



World Congress 2022 Postponed

From the Executive chair of the World Subud Association...

Jakarta, 15 August 2020

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

We are grateful for the attention and support that Ibu Siti Rahayu has provided us, especially during the Pandemic. She had shown concern and care for the safety and wellbeing of the worldwide Subud members, which are the grassroots of our Subud democracy. Let us pray that God Almighty always grant her good health and blessings, and she may continue to be a presence in our Subud work.

Following Ibu's statement regarding the timing of the next World Subud Congress, a message was sent on August 5, addressed to Isti and myself. With the permission of Ibu's office, I am sharing with you the content of her email.

In the message below, Ibu conveyed a recommendation, that I will bring forward to the next WSA BoD's meeting held on August 22, 2020. For those who are keen to know about the timing of the upcoming World Subud Congress in Kalimantan, please remain calm and allow the council members to complete the decision making processes following our democracy system.

With love and respect,

Suyono Sumohadiwidjojo

Executive chair of the World Subud Association

From Ibu Rahayu...

Dear Suyono and Isti,

Today, since I am feeling happy and healthy, I immediately sat down to write this in response to your letters sent to Ibu's Office for my attention.

I thank you for the honour you have shown me as an elderly person in that you still seek my guidance concerning Subud work, and members still ask me for advice about spiritual matters. In answering this, we have to keep in mind the situation today, both concerning the impact of the Corona Virus pandemic and the restrictions put in place to control it. **Therefore, it is best that we postpone the world congress by one year.** I am concerned that, if we do not take the decision to do so now, various people might take matters in to their own hands and pursue their own initiatives, with the result there will be no co-operation in Subud and everyone will feel that they are right.

This delay does not mean we stop working. We will keep working, but we have to adjust to the rhythm and restrictions of countries that have suffered great losses and which have seen many victims. So, as good citizens, Subud members must comply and follow their respective government's rules. Later, Subud will also have to seek permission from the Indonesian authorities to hold the world congress in Kalimantan to ensure everything will go smoothly.

That is my reply.

Love and warm greetings,

Ibu, Siti Rahayu Wiryohudoyo



SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

Submissions to Subud Voice on any aspect of Subud life are welcomed. Send to Harris Smart, subudvoice@gmail.com We rely on donations to keep Subud Voice going. You can donate by going to the PAYMENTS button which is located in the toolbar at the top of the page. www.subudvoice.net

A STATE OF SORROW

Message from Ibu Rahayu to the Susila Dharma USA Board...

I was pleased to receive the report from Susila Dharma USA and to see that it is running well, whereas many enterprises are facing failure. So, I agree with your plan to hold discussions between SES and SD.

But in the present situation, the reality is that the whole world is in a state of sorrow in the face of the corona pandemic. That means, for us, as human beings who face Almighty God, we need to slow down and adjust to the way things are developing in the world. Seek strength through prayer and our individual latihan, so that we can receive God's grace and protection and be kept safe.

That is our situation today.

Ibu, Siti Rahayu Wiryohudoyo ●



BE SEATED

The editor writes about the virus. Humour is still to be found in spite of all. Recently I had this from a friend in California...

Just be careful because people are going crazy from being in lock down! Actually I've just been talking about this with the microwave and toaster while drinking coffee and we all agreed that things are getting bad. I didn't mention anything to the washing machine as she puts a different spin on everything. Certainly not to the fridge as he is acting cold and distant. In the end the iron straightened me out as she said everything will be fine, no situation is too pressing. The vacuum was very unsympathetic... told me to just suck it up, but the fan was more optimistic and hoped it would all soon blow over!

The toilet looked a bit flushed when I asked its opinion and didn't say anything but the door knob told me to get a grip. The front door said I was unhinged and so the curtains told me to... yes, you guessed it... pull myself together.

The virus is bringing on immeasurable change Even in Australia where we have been relatively fortunate to have a low rate of infections and deaths from COVID-19, recent events have made us feel how vulnerable we are.

There's recently being a very alarming "second wave spike" in infections in the state of Victoria and the city of Melbourne where I am originally from. The whole city and surrounding shires have been shut down. There are stage four restrictions and a curfew has been imposed between 8pm and 5am. The Victorian border has been closed and is patrolled by drones. It is now mandatory to wear a mask when you are out of your house.

This city which for seven consecutive years was voted the most liveable city in the world is now a



*Even in the present
crisis there are
moments of
humour...*



ghost town,

Fortunately, in Northern New South Wales where I live now cases of COVID-19 are practically unknown, but the outbreak in Victoria shows us how quickly that situation can change.

Recently I have had medical issues and the nearest specialists to me are 50 km away in the state of Queensland. We now have this previously unimaginable situation where the border between Queensland and New South Wales is closed and for me to cross from New South Wales to Queensland requires getting special permits and then there are long waits, sometimes for hours, at the border while the police check everyone.

However, generally speaking, the population accepts the rules and regulations that have been imposed by our various governments, both national and state, as necessary for our survival.

Whereas, in some other countries the virus phenomenon is considered to be a government conspiracy, and any rules and regulations intended to curtail its spread, are regarded as infringements of freedom to be resisted. Civil unrest is added to the other problems that the virus has brought.

I have decided to put myself in voluntary lockdown, mostly staying at home and only going out for essential things. As much as I possible, I try to have my specialist appointments by phone rather than travelling to the hospital. Even if the increase in risk by travelling the 50 km to hospital is only small, I feel it is a risk I must avoid if I possibly can.

It is not so difficult perhaps, for we older people to stay at home and practice social distancing. For young people it is much more difficult. This is the time when they expect to be out partying and going to nightclubs. When the police recently broke up a party, 60 people were each fined more than \$1000.

But one of the very good things about where I live in northern New South Wales is that we have a very strong supportive Subud group, and even in the present crisis there are always moments of humour. Recently size limits have been imposed on how many people can attend worship services and it is required that people must remain seated.

Does this mean we need to change the invocation at the start of latihan to, "Relax! Begin! Be seated!"?

MAJOR PROJECTS PART 1

Harris Smart writes...

Will at the time of the Freiburg Congress I released a new book, entitled adventures in Subud. The aim of this book was to present the full arc of the development of Subud while including unit many individual stories of Subud experience.

We released the book through Lulu.com and some Subud members have purchased it but we now feel that we should make it more cheaply and readily available. Therefore we have produced a digital version of the book and we are selling it for A\$20. See the accompanying advertise in the accompanying advertisement for how you can order and receive the book.

By ordering it from us now you can receive it as soon as we receive your order. You won't have to wait weeks to get it, and the price will be much cheaper because we have both reduced the sale price now you don't have postage. So many people were paying about \$50 for the book from Lulu which you can now get for A\$20.

In this section of the book I discussed how Bapak initiated the drive to create Major Projects...

In 1971 the Subud World Congress was held in Cilandak. The compound was turned into a village for 2000 people living for two weeks in bamboo longhouses.

Bapak delivered a very strong clear message at this Congress. It was that Subud members should try and do really big projects, "major projects".

He had always talked about "enterprise" from the moment of his first arrival in the West; he gave several reasons why we should try and do enterprises. First, we needed the money. Subud would never grow just by donations from people's salaries. Subud needed to be self-supporting and Subud members should aspire to be self-supporting.

But enterprises were not only about making money. They were also about personal development, about taking responsibility, about the development of talent. An enterprise >

could be someone in a professional career, a housewife doing her housework, or even someone pursuing a hobby.

Successful Subud enterprises would show how people following a spiritual path, people who were taking God into account, could achieve something in the world. It would say something about the interplay between human effort and divine guidance. Something about the spiritual world penetrating into the material world and making a difference.

Something more was now needed...

Bapak's message at the 1971 Congress was that something more was now needed. Some Subud members had already set up enterprises, but they were generally the enterprises that you would associate with someone trying to lead a spiritual life. That is, small businesses like bookshops, health-food restaurants and guitar-making workshops, to give some representative examples.

That's great, said Bapak but what we should be aiming at is office blocks, five-star hotels and cement factories. The message was, "Go for it."

The first step was to get some money together to fund such projects. So Bapak pioneered the setting up of a bank which was finally established in Indonesia funded almost entirely by Subud members entirely by Subud members to the tune of several million dollars. And it supported the development of the first "major project", the construction of a 14-storey office block in downtown Jakarta.

This was a much bigger project than anyone involved in Subud have been involved in before, but Bapak worked together the available talent in Subud, architects, engineers, financiers, and the S. Widjojo Building was created.

The building was very much Bapak's creation. He initiated it and supervised its construction. The fact that it was so successful for a long time was probably down to the fact that it bore his personal mark. The building had his name on it, S. Widjojo. (Bapak's full name is quite a mouthful, Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo.)

In its time, S. Widjojo was a landmark building in Jakarta. A well-designed building in an outstanding location, it attracted prestigious climates clients such as the British Council and Shell. The building continued under Subud management and ownership for many years.

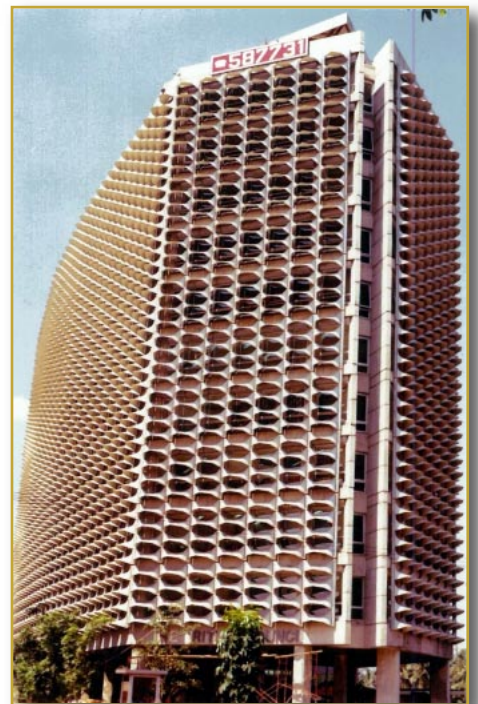
So, this was the first major project. This was the model. This was the example, we were supposed to follow...

Proposals for major projects began to spring up all around the world, emulating Bapak's example. First cab off the rank was a project called "Anugraha" in England. A Victorian mansion, Dell Park, near Windsor Castle, was purchased with the aim to turn it into a boutique hotel, conference centre and international Subud Centre. (The name "Anugraha" means "the unexpected grace of God".)

In Sydney, Australia, we initiated Project Sunrise which aimed for major urban redevelopment in the centre of the city. The cargo wharves where ships unloaded were in Darling Harbour, which right which reached right into the centre of the city, but they became available for redevelopment >



At the 1971 World Congress in Wisma Subud Bapak announced an initiative to create big enterprises beginning with a bank that would fund further projects.



The first major project was the S Widjojo building, a 14-storey state-of-the-art office block in downtown Jakarta.

when the cargo operations moved away to another location at Botany Bay.

Not only the wharves, but a vast area of railway yards which had serviced the wharves, also became available for redevelopment. The Project Sunrise team began to design an ambitious plan to revitalise this area.

Similarly ambitious projects were also mooted in other parts of the world including Japan, the USA and Holland.

For a time, we walked like princes upon the earth. We felt we were doing something great. We felt we were doing something worth doing. We felt we were making the latihan manifest in the world.

We believed we were giving a remarkable example of how people trying to follow the will of God could also do something noteworthy in the world.

We would bring something completely new into the world. We would show how ordinary people, aided by the power of God, could do something remarkable. We would attract thousands of people to Subud not by preaching and proselytising, but by the good example of our successful lives

But it did not quite work out like that...

The 1983 Subud World Congress was held at Anugraha was a great success. Of course, we all felt great, holding our Congress in our own international Subud Centre which was also a prestigious business project.

But soon after the Congress cracks in the project began to appear. Why the project failed, what went wrong exactly, remains a very controversial subject. But the basic problem was that while the project's operations were profitable, it had incurred a burden of debt in the construction phase that it could not service.

The original board was displaced amidst an acrimonious atmosphere of blame. The project limped on for several years with a revolving door of CEOs but was eventually sold.

Project Sunrise developed a comprehensive plan for the development of Darling Harbour which it gave it to the New South Wales government. The project was rewarded with a site in the redevelopment where it planned to build a theme park, Discovery Village.

Unfortunately, in the stock market crash of the late 80s, the funding for this project evaporated. The site in Darling Harbour was sold and the proceeds were used to fund a new company, Creative Design and Technology which designed a series of theme parks in various parts of the world. Unfortunately, none of them got built and eventually the company was wound up.



The next major project to develop was in England. A mansion was purchased near Windsor Castle with the intention to make it into a Subud Centre and a hotel enterprise.



Other major projects were mooted in other parts of the world including the USA, Japan and Holland. In Sydney Australia Project Sunrise planned a redevelopment at Darling Harbour in the centre of Sydney.

“

Bapak encouraged us to aim for banks, office blocks and cement factories...

”

But then there was the most ambitious project of all...

Bapak had always talked about the vast potential of Kalimantan, the Indonesian part of the island of Borneo. He encouraged Subud members to go there and he outlined a multi-faceted approach to the development of Central Kalimantan which at that time was still largely undeveloped.

There was to be a Subud township near Palangka Raya, the capital of Central Kalimantan. There were to be projects in mining, forestry, agriculture.

A few pioneering Subud members with adventurous spirits took up the challenge. (I give the example, of the early years of the mining project, in the interviews with Mansur Geiger which conclude this book. Our aim in Kalimantan was not to try to make a lot of money, but to develop the place in a way that would benefit not only Subud, but the people of Kalimantan and humanity generally.

While some adventurous souls went and worked there, Subud did not have the resources to meet the challenge which Bapak had outlined. Things happened, but on a much smaller scale than Bapak had proposed. Things happened, but much more slowly than was necessary to take advantage of the opportunities on offer. Others more rapacious and exploitative than ourselves were carving up the spoils, destroying the forests, and polluting the rivers.

But even though we have been a bit slow, and even though only a few of us have actually gone there, we have established a presence in Kalimantan. There is a community, 36 km from Palangka Raya where about 50 or 60 Subud members generally abide. The place is called Rungan Sari, you should be older find it on Google maps. The name was bestowed by Bapak's daughter, Ibu Rahayu, and it means something like "beautiful place by the Rungan on River".

There is not only housing there, but also a hotel/conference centre, and there is a school, a very good school. Parents from Palangka Raya send their children out to it.

And the residential compound serves as a base from which many Subud members fan out in various activities. For many years there has been the mineral exploration, and many other projects in business, in agriculture and in social welfare.

Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta is a social welfare project which is particularly concerned with how just and mutually beneficial relationships can be established between indigenous people and big projects like mining, but it has also dealt with many other environmental and social issues in Kalimantan. For example, combatting how the rivers of Kalimantan are being polluted because miners use mercury as part of a gold extraction process.

Anyway, I could go on and on. I have been there a few times. I even worked as a volunteer teacher in the school. I once travelled up river with Mansur Geiger when he was still doing the mineral exploration out in the jungle. What an adventure that was!

But perhaps that's enough for now about Kalimantan...

To be continued: In the next issue of Subud Voice we will continue the story of the major projects...



The most ambitious project of all was for the development of the province of Central Kalimantan on the island of Borneo, including the creation of a township, and projects in various fields including a pioneering gold and copper mining enterprise in the remote interior of the island.

The mountain was known as "Bapak's thumb" because Bapak had put his thumb on a map indicating that was where gold was to be found.

“

Big successful projects would show that it was possible to be guided by God and work in the world.

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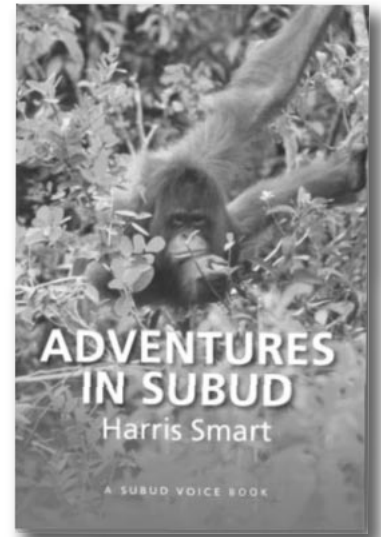
ADVENTURES IN SUBUD!

NOW RELEASED IN DIGITAL EDITION!

At the time of the Freiburg Congress I released a new book about Subud called ADVENTURES IN SUBUD. The book has been available since then on [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com)

We are now releasing the book in a digital format which includes all the material text and illustrations in the same layout as is included in the physical book Lulu edition.

The advantages with this new addition is that it is cheaper and you will receive it instantly rather than having to wait for it to be printed and come to you by post. The cost of the new digital version is U\$17.50 (approximately **A\$25, £13.5, €15**),



To obtain the book.. CLICK ON THIS LINK <https://www.subudvoice.net/shop>

This will take you to a page where the book is listed by a thumbnail of the cover. Click on this and follow the prompts to pay for an obtain the digital copy of the book.

The original physical book version is still available from Lulu.com. Go to [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com) and enter ADVENTURES IN SUBUD in the search slot on the homepage.

PROCEEDS FROM THE BOOK GO TO SUPPORT THE CONTINUING PUBLICATION OF SUBUD VOICE. WE ARE ENTERPRISING AT SUBUD VOICE!

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.”

“This is the story of my community, a very precious part of my life.” *Dr Livingston Armytage*

“A book that will open doors to enquirers about Subud and is a major contribution to our knowledge about Subud and its positive impact in the world. A comprehensive panoramic view of people and their spirituality written by a seasoned journalist. *Valentine Navey*

“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* ●

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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.

ACQUIRING THE AMADEUS CENTRE...

This is the first of three articles in Subud Voice about the Amadeus Centre in London which has for more than 30 years been the home of the Central London Subud group and also the location of a substantial enterprise.

This is a very important story. In recent years there has been a lot of encouragement for Subud groups to set up Centerprises. The Amadeus Centre provides a story over a long period of time of what can go right and what can go wrong in the relationship between a Subud group and its enterprise.

This is a crucial story which is often repeated in the history of Subud. And sometimes it goes well, and sometimes there are problems. For instance, when I returned to Melbourne in 1969 from being opened in California, I was able to experience the last few weeks of a magnificent property that the Melbourne Subud group had owned.

It was a beautiful Italianate mansion in an excellent suburb close to the city. A child minding enterprise was set up in it which – led to such conflict between the enterprise and the Subud group that finally when Bapak was asked what could be done, he said the only way to resolve the conflict was to sell the house.

So then for several years, the group wandered in the desert like the Hebrew children seeking a new promised land. Finally, we found the property that has since served us very well for many years but does not compare in prestige or accessibility with that Italianate mansion in Armadale.

I mention this example not to denigrate the recent efforts in Subud Spaces to promote Centerprises because many work out extremely well, but we should also look at cases where there have been problems.

Possibly, our loss of Anugraha could also be seen in part as the difficulty of reconciling spiritual considerations with the requirements of an enterprise. Perhaps if we study these situations, we will become better at managing the relationship between the needs of the group and the needs of the enterprise.

The Amadeus Centre provides an example over a long period of time of what can happen....

What follows is taken from a document entitled, “Subud Central London and the Amadeus Centre Limited – A brief history”, – the project was coordinated by Myrna Jelman, a recent chair of the Central London group, draws upon the experiences and opinions of key individuals who were there at the time and was written as a team. She writes...

When I was Chair of Central London between mid-2018 and early 2020, I heard many versions of both the history of the purchase of our Subud house and the creation of the Amadeus centre business that monetises it. All versions strangely perfectly supported the particular interests of the person(s) in question!

This confusion prompted me to rummage around in our archive cupboard and to ask the people who were there at the time if they would be willing to write their accounts so that the history of this most inspiring part of our Subud history would finally be recorded and in a manner that is trustworthy by being a team effort.

I am delighted that Simon Blond, Richard Rogers, Richard Platings and Alfiah Blond all accepted to put pen to paper and share what I hope you will agree is a truly inspiring set of stories. I want to recognise my own sister >



The Amadeus Centre at the time of purchase.

Helene who provided them with the first version of a collated history based on relevant documents from the archive document. Happy reading!

We have divided the team's document into the section. This is the first section, "Acquiring the Amadeus Centre". We have selected a highlight from this document, and at the end we give you a link if you want to read the complete document. The document begins by describing properties that central London owned before the Amadeus Centre and then...

[Buying the Subud Central London house at 50 Shirland Road \(which became the Amadeus Centre\)](#)

(Account by Richard Rogers and Simon Blond, read and checked by Richard Platings and Edward MacKenzie)

Deciding in late 1988 to make an offer was one thing; finding all the money to pay for the purchase plus all the work and other expenses needed to get the house and business up and running was another.

It seems relevant at this point to note how the outer/organisational side of the group worked.

While the members of the subcommittee – Adrienne, Santa, Simon and Richard, occasionally referred to as "the gang of four" – were both coordinators and, when necessary, doers as well, nothing could have happened without the personal inspiration, energy and time of many dozens of others from the Central London group, Subud Britain at the national level and other members around the country.

Still, the closeness and commitment of the core team and the personal trust between its members were essential. The team held meetings at least once a week, at the group or more often at someone's – normally Santa's – house. The process of open disagreement but maintaining harmony was greatly helped by two Subud members, the psychologist Ruslan Jelman and business process expert Marcus Mackay.

They gave teambuilding workshops to large corporations and gave us several such workshops free of charge. One of their strategies which we adopted was that after our usual quiet before every meeting, we agreed to invite anyone of us to give an "I" message to anyone else.

This took the form of saying something like: "When you said that to me, I felt" The other person then either replies or doesn't, but in any case, must really pay attention to the person giving the message. This had the effect of clearing out of the way any resentments, or suppressed anger which might otherwise infect the rest of the meeting. (This is not to say that we didn't sometimes have our rows).

[But the latihan and the helpers formed the basis of the team and the project's success...](#)

Richard remembers: "One of the first things I did when I joined the committee as a new member and then became group chair was to effectively tell the helpers they weren't doing their job well enough.

That was a very interesting experience, which I won't recount here, but it gradually devel- >



Interior of the Amadeus Centre at the time of purchase. It had been a church.

“ We approached this whole enterprise just in a normal way making normal decisions based on normal business practice. ”

oped into my own understanding that of all the factors which contributed to the new house and business, apart from the latihan in general, the most important was the quality (and amount) of the helpers' work.

"These were helpers who received, who were each at the group several times a week, who cared about us – for example, taking turns to visit committee members at home just to see how we were – and who could really see how we were and knew when to suggest a special latihan or testing... Once, Santa and I got into a flaming row – I have no memory of why.

"Fortunately, we were at the group and helpers were present; they immediately took each of us to do latihan and attitude testing and the whole argument just disappeared."

Richard again: "I don't remember doing much specific testing about the project. I like and value testing, but there was no need. It was as though years of preparation of all kinds, including kejiwaan days and selamatans for example, but many other factors too, had brought Central London and the team to a point at which the latihan just flowed.

I don't remember ever feeling doubt or fear about the new house project. Everything, every step, was natural – either the solution to every difficulty that presented itself was immediately clear, or it was equally clear that a solution would come from somewhere – all we had to do was follow and act."

Simon: "There needs to be a very real awareness of not mixing the spiritual with the material. I say this not just with regard to testing, which certainly has its place, especially with things like attitudes etc., but more in the subtleties of unconscious attitude.

For example, if we are presented with a chance opportunity which is very risky and just comes out of the blue, we mustn't say to ourselves 'Oh! This is sent by God and although there is a risk, it's bound to be OK because it's for Subud and God will protect us from failure'.

We approached this whole enterprise just in a normal way making normal decisions based on normal business practice. Only when you do not rely on God's intervention do you get it, but usually in totally unexpected and totally unlooked for ways."

Everyone directly involved needs to be totally committed and prepared to work with all their energy! It must involve the whole group and the people who are doing it need to carry the group with them and involve the group as much as possible. However, a clear distinction needs to be made between the sort of decision that the committee or board needs to take and what should involve the whole group. The committee or board is appointed to do a task and they should take responsibility to take the decisions directly involved in carrying out that task."

So in this period between the group decision to go ahead in October, having the offer accepted in February, actually buying the chapel in June, and doing the work to create the new house and business by the end of the year, the core team divided up responsibilities between them, got others to help, and continued to communicate with the group and Subud Britain.

As architect, Santa worked on more detailed plans for the new house, with Niels Lisborg as structural engineer...

Adrienne headed business market research to incorporate into the feasibility study pre-



Amadeus Centre working group (left to right) Richard Rogers (by a nose), Simon Blond, Adrienne Campbell, Lucianne Lassalle (not part of the working group but just happened to be there on the day), and Sebastian Flynn.



Only when you do not rely on God's intervention do you get it, but usually in totally unexpected and totally unlooked for ways.



pared by Simon, which he and Richard presented to banks as part of a request for a £300,000 loan – an amount initial plans suggested would be enough to complement the funds from the sale of the old house, existing donation commitments, existing group income, and projected initial income from the new house itself.

The first bank requests were turned down unless the company directors personally guaranteed the loan. The team decided that wasn't possible, but each time we presented our case to a bank manager we also asked what they thought of our feasibility study and what were their misgivings. It became apparent that their main worry was that, unlike a private enterprise, we were just volunteers, who might in two years be replaced by other less able volunteers.

We thus decided to increase the perceived commitment to the project by each personally undertaking to be a part of it for five years. We also realized that Adrienne's market research needed something more convincing, so she wrote to all the small orchestras asking them if they would give her a letter of intent saying that they would use the premises. She got two or three such letters from their managers.

Of the major banks we still hadn't tried Barclays, so Richard and Simon approached its City branch. The manager looked at the feasibility study, commenting that it didn't make the most common mistake of being over optimistic. Basing it on his own business experience Simon had forecast a sizeable loss in the first year of operation, a smaller loss in the second year and a break even in the third year. The bank manager then said he was reassured that we had committed ourselves to a minimum of five years but wanted to see our CVs and meet us at the premises. So, we decided to pull out all the stops to gain his confidence, inviting him to a group meeting at the chapel and then to dinner at Santa's rather impressive house, which was nearby and to which Richard drove him in his quite impressive car.

Richard: "I think one funny moment that made a small contribution to building the relationship with the bank manager was when I admitted that when a member suggested I open the group meeting with the Lord's Prayer, the rather odd wording that came out was the result of me forgetting the words, rather than some special Subud version of it."

Anyway, the outcome was the offer of the loan on favourable terms (20 years, 2-year capital holiday, interest at base +2.5%, although in 1989 that still meant a total of 17.5% per annum).

[Contracts were exchanged on 17 June...](#)

And the building was actually purchased from the Properties Board of the Presbyterian Church of Wales on 30 June 1989 (date of purchase of the freehold). The £500,000 price came from the sale of the existing Central London property at 452 Uxbridge Road (net £379,650), plus part of the mortgage loan (£300,000) and a variety of donations.

Regular group meetings open to all who wanted to come, and regular helper/committee latihans and meetings, were an essential part of this whole process. Consensus is a fundamental part of Subud life, and regular, transparent communication in all directions is a >



Santa Burrill (architect).

“ *The people who are doing it need to carry the group with them, and involve the group as much as possible* ”

key to consensus. One completely unexpected, but potentially serious, difficulty was resolved at such a group meeting.

After the purchase had occurred and with the refurbishment underway, a number of Muslim group members realised that the fact that the house had previously been a church made it difficult or even impossible for them to come there. Fortunately, it was discovered that Welsh Presbyterians didn't consecrate their chapels.

The committee transmitted this information at a group meeting, and what could have been a real problem ceased to exist. That resolution was sealed when the group chair, who happened to be a Christian, read out a Muslim prayer, demonstrating the mutual love, respect and inclusiveness that characterise the latihan.

In the next issue of Subud Voice, insh'Allah, we will publish the second section of the story "renovating and using the Amadeus Centre".

To read the complete document about acquiring the Amadeus Centre click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Acquiring-The-Amadeus-Centre.pdf>

To read Simon Blond's tribute to Adrienne Campbell at the time of her passing click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/Adrienne-Tribute.pdf>

DOCUMENTS AVAILABLE

The editor writes...

Dachlan Cartwright is originally from the UK but has lived in Indonesia for many years. He is an excellent published writer and is now making three documents available for free.

He is willing to send them as email attachments to anyone interested:

A 50-page Memoir of Mas Adji; Ours is God-Given Peace: Verse from the Mersey Beat Era; Powys Fadog: Verse from North-east Wales: Dachlan's email for this is:

doccartwright85@gmail.com

I have read these books and they are all excellent. Anyone who grew up in the 1960s and loved the music of the Beatles and all the other groups from Liverpool will love his Verse from the Mercy Beat Era in which he describes the joys and perils of his own adolescence growing up at that time in that city. As well as the poems you get extensive notes documenting everyone and everything mentioned in the verse.

Powys Fadog is another collection of verse with extensive notes. This time the subject is the history, culture, the landscape and the people of Northeast Wales.

Finally, there is his *Memoir of Mas Adji*. In a forthcoming issue we will publish an extract from this. Every so often something comes into Subud Voice which is not only of great interest to Subud members, but is also extremely well written, and best of all it is an article which is really helpful. I mean it supplies real sustenance to the soul. It tells you things that are useful to know.

I personally did not have a close relationship with Mas Adji as many others did. I was not a fan. In fact, we were antithetical personalities. One time he told me that I was full of rocks. At the time this seemed rather hurtful but now when I think of the incident, for some reason, I smile.

And I did have one extremely positive experience with him that convinced me, virtually >

“ *Testing in a small room gets small answers* ”



Mas Adji, always the life of the party.

against my will, that he had a special quality. At the end of one Ramadan in Wisma Subud, a group of us decided to go on a tour of Java, visiting the usual tourist destinations, but also visiting various places associated with Bapak's life. Such as his house in Semarang from which he ascended, and the village Kedung Jati in the mountains of Central Java where he was born.

It was arranged that Mas Adji would be our guide on this trip. So about 12 people altogether jammed into a minibus and set off into the emerald paddy fields and looming volcanoes of Java.

The arrangement in the bus was that most of us were jammed into the back of the minivan, often, hot, sweaty, uncomfortable and irritable.

Meanwhile, the front seat was occupied by the driver, Mas Adji sitting in the middle, and then we could take it in turns to sit in the spare seat next to him.

When it came my term to do this, it was like a special grace washed over me. All the dirt and grit and sweat and irritation and discomfort washed away from me and I felt relaxed and peaceful. And I realised that Mas Adji emanated a very beneficent physical and spiritual presence, so that once you entered his "atmosphere" you immediately became more relaxed and comfortable. I think this gift of his was partly an Indonesian thing, and partly a Subud thing, the two somehow benignly united.

Well, Dachlan's memoir is full of stories and sayings of Mas Adji that are not only interesting, and sometimes amusing, but also extremely helpful.

One saying of his that is recorded in the book is "Worry is imagination". I think this is a great warning. Often sometimes I lie in bed at night worrying about this or that, my finances, my relationships, my work, and I think we are doing something useful, but actually it is a complete waste of time and avails me nothing.

So, I heartily recommend all of Dachlan's books to you. Contact him at...

doccartwright85@gmail.com

LOUDWATER SAUNA

Sebastian Paemen writes...



Loudwater Farm has recently added a sauna to its facilities. It was built by residents Hadrian Michell and Laurence Rose. Loudwater Farm is an enterprise which operates as a retreat centre.

Different groups, practicing yoga, meditation, dance, religious activities, as well as individual therapists with their patients, use the farm.

The Subud group hires space for latihan and socializing from the business. This has been a successful formula since we started this some years ago. It was felt that a sauna would add an extra feature to the business. Subud members can use it as well.

The part of the farm where the sauna is had been neglected for many years and used to look scruffy. It looks really smart now, but it is not finished yet. A shower will be added shortly, and the space will become more enclosed to guarantee privacy. Eleven Subud members are currently living at the farm during the lockdown.



KEDARI ITAH – Our village café...

Michael and Lucida Chapman from New Zealand were able to take a coffee machine from NZ, funded by SDNZ, to the new cafe set up in Rungan Sari by Frederika and Jayadi – Paembonan (Yayasan Permakultur Kalimantan) to provide a meeting place and education centre for the locals. Frederika reports...

The name is Kedai Itah – – “Our” village cafe. We’ve become a destination people travel to, they take their selfies at our cafe and post them on Instagram...from teenagers to government heads. – And they are having farm tours, learning about permakultur and no waste and living in harmony with nature. (Jayadi is front of house and positively brainwashing them.)

All who have had contact with Jayadi – in Australia, in India, in Indonesia, will know what an inspiring and effective leader he is. – He is holding their new baby, literally, in one photo and Frederika is smiling happily in the last photo.

We thank them for their hard work and wish them continuing success in their endeavours. This shows how Susila Dharma brings life into the world.

That's a lovely idea and quite timely too. – Frederika sends us an annual funding proposal around August each year for one aspect of their work. Their proposal usually comes in at around AUD2,500 per year, so any contribution no matter how small would be great. Please note we take 15% as a donation to Dharma Care to cover our costs and to keep Dharma Care going.

YPK-Dharma Care Project Aims

Engage vulnerable and impoverished youth, families and farmers from rural regions by providing positive recreational activities related to providing education and skills training that to address environmental issues and create solutions for the local communities, farmers, families, youth in the areas of:



- Livelihoods – sustainable, nutrient rich organic farming & land management, promoting indigenous foods at the School kitchen garden and Permakultur Sukamulya Demonstration Farm
- Preserving local culture, knowledge, art & wisdom especially Dayak culture through providing recreational activities for local youth on a range of topics (especially environmental themes) including:

- Art and creativity- dance, crafts, music
- Facilitate educative, capacity building cross-cultural experiences between local and international youth
- Other recreational activities that are skill and capacity building of vulnerable youth groups such as martial arts, language training, swimming training, as requested by local youth dependent on available human resources.

GOOD REED MAGAZINE

Katharine Walmsley writes about a new online magazine...

GOING GLOBAL

Under the new name of 'Good Reed Magazine', the ACL/SCL newsletter 'A Good Reed' is going global. Originally, the monthly was started at the behest of ACL (Amadeus Centre Limited) under the chairmanship of Stephen Gonsalves, for the Subud Central London Group and ACL. It ran for four years. Now Ridwan Treacher and Katharine Walmsley, the original Good Reed team, are moving on to launch a successor to that deceased newsletter, an online blog entitled 'Good Reed Magazine'.

Now officially global and online, Subud members can register to receive the blog or register online at any time. We will start our initial distributions through the distribution list we evolved during the publication of the ACL/SCL monthly newsletter. – Members on that list can opt to stay in. In the meantime the new Blog is open to all Subud members worldwide.

So, welcome all to this new non-establishment sponsored Blog. Articles, Reviews, Poems, Writings, Experiences and Comments are invited from readers – the more the merrier – which may well reveal a magnificent record of Subud life in the 21st Century.

Written and edited by Katharine. Layout by Ridwan Treacher

Go to www.goodreed.uk

GOOD REED MAGAZINE

The new GOOD REED Magazine is the sequel to *A Good Reed Newsletter* which ostensibly concerned the affairs of ACL and SCL. However since the change of directors in ACL, Katharine and Ridwan have decided to launch a new periodical containing news and views from all around the Subud membership with no affiliation to any group or country.

This is not sponsored or supported by any particular Subud authority, but will adhere to the aims and principles of being Subud members and is under the normal scrutiny of Subud etiquette and respect for others.



Paintings featured this month by [Lydia Corbett](#)

WSA ANNUAL REPORT 2019

WSA has just published its 2019 Annual Report.

Please visit <http://www.subud.org/world-subud-association-annual-report> to read the annual report.

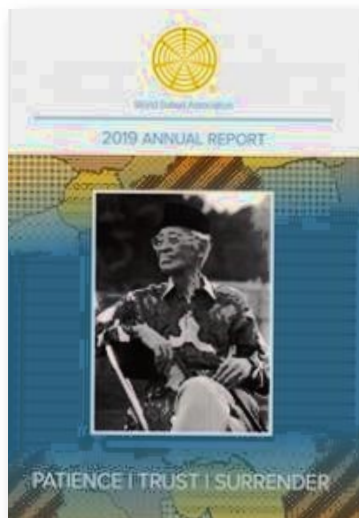
Patience | Trust | Surrender – The WSA Annual Report 2019

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

this is meant to be a note accompanying the WSA Annual Report for 2019, and I shall certainly touch on that. However, at the time of writing (mid-2020), it is impossible to ignore the unusual circumstances forced on us by the COVID-19 pandemic.

For some of us, the disruption of our habits, routines and material circumstances is a cause for great anxiety. For others, this has offered an opportunity to step back, introspect and re-evaluate.

We are incredibly fortunate to have the latihan at this time, which offers us the possibility of viewing this situation constructively. I hope that even those among us who are finding the situation extremely stressful are managing to extract some benefit from it.



As for 2019...

The first meeting of the 2018-2022 Council took place in late October in Jakarta, and provided an end to the beginning of our term. After many months of regular, lengthy, and intense video conference meetings, it was finally a wonderful opportunity for all of us to meet in person.

Many members joined the meeting, traveling at their own expense to Jakarta, and helped enrich the meetings with their presence.

Due to budgetary restrictions, the Council had no intention to meet in 2020, though many of us were hoping to meet at the large zonal gatherings that were planned for this year and that by now have been postponed due to the pandemic.

Nahum Harlap, WSA Chair ●

The Most Important Moment

Anthony Bright-Paul writes...

What was the most important moment in your life? What was the most important moment in my life? There is no doubt about it. The moment that I was opened in the Brotherhood Subud, the moment that I first really experienced the reality of that moment was indubitably the most important moment of my life.

What was the most important moment in the life of Hussein Rofé? You all know the answer for he describes it in 'The Path of Subud'. It was the same with John Bennett as he described it in 'Concerning Subud' and also in 'Witness'. Raymond van Sommers wrote 'A Life in Subud' to witness the most important moment in his life, and the subsequent consequences.

Abdullah Pope wrote his book 'Reminiscences of Bapak' to describe the most momentous moments in his life. As did Mardiyah Tarantino, as did Dr Rachman Mitchell. I just picked up the book 'Beyond the Breakers' by Silvana Waniuk, where on p.56-57 she uses those very words 'the most momentous experience of my life.'

Only a few days ago I managed to persuade my friend Maxime Georjin, now blockaded in his home in a Paris suburb, to tell me how it was that he found Subud. He writes that it was his most important moment that he felt that even before he was opened. Leonard Lassalles has written a gripping account of his time in Subud. Marcus Bolt has written and revised 'Saving Grace' and Emmanuel Elliot wrote 'The Dawning'.

There are others, so many that I cannot remember all their names, nor can I do them justice.

Hussein Rawlings wrote to me recently to say that a lady had recently asked him to define the difference between the soul and the jiwa. Here is an excerpt from his email to me: – As regards what Ibu said about not everyone having a jiwa, that is precisely the point of my short piece. All have a soul, but the jiwa is the soul brought to life and its growth spreading into all the parts and organs of the being. So is far more than a static soul that may never change or reach consciousness.

Lucien Hinkle went so far as to test the difference and some of you will have seen his conclusions who are in my list of Subud Buddies. It was a question in which I had been interested for years, when Mufidah Kassalias, one time Editor of The Journal, decided to do away with all Indonesian terms and use soul instead of jiwa.

Recently re-reading 'Concerning Subud' I was impressed by John Bennett declaring that we cannot ever know what the soul, or the psyche or the jiwa is, since they are in another dimension. I was so impressed by this, that I must admit that I borrowed his insight. Yet >

again Ibu Rahayu is on record as saying that everybody has a soul, but not everybody has a jiwa.



Bapak's life was dedicated to opening the soul of whoever asked.



Suddenly last night after reading Lucien's

email I suddenly saw something that in a way is most obvious. When we are opened, our soul that was closed up is opened. It is the opened soul that is the jiwa. From that moment as Bapak said we are in the Kejiwaan.

Yes, we may leave the organisation of Subud, but we can never leave the Kejiwaan, by the very fact that our souls have been opened. From that moment Will operates in us, whereas formerly we were lead only by the Lower Forces, which as we know took the place of our own true Will.

Actually Bapak, Muhammad Subuh, was telling us this a hundred thousand times. The whole of Bapak's life was dedicated to opening the soul of whoever asked, no matter who they were, no matter on what level they started. Since it was the soul that was opened, every single person who was opened could witness within themselves that they were moved by the Great Life Force.

So there is no ifs and buts about it, every single person who is moved by this Life Force, knows without doubt that this is happening. Once a man is opened he has his own inner teacher. And once he or she has their own inner guidance, they no longer need a Teacher or guru, as may be necessary on the level of Tariqat.

No wonder that Bapak declared that once a person is opened they can leave the organisation of Subud, which is just a framework, but they can never leave the spiritual Brotherhood, that is the Kejiwaan.

Some of those who have laboured in the fields find this hard to take, pointing out that we should continue diligently with the training of the soul, that is the Latihan. Nobody can quarrel or argue with that. Nevertheless some are affronted by Bapak's assertion that once opened a person can never leave the Kejiwaan. –

But why? Are we to suppose that God says you naughty boy, not doing latihan in a group for half an hour and one half hour at home, that God is going to stop giving His Guidance? Are we to suppose that we in the organisation are miraculously without errors, without sins?

What Tony Bright-Paul writes is of no consequence, but that Bapak wrote needs our keenest understanding, so I will repeat it again:

“We can exclude someone from the organisation, but we can never exclude him from the latihan. Once someone has been opened in the latihan, once he has done the latihan, his being has been filled with the power of God even though he or she is not aware of it; they have come face to face with the power of God. After that they can never again leave the spiritual brotherhood of Subud. It is only their heart that can leave or say they have left Subud. But the jiwa never – because the body is bound by time but the jiwa is eternal. So it is clear, Brothers and Sisters, that while someone may be excluded from the organisation, once he has been opened he can never be excluded from the kejiwaan.” ●

Reminders of Reality

This is a free fortnightly email newsletter compiled and distributed by Emmanuel Elliott of Subud Britain. It contains engaging and moving accounts of experiences and receiving by Subud Members.

Any Subud member is welcome to be added to the mailing list.

Emmanuel's contact details are:

[Emmanuel Elliott emmanuelelliott777@gmail.com](mailto:emmanuelelliott777@gmail.com) ●

OTTOMANS BY THE THAMES

Sebastian Paemen writes...

Some time ago I was having a glass of tea at my favourite Turkish restaurant in Oxford. A handsome, smartly dressed, young couple was sitting near the window. At some stage the owner of the restaurant, followed by two of the waiters, went over to them.

They treated the couple with unusual reverence and seemed particularly pleased to have them as their guests. 'I wonder who they are?' I thought.

One of the waiters, a friendly fellow who knows me, must have noticed my curiosity. He came over to my table and whispered, 'You see that man there?', while looking in the direction of the couple. 'That is Prince so-and-so Osmanoğlu'. (I forgot his first name, which he mentioned.), 'a descendant of the Ottoman sultans'.

I am someone to whom the living connection to so much history easily evokes a plethora of thoughts and feelings. I would have had a similar response if a descendant of the House of Habsburg (One of whom I actually did meet some years ago. An incredibly dominant woman, who bullied the people around her.), or the Romanovs, would have sat at that table.

The Osmanoğlus (lit. 'sons of Osman', the founder of the Ottoman dynasty) are a large family who after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire in the Twenties, spread all over the world. There are several of them living in the UK. Just 25 miles from Oxford, down the River Thames there used to be a branch in Henley.

Most of them live further down the Thames, in London. Others are known to have their home in High Wycombe, Tunbridge Wells and other places. The comedian Naz Osmanoğlu is one of them. The famous Princess Dürrüşehvar Sultan lived the last years of her rich life in London where she died in 2006.

I left the restaurant pondering about past and present. 'The Turks might have lost their empire, but they are spreading their food culture all over the world,' I thought. You'll find Turkish restaurants and kebab places everywhere, from Hamburg to Amsterdam, London and Los Angeles.

The hospitality business...

My father and his brothers were in the hospitality business. I am familiar with this world and its challenges. That's probably why I often befriend restaurant owners. I relate to what they are doing, it is close to my heart. I ask them regularly how business is going.

There have been several times in my life when I thought of opening my own restaurant. One of my brothers used to own a night club and my cousin Jan has a restaurant. They both advised me strongly to stay far away from it. Not that I needed their advice. I know only too well that this industry is notoriously volatile and yields the most bankruptcies.

'Hey, Sebastiaan!' Someone shouted my name as I was walking down the pavement of Cowley Road, waking me up from my thoughts. A tall bearded man in his forties, wearing pink shorts, a straw fedora hat and a Hawaiian shirt, cycled passed on a small folding bike.

It was Mahmoud, the flamboyant Palestinian owner of Za'atar Bake, the best Middle Eastern restaurant in Oxford. He had a big smile on his face as he waved at me enthusiastically. 'Long time no see!', I shouted back, while laughing. (He later gave me a free meal for writing this story.) I realised what a beautiful, sunny day it was. Oxford was bathing in the brightest, nearly un-English, sunlight.

I kept walking in the direction of town when I saw two builders working on the front of yet another newly to be opened restaurant. Restaurants come and go on Cowley Road, >



very few last longer than three years, many less than a year. They were handsome, athletic young men with thick wavy black hair in a tail, beards, dark eyes, and aquiline noses.

They reminded me of the soldiers on the ancient Assyrian reliefs in the Ashmolean Museum. I knew them, they were Syrian brothers from Aleppo who seemed to have found their niche in Oxford by constructing and decorating the interiors and exteriors of restaurants and shops. You often see them at work on a new restaurant or supermarket. The brothers have become part of the Cowley Road habitat over the years.

I thought about other characters I knew, like Ahmed, a classical musician from Damascus with a passion for food and interior design who has had several restaurants and shops here. So many Syrians who have fled to the West are musicians, poets and artists. Not all of them have got their feet under the table yet. It has recently emerged that Hassan Akkad, award winning film maker, currently works as a cleaner in an NHS hospital in London.

[An energetic entrepreneur...](#)

Lateef is an energetic Jordanian entrepreneur who owns a small restaurant and catering business on Cowley Road, which he calls 'his hobby'. He owns an engineering business in Dubai as well. He seems to be the most successful of the local migrant entrepreneurs, dashing around in his brand new Mercedes, always just coming from, or on his way to, Dubai, Amman, and other places in the Middle East.

As I passed by a Lebanese restaurant and a Turkish barber shop, a thought occurred to me. Turks, Syrians, Palestinians, Jordanians, Lebanese, they reminded me of Ottoman times. In the past these peoples used to freely move around without borders through Turkey and a largely peaceful Middle East.

Their descendants are now living in the country which played a big part in destroying the world of their forebears, without which perhaps they wouldn't be here. Maybe some of their ancestors even knew each other. What if their world would have stayed the same? Instead of living by the Thames they would have practiced their trade along the Bosphorus, the Tigris, or the Jordan River. The handsome prince whom I saw earlier that day might have been their ruler. Would life have been better for them? Maybe, or maybe not. We will never know.

To read more of Sebastian's stories go to...adutchmanbythethames.weebly.com/blog ●

GOD KNOWS BETTER THAN THE DOCTORS

[Subagio writes from Adelaide Australia...](#)

My mother was very sick with cervical cancer and she was having radiation treatment at the Public Hospital in Solo. That was in late 1967.

When my wife and I were in Solo we met the doctors in the hospital. One of the doctors explained to us that the prognosis was not very good, my mother's illness was very advanced, and there was only small chance that she would recover.

In early 1968 my mother moved to Jakarta so that she could be near her children and to continue her radiation treatment at the Public Hospital in Jakarta.

It was still early in the same year when my wife received a letter from her family in Adelaide, Australia, asking if we would return to Australia. The reason was that my wife's sister had a bad relapse of multiple sclerosis, and that they would like us to share with the family the burden of caring her sick sister.

I said to my wife; "It is a good opportunity to re-establish relations with your family. They obviously need our moral support. But my mother is sick, and we don't know how long she has to live. If we decided to go to Australia now, and if my mother died soon after, I would not be able to forgive myself.

"Confronted with a difficult dilemma such as this, I would wait for an indication from Above".

I would take the attitude of "op de plaats blijven" (stay put) as Bapak would advise. "It is >

beyond the domain of my intellect to make decision on a personal dilemma such as this".

My wife accepted my decision to wait for an "Advice from Above". – I was not being indecisive, but rather deciding to be "indecisive" on this matter.

Surrendering oneself to the Will of God is the most active action one can possibly take. It is far from being indifferent.

Many other Subud members, confronted with similar problem as mine, would rush to Bapak for an advice as to what to do. I am not in that category of people.

The Receiving...

One day, I think it was in August in the same year (1968), my wife and I were travelling from Jakarta to Jatiluhur, West Java in a chauffeur driven car belonging to the Jatiluhur Hydro Electric Project.

We were both in the back seat, I was on the right-hand side and my wife on the left-hand side.

It was when I was falling into a dozing state that I heard a voice whispered into my right ear, incidentally I had suffered a hearing loss since childhood in my right ear, the voice said in Javanese language, "Titipna Aku wae" which means " Just leave (her) to Me".

I woke up from my snooze and I knew with absolute certainty what the receiving was.

My understanding of the message was instant and unmistakably very clear to me, I only had to leave my mother in the hands of God, she was going to recover completely from the cancer and it would be all right for my wife and I to go to Australia.

From that moment on the concern that I had about my mother and my dilemma about going to Australia suddenly disappeared.

I told my wife what I had just experienced, that my mother was going to recover, and it was all right for us to go to Australia.

We started making preparation to go to Australia, and in November that year we flew back to Australia...

My mother had then recovered fully soon after we were back in Australia.

In 1974 when I took my young family to see my mother on her 80th birthday in Jakarta I told my mother of my receiving about her, when she was supposed to be dying from cervical cancer.

She lived a full natural life until 1976, when she decided that she had enough of it, she got all her children and grandchildren together and told them not to be sad when she died. A couple of days later she switched off, and did not wake up from her sleep, with two of her grandchildren sitting beside her bed.

This is one of many receivings I had, to which my wife is a witness and able to testify. ●

“ *Confronted with a difficult dilemma, I awaited an indication from Above...* ”

IN MEMORY OF EGMOND PETZOLDT

Sebastian Paemen writes...

We were a bunch of young Subud friends in the '70s and '80s in Rotterdam, The Netherlands. There were about 10 of us. We did many things together, spending time at each other's places, having long and deep conversations, walks, playing music, etc. And doing latihan together, of course.

The latihan had brought us together. We had much fun and went on memorable holidays in France and elsewhere. Sometimes we had fiery disagreements, later to be laughed about. The love for each other always remained



through the years.

All of us got married, some divorced, most of us had children. Some, like me, moved abroad, others came back. We became older and wiser, received blessings, made mistakes, learning life's lessons on the way.



*The love for each other
always remained through
the years...*



Three years ago, I was talking with one of 'our gang' and the thought came to mind who would be the first of us 'to go'. Not long afterwards Evelien Sold-Makaay died, unexpectedly, of a stroke at the age of 62. She was a lovely, gentle friend. At the time I couldn't help thinking, 'Who will be next?'

Tuesday I was driving in the far right lane on the M40 on my way to Loudwater at 85 m.ph, when a tyre burst. My car suddenly started to sway from left to right. It was a dangerous situation with cars racing past me. Luckily I managed to get safely to the hard shoulder.

Strangely, inside I felt surprisingly happy while this was happening. It wasn't my turn yet though, it appeared. I didn't realise that at the same time dear Egmond, another one of our gang members, was dying of cancer in Amsterdam.

He passed away the next day. It had been his turn at the age of 69. Egmond, the artist, the therapist, the rebel, the joker, the loyal friend. Never a dull moment. He was a deeply caring man with a big warm, loving heart who touched those who knew him. Egmond brought several people to Subud. So many of us have fond memories of him.

Rest in peace dear brother. What a journey it has been. Thanks for the excellent company, the coffee and the homemade pizzas. I expect we will meet again, and maybe the whole gang will meet again. Maybe we will have coffee and pizzas on the other side, and crack jokes together again, surrounded by the love for each other, *insha'Allah*.

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

Hanafi von Hahn – July 2, 1929 - July 21, 2020

Hanafi's wife, Rohana, writes...

Hanafi von Hahn was born July 2, 1929 in Riga, Latvia to parents Joachim and Carola von Hahn (née von Koskull); his family were Baltic-Germans who had been based in Latvia for centuries. –

Hanafi was the eldest of seven children and for the first 10 years of his life he lived in the manor house of his family's 3000-hectare estate of Zawierz (Zaver'ye) in what is now Belarus. – He loved Zawierz and life in the country, but everything changed with the onset of war in 1939 when the family lost everything to escape the Russian Army.

The family first resettled in Poland. He attended boarding school, and then in 1945, at age 15, Hanafi was drafted into the German army. Although he was not involved in any combat operations, he was very affected by the horrors he witnessed and experienced during the war. – As the war ended, he was reunited with his family, and lived with them as refugees in Germany.

Hanafi's father, however, had a vision for a new life in Canada. In 1948, 19-year old Hanafi together with two cousins set off to far away British Columbia where he worked in the orchards of the Okanagan, as a logger and as a mechanic. Having passed the scrutiny of Canadian authorities, he was allowed to sponsor his parents and siblings to come to Canada. The costs were largely borne through his hard labor.

At age 25 he started studies at the University of British Columbia where he ultimately completed a PhD in metallurgical engineering. – During this time, he met, and in 1957 >



married, Larissa (née von Dehn), another Baltic-German immigrant who was from Estonia. They had five children whom they raised in the big white house in Vancouver.

Throughout his life, Hanafi was always bolstered by his deep faith in God and his abiding love and loyalty for his family. – Hanafi's search for spirituality led him to the spiritual practice of Subud, which he and Larissa joined in 1962.

For nearly 60 years Subud was an important part of his spiritual life and community. After the death of Larissa in 2004, it was through Subud that he met Italian-born Rohana Filippi. They fell in love, married in 2006 and shared the last 14 years together.

In his final days Hanafi was surrounded by what mattered most to him: his wife Rohana, his children and grandchildren, and by the spiritual practice of Subud. – He passed away peacefully on July 21, 2020 after a brief illness.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee. (Jeremiah 31)

Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that is within me, bless his holy name (Psalm 103)

To read further tributes to Hanafi, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/Hanafi-Von-Hahn-Obituary.pdf> ●

A SILENT INHERITANCE

Essay by Irwan Wyllie...

Anzac Day is held on the 25 April each year. – It marks the day Australian and New Zealand troops first landed at Gallipoli Peninsula in Turkey in 1915 at the start of World War 1. In an operation poorly planned by the British, the troops held their positions against impossible odds for eight months. Over 10,500 lives were lost before the inevitable evacuation.

It is a defining event in Australian history. Anzac Day has come to commemorate those who served and died in all wars. It is marked by dawn remembrance services, marches and gatherings of ex-servicemen. Part autobiography, part fiction, this is the story of a young boy standing at the edge of manhood, watching men who never spoke of their war experiences, never spoke of their post-war trauma. It is a story of a male silence passed down through generations...

They marched on Anzac Day every year. – Grandad walked strongly for an old man. The sepia coloured uniform still fitted him and made him look important, more important than usual. – Grandad got bigger during the march.



Somehow his shoulders looked bigger and his chest bigger. – He walked like he knew what he was doing. – His brothers were the same – there was something the same about all of them and whatever it was, I needed to be part of it. I loved this grandfather better.

I was so proud just to walk beside him – and somehow, I knew he was proud of me.

He'd introduce me to his mates simply as: "This is young Bill's son, John."

I found out later that grandfather had been a field ambulance officer during the war – a stretcher bearer. He had seen it all – the Somme, Pozieres. He'd seen plenty of guts – that was his business for two years. Two years in that mud and blood and stench.

But the angels must have outnumbered the demons. – He must have seen both – lived in both worlds. – Perhaps he did all his talking then. What comfort did he give to a man with no testicles? What last minute lies did he tell amidst the piles of amputated limbs and severed souls. – What had it done to him?

Once, I plucked up the courage to ask. He hesitated for a moment, "You don't need to know."

His eyes studied mine and then shut off. I never asked again. Whatever he had learnt, he never got around to telling me. I still wonder.

“ *The angels must have outnumbered the demons...* ”

Ant-capping...

Each year we gathered at the old army camp. It was our point of departure and return. Each year we walked the path beside the rows of barrack huts. They were clean and tidy and all painted white. They sat on big round stumps and squeezed out a little tin dish of ant-capping at the top of each one.

Dad had told me one day about ant-capping and how it worked. – I still couldn't figure it out. The ants I knew could climb anything, swim anywhere, get into anything.

I couldn't stop looking at the huts and their neat little rows of stumps. They were like those cartoon puzzles in Mum's magazines where you had to spot the difference between two near identical drawings. I'd slow down having spotted a crooked stump, and then have to run like crazy to catch up with grandad.

The concrete path ran straight as a die beside the huts. As grandad walked ahead, windows into empty wooden rooms slid behind him like those of a train moving slowly and silently the length of a platform.

I'd squint one eye, quickly turning my head from the piercing late-afternoon sun – all its heat and glare flung at one tiny window. My new shoes slapped the concrete path as I caught up again. – Grandad rarely spoke or looked down, but his sense of purpose was infectious. I trusted him. We walked on.

At a turn in the path, he stopped. Looking back for a moment he sighed: "Well, that's that." It was only just loud enough to hear, not really meant for my ears. The march was over for another year. Tired, we were glad to be away from the hot bitumen roads and crowds.

For some reason, the journey along that path seemed to take forever. There was so much to see – empty rooms, small gardens ringed by white-painted rocks, closely clipped lawns, dusty weedless shadows beneath the huts. Somehow, I knew what was inside those huts; how it would sound to enter their quietness with slow movements – a little afraid.

I knew what the echo of a boyish cooee would sound like in there. I didn't have to upset the order of this world by going in, by calling out. I remained silent out of respect for place, and for grandad.

The rhythm of our thoughts stopped. We turned left and on to another path along which my father approached. Two tall gums with their stringy bark weeping brown sap marked the turn in the path. My grandfather and father stood together for a moment as a cool evening breeze ruffled their clothing.

The ultraviolet glow of sunset made them look brown and handsome. They stood chatting, each with their right hand thrust into the side pocket of their trousers. With my youthful eye, I summed up my line of inheritance – a quiet strength to which I would aspire. I would be that tall. – Like them, I would split the grit beneath my feet as I walked. My hands would grow square and strong like theirs.

They lit up their smokes and talked quietly, staring in turn at the ground and the fading blaze of sunset. Around and between them pulsed the shared experiences of manhood – the relentless effort of the farm, the low hum of their physical strength and a calmness of soul. It was tangible to them and almost visible to me. Smoke from their cigarettes drifted across to where I sat and watched.

As we strolled along our new path, my father turned, and bent to pick me up. His strong >

arms lifted me and my head nestled into his shoulder. I smelt his smell and fell asleep.

“ *I wept for the father I had wanted my father to be...* ”

I awoke to more open country, greener and more full of life...

To my right stood an old rainwater tank. It oozed moisture, never so much as to be a trickle, just a wetness that fed the green algae and fungus that clung to its sides. The water-soaked stumps leaned to one side under the weight of their responsibilities.

I couldn't stop looking at it. In the shade, silver specs of sunlight sparkled in the dark greens and blacks of moss and damp timber. Here one could smell life, sense the cool air on one's cheeks, relax the squint and breathe deeply.

Grandfather had gone. He had stopped going to the marches two years ago after grandma died. He told me once that he only ever had one girlfriend. She lived in town. – They had sat next to each other at school every day for three years. He married her as soon as her father gave his permission. In that last year grandad got smaller again. Grief was eating the flesh from his bones. He was tired.

I sat for a long time near that tank and rested. Flies, ants, beetles, moths, spiders and lizards became my companions. I studied them as never before. I lived their world and, like them, drank in the moisture and the peace. In time, I would look up to an horizon and see where I stood in the world but not yet. For now, the shade, the cool and the water would calm me. I wanted to stay there.

The afternoon glare and heat relented as four o'clock arrived. My gaze shifted beyond my intimate and moist retreat. As if rested by time, I looked more earnestly at my inheritance. The big house, a mirage, shimmered on the hill. It writhed like the eternal flame studied in silence at grandad's marches all those years ago. The big house throbbed the same silence during the middle of the day. Only the flies were disloyal, pointlessly circling the middle of empty rooms. There was never anyone around.

The fences were in good condition...

Father had never let them "get away" from him. My eye speared along their ruler-straight lines. They ran through creeks, trees, hills or any natural obstacle.

His dedication and effort was beyond my understanding. If that was what was involved in running this place, I was already a failure, already beaten. No wonder I had spent so much time at the tank, drinking in its colour and life, singing with its rhythm, tapping to its rhythm.

Now father was gone – another war. I wept for the father I had wanted my father to be. One night we had watched the stars together sitting on the broken back steps. There were millions of them and he seemed to know them all. Now the silences meant something.

Inside me, from within my guts, a big square hand, as big as his, reached out for him.

I think he took my hand – I think he did. Or did I just imagine it? Mum was going to manage on her own she reckoned. Tom and the other blokes would help her out.

The place is empty now...

The place is empty now. The lino has been ripped from the floor and the foundations are starting to go.

"Did you really live here Dad? ... Which was your room?" –

"That one in there" I say moving down the bare hall. "Wait a minute – one at a time. Come on you blokes, you don't have to make all that noise. Come on let's go outside there's nothing much to see in here. Come outside, I want you to listen to something."

"What dad? – What? – I can't hear anything." –

"If you'd just be quiet for a second. Listen to that."

"What?"

>

"Can you hear how quiet it is?" –

"...Yeah, c'mon let's go down to that tank over there."

"No don't go over there. – Come on. – Come back here. – It's dangerous over there."

Pushing and shoving, the boys ran down to the old tank and disappeared into its shadow. – I stood alone on my balcony overwhelmed by the silence. ●

LOCKDOWN MUSINGS

Robiyan Easty writes from Greece...

Here in Greece we have opened to tourists – but not from USA or China and several other countries. And we can travel freely. Many people are still being very careful, and it is mandatory to wear a mask on public transport. Greece has had fewer than 200 deaths in total. Pretty amazing.

The degree of discipline and cooperation has been remarkable, and it has been gratifying to see Greece admired internationally after the falsehoods that were spread widely, even by Merkel (perhaps unknowingly) during the years of the financial crisis.

Every evening we have been getting a TV update by the chief medical officer and the responsible government minister, explaining the latest situation and any changes to the regulations. Advs by celebrities on wearing masks, washing hands, and staying home have been on all channels, including private, several times a day.

We as a family could not stay risk free as daughter Utami works in a shop selling nuts and dried fruit to save money for her masters in music composition. All food shops have been allowed to stay open and hers has two shifts, until 10pm!

We had to take her back and forth by car to avoid the risk posed by buses. However, we have been lucky as we have all continued working, Harina and I doing our English teaching online, Utami in the shop and son Howard in a secure job with a shipping company. Alhumdu Lillah.

A disaster...

For those who have lost their jobs this pandemic has been a disaster. For us in Subud, though, I see some pluses. Overhearing Harina talking with people in many countries as IH and from my own experience, I see that the level of contact, the unifying dynamic, has been greater than when we were busy, busy, busy and perhaps going to the group latihan once, seemingly more common than twice, a week.

The Orgiva group formed a WhatsApp group for those of us who had intended to spend all or part of Ramadan there. It included people from many countries, and this was an unexpected support for those who had nobody around them doing the fast.

Other groups were forming all over the globe. Indonesia was playing talks by Bapak and Ibu on Zoom every day, usually twice, and invited us all to share. Even though we can get many of these talks from the Subud Library, it was again the strong feeling of togetherness that made it special.

For me it was gratifying to see the Sunday Area 2 latihan become central and then see the other two areas also institute an Area latihan. I proposed the Area 2 latihan when I was Z4 rep, but for many years it didn't take off.

Now its time has come. It has taken on a new importance, which I hope will see it firmly



“ *It is mandatory to wear a mask on public transport...* ”

established and continuing when the pandemic is behind us. Initially, the main motivation was to bring our African brothers and sisters closer to those of us in Europe. We had close contact with each other but little contact with them - it was only the IHs who got

to meet them because of visa problems and the high cost of travel to zonal meetings.

As a jazz and blues lover, I had long felt a connection with Africa – the Paul Simon (who is rumoured to have been opened) African concert still makes me get up and dance. Back in 1993 I received an unexpected request from Subud Britain. I had told my English friends that I would be travelling from Greece to the world congress in Colombia via the UK, taking the opportunity to visit family and friends with a stopover of about 5 days each way.

Imagine my surprise when I was asked to shepherd some brothers and sisters en route from Africa who were being sponsored by Subud Britain. I was happy to do it. Later I established a strong rapport with then IH Latif Dada Bashua when he and I were staying at Loudwater during Ramadan -- he had a position in an oil company so had no visa problems – and when we met in Austria we did a spontaneous war dance, much to everyone's amusement (-:

Thrown on our own resources...

Arguably the biggest benefit of the lockdown is being thrown on our own resources, especially for those who were not used to doing latihan by themselves. In a talk to enterprisers in Winslade House, Egham, in 1977, Bapak reiterated three times, with a lot of testing of one brother: 'The latihan is your property. Bapak only gave you twice a week with the group for your togetherness.'

Maybe we were too ready to treat the group latihan as the latihan. So now we are required to do latihan by ourselves, yet are seeing, from the huge amount of online communication going on, that togetherness is also very important.

And not just togetherness with each other. Before becoming IH Harina was making food for 20 homeless street dwellers in Athens once a week, in cooperation with a wonderfully caring group of young people.

At Christmas, the Athens group did this together and delivered the parcels to people living on the street. It would be very positive outcome if the homeless who have been housed for safety by the authorities were not returned to the street, but in the event that many do go back, for Subud groups to get involved in feeding them... togetherness between us and in the world. ●

Some Thoughts on Face Masks

Marcus Bolt, UK, writes...

Just been reading Carrie Fisher's *Wishful Drinking*. It's about her trials and tribulations in getting to grips with her addictions and difficulties over being born to Hollywood Superstar parents (Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds) and herself becoming a movie idol when a teenager (*Star Wars*).

One of her great realisations was that she tended to turn inconveniences into problems. And it occurred to me that's exactly what the anti-maskers are doing in the West, and I cannot, for the life of me, understand why they make such a fuss. After all, there were no demos over the laws on wearing seat belts and crash helmets, nor the ban on smoking in public places – they were 'inconveniences' at the time, but are now 'the norm' and certainly no longer 'problems'.

So, why facemasks and why in the middle of a dangerous pandemic? Surgeons don't seem to have any trouble during 6-hour operations... And, anyway, most of us wear masks, not because we are frightened of getting the disease, but because we are terrified of passing it on to others... ●

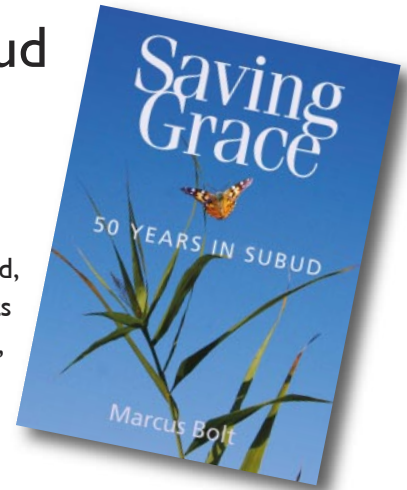
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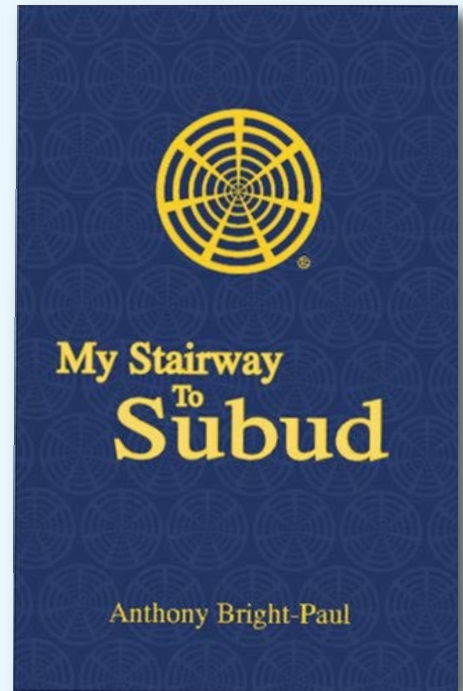


Much of *My Stairway to Subud* first appeared as the record of a young man in the early 1950s searching for values and inner understanding. At various times he was an admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, a student with the Sri Ramakrishna Vedanta Society, then a follower of G.I.Gurdjieff for seven years under 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.

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