



## Intense meetings in Vancouver

The World Subud Council met this year in June in Vancouver. We began on the 18th, with 2 days of meetings of each part of the council individually – the International Helpers among themselves, the WSA directors/Zone reps together, and the WSA Executive. For each part, these two days were very important and helped to prepare the way and revise the agenda of the full council meeting.

Unfortunately, Rida Liobo Loote, Rep for Zone 5, was unable get a visa. It is becoming increasingly problematic to get visas for our members from Congo; still, modern technology being what it is, we managed to have two Skype conference calls with Rida, and were able to hear of the specific needs of his zone, on the one hand, and update him on the work done in Vancouver, on the other.

Before we began the council meetings, the Zone Reps had agreed that it would be good to spend one day looking at



*The World Subud Council in Vancouver. (Photo by Hadrian Fraval)*

the issues and concerns in each area, i.e. Area 1 (Zones 1 & 2), Area 2 (Zones 3, 4, 5 & 6), Area 3 (Zones 7, 8 & 9). From there we came up with a number of questions to be discussed.

The novelty of this council meeting was that on certain days we worked in break out groups rather than one large group, where having exchanges and input from a group of 40 can be overwhelming. Most felt that this was a good way of working, though the system still needs some tweaking to be really effective.

SESI (Subud Enterprise Services Int.) gave a presentation outlining the various things that have been achieved over the last two years as well as projects for the future. SESI is becoming more and more active. Ruslan Morris, however, requested to resign from his role as SESI coordinator due to possible conflicts of interest with enterprises that he wishes to be involved in, which he hopes can be endorsed by an independent SESI team of experts. The job description will be prepared and circulated worldwide for the request for new candidates to take on this role.

SICA (Subud Int. Cultural Ass.) has also become very active over the last two years. You can subscribe to their newsletter and updates by going to their website [www.subudsica.org](http://www.subudsica.org), and read about the numerous things going on. There is a renewed sense between SICA, SDIA (Susila Dharma Int. Ass.) and SYA (Subud Youth Activities) to work closely together on projects, as so many social projects have cultural and educational aspects, which are clearly part of SICA, and frequently involve young people.

There is also a renewed sense of collaboration between MSF and WSA, with the WSA Archives working contract creating a close partnership. This first partnership relates to the restoration and duplication of the original audio tapes of Bapak's talks.

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### IN THIS ISSUE :

- IBU RAHAYU'S MESSAGE.....p 2
- SUBUD POETRY ANTHOLOGY.....p 2
- SICA PRIZE.....p 3
- NEWS FROM KGC.....p 4
- CUBA REPORT.....p 4
- FAVOURITE PHOTO.....p 6
- BAPAK ON RAMADAN.....p 7
- FORGIVENESS.....p 8
- IBU SITI SUMARI.....p 9
- REMINDERS OF REALITY.....p 12
- TWO BOOK REVIEWS.....p 15
- SV BOOKS.....p 17
- ADS & NOTICES.....p 19

Bachtiar Lorot and Armand Bisson, WSA Archives coordinator, French speaking neighbours, have worked closely together on this. Out of 1700 talks given, about 1200/1300 recordings exist that can be restored. New recordings are currently being found around the world, which open up new treasures. Armand Bisson gave a very clear and lively presentation of a strategy and goals for WSA Archives over the next 10 years.

14th Subud World Congress,  
August 2nd to 14th, 2014,  
in Puebla, Mexico.

In relation to organisational matters and ways whereby we can have an organisation that functions better, a number of questions were looked at with resolutions and action plans established.

- 1) The question of the WSA country membership: benefits and obligations, voting rights, and possibly two types of membership.
- 2) Consensus: The WSC worked on the Subud definition of consensus, as practised at world congress and the international level.
- 3) Overlapping of terms at the international level: pros. and cons.
- 4) Remunerations at the international level: to pay or not to pay, that is the question!

Each possibility creates a different type of organisation with the balance needed between acting professionally, volunteering, leaving space for flexibility, as well as allowing anyone to be involved. 5) Mission Statement: The need for a Mission Statement of the WSA for outside organisations had already been established, and a mission statement was written and revised. The resolutions of all these 5 points will be circulated to all members countries, as this is a work in progress with input needed from all the member countries.

Of course many other issues were looked at as we work to follow up on all the resolutions voted by World Congress in Christchurch. For those interested, the minutes will be available on line at [www.subud.org](http://www.subud.org)

The 14th Subud World Congress dates were fixed by the Council for August 2nd to 14th 2014, in Puebla, Mexico. The World Congress Organising team gave various presentations to the WSC, to the Zone 7 council and to the America's Gathering. A separate report will be forthcoming in Subud World News, and through all the Subud media. In the meantime, please sign up to the Subud World Congress Puebla 2014 group on Facebook: click on "like" and you will receive regular updates.

*Thank you for this report from Subudworldnews. Subud Voice will follow up in subsequent issues with more detailed information about what was decided at the meetings as it becomes available.*

## IBU RAHAYU'S TALK TO THE VANCOUVER GATHERING

To read Ibu's Rahayu's wonderful Address to WSC Meeting and The Americas Gathering go to [www.subudlibrary.com](http://www.subudlibrary.com) Ibu Rahayu was not able to attend personally but sent this talk.

Recording **12 CDK 1 CILANDAK**, 17 June 2012

*Final Translation by Raymond Lee Copyright © 2012 by World Subud Association, Inc. All rights reserved*

## International Subud poetry anthology

*Emmanuel Williams calls for submissions for a new poetry anthology...*

I've been reading and listening to poetry by my Subud brothers and sisters for years and there's no doubt in my mind that we are getting better and better at it. I'd like to celebrate this by putting together an anthology of poetry by Subud members from all over the world. I invite you to send me three of your best poems along with a brief bio. I hope to have the anthology sequenced, edited, checked, designed and printed some time next year, well before the World Congress in Mexico. Please email your poems to me at: [emmanuelriddlemaker@gmail.com](mailto:emmanuelriddlemaker@gmail.com). Deadline end of 2012.

This project is sponsored by SICA International.

### Riddles

As you may know Emmanuel loves riddles and has published a collection of them. For example, can you figure this one out...

My skin is made of bone  
My hands can grip you tight  
I have two eyes  
I have no head  
I travel left or right

The answer is on the last page of this Subud Voice. No peeking until you've answered the riddle!

# SICA prize 2013



*SICA is calling for entries for the SICA Prize for 2013...*

For the year 2013, we have initiated the first triennial national [zonal] SICA prize to support, motivate, and enable the development of talent within Subud. Entries for this prize can be in all areas of culture, from scientific research to journalism to painting and new media arts. SICA perceives itself as an intersection between diverse cultural products and as an intermediary between cultural producers of all ages and cultures. SICA intends to build a bridge between creators' present and their future.

## **Eligibility**

Eligible to apply for the 2013 SICA Prize are international creators of ages between 19 and 26. The preconditions are devotion to the development of a particular talent and the ability to represent that talent and work to the SICA board and chairs of each country.

## **Benefits and requirements**

A national honor and a chance to have one's work seen by leaders in cultural fields, the SICA prize will also be accompanied by a prize of a financial or otherwise award to be determined by country of prize origin. An exhibition of national prizewinners will be exhibited.

The top three entries from each country will be exhibited at the World Congress in Puebla in 2014, including scientific and literary achievements. Thus, the exposure that comes of this award is potentially international.

SICA, at the World Congress in Puebla, will also select the top three finalists of all of the national prizewinners and award a significant cash prize to those winners.

## **Selection procedure**

The SICA prize will be judged by leaders in their fields, to be announced, who will consider not only the quality of the work samples submitted, but the quality of the investigation exhibited by the written application as well. New members of the jury are nominated on a rotational basis at a two-year-interval.

## **Key Dates:**

- Jury selection: October 1, 2012
- Call for entries communicated: November 1, 2012
- Submissions due: February 1, 2013
- Notifications of National Prize-winners: July 1, 2013
- Physical entries for top three Prize-winners from each Nation accepted by SICA between: January – February 2014
- International jury announced: January 2014
- International exhibition and award: August 2014

For full information and application see the .pdf included in the "Literary Supplement" on our home page. ●

## **SUBUD VOICE SUBSCRIBERS**

In September last year we set up a subscription service for Subud Voice. Unfortunately, we found this was not sustainable, and we once again made Subud Voice available free and online.

We are very grateful to a number of people who subscribed who did not ask for their subscriptions to be returned. This was a great help in enabling us to continue to publish Subud Voice.

With the publication of this August 2012 issue of Subud Voice, we have now fulfilled our commitment to provide those who subscribed with 12 issues of the magazine, that is from September 2011 to August 2012.

We still welcome donations which will help to keep us going. Donations can be made by going to our web site [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net) and clicking the payment button on the left of the home page.

*Very best wishes,  
Harris Smart Editor*

# News from KGC



On March 12, 2012, the necessary forestry permit for the Kalimantan Gold Corporation to begin drilling at the KSK CoW copper prospect in Central Kalimantan was received.

A review of historical data on the project using state of the art techniques and processes has confirmed the potential for major copper deposits below the level of drilling to date.

Today the exploration is once again in full swing. In East Kalimantan, there has been 14,500 metres of shallow drilling at the Jelai gold prospect which has the potential to yield a major epithermal deposit.

KGC actively supports the Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta (YTS) Foundation which has an outstanding track record in community and social projects close to the exploration areas.

The company recently produced a video that gives a comprehensive and clear overview of its activities and philosophy. Check it out: KGC Video <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BE7XjXp6VZQ&feature=youtu.be>

## Cuba... the least... the most...

*Harris Smart reports...*

I was recently able to go to Cuba, a country I have long wished to visit.

Fortunately, Subud Voice has a Cuban connection, through Samuel (Andres Perez Morillas) who translates Subud Voice into Spanish, a mammoth job which he accomplishes every month, and he was extremely helpful in arranging my visit and supporting me while I was there.

Samuel not only translates Subud Voice, but also produces another bimonthly magazine, Mundo Hispano, for the Spanish-speaking Subud world.

Well, probably most of us have some kind of picture of Cuba. I must say I have always admired this little country for the way it has managed to survive in the face of many perils and difficulties including the economic blockade imposed by the United States.

*The people who have the least, are often the most generous, kind and hospitable...*

But it is only when you get there that you really see how extremely difficult the material conditions of life are for the Cuban people. This is not only because of the blockade but also because of the other factors such as the collapse of the Soviet Union which used to be supportive of Cuba and a market for its products. I was told that Cuba lost 85% of its foreign trade after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Generally speaking, so many things that we take absolutely for granted in the West are just not available in Cuba. The Internet is practically non-existent for individuals; only for state-run enterprises and state-run clubs for youth, and only very few people have e-mail at their homes. You see the impacts of things like this when you go to a bus station to book a long-distance bus trip. In a country like Australia, this would all be computerised but in Cuba, this is not the case.

The centre of Havana is a city of crumbling grandeur. The old colonial buildings are still there, very beautiful and impressive, but many have fallen, or are falling into ruin. Many of the cars on the roads date back to the 1950s. Somehow they still run, though it has been many years since spare parts were available. Cubans have become great improvisers.

To give you some idea of economic conditions, the monthly income of a doctor there is about \$25. But the people of Cuba give an impression of tremendous vitality, energy and high spirits. Cuban music booms from every café and bar and there is a great feeling of joy and laughter in spite of life's extreme material difficulties.

The Cuban revolution has been a great success in the educational and humanitarian fields. I believe that Cuba has more doctors per head of population than any other country in the world and it exports its medical expertise to other countries. For instance, I was told that there are 33,000 *continued* >



*Harris Smart with Samuel and some of his extended family in Cuba. From left, Harris, Milagros (Samuel's daughter), Nereida (wife), Alicia del Carmen (granddaughter), Emilio (grandson), Annalie (granddaughter), Samuel.*



*Samuel makes rice wine to make money for the Subud group.*

medical personnel from Cuba working in Venezuela.

### **Subud in Manzanillo**

Unfortunately, I did not have time to visit the Subud groups in Havana, so I'm not able to say anything about them. I spent most of my time with Samuel who lives with his family in a town called Manzanillo which is about 800 km to the east of Havana.

Subud has been present in Cuba for quite a long time. Samuel told me that in 1958 there was an article about an eastern magician (Bapak) in a popular magazine and some well-to-do Cubans extended an invitation to Bapak to visit. He was not able to come himself but sent a couple of helpers (man and woman) who, on August 24, 1958, opened the first Cubans. Since that time it has continued to be a presence in Cuba and currently there is an application (since 2008) in process for Subud to be officially recognized by the government.

As so often seems to be the case, it is the people who have the least, who are the most generous, kind and hospitable, and I found this over and over again in Cuba. For instance, I was wonderfully looked after by Samuel and

the extended family living in his house. People here seem to have a true simplicity of heart, a sincerity, which is often much harder to find in more developed countries.

Samuel is a retired chemical engineer (with a scientific degree of doctor in science) and his children have also pursued professional careers. His son, Francisco, is a doctor and his daughter, Milagros, is a dentist with a master degree, who also teaches dentistry at the University. Samuel's three grandchildren, his grandson Emilio (aged 13), and granddaughters Annalie (aged 13) and Alicia (aged 5) also live in his house.

It was a great honour and privilege to be welcomed into this household. Wonderful meals were prepared for me by Samuel's wife, Nereida (Mirna in Subud), and the other women in the household.

One of the things that Samuel does to help make ends meet is to make a delicious rice wine. He is very enterprising in his outlook and one of the ideas I came away from Cuba with is that I would like to try and find him more translating work. He is an excellent translator from English to Spanish and can also translate from Spanish to English and I would very much like to hear from anyone who has connections in the world of translation who might be able to help with this. Write to me at [subudvoice@gmail.com](mailto:subudvoice@gmail.com)

Samuel arranged a get together and a latihan at his house for his Subud group in Manzanillo. There are about 25 members equally divided between men and women. The meeting with the group included a beautiful musical performance on keyboard by brother Armando Hions who played the both popular and classical music.

Subud Cuba in Manzanillo has supported a Christian community which runs a home for elderly people and it was very touching to visit this place where once again the material conditions were difficult but the quality of human care was most evident. Samuel also took me to see this welfare project that the members of his Subud group in Manzanillo have supported until year 2009, with the economic help of Susila Dharma International. Now the group intends to reopen the help to this humanitarian project, although only with their own effort

### **Music**

I love Cuban music and I hoped to record some Spanish versions of some songs I had written and this came about in a rather "Subud" way.

One evening I walked with Samuel to the main square of Manzanillo. On a sudden impulse Samuel decided he would like to sit on a seat just opposite the Catholic Church. Samuel remarked later that he didn't know why he wanted to sit down just there, but the result was that we heard the beautiful music coming from the church as they celebrated the evening mass.

Later we learned that this was a special mass conducted in the presence of the provincial bishop and the apostolic nuncio (Pope's representative in Cuba). It was in fact a re-enactment of the mass which had been performed for Pope Benedict on his recent visit to Santiago de Cuba. From the church we heard the most beautiful singing by a woman singer.

I instantly thought that I would love this woman to record my songs. We were able to make contact with her. Her name is Olga and she and her husband, Jesus, who is a musician, made the recordings for me. It seemed that both are Samuel's friends. I have included one of the recordings in the Literary Supplement on the home page at [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net)

### **A Poem by a Child**

While I was staying out with Samuel I got to know his grandchildren quite well, particularly Annalie and Alicia del Carmen. Annalie's Subud name is Tamara, which means "peace". She gave me Spanish lessons in [continued >](#)

which she proved to be a peaceful and patient though firm teacher. She seemed to be a child of outstanding intelligence as well as sweetness of nature.

Samuel showed me a poem she had written to her mother last year, and I felt that this somehow summed up for me what had been most important about my visit to Cuba. That is the beauty, simplicity and sincerity of the people there. Annalie (Tamara) is 13, and she cannot wait to be 17 when she can be opened.



### **To my mother...with all my love**

The beating of your heart  
was the first sound I heard  
a long time before coming to life

Your smile, your face  
was the first thing I saw  
when I opened my eyes  
in this world

My first steps  
were toward you  
my first words  
I heard from you

You have been in the most  
important moments  
of my life

Your words opened my mind  
and my heart  
to the infinite possibilities  
God has given to me

Thank you mother mine  
for your example  
for your care  
for always being at my side  
and very deep inside my heart

*Annalie.*

## **Favourite Photo**

### **A most entertaining child...**

*Harris writes...*

As I have recounted in my article about Cuba, most of my time there was spent in the town of Manzanillo in the house of Samuel who translates Subud Voice. There I got to know his grandchildren Emilio, Annalie and Alicia del Carmen, beautiful children with strong individual personalities.

Alicia del Carmen, the youngest aged five, seems to be one of those children whom, when the fairies gathered around her cradle, they decided to bestow upon her all the gifts. Rarely have I encountered a more natural, self-confident, outgoing, amusing and loving child. Her Subud name is Alisa which means "joy".

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She is currently conducting her first “scientific experiment” growing some beans. She has been told that plants respond well to pleasant music so each day she sings them an improvised song to encourage their growth. So far they seem to be doing very well.

She picked up my panama hat and put it on at a rakish angle. It seemed to sum up not only her own ebullient personality but also something of the spirit of Cuba and even Latin America generally.

I am sure others have experienced, as I have, that when the Latin Americans turn up at a Subud gathering or Congress, they bring their own particular gifts of warmth, laughter, music, style and joy.



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## Bapak speaks about Ramadan

*Ilaine Lennard has collected Bapak's sayings about Ramadan from various sources...*

The talks from which these extracts were taken were given for people practising the spiritual exercise known as the Subud Latihan. For those not practising this exercise, reading the following talk is not recommended as it could be misunderstood. *Copyright 2008, World Subud Association. All rights reserved.*

### **The Fast is for everyone**

*From a talk of Bapak's in Cilandak on the thirteenth night of Ramadhan, 1987.  
Published in REMEMBRANCES OF BAPAK'S LAST DAYS:*

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“The real thing is to feel a very strong urge, a really strong feeling that you absolutely must do the fasting, an inner obligation, before the fast begins. That is the first thing to feel. Then all the details of what food to eat, and when, and how much and so on, all fall into place. You know from God's power within you, from your guidance about all that.

“Actually it's not just Muslims who ought to fast; everyone ought to do it. It is a universal requirement for mankind. In the same way the latihan is too. When we fast, we find that the latihan is lighter and more powerful within us. This happens spontaneously, without force. In this way you can feel that all your movements and all your activities are accompanied by the Power of Almighty God.”

*The following are selection is from the Pewarta Kejiwaan Subud booklets on Ramadhan, Oct 1973,*

## Well provided for

“..These are the benefits that come from this fast, brothers and sisters. If you can just reach the level of benefiting in this way in your worldly life alone, then things go very well; better than well, so that you will be really well-provided for. You will not find yourself short of cash. No, never; never will you be short. No; the money will be there, because it will seek you out. Sometimes you may not be thinking about it, but the money will come and nudge you, saying 'Here I am'. Yes; then if you need something, that will be very nice.

“When you have done it spasmodically, you will find the money coming spasmodically. You look for it, but where is it? It seemed as if it was there, but when you try to take some, oh no! It is very frustrating. Well, if you have been able to feel and receive the benefits of the fast, the money is there; it stays there. So you have only to open your purse and there it is. That is very nice.

“For these reasons, don't be afraid; don't be afraid of the present temperatures of 39C or possibly even 40C. Just let it be. That is up to the weather; my concern is with the fast and with worshipping God so that I can receive His gift that we call the Qadar. If you can do this, the outside heat will ebb away. The difference will vanish and there will be a state of balance, the same inside as outside.”

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## After Ramadan

*Harris Smart writes...*

After Ramadan, we ask forgiveness of each other.

I was privileged to be able to visit Wisma Subud for Ramadan many times while Bapak was alive.

In Subud, there are many different attitudes to Bapak. Some people, in the "early days" became quite close to Bapak. Many people were, and remain, intensely devoted to Bapak in a personal way.

But for others, especially those who have joined Subud since Bapak's passing, he is a more remote figure. There are some people who feel he can be dispensed with altogether. "Isn't the latihan my own personal path to follow? Why do I need Bapak?"

Of course, the latihan is for each one of us a personal journey, but it seems to me that without Bapak's explanations, we would not be able to properly understand it, or put it into a context. Bapak was so far ahead of us, he opened the way. He continues to shine a light into the darkness. He has provided a blueprint within which each of us may find our personal destinies.

It is a very good thing that we have not only the legacy of Bapak's talks and writings, but we also have records of his personal interactions with people, such as have been gathered by Emmanuel Williams and published in his book *An Extraordinary Man*. What a valuable book that is. (One such experience is included in this issue of Subudvoice entitled "Empowered by Bapak".) These experiences help us to understand Bapak more fully on a personal level.

I feel that my own attitude to Bapak is far from perfect. I found it very difficult to embrace him as a father. I am of Irish descent, as everyone knows, we Irish are anti authoritarian. We don't like the idea of anyone being over us. In Australia, the Irish have contributed much to the development of our national temperament and attitudes. We are intensely democratic, egalitarian and independent.

After Ramadan at Idul Fitri, it was the custom in Wisma Subud that everyone would go to the

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"big house" to first ask forgiveness from Bapak. Sometimes there would be as many as 1000 people at these gatherings and the ceremony of greeting Bapak could take quite a long time. There was a big queue.

The custom was that Bapak sat in his chair, accompanied by members of his family, and when you finally reached the head of the queue, you would proceed the last 10 meters or so on your knees. These occasions always caused me great inner turmoil and divided feelings.

On the one hand, I knew very well that Bapak was deserving of our respect. I also recognized that the ceremony, while it might seem strange and feudal to me, was quite normal in Java, where such expressions of respect to venerated figures are quite customary.

I remember one particular occasion when I approached Bapak on my knees, feeling the usual turmoil of divided feelings. Feeling extremely unworthy to be there at all, on the one hand, but also feeling extremely strange to be approaching someone on my knees. And feeling quite insincere about what I was doing. I was following the custom outwardly, but I did not really believe it.

In all this confusion, I finally reached Bapak and rested my forehead on his knee as was the custom. I felt Bapak would be able to see right through me. As if he might think, who is this lowly worm, approaching me so insincerely on his knees?

Instead, he put his arm around my shoulders and I felt his warm, kindly, reassuring acceptance of me. All is forgiven, he seemed to say, you will be OK.

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## Ibu Siti Sumari

*Excerpts about Bapak's second wife from 'Recollections of Ibu Siti Sumari'...*

Ibu Siti Sumari was born on Feb 17th 1906 in Temanggung, Indonesia. She was the second wife of Bapak.

Bapak's first wife died in 1936, leaving him with four children: Rahayu, Haryono, Haryadi, and Hardiyati. Another son Suharyo (born March 20th 1922) had died in 1935. and Haryadi born November 8th 1931, died on July 23rd 1957.

On November 15th 1941, Bapak married Ibu Siti Sumari, who became well known as Ibu to Subud members throughout the world. (The term 'Ibu' is translated in English as 'mother'). Mbakju Rochanawati was Ibu Siti Sumari's daughter.



*Ibu Siti Sumari*

### **Ibu Rahayu (formerly Siti Rahayu) remembers Ibu:**

I knew Ibu Siti Sumari as my mother, beginning when I was twelve years old. For about four years before that, I was looked after by my grandmother, that is, Bapak's mother, after my own mother passed away.

You can understand, then, the way I felt towards Ibu Sumari was that she was the mother within our family, as I was too young to remember my own mother. Ibu was not happy if she heard anyone say that we were not her own children, as the relationship within the family created a strong family spirit.

At that time Ibu was a modern woman, but after marrying Bapak, Ibu changed a great deal.

With Ibu's passing I had a profound experience, where it was required of me to prepare myself to carry on Ibu's duties. After that I knew that Ibu's jiwa or soul was content and happy to leave everything so that she could continue her life there, in a different place and atmosphere, which is everlasting.

**Halimah Cristy:** Ibu Sumari had many important roles to fulfil as Bapak's wife, during the time that he was first introducing Subud to the West. Her understanding of her own responsibilities as Bapak's wife, as a mother to their children, as the first woman helper in Subud, as the female spiritual role model for the thousands of women she opened, was far reaching, and seems always to have been grounded and centered in a complete awareness and total certainty of the reality and importance of the latihan.

As we began to receive stories and recollections from women all over the world who were deeply affected by Ibu, a sense began to emerge, through most of our encounters with Ibu, whether easy or difficult, pleasant or demeaning, of a profound inner connection with her through the latihan. Like the toddlers that we were, we could only stay in these deeper states of awareness for varying lengths of time, usually brief. One got the impression that Ibu, however, very seldom allowed herself to get far from her sense of responsibility to worship God through the guidance of the latihan

### **Halina Pawl interviews Ibu Ismana and Ibu Hardiyati July 6th 1988 in Seattle.**

**Halina:** How old were you when you first meet Ibu Sumari?

**Ibu Yati:** Ibu was Bapak's second wife. My mother was his first wife, maybe I was seven years old. I was very small when she married Bapak. Until Ibu died we always were together as a family, and we loved Ibu, [continued >](#)

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everybody in the family did. Ibu seemed to be the mother for us in the family as well as for everybody around her. She knew how to speak to younger people and she had such charm! She would sit somewhere and everybody would come together and listen to her and wait for whatever she would speak about.

**Ibu Yati:** she had that particular way of telling stories and she had a melodious voice.

**Ibu Ismana:** And she also liked to sing. And she liked old songs. I remember we went to films like ‘My Fair Lady’. She liked them very much! Even the soaps...

**Ibu Yati:** ‘The Sound of Music’ she liked very much. For a Javanese lady of that era, she was quite modern, you know, in the way she lived. And she liked someone to play the piano for her. ..She had a wonderful memory. And she loved cooking.

**Ibu Ismana:** She was a very good example for us. How she served Bapak! She would make many dishes and she would say “If Bapak doesn’t like this food, then he will have another food.”

...One day she said to me “Well, I am going to leave you.” That was a month before she died and I said “But you have a duty to accompany Bapak. There is still far to go.” And she said, “Yes, I think it is time for me to go.”

But at that moment I felt very close to her, whatever she felt on that day. I felt it also. She loved me, and I loved her very much. We always talked together.

And then, when she was sick, I actually didn’t realise at that time, on that night before she died, she talked quite a lot to me. I thought maybe she talked to me because there was nobody else there. But I didn’t know whether she was conscious or not. At that time she talked about how we should behave as helpers, things like that, you know. She gave me a lot of advice that night before she died.

I was looking around, to see if there was anybody there but me, but I was by myself. That was in the middle of the night. And then I think we went home and then back early in the morning. Ibu Yati was also there, I think, at the last moment. I remember that Bapak said she was going to be better. At that last moment I could feel it!

**Ibu Yati:** Ibu was very, very particular about advising us women to be women. If you cook, cook in a quiet way, like you do the latihan, and serve your family well, your husband well, just to be a good woman. And indeed she did it. She cooked the way she liked us to do.

**Ibu Ismana:** ..Sometimes Ibu cooked something, and she sent it to people in the compound and said this is for such and such a person. She paid that kind of attention to people.

**Ibu Yati:** .. She was so beautiful! I remember Ibu used to say: “Pray to God every second of your life, so not even one second is left out. Be in a state of worship all the time.

**Ibu Ismana:** ..We had once a month a special talk from Bapak and Bapak tested us ...And sometimes Ibu asked Bapak to play the gambang, the Javanese instrument. And then we listened to Bapak’s gambang.

**Julia Schusterman:** Ibu was a very shy person. It’s surprising but she really was. I remember once she said “I’m not shy with you, but I am shy.”

**Laurencia Bednarski:** Ibu was never shy to laugh about herself. One day she said to me – very much laughing – “I must tell you what happened to me. Bapak and I were invited to the marriage of a daughter of an old Indonesian helper. Bapak did not feel like going. But I like to participate, otherwise the family would feel disappointed. I asked an Indonesian lady helper to accompany me, and we took a taxi. Soon it was evident that the driver had difficulties finding the house. The driver searched around the region for more than one hour, and at last he had to give up, and bring us back! Both of us understood, and laughed about our adventure.” *To be continued..* ●

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## The kids who will prevent World War III

*Dachlan Cartwright has lived for many years in Indonesia where he has been a teacher. Here he shares some of the fruits of his experiences...*

Teaching in international schools has been a great privilege. Here I would like to share some personal impressions based on 25 years teaching in three international schools in Indonesia.

The overwhelming majority of parents would agree that giving their kids a good education is a priority in life. First as a passport to a good job, but also as the key to solving so many of the world’s problems, leading, as it should, to the elimination of ignorance.

I admit I’m coming from the “Western” standpoint of liberalism, democracy, tolerance, free speech, and that there are other values, like Asian Confucianism and paternalism which deserve consideration, respect and incorporation in a more universal set of values. And also that, on the other side of the coin, there are institutions, in the West as elsewhere, which promote intolerance and adherence to one particular set of ideological or religious dogmas while trashing others. But that is indoctrination, not education. *continued >*

I started work at Bandung International School (BIS)\* in 1985, and remained, on and off, until 2003, first as Teacher-Librarian, then as ESOL Teacher. When I began at BIS, it was notorious for parental interference in the school.

It had been set up in 1972 by a group of parents, and for years some parents felt they had the right to interfere in the school, crossing the line between parental involvement, so essential to a school, and unsettling interference even to the extent of wanting to be involved in writing the curriculum. (One such request was circulated among the staff by an insecure principal, to be countered by a teacher. "If Mr \_ cares to tell me what he does for a living, I'll give him some gratuitous words of advice!")

**Bandung:** Bandung was very different in those days. It was still the cool hill-station planned by the Dutch as Insulinde's future capital. And old colonial and racial attitudes could still be found among the expats who founded the school. There were no pubs, and the expat scene tended to revolve around the Hash House Harriers and BIS. No school principal lasted more than two years.

The pattern was that a principal would be appointed by a particular group of parents on the Board, that Board would then be replaced by a new elected group of parents who were not enamoured of the principal and would do their best to try and replace him or her, only to be countered by the members of the previous Board.

Three times a year there were heavily politicized meetings of the whole parent community, unpleasant except for those who, in the absence of pubs, found entertainment value in the crucifixion of a principal. Adulterous affairs between Board members and teachers were all too visible. Man, it was a soap opera, a mini-mirror of the Happy Valley of colonial Kenya.

Bundled with this went colonial attitudes to the host country. Sadly, specimens of the ugly expat and the Anglo-Saxon swine could be found among the Faculty. A group of teachers including those of us who were married to Indonesians were constantly trying to counter this, encouraged by one of the finest principals I have ever worked with, the New Zealander Gavin Allen.

**A Happy School:** And BIS was always a happy school. I put it down to the great kids, and certain teachers. The student population was small, about 150 in 1985 and rising to about 260 as new high school grades were added. In such a small student community you can't have exclusive national student cliques developing, and in some of the classes the majority of the students were of mixed parentage. So much so that it came to be considered cooler to be "mixed" than otherwise.

Other factors helped get rid of the culture of parental interference and colonial attitudes.

In 1996 the American Phil Joslin, another charismatic principal, was appointed. He put all the components of the school community, hitherto blurred in their functions, in the right place.

From now on the Board made policy, he advised them and implemented it, the teachers taught, the students studied, and the parents fund-raising body, which had loved to interfere with the policy of the school, raised funds. Phil also put in a full high school, and pushed through the accreditation process.

He was helped by krismon/reformasi in 1997/1998. Many parents fled and many projects closed. One effect of this was that new, incoming families were happy to have an international school in place, outnumbering those parents who had a memory, or a folk memory, of the school as being founded by them.

The national mix of parents and students also changed, as Bandung re-invented itself as a textile town. Then the law was amended to allow admission of Indonesian nationals. Finally, pubs and malls began to proliferate in Bandung, so those spouses who had nothing better to do in the day than to interfere in the school had other diversions.

BIS remains a great "community of learners", now a fully-accredited IB school, with a strong involvement in the host country, and for those parents looking for an excellent small international school I can recommend it without hesitation. My own children were educated there from Kindergarten to High School, and the great education they received at BIS has helped them both graduate from Australian universities.

**SCB (Sekolah Cita Buana):** After an assignment at JIPS (Jakarta International Prestige School), a privately-owned primary school where I was counterpart Principal and English, ESL and Social Studies Teacher, I moved to teach ESL to Middle School and English Literature to High School.

SCB is a national plus/international school. It runs both the Indonesian National and the ACT

*continued >*

*May the tolerance  
and universality you  
have learned  
trickle down...*



*Dachlan and untouchables.*

*Dachlan Cartwright with students who will hopefully  
help prevent World War 3.*

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(Australian Capital Territory) curricula. Students are mainly Indonesian nationals, plus many from mixed parentage. English is the campus language. The ACT EngLit curriculum is a joy, as it gives the teacher the freedom to select and study texts in depth with the students, as long as they fit a semestral theme, say, “Journeys and Quests”.

Perhaps the most admirable feature of SCB is its willingness and capacity to welcome and absorb so-called “challenged” students. SCB has formal support programs and special needs teachers and counsellors in place, but the aim is to welcome as far as possible “challenged” students into the regular classes, which is both good for them and the so-called “normal” students who thereby are learning tolerance, compassion and protective outreach skills at an early age. And let’s face it, we are all “challenged” in some ways and “abnormal” in others.

So I am an unashamed fan of SCB, and have no hesitation in recommending it to parents who are looking for a great national plus/international school and cannot afford the astronomical fees of JIS or BRIS. SCB achieves 100% passes on national exams, and of the latest graduating class, for example, most of the students have been accepted in universities in the UK, USA, Canada and Australia, or prestigious national institutions like ITB and UI.

Simply put, education is all about the kids, and all depends on the teachers.

Yes, it’s all about the kids. Here, “The kids who will prevent World War Three?”. How many nationalities and cultures are represented in a typical class at JIS, BRIS\*\* or BIS? Going deeper, how many individual kids are there in the class who in themselves blend different nationalities and cultures, i.e. TCKs\*\*\*. How many religions? How many skin colours? And do they care about these differences? They don’t even notice them.

So how can you want to nuke or kill somebody because they’re perilously slant-eyed yellow devils, or immoral Gaga-esque agents of the Great Satan, or sword-wielding fanatics who are out to enslave your women, if you’ve collaborated on IB projects with them, if you’ve played school basketball with or against them, if you’ve sweated to dig ditches in kampong community programs with them, (and if you are now stuck with them for life as Facebook friends)?

I realize that international school education as I have described it is way beyond the financial reach of most Indonesian families. Even free local elementary education was implemented here only in 2005.

But we have to start somewhere. So I am appealing to any international school students who may read this article. Many of you are going to be movers and shakers, decision makers in your home countries or wherever you find yourself in the global village. May the tolerance and universality you have learned trickle down, especially into the field of education, modifying curricula to become more global and collaborative rather than nationalistic and didactic. Personally I believe world government must come, and my “take” on this is to imagine it has already arrived, and do some “reverse engineering” on how we got here.

And it started with education...

\*B IS – Bandung International School, founded 1972 \*\* BRIS (BIS) – British International School, Jakarta, founded 1973 \*\*\* TCKS – Third Culture Kids. There has been loads of research, just Google TCKS.

*(This article first appeared in Jakarta Expat magazine, 4th July – 17th July 2012)*

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## Reminders of Reality

*Emmanuel Elliott contributes another collection of experiences from Subud members around the world...The Reminders of Reality website is now up and running at [www.remindersofreality.weebly.com](http://www.remindersofreality.weebly.com).*

Hi there!

I love the way the first story this week dovetails with and, it could be said, is corroborated by, the second. There was, incidentally, almost a 50 year time gap between the two experiences, and the accounts were contributed by two people who are both generations and continents apart.

This week’s collection concludes with a veritable paean of inspired acronyms, presented in a form which will repay close attention.

As always, our thanks to those brothers and sisters who have reached out to us all with their reminiscences. They have already been incorporated in the new website, which has been unavoidably delayed this past week. It should be up and running within days. *Love and blessings, Emmanuel*

### **The Most Wonderful Story**

This is a story that Muftiah Weinstein told me, God rest her soul. She went Home, so she ain’t gonna tell it for herself. Anyway, she said one time, many years ago, they were in San Francisco, and in those days there were just little groups of people. Subud itself was little and Bapak stayed in people’s houses, and people gathered around and sat on couches. It wasn’t like a formal thing, as it got to be later. So it was kind of friendly and cosy, and they were staying at a small house in San Francisco. Bapak was in his bedroom. People were chatting, just hanging out smoking. Everybody smoked in those days, drinking coffee, having a good time.

Varindra Vittachi came running out of the bedroom, and he said, “Oh, I have the most wonderful *continued >*”

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story to tell.” He said, “Bapak told me I could tell you this. It’s so thrilling – the best story.” He said Bapak was talking about us – the people who are the pioneers of Subud – and he said, “The pioneers are the same people who always come when the prophet comes, so we were all together during the time of Abraham, during the time of Moses, during the time of Jesus, during the time of Muhammad, and here we are now, all together again.” It was thrilling because it explains why we have this love for one another, this depth of feeling for one another that’s stronger than the feelings we have for our own blood sisters and brothers.

### **Christ's Sufferings**

Alone at home on Easter Sunday I had a very strong spontaneous latihan. All of a sudden, Jesus Christ was there before me, in the position of being on the cross. Our foreheads met and I had to raise my arms and hold His hands in mine. Then we parted and I moved to take the wreath off His head and I placed it on mine. I wanted Him to look me in the eye but He did not, and I realized He is dead.

“ All of a sudden,  
Jesus Christ was there  
before me...”

Then the happenings of Christ's sufferings started to happen backwards time-wise, but only glimpses: pictures like Him dragging the cross on the street, and a drop of His blood hitting the stone road, and I see it hit the ground in slow motion... I saw the nails go through his body. I had to say out loud: "I was there!" – and when I did, an overwhelmingly strong feeling of pain and grief came over me. I felt His suffering and I wanted to die instead of Him. I was crying hard and I kept saying that I was there.

When the latihan was over, I walked up to the bookshelf and took the Bible in my hands, I have had it since '93, since when I have consulted it maybe five times. A paper fell out of it, I can't remember when and from where I got it and placed it in the Bible. It contained actual messages of Jesus, the main sentence being: "It has come from me." I just opened the Bible, and it opened at Paul's Letter to the Romans 8.

### **A Few Coincidences**

I've had a few 'coincidences' lately. Last week I sent L. an email, telling him that my wife would like to be responsible for a certain job at the next congress. I immediately got an email back from him saying, 'I've been thinking for the last half hour who to ask to do that job and was just about to start ringing people!'

Last night, a brother phoned me and he was talking about how helpful he'd found it to pray and ask the Virgin Mary for help with his marriage problems. Tonight, I've got an email from a brother in a different country telling me of an experience he'd had when after praying to the Virgin Mary the state of his marriage improved.

### **Another Young Girl**

That was an interesting experience shared last week concerning the young girl looking at the writer as he awoke. I had a similar experience once before the birth of our first daughter. My wife was about 3-4 months pregnant, and one day I opened my eyes and looked down the bed to see a young girl, about 5 – 6 years old, standing there looking at me. She had big blue eyes and very short fine hair, almost boyish in cut. At the time I assumed the experience was related to the child my wife was carrying, and indeed after our daughter was born and when she was about 5 – 6 she looked exactly as she had in my experience.

### **At the Side of the Road**

One of the Semarang Subud members drove out to visit Pak Mus (an older Subud helper), and stopped to buy some cigarettes for him. A very attractive young woman served him at the warung (small shop), and being attracted to her, he lingered talking and enjoying being with her. Then he set off again, but couldn't get her out of his mind. So he stopped his motorbike and sat at the side of the road quietening himself, until his feelings were settled and he felt ready to see Pak Mus. When he arrived, Pak Mus's first words were, “Who was that you left at the side of the road back there?”

**My Christian Rebirth** *The following three responses were extracted by Latif Tinker from his spiritual autobiography My Christian Rebirth.*

During a Bapak visit to San Francisco I saw Lawrence Branting across the room. I knew that he lived in Wisma Subud (the Subud compound in Jakarta) and I crossed the room to talk with him but was unable to find him. Some months later I talked to him at Wisma Subud. He informed me that he hadn't left Jakarta, had been at home when Bapak was traveling.

A few of us were interested in having a new center in San Jose, Ca. MK from Carmel Valley wanted to help us get our new center, so he suggested that the Carmel Valley Center would travel the 100 miles to San Jose to have latihan and dinner. Our group made the arrangements and what M K suggested indeed happened. It was a grand day with many people present. In playing with my children after dinner I noticed that they had been elevated to a higher level. They confirmed that they did indeed feel very good. They were six and eleven years old. Their lives had been improved and I was very happy for them.

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On the drive to a summer backpacking trip in the High Sierras, I stopped to buy gas at Gilroy and noticed a hitchhiker at the curb. With gas in the tank we headed to the high country. After many miles of silence I got him to tell me about himself. As a young teen his parents sent him to a camp for truants in a remote area of Texas. His parents hardly ever visited, the food was bad and the campers were guarded by toughs. He had been in three such camps. The story was really sad and we were both crying as I drove. One night he looked across the small river that ran along one side of the camp and saw a bright light shining around the figure of a man. This inspired him to escape, which he did at the first chance. As we drove he confessed to having a loaded pistol in his lap covered by his jacket. I asked him to please remove the bullets and put the gun in the glove box, which he did. The last 100 miles were enjoyable as we'd become good friends.

**An Angel's Tap** *A sharing from Lorna Byrne's book 'Stairways to Heaven':*

I had an angel tap me on the shoulder once, to keep me from falling asleep while driving a carful of us Subud loonies back from a Bapak visit. THAT was way cool. I had convinced myself I could drive with my eyes closed. ●

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## Sustaining Bapak's vision

*Lydia Charlton writes...*

I have been very touched by the article from Imron Comey on page 17 in Subud Voice May 2012 edition, "A Change in the State of Subud", and I think he is, indeed, right. Since Bapak's departure from this world, things which go wrong in our international brotherhood organisation could not be put right in a righteous, clear and open way, informing everybody well of what was going on and how and which is the solution. After this tangle of pre-Widjojo-sale, sums were distributed and vanished in individual purses. Where were the ideas for a future international Subud enterprise for which the Widjojo profits could have been used and form the basis of a new enterprise to replace Widjojo?

Actually, what I and also others feel is that there was no honesty in clearly speaking about the human problems we had to overcome; a veil of silence is not the basis of trust in each other and integrity; it is, in fact, only giving in into the ways of this world which we in Subud are supposed to change giving an example of just and brotherly love in our dealings.

When there is no trust and integrity, of course nothing will really grow. We must learn to overcome wrongdoings and make them good in our community of approx. 10.000 Subud people in the world now – if we don't, how do we think we will attract others and will manage our Subud brotherhood when we are many more – people? What has become of Bapak's vision for us?

To make a new practical beginning, I suggest that everybody gives back to an WSC/ISC fund what he/she received from the Widjojo sale, and with these financial means we can look out for a new opportunity to form a new international enterprise, the profits of which can be used for our idealistic and practical necessities. ●

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## One world – one family

*Here is a recent entry from Lola Stone's blog which is to be found at <http://thoughtsoflola.wordpress.com>*

When I was about ten years old I had this concept of one earth, one family, one God. Now, so many years later, having visited almost sixty countries, I have experienced the truth of my vision.

Thinking back to the different people I have come across in my travels I find despite outward differences of facial characteristics, skin color, language and dress, I found none of them strangers. Granted we could communicate, all seemed to share similar basic needs: decent standards of living, education, security and health. All had similar hopes, fears, beliefs and problems.

Whom have I met and/or have had contact with? The answer ranges from Indian royalty, UN Ambassadors, Malaysian princesses, a member of the Tahitian royal family, the couturier to the Empress of Japan, the Queen of Sikkim, a famous Russian poetess, a Russian composer ("Moscow Nights"), a noted British film director, numerous movie stars, popular singers, and well-known politicians.

I have crossed paths with New York society debutants, as well as with Gypsies, Bedouins, Tartars, Inuits, a Nigerian Chief's son, a Samoan Talking Chief, Hopi leaders and healers, the last of the Hawaiian Kahuna Nui and just plain ordinary residents of our planet Earth. I have had the privilege of praying with Jews in Tel Aviv and *continued >*



*One world painting by Lola Stone.*

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Jerusalem, with Catholics in Portugal, Buddhists in Sri Lanka and with Moslems in Malaysia as well as in their sacred Dome of the Rock...not to forget groups of a variety of other beliefs.

My conclusion confirms my faith that beneath the surface of skin color, national dress and cultural differences, we all have the same life goals: to live in a peaceful world sharing its resources equitably, expressing our creativity and free to raise our families according to our individual values and religious beliefs.

Now is the time for all of us to contribute what we can to the advancement of humankind...to do what we can to create peace and understanding for without peace we are without hope, living fearful insecure lives and are in danger of destroying our beautiful planet as well as ourselves. Join my prayer: Let here be Peace!

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## New book from Hugh Hanafi Hayes

*Hanafi writes...*

My latest book, *Mr Callaghan and the Asylum Seeker* was published almost to the day of the 53rd anniversary of my opening in Subud, so it's fitting that I should take up the SV editor's invitation to tell you something about it.

But first, with your indulgence, I'd like to tell you a wee story that explains why I now, at an age when most folk sit in worn armchairs contemplating their carpet slippers, I am writing novels.

In 1993, when I was working in London as editor of Roving Report, a weekly current affairs programme for Worldwide Television News, my health collapsed and everything just stopped. The only warning I had had was an incipient feeling of flu-like tiredness which I fought off each day. Well we had a mortgage and a son at university who required subsidising.

On this occasion though I could fight no more. My body didn't want to do anything much but ache or spasm and my brain suddenly lost the essential ability of expressing what I wanted to say. I just lost words. Not the best if one is a journalist.

So, then followed a year of tests, starting with GPs, local hospital specialists, scans, nuclear injections and stress tests, a charlatan psychiatrist who said he could cure me provided I went into his private hospital for £200 a day for as long as it took. Thankfully, my firm's insurance company refused the offer and so my quest for help was brought to doctors and psychiatrists in Harley Street, the money mecca of medicine in London.

I was examined by the Queen's heart consultant, an expert physician on the newly recognised ME and a brilliant psychiatrist who summarised all the tests and declared that I undoubtedly had ME and should return to Australia, lie in the sun and relax. Which I did, sort of.

Anyway, after a couple of years, I was asked to edit the Subud national newsletter, I called it Oz Reporter and although I was a bit dubious, it turned out to be wonderful therapy. The words came back. Later, I edited the local Sydney newsletter and the confidence in my use of words was such that when I finished that, I felt slightly at a loss.

Until I actually received to write a novel. It was the beginning of a new career. One without the pressure of earning money, just writing for the sheer enjoyment of using my imagination and my words.

Now I can introduce *Mr Callaghan and the Asylum Seeker*, my third book of fiction, properly: It's a novel within a novel based on two very different premises.

The main novel tilts satirically at two iconic aspects of American culture: Hollywood's self-indulgent Academy Awards and television talk shows with their charismatic hosts. Both are expressed through Tommy Callaghan, an eighty-year-old Australian, who has just won two Oscars for his screenplay and direction of the film *Miwako* and who is fêted on the Fran Winfield TV Show.

Here we learn of his completely uninhibited personality. The audience loves him and Fran announces to the world that she has pulled off an exclusive. Tommy will read extracts from his book, from which he'd adapted his Oscar-winning screenplay, on the show daily from his home via a satellite.

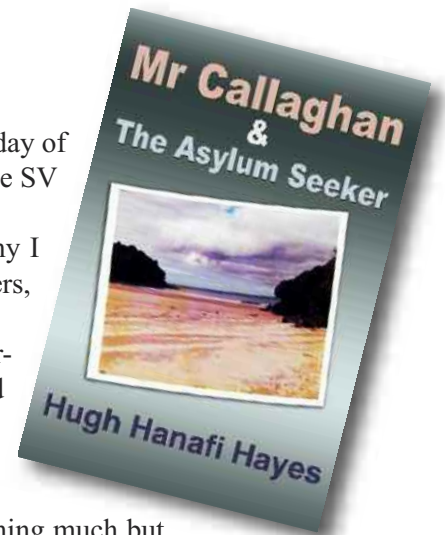
In this way, we hear the story of the asylum seeker *Miwako*, an infant survivor of Hiroshima. Orphaned, she is rescued and nurtured in a monastery, before an aunt and uncle are discovered living in Tokyo where she is raised, but isolated in herself and her horror memories.

It's a story of tragedy and human relationships which fully develops in the 1970s, when *Miwako* is a mature but disturbed woman trying to hide from her past who finds sanctuary in an offshore island in New Zealand. This tale is related, within the main narrative and as a counterpoint to the behaviour and often strained, sometimes hilarious, relationships of the eccentric Callaghan family in present day Australia.

It's available on all Amazons and for those out of range of those online monsters and online bookshops throughout the USA, it's also available on Book Depository with free delivery, worldwide.

It now joins *Master Control*, my breakthrough novel a two generational journey for spiritual

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enlightenment, written in a light way along with a sci-fi theme.

Then, if you would like to know a whole lot about a young child, quite similar to myself, who survived the London blitz, the flying bombs and Hitler's final throw, the V2 rockets, then it's *One Child's War*. And if you have a Kindle gadget, they are all three available on Kindle. Happy reading!

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## Retrieving the light

*A Review by Harris Smart of Rahima Warren's novel Dark Innocence...*

*Dark Innocence* is the story of a therapeutic journey cast in the form of a fantasy novel. It is the first volume in a trilogy *The Star-seer's Prophecy*. Rahima Warren, a Subud member and psychotherapist writes, "Wishing to share what I have learned on my journey, I originally thought I might write a self-help book or a memoir. But what emerged – unplanned and in a creative, passionate torrent – was this fantasy trilogy."

The true import of the book is summed up by a quotation at the beginning from Viktor Frankl, the concentration camp survivor, "What is to give light must endure burning", because it is a narrative about the healing ordeal its hero, Kyr, must undertake in order to find his humanity after a life which has begun in the most hellish of circumstances.

Kyr has been born into world dominated by an all-powerful sorcerer, the Soul-Drinker, who has banished its rightful divine power, the Goddess, and turned it into a horror of suffering and evil. The Soul-Drinker's power is resisted by The Circle, a secret group who seek to overthrow the sorcerer. They are inspired by an ancient prophecy promising the arrival of an heroic Savior.

Kyr is this unlikely source of redemption. Born and raised as a slave of the Soul-Drinker, subject to a life of cruelty and degradation, he manages to break free and to begin a process of becoming human within the wisdom and protection provided by The Circle.

As a fantasy narrative, this novel can take its place amongst Tolkien and the best of science fiction writers such as Ursula LeGuin. It is a well-sustained, exciting and suspenseful narrative written in a lucid and powerful style. As one comment on the book says, "This riveting story is a call to awaken, to face the un-laceable and to find the heart of humanity".

In his work with The Circle, Kyr undergoes a series of encounters and lessons which gradually lead him away from his life of addiction and savagery. He moves beyond the abuse he has suffered to repent of his wrong actions, to overcome guilt and shame, to put self-hatred behind him, to learn human qualities such as kindness, forgiveness, compassion, joy and love. At the end of this journey he is able to create a work of art and to resolve that his future journey is to bring to others the liberation he has himself experienced.

The author includes an Afterword in which she provides some questions and guidelines "To help in deepening your experience of the book and how it has affected you". This book certainly invited me to reflect on my own journey and the extent to which I could relate to the process which is expressed through its symbols, metaphors, actions and characters. While Kyr's situation is an extreme one, I feel that most people will find in the story a journey towards redemption which will touch on their own.

It should be stressed that this is a book which deals with adults themes and includes moments of violence and both the distortion and the beauty of sexuality, all pointing ultimately towards an outcome of human wholeness.

The ancient prophecy foretells that Kyr must undergo three hells and this first book of his inner journey is just the first. The remaining two books of the trilogy will tell of the others. The final paragraph of the Afterword draws our attention to the fact that each individual journey of healing also contributes to the healing of the macrocosm.

"*Dark Innocence* takes place in a fictional society, an yet it may show us something about what we might heal, change and develop in our own society. For example, how might we devote more energy towards healing and forgiveness, and less towards punishment and vengeance? How could that change our society overall?"

*Dark Innocence* is published by Rose Press and is available from bookstores in the USA and is also available from [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)

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## Subud Voice books

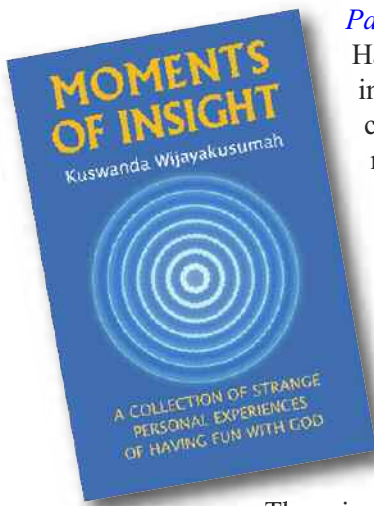
*Subud Voice has recently published two new books....*

### **Moments of Insight**

Moments of Insight – a collection of strange personal experiences of having fun with God is a new book by the Indonesian Subud member Kuswanda Wijayakusumah, better known to his many friends as Pak Kuswanda... *Moments of Insight* is available both as an e-book and a printed book from [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com). Price 10 Pounds.

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### *Pak Kuswanda writes...*

Having fun with God? How could that be? But this has indeed happened to me at many times in my life. Personal relations with God have deep spiritual meaning but it is almost always conveyed as if God wants to play with us when He suddenly reveals His Presence in moments of insight.

Such moments come unexpectedly, as revealed by the following personal experiences. I am writing these with no other wish than just to share because they are positive little happenings which prove – at least to me – that a subtle Power is regulating my life and I believe the life of most of us. So I am grateful that this Power has revealed itself to me now and then, through incidents beyond my control.

Although I have no way of controlling these incidents, nor can I replicate the guidance that comes to me from them, yet it is as if they are a series of surprising and enjoyable small miracles, as if God wants to convey His messages to me in amusing and unusual ways so that I will not to be overawed by them.

These insightful moments have improved my own life, but I have no expectation for others beyond sharing some strange stories which I and a few friends have actually experienced. We may ask what this subtle force could be, is it perhaps a daily manifestation of that all-encompassing presence that we used to call the power of God, a power which becomes active towards us only when we have humility and a feeling of submission to His Will?



### **They Were There**

*They Were There: the Best of Subud Voice Vol 1* compiled by Ilaina Lennard, the best articles from Subud Voice during the time Ilaina edited the magazine, is also available.

**Ilaina Lennard writes...** This new book is a selection of all the best Subud stories – as published in Subud Voice itself during the time I edited it from 1987. For the benefit of those who were not in Subud at the time, this first volume describes what Subud is, and tells quite extensively about Bapak's death. Here is one response to the book.

### **Priceless**

Your book has arrived and it is "priceless"! Such a beautiful cover and layout as well! I have already read most of the stories as it is difficult to put down the book! Thank you so much Ilaina for making the effort to write down all those wonderful stories. I have to tell you that the size of the book is also very "convenient", if that is the right word!

Many people will pick up the book and read it because of that. It does not appear overwhelming, is very approachable, and will be appreciated by a vast amount of people, I believe! A very important book! I plan to order more to give to our family. The stories and Subud information are "right on", easy and light, yet very deep and thought-provoking. Ilaina, I love the first page of the book!! The photo you chose of Bapak, the words you chose, everything about it is perfect in my humble opinion. The introduction likewise! The whole book is so well done that you must be completely satisfied and hopefully receive a thousand thanks from grateful readers!

Also, Marcus Bolt deserves an armful of compliments for his Cover and Book design. It is really excellent. The print is perfect. So many books nowadays are hard to read for various reasons, the print can be too small and the books won't stay open while reading them etc. etc.. I also appreciate the creamy pages rather than pure white!!

*Rohana Rae*

Dear Readers, you have no idea how heartening it is to get your feedback, and how much I appreciate it. I love to know what you think, both positive and negative. . So do please send your comments to me at: [ilaine.l@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:ilaine.l@blueyonder.co.uk)

### HOW TO ORDER 'THEY WERE THERE – The Best of Subud Voice Volume 1'

1. Go to [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com)
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3. Click 'GO',
4. When the page comes up, follow the on-screen links to the shopping basket, setting preferred payment method, delivery & billing address(es) and postage rate as and when prompted to do so.

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Those who cannot use a computer may find it very difficult to know how order the book. Please help them, *continued >*

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by ordering it for them, or, if they live in the UK, please draw their attention to the following.

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(NOTE: This special offer is made to help older members who have difficulty using computers.)

UK members can of course also order the book from [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com) (see 'How to Order' above).

The book is a paperback, 186 pages: price £10 plus postage.

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Profits from sales will help keep Subud Voice FREE and ongoing for another 25 years!

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## Farewell, Konrad

Konrad Baerveldt passed away on July 10th, 2012, at 10:45pm in Jakarta. Our condolences and thoughts are with his wife Hannah, his daughters Gieselle and Oonagh, and families, son Lawrence, and brothers Matthew and George. Former WSA chairman, Magnus (Daniel) Cheifetz writes:

"For me, Konrad Baerveldt was one of the hidden pillars of the world. Konrad was a successful entrepreneur and inventor and holder of many patents; but you had to get to know him to know that, since he never promoted himself. Konrad was a philanthropist of the highest order. He combined his insight, expertise, and resources to develop an education and health facility where it is much needed; but he did this in such a quiet, unassuming way that few people know of his contributions.

Konrad's constancy, courage, commitment, and deep care were expressions of his being, and were unwavering. When Konrad was called to Jakarta to undertake the labors of Hercules he left his business in Toronto after a discussion over dinner and a night's quiet consideration. He never looked back, gave everything he had with total dedication and selflessness, and got an impossible task accomplished with world-class professionalism and the highest integrity. Konrad was both a knight and a general, a faithful warrior of the world and of the spirit. For me, Konrad was a pillar of absolute trust, love, and loyalty. I am still discovering the gifts I received from my time with Konrad and give thanks for his life in this world."



*Konrad with Ibu Rahayu.*

#### *Samuel Simonsson also writes...*

Konrad was my business partner and colleague for over 16 years, but above all my loyal friend and true brother. He was one of the most courageous and at the same time gentle, caring persons I have known, also as a father, grandfather and husband. His trust in Almighty God and unconditional surrender to guidance, showed also clearly in his dedication to Subud, allowing him to work and live far beyond the limits of his fragile physical health, to face and master challenges in a way that for most of us would have been impossible.

Konrad had an incredible ability to form and lead loyal teams of equals. His unique style – a blend of down-to-earth reality, awareness, modest humaneness and humour, paired with an unwavering drive to reach our goals – made it a real pleasure to work alongside him. .

Although living in different parts of the world, we met and spoke frequently, not only in connection with our joint projects but also sharing each others' personal lives. A few months ago I visited Konrad in hospital in Singapore, where he had been admitted in a very critical condition. When I asked if he was ready to go, Konrad looked me in the eyes and said "Yes, whenever Almighty God wants me to": straight, simple, sincere, as always.

When I left Konrad and his family a few days later he waved good-bye with that great smile of his. It had been a joyful meeting although we knew it was the last in this life. I am blessed to have been his friend.

Konrad is buried at Bahkti Mulya, adjacent to Suka Mulya (where Bapak is buried), in Cipanas.

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The first ever Adult Quest will run from Jan 25 to Feb 4 2013 at the Eco-Village, Rungan Sari, Kalimantan. Cost is \$1,000 inclusive of program, facilitation, accommodation, food and 3 day excursion up-river.

For more information on the Yes Quest, visit [www.yesquest.org](http://www.yesquest.org)  
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Answer to  
Riddle ...  
(from page2)



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Send articles, photos, cartoons etc. to Harris Smart, Editor Subud Voice,  
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