



New Dates for Subud World Congress in Kalimantan

The WSA Executive informs...

The WSA wish to announce the new dates of the next World Congress:

- Arrivals/delegate registrations – 4 January 2024
- Opening Plenary – 5 January 2024
- Closing Plenary – 14 January 2024
- Departures – 15 January 2024

Depending on the delegates program, these dates may shift one or two days as the program development evolves during preparation by the World Congress Organizing Team.

With the next World Congress moved to 2024, the term of duty for the current International Officers of the Subud organizations will extend for one more year. In our last WSA meetings (the Board of Directors meeting and the Council's Periodic Zoom meeting held, respectively, on 22 and 29 August 2020) the WSA Team, the IHs and Chair of MSF, Wings & Affiliates have voiced their commitment to continue their term until the next World Congress 2024.



MSF Call for Grant Proposals

Renato Sotelo informs..

The Muhammad Subuh Foundation (MSF) is pleased to announce the 2020 Call for Grant Proposals for Subud houses, for property acquisition or for capital improvement projects. The deadline for submitting the grant applications is **November 15, 2020**.

The Board of Trustees (BoT) has decided to launch the 2020 Grant Process even though it was initially delayed due to the COVID-19 global health crisis, but presently the MSF believes it is a suitable time to initiate this process to support Subud Houses projects from our World Subud Community.

The Muhammad Subuh Foundation has taken these past months to reformulate the complete process >



The Foundation of the Worldwide Subud Community

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and make it more friendly and easier for Subud Groups to submit their applications. In this regard, this year the process features a new which includes all relevant aspects related to the entire process and a step by step on how to fill in the application form, a new to check eligibility of the applications before they are formally submitted, and a new Grant Application Form which needs to be submitted online.

On behalf of the MSF trustees and staff, we encourage our beloved Subud Community to learn more about this Call for Grant Proposals in the section in our website.

In case you have any questions or comments please do not hesitate to write to MSF at renato.sotelo@msbuhfoundation.org

Remembering Mas Adji

Dachlan Cartwright writes about Bapak's grandson, the late Mas Adji...

Mas Adji: A Personal Reminiscence begins with a sonnet I wrote for this "Jester of Early Subud" and ends with a potent contribution from Liliana MacDonald of Subud New Zealand.

THE MAS

A Masterpiece of fun and chance your arm,
A golden stone that's rocking round the halls,
A golden ball that's bouncing through the walls,
A golden bull that's prancing round the farm,
A mask to warn, a smile to bask and warm
And tears so tall they call for waterfalls,
He boots the drive your opening's installed
And macafees your virus with his charm.
Ringbearer, ride the bus and not the Rolls.
Breadsharer, keep your kris to cut the layercake.
Crash on the floor for seven heavens' sake.
Smash down the door hierarchy puts on hold.
Splash Café Nafsu's naughty girls and boys
With chanticler drops from your golden noise.



Mas Adji and Dachlan Cartwright in a photo booth on Chester Station.

The most hilarious Adji story I heard is from when he visited Japan. Not being able to speak Japanese, but with the ability to pass for one, he claimed that he heard that Japanese "princes" never spoke to the common people, but, as he would gleefully demonstrate, just sort of snorted, "Xhoi, Xhoi" with a very slight bow. This ensured him VIP treatment wherever he went!

(As I write this, in my mind I can picture Adji standing in the dark blue overcoat he wore for the British winter, a la Alec Guinness as George Smiley, with something of Smiley's enigmatic placidity, then morphing into Toshiro Mifune as Kikuchiyo in *The Seven Samurai*, as he goes into the required samurai bow.)"

I first met Mas Adji...

I first met Mas Adji in 1976 at the Subud Central London Centre in Uxbridge Road. It was latihan evening and he was in the garden at night, chatting with Miftach Taylor, Latif Nye and others. I introduced myself, and he said he remembered seeing me with the Bandung group. He was speaking about how some parents in Britain didn't touch their children enough. In Hyde Park he had seen children running around and wanting to be touched by their parents, who were ignoring them. He then reached out and touched us.

We all went back with Solihin Davey to 13 St Quintin's Avenue where Rachmat Kops, who joined us, and I were living, and continued our talk in the sitting room there. He spoke about the "romanticism" of how Subud had spread to the west through Hussein Rofé and others.

At that time, he was staying with Solihin at Beauclerc

“ He made Subud normal... ”

Road, and sometimes with Miftach, generally sleeping on the floor, which was a kind of continuous prihatin for him.

[The next time I encountered him...](#)

The next time I encountered him was at Kenfield Hall. He was part of a working party from Central London planting cabbages. At that time, I was going down to Kenfield about one weekend per month to work on the Subud International Archives.

That weekend whenever he saw me around the Hall he would call my name, and then he decided it would be a good idea for us to walk the five miles from Kenfield to Canterbury, and so on the Sunday we set off through the autumnal night.

He talked continuously, and, although much of what he said was above my head, I also felt that this – what I can only use the cliché “spiritual advice” for – was going in, the way a Bapak talk goes in without you always being conscious of it. I remember much of it was due to with being grateful to God, of gratitude for one’s existence.

When we arrived in Canterbury, we went to visit Dominic and Laura Rieu, but instead of just knocking on the door, Adji decided it would be a good idea if we “called” them first. This entailed standing in a lovely but freezing English garden, with Dominic and Laura perfectly visible in their house through the lighted window, and Adji trying to “call” them from the inner. It was eventually decided it was easier to knock on the door.

Regarding walking, Mas Adji loved it. Later his Indonesian friends told me how he would think nothing of walking from Cilandak to Cipanas, a distance of about 100 km.

On the train on the way back to London we would doze, then Adji would open his eyes and tell me things about myself, like “You never eat good food, do you?”

(This was true - my appetite had been spoiled by bad coffee at university, and as I was usually impecunious in those days, I saved money by eating cheap food.) Then he would apparently doze off again, and then come up with some more insights from the depth of his wonderful Javanese eyes.

[This is not the place to speculate...](#)

This is not the place to speculate on Adji’s relationship with Bapak, on whether he was on some kind of semi-official mission in Britain, or whether he was just seeking experiences and ways to help.

He did say that before he came, he asked permission from Bapak, and also Queen Elizabeth, presumably psychically. What he would do would be to seek out members, especially those younger ones but also older ones who were some way “stuck” in the latihan.

The pattern of his visit to Britain in 1976 was repeated wherever and whenever he travelled. He would find some Subud friends, not necessarily well-known Subud members, and work through them to spread his special warmth of latihan.

That first time in Britain he spent with Solihin and Miftach, then, Luqman Leckie, Howard Sheldon, me and many others. I remember him saying, for example, “We should give attention to



*Mas Adji revered his grandfather.
(Photo by Abdullah Pope)*

“ *They have reaped the benefit of their total devotion and commitment to the latihan...* ”

He's really humble."

And he had several girlfriends. He was perfectly normal in this respect. He once said, "They can say that Mas Adji kissed the girls, but don't ever let them say that he was mean." Apropos of this, he was the most generous person you could ever meet. It was impossible to pay a bill in a restaurant, for example – he was always there first.

Once we made a visit to Liverpool, taking the direct train from Euston station. Adji was in a jovial mood, and soon had a group of fellow-passengers, total strangers, normally reserved Brits, seated around us on the facing and adjacent seats, enjoying a conversation which he was directing with that huge smile on his face. For the life of me I cannot remember what we were talking about, but that doesn't matter, it just became such an effervescent occasion, with five or six passengers, women and men, all engaged in an animated circle focused on Adji.

Then along came the ticket inspector and he joined in (!) saying to Adji, in a good-natured teasing tone "I know who you are, and I know what that means too," pointing to Adji's gold ring, which had been given to him by Bapak. I have no idea who the ticket inspector thought Adji, who was coming on like a blend of Hollywood yakuza boss and benign Buddha, was.

The jester of early Subud...

If I have intuited anything in writing this account, it is that Mas Adji is the Jester of early Subud. And this is all to the good, because any movement that can carry and contain such a Jester in its front ranks, is, as opposed to a stiff and humourless prescriptive hierarchy, surely healthy and normal.

And whether the story that one of his sisters received an email from him soon after he passed away is true or not (and the source I heard it from is impeccable), it is entirely consistent with his cosmic trickstering.

And what about the booklet containing prayers and Surat Ya-Sin to mark 40 days after his passing, distributed at the selamat at Pamulang, where it is written, "Oh Allah, Please forgive kissing, Please give your blessing..." I guess that in the hurried preparation for printing, the Indonesian "Ampunilah dosanya" was translated correctly but orally as "Please forgive his sins", but the typist's ear heard "his sins" as "kissing." The Jolly Gold Giant would have loved it..."

All over the Subud world you will find members who have been helped and healed by knowing Mas Adji. He revived their interest in the latihan, he fostered true marriages and brought together estranged married couples and quarrelling friends. He prickled the proud and hastened on the humble. And once you were his friend, as Miftach said, he would never let you go. (You might leave, but it was your own decision, not Adji's.) My wife Srie once said, "Poor Mas Adji, he helps everybody, but nobody thinks of helping him." And it's true, we tended to take him for granted, not appreciating the suffering he was often going through.

Big brother...

In Indonesian "Mas" can mean "big brother" or "gold. Although he some calendar years younger than me, that's how I see him, a "big brother", and if I sometimes still feel that "big brother is watching me", it's all for the good.

I wouldn't go as far as to say that if it wasn't for Mas Adji, I would have left Subud. I would probably have soldiered on in the best doggedly miserable

“Members were helped and healed by Mas Adji...”



Muchsin Russ, Leonard Kibble, Mas Adji and Dachlan at the Sydney World Congress, 1989

“He revived people's interest in the latihan...”

British way. But he made Subud normal.

When Mas Adji came to Britain in 1976, he could have turned out to be one of those “Benis and Rudis”, the gilded Jakarta youth eloquently satirized in Nigel Barley’s *In the Footsteps of*

Stamford Raffles (2010) [previously published as *The Duke of Puddle Dock* (1992)] (a biography of Raffles which highlights the intriguing similarities in the lives of Raffles and Bung Karno).

Instead, “Dustman Istiadji” could get down and dirty cleaning up the rubbish outside the Subud house. Many Subud families would have been proud and happy to put up Bapak’s grandson. But he slept on Solihin’s and Miftach’s floors. And he was happy to drive around in Mif’s old car and Rasjid Arthur’s old van.

If I’m a better person than I was in 1976, it’s largely due to Mas Adji. For example, he exposed, in front of others, a tendency I had to habitually grumble and feel sorry for myself. As:

‘Dachlan Cartwright. Grumbling.
Wants to marry his Bandung girl.
Marries his Bandung girl. Still grumbling.
Has a son. Still grumbling.
Has a daughter. Still grumbling.’
And so on...

The lesson of this is that we should feel and show gratitude to God for everything God gives us. And also, that we should be extremely careful about everything that comes out of our mouths. And the converse of this is that every daily encounter is significant, whether it’s with a friend or colleague, or whether it’s a routine transaction with a waiter or a shop assistant, and we should try and go the extra mile to make it special.

He also got rid of many of my class hang-ups, the knee-jerking snobbery and inverted snobbery which is the bane of an English heritage.

To read Dachlan’s complete document MAS ADJI: A PERSONAL REMINISCE, click here

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/DachlanCartwright-MAPR.pdf>

MAPR (Mas Adji: a Personal Reminiscence) can also be downloaded from the Compilations and Miscellaneous Items in the Subud Library

Words to Put a Bounce in Your Step

Christmas present suggestion! A delightful new book by UK Subud author.

Find ‘Dance Wise’ by Stefan Freedman on amazon...

We are happy to announce the birth of ‘DANCE WISE’. Subud author, Stefan Freedman, has produced a heart-warming and captivating book.

You’ll find 5 elements:

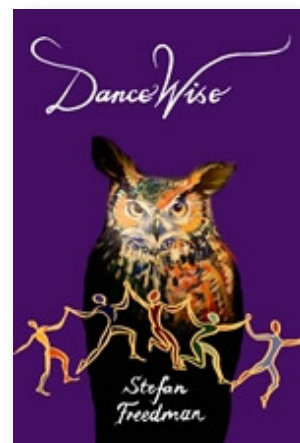
- Easy, enjoyable exercises to music which everyone can achieve.
- Musings about timeless moments and how to remedy stress
- Stories and anecdotes from the author’s worldwide group work
- A vision for a harmonious world and practical suggestions for contributing
- Delightful illustrations and poetry

Stefan considers this book his most valuable legacy. He says, “Subud people, you will chuckle. The first chapter heading is *From Clunky to Slinky*, and I bet you can imagine from your own experience how the latihan supported me in overcoming shyness

It was a surprise to find a natural dancer hiding in my clumsy body. A further amazement to be producing original choreography, and hosting international cultural events worldwide. When I design >



He fostered true marriages and brought together quarreling friends...



dances or work with groups I often feel a strong connection with the latihan. At those times I am given help to put aside personal limitations and struggles. Things seem to flow.”

Here is a brief extract from the book.

Dancing rouses all the slumbering ghosts in your mansion. Spellbound by rhythms and intricate geometries, day to day worries vanish. You are totally present.

My fascination is with the internal experience, the ‘invisible dance’, which accompanies the body movements. There is a light and playful element to dancing which has inspired the writing. This provides a counterpoint to the scientific content of the text.

Dance provides cathartic release from physical and emotional stress. It can leave you feeling serene, emptied of anxieties. We will investigate how this happens and how to maximise these benefits.



Bethan and Stefan Freedman



Circle Dance workshop in Brazil.

“

It was a surprise to find a natural dancer hiding in my clumsy body...

”

Review

“Stefan is both wordsmith and visionary. What delighted me was his obvious grasp of the dynamics of breakdown in both the health of the individual and in global societies. A unique study on the transformative power of dance, combining artistry and enlightenment, wisdom and understanding. A wonderful gift to all those working towards seeding a better future.”

[Stephanie Rose: dance facilitator and therapist]

At the time of writing Stefan has just completed all the formatting. With a bit of luck DANCE WISE will be available on Amazon, both in paperback and as an iBook, by the time you read this. Further info at www.dancewise.net

If you would like to support, do treat yourself to a copy and leave a review on Amazon.

Stefan has also collaborated with the cover artist (Lois Cordelia) in making short films.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WgVDn4Om6OE>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cotl9fQ0ZcU>

Narratives

Silvana Waniuk from Canada has just had an exhibition of her paintings. She writes...

The title, Narratives, sums-up what I do, since at heart I am a story teller; and though the images are abstracted their stories are about tangible inner experiences.

It so happened that the majority of the work in this show relates to the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Psalms. When inspired by a Biblical text I do not wish to illustrate it. These verses have been with me for most of my life, and revisiting them in my old age I am naturally moved to delve below their familiarity to reach for deeper layers of meaning; eventually to express my new understanding visually.

Always I start with a thumb-nail drawing, and since the process cannot be rushed, a drawing may wait for years before I approach it again. Eventually, if chosen, it will become the ultimate blueprint for the painting. As for the painting process itself, it is the big, thrilling, journey into the unknown: I never know where it will lead me.

Thus, my only compass is the drawing itself, which, I believe, contains in its bare, simple lines all the hidden answers. I work exclusively with heavy body acrylics and pallet knives. The work progresses in a succession of layers or variations, which add texture and depth, ultimately investing the image with new understanding and closure.

I liken this slow build-up to stages in a person's life from infancy to maturity. In any case, the end result remains an enigma – as it should – but hopefully an enigma to also involve you the spectator.

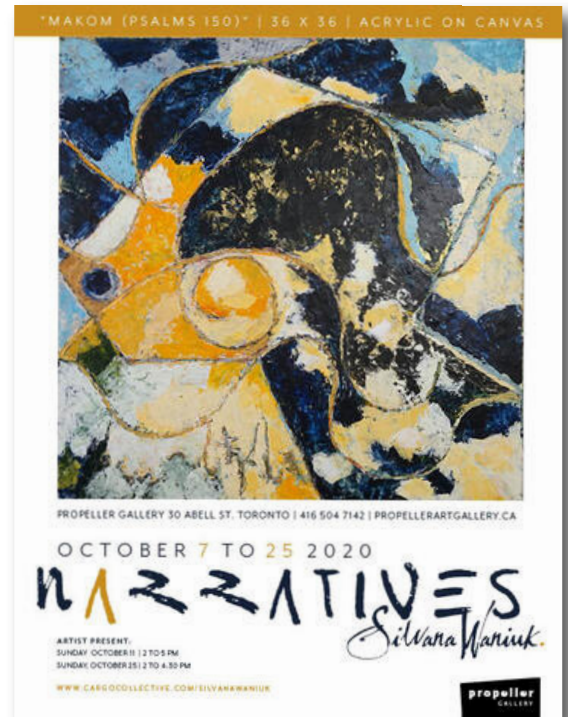
Working with Biblical Texts

- Often when working with a Biblical text I incorporate some of the words into the painting. Thus, keeping with my search for universality, I have chosen the archaic Hebrew script, which is virtually identical to the Phoenician alphabet, which is the origin of most of the western world alphabet.

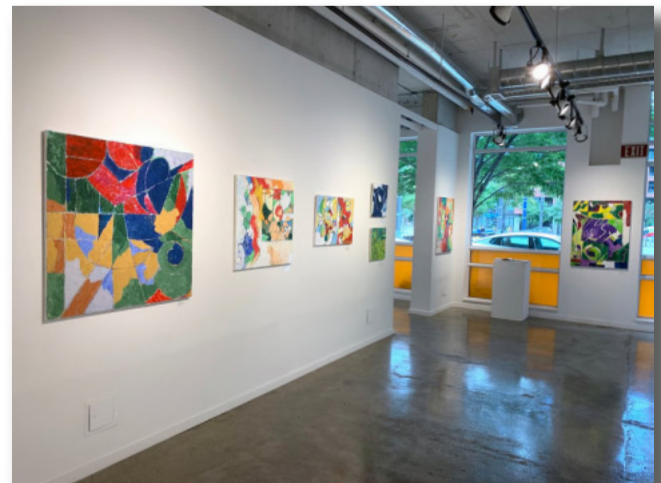
- The Hebrew word MAKOM means, a place, a space, also a place of worship; it is also one of the names of God.

- ASHIRA means: I will sing. The word begins the Song of Praise of Moses and the Israelites after their delivery from the Egyptians.

- AMAN means, the artist, the maker.



The poster for Silvana's recent exhibition. The image is entitled MAKOM' – it is a Hebrew word that means, a place, or a space, also a place of worship.



The exhibition.

“
The majority of the work relates to the Hebrew Bible...
”

- ACHSHAV means, Now!
- NAFSHI YESHOVEV means, He revives my Soul.

Biography

Silvana was born in Germany and raised in Israel. She studied the violin and the classical guitar and has a degree in music education. she became committed to painting in the early Seventies, when she joined the Spiritual Association of Subud. Silvana emigrated to Canada in 1977 where circumstances demanded a change of focus from music and painting to weaving. She returned to painting in 1986 and has been working and showing ever since.

Silvana Waniuk published a memoir *Beyond the Breaker a Subud Odyssey*, available at Amazon.



Painting from the Exhibition: Aman, The Artist, the Maker, Genesis 2-7.

The Amadeus Centre 1993 – 2018

Some recollections by Richard Platings...

This is the final of three articles about the Amadeus Centre which has served as a home for the Central London Subud group and the centerprise, Amadeus Centre Ltd.

This centerprise hired the space for music rehearsal and performance, and also as a venue for events such as weddings and birthday parties. This extract, edited from documents supplied to me by Myrna Jelman, a former chairperson of the group, and others involved in the Centre. comes from Richard Platings who served as Manager of Amadeus Centre Ltd and remained intimately involved in the business from 1993 to 2018...

Music Bookings

Music bookings remained strong during the 90s with the BBC Young Musician Competition continuing for several years to hold three weeks of auditions at the Amadeus. Little had we known I believe, when the building was first acquired that nearby in Delaware Road lay the BBC recording studios amongst whose clientele were the BBC Singers, for whom the Amadeus was something of a god-send.

Our rehearsal rates were less than half those at the studios so that the Singers became one of our core clients.



Renovated Upper Hall, Amadeus Centre..

“

The Amadeus has had its fair share of celebrity clients and guests...

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Likewise, the Monteverdi choir led by Sir John Elliot Gardiner and to drop a few more names I recall Sir Simon Rattle coming into the office one day to check on bookings and Dame Kiri Te Kanawa attending a rehearsal on another occasion.

We were, at that time the preferred rehearsal venue for the cream of London's many orchestras and music groups. Matthew Shorter was another valuable addition to the team for a time as assistant manager, coming as he did with exemplary music qualifications.

The Amadeus has had its fair share of celebrity clients and guests. We still have a brochure signed by Lulu which my daughter somehow managed to acquire. One memorable booking occurred in 1996 when the venue was chosen by "Ghost" to be the location for the launch of their new clothing range during London Fashion Week.

Specialist lighting and sound were brought in, the balcony was packed and a cluster of some 20 or more photographers were huddled against the end wall as models paraded through the hall. Ghost claimed that where they trod others would follow but that never proved to be the case.



Set up for an event.

The Venue is "Discovered"

The venue had however been "discovered" in 1990 by a Party Organiser, "3 Wise Men", with whom the Board struck lucrative deals in that and the following year whereby the organiser agreed to take between 10 and 14 nights in the run up to Christmas and sell them on for corporate parties.

The downside of this was that for these events the venue was "themed out" which resulted in a dramatic change in appearance of the halls which was incompatible with the Group's use. Complaints ensued which together with arguments over prices led to the demise of the association.



Blue Amadeus Fun City. Many successful events were held at the Amadeus Centre.

It was 3 Wise Men however who installed the first canopy of fairy light strings in the Upper Hall, a professionally made version of which did much to attract wedding and party bookings to the venue in subsequent the years.

Harmonious Relationship

The generally harmonious relationship that existed in the team at that time was an important factor in ensuring the smooth progress of the business since besides maintaining sales, many maintenance issues had to be tackled.

These included including the reconstruction of the existing lavatory block (using external contractors), design and renewal of the kitchen and catering facilities, reflooring of the cafe and lower hall floors, plus waterproof tanking of the cellar areas to provide additional storage >

space, to name but a few.

Elias Bate with his catering background and as manager was well placed in conjunction with Santa Burrill, myself and several others to organise much of this work and we successfully got through it all with a minimum of disruption to the Group and bookings.

In 2009 following a quinquennial survey report, the entire building had to be scaffolded for over two months (with a consequent effect on bookings) whilst structural repairs were carried out using an in-house team. Subsequently Elias oversaw the installation of a new fire alarm system and the modification of all doors in the building to comply with fire regulations and together with Ridwan the upgrading of the venue's website.

With his friendly and outgoing manner Elias, supported only by a part time assistant in his early years, succeeded in attracting some important bookings to the venue, notably "Essentials for Health" who for several years took the Lower Hall for two or three weeks at a time for their training sessions. This also provided a great boost to the income of the cafe which Elias also managed. His wife Rose played an important role in assisting with both catering and the organisation of several "Pop Up" events.

Reasons for Decline

From 2013 onwards wedding and party bookings declined year on year until the end of 2018, by which time the business was on its knees financially.

Some of this decline can certainly be attributed to changing market conditions, however other contributory factors in my opinion included:

- The manager's salary being unrelated to sales; overstaffing (two full-time) as bookings declined; a failure to match the expectations created by the website when prospective clients came to view; a parsimonious attitude to spending including advertising, staff hours and especially maintenance; a breakdown of formerly excellent relations between management and "suppliers" as we became known, e.g. Santa, the Saxons (long standing caterers) and myself; the prevalence of an insular, defensive management attitude.

- Finally, a lack of any effective oversight of the Executive Board, by either the full Board, the National Organisation or indeed the Subud Group. Members requests for information concerning the enterprise were regularly ignored. Full board meetings held only quarterly providing little or no supervisory control that I am aware of.

- Symptomatic of this malaise was a comment on one occasion from the Group chairman, Husayn Rogers, who, on approaching the venue in daylight one Sunday morning with friends, felt "ashamed" by the condition of the front of the building.

In 2018 using social media some success was achieved in obtaining favourable Google reviews based on clients using the venue's listed caterers

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The generally harmonious relationship was an important factor for smooth progress...

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Wedding at the Amadeus Centre.

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From 2013 onwards wedding & party bookings declined year on year...

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and myself trading as RedCat Lighting, for their lighting requirements.

Editor's Note: This is the final of three articles about the Amadeus Centre which I have edited from information supplied to me by Myrna Jelman and others involved in the project. It is my understanding that the Centre continues to function as a home for the Central London group and the centerprise still exists although who knows for how long as additional challenges and conflicts have occurred since 2018 when this account formally ends.

More detail is supplied in the third part of the long document supplied to me. To read this click here <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/Amadeus-Centre-Part3.pdf> ●

POSH - Port Out, Starboard Home

Humour from Lawrence Brazier... about the pre-Covid time when we used to be able to travel

One considers a boat and looking towards the sharp end. Not the bow, because it could lead to confusion and readers will think of jack-knifing, getting half horizontal.

The boat is steaming down the west coast of Africa. The sun rises over the eastern seaboard of that continent, but technically speaking the sun does not rise. The world goes down, or rolls over; something I do all the time. The issue has been geo-poetically confused by Mr Hemingway who maintained that *The Sun Also Rises*. It is a romantic picture. The world and the sun curtsying to each other.

The Brits going to India was a matter fraught with questionable motives, which they did not question. But they did go with a certain degree of style and flair, and were posh. If you were a posh person, which once *meant* being British, it was deemed important that your cabin's porthole would be on the left side of the boat looking towards the front. This was not going to permit passengers to avoid the rising sun and would require curtaining.

The left side of a boat is called the port side. The other side is called the starboard side, but there are no starboard holes. The holes on the starboard side are also called portholes. In earlier times cannons were accommodated on both sides of a boat and they poked through ports.

It occurs to me that this is all a bit like explaining cricket, which is an arcane undertaking invented by the British to keep their women at a safe remove. Women laughed at that and they now have their own teams and refuse to play with men. They loved such cricketing terms as silly mid-off, dibly-dobbly and googly, terms they used, with a giggle, to describe their husbands.

Where were we?

Right! Steaming down the west coast of Africa, and if bunking was undertaken on the port side and those passengers slept late they would need curtains to cover the holes, which are round because they give greater structural support, not to mention the cannons, in heavy seas, which is worrying!

But if they went to bed early and their cabins were on the right side of the vessel they would also need curtains. That is because the sun, which did not affront anyone's eyes in the morning, would be affronting everyone's eyes in the evening. The sun would be glowing hotly from somewhere over Brazil.

I would have loved to have written Milwaukee because it would have been funnier than writing Brazil. But it is too late because the boat is already too far down on the globe. Milwaukee, I'm sorry.

A technical note!

The bar on a steamship was ideally located amidships because it gave a feeling of steadiness.



The holes on the starboard side are also called portholes.....



There are many other reasons, quite various, because it is all about a subjective view. From wherever you are looking. It could have been the place where the Brits first said, 'keep your chin up', at least above the level of the bar.

As is common knowledge they maintained that the consumption of gin and tonic was to ward off malaria; the tonic for the malaria and the gin for the tonic. They started preventative measures immediately the boat got beyond U.K. territorial waters, which meant a mere three miles. By the time they reached the tropics malaria was no longer an issue. As was not much else. Gentlemen were seen exiting the bar with a pronounced wobble, muttering in an explanatory way: '...a bit choppy tonight, what?'

But back to the voyage

Everything so far described is more or less correct. That is until they rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Everyone showed eagerness for a sight of Bombay from there. A cheer went up and they started drawing the curtains. It made sense because from there on they were steaming straight into the sun. This also means they were conned for an expensive cabin for only half of the journey and could have easily booked a cheaper deal and needed less curtain time.

Since they were all steaming due east it meant that the man at the helm took straight in his face the *inexorable glare of the fiery sphere we call the sun* (the lit part). Victorian girls were not a part of steering a boat because they were usually hanging over a railing and mooning about something indefinable, like George Clooney, who was not yet invented.

It means, however, that the man on the early watch was be able to see the green ray at dawn, which is one of the most interesting things on the planet. It is actually just off the planet at such an early hour and happens because, quite logically, the first rays of the sun seen at sea, with only seascape horizons, come up through water. Lord knows why, but although it is bound to be a similar ray at dusk it is less spectacular.

Men lit cigarettes and flicked ash over the railing into the ocean in the evening. They were stoic, their chins like granite, their eyes steely. They thought grim thoughts, then weakened at the thought of someone like Ingrid Bergman, who was also not yet invented; or their nannies.

Excerpt from Lawrence Brazier's new book 'Of course, God loves Atheists' which can be obtained from Lulu.com. See the ad on page 28.



“ They maintained the consumption of gin & tonic was to ward off malaria...”

NEWSLETTERS RECEIVED

This month we have received several excellent newsletters...

WSA NEWSLETTER bringing photos and reports from all around the globe.

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/10/WSA-newsletter-September2020.pdf>

WSA INTERNATIONAL HELPERS NEWSLETTER including reports of International Helper travel

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/10/WSA-newsletter-September2020-2.pdf>

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<http://www.subud.org/whats-new>

SCAN: SUBUD CANADA NEWSLETTER AUTUMN ISSUE

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/10/SCAN-Autumn-2020.pdf>

PROJECTS AND PROPERTIES: ZONE 3 NEWSLETTER

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/10/Projects-properties-Zone3.pdf>

We hope to be able to publish some articles and extracts from them in future issues.

NOW AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH AND SPANISH

A GIFT FROM GOD &
BAPAK: THE MAN AND HIS MISSION



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

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

Purchasers of the videos will now be able to receive them in both English and Spanish.
The programs are...

BAPAK THE MAN AND HIS MISSION

- Part 1: 1901-1959: The Origins of Subud. 1 hr 16 mins
- Part 2: 1957-1971: Preparing the Vessel. 1 hr 20 mins
- Part 3: – 1971-2001: Putting the Latihan into Practice. 1 hr 26 mins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rungan Sari Phase 2

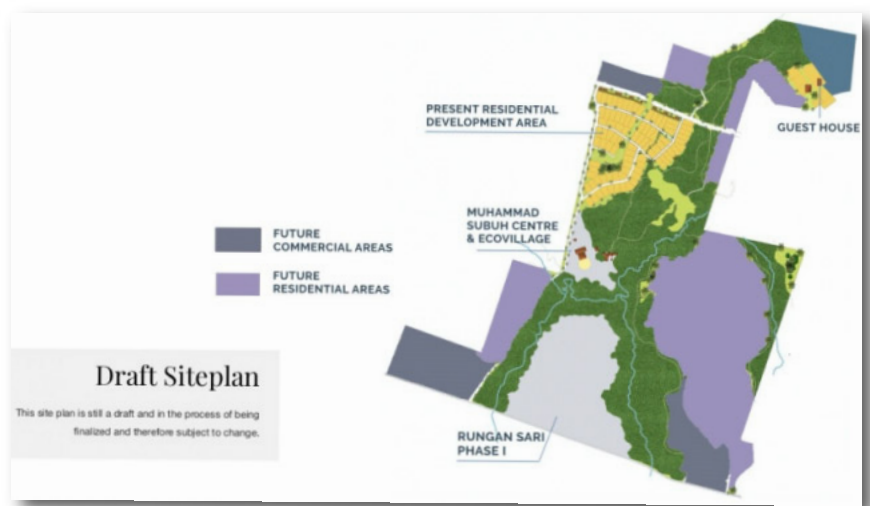
PT Pancaran Cahaya Bahagia (PCB) informs...

With the World Congress scheduled to take place in the near future.

In Kalimantan, PCB is using this unique time to study, plan and design the next phase of development. In order to have a better idea how many Subud members may wish to be part of this development before the World Congress, we would be grateful if you would fill in the survey that can be accessed at:

The main aim of this survey is to obtain information from Subud Members about their interest in purchasing a plot and to develop the land as part of the next Phase housing development or use the land for other purposes. With this information, PCB will be able to create a more effective and realizable master plan and long-term development strategy.

Recognizing that one of Bapak's goals was for Subud and its members to develop enterprises in Kalimantan, PCB would also like to incorporate this in its short and long-term planning by allocating land for a range of other uses. If this interests you, please indicate in the survey if you would like to purchase a plot to be allocated to a non-residential zone – examples of such usage could be horticulture, animal husbandry, forest conservation, research, education, industrial and other commercial activities.



Calling All Subud Educators

Dear Subud Members,

Subud Education Association (SEA) is creating a list of educators, Subud schools, and educational projects throughout Subud world wide. We are organizing the list of educators for SEA globally. It's quite stunning to see how many of us there are and what has been accomplished.

If you are or have been an educator, can you please send the following information about yourself: - name; - photo; - email; - location; - brief description of your educational experience and/or your educational project.

We will add your information to this list. Please respond even if you are retired or no longer teaching or your project is defunct. Please send all information to the following email address : hal Halimah Polk, Ph.D. 5240 Nesting Way, Unit D Delray Beach, FL 33484 USA 510 638-7494

Who Are We?

Robiyan Easty asks...

Recently I saw a picture of a couple from UK on a group forum. It prompted me to upload a picture of myself and Harina and revived a realization I had when I was finishing my time on the WSC, that after 4 years I still did not know the personal situation of a number of my fellow councillors.

I remember feeling a little sorrowful, because nobody exists in isolation. We are all given a large part of our identity by our families, both nuclear and the worldwide family we have in Subud, by God's Grace.

If we had lived a few hundred years ago we would have had a physical community in our town or village.



Robiyan and Harina. We in Subud are unbelievably fortunate to have a close-knit community.

As long ago as the beginning of last century the loosening of local culture was decried, I recall, by two Oxbridge profs, Leavis and Thomson, in Culture and the Environment.



Look for the wisdom in it...



Today this physical culture has all but disappeared in the West, where we see around us people who have no community, or at most a very loose and unstable community. Here in Greece people are very sociable, but are abandoning the villages, such that half the population of the city is in the greater Athens area.

We in Subud are unbelievably fortunate to have a close-knit community, even more diverse than a village community. Our community can be spread very wide, even worldwide and even if we don't travel – currently on hold - we are in touch by video conferencing. If we are fortunate to work for Subud internationally we often work very closely with someone on another continent, without any physical proximity other than at meetings, as Covid has intensified.

So, my big question is this...

How is it that we can feel close to someone without knowing, or feeling any great need to know, their personal situation? For me the realization came that I didn't know which town some IHs lived in, or whether they were married or widowed or had children. I submit that even when we are working closely with someone and are informed about their situation, we don't really 'know' them in all their dimensions.

For example, on the WSC I believe we were fortunate that several of us had worked together on Loudwater and had formed strong bonds. We worked closely with the others, Paloma de la Vina for one. We felt close to each other, yet when I stayed with Paloma for a few days in Madrid on my way to Orgiva I met her sons and saw her tired from getting up at 6am to do Spanish translations of Bapak and Ibu every morning. And this gave me a more complete picture of who Paloma is.

Salama Gielge was Z4 treasurer when I was Z4 Rep. Despite working closely together, I felt I knew her much better after meeting her husband in Poland and then Bertha, their daughter, in Orgiva. She expressed the same about me after meeting two of my children. It is a Subud phenomenon that generally we don't prioritise such a need by giving it a place in our practical arrangements, perhaps we feel close in the inner, but...

At the WSC meeting in Malvern in 2010 we were presented with a daily 9 to 9 (almost) agenda at the very first session. I turned to the other ZRs and said, 'we don't even all know each other yet'. So, we mounted our first rebellion and announced that we were going off to spend the morning getting to know each other better (and also discuss a very tricky money question).

At the end of the morning we all felt that we were able to disagree strongly without separating and to willingly compromise. This is to me a great definition of harmony and it set the tone for the next 4 years. I believe that if we had not spent that time together, we could, as happened with at least one WSC, have taken two or more years to achieve a good working relationship.

Sudarto used to say, 'look for the wisdom of it'. We rightly put great store on harmony, so let's not allow the urgency and pressure of our responsibilities in Subud push aside the basic forging of human contact. Apart from allowing us to do good things in this world it is this that we will take with us into the life beyond.

PS. In Malvern several other councillors thanked us, telling us that in that 'free time' they had met someone they very much needed to talk with or with whom they'd had a very fruitful exchange.

The angels would have had difficulty in arranging those meetings if we had not made the space and I believe we should always allow for this. ●

Thanking God

Anthony Bright-Paul writes...

Whatever one may think of "Revelation Subud" by Emmanuel Elliott, I challenge anyone to read this book seriously without being in some way changed by it. And I, I have not even finished the book yet, but already I am profoundly changed by it. >

Now anyone who knows me well knows that I cannot stand cant of any kind; I cannot stand sanctimoniousness or holy-holy voices. I am wary, very wary of going over the top. I am especially wary of 'imagination' and 'interpretations'.

But one thing that has struck me in this book before I have even finished it, like a blow of the jaw, was one little incident. The incident was a dream in which Emmanuel was being trained inwardly to say 'Please' and 'Thank you', but not by a parent. In fact without even going into his own interpretation of the dream, it is clear that the real meaning was that we have to thank God. But in his dream he had been instructed to say 'Thank you' immediately. While he was considering a way to say thank you, he received a blow to his jaw, as from an angel.

Well this struck me like a blow, so much that I could not finish the book there and then but rose early and sat on a seat in the garden in the wonderfully warm morning sun. (I can see that I am going to regret writing this.)

But as I sat on the chair I began to thank God. It was easy to thank God for the garden, for the huge poppies are resplendent with a background of purple translucent geraniums. It is easy to thank God for such beauty. It was easy to thank God for my house.

But as I sat there I began to thank God for everything. I thanked God for my wife, Eileen. Now that is something quite different to saying that I love my wife, because human love is very fickle. But thanking God for her was something totally different. Even when she berated me I thanked God for her.

Then I thanked God for my son, Richard and his partner, Susan. Now my relation with my son has always been a trifle awkward. But as I thanked God for my son I felt that everything must go all right. Because thanking was also acceptance. And I thanked God for my daughter Lisa, and her husband Jerry, and our two grandchildren, Lauren and Isabelle. And I thanked God for my daughter Alex and her partner John

Once I started thanking God I could not stop, because it was not just people. There was a garden chair in front of me and I thanked God for that chair. I thanked God for a rake. And all the time I felt what we in Subud call the vibration of life. And it was very comfortable sitting there just on my own, thanking God. It was not even difficult. Actually it was most enjoyable. But even a cow can remember itself on its own.

But this action was so strong that even when my wife appeared for breakfast and we talked together about plans for an Italian holiday later in the year I still could not forget that I was thanking God for her.

Somehow thanking God immediately seemed to get a grip on me. I thanked God for my father, I thanked God for my mother. Why, I thanked God for my sister Molly and her husband Basil. And I thanked God for my sister, Cynthia and her husband, Derek. And all the time I had a sort of inner conviction that thanking God for them was actually there and then changing my relationship with them one and all.

And I thanked God for my wife's mother and father, both of whom are dead, like my own parents. And I thanked God for her brother and his two fine sons. And it went on and on, through her voluminous family.

Then I thanked God for my special friends, Abdurrachman Mitchell, and Raymond van Sommers and Husayn Rawlings and Peter Norman Kermode and Ridwan Aitken. And I thanked God for Emmanuel Elliott whom I met for the first time yesterday, and for Rachman and Stephanie Hopwood, whom I have never met, and I thanked God for David Likas, who lives in Canada and whom I have also never met. And I thanked God for Simon Penseneay and his son Luke, and Ronald Leask and Wilbert Verheyen.



Anthony Bright-Paul (photo by George Bennett).



God and Adam by Michaelangelo.

Well there was such a litany that it took quite some time. For I thanked God for my elder Brother in Subud, Pak Haryono and his wife, Ismana. And I thanked God that I was allowed to know Asikin as a young man and that I met him once again at Cilandak. I thanked God for Icksan Ahmed, who precipitated my opening. I thanked God that I knew and was friends with that special person, Sjafruddin.

Well, it is now ten o'clock at night and I feel I am going crazy with thanking God, because it has gone on all day, going shopping, going to the Supermarket, planting bedding dahlias, hauling huge rocks for my rock garden and eating dinner in the garden. Actually I went to Longworths Photographic to collect some photos, and I said out loud, "Thank God for Longworths!" The owner just smiled

I was thanking God for my food. I did not say Grace or anything like that. It is just such outward things that make me squirm. I was just grateful inside.

You might say that I have thanked God for most everybody that I know. But there is one great omission. I have not thanked God for Bapak. And why is that? Because my thanks is so small, so piffling, so trifling.

How does one even begin to thank God for Bapak?

Letter to the Editor

Ismail Fido writes...

Hi Harris,

I am sure you will recognise these lines from T S Eliot's "Burnt Norton":

Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden.

Almost Sufi that!

I do not know if you know that, during a piece of Eastern Music, it is permitted to fall asleep and it is also considered that this is a tribute to the music and that you are absorbing the music? Bapak said something similar about his talks.

I think I must have fallen asleep recently. Thank God! May it long continue!

Rohana Darlington once wrote a fascinating article on ancestral experiences for "Subud Voice". It's certainly the best I've read on the subject from a fellow Subud member. But then again, Rohana is both extremely articulate and an artist, so I think she can "see" things in a direct way and describe this to others.

It is interesting that music, literature and art can sometimes open a door for you. The Sufis believe that about their music. I am currently listening to Ustad Amjad Ali Khan and Ustad Zakir Hussain playing some music, which is obviously Sufi influenced. Rohana did the same thing visually with a mural of hers. These were both doors to good places.

Subud has never had a best seller like the late Thomas Merton's "The Seven Storey Mountain". The book - and what was published was a heavily bowdlerised version - directly hit a place of need in many readers when it came out. It offered a real answer to the feeling of emptiness and despair that many felt. Merton had not done drugs, as some who came to Subud had, but he had certainly plumbed the depths of alcohol and promiscuity and found nothing there.

There has been much good written about Subud but nothing like Merton's autobiography. Why is that? There are, I think, a number of reasons, including the fact he had a rare talent. Not only that, but he was where it was all happening and embodied the spirit of his age. Very few people do that.

It will be interesting to see if this book ever comes out. This is not to decry what has already been written because I think something like this often comes out at the right time, almost seemingly "by accident". The Sufis say there are no accidents.

To the perennial question "When will Subud grow?" my answer would be "When we are ready for it to". All the best, Ismail

Appointment in Samarra

Robert Coker writes...

When I first heard the short story 'Appointment in Samarra' in my early twenties I was intrigued by it. It is apparently based on an ancient Mesopotamian tale and it also appears in Islamic literature, but the version below closely follows that written in 1933 by W. Somerset Maugham.

There was a merchant in Baghdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said: 'Master, just now when I was in the marketplace I was jostled by a figure in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. He looked at me and made a threatening gesture. Now, lend me your horse and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me.' The merchant lent him his horse, the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the marketplace and he saw Death standing in the crowd and said: 'Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?' 'That was not a threatening gesture', said Death, 'it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I have an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.'

Free will v. determinism is one of the fundamental subjects that Western philosophy has wrestled with since the Greeks started the ball rolling nearly 2,500 years ago. (I cannot speak about other philosophical traditions.) The Appointment in Samarra story obviously exemplifies the deterministic viewpoint; you cannot escape your fate. Most people would reject this and say they believe in free will. The determinist would say that every event that happens is a link in a chain of cause and effect, so how can we be free? I recall that Gurdjieff, whose work I read before coming across Subud, compared the situation of most people to that of a leaf being blown around in the wind.

I was reminded of this topic when I recently read somewhere that Bapak made a distinction between fate and destiny. When I started to write this article, taking advantage of the extra time available during lockdown, I could not find the relevant reference. With the aid of some Subud friends I discovered that this distinction is made very clearly in Varindra Vittachi's last book 'A Memoir of Subud'. At the beginning of Chapter 7 Varindra recounts one of his many discussions with Bapak when he was given the opportunity to ask questions. Included are the following comments in direct speech from Bapak (Usman interpreting): 'What God wills for us is our destiny. Destiny is what should happen to us. Fate is what does happen to us because our hearts and minds, which are influenced by the lower forces, make it difficult for human beings to surrender to God's will for them to reach their destiny. So their lives are ruled by fate rather than destiny.'

Looking further for references on this topic in any of Bapak's talks, as they could be considered more authoritative, I was referred to the talk he gave in October 1963 in Montreal (ref. 63YUL1). Here the references to fate and destiny are more nuanced. In this talk Bapak speaks about the different kinds of bad fate that occur when people are "deeply influenced by their desires and thinking."

The main references to destiny are:

"Therefore the latihan, which consists of movements you receive, is in fact a process of cleaning out, going on within your feeling. The longer it goes on the cleaner you will be and the deeper it will go, so that eventually, if you are lucky, you will become aware of your destiny in your life, the destiny that you need to follow and put into practice."

"So it is truly a great opportunity for you all that, with the latihan you have received, you will be able to uncover the content of your individuality; you will discover your destiny, both in this world and in your life after death."

I look forward to meeting up again with Subud friends and contacts after lockdown ends – though preferably not in Samarra!

Selected Talks

by Sofyan Brugger

Bapak Subuh Yang Mulia, Selected Talks, translated by Sofyan Brugger, published by the WSA for World Congress, is available again.

Elias Dumit and Ismanah Schulze Vorberg of the WSA asked Sofyan to share his approach to translating Bapak's talks. They asked Sofyan to select some of his translations for a special edition that would encourage more people to read the talks and be especially appealing to the youth.

In choosing which talks to include, Sofyan asked his opened grandchildren's input - Mahallia, Madelyn, Rohima. The book includes a thoughtful sampling of Bapak's Talks on different topics, at different times, and in different places.

The preface of the book is beautiful and important. At the back of the book Sofyan offers his approach to translating Bapak's words with an in-depth look at the word ikhlas.

"It's a jewel of a book. A true 'must read' for all. Sofyan chooses very valuable Talks from Bapak that we all need to be aware of and his book exudes deep respect and gratefulness to Bapak. We call it love for Bapak, God's servant." ~Mughtar Salzmann

"My constant companion is this wonderful new book published last July by the WSA Executive. I find it a revelation to read Bapak's talks in the depth and quality of Sofyan Brugger's translation. His foreword describing his approach to the task sets a Gold Standard for all serious translators. I respect Sofyan as our treasured brother in the Hall of Fame of Subud around the world." ~Csaba Erdelyi

"This really is a wonderful book of direct and vivid translations and it contains a very interesting essay by Sofyan Brugger on his approach to translation... I believe this essay has some important things to say to Subud members." ~ Iljas Baker

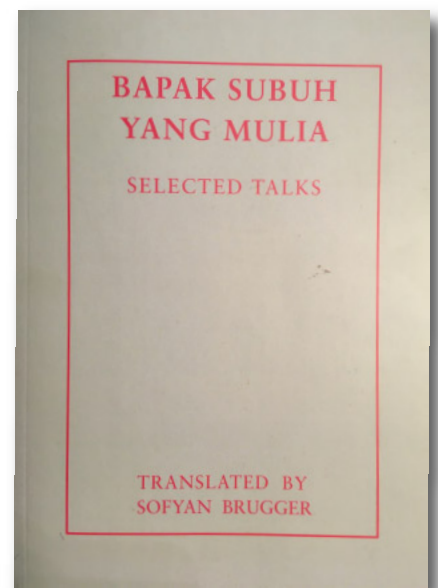
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<https://www.subudbooks.com> - the password is jiwa.

In the USA you may also order the book by contacting: kailaniward@yahoo.com



Sofyan Brugger.



Converting to Islam is not for the faint-hearted

Sebastian Paemen writes...

I used to be active in the Muslim community. Regularly people asked me questions about my approach to Islam because they noticed something different about me. I assumed this was because of the latihan. I wrote this article to share my experiences as a convert and published it on a Muslim page. I received hundreds of positive responses from people all over the world who said how useful they had found it. Although this article is aimed at a non-Subud audience, I know that it touches on the experiences of Subud Islam converts too.

Like in Christianity there are many different strands of Islam, each one claiming that they are the true Islam. This can easily confuse new converts. The puritanical versions of the religion often burden people and put them off Islam. In many mosques people are left to their own devices after their conversion.

Some of us are fine with this and appreciate the freedom this gives, others might feel ignored and lonely, depending on our personality. There are mosques which run programmes for converts and help them to find their way in their new religion. This can be helpful, be aware though that they will always follow a particular denomination.

Most mosques belong to ethnic communities, Middle Eastern, Turkish, Moroccan, etc. It can be >

difficult when you don't belong to the ethnic group of your mosque (and sometimes also the dominant social class) to feel part of this community. This depends on the particular mosque though. Personally I have had good experiences with large big city mosques because they tend to be more diverse.

I found pretty soon after I became a Muslim that I had to stand on my own feet -which suits my character. I was put off by all sorts of sheikhs and leader types who seemed too interested in their own ego and whose teachings lacked content. Like so many converts I quickly learned how much cultural Islam there is which sometimes in fact goes against the Qur'an.

I really enjoyed studying Islam and finding my own path, discovering scholars who resonated with me and who seemed genuine, like Khaled Abou El Fadl and Abdal Hakim Winter. Above all I was impressed by the beauty and wisdom of the Qur'an.

At times the religious life of a convert can be lonely when you don't belong to an ethnic community, particularly during Ramadan and Eids, but on the other hand it comes with benefits too because you are less likely to be influenced by cultural Islam and constrained by family and elders.

There are many converts who leave Islam because they are disappointed about not being able to be part of a community. To those I would like to say that Islam is a spiritual path, it's about your contact with God. The social part is nice but it's not the most important. If you feel you need this, start looking for mosques which do offer more social options, or meet up with other converts via social media, etc.

There is another issue too though. Some converts are attracted to Islam because they are looking for identity and structure in life. These (often young) men and women, tend to be pulled towards the puritanical strands of the religion. Quite often this leads to disappointment because they are more focused on outer matters than on the inner, spiritual path. Many of these leave after some time. Some are able to move from one to the other though.

My advice to converts is to enjoy the path of learning about this beautiful religion, which has so much to offer. Don't overdo things and become a fanatic. Instead, take your time to find the way which suits you, while remaining close to your own nature, not losing yourself because of outer pressure, and, importantly, always stand on your own feet. It is also not necessary to entirely reject the culture you come from and replace it by Arabic culture.

Each culture has developed good and less good elements. There are plenty of good things in western culture. If you are a westerner this will always remain part of you. Like Turks or Pakistanis have their particular version of Islam, in time, with so many people in the west converting to Islam nowadays, there will also develop a western Islam. The strength of Islam has always been that it adapts itself to different cultures while absorbing these.

It is important to remember that anything which is harsh, insensitive, judgmental or oppressive, is not in accordance with the example of the Prophet Muhammad pbuh, and therefore isn't Islam, but likely to just come from people's lower self. In the end, Islam means 'surrender to God' which is something between you and your Creator. ●



“ Above all I was impressed by the beauty and wisdom of the Qur'an... ”

Obituary for Reynold Bean

Hamilton Bean, Reynold's son, writes, I did not have another way to send this to all of Reynold's connections, but I wanted to let you know that Reynold died suddenly, yet peacefully, last night at the Zen Center in Boulder. He was with the community he loved. Thank you for being a presence in Reynold's life. If you would like to reach me, my email is hamiltonbean9@hotmail.com

Reynold Bean, 85, died peacefully the night of September 8, 2020 in his room at the Boulder Zen >

Center in Colorado. Reynold was born June 9, 1935 in Newark, New Jersey to Louis and Stella Bean. “Stanley,” as he was then known, grew up in Hillside, New Jersey, often working in his father’s butcher shop, until he was old enough to “get away” (as he liked to say) to Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, graduating in 1958 (he later served on Antioch’s Alumni Board). At Antioch, he met his first wife, Ruth Warmbrunn (later “Illia”). They were married in 1957, with their son Dale (later “Hamid”) born in 1959 and daughter Ellen (later “Malina”) born in 1961.

Reynold earned his Ed.M. from Harvard University in 1961. Much of his professional life was connected to education in some way, and he served in leadership and administrative roles for educational, social service, and consulting organizations in northern California (and, later, New Mexico). In California, in the 1960s, Reynold also became involved with (and later helped lead at state and national levels) an international spiritual organization called Subud (“Susila Budhi Dharma”).

He was opened in Subud in 1967. Through Subud, and a personal growth organization in Palo Alto called the “Human Institute,” Reynold met his second wife, Halimah. They married in 1970, and their son, Hamilton, was born in 1975. Throughout the 1980s, Reynold served in consulting and leadership roles for various social service organizations, including Group Home Society (Santa Cruz).

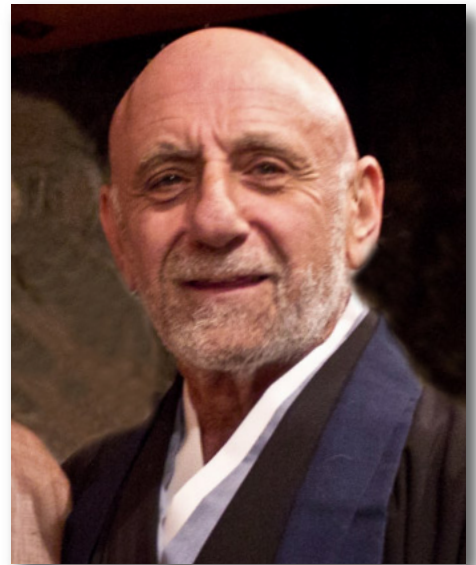
Reynold wrote several of his books in the early 1990s, and he has 11 items overall listed in the Library of Congress, including *Elementary Principal’s Handbook: New Approaches to Administrative Action* (1978; coauthored with Harris Clemes), *How to be a Slightly Better Parent* (1991), and *Four Conditions of Self-Esteem: A New Approach for Elementary and Middle Schools* (1992). Several of his books have been translated into multiple languages, and his friends have shared stories of finding these books on shelves all around the world.

Reynold met Errol Drake when she invited him to discuss his work on self-esteem with educators in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Reynold moved to Albuquerque in 1992 to be with Errol, and they married in 1996. He served as Director of Education for institutions in the New Mexico Corrections Department.

Reynold and Errol first visited friends in Crestone in the late 1990s, and Reynold fell in love with the area. They built their home together in the Baca Grande in 2000. They were known in the Crestone community for hosting fun-filled parties and made many friends. Reynold served as the Director of the Crestone Charter School from 2002 to 2007. He even served as a reporter for the *Crestone Eagle* for a brief time.

He had mostly retired from professional life by 2010 (he continued consulting work). Reynold devoted the last nine years of his life to monastic practice at the Crestone Mountain Zen Center (CMZC). He called his life there “an unexpected gift from an unexpected source.”

Reynold’s final adventure (aside from a 2019 tour of Japan, facilitated by his 14-year-old grandson, Max) was joining five of his fellow CMZC residents in relocating to the Boulder Zen Center in August 2020. He had expressed optimism about the move to Boulder, but also some sadness at leaving the San Luis Valley and his home in Crestone. His funeral ceremony was organized and



Reynold Bean.

“ *Reynold devoted the last nine years of his life to monastic practice at the Crestone Mountain Zen Center (CMZC)...* ”

“ *In the often-tumultuous world of the psychodrama, Reynold was a warm, kind, calm, wise presence.* ”

conducted by his Buddhist teacher and friend at the Boulder Zen Center, Zenki Christian Dillo Roshi.

Given his last adventure, it is fitting that the final words spoken at the ceremony were his own: a poem, "Adventure," composed in Crestone sometime around 2007. The ceremony and service were performed as Reynold had lived his life: with honesty, humor, insight, and lovingkindness.

Reynold is survived by his children, Hamid, Malina, and Hamilton, and his grandchildren, Arletta, Ian, and Max, who loved him very much. Donations in Reynold's memory can be made to his cherished community at the Boulder Zen Center, 2151 Arapahoe Ave., Boulder, CO 80302.

Reynold Bean & me...

Stefen Solat writes...

Since early 1970s I respected, maybe with some timidity, Reynold's bold forthrightness, but always felt connected, even if from a distance. Then Reynold's article was published in Subud USA News (which was then printed in booklet form), entitled, "*It's Time*", urging Subud to move forward in the world and, in the same issue, a symbolic story about trust, written by me.

Then, in next issue, a comment from an Indonesia Subud member relating the 2 articles to each other.

In a later epoch, Reynold stood boldly in defense of a small group in Topanga, of which I was chair, against the reckless action of a Subud California Committee.

Advancing many years to present, thru the help of Lucian Parshall and Hamilton Brannan, I discovered that Reynold was still alive (contrary to what I'd heard), and obtained phone number and then, thru Harris Smart, email. Then got up courage to give him a call: What a blessing!

My new career, in clinical social work, incentivized my intention to reach out to Reynold, a pioneer of Psychodrama. To my delight, he relished the call, and was both encouraging and informative – in the most insightful sense – as I launch into my new work. As he told me of his pending move to Boulder, I held back calling again, wanting to allow him to settle in first. Then news, from Harris, that Reynold had left us. OH, was I ever so looking forward to our next conversation. ...It'll still take place but, in another sphere.

Farewell, dear friend...

Harris Smart writes...

I first new Reynold Bean in Palo Alto, California, in the mid-sixties when along with Husain Chung and Harris Clemes he ran the Human Institute a pioneering Subud enterprise offering experiences in psychodrama.

In the often-tumultuous world of the psychodrama Reynold was a warm, kind, calm, wise presence. The Human Institute came to an end. I returned to Australia and did not hear of Reynold for many years.

And then to my very great pleasure, we met at the Christchurch World Congress. By pure accident we both happened to be billeted at the same place.

What a joy it was to reconnect with him across 30 years and to get to know him all over again.

After the Christchurch congress he entered the Zen monastery and we stayed in touch by email. I am very happy that we have been able to mark the passing of this wonderful man by publishing the obituary by his son and Reynold's own poem "Adventure" which closes this issue of Subud Voice. His passing causes me to remember those extraordinary days of the Human Institute which were so formative for me and responsible for bringing so many people into Subud. and so you will also find in this issue of *Subud Voice*, my memories of Reynold's partner, Husain Chung.

To read an article from Subud Voice by Reynold in which he talks about joining the Zen monastery, [click here](https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/Reynold-Subud-Voice.pdf)

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/Reynold-Subud-Voice.pdf>

HUSAIN CHUNG AND THE GENERATION OF '68

Harris Smart writes about Husain Chung, the psychodrama master who brought hundreds of people (including Harris) into Subud in California in the sixties...

Recently in Subud Voice, we ran a series of three articles by the English Subud member Anthony Bright-Paul, about the arrival of Subud in England in 1957. This was of course "the coming out moment", the "birthing moment" for Subud in the world which had previously been known only in Indonesia, Singapore and Japan. Now it became available to the whole world.

And after that of course many other birthing or coming out moments have happened as Subud spread around the world and took root from place to place,

Today I would like to tell you about one such moment that occurred around the town of Palo Alto, California, in 1968 and centred on a man called Husain Chung.

The most unforgettable character I ever met...

The Reader's Digest used to run a regular feature entitled "the most unforgettable character I ever met" and Husain Chung was certainly the most colourful and unforgettable character I have met so far in 77 years on the planet.

I am an Australian, but I had a fellowship in the Creative Writing Department of Stanford University which is situated in Palo Alto about 30 miles south of San Francisco. I arrived there in 1966.

The first year I was at Stanford I worked very hard at being a writer, but in my second year I was seduced by all the stimulating and novel things that were happening in California at that time. All the artistic, social and political ferment involving hippies, anti-Vietnam war demonstrations, civil rights, University sit-ins and so on.

Up until that time it had been the writer who had been the culture hero, interpreting the times for his readership, now it became the musician, who was the arbiter of taste. We now lived in the age of singer songwriters like Bob Dylan and bands like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and all those great bands who came out of California at that time such as the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and The Doors.

I started using psychedelic drugs, mostly marijuana and LSD. But like a lot of people I reached a point particularly with LSD, when it seemed dangerous to continue.

I'd had only good experiences on LSD, but after doing it about 16 times I began to wonder about the wisdom of having this extraordinarily powerful drug racing round in my system. And there was always the fear of taking the "one trip too many from which one did not return"; the evidence of which was around.

At this point, like a lot of other people I began to look around for something else to facilitate my personal development, and like some people I was attracted to Husain Chung and his psychodrama.

The most audacious...

Husain was originally from Shanghai, but he had been born with deformed hips so as a child he was sent to Hawaii to receive medical attention for this disability.

So, as a very young child, I think he was only about two when it all began, he was in a hospital in Hawaii, encased in plaster, a despised "chink", separated from his family, unable to speak English.



Husain Chung.

It was the beginning of a lifetime of extremely painful treatments intended to correct his condition.

Because of the intense deprivation of his circumstances the child developed a relationship with what he came to call “the entity”, which was his name for God. So, it was a classic case of someone turning to God, forming an intense relationship with God, because of their isolation and suffering. This suffering was the foundation of his strength.

Eventually Husain was released from hospital and continued to live in Hawaii. Although he was the smallest person around the place, about five feet tall plus crippled, he was determined to live life as fully as he possibly could. Anything the other boys did in terms of risk and audacity, Husain would go further.

And really it was these early circumstances which shaped his remarkable power as a healer. He was the smallest, he was crippled, he was the most audacious.

Comes to the mainland USA...

When he was in his late teens, he went to the mainland United States and began a life of itinerant adventure. One day (it was in New Orleans if I remember correctly) he was looking for a place to stay and he met a sailor just about to go off on a ship. He bequeathed his apartment to Husain, along with the girlfriend who came with it, who became Husain’s first wife.

These two then set off on a series of adventures travelling around the United States. Interestingly, he was often taken for a Native American; because of his bronze skin tone and long black hair, people often thought he was an Apache.

So, they travelled around taking odd jobs, exploring life. Husain recounts in his autobiography how at one point he even got work as a lumberjack. No door was closed to Husain. In no way was he limited by his physical circumstances.

Eventually they settled down. Husain got a teaching diploma and became the teacher and headmaster in the one-room schoolhouse in Big Sur, the famous coastal area of spectacular cliffs south of Monterey.

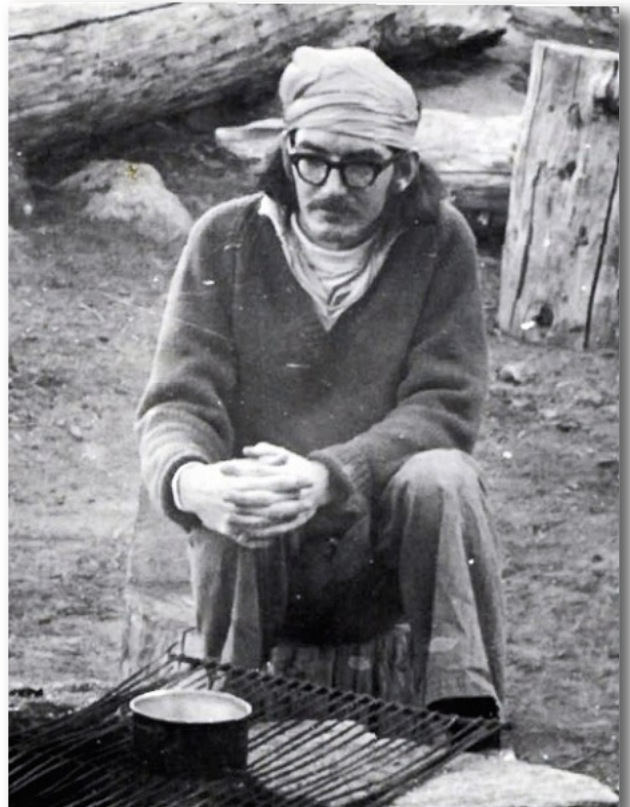
Already by the 1950s this area had become a mecca for writers, intellectuals and philosophers. Husain was soon part of a community which included legendary figures like the writer, Henry Miller, and Alan Watts, who had introduced Zen Buddhism to the west.

It was a freewheeling bohemian lifestyle, and Husain was already pushing boundaries, and looking for spiritual breakthroughs. Thus, it was that he heard about Subud from a hitchhiker passing through Big Sur.

The hitchhiker sent back news from San Francisco that Subud was happening in a room in the back of a bookshop. Husain immediately packed wife and children into the car and drove up to the bookshop where John Bennett was at that time opening people in Subud.

After being opened Husain moved to Columbia, Missouri, where he got postgraduate qualifications in education and continued to explore his social and artistic experiments. He came upon a derelict building in town which he converted into a café, The Inn of the DUBioUS (S)elf, where performances and personal development experiences were on the menu along with the coffee and cakes.

“ Husain had spontaneously recreated a ritual for our times, a Greek tragedy for our age...”



Harris Smart in Yosemite Valley around the time he first met Chung.

Then he got a job as a night caretaker in a psychiatric institution for the criminally insane. It was here he first heard about psychodrama and had soon picked up from the doctors how to do it.

He learned to do psychodrama with rapists and murderers, so it was no wonder that later he was dynamite when let loose in a room full of just ordinary middle-class neurotics.

Human potential...

Husain arrived in California at that time when what was called the human potential movement was getting underway. This movement involved taking group therapies which had been developed in a clinical setting for treating people with mental health issues and converting them into “encounter groups”, a form of recreation and self-discovery for people seeking personal development.

I heard about all this and it seemed like just the catharsis I was seeking.

Dark arts...

So, there were various gurus and renowned practitioners of these dark psychotherapeutic arts in the Bay Area or nearby. One of the most famous was a man called Fritz Perls who practised a therapy called Gestalt down south at the Big Sur hot Springs.

The one who was well-known in the area around Stanford was Husain. He specialised in running these events which he called psychodrama marathons where a group of 40 people would gather together in some secluded place and do continuous psychodrama from 9 PM on Friday night through to lunchtime on Sunday. People were talking about this experience as the next best thing in personal development.

So, I went on one. It would take me pages to describe what happened to me. All I can say is that it was the catharsis I had been seeking. It was a liberation. And this Chinaman Husain Chung, was like a being out of mythology. He was tiny, he was only about 5 feet tall, and he walked with a limp, dragging his legs behind him.

He was the personification of the other. He was like that being in fairy tales who comes to overturn the applecart. He confronted us with the opposite of what we were, middle-class westerners. He was foreign, he was tiny rather than big, he was crippled rather than the whole. He was like Rumpelstiltskin or somebody. He created a psychodrama just by being who he was.

And he was a genius of the feelings. Sometimes he would sit in the middle of the circle and he would pick up the feelings all around him and perhaps at a certain moment he would turn to somebody sitting behind him and say, “And what’s happening with you?” and then some extraordinary drama would unfold.

What is psychodrama?

Psychodrama had been developed by a student of Freud’s named Jacob L Moreno. Around 1910 he developed the theatre of spontaneity, based on the acting out of improvised impulses. There is a legendary story that Moreno discovered the technique one night when watching a performance of King Lear. He was so dissatisfied by the artificiality of the performance that he jumped up on stage and showed how it should be done, based on an acting out of the feelings.



The explosion of liberating energy in California in the 1960s was certainly one of the fuels of Husain’s psychodramas which often ended in celebratory dancing just like this.

This has much in common with the process developed by the Russian director Stanislavski that theatrical performances should come from inside, and this led to the method acting technique of people like Marlon Brando.

Psychodrama often uses a stage, props, lights, music and other theatrical devices to facilitate the flow of emotion. It can investigate real-life events, past situations, mental processes, dreams.

It provides an opportunity for the participants to reflect on their behaviour, a way for an individual or a group to explore and solve personal problems, using spontaneous acting out and role-playing to gain insight into their lives or cathartic release from troubles emotions. A bringing to the surface of what is usually buried in the unconscious.

So, a typical psychodrama might begin with a man who is having a problem with his wife, and then the psychodrama director takes him through a process whereby he can act out aspects of the problem. Psychodramatic actors come in to play the spouse, or other characters, or aspects of the protagonist, in order to provide insight or cathartic release.

But Husain took it way beyond that...

Time and time again in the psychodrama we saw that problems the people were having with their relationships or their own identity were rooted in their relationships with their parents.

It wasn't that Husain make this happen or started out with a preordained belief that it would always happen this way. He just provided a field in which this unfolded again and again, almost universally in fact.

But then it went to another level, the level of fairy tales, mythology, dreams. We saw that the ancient stories like the Greek myths for example appeared spontaneously in the room. Husain didn't make them happen. He didn't push the person in that direction. They just erupted spontaneously out of the subconscious and suddenly you found yourself in the play of Oedipus. Or the drama of Electra, the female version of the Oedipal myth, Electra who loved her father and had problems with her mother.

It was amazing. I saw scenes enacted before my eyes in those psychodramas that I will never forget. In no other context have I ever see the human heart with all its tribulations, all it's suffering, all it capacity for recovery all its beauty and its joy, as was revealed in that room over the 40 hours of those psychodrama marathons.

It was not only what you went thru yourself but the witness that you bore to what had happened to other people. These were extraordinary experiences. To me it was like Husain had spontaneously recreated a ritual for our times, a Greek tragedy for our age.

As you know, back in the days of ancient Greece if you went to see a play, it was not just that you had some agreeable experience you could chat about over gin and tonic in the interval. It was cathartic. It took its spectators into a life-changing experience of "pity and terror" as Aristotle put it.

And that was what Husain for a period reinvented for contemporary Western people. Others of course did similar things. There was a theatre group called The Living Theatre, or the group called Synanon which worked with drug addicts. There were a number of these groups which in one way or another combined theatre and therapy, some leaning more towards the theatre side, some more towards the therapy side.

But Husain's invention was completely his own, arising from his unique being, and its connection to the zeitgeist, and his wholehearted dedication to Subud. Husain met Moreno the inventor of psychodrama who invited Husain to become his heir in managing the development of psychodrama, but Husain preferred to follow his own freewheeling way.

Finding Subud...

I became devoted to this psychodrama. I was doing it practically 24/7. I would be going to psy- >

“ *The human heart revealed in all its tribulations, all it's suffering, all its capacity for recovery, all its beauty and all its joy...* ”

chodrama marathons every weekend. Several nights a week I would go to be trained as a psychodramatic actor, and then on Friday nights we would often do a psychodrama demonstration for people who walked in off the street.

As I continued to be part of this psychodrama tribe, I heard how Husain was involved in some kind of spiritual movement and it was this that really fuelled his approach to the psychodrama; that was where he drew the energy from. So, one day I went to him and I said, "What's this spiritual thing you are involved in?"

He said, "It's called Subud."

To read the complete article about Husain Chung, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/Husain-Chung.pdf>

Adventure by Reynold Bean

Adventure is awaiting me
Just this side of dying.
Between now and then
I will run like a young man,
Embracing that love of living
That dying makes richer.

Blind in the past, now sighted,
Seeing inside things clearly
Despite that vision wanes.
Everything slows to my pace
But speeds that race
I run toward Home.

Years ago I knew an Indian who ran
A very great distance in a short time;
He lived long to tell of his miraculous run.
The race I run is quite brief,
But long in the telling, too.
To die seems, finally, right to do.

What is this strange turn?
In my inner heart
Love for dying grows.
Embracing that end makes living
Shine with a sharper light;
Taste saltier to my tongue.

What is this strange turn?
In my inner heart
Love for dying grows.
Embracing that end makes living
Shine with a sharper light;
Taste saltier to my tongue.

Light grows brighter, dying day nears,
Crevasses and minarets of my mind illuminate.
They become holy places, temples to memory
Coming moon-like to shed soft light
On fears and pains that no longer serve.

I gird myself in mindfulness and compassion;
Face dark forces that strength and passion
Have never overcome.
Premonition of dying stirs a subtle slyness
That holds off that day so
Unfinished work gets done.

Adventure waits as age comes.
I go down to dark places my fears kept me from;
I will soar yet to see the eagle's world,
I will sail seas I've never seen,
And love this world before I leave.

When Death comes seeking me
I will be waiting by my open door.

Reynold Bean



NEW

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Marcus Bolt

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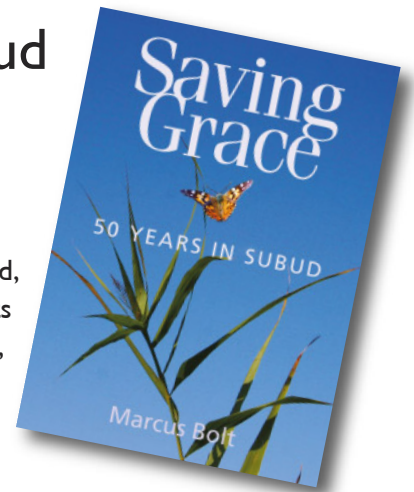
Saving Grace is a book written for those wishing to find out more about Subud, a rarely publicised, modern, yet seemingly ancient, spiritual movement. It charts one man's fifty-year involvement through his personal take on its organisation, its culture and the latihan – the transformative process at it's heart.

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From Muhammad Subuh: "If you can laugh from the belly you are unable to simultaneously think. You are then in the spiritual (realm)."

Harris Smart writes...

Lawrence has an idiosyncratic view of the universe. He often adopts the persona of the jester and someone who looks at life with a sideways glance, sometimes quite in askance.

Nevertheless, I am convinced he is a very serious man at heart, and this shines through in these essays. There is humour and striking observations to entertain you, but deep down he wants to get to the heart of the big issues.

The book certainly includes the categories that Lawrence mentions, travel, people, and religion, but there's lots more besides. We meet many characters in this book who include strangers he has met on his travels, as well as famous people past and present.

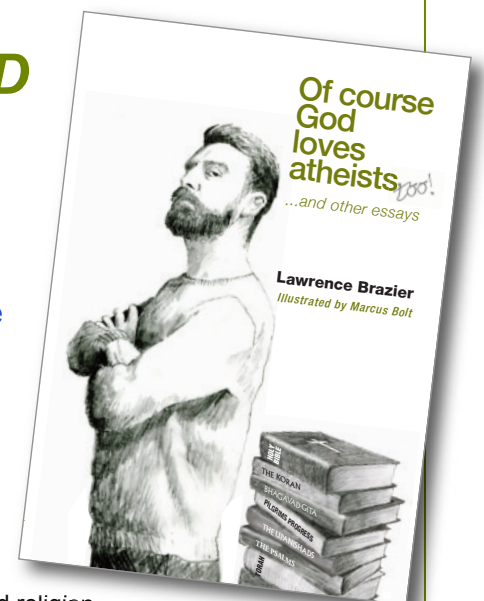
Other chapters are based on thorough research. His wonderful essay "The Orientalists", which we recently republished in *Subud Voice*, is a fascinating survey of those Brits who embraced Oriental beliefs and lifestyles.

There are jokey pieces about sarongs and getting blessed by sneezing, but above all one senses the deep wonder of his good fortune, which he has received in a difficult world.

Beautifully designed by Marcus Bolt, who has also illustrated the cover and LB's cartoons, **the book can be obtained from:**

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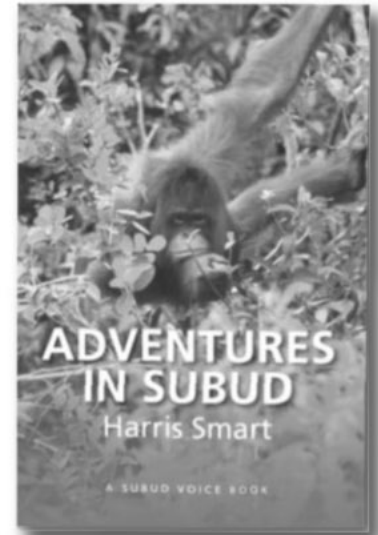


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Here is a description of the book with comments by readers...

Adventures in Subud is a new book by Harris Smart. It presents an overview of the development of Subud covering practically every aspect of Subud life including spiritual experiences, enterprises, welfare projects, cultural projects, health and healing and youth. It is 360 pages long with 120 illustrations including photographs and also cartoons by Marcus Bolt and Dirk Campbell. It shows Subud as a dynamic movement combining spirituality and action in the world.

“This is a feast of a book, rich in history, explanation and vintage anecdote, woven together through the steadfast voice of Harris Smart, long term editor of Subud Voice.

“This is a masterful and at time heart-wrenching record of our Subud experience over recent decades: replete with it hope and disappointment, revelation and joy – leavened with the marvellously irreverent cartoons of Marcus Bolt and Dirk Campbell.”

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“A varied and colourful collection of lived adventures that well reflect the diversity of human nature.” *Leonard Lassalle*

“Harris Smart’s latest (and finest) book...It aims at providing a ‘one-stop shop’ for enquirers with coverage of all aspects of Subud.” *Hussein Rawlings*

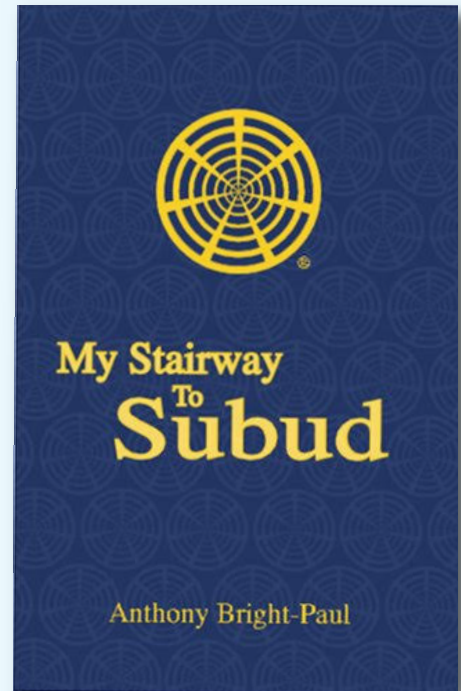
“I would like to recommend 'Adventures in Subud' to anyone on, or about to start, a spiritual path. As a spiritual path, by its very nature, is very difficult to describe I recommend that you open the book at random and read what is there. If it resonates then go on.” *Edward Mackenzie* ●

Much of *My Stairway to Subud* first appeared as the record of a young man in the early 1950s searching for values and inner understanding. At various times he was an admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, a student with the Sri Ramakrishna Vedanta Society, then a follower of G.I.Gurdjieff for seven years under the direction of J.G.Bennett, author of *The Dramatic Universe* and *What are we living for?* – His search reached an explosive climax when Pak Subuh, the founder of the international spiritual movement Subud, came to England in 1957.

Anthony Bright-Paul gives an acutely observed account of the Gurdjieff methods as performed and practised at Coombe Springs with John Bennett, and a first-hand account of both the euphoria and the upheaval caused by the arrival of Pak Subuh who brought with him the latihan kejiwaan, the spiritual training of Subud.

Because he was so devoted to the ideas of Gurdjieff, and to John Bennett personally, the story of his initial resistance to Subud, and then his complete reversal, makes poignant and dramatic reading. His chronicle of the early days in Subud in the western world is unique for its detail of this period. Available from SPI at: www.subudbooks.com

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