



Going Deeper

Fourth Interview with Ibu Rahayu – 1994

This is the final article in the four part series in which Halimah Polk writes about her meetings with Ibu Rahayu. We thank Halimah for sharing such an excellent and intimate series of writings...

In November of 1994 I was desperate and a more than a little crazy when I arrived in Cilandak. It seems the push to go to visit Wisma Subud comes strongest when I need it most. After a series of devastating losses including the death of my daughter Mariama, the loss of a stillborn son Armand and the breakup of my marriage, I was hardly coherent. Something in me had compelled me to make this trip to Indonesia in hopes that my life, which was way off the rails, could be put back on track again.

When I first arrived, I called Ibu Rahayu and it seemed she was very busy and declined to set a time for us to meet. I was super disappointed. I found myself wide-eyed and unable to sleep that night and also besieged by a troop of relentless mosquitoes. I finally drifted off at 4AM so I was dead to the world the next morning when I received a note from Halimah Brugger at 8:35 AM to say that Ibu Rahayu had decided to meet with me at 9AM that very morning.

Oh my God, I tore out of bed, jumped in the shower, washed my hair and managed to arrive for the interview at 9:05AM. Naturally when I arrived the maid told me that Ibu wasn't arriving until 10AM. In typical fashion, the maids got quite a laugh over my running around so frantically trying to get ready.

The Interview:

Since Ibu Rahayu now lived in Pamulang, we met in the rooms of a resident Subud sister. We had an hour's talk – not a word about the demise of my marriage. I had a series of questions that I thought might help get my life on back on track.

The first thing I asked was should I change my name (reasoning that a new name like "Siti Rochanawati" might attract a better



Halimah at Poems for Peace.

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fate). Ibu got quiet and said, well Halimah still suited me, but if wanted I could take the Christian version of Halimah, which was Helena, or Helen etc. Frankly, that option didn't sit well with me. So, I remained Halimah.

My next concern was whether or not to discontinue my work on my Ph.D. which was suffering from a total loss of motivation and a myriad of personal difficulties. I had recently taken a leave of absence and was considering scuttling the entire enterprise. Here again, Ibu recommended that I continue my work on my Ph.D. So Halimah was to remain a doctoral student.

My third question was about where to live. I told her I wanted to move to Seattle where I had some good friends and connections. I was eager to leave San Diego where I was currently living. I now unsurprisingly associated San Diego with my own bad fortune.

Also, I was eager to escape the painful experience of confronting my ex-husband and his new wife at every latihan. Again, Ibu was unenthusiastic; she didn't think Seattle would be good for me. She suggested that I not be in a hurry to move to Seattle or anywhere, because good jobs are so hard to come by.

When I remonstrated, "It's been so hard on me there." She replied mysteriously, "Maybe it will get better when you go home." So, alas I was to remain in San Diego.

Next up to change my life, I also talked to her about my creative talents and my feeling that I needed to develop them more and pursue them. She said yes but I could do that within my field of education – that the field of education was wide enough to contain a place where these talents could be developed. So, I was to remain in education.

Every remedy I imagined would help me through my grief was shot down one by one by Ibu. Feeling increasingly frustrated, desperate and even unloved. I just started to sob and sob and sob. It felt as if all the heartbreak of the last years was pouring out of me. In fact, I was literally flushed and feverish. The more impassioned, I felt, the quieter Ibu seemed as she sat there with me.

Then Ibu began to speak to me very directly... almost like an intervention. She reminded me that my life occurrences hadn't been all bad and that yes,

my problem was no children, but people with children had big problems of their own, so it sort of evened out.

She went on that it was my unquiet and frustrated heart that made me feel unloved and lonely, but in fact, my experiences have been very good and people loved me a great deal. I simply lacked confidence and certainty. These feelings within me arose from the nafsu, she said.

In turn, these debilitating feelings came from something in my childhood – which may change. She suggested that I ask God to help me in this area. When I asked if therapy would be of benefit, Ibu Rahayu responded that it was not necessary, I should simply surrender. (Hmmm)

As we ended that interview, I asked, "Don't you feel sad sometimes?" Ibu just said that she just didn't have time to feel sad or to think about herself much. She just went along with her life. Acceptance. Of course, this response to me at the time seemed very Indonesian, way beyond my understanding or experience. But, believe it or not, I left that interview in a quieter state... totally exhausted, drained – so much had been released.

Going Deeper

You can see how much ground we covered in this interview and how critical my questions were and how important this Ibu's guidance proved to be. In hindsight, this meeting set the trajectory of my life post tragedies. In the immediate aftermath of the interview I was deeply disappointed. Ibu's guidance seemed

“
*Something far more
profound happened
for me in that
interview with
Ibu Rahayu...*

”

to block any possible move I could make in that situation. I didn't have to follow it, of course, but by now I knew that I would be stupid not to.

Now looking back at this time of my life, all that Ibu suggested seems obvious. Conventional wisdom suggests that after a tragedy, best not to make any huge life-decisions. My name is still Halimah and it makes me very happy. Finishing my Ph. D was critical to my work life as a single woman; it allowed me to support myself in a successful career as a college professor and as an educational consultant.

Later on, I understood that moving to Seattle at that time would have been the death knell for my finishing my doctorate. Lastly, in my work as an educational consultant my focus became on research and development mainly for arts organizations. In retirement I have begun painting, singing in a choral group, taking up the ukulele, and attending many cultural performances.

But something far more profound happened for me in that interview with Ibu Rahayu. As we talked, I could feel it inwardly, coming perhaps from Ibu's own quiet, the tiny beginning of a sense of detachment and surrender, that all these life events are not so important to the life of the soul. I guess this is why I was pushed so hard to make this trip to Indonesia at this time. You do gain an incredible distance from the immediacy of all the ups and downs of our lives.

That it is important as much as possible to make the effort to feel happy and content and grateful in our lives so that very lightness might serve as a sort of protective aura that envelopes us, allows the angels to help us and might in turn allow us to receive the guidance needed on a daily basis in a state of peace and contentment.

I am and was very grateful for Ibu Rahayu's advice and her inner push to help me go deeper into my soul. ●

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

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

The programs are...

BAPAK THE MAN AND HIS MISSION

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

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

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

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

For more information and how to get the programs

CLICK ON THIS LINK <https://www.subudvoice.net/shop>

This will take you to a page where the four videos are listed, each one identified by a thumbnail of Bapak. If you want more information about each of the videos click on the thumbnails of Bapak, which will take you to a page describing the contents of the video and its duration. >

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

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

The site will ask you to set up a LOG-IN with user-name, email address and password in order to purchase the rights to view.

Please make a note of this information in case you need to access the site on future occasions.

The site will give you the option to pay for the videos from a PayPal account or from a credit card.

Once you have made the payment you will receive in your email account LINKS to whatever videos you have purchased to view.

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

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

SUBUD IN AN ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE

Stefan Freedman reflects on Subud and an “alternative” possibility. Stefan and his wife Bethan run the enterprise World Dance, which celebrates dance and personal development. See their work at: www.worlddance.org

Patience & Sincerity

I have often found it helpful to remember insights Bapak shared. The biggest challenge in my early days of Subud was not impatience but worry. Chronic underlying anxiety made it hard to let go during latihan, hard to trust and not to want to analyse. One of the latihan's very noticeable benefits over time has been a reduction in all this background noise and nerves. There is an access - when I remember to ask for it - to an inner serenity.

Paradoxically today I deal with more conflict and practical challenge than I was able to cope with as a more anxious person. My work includes teaching adults who receive mental health support, and my voluntary roles include work with refugees and inter-faith issues.

The capacity to take things in my stride has grown. And it feels inwardly very 'right' when I'm contributing to my society. This capacity has gradually developed with practical experience supported by the inner action of the latihan.



Stefan and Bethan commissioned this painting from Subud UK artist Frezia Hoffman to express the lively essence of their dance enterprise.

Who Does Subud Cater For?

As diners at the nutritious Subud 'restaurant' we are also part of the 'kitchen crew'. Because for others to find the latihan there needs to be an existing hub, however small, to keep the cooker warm, that is to pass on the latihan contact. Also, to support new practitioners as they get accustomed to an unfamiliar and deeply transformative exercise.

When discussing stewardship of Subud, my impression is that 'ordinary members' may feel that this is not theirs but the helpers' role. We don't necessarily realise how strengthening it is to have a dedicated regular membership. Likewise, helpers may feel that stewardship is largely God's province and responsibility. Not up to them.

Having discussed this with many helpers and members worldwide I say that most feel the important thing is to have patience and to surrender deeply, not to get swept up into feeling concern or negative thinking. They are also careful to avoid ever seeming pushy or evangelical. I wonder how this impacts on the availability of the latihan to those not yet aware of its existence? At this point, reader, I wish I could ask you what your own current feeling is about this.

My lovely local group

Yesterday the men's latihan felt deep. At first quite noisy and cathartic, then spacious and serene. Recently I find laughter erupting at points during the latihan and it sounds and feels so different from my 'ordinary'

laughter. As can happen sometimes - I was filled with a sense of awe and gratitude.

The Ipswich group has been going for at least 60 years, and I've been a regular for over 40 years since I moved from London to East Anglia. But it looks as though our regular men's latihan may now have to fold. Two other longstanding groups in our region have already had to close.

There were just 2 us out of 4 men members present, the other being artist Mike Ashley, a longstanding stalwart regular, now in his late eighties. He drives 40 minutes to attend.

Mike let us know a year ago that he felt he needed to retire as a helper and last night he admitted that due to eye problems and some recent dizzy spells, as well as his wife's ongoing health and mobility challenges, that tonight's was the last group latihan he'd be able to attend. For many years, following the death of several older members, Mike's been the central pillar of the group, for which I feel very fortunate.

Another stalwart member also in his late 80s is having to move away into care, as he and his wife both have dementia. This leaves Adrian Lush - a fit and active 90-year-old - who (I find this admirable and inspiring) is often absent due to performing in early music concerts around the UK! And then there's me - a spring



Are these people Subud members? They seem to be having too much fun to me. But Stefan Freedman writes, "The photo was taken on Paros, where we have the pleasure of leading residential voice, harmony and world dance weeks every summer."

chicken of 'only' 67, whose ongoing international touring work frequently takes me away for periods of 2 - 4 weeks.

Meanwhile the women's latihan is mostly attended by 2 people, with a third member who comes as-and-when she can despite an irregular and very demanding nursing schedule. Between us all we still manage to cover the weekly hall rent.

Trends and Projections

After yesterday's men's latihan I came home opened the email. First thing I read was Marcus Bolt's observations about the average age of Subud members and the way trends are looking. It reminded me that the dwindling and folding of long-established groups is not limited to my locality. This has been happening in many areas of many countries. Yet there are places where Subud groups are starting up and growing, so can these trends be viewed as healthy? Perhaps a natural balance?

Personally, I would love to see more people of

You May Say That I'm A Dreamer

diverse ethnicities, beliefs and age groups finding their way to the latihan and I do believe that humans - the 'hands' of God in this world - can make a difference.

I really hope you do! I've always been a dreamer. To my amazement in my work life some of my 'dreams' have been REALised - with latihan promptings - and I witness there can be a practical benefit to wondering 'What if...'

Well OK, what if Subud were a little different? Here's an alternative story to reflect on.

Subud Planet B

Subud in my dream world is not very different. It was founded by an Indonesian man and a group of his friends and family, who are all acknowledged for their role. Groups worldwide are slowly seeding other groups and growing. It seems that in areas where many people are meeting regularly for latihan there is a measurable increase in community self-help, local arts and environmental care.

The exercise the founder transmitted is - as he describes it - complete. He made it clear that he was an ordinary person and not a guru. The learning journey, which the latihan may initiate is entirely inwardly prompted and adjusts to the unique essential character of each individual.

No particular faith, philosophy or religious belief is required and the Subud association promotes respect for all beliefs. In an age where many people seek personal proof and evidence, the Subud Association values

“ What if Subud were a little different? Here's a story to reflect on... ”

and supports scepticism. From an empirical, scientific or sceptical starting point a person's individual witness to the latihan's power is most credible.

There is a policy of demonstrating respect for each individual approaching the latihan. How long an introduction do they need? What wisdom and skills are they bringing which may enhance the network? What is their personal vision for Subud and its role in society?

There is an awareness, such as promoted by interfaith groups, of how easy it is to step on someone else's sacred cow, and in Subud introductions this is particularly helpful.

There is no formal membership requirement.

Each person opened is given a universal 'Subud passport'. If they find they become interested in membership or in playing an active committee or helper role then they are also provided with a membership card. (By the way this approach has been successfully trialed in France by Léonard Lassalle and his rural group.)

In line with the policy of inclusiveness and non-discrimination, the Subud Association (on Planet B) encourages participants to write or speak about it from their own starting point, for example as a researcher, journalist, agnostic, Hindu, etc. Those from a psychological or scientific background who have written about Subud have especially played a vitalising role. The latihan is seen by many in society in the way that yoga or mindfulness are viewed, as a beneficial practice supported by evidence and experience.

More Musings

Well I'm sure you might have some musings of your own and I'm keenly interested to hear them. Every human development is seeded by an acorn of an idea, or a small discussion. If you've read this, I am glad and am interested in your comments or feedback. For private messages email me at stefanandbethan@gmail.com



More people having fun in an alternative universe.

ENTERPRISE AT WINSTON-SALEM GROUP

By Hanafi Fraval, from an interview with Matthew Ward. Edited by Levana Fraval.



How the property enterprise grew. From left: first (north) house, the middle house has the red front door, and the third (south) house has the blue single door. The Subud house is between the middle house and the south house.

Manara is a Subud enterprise started recently in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Manara means lighthouse in Arabic. And this is the story of how Manara began.

A few years ago, Matthew and Kailani Ward started looking for a place for their daughter Madelyn, who was about to start college at the School of Arts, where there was insufficient residential space.

They soon found a house in West Salem, between downtown and Historic Old Salem. It was in terrible shape, on a cul-de-sac, and on the market for \$75,000. Using credit cards, the Wards offered \$65,000 in cash for the house, as they knew they would be unable to get a bank loan to buy a property in that condition.

Once they had purchased the house, the Wards worked hard to restore it and quickly got it into good order. They were able to let the three upstairs bedrooms, with their own living room, kitchen and entryway, and two downstairs studio apartments. The house was able to accommodate a total of five students and rapidly began making money.

One day, the Wards overheard their realtor talking about a smaller house next door that was becoming available. Priced at \$35,000, it was quickly snapped up by the Wards together with Hadrian and Mahallia Pollard, their daughter and son-in-law, who put in a cash offer. This house became a second rental property. >

Mahallia, an interior architecture student at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, used it as an opportunity to flex and hone her design skills.

Several members of Subud Winston-Salem had already started talking about finding a Subud house, when a third house on the same street and adjacent to the other two later came up for sale. The Wards decided to sell their house in Durham to consolidate ownership of the three houses in West Salem, including paying the mortgage off on the first house.

Between the second and third houses is an historic mercantile shop, measuring 16 x 20 sf. By building an additional room, they realized they could provide themselves with the Subud latihan space. The existing shop will be remodeled as a lounge, bathroom and kitchenette, with an additional new-build space for the latihan hall.

Free and clear ownership of all three houses opened the way for establishment of the project as a joint enterprise, with proportional ownership by several members. They organized themselves into an LLC with seven members (Madelyn Ward, and Rayner Ward subsequently joined the project), including a 10% ownership stake for Subud Winston-Salem. This was key to providing a permanent position of ownership for Subud.

To read the complete article go to:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/Winston-Salem-Enterprise.pdf>

To read more about the philosophical foundations of the project go to:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/Winston-Salem-Comments.pdf>

To read Zone 3 Newsletter which has news about many Subud projects go to:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/Project-Properties-Zone3.pdf>

CLEVER AND FUNNY

Harris Smart writes...

Michael Cooke is an American Subud actor. Amongst his other accomplishments he played the part of "Herb" in the film *Mulholland Drive*, by the highly regarded director, David Lynch.

David Lynch likes placing dark, sinister stories placed into beautiful, wholesome environments such as an idyllic mountain town (as the TV series *Twin Peaks* which follow the events that ensue after a teenage girl is murdered in a country town), or placid old-fashioned suburbia (as in the movie *Blue Velvet* where perverse and threatening events unfold in a dreamlike 1950s suburbia.)

He seems to combine a taste for extreme normality with a taste for the extremely transgressive.

He often reminds me of someone who imagines the worst thing that could ever happen in order to ward off that thing ever happening. In the spirit of "Once I've thought of it, it can't happen."

I always feel he makes nightmares of the imagination in the vain hope of stopping nightmares in reality.

I asked Michael what it was like to be directed by the unusual sensibility of David Lynch...

In reply Michael has produced a video in which he impersonates Lynch giving him some directorial guidance when he played Herb. It is very clever and very funny. He has captured Lynch, this strange combination of methodical naivete and the transgressive and bizarre

Michael writes...

I do an absolutely spot on (if I do say so myself) impression of David.

It is a piece of direction he gave (2 actually) that were not only memorable in content, but in his delivery!

David is one a very short list of great directors whose sensibilities in many ways align with mine. Not all, mind you, but many. More than anything I think it is his view, which I feel, as said, akin to.

About two years after I worked with David, I happened to see him at an event. (And that is said from someone who never got in the inner circle of this business - believe me. My God, what a cutthroat biz, as I am sure you are most aware). We hugged each other. David didn't remember my name but knew immediately >

“ Several members of Subud Winston-Salem started talking about finding a Subud House...” ”



Michael Cooke as David Lynch.

(I would hope so) who I was when I said I was 'Herb' in Mulholland.

We had a great interchange. When we closed wishing each other well, I began walking away, and David, God bless him, raised his voice gently and said as in an afterthought he wished to be sure to communicate to me, "Hey, Herb... maybe you and I get to work together again."

I love the daylights out of David! - Alas, he never followed up on HIS suggestion. But he's always great in my book! - And I'm doing my video pieces, some of which I think I touch on my own 'Cookeian' as opposed to 'Lynchian' quirkiness somehow.

See Michael's impersonation of Lynch at...

<https://sica-usa.org/news/david-lynch-by-michael-cooke/#more->

or a direct link for all his pieces:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCTh6cX8r7sBoEq1fqR67m6Q/videos>

WHAT HAS SUBUD DONE FOR ME?

Marcus Bolt writes... This book was originally written in 1999 as 'Saving Grace – 30 Years in Subud'. The second and third editions appeared in 2000 and 2010 with corrections, minor alterations and additions. This fourth edition, 'Saving Grace – 50 Years in Subud', has had further revisions and additions.

The original Postscript still holds good, mostly, except for some enormous changes in my life – the deaths of my mother, brother and wife; the birth of more grandsons (now five in total) and the fact I'm twenty years older. Here's the new Postscript:

POSTSCRIPT

So, after fifty fully-committed years, what has Subud really done for me?

It has certainly given me my sanity back. The difference between the way I saw life, as portrayed in Chapter One, and now is quite marked. Even the most hard-baked cynic could not deny that. I can quite honestly say that my fears are manageable now as opposed to engulfing me to the point of rendering me dysfunctional. From that point of view alone I can vouchsafe that the latihan works and I would recommend it to anyone willing to try it out.

It has been an extraordinary adventure. It's been fun, exciting, full of pathos and pain, success and failure – and very, very fascinating. I feel I am a broader, more forgiving, more loving and compassionate person because of it. I'm also acutely aware of my dark side, my shadow, and it's not a pretty sight, but, 'This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine', as Prospero cries at the end of *The Tempest*.

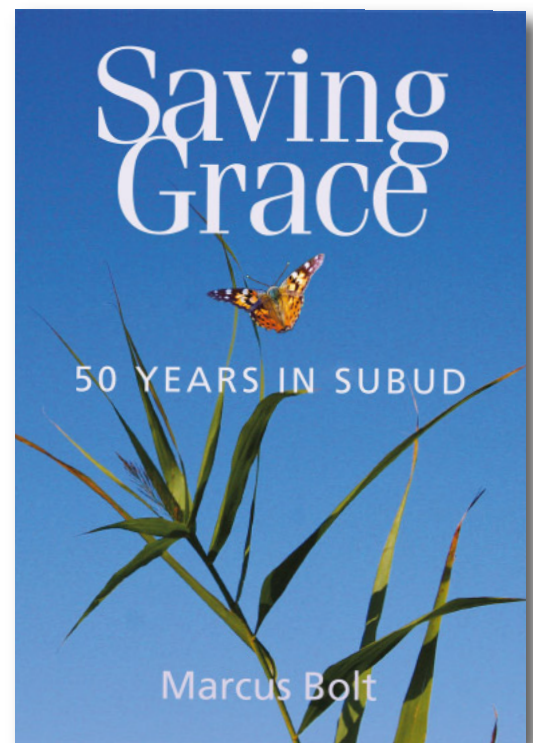
I've got my spotlight on the roof enabling me to live a normal life and see for miles around. This seeing is a lot more than I bargained for 50 years ago. Then I wanted to see the reality below the surface of life. I am able to do that, to a certain extent, but the reality below the surface of myself, which goes hand in hand with deeper perception, is very hard to take sometimes and wasn't what I was looking for when I started out. But I am so grateful for it now. It has truly been my saving grace. I also feel blessed by the fact that my youngest daughter and my second eldest grandson have been opened and latihan on a regular basis.

I'm now doing what I've always wanted to do, writing and painting, because from somewhere, somehow, I have achieved the courage, the confidence and understanding to finally begin to develop my innate talents.

I'm not afraid of death any more, despite feeling its gradual but inexorable approach (more marked, of course, now I'm seventy-six). I'm not saying I'm looking forward to it. I'm sure I'll be scared. But I hope the fear will be one of a more anticipatory awed nature, rather than one of sheer terror.

One thing I now realise is that the human mind's ability to be aware of its own death is a true horror show and I was right to see it as such all those years ago. Our saving grace, our way through, is to develop our inner understanding to a level where something kicks in at the moment of death, stilling the mind and all the other nafsu – fear, worry, terror, clinging on to life etc. – allowing us to die peaceably.

Whatever way I am destined to die, I know one day I'll go to bed and never get up again, or get up and never go to bed again. One day I'll clean my teeth for the last time, drive my car for the last time, make love for the last time and so on. I just pray that at the moment of my death I can have the name of God on my lips. As my old, wise friend Matthew Sullivan wrote in this beautifully balanced, pivotal stanza from a longer poem: >



*Awwa – awwa – awwa
my first infant cry
the name of God
Allah, Allah, Allah
be my last.*

As Bapak has said, ‘When finally you face death, with the nafsu stopped, with thinking stopped, with the ordinary understanding that you normally use every day stopped – with all that stopped there will arise an enlightenment, a vast understanding that cannot be known by people living in this world.’

In other talks, Bapak says that this life is a charade compared to the Great Life to come. One of my favourite passages is when Bapak says that when you’re ill, particularly if dying, you don’t want to eat. This is because God wants us to stop feeding our nafsu so that, if we’re dying, we can make the transition more easily. But, unfortunately, he goes on, this is not understood nowadays and even if we’re unconscious, hospital staff will feed us by tube if necessary. I pray that my relatives won’t let this happen to me if I find myself in that situation. In all the deaths I witnessed close to – my father’s, mother’s, brother’s and my wife’s, all life support beyond a little water for comfort was withdrawn. Each death took about five days and was unbelievably peaceful at the end. It is a kind of modern day, acceptable (but not publicised) euthanasia.

What this boils down to for me is more than a belief, but an expectancy of moving over into a greater life. That certainty, as opposed to a hope, is, to me, the essence of faith.

But, as Bapak adds, ‘One should not be too serious. It makes the young soon age and the old soon die.’

That just about covers it. From anxiety depressive to OK bloke in 50 years, ‘(Thinks): Thanks to Subud!’, as one of the witnesses to my opening used to say.

And finally, yesterday, while out walking, as I came to the steep uphill path through the woods near the end of my course and began to breathe in the cool air, smelling sweetly of recent rain and moist vegetation, I felt arise within me a feeling of such gratitude for my life. I always associate this feeling with worship, and the words, ‘Father, Father,’ came spontaneously to my lips, coinciding with my breathing as I walked.

It all felt so simple there and then. My big I was in tune with my Creator and all the little I’s that make up ‘me’ were in their rightful places. Just for those few moments, I wanted nothing, needed nothing, feared nothing. That, to me, is the pure essence of Subud, this sea of grace in which I am still learning to swim.

ABOUT THE COVER

The idea for the 2010 (and now 2019) cover originally came from a photograph I had taken of a butterfly one sunny afternoon down by the lakes in Rickmansworth. At the time, a butterfly seemed a solid metaphor for ‘transformation’, but having recently read an article on how caterpillars turn into butterflies, I see it has a deeper symbolism than I first realised.

The caterpillar/butterfly metamorphosis happens like this: after hanging itself from a twig, the caterpillar spins itself into a cocoon, which then hardens and turns into a chrysalis. The caterpillar then begins to digest itself, releasing enzymes to dissolve all of its tissues into a caterpillar soup. Inherent in the soup are highly organized groups of cells known as imaginal discs; these survive the digestive process and use the protein-rich soup to fuel the rapid cell division required to form the wings, antennae, legs, eyes, genitals and all the other features of an adult butterfly.

It occurred to me that my latihan transformation was more in line with this kind of metamorphosis rather than ‘Damascene’ (like St Paul’s and Bapak’s), because nothing ‘new’ was added – and it didn’t happen overnight (so far taking over fifty years – and still not there yet).

Like the caterpillar’s imaginal discs, my jiwa and my authentic self have also been with me since birth, albeit undeveloped. I just needed to let the latihan soften up and break down all the stuff inherited from my ancestors (and added to by my copycat posturing over the years) into a spiritual/psychological ‘soup’, so my authentic self could grow.

Discussing this with my grandson, Aaron, who was opened a few years ago, he pointed out that investors ‘liquidize’ their assets – turning them into cash, ideally with no loss in value, in order to reinvest in something more profitable, thereby avoiding stagnation, keeping their wealth open to opportunity and further growth. And having been through a personal mini-crisis recently, he wondered if he too had experienced metamorphosis, but in spiritual terms as old hardened behaviours were ‘liquidized’ to assist change and regrowth into newer, more open attitudes.

Again, as Bapak has said, “The latihan works on every organ, every muscle fibre and nerve ending, even the blood.” He then concludes, “Man can be changed only if he is changed entirely.”

If you’d like a copy of the new book, go to: www.subudbooks.com Price £11.00 plus packaging and postage; a percentage of sales goes to SPI’s Bapak’s Talks Retranslation project.

DIFFERENT LAMPS

A story by Sebastian Paemen...

I met my friend Latif today on Manzil Way outside the mosque. Latif is a Pakistani lawyer who works nearby. Just as we started our conversation a loud amplified female voice with a West Indian accent came from behind.

“Looord Jesus! Looord Jesus! Hallelujah! Will you accept Jesus as our Saviour? People of Cowley, hallelujah!” I turned around and saw a tall, stern looking, black woman in her forties with a microphone in her hand and a large amplifier beside her. Four young black men in suits holding leaflets were standing to the left.

“How is work?” I asked Latif.

“Sinners! Sinners of Cowley, sinners of Oxford! The Lord has risen!” the lady preacher proceeded.

I could hardly hear Latif’s reply to my question so we decided to walk further down the road to be away from the amplifier. As we passed by the small group of Christians one of the young men approached Latif and said to him with a broad smile “Do you believe in Jesus, brother?”

“I sure do” said Latif. The young man looked delighted and turned to me.

“And you, brother, do you accept Jesus as our Lord and Saviour?”

“I love Jesus” I answered diplomatically, avoiding the theological differences between us.

He resumed with an even bigger smile “Have you been baptized by immersion, brothers? Like the Bible teaches and which is the only way to come to Jesus.”

That’s when Latif decided to spill the beans and tell him gently that we were following a different religion.

“Oh,” was all he said, looking sad and disappointed. He abruptly turned around and walked away to join his friends again. He must have thought that it was a complete waste of his time trying to convert two Muslims to Christianity just outside their mosque.

By that time the lady preacher was sitting on her knees on the ground looking up towards the sky, the microphone in between her folded hands, calling out at the top of her voice, “God forgive the people of Cowley, God forgive the people of Oxford!”

Despite the mild hysteria which she emanated, the image of someone kneeling in the midst of a busy town calling on her Creator without shame or embarrassment somehow was evocative and made me think of the prophets of the past who had been guided to bring people back to God and who were scolded and laughed at.

‘Who knows, she might bring someone to God with her preaching’, I thought. We are all different. Her way of worship might not be for me but perhaps it could work for someone else who would benefit from it. Maybe a tramp or a drug addict whose life would turn around for the better. I’ve seen it happen before. There are many paths towards God. As Rumi said ‘It’s the same light with different lamps.’

“God bless her heart”, said Latif, as we crossed the road to have a cup of coffee at the Turkish restaurant. ●



A HEALING IN COOMBE SPRINGS...

Mark Krieg writes from South Africa...

I was recently visited by my cousin who lives in Canada. His mother, Hilda Williams/ Wettstein, (later Helena) was a very early member of Subud, and introduced Subud to South Africa.

Her daughters Karien (later Sylvana) and Brenda (later Renata) were both opened but John, the youngest of Helena’s children never joined. Nevertheless, in this extract I am sending you from his autobiography he recalls how he was cured of bilharzia following Bapak’s advice...

When I was eleven years old I was diagnosed with having bilharzia, a parasitic infection of the bladder which causes the victim to pee blood, hence the local name of red water fever.

I was put on a daily regimen of anti-parasitic drugs for which I had to take the bus into Johannesburg city center and get a painful jab in the arm. I remember once waking up in the elevator after passing out from one of these shots.

The drugs proved to be ineffective however. I was scheduled to have a flushing of the bladder in a hospital. Another very disagreeable procedure which involved the insertion of a catheter up the urethra. After this operation also proved ineffective my mother decided to take me to England to consult with some top-level doctors in the UK. >

The flight to England took more than twenty-four hours stopping at various small airports to refuel. The plane could not fly a direct route as some countries had banned South African Airways from their airspace. Remember these were the days of apartheid.

My mother had found lodging in a compound which housed the spiritual association of Subud members. This walled compound was known as Coombe Springs as it contained the building which housed the spring which had originally supplied the water for Hampton Court Palace.

The leader of this association was an Indonesian called "Bapak" who was supported by John G. Bennett. The English group had been part of the Gurdjieff Foundation. Though my mother was quite taken with the contempt for religion which Gurdjieff was known for, her behaviour showed a connection with religion that she never lost. Her life was ever more an intense search for meaning.

Though the Coombe Springs community was not a commune by definition I will refer to it as such since in many ways it was. My mother rented a room there which we shared. She managed to do some secretarial work in the main building which had been the original manor house.

On the property were five residential buildings, some converted from the original stables of the estate. There was also a nine-sided hall where the Subud adherents practiced their spiritual exercises. This was a beautifully constructed building built by the community and based on mathematical dimensions derived from the enagram.

My mother had talked to Bapak about my illness and he had recommended that she massage the bladder area. She did this regularly after I had fallen asleep. At the time I thought she was tickling me to see how fast asleep I was. One day my mother woke up with a severe headache while I woke up without mine. The blood in my pee disappeared and I started feeling pretty good. I had no further symptoms of bilharzia and was tested later and found completely free of the parasite. *Extracted from the autobiography of John Williams...*



Bapak and Ibu with Subud members in the garden at Coombe Springs.

A Whole New World of Possibilities Just Opened Up

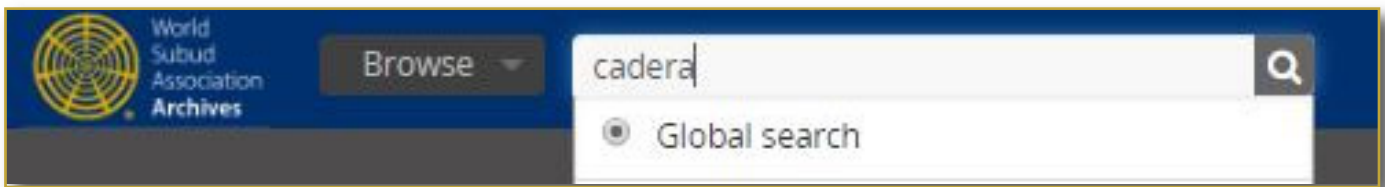
Daniela Moneta, Subud Archivist, writes...

Now you can do better and more precise searches on the Subud Archives Online Database. The database was launched in July and is only a few months old. With new software capabilities just installed, you can now do an every-word search on the entire database including many Subud newsletters, books, reports, documents, photos, films, and other material that we have on the website. Here is the opening page of the Archives Database. Even though the database is small (about 1,000 records at this time) new records are added every day. You can find very interesting historical information.

Let's say that you are a German Subud member and you are writing the history of Subud Germany or let's say that you just want to see if your name appears in the database. If your last name is Cadera, here is how you can do a search. Enter a term in the Search Box, for example, put your name, an event, a year, a place, a subject – whatever you want to see in the database – and press Enter or click on the symbol for a magnifying glass at the end of the Search box, and see what comes up.



Permission granted to use image from illustrator Klaus Kremmerz.



Here is what comes up for the name Cadera – all the records in the database that mention this name. At this time, we have records for Roland, Heinz, Café Cadera, Lillian, and Clara Cadera. The head of this family, Roland, appeared in an article in the first issue of the Subud World News, Vol. 1, No 1 (August 1967) about enterprises. Roland also appears in a record about the forming of SKM (first Subud World Bank), in Germany in 1971. The bank later moved to Indonesia and became Bank Susila Bakti. Roland also appears in several other records and photographs about Wolfsburg. He had a Café there that members frequented including some Americans like Lavina Lagana (she is photographed dancing in the café with other German members). Lavina made a film of the 1966 Subud North American Congress in Santa Monica, California. You can view this film and many other Subud films, videos, and interviews of Subud members, and films of Bapak on his many World Journeys, as well as reports and photographs of some of our international and national congresses. These films and interviews of Subud members can be shown at your Subud centers at gatherings and social events for Subud members only.

Heinz Cadera comes up in the search as he made the hour and a half movie of the 15th Subud World Congress in Freiburg in 2018 with the help of many other Subud members and his family, Lillian and Clara Cadera. You can see this film on the website. Heinz Cadera dedicated the World Congress film to the sisters and brothers who could not come but who somehow were there . . . This film can be shown in your Subud Centers on a big screen by connecting to the archives' website. See also the Briarcliff World Congress and the Skymont Congress films as well as many others from around the Subud world.

Searching the archives' database for the name Clark brings up twenty-one records of books, articles, and photographs about Ibrohim Clark. Roanna Clark, Lukman Clark, Matthew, Kenneth and Fatijah Clark (a Memories of Bapak interview of Kenneth and Fatijah is available on the website as well as an interview with Roanna). One record that came up on the search was a short article, among other things, that Roanna Clark submitted to Subud Voice in December 2007:

Roanna's Memories of Bapak interview was made in October 1995 in Los Angeles; in it, she describes her opening in New York in 1959 and Bapak's stay in Washington, DC.

After her opening in New York, Roanna travelled with Bapak and his party to St. Petersburg, Florida to help with arrangements and she open people along with the Bapak, Ibu Siti Sumari, Ibu Rochanawati, Dr. Zakir and wife Retna, and John and Elizabeth Bennett. In these early days sometimes large groups of people were waiting to be opened and occasionally newly opened members with clear receiving were made helpers.

On Bapak's 2nd World Journey, which started on 27 February 1959 and ended on 27 April 1960, he visited 36 countries. On the North and South America branch of his tour, Bapak gave an unrecorded talk in Florida which you can read about on the Archives' website in Subud Chronicle, Vol. 2, No. 8, August 1959, pages 130-131. >



Photo taken at Café Cadera at a gathering in Wolfsburg, December 1964. (donated by Viktor Boehm)



Scene from the film of a puppet made by Subud Youth toward the end of Congress.

Briarcliff World Congress 1963: an informal atmosphere

Bapak and family were housed in a beautiful private home near the campus, the residence of Istimah and Erling Week, who had done much of the work in preparation for the event.

I remember one night when Ibu wanted to watch Marlon Brando on TV, and despite being told that there was no listing for a movie with him in it, she insisted, and after much channel surfing a movie was found – she was so right! – Roanna Clark, USA

Roanna Clark was on this trip to Florida. On the rest of Bapak's tour, had given seven recorded talks in New York, three in Washington, DC, and previous to his visit to the East Coast, he had given four talks in Canada, six in Lima, several in Buenos Aires that were not recorded, three in Santiago, another three in Lima, two in Caracas, and two in Mexico.

These visits to the various Subud cities around the world invariably left evidence of Bapak's visits in the form of notes, memoirs, photos, films, and tape recordings. Bapak attended many national congresses on his tours. We need to collect these records for the history of Subud and for members in the future who will want to know everything about Bapak's work here on earth and the early days of Subud.

Many Subud groups around the world, including the countries and cities Bapak visited are celebrating their 60th anniversaries. Historical material about the beginnings of Subud groups around the world can be found on the Archives' database website. If you have historical records about your national or local groups, please



Roanna's Memories of Bapak interview was made in October 1995 in Los Angeles; in it, she describes her opening in New York in 1959 and Bapak's stay in Washington, DC.



Pak Mangoendjaja, Karl Shafer, Bapak, and Dr. Zakir outside Hotel 2400, 16th Street NW, In Washington, DC on 25 May 1959.

share them with the Archives. Email admin@wsaarchives.org about your donation of material or how you can help collect it, and how you can fund the archives to keep this archives project going.

To gain access to the Subud Archives Online Database, write an email request to admin@wsaarchives.org. A Request for Access form will be sent to you, fill it out, and return to the email address. In the meantime, you can get a preview of what kinds of records are available on the website and how to find what you are looking for by clicking here for a short video tutorial about the website:

In Subud, as in other major organizations, we have to remember that an organization who doesn't save its history, will end up with no history. This saying goes for the many countries that make up the Subud organization.

KALIMANTAN SMOKE HAZE

Can you help us support those affected by the current smoke haze caused by peat fires in Kalimantan? !

Click here to donate:

<https://susiladharma.org/kalimantan-haze-appeal-emergency-giving-campagn>



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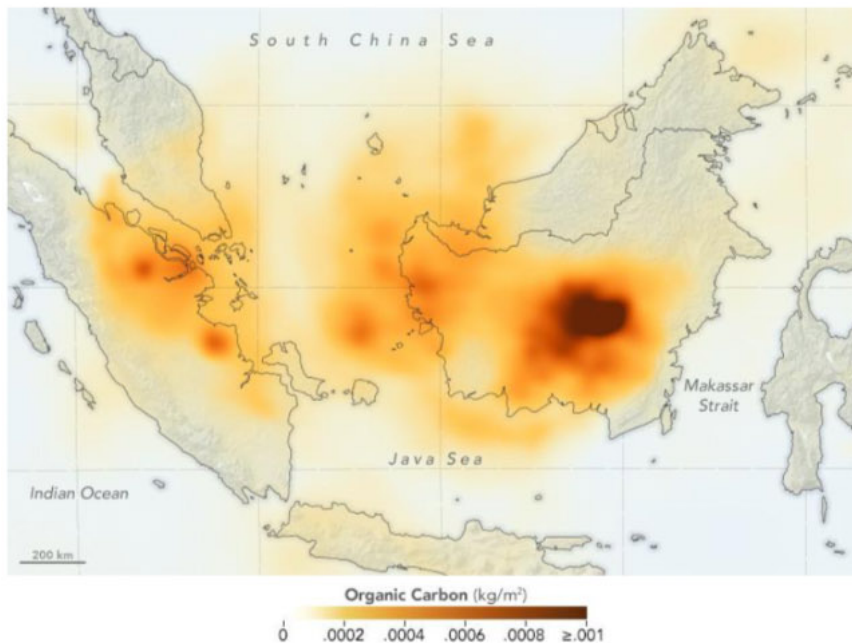


Dear friend,

You may have heard about the fires and smoke haze that have returned to Kalimantan since mid-July.

We have been told by Susila Dharma project leaders on the ground that the current situation has worsened. Last week the air quality in Palangkaraya reached more than 6 times the hazardous level.

Although local schools have been closed, many children remain in the area with their families who lack the resources to protect them. The immediate health risks of the haze involve breathing difficulties, headaches as well as ear, nose, throat and eye irritation in the short term. However, long periods of exposure could result in more severe and even potentially deadly complications and diseases according to experts.



"The map shows the amount of organic carbon emissions in the air above Kalimantan on September 17, 2019. ... It indicates that the vast majority of the carbon is being emitted from burning peatland areas.

"Peat fires can release enormous amounts of stored up carbon and are extremely difficult to put out." Words & image: NASA.

YUM and BFIF are currently working to provide support to the 19,000 people living in the area of Bukit Batu. They have started going from village to village to distribute masks, vitamins, milk, etc. but are in need of more funds if they are to continue distribution to all 7 villages.

SDIA has sent an advance of \$3000 USD from its Emergency Fund to help YUM and BFIF get started with the relief effort. We are hoping that donations will at least meet if not exceed that.

You can make a difference to people suffering from dangerously bad air quality. Please help us support YUM and BFIF in their relief efforts!

DONATE NOW

<https://susiladharma.org/kalimantan-haze-appeal-emergency-giving-campaign>



Thank you!



The Great Kalimantan Adventure Matthew C Mayberry

“Bapak can tell you that there is gold, there is silver, there are diamonds, there are many precious stones, there are other things like oil and so on. Bapak went to Kalimantan and met people in authority like the Governor of Central Kalimantan, who was stunned, he couldn’t believe it. He said: ‘How does Bapak know that in this place there is that and in this place there is this and so on?’ And Bapak said ‘Oh. I didn’t learn it anywhere, I know it from myself’.” Talk at Slough, UK, 4 September 1981

“This book is about my impressions and personal experiences while leading six expeditions (September 1982 to September 1986) in exploring for gold and other minerals. These expeditions were the highlight of my professional life, and the area was legendary, especially in the villages known to the Dayak people as Data Hotap.” *Matthew C Mayberry*

Paperback: 432 pages with maps. Available from (just click the link below: <https://www.lulu.com/shop/search.ep?keyWords=The+Great+Kalimantan+Adventure&type=> £15.50/US\$24 plus postage.
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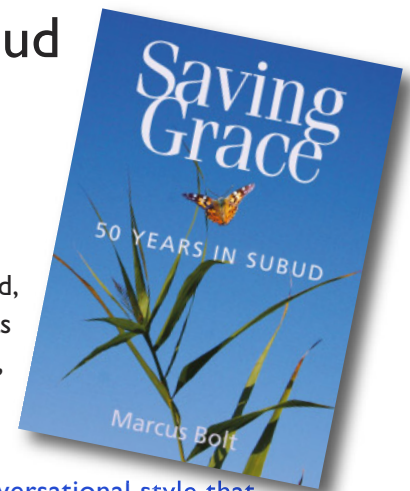
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Marcus Bolt

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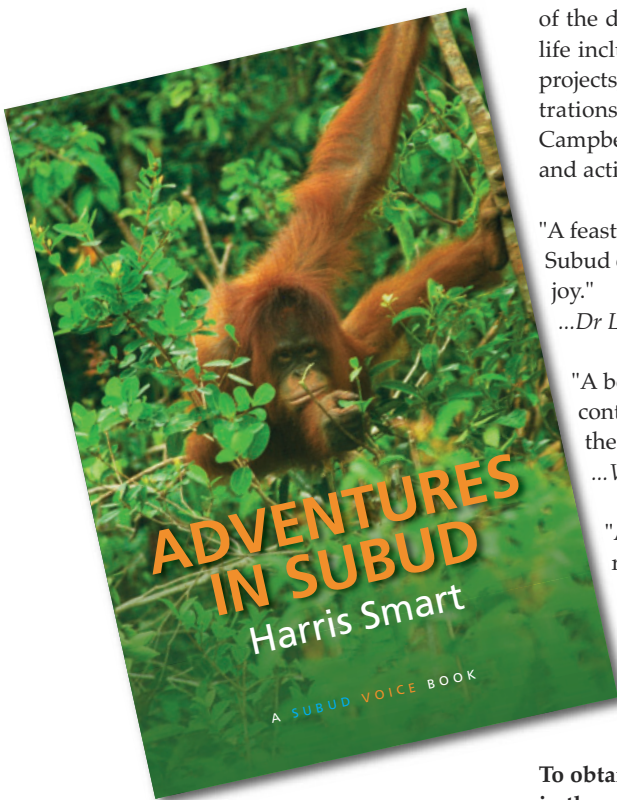
Laurence Clark MA (Oxon), CBE

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Latifah Taormina, SICA

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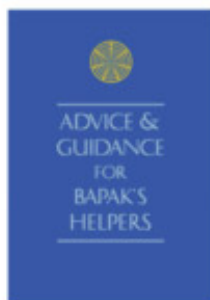
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