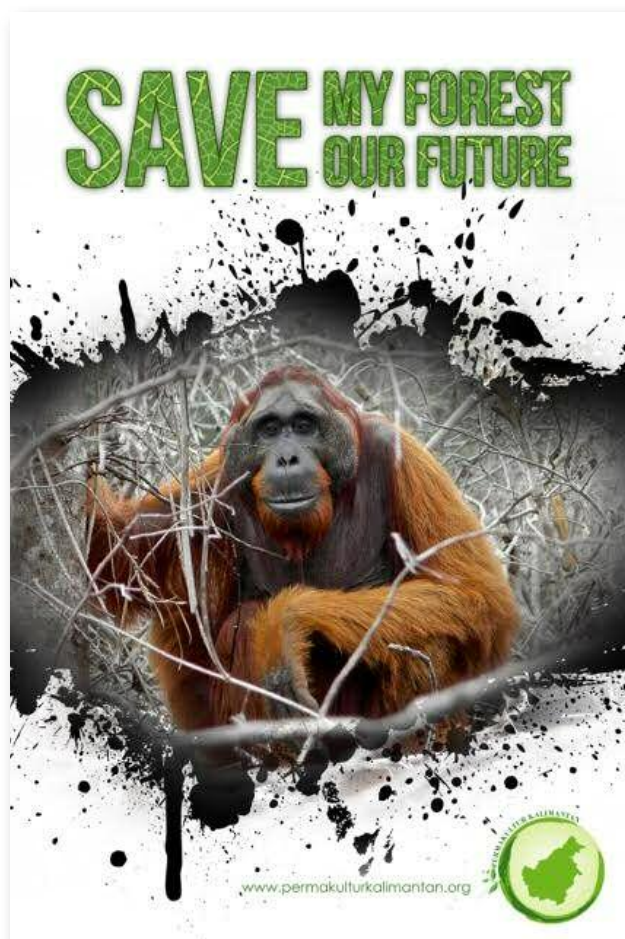
### The Message of Grandfather Orang-utan

Recently, Jayadi was invited to assist some villages in mapping an area of forest they manage. In the course of this work, they came upon an old "grandfather" orang-utan sitting in an area of devastated forest. To their surprise, when they came upon the orang-utan, he neither fled nor attacked, but sat steadily gazing at them. Jayadi took a photograph, in which the eyes of that orang-utan seem to be sending a message, a plea for the whole future of Kalimantan.

Frederika told me, "Our focus is permaculture, but permaculture encourages a very holistic view of situations. So in Kalimantan you have to consider everything as part of one system. Everything is tied together including the environment itself, the forests, and also the wildlife, and also the situation of people there, most of whom are extremely poor and under great pressure just to survive.

"It is a complex problem with many factors contributing to the environmental disaster, but permaculture teaches that, 'We are the problem, but we are also the solution'. So there is hope. When I look into the eyes of the orang-utan Jayadi photographed, I see not just a plea for the survival of the wildlife, but a message addressed to the whole future of Kalimantan.

"And this is not just a local problem confined to Kalimantan. What happens there affects us all because Kalimantan, like the Amazon, is one of the lungs of the earth. The Co2 emissions from the most recent fires have put more Co2 into the atmosphere



*Grandfather orang-utan with a message in his eyes.  
Photographed by Jayadi in a dead forest.*

“ We are the problem, but we are also the solution ”

than the entire annual emissions of Germany. What is happening in Kalimantan affects us all”.

See the work of Jayadi and Frederika’s foundation (yayasan) at [www.permakulturkalimantan.org](http://www.permakulturkalimantan.org) or regular updates on their facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/permakulturkalimantanfoundation> Or write to Frederika at [fpaembonan@y7mail.com](mailto:fpaembonan@y7mail.com)

\*Reference:

<http://www.theage.com.au/world/disaster-has-put-indonesia-top-of-carbon-emissions-charts--above-even-us-20151025-gkhu22.html>

## A New Year dawns

Welcome to 2016. We hope it will be a good year for you..

We do not need to tell you that we face a troubled and divided world. Newspapers and TVs tell us about that every day.

We bring you, though, some stories about Subud members who are encountering this world and trying to do something good about it. So we bring you the stories of a family in Austria who are hosting refugees, and a young woman in England writes about her visit to the refugee camps in Calais.

We have an article about the permaculture project in Kalimantan run by Jayadi and Frederika Paembonan encountering the fires in Kalimantan, said to be "the greatest environmental disaster so far in the 21st century".

We also trust you will find some holiday reading in extracts from the books by Leonard Lassalle and Mardiyah Tarantino and Pak Haryono's very interesting memoir. Finally, a most unusual article, a fictional account of Subud in a novel from the 1960s.

Enjoy!

*With love from The Subud Voice team*

## New talk from Ibu Rahayu

*15 CDK 15: Ibu Rahayu's talk to IH from Area 1 and Helpers and Committee Greater Jakarta, CILANDAK 7 November 2015: Recording 15 CDK 15: Final Translation by Raymond Lee. Copyright © 2015 by World Subud Association, Inc. All rights reserved*

After holding the last congress in Mexico, we each need to start being introspective, to look at ourselves, and to awaken our true self as we worship Almighty God through the latihan. It is the way for you to be, as someone who maintains and carries on the things Bapak guided us in, while he endeavoured to put into practice what he had received for humankind. After all, the latihan is a form of proof or reality, meaning it is a reality that people who are Subud members can witness. However, those who are not or who have not yet become Subud members cannot witness it. They cannot even imagine what Subud is.

And all of you here, who are developed in your thinking and feelings, are at times still influenced by your own opinions and abilities to such an extent that you want to change things or introduce new ideas that are certainly not in line with what Bapak received, namely Subud. If you really were the one whom God intended should guide humankind, you would certainly receive something other than Subud; it would be something different. But if you received whatever it is that you received while you were in Subud, it means you must follow Subud. The problem is that these days there are many

“ *If we do not maintain what we already have, we will lose it* ”

divisions or changes or developments: what used to be one becomes ten, and could become a hundred, and could even divide into far more than there should be.

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I am concerned that the last congress showed that Subud members do not feel the contact with the power of God as strongly as they did when Bapak was still alive. Of course, I understand that technological advances and the material world require a lot of our attention, and there may be other reasons for that too.

Feeling the contact less can cause you to lose the awareness of your true self and to give priority to what you need in this world. As a result, ideas or thoughts, which in the past could find no space in the contact between you and the power of God, give rise to a feeling that things are wrong with Subud, that it is no longer in line with your own interests while you live your life on this planet. Then all kinds of things happen that cause problems or make you lose faith in Subud.

In truth, if you are truly Subud and Subud is you, there is no boundary: you are contained in the power of God, and the power of God is in you. It does not mean you are God, no! But there is no separation between you and the power of God – you are united. However, as I said earlier, certainly not all Subud people can feel that yet. If we do not start to learn to maintain and foster what we already have, what we possess, we could eventually lose it.

To read the complete talk go to: [www.subudlibrary.net](http://www.subudlibrary.net) ●

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## The ones that got away!

*Lawrence Brazier writes from Austria about hosting a refugee family...*

Austria still offers some of the nicer aspects of our worldly existence. Deer feed in the meadow across the road from our house. They graze contentedly, seemingly oblivious to all else, then suddenly stiffen and look up, alert, staring, when a car, more likely a tractor, passes by. Even at a distance you can see the sudden tension in their flanks, which start to quiver before they take off on what appears to be a lazy lope, but is all about covering ground fast!

The material aspects of Austria are also entirely evident. Other than a few shabby streets in the larger urban areas, there are no slums, no ghettos. You will find here the best water in the world, some of the best medicinal services and the best surgeons. Austrians are tough minded and from a material point of view Austria has it all.

Moreover, they probably donate to charity more per capita than any other nation in the world. Germany, of course, is much the same. Where else would a refugee wish to head for if not an earthly paradise? Austria is a tidy country of great beauty; like a gigantic golf course, landscaped from above.

It is now common knowledge that when the United Nations decided to cut funds by more than half to maintain the refugee camps in the Near East they were apparently unable to foresee the consequences. The more than fifty percent saved has now resulted in costs amounting to three or four times the supposed savings. With little hope of a decent existence, the refugees took off for Europe. Hundreds of thousands have come. The politicians talk, the tax payers groan. The challenge is not really about giving, it is about how!

### The Muddle to End All Muddles

We had our names listed to offer accommodation and got caught up in a bureaucratic muddle to end all muddles. Our idea was to have a neat little family, one husband, one wife, one child. We were informed that personal wishes were not part of the deal, which is fair enough. It took about four weeks before a man from a refugee agency knocked at our door.

He brought with him a young woman and two children from Afghanistan. The woman was young, >



*Afghani family hosted by Lawrence & Romana Brazier in Austria. Setahesh, Shaima, Naza and Milad.*

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aged 32, the children were gorgeous. The little boy, aged seven, was delicately serious. The little girl, aged three, was as round as a miniature balloon and lusciously dark, reminding me of a Burgundy grape. She was also a bundle of determination on two legs.

“ *The challenge is about how to give* ”

The husband was still lost in a crowd of ten-thousand currently getting ousted out of Hungary and being ushered without ceremony through Croatia and Slovenia. After four days we got a call that he was on his way to us and his arrival was about par for the course, which means nobody knows anything until it happens.

He brought a ten-year-old boy with him. Romana and I had visions of collusion. I mean, our house is not that big. Already our ideal three persons had become four and then five. It turned out that the ten-year-old boy had got separated from his parents a full month previously, our man had taken care of him as they trudged and bussed the last hundred miles to the Austrian border. Endless telephone calls finally located the boy's parents down country at a camp near Klagenfurt in Carinthia and they were soon reunited.

It is obvious that as a writer living in Austria I am bound to be writing about the current influx of refugees. I feel ashamed if I find myself attempting any sort of stylistic flourish because there is obviously no fun to be found in the matter. Mr Hemingway's reporting mode would be most appropriate. The winter is coming. They sleep on the earth, wrapped in a blanket. There is frost on the blanket at dawn. They shiver, waiting for the sun. This is Mr Hemingway's 'real' and 'true', given in a writing style that is no style at all.

### Lighter Now

But I can afford to be lighter now because our guest family is doing well. Romana switched into high gear and got all of her network lady friends into the deal. Stuff arrives daily. We now have more clothes than any family could reasonably need. We heard the funny story of Inga informing her husband Franz that he needed a new anorak. This was news to Franz but our man from Afghanistan got rigged out for the winter.

The flow of cakes has accelerated no end. I'm running around putting up shelves and rails to hang things on. Romana took on the paperwork and within a week the young boy, Milad, was attending school, going in stone cold without a word of German. The little girl, Setahesh, is now attending kindergarten.

Their dad, Nazar, and mum, Shaima are amazed at how things can change so quickly. They have asylum-request cards but acceptance is by no means guaranteed. The cards bear their names and dates of birth. The family name is given incorrectly. Dates of birth are often unknown and guessed at. Most of those getting registered say, '1st of January 1', and then add an approximate year.

These people are Shia Ismaili Muslims, of which Romana and I have not the slightest knowledge. It is enough to know that the Ismailis are persecuted by the Taliban and the Dais. Everyday life has been reduced to pure logic where possible. Cultural differences are largely ignored. Shaima had a toothache and I was quick to point out that the pain is definitely the same the world over.

We slowly instil the idea that there is little fun to be had at our house, but from here they can build their lives. As mildly passive persons we tend to shy away from mental complexity. Nevertheless, having dissed cultural differences it is to be admitted that Shaima is a sensational cook who, to my delight, uses tons of spice. Her meat is placed in the oven in onion water, which makes it wonderfully tender.

What has become evident is that we, Romana Madar and Lawrence Padar, have achieved the status of family chiefs. Seldom have we experienced such deference and seldom felt so grand. I get the feeling that I should be exercising gravitas. We are aware that families in Afghanistan are almost tribal and run strictly on hierarchical lines. There is a distinct danger of Romana becoming a sort of ersatz tribal mum. Lord knows how I shall cope with such unaccustomed respect. Our own children, who are all grown up, keep a wary watch. They have anyway always considered us to be a bit daft.

Since we are retired we are all thrown together each day. Shaima speaks a little broken English, >

Nazar a bit of simple German. Finding a Quran on our shelves must have been baffling, not to mention my sudden muttered ‘Allah’ when I bang a knee. We have come to terms and get along fairly well.

We have adopted an Inshallah attitude. Trusting in God, in Life, in Anticipation.

‘By the way,’ Romana said the other night, ‘did you know that Shaima is pregnant?’

I sighed, stroking an imaginary beard.

## We can help them rebuild their lives

*Carlota Simonsson writes about visiting the refugees in Calais...*

My name is Carlota, I am 12 years old and in year 8 of Lewes Old Grammar School.

During this autumn half term my friends Sasha, Pearl and Dhiya and I went together with our Mums to the Calais refugee camp to help the refugees. It’s only 2 hours drive down the road from us here in Lewes.

Before we took off, Sasha and I made cake sales and Pearl fundraised at her school in Hove and together we raised over £700! Pearl also collected lots of fresh fruit to bring, which is very rare there and I collected kind and supportive messages for the refugees from my friends and family.

The day we arrived we helped to sort donations in the huge warehouse of the local charity L'Auberge des Migrants. There is a massive amount of clothes, tents, toys, sanitary products, sleeping bags, air beds etc. coming from all over Europe. The volunteers have worked out a system of filtering the items and making sure they are appropriate for the needs of the people, then they bring it to the refugees in the camp.

It is very important if you are thinking of donating things that you make sure they are clean, in great condition and useful. High heels and ball gowns are not needed! I found things like old used toothbrushes, oversized clothes (nobody in the camp is overweight) fancy dress and wool which is hard to dry! We had to give them to another charity or throw them away.

“ High heels and ball gowns are not needed! ”

### Into the ‘Jungle’

On the second day we went into the ‘jungle’. This is the camp where the refugees are staying. They have named it like that themselves because it’s a place worthy of animals, as they say. It feels more like a cage; there is a lot of barbed wire and French police patrolling the ground. I was nervous but also excited.

I was surprised by all the rubbish on the floor and all the people crowding around our car. The next thing you see are makeshift shops and restaurants built by the refugees, but they are run down and made of wood pallets and plastic sheets with no proper signs.

There are many, many people: about 6000-7000 and more arriving everyday. They have also built a church and mosques. They come from war-torn countries like Afghanistan, Syria, Iraq, Sudan, Ethiopia etc. They all stay in tents and shelters behind the main dirt road on sandy dunes. Most of them are sleeping on the bare ground. It is very windy and muddy.

“ Unreal! This is happening just 100 miles from me... ”

There are only a few water taps for the whole camp. The portable toilets are overflowing and have contaminated the water. There are illnesses spreading because of this. They need water filters badly! People also have to wait in line for



*Carlota (centre in beige pullover) with her friends outside the Ashram Kitchen in the Calais “jungle”. The lady with her thumb up is Hero, the chef from Iraq, mentioned in the article.*

up to 6 hours to have a shower. They need more showers built!

It feels all a bit unreal that this is happening just 100 miles away from us. We brought gas bottles to a new Syrian family that had arrived two days before and needed to cook. From the money from the cake sale we bought them a huge pot for making rice, bread and eggs. The couple had three children, a 3 year old, 5 year old and a 6 year old. They were all very cute, with brown hair and piercing blue eyes. I had never seen eyes like that.

We also got invited to sit with a group of 5 Sudanese men in their tent. They made us tea and gave us olives. They were so generous even though they have so little. They told us their stories. Back in their country most of their relatives got murdered.



*Calais Refugee camp.*

### **In Search of a Safe Life**

The reason there are so many people in the camp is because they wish to come to a safe life in England. Most don't have visas or passports so they try to jump the trains or hold on under lorries trying to cross the channel.

This is of course very dangerous. Most of them break their legs and get sent to detention centres when they get caught. Some die by getting electrocuted. But they say they need the chance, just like everyone else.

When you do a distribution, the volunteers have come up with a way to make human chains. This works with the refugees lining up next to the van and one by one they ask for what they want and what size they are. Then the volunteer in the van tries to find that item.

When I did a distribution for the first time I came in September I was quite scared because that system was not invented yet: they all rushed to the car and as it has blacked out windows, they pressed their faces against the window and knocked on the door.

But I lost my fears quickly when I met the people and shook their hands, and heard what they have all been through. It touched me and I want to do more to help in whatever way I can. It is hard to forget once you have been there.

Now with winter here more donations are needed and it is important that warm winter shelters are built for people there so that they can survive in the cold. There is no official charity like Oxfam or Red Cross so it is up to people like you and me and small grass root groups to help them.

### **My Favourite Part**

My favourite part was working in the One Spirit Ashram Food Kitchen. This is a place where refugees and volunteers cook food together for 1000 hungry people daily.

*“ I lost my fears when I met the people. ”* The chef is called Hero and she is a refugee from Iraq. She was a dining chef there and knows how the people like their food: very salty! I loved how everybody looked so happy after I handed them a plate after waiting in a long queue. The atmosphere was cool because everybody there felt equal.

I think if we all come together for the people there we can help them rebuild their lives and have a new start. I hope that every single person reading this can contribute in one way or another.

If you feel to volunteer in the camp please visit this website

<http://www.calaidipedia.co.uk> and join this Facebook page Lewes Actions for Refugees for regular updates and information on how to donate this Christmas.

# WORLD CONGRESS 2018 IN FREIBURG

*Message from WSA Executive...*

During the last weekend of November we had a meeting in Königswinter to work together to select between Bonn or Freiburg, based on which would best serve our needs as the venue for the 2018 Subud World Congress in Germany.

When Germany was selected to host the next world congress, our first option was Bonn, and the ultramodern venue we had in mind was still under construction at the time.

When it began functioning in June this year, we learned about new conditions for the contract and other criteria, like latihan spaces, cost, flexibility in use of spaces for childcare, flexibility for catering options and so on. While collecting this data, we realized that our second option, Freiburg, was offering us better conditions, and so we started to consider it more seriously.

After an intense process of comparing facts we came to the unanimous conclusion that Freiburg would be the better option. The testing later confirmed that Freiburg (close to the Black Forest) was the right choice, also in terms of the inner quality required for this congress. On top of that it would save us a significant amount of money.

“ It will save us a lot of money...” ”

We feel that the good collaboration between helpers and committee, as well as between Subud international and Subud Germany, was guided by a deep sense of unity and harmony, accompanied by the Latihan throughout the entire meeting.

From January 2016, we will start to focus on forming the congress organizing team aimed at providing a wonderful Congress for our World Subud Association, so if you feel inspired to contribute to this team, please contact our WSA secretary, Salamah Leclair ([wsa@subud.org](mailto:wsa@subud.org)).

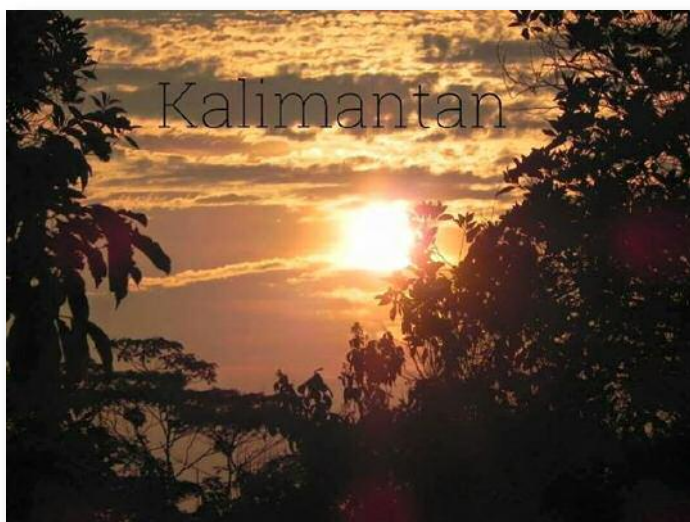
Stay tuned for more information on Freiburg and our plans concerning the World Congress 2018. More details will follow in our December newsletter. Looking forward to the upcoming years of preparation.

## BASARA 2016

*SYA's Davina Flynn writes...*

Basara International Youth Camp 2016 is the brainchild of a group of youth, born out of the Puebla World Congress 2014. The desire was there to create an event that would tie the Subud Youth from around the world together in an environment similar to that of a world congress, but with an exclusive 'youth festival' atmosphere.

Subud Youth Activities International and Subud Youth Indonesia have been working closely together over the past year to create a plan of action, and presented it to the World Subud Council at their meeting in Chile in September. Basara has the support of the whole council and it seems much of the Subud world wants to be involved... And so they should!







*Creating an event in  
Kalimantan...  
Gathering youth from all  
around the world...*



In December 2016, we invite you (Subud Youth, opened or unopened, from 16-35yrs from anywhere in the world) to join us in Rungan Sari, the Subud Oasis located just outside of Palangka Raya in Kalimantan, Borneo, Indonesia.

Bring in the New Year with us! Spend 10 days - from around the 27th/28th of December, through to about the 5th of January (exact dates will be confirmed very soon) exploring the jungle around Rungan Sari, taking hikes, swimming in waterholes, getting involved in local social projects for change, latihan daily (if you're opened), excursions and sharing sessions (if you're not), performance, dance nights, cooking, meeting, learning, listening, and BEING present, in a place surrounded by young, energetic people who are hungry for new experience, direction or purpose.

The website will be completed very soon, and you will find there all the details you need, from how to get there, costs, dates, program, safety, and so on. In the meantime, we can happily share that part of the program that will involve group activities, sessions and seminars exploring creativity, culture, latihan, enterprise, health, and a taste of what all the wings of Subud aim to achieve through their work.

The International Helpers will also be present at Basara, meaning explorative Youth testing for all and an incredible kejiwaan program!

So far we are anticipating over 100 Subud Youth members from all over the world. So for now, Subud Youth Activities would like to encourage you to get excited and get saving! One year is plenty of time, and we plan to make this as affordable as we possibly can.

Connect with your local group, with other youth in your area or country or zone, and start planning some fundraising events: a Music Cafe, a play or production open to the public, anything! Start now and start with what you have, and then reach out to older members or friends or family for the guidance to grow your idea. Whatever it takes, let's get to Basara 2016!

Please go to 'Basara International Youth Camp 2016' on Facebook and LIKE it! We will post the link to the website there in the next month or so... Stay tuned. ●

## A VERY SPECIAL CONCERT – NOV 27, 2015

*Robiyan Easty writes from Athens...*

A very special, once-only, recital by bass-baritone Christophoros Stamboglis and pianist Ary Sutedja-David, Mikhail David's widow, took place in Athens on Sunday 22 November in front of an audience of about 300 souls. Christophoros generously offered his talent in support of the fledgling Mikhail David Scholarship Fund, created in memory of our very dear brother Mikhail, to continue his generosity in helping others in this way during his lifetime.

Both artists took time out from busy schedules to rehearse and perform this recital, with Ary making the long trip from Indonesia for a few days of rehearsal beforehand and flying back to Jakarta the following day. The event was a joint presentation of the Subud Greece Association and the House of Cyprus, the cultural branch of the Embassy of the Republic of Cyprus in Greece, with whom Mikhail's mother, Maryam, has had a close relationship over many years.

We were honoured by the presence of His Excellency Mr Bahanadewa, the Indonesian Ambassador to Greece and his wife and



*The photo shows a large portrait of Mikhail David. Standing in front is Louiza Sofianopoulou, chair of Subud Greece, telling the audience about the Scholarship Fund and about Subud.*

also by Ms Panagidou and Ms Mikhailidou of the House of Cyprus. Great thanks are due to both of them and to Panos Stamboglis for their work in supporting the organisation of this event. The House of Cyprus also prevailed upon the Michalis Cacoyannis Foundation to give the use of its theatre without charge.

The first half of the programme was quite operatic in nature, including songs by Lully and Verdi. The second half was lighter in tone with songs by much loved composers Manos Hadjidakis and Cole Porter. While Christoforos gave his voice a rest, Ary played a lovely Indonesian piece by Jaya Suprana entitled Tembrang Alit.

Ary and Christoforos changed into new clothes for the second half, made of a fabric pat-



*Subud members Ary Sutedja David (pianist) and Christoforos Stamboglis (bass baritone) performed wearing multi-coloured clothes designed from paintings by Mikhail.*

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*Mikhail and Ary created the extraordinary JakArt Festival*

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terned with designs from paintings Mikhail did spontaneously on stage to the music Ary and a trio performed during a tour of Indonesia. They performed in 51 cities where they played to enthusiastic audiences who had mostly never heard Western classical musical.

Christoforos has been singing for many years with the Athens Opera and has appeared in some of the greatest Lyrical Theatres in the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Teatro Real, et al., performing more than 80 different roles. He has had many solo concerts and recorded for several labels.

In 2002 Christoforos made a CD of songs by Mikis Theodorakis sponsored by a Subud member from USA who was moved by his rendering of them at the Zone 4 meeting in Greece.

Ary has performed throughout Indonesia and in many other countries. She and husband Mikhail conceived and organised the extraordinary JakArt Festivals in Jakarta. Starting in 2001 JakArt mounted 1700 events, in 700 locations, with more than 3000 artists from 50 countries. In 2002 it was endorsed by UNESCO. In 2004, together with Singapore Arts Festival, China Shanghai International Arts Festival and Hong Kong Arts festival, JakArt founded the AAPAF (Association of Asian Performing Arts Festivals).

Ary is active as a solo pianist and chamber music pianist, giving master classes and various workshops in educational institutions. Currently, as well as running a music school in Wisma Subud, Cilandak, Ary travels extensively as a consultant to festival organisers throughout Asia. ●

## REBECA WILD - A WOMAN WHO LIVED SUBUD

*Lucie Grabe, National Helper, Germany, writes...*

I met Rebeca for the first time at one of her talks 'Erziehung zum Sein' 1991 in Bavaria.

Her first book carries the same title (English title: Raising Curious, Creative, Competent Kids—originally, Education For Being.)

She gave the talk together with her husband Mauricio Wild. At the time I was still at the drama academy in Ulm and I was immediately fascinated by her view of life that was based on a biological and very practical approach.

I had many “Aha-moments” during that talk. And not just because of her non-directive attitude (foot note \*1) to education, but mainly because of her attitude to life in general – a life where we as human beings develop our true selves without any outer manipulation, and where we treat each other >

in a very brotherly and sisterly way.

After I discovered Subud through the work of Rebeca and Mauricio Wild, I also understood how holistically the couple lived Subud. They didn't only found the PESTA, a nursery and school project near Quito in Ecuador. They outgrew the idea of a school and created centres of autonomous activity, where parents are part of creating the play and learning environment of the children.

It was a place where they (the parents) could also keep learning themselves and for example develop a real understanding for maths by using and working with hands-on materials. (see footnote \*2).

Adults who spend time in such a play and learning environment, are able to find out many things for themselves and support the children in their learning in a non-directive way.

But the Wilds also showed that the creation of a true human culture, where one of the basic foundations is the respectful contact between old and young, is also hugely dependent on a good economic environment.

They gained experiences in an economy that deals with resources, values, products, time and money differently than our western, materialistic way of life. So they developed and spread an alternative economic structure, which they named the ECOSIMIA-network, in many provinces of Ecuador. It is based on exchange of products and services without an official currency.

With that they inspired many people on their travels through Europe and especially in the German-speaking countries, which lead to many new initiatives.

“We want to respect true life processes” is probably still a foundation in the Niederhof school in Lilienfeld, where I worked for 2 years, when this project was started. As well as the Rappelkiste school in Potsdam and in the Maturanahaus school in Emmendingen, just to mention 3. And near to all 3 projects, a Subud group developed.

My husband Samuel and I had the opportunity to personally experience Rebeca and Mauricio's work in Ecuador and helped to organise part of the Child Care Program for the World Congress in Bali 2001 together with them. I will never forget the way she went about her work, with such dedication and joy at the same time.

The Child Care and Youth program at the World Congress in Innsbruck 2005 was also influenced by the Wild approach. And at German national congresses, it goes without saying, that the children have lovingly prepared rooms with kind adults to be present with them and they are equally welcome at the congress. Several adults are happy to tell stories, play music, play games for old and young, so that all age groups can enjoy a lively time together.

For me Rebeca and Mauricio are a wonderful example of how people can bring the essence of Subud out into the world through their work and their lives and how other people can experience it through them. Most parents and teachers never learned about Subud as an international organisation that practices the latihan to develop our inner selves. But many people of their audience internalised the essence of the experiences of Rebeca and Mauricio Wild, so that the spirit of Subud, to become a true human being, grows and blossoms in many families and projects worldwide.

What does our world currently need more than projects that carry hope for a world that is worth living in and a true humankind?

In 2013 Rebeca's last book, “Entwicklungsetappen,” got published, where she wrote the following about age...

“When our time has come to leave this planet, we will be very grateful when we didn't lose the



*Rebecca Wilde with Mauricio Wild in the background.*

“ *Expressing the essence of Subud* ”

“ *Leaving some good marks on this earth* ”

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contact with the origin of our lives in all our interactions with the outer world and so the essence of the experiences that were very closely linked with our inner, can be taken into the next world and still fulfill us, although the circumstances are very different ... we can feel relaxed, because we don't just take the essence of our experiences into the hereafter, we also leave some good marks on this earth."

In gratefulness and deep connection with my dear sister Rebeca Wild and in memory of this beautiful woman, whose soul didn't die.

**Footnotes:**

\*1: The Wilds first called their educational system an active system, but changed it later to non-directive. They wanted to express that adults don't interrupt the child, and determine when and how it has to learn. Instead the children learn in a very autonomous way in their own time. That way they develop a deep understanding in many areas, instead of just accumulating knowledge, that often is very quickly forgotten again. And knowledge without real understanding, the Wilds always saw as a reason why people treat our whole ecosystem without any respect.

\*2: Some of those centres of autonomous learning were located in villages, where there was still lots of illiteracy. Children as well as adults could benefit from the materials (for example Montessori materials) to develop their reading and writing.

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## DISCOVERING MY LIFE PARTNER & SUBUD

*An extract from Leonard Lassalle's book "Source of Life" ...*

It was during a two-year period when I was studying painting at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London that I first met Jean, who later became Mélinda. At the time she was earning a little money as a model in Leslie Cole's painting classes.

On a morning in September 1956, I entered the painting studio later than usual and found to my delight a most inspiring new life model posing on a draped, tall-legged chair. Not wanting to waste any more precious painting time, I rapidly fixed my canvas on to the rickety art-school easel and, squeezing the colours out of the tubes on to my palette, kept glancing at her intently, wondering which angle would best create an attractive composition on the white surface.

I finally chose a three-quarter view, poured some turpentine into an old yoghurt pot and, brush in hand, was ready to start. Like a fire catching a field of dry grass, increased by a sudden gust of inspiration I became fully immersed in my creativity. I worked solidly for the first part of the morning; there were no thoughts in my mind except concentration on the subject.

While observing her intently, I noticed that this new model was different from others I had worked with in London and Paris. She seemed to be inwardly awake; there was an intensity in her distant, pale green eyes that reflected an inner awareness about something actively going on inside her. During the customary English elevenses tea break, I could not resist going up to Jean and asking whether I could sit with her; she smiled and nodded gently, affirmatively, silently.

After the usual exchanges we started to chat. "What do you do inside yourself while you're posing?" I asked, curious to know if what I had observed while she was posing was correct. Taken aback by my very personal question she answered, "... Nothing!"

I repeated the question several times and she finally acknowledged, "Well, if you insist I'll tell you: at times, I count up to 100 and at the same time from 100 down to one. Also, I try to feel the end of my toes and slowly rise my body up to my head while trying to become aware of my whole."

Now laughing, she added, "But I rarely succeed; it's difficult, you know!"

Surprised, and feeling a certain admiration for her achievements, I said, "What you do sounds just like a Gurdjieff exercise." Somehow, a part of us had already fused together; both were pleased the other knew about the Gurdjieff work, it established an instant rapport. If you have not heard of



*Leonard with and Melinda at the Gibbs house.*

“ This new model was different... ”

work, it established an instant rapport. If you have not heard of >

Mr Gurdjieff before, he was a Caucasian esoteric teacher who bought techniques of self- development from the Middle East to the westerners; his Centre was in Fontainebleau, near Paris.

Jean told me that she lived and worked in a centre called The Institute for the Comparative Study of History, Philosophy and the Sciences. It stood in a property called Coombe Springs, near Kingston upon Thames. Its director was John G Bennett and under his guidance pupils practised the Gurdjieff work.

I myself had already become interested in this work and in Ouspensky's writings through an artist friend in London. Reading these esoteric books showed me how much I fluctuated in my consciousness depending on what mood I was in. I noticed that there was nothing really permanent in my feelings or thoughts.

Jean soon became my close companion and we spent all our free time together.

I started visiting her at Coombe Springs, mostly in the evenings, often staying until the early morning. She shared her life there with me, including the inner work she did through different kinds of exercises such as 'Movements' and the 'Stop Exercise'. Mr Bennett was the master while some of his more experienced pupils took the classes.

Alongside the artistic student life I was living in London, I quickly developed new relationships with Jean's friends at Coombe Springs, but to me the residents and people who visited the Institute seemed complicated and somehow gave the impression of being 'stuck' in their devotion to the Gurdjieff work, as well as to Mr Bennett, their master.

I was 18 years of age and too independent and self-motivated to follow anyone else's ways but my own. Probably due to my wild, unusual upbringing, I did not want to join this or any other organisation that would have authority over me...

### [Hearing of a new approach to spirituality](#)

One night, early in the summer of 1957, I was woken up in the middle of the night by a car hooting outside Belsize Park Avenue. I looked through one of the large sash windows to see who would be crazy enough to do such a mad thing.

To my great surprise, I saw Jean and our friend Peter Gibbs waving at me from the small, open-roofed Austin 7 parked below. I lifted up the sash and said, keeping my voice down, "Shush, be quiet, you will wake the whole neighborhood!"

"Can we come up and see you?" begged Jean, giving me a broad smile. I waved them in, quickly put on a pair of jeans and shirt that lay at the bottom of my bed, and rushed down to open the front door.

They had come to tell me that something incredible had happened at Coombe Springs. I noticed their eyes were sparkling with life; they seemed elated as if touched by a fairy's magic wand. "Are you drunk? Or have you taken some kind of drug? Do you realise it's 2.30am?" I asked, keeping my voice as low as I possibly could.

Peter proceeded to tell me the reason for their excitement. Mr Bennett, who held international seminars on the Gurdjieff work, had recently invited an Indonesian man called Muhammad Pak Subuh to stay, together with his family and friends. They had, according to Peter, come to Coombe Springs to bring a completely new kind of spiritual training.

The decision to invite the Indonesian gentleman had, it seems, been taken rapidly by Mr B and a few Gurdjieffites; some of the old 'Work' people were rather put out. Many of the Gurdjieff hardliners had already left Coombe Springs, though others had stayed on to receive and experience the 'contact' that Muhammad Pak Subuh had brought with him.

"He is offering us what he calls the latihan kejiwaan, which apparently means a kind of spiritual training,"



*As if they had been delivered from inner tension...*



Peter hesitatingly explained. Apparently Mr B, together with a very few chosen pupils, had started this latihan a few months previously in London.

It had been brought out of Indonesia by a certain Hussein Rofé, >



*The painting of "Jean" for which Leonard received a first prize and a scholarship at the art school.*

who himself had directly received it when he had stayed with Pak Subuh in Indonesia. Based on the positive results they had themselves experienced, Mr Bennett and his small group had decided to offer it to the other members of the Institute present at Coombe Springs.

A few days later, visiting the Institute, I noticed that there was an enormous change in the residents since the arrival of Pak Subuh. There was more lightness and smiles, as if everyone had loosened up and suddenly become happy to be themselves.

The younger generation especially felt that the experience of the latihan had severed them from the umbilical cord that had tied them so firmly to Mr Bennett and the Gurdjieff work. I found the residents more talkative, as if they had been delivered from an inner tension probably caused by the concentration of thought needed for Gurdjieff's method of self-observation... [leonard.lassalle@gmail.com](mailto:leonard.lassalle@gmail.com)

*These passages taken from Leonard's book "Source of Life" have been edited and shortened for reason of space. The book is available at [lulu.com](http://lulu.com) and is now translated into French: "Source de Vie" and will also be soon available on [lulu.com](http://lulu.com).*

*Following the success of his book, "Source of Life", Leonard Lassalle now writes...I am very pleased to tell you and the readers of Subud Voice that "Walnuts and Goat Cheese" is now out available on [lulu.com](http://lulu.com)*

*The book is a vivid autobiographical account of Leonard's life beginning with his early days growing up in France, on a small naturist island in the Mediterranean, up to his art student days and opening in Subud. ●*

## New Web Site For Artists to Sell Their Art

*Sahlan Diver writes...*

If you are an artist wanting to sell your work, you can no longer afford to ignore the Internet. But what do you do? Get your own web site? That's not easy if you aren't technical – where would you go for advice? And, not only can it be expensive, but having a web site is no guarantee of success if you don't understand how best to take advantage of the sales opportunities that the Internet offers.

A new art sales site, designed by two Subud members, one a professional artist, the other a professional computer expert, solves this problem for you. The web site is called [bid4art.com](http://bid4art.com) and any artist, whether professional, student or amateur can register and upload 6 images for free on bid4art, or rent larger gallery spaces as required.

bid4art breaks new ground in a number of ways. Firstly, there is no selection process - you, the artist, decide

The screenshot shows the bid4art website interface. At the top left is the logo 'bid4art' with the tagline 'The online auction of original works of art by professional, amateur & student artists for home or corporate art-loving buyers.' Below the logo are navigation links: 'Click image to go to gallery' and 'Click here to SEARCH for specific artists or art categories'. The main content area displays a grid of 24 art pieces, each with a thumbnail image and a caption. The captions include titles and artists such as 'The Raven and the Dove, by Teresa Winchester Print (Handmade)', 'Private Pleasures, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'The Cat's Dream, by Teresa Winchester Print (Handmade)', 'Peaches in Glass Bowl, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Pot Plant on Veranda, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Table Lamp, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Vase & Fruit, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Coffee & Steam, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Still Life, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'The Conference of the Birds, by Ramon Kubirek Painting (Acrylics)', 'Phoenix, by Ramon Kubirek Painting (Acrylics)', 'Scales, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Poopy Heads, by Marcus Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Eggs and Lemon, by Amanda Bolt Painting (Acrylics)', 'Reclining Nude 2, by Amanda Bolt Drawing', 'The White House, by Amanda Bolt Watercolour', 'Reclining nude, by Amanda Bolt Drawing', 'Lewes 1, by Amanda Bolt Watercolour', 'Tape, by Rosalyn Bolt Other', 'flame, by Rosalyn Bolt Photography', and 'Cornish Bull, by Rosalyn Bolt Drawing'. At the bottom of the grid are buttons for 'BROWSE PREVIOUS' and 'BROWSE NEXT'. A footer navigation bar contains links for HOME, MANAGE MY ART, VIEW MY ART, UPGRADE, LOG OUT, and SEARCH.

*One of bid4art's browse pages - the web site has extensive search facilities.*

what to exhibit in your bid4art gallery. Secondly, bid4art is an auction site, similar to popular online auction sites such as Ebay. Again, you, the artist, set the guide price for each artwork, and you can set a reserve price so you can't be undersold. Thirdly, commission on sales is as low as only 10%, much lower than will be found anywhere else.

Artists may understandably have concerns about selling to unknown buyers on the Internet. bid4art has built-in safeguards to minimise the possibility of fraud. When a buyer has made a successful bid, they are required to make a credit card payment to bid4art. When the payment has been confirmed, the artist is requested to pack the art for transport. bid4art organises a professional carrier company to collect the art (buyer pays carriage costs) and when the buyer signs to confirm delivery, bid4art then pays the artist. Simple and safe for both artist and buyer.

bid4art.com is currently only for UK-based artists, pricing their work in sterling, but parallel Irish and EU-zone sites, priced in Euro, will be ready in the new year. Eventually the plan is to franchise the web site for other parts of the world and for languages other than English.

bid4art has other advantages too numerous to mention in a short article. Visit <http://www.bid4art.com> to find out more. If you have any queries, you are welcome to contact the proprietors, Marcus Bolt ( 01179 780 460), or Sahlan Diver (by email at [support@bid4art.com](mailto:support@bid4art.com)).

**STOP PRESS: bid4art.com LAUNCH OFFER.** To mark the opening of bid4art.com, we are offering a limited number of 20 **upgraded** gallery spaces to artists completely **free of rental charge** because we urgently need images displayed on the site before going public. To reserve your free gallery space before this offer expires, go to (just click the appropriate link below):

<http://www.bid4art.com/uk/LaunchOffer.php>

for UK based artists only

<http://www.bid4art.com/irl/LaunchOffer.php>

for Ireland based artists only

<http://www.bid4art.com/eu/LaunchOffer.php>

for Europe based artists only

then fill in the form on the page and hit the GET FREE GALLERY button at the bottom of the right-hand column.

## THE BOSS DIDN'T SHOW UP

*An extract from Mardiyah Tarantino's book "Life at the Café Berlitz – a memoir of Paris"...*

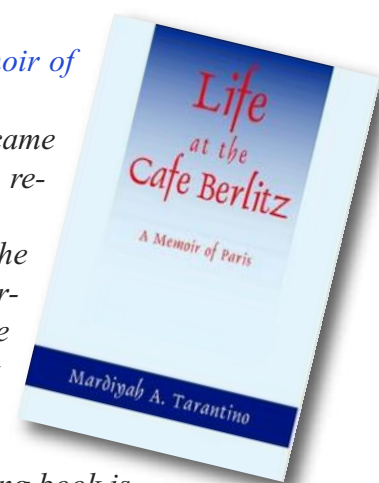
*Mardiyah Tarantino has written a very good book about her time, before she came into Subud, when she was a teacher at the Berlitz Language School in Paris. A reviewer writes...*

*Life at the Cafe Berlitz is about the 'other' expatriates who lived in Paris in the 50s. These quirky and colorful characters - the impoverished Portuguese marquis, the Maori Latin teacher, and the disgraced Oxford professor - were the author's 'bodyguards' during a decisive period of her life. They lived against the backdrop of post-war II France, when the Algerian war and existentialism were at their peak, and shared the Paris atmosphere with prominent personalities of the time - some of whom the author knew personally. This entertaining book is written with humor, pathos and a touch of the spiritual. The book is available from [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com)*

One Monday night in the Marais ghetto in Paris, we were sitting around the planks used as tables in the basement of the newspaper building. Darkness and silence all around. No walls visible. It would have been creepy except we were all there together. A single bare light bulb hanging from a long, black wire shone down on the table. Bins, to hold the folded newspapers, were placed at each end of the table. We'd toss them in like bean bags at a fair, from wherever we sat.

Folding required no special talent. Through the hours the stacks of newspaper sheets never seemed to diminish, like a preview of Purgatory. But we always saved the night from boredom. Usually with laughter. But not that night. Jean-Francois was going off to war.

Besides myself, there was my friend Dominique, a cultured French



*I kept on working, running the place like it was my own...*

woman who came to work with us I'll never know why. And there was Cairo – from Cairo- a Jewish concert pianist whose hands had frozen up one night during a concert.

“Never was able to play after that,” he told us. He was continually sweating as if he lived in a cauldron that wouldn't cool off. He was in love with Dominique and would gaze at her pathetically through most of the night.

To the left of him sat Enrique, the Portuguese poet and next to him Kara, a handsome, Turkish revolutionary writer in exile. To the right of Kara sat Julia, my maid's room roommate from Liverpool. Loud, vulgar and goodhearted, her favorite pastime was to make fun of me.

“And then I found the tin of butter hanging by a wire outside below the windowsill,” Julia began, “Cor! She hung it there on purpose so I wouldn't find it! Then the weather turned suddenly hot and it melted down the side of the building. This long line of grease from the seventh story all the way down to the foyer!”

Grins all around.

“Served her right, it did, hidin' her butter from me.”

“Anything else you'd like to recount that's personally insulting?” I enquired.

Her fiancé, Jean-Francois, sat on the other side of her. Mostly silent, with a wistful smile, the face of a choir-boy. Dominique asked him when he was leaving.

“Next week. Thursday I'm off to my unit in Marseilles.” He answered with head bowed.

“Well, you'll be safe there. They're not bombing Marseilles much these days,” I said weakly.

“Right! And here we are likely to be bombed out of our beds any minute!” said Julia. “You just remember to worry about me.”

He reached over and squeezed her hand. “You can't blame them for retaliating,” he said, “They just want their country back.”

“That attitude won't help you much over there,” warned Enrique. “Keep your thoughts to yourself. Even from your comrades.”

There was a moment of silence except for the sound of newspaper sheets being slapped down on the table. Nobody wanted to pursue it.

Cairo turned to me, “Have you ever played the Rach 3?”

“I told you, Cairo. I never played any of the romantics. My father steeped me in Bach and that's what I played.”

Dominique turned to Kara. “And what have you been doing these days, besides eternally writing in that notebook of yours?”

“Nothing. The ramassage.”

“And what is this, ‘nothing the ramassage?’” she asked coquettishly.

“We pick up old newspapers.”

“Pauvre cheri, and what for, may I ask?”

“To sell them. It's dirty and humiliating work and not worth the pay,” Kara smiled grimly. “It's not what you'd call a profession.”

“Of course it's a profession!” interrupted Enrique, “and with this newspaper job as well, it's called being a Journaliste.”

Cairo laughed.

“We haven't seen much of La Petite Americaine lately. What happened to the bar tending job? The one at the dance hall?” He glanced at Dominique.

“No, it's me, not Dominique, with the bar tending job,” I said.

“I meant you.”

“But you were looking at Dominique. I am not Dominique,” I said. Everyone laughed.

“Nor am I La Petite Americaine. That's not a name.”

“Cairo isn't my name either. But that's what I'm called.”

“Granted. Well, here's what happened with the bar and dance hall job. It was down by Saint Sulpice. I started >





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out just at the bar. Learning to mix drinks – cocktails – and counting bottles, taking inventory. Another guy was taking the requests for songs from the dancers and putting on the records.”

“Who on earth frequents a place like that?” asked Cairo.

“Africans. African students. Great big tall ones, in all shades of black, mainly blue-black. It turns out some are sons of chiefs studying Poly Sci and Administration at the Sorbonne. So they’re really polite and polished. I made a fortune in tips. But you’d better not make a mistake. Wrong drink? Wrong music? Hmm. You’d get served up with the snacks.”

I threw a newspaper into the bin.

“Alors, what happened? Did they try to eat you?” From Dominique.

Well one night the boss didn’t show up. And he didn’t show up the next night, or the one after that. A few weeks went by and I was running the whole dance hall by myself. Drinks, music and the inventory. Opened up in the afternoon, closed at midnight. Nobody with me. Then one night the police showed up.”

“Dirty cops,” Enrique added automatically.

“They looked around and started to leave... so I said ‘Wait! Can you tell me what’s going on? Where’s the boss?’”

“Just continue working, Mademoiselle, everything’s fine,” they said. “The owner is in jail for a good long stint.”

So I kept on working, running the place like it was my own. For a full five weeks. None of the customers noticed. I paid the delivery trucks, everything. Paid myself with the checkbook. I signed it – scribbled a signature, you know. Why not? Wow! Felt like I owned the place. Then one night the cops said they were closing it down and too bad for me I’d be out of a job. So that’s what happened. End of story”

Enrique said a final “Dirty cops” for good measure. ●

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## ‘CONFESSION – A MEMOIR’

*Ilna Lennard writes...*

*Below is an excerpt from the memoir of Pak Haryono Sumohadiwidjojo, who died recently.*

*Translated into English by Tomik Subagio and Andy Selway.*

*Thank you to the family of Pak Haryono, for giving permission for these shortened and edited extracts to be published. They are taken from a fuller version published in Australia’s SUBUD INK. For an electronic copy of the memoir in full, email [subud.ink@gmail.com](mailto:subud.ink@gmail.com)*



### Preface

My father’s full name was Raden Mas Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo, but he was usually known as Bapak. Some people said that he had supernatural power.

Bapak travelled around the world many times. He stayed up to several weeks in each country that he visited, in order to take the Latihan Kejiwaan of Subud to whoever wished to receive it. As a result, several hundred people in no less than 90 countries, of many different nationalities and religions, have come to know and practise the Latihan Kejiwaan of Subud.

Many Subud members, especially those from foreign countries, because of their admiration and reverence for Bapak, have asked me about the brighter and the darker sides of my life as Bapak’s son. It is natural that my children and grandchildren, and other people of this or future generations, may want to know something about my life...

### Childhood Environment

I was born in 1930 and we lived until 1945 in the city of Semarang. Bapak used to make toys for us children out of wood or cardboard; and on Saturday mornings, he used to take us for a barefoot walk, so that we could better feel the morning dew. Also, every time we heard applause from a nearby soccer pitch, he would take us across the river to watch the match. But Bapak never let us play too much with the other boys in our kampong.

My natural mother, Siti Rumindah, died in 1937, when I was only 7 years old. And later, it was in 1941, Bapak married Ibu Siti Sumari. I thought remaining single for 4 years was long enough for him, but when I try to recollect my earliest memory, it is no longer clear in my mind which mother was present when certain events took place. But I do remember that Java was at that time still under Dutch colonial control. We were not rich, and in general indigenous people still lived very simply. The following will give you an idea of what it was like for us. >

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I remember how when people had a party or “selamatan”, they did not always serve the eggs whole but divided them up into four or even eight pieces. I also remember how, after breakfast, I would be given a half cent coin as pocket money to spend at school, though my friend, the son of a teacher at the school, had two and a half cents pocket money. With half a cent I could only buy one stewed soya bean cake, or a handful of glutinous rice, or two small pieces of fried cassava. So my school friend was five times better off than I was.

In Semarang we lived in a kampong. But although it was a kampong, it did have water and electricity. There was also a “surau”, which is a small public building where Muslims do their communal prayer. It had a tiled floor for washing clothes and a public water collection point. All the houses in our kampong were built from timber, or with woven bamboo walls or with the bottom half made of brick and the top half either made from timber or with woven bamboo walls, and they had roofs of terracotta tiles or corrugated iron.

Our house was the only one which was built entirely with walls of brick, and with teak timber window and door frames. Bapak told me that he had much difficulty in obtaining approval from the City Council to build the house. It was constructed when Bapak was still an employee of the “Gemeente” (City Council). The style in which it was built showed that Bapak did have some money when he was still working as a Government employee. Once Bapak took me for a walk to show me the building where he worked.

Another sign that Bapak did have some money at that time, was the high quality expensive toys which I had, such as a pedal car made of pressed steel, which ran very smoothly when I peddled it. I also had a hand driven factory-made wooden toy carriage which was very nice to ride on, and there was a set of Meccano in a big box, and a model train complete with rails. Those toys and the wooden toys which Bapak made himself kept me and my younger brother Haryadi amused at home.

However, when Bapak no longer went to work, I did not know how he supported the family and I never asked. We had a very quiet life. Perhaps nowadays one would call it a contented life. In those days there was no television. We did not even have a radio, so when we wanted to listen to a play, we threw a reed mat on the ground against the fence and quietly listened to our neighbour’s radio which normally was turned on loudly.

Our house was on the corner of the street. It consisted of two buildings, one entirely of bricks – this was the main house – and next to it there was a smaller house with brick and timber walls, which served as a pavilion. Across the road lived a Christian family.

Also across the road lived the owner and operator of a ferry on a big river called the “Banjirkanaal” on the edge of the city. This was also the house of the family which owned the radio that we listened to. I remember the head of this family smoked a pipe and that was how he became nicknamed Pak Min-Pipe. During one of the city pageants, Pak Min decorated his float in the form of a giant pipe.

Across the high street stood a Dutch army barracks with a parade ground which was also used as a soccer field. Bapak used to take us there in the late afternoons to watch a soccer match. Just opposite our house, were also three new brick dwellings which were occupied by Dutch doctors from the hospital. The family from the middle house had a daughter of my age. One day as Haryadi and I walked home from school past their house, we saw them getting out of their car. I said to Haryadi: “When I grow up I would like to marry a white woman, and I would like to have a bald head like that Dutch man”. It turns out now that I am bald, but I am not married to a Dutch woman but to a truly beautiful woman from West Java.

Actually it was not the first time that I saw a Dutch woman. The headmaster of my school was a Dutchman. Two of the other teachers were young Dutch women, or perhaps they were half-castes. They both looked very beautiful to me.

As children we never went out or away on holiday trips like children do now, going to the mountains or the beach or sailing. But as far as I can remember, those who stayed at the hotels in the mountains or at the beach were in fact only Dutch children. If we ourselves went out, we only went to see a wayang performance (Javanese Shadow Puppet Performance). Very occasionally we went to the cinema with the school.

I often also accompanied grandmother to see wayang performances (I remember how my grandmother was very close and fond of me). She and I were often hiding away from Bapak in order to go to the market.

On the first Moslem month of Suro, Bapak always took me to a village where the head was one of his followers, and there we were invited to see a wayang performance lasting the whole night.

On long school holidays, we were sent by train in the care of a train conductor who was boarding at our house, to stay with our grandfather at Pamotan. There we were known as the city boys who

“ Face the realities and problems of living with determination.... ”

>

had come to the village. Our clothes were often admired by the children, and when there was a badminton competition we were always the ones who became the champions.

When we were a bit bigger, my older sister, Siti Rahayu, was given a pushbike. I did not know who bought that for her, as I remember Bapak's financial situation did not seem to have changed for the better. But we did receive presents from other people. Before the end of the month of Ramadhan we would get a present in the form of new clothes from my auntie whose husband was a nurse at the hospital in Semarang.

With my sister's pushbike, we got up to a lot more mischief. I used to ride on the pillion. She always seemed to have somewhere to go. Sometimes she went to see her girlfriend, but other times for purposes rather mysterious to me. Also because of that pushbike a horse cart once ran over my sister's ankle. On another occasion a "Bemo", a three wheel taxi, ran into us at a three-way crossing, with me still on the pillion of the bike. I kicked the "Bemo", causing it to overturn, and a young Dutch woman crawled out of it looking very cross, whilst our bike still remained upright with my sister holding on to it. When we got home we told our grandmother what had happened. Grandmother laughed and said: "You were lucky - you have been protected by your father through his supernatural power!"...

“ The complexity and difficulty of becoming one's own true self...”

### Final Impressions

[...] So long as the nafsu accompanies man in his life, problems will arise in human relations with one another and will always continue to grow. We like to entertain a dream that Subud will have a role in lifting human dignity and human values in accordance with the Will of God the Almighty. We can only hope that this can be achieved - not only through the role of Subud members either individually or collectively, but also through the power of the Latihan Kejiwaan of Subud. We Subud people need not – and we cannot - run away from these problems, because we are always accompanied by our own mind and nafsu. What is necessary is to be close to God the Almighty and pray that not only strength but also peace and patience are given unto us.

I have devoted many pages to dealing with the complexity and difficulty of finding and becoming one's own true self. In those pages we came face to face with the complexity of the environment and the world. On these matters we should not be conceited - as if we were responsible for the solutions to those complex problems. We need to know where to place ourselves correctly, and reflect on our responsibility. When each one of us knows where our place is, then we are in a position to respect and appreciate the tasks and responsibilities of others. We should pray for God the Almighty's guidance, asking that we may be shown the right path.

As a final word, let me say to my own children and grandchildren: "Face the realities and problems of living with determination. Remember, that life in this world is full of temptations of all kinds and forms of nafsu. Place yourselves close to God the Almighty, be faithful in your worship according to your religion, and be diligent in your Latihan Kejiwaan of Subud"...

### Dahlan Simpson writes...

I was in Medan with Pak Haryono and Ibu Ismana when they answered questions from Subud members, whilst accompanying the International Helpers on that leg of their journey. One question was why many leave Subud. Ibu Ismana's answer, I think, was that it is too hard, and Pak Haryono's was that it is too easy. We all had a good laugh, as both answers seemed right!

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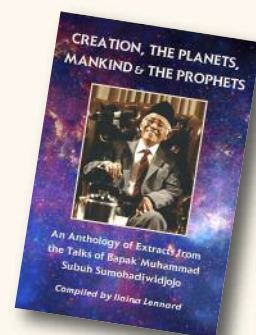
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# A FICTIONALISATION OF SUBUD AND THE LATIHAN

*Harris Smart writes...*

Some years ago I read a novel by the British science fiction writer, Brian Aldiss, in which an astronaut is interviewed by a reporter from Subud Chronicle on his return to earth. (But what happened to the reporter from Subud Voice?)

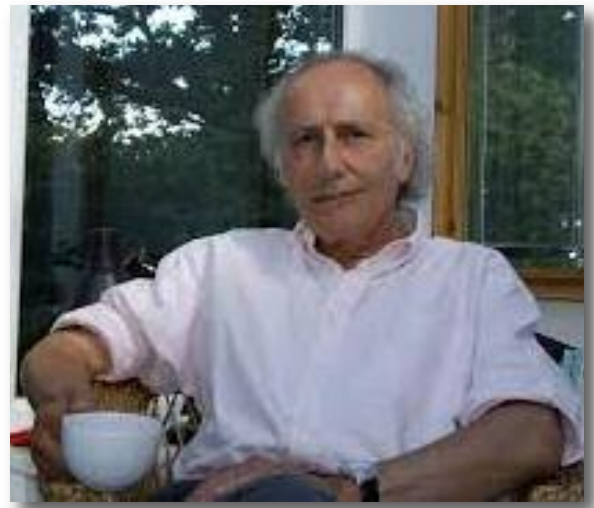
Now my attention has been drawn to a novel from the 1960s containing a much more elaborate fictionalised account of Subud and the latihan...

*Rupert Cunningham writes...*

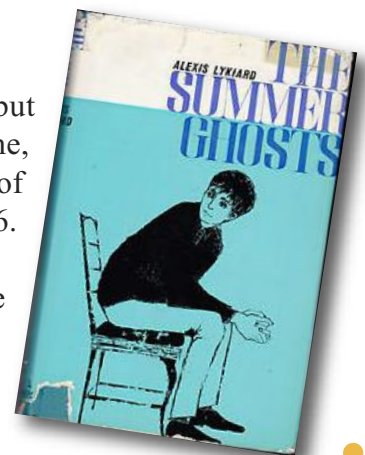
I thought you might be interested in this excerpt from Alexis Lykiard's debut novel 'Summer Ghosts', published in 1964, which was a bestseller at the time, being a heady mixture of sex and nervous breakdown. I spotted it on a shelf of used paperbacks outside a bookshop in Kensington Church Street about 1965/6. It kind of 'winked' at me so I bought it...

ALEXIS LYKIARD - "The Summer Ghosts" pp 47-55 – to read the whole article, go to:

<http://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2015/12/FICTIONAL-LATIHAN.doc>



*Alexis Lykiard.*



# IZELLAH IS IN THE SOUND OF MUSIC

*From Gold Coast Bulletin News...*

More than 800 children auditioned for the von Trapp roles of Friedrich, 14, Louisa, 13, Kurt, 10, Brigitta, 9, Marta, 7, and Gretl, 5, with 18 children chosen for three different casts which will alternate in the roles.

Luke Harrison, 11, from Carrara, and Jayden McGinlay, 10, from Pacific Pines, will play Friedrich von Trapp, and Izellah Connelly, 9, from Southport, will play Gretl.

The Sound of Music also stars Cameron Daddo (Captain Georg von Trapp), Amy Lehpamer (Governess Maria Rainer), Marina Prior (Baroness Schraeder), opera great Jacqueline Dark (Mother Abbess), Lorraine Bayly (Frau Schmidt) and David James (Max Detweiler).



*Cameron Daddo with Jayden McGinlay, 10, of Pacific Pines, Izellah Connelly, 9, of Southport and Samantha Todd, 13, of Elanora.*

*Picture: Mark Calleja*

## GET IN THE SWIM EDITORIAL – Welcome to Issue 2

I'm happy to say that the creativity of over 20 Subud members is celebrated in these pages and that people are sending me work simple because they read and enjoyed SWIM 1 and wanted to be "part of the community" as one writer put it.

Generally speaking my role is to include what people send me. I don't reject anything. So some of what's on these pages is of a high quality and some is of a less high quality.

We seem to be writing quite a lot. Some of what we write is for Subud members, and some is for non-Subud folk. There are announcements and reviews in this issue of both kinds - fantasy novels by Osanna Vaugh and Rahima Warren, a new collection of healthy and delicious recipes by Virginia van Royen and, in the Subud context, a review of By Rozak Tatebe's book *A Spiritual Journey*. Lots of fine poetry, some interesting "think" pieces especially Benedict Herrman's thoughtful musings, Salamah Pope's insights on Eve, and Emmanuel Elliott's introduction to the healing powers of Bruno Groening. (I should mention that I have personally benefited from the Bruno Groening approach so was happy to include this article.)

Working on SWIM Issue 2 has been a labor of love. - my labor and my love. I used a new layout program, made lots of mistakes, kept going, experienced minor breakthroughs, and generally enjoyed the whole thing. (I mastered Inserting page numbers last night so that area's a bit rocky.) My thanks to Andrew Morgan for technical tutoring, and to all those who sent me what's in SWIM Issue Two.

If you'd like to send me some of your work for SWIM 3 Spring Issue 3- textual or visual -my email address is: [emmanuelriddlemaker@gmail.com](mailto:emmanuelriddlemaker@gmail.com)

Please forgive me for the errors that you'll undoubtedly find on these pages.

Emmanuel Williams

*Supposing you are a writer, again you will be able to have an understanding of life that you can express in your writing, that actually comes from beyond your understanding of your life that you normally have. In other words, it will be possible for you to receive more than what you really understand. You will be able to receive an understanding that goes beyond your own intelligence. Actually, it is as though you will be protected from your own knowledge and your own intelligence and given something that is more than that. An example of this is the holy books that have come down to us from the past.*

**Bapak**

Vancouver, Canada July 17, 1981

### DO YOU NEED HELP?

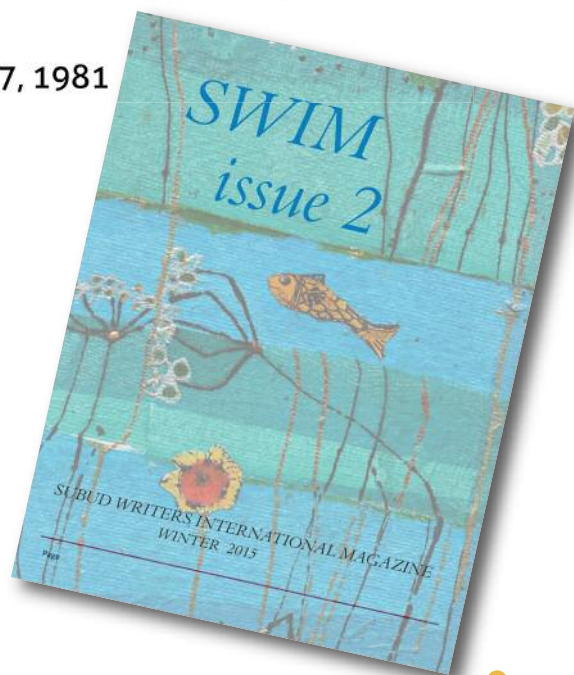
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### SUBMISSIONS

Send articles, photos, cartoons etc. to Harris Smart,  
Editor Subud Voice,  
email: [editor@subudvoice.net](mailto:editor@subudvoice.net)  
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