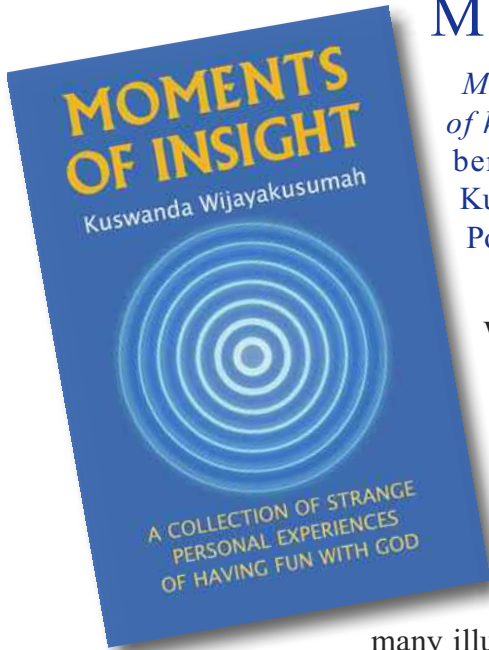


MOMENTS OF INSIGHT



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 from www.lulu.com – Price 10 Pounds plus postage.

He is now 79 and lives with his wife Hartati just down the road from Wisma Subud. He lives in a little cul-de-sac where his two daughters and their families also live, and he also has a son who lives elsewhere in Jakarta. May 2012 will be a big month for the Kuswandas because his book is coming out and they also celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on May 10th. Congratulations!

He has had a long and distinguished career both in and out of Subud. In Subud he was three times chairman of Subud Indonesia and very close to Bapak with whom he had

many illuminating experiences. (Some of them are recorded in Emmanuel Williams' book *An Extraordinary Man*.)

Outside of Subud he served with distinction in the Indonesian civil service rising to be Deputy to the Assistant Minister in the Office of the Minister of Environment as Head of Nature Conservation and Forest Management, in the extremely important Forestry Department.

He is an extremely genial, kindly and cosmopolitan man, as much at ease with westerners as he is with his Indonesian countrymen. Part of his education was carried out in Seattle United States where he was very much at home.

Moments of Insight is unlike any other book by a Subud member in that it focuses on the meaning to be found in the simple details of everyday life. It is not about “extraordinary experiences” but is a collection of 60 short stories and penetrating insights about the learning to be found in the fabric of “ordinary” life.

No better introduction to the book could be written than Pak Kuswanda's own Foreword to the book...

The Foreword

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 *cont* >



Pak and Ibu Kuswanda celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on May 10.

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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?

It seems appropriate to give you, as a sample, the 12th story from Kuswanda's book. It could be called “The Value of Pain” or even that line from Shakespeare “Sweet are the Uses of Adversity”, but it is actually titled...

The Road to Marriage

When I first knew my wife – Hartati is her name and she was a pharmacist – I became also acquainted with her staff, those who worked at the drugstore with her, including her assistant who lived as her neighbour at the back of the store. One evening her assistant threw a birthday party and I was also invited.

When night came, however, I got a very acute pain in my stomach, making it impossible for me to go home on my motorcycle. After staggering painfully to Hartati's house I was given a sedative and a sleeping pill and spent the night on her bed. When morning came and Hartati's driver had arrived, we went together to see a doctor.

He said I had an acute gall bladder infection and suggested that I be hospitalized. Wanting to be assured of good treatment, Hartati accompanied me as her driver drove me in her car to the Jakarta General Hospital.

I believed later that at this time God intervened in my life. Hartati regularly visited me at the hospital, even though it was some distance from where she lived, and she was always full of kindness and sympathy. It was then, abandoning all my previous ideas, that I decided on my choice of a future wife. I just fell in love with her.

Several months after, I accompanied her to her hometown, Solo. After meeting her parents, her mother asked me to stay with them instead of in the hotel as I had intended. And so it came about that the next morning I asked her parents for her hand in marriage.

They immediately consented because – this is the point – her mother had in a dream seen someone who looked like me, and this seemed to indicate that I was the future husband of her daughter. So in May 1962, after a six month engagement and one year after we had been introduced to each other, we got married in a simple ceremony.

It seemed that the two most important milestones in my life, finding a soul mate and getting married had eased themselves quite gently into my life. I began to have a deep belief that the hands of God were guiding me even when I did not realize it.

And a Footnote *Kuswanda wrote recently...*

The night before your e-mail arrived, I had a very strange dream about Bapak. In the dream I was at Bapak's house at Pamulang and it was time to go to bed. Muti asked me to sleep in Bapak's room which was bare of any furniture except a sofa. As I was wondering where to sleep, a bony hand caught my shirt from behind. It was Bapak's skeleton, reclining in the sofa. And the skeleton said "come sleep with me here". So I tried, but because the sofa was too narrow, I just sat at the edge near the upper part of Bapak's torso while embracing the skeleton. Then my wife entered the room, and she seemed to be unaware about what was beneath the sheath that covers the skeleton and I told her while pointing at it "this is Bapak".

And I woke up, feeling very strange.

In Indonesia or perhaps among the Javanese only, we believe that if we dream about touching, carrying, burying a dead body, it means good luck. I hope that strange dream is a good omen.

To Order *Moments of Insight* – Price 10 Pounds plus postage – go to www.lulu.com and type author and name of book in the search box, or just click on the live link below:

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/kuswanda-wijayakusumah/moments-of-insight/paperback/product-20040441.html>



'THEY WERE THERE' – the best articles from SUBUD VOICE

In 1985 I put together a little book of Subud stories, called *In Those Days*. It's out of print now, but in it I promised that there would be another book one day.

Little did I realise how long it would be before I would produce a second book, but here it is at last. These are a selection of all the best Subud stories – as published in *Subud Voice* itself during the time I edited it from 1987. If this volume is well received, and funds permit, more will follow.

It was at the prompting of its present editor Harris Smart that I began collecting the best stories in *Subud Voice*. 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.

After I had published *In Those Days* nothing was further from my mind than producing an international newsletter like *Subud Voice*. It was not until Bapak died in 1987 that I began it, in the hope that an international newsletter would help bring us Subud members together worldwide at a time when we were all feeling so bereft.

I visualised something small and cheap so that everyone could afford it. It would appear monthly like a welcome friend, bringing a moment of cheer and solace. Here are a few extracts from it, as collected for **THEY WERE THERE**:

Bapak gathered us into a circle...

...We were at Alexandra Palace. Bapak gathered us into a circle, and stood in the centre. Then he said "You have always heard about Jesus and who he is. Well – look at Bapak now."

Bapak's appearance changed as he became like Jesus, more feminine and delicate in his movements. We all saw him like this. Some of us began to cry, and Bapak came and touched each one of us with his hand as Jesus did. Then Bapak changed again and we knew we were seeing him as Mohammed."

– Leonard Lassalle

Bapak's meals

It turned out that Bapak was sensitive to the way the food was cooked. Meaning..? Well, the state of the cooks was important. Instantly extra latihan were ordained for the poor cooks. As one found later, it was not really "the spiritual state of the cooks" – for instance, I have given Bapak a steak at New York airport, where it was cooked by a professional into whose spiritual state we did not enquire – with no ill effects. What is perhaps the worst ingredient is passionate devotion with attendant anxiety.

– Hubert von Bissing

It is Jesus!

...Again I touched the floor with my forehead and there came a dawning (and unbearable) realisation – that I was at the feet of Jesus. There, in front of me, within touch, yet I dare not. I was lifted up, and my arms were outstretched. Then I passed out.

When I was able eventually to tell Bapak something of what took place during that early latihan at home, his reply put my poor head and heart to rest: "You see Jesus when you are truly repentant." – Hartley Ramsay

Life with Bapak and Ibu

Bapak had bought a cottage in the mountains and one day quite soon after my arrival, Ibu wasn't very well, so Bapak, Ibu and I – together with two servants, went up to the mountains to stay at the cottage. It was cold so the servants built a nice fire and Bapak and Ibu sat on a couch and I sat near the fire. Bapak was sitting with his arm round Ibu's shoulders, massaging her and singing to her. I just couldn't believe it – *cont >*

two months before, I had been in New York, and now here we were, just the three of us, and I was Ibu's companion. It was quite overwhelming.

– *Lusana Faliks*

A profound sense of reconnection

Although I must have read all these pieces in decades past, it was a joy to immerse myself in this moving collection of personal reminiscences of the earliest days of Subud, many of them Reminders of Reality in their own right and many of them contributing to a profound sense of reconnection to Bapak.

– *Emmanuel Elliott*

Have to agree with you re Ilaina's "They were There". Great read!

– *Hussein Rawlings to Emmanuel Elliott*

A humble individual who opens a universal way

For many thousands of years since humans lived in caves, they have looked up to the gods for protection and usually some special individual bridges the enormous gap between the two.

Unfortunately these special individuals over hundreds of years promoted a distinctive path and religion in different parts of the world. And as population increased these religions have become territorial rivals and armed their forces to conquer larger and larger territories. Their spiritual beliefs then became dogma.

At last in the 20th century a new individual came with a new contact with GOD, a humble individual who opened a universal way to God with nothing that could be transformed into doctrine or dogma.

I recommend Ilaina's book to all who might be interested in a spiritual life and its freedom.

– *Gerard Blakely*

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

1. Go to www.lulu.com
2. In 'search', select 'books' and type "The Best of Subud Voice" (NOTE: **NOT** "They Were There" or Ilaina's name).
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.

Note: Books normally take 3 – 5 days to arrive depending on postage price opted for.

PLEASE HELP THOSE WHO CANNOT USE A COMPUTER

Those who cannot use a computer may find it very difficult to know how order the book. Please help them. by ordering it for them, or, if they live in the UK, please draw their attention to the following.

FOR MEMBERS IN THE UK ONLY

As a special offer to UK members, a single copy of the book can be ordered at a cost of £12.50 (including postage). Add £11.50 (also includes postage) for each additional copy. Send orders (UK cheques only) to Ilaine Lennard, 8 Sissinghurst Grove, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 2FA. Tel 01242 707701 or direct to bank a/c 14891360. Sort code 30 63 54

Please make your cheque payable to I. Lennard.

Any queries by phone – (0)1242 707701 or e-mail to ilaine.l@blueyonder.co.uk.

(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 (see 'How to Order' above).

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

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

SOMETHING MASSIVE AND AWFUL SHOOK OUR WORLD....

Christchurch April 2012

Maynard MacDonald, Chair of Subud Christchurch writes...

I drove into the battered centre of Christchurch the other day and got totally lost. I “knew” where I was, but the lack of familiar landmarks was disorienting. I was not lost for long but the effect was momentarily unsettling – like the little cousin of madness when words might lose their meaning or familiar faces their identity.

We have been shaken 10,000 times and it is still going on. We hope that the decreasing intensity of the aftershocks will abate, but scientists advise this is a geological event that may take 40 years to play out. As time goes by, another really destructive quake is statistically less likely, but no one is saying it won't happen. The ever-present possibility of our local fault lines, combined with the additional threat that on the South Island we share our homes and our bodies with the longest fault line in the world, the 600 km Alpine Fault, indicates why our fundamental notions of security and stability have been liquefied.



The Crown Plaza Hotel where Ibu Rahayu stayed during World Congress next to the Convention Center is now under demolition along with the Convention Center.

(Photo Liliana MacDonald.)

How is it now for the Subud Christchurch property?

Our two halls and the old Subud House are damaged but still standing and still serviceable in spite of the continuing incremental damage from thousands of aftershocks. Insurance should eventually bring repairs close to the condition the property was in before the earthquakes. This is the tricky one, because to be compliant with the new post-quake building code we ourselves will have to fund the difference between the way the buildings were and the way they should be under the new code. Thanks to the generous support from the brotherhood our Earthquake Emergency Fund still has money which we use to support members needing help and intend to use to repair our halls up to the new standard.

How is it now for us in Subud Christchurch?

It's not easy. But, we thank God that in clean, green, little New Zealand we are free from the plagues of machine guns, dirty water, and insane men in military costumes that bedevil the world. So, it is unseemly to complain.

But still, it is not easy. The members, like the buildings, are mostly still standing and generally serviceable in spite of the unnerving incremental damage from thousands of aftershocks. This damage is real. Now, 18 months on, serious neurological conditions have cropped up amongst us. Is this earthquake related? We feel it must be. Also, since I last reported, more property owned by Subud members has been wrecked or assessed as damaged beyond repair.

Something new we face is civil disorder, not crime, which thankfully has dropped, but confusion and paralysis amongst the institutions that should be rebuilding the community. Between the City Council, The Earthquake Commission, and the insurance industry a great tug of war is being endured by people waiting for practical, obvious, solutions. While some get lucky and get a pay-out or a rebuild, some get clobbered by absurdly unfair decisions, while others are marooned between bureaucratic conflicts. This adds immeasurably to the stress, generally, and specifically.

That's the bad news. The good news is that we still have an active membership of 55 stalwarts. They come gratefully to lat, they have astoundingly kept up their financial contributions during hard times; and in spite of having to deal with their own damage, they are motivated and steadfast at working bees.

I am going to say something really strange now. If there is a small voice that floats up sometimes and says to you, “New Zealand, New Zealand.” Don't write it off. Some of us are here because Bapak suggested this would be a good place for us, others because they received it for themselves, and the genuine Kiwis because they were born lucky. And who knows, maybe Christchurch is for you?

We witnessed something massive and awful here that shook up our world. As a group we probably still have the same problems as many other groups, but this act of witness has opened our eyes a little and we are more grateful than ever to be here and for what we have received. So, brothers and sisters, on this, the 100th anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic, I invite you to join us in the lifeboats as witnesses to Grace that is beyond our knowledge and understanding.

”
Grace beyond our
understanding...

Work and Worship

A recollection of the Zone 4 Meeting 2012 in Austria by Arifin Konrad...

So, next Zonal Meeting to be in Austria. I was at the Zonal Meeting in Greece as an observer when I got the message. Nice. Coming home I was asked to coordinate the organizing team.

Preparing for the meeting became more difficult than I had imagined. In the meantime I became chair of Subud Austria too. So I had a double function. People on the organizing team had a hard time finding their place and there were times when I thought that we were heading for disaster.

At the same time things between the national committee and our Zone 4 Rep Robiyan became difficult. We got in a deadlock with the Zone budget. While we were in a heating discussion on the committee side we had to work together to prepare the meeting. It was a difficult situation and I think many of us had sleepless nights.

As the meeting came closer people on the organizing team started to find their place. Wonderful things happen if people find their place. They give up their wants because they found something even better. Still there were problems to deal with. We had planned the meeting on a tight budget and suddenly we had to provide for six international helpers, a Zone Rep, SESI Rep and the WSA chair. Not to mention subsidies for members from poorer countries. It only came clear in the last few days that we would make it financially. Then there were visa issues, extra wishes and outside accommodation to be found. At times we were stretched to our limits.

A few days before the meeting Robiyan came and while we made progress working on the agenda we could not solve our problem.

The morning of the day the meeting started the team nervously met to set everything up. I was about to hand over my job as the coordinator as I had to be a delegate now when Ibu Rahayu's message to the meeting came in:

*Brothers and Sisters whom I respect and love,
I pray that God will protect you and will give you patience and togetherness,
and enable you to work together with sincere willingness and harmoniously.
Thank you and have a good zonal meeting.
My best wishes to you all.
IBU*

“
Humbling
and
inspiring...
”

We set everything up and when people started coming in I could not believe how well it all worked. Something else had taken over and we were just witnesses.

First night we did Latihan and had a short welcome ceremony. Hassan played on the guitar, Robiyan gave a speech and I made some announcements. There was nothing more planned but still it got late that night.

The second day after lunch the meetings started and we had decided to seat the delegations around tables arranged in an o shape with the countries flags. This proved to be useful because everybody knew his place and never throughout the meeting was a delegation missing. The second thing that proved successful was the appointment of a moderator for the meetings. Romina did a wonderful job and steered the meetings through highs and lows.

Zone 4 is a very unique zone. There are the so called 'old' countries like Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Greece and Israel and the 'new' countries like Poland, Hungary, Serbia, Lebanon, Moldova, Ukraine and Russia.

So when the countries gave their reports it was a colourful mix of successes and problems. From an incredible rent for Subud property in Moscow to day to day survival in Moldova, from Subud enterprise to giving birth. And then there is young Irfan from Switzerland working to put his country back on the Subud map. The Ukrainians stood up and brought everybody to tears when they said thank you for a generous donation that enabled them to come. It was both humbling and inspiring. The reports took their time and although there was much more on the agenda it was clear that we had to give it time.

The meetings went on and we could solve the problem with the budget in a way that led to a feeling of togetherness. The Zone Council decided against a paid Zone Rep and passed the discussion on to the WSC to find a solution that probably could be decided on at the next World Congress. The principle of deciding by consensus was discussed and a recommendation to the WSC made. There was much more and *cont >*



Luke, Robiyan and Romina at the Austrian Gathering.

if you are interested you can read the minutes on the World Subud News. When we finished on the last day we left with the feeling of a new start.

Throughout the meetings before meals we had half an hour of presentations about WSA projects. Luke talked about the work of the WSC, Simon and Josephine brought the Wisma Subud Heritage Project closer to our hearts, Romina touched us with the work of Susila Dharma and Viktor Böhm, Hermina Rütz, Raymond Hensen, Lilian Tavakilian and Hamida Rogers presented MSF. SESI was represented by Stuart Cooke and left us with the feeling that Enterprise was not as far away as we thought.

Farewell came so soon with wonderful musical performances by various Subud artists and after that young and old hit the dance floor and went on into the morning hours.

For me the Zone 4 Meeting was an encouraging and rewarding experience on many levels and leaves me seriously thinking about enterprise. Deep down within ourselves we want to worship Almighty God as a whole, including our nafsu, including our brothers and sisters.

Oh yes, the next Zone 4 Meeting will be in Germany. I am looking forward to that. ●

GUNNEBAH – A PLACE OF JOY AND TRANSFORMATION

Five years ago Peter and Isti Jenkins and four other people (Muhsin and Leonora Raven, Marlana Bassar, and Howard Melder) bought a 6-acre property called Gunnebah in Northern New South Wales.

It was already operating as a retreat centre and included a huge mud-brick house with 12 ft ceilings (big enough for the owners to live together), accommodation for about 25 guests, a kitchen/dining area, a large hall and a resort size swimming pool. All set in a beautiful natural environment with a creek running through it

This part of Northern New South Wales, around Byron Bay, is noted as an area of healing and transformation and there are many retreat centres and spas devoted to health and a wide variety of spiritual pursuits.

The area is the vast caldera of an extinct volcano, 60 kilometres across, and many people testify to a special geomancy centred on a mountain called Mount Warning in English, and Wollumbin in the Aboriginal language. Wollumbin is the plug of the ancient volcano and many feel the special intensity of transformational experience available to those who live around it.

Subud members have been involved in several retreat centres in or around this area. There is Sina Cera which was founded by Labasir and Munawaroh English, now undergoing a resurgence. Stephen Armytage has recently bought a former yoga centre near the town of Uki, and a little further north has been Gunnebah...

I asked Peter Jenkins how Gunnebah came about...

The story possibly begins about 15 years ago when Hamilton and Deya Dova Barnett moved to Byron Bay. They were young and energetic and involved in music and performance and they made an impact on the Byron Bay community and within a very short space of time there were more than 50 people in Subud.

This has dwindled now in Byron Bay itself, but Subud has spread throughout the caldera, with sprinklings of members in various towns and hamlets. Subud in the area is now called Subud Wollumbin.

It was as if Hamilton and Deya Dova opened up the area for Subud and some older Subud members began to move up there, including Isti and myself. I became group chair, Marlana Bassar was vice-chair and we agreed to organise the Subud Australia Congress for 2007. We enlisted the help of Muhsin and Leonora Raven from Brisbane and started work on "Subudfest 2007". We found a venue with 2 kilometres of beach front at Byron Bay, devised an innovative program and attracted 400 people to the Congress, including 60 from overseas.

Subudfest was a great experience for our team, which, with the addition of Howard Melder became the group that bought Gunnebah. I guess we wanted to keep the wonderful spirit of Subudfest alive and we did this through finding and buying a retreat centre.

Harris: What was your vision for the place.

Peter: The idea was always a resident community that was also a therapeutic community i.e. that each of us was committed to our own personal growth and to supporting the others in their personal growth. We would create events, to encourage and allow people to develop their own talents and their own capacities. My interest was partly based on what I had witnessed and experienced running YES Quests, the possibility of real positive change in people's lives. *cont >*



Gunnebah owners. Howard, Peter, Isti, Marlana, Leonora, Muhsin.

Harris: So you eventually found Gunnebah.

Peter: Yes. The people we bought it off had been running it for about 10 years and they had a lot of yoga events, dance events and this sort of thing. It was a little bit run-down and so when we bought it there was quite a lot of upgrading to do. But soon we got a group called Women for Women. This group runs refuges for women and development programs for women. And they come with 30 or 40 people five times a year, for four or five days, so they were really good customers.

And we got other customers, including some quite weird and wonderful ones including one called “not thinking”, and although we only had accommodation for 25, we found ourselves accommodating groups, occasionally up to 60 or 70. We had to do this in tents, but they were very happy in tents and because the numbers were so large, we had to bring in outside caterers.

There was more work putting up these tents and all of the bed-making and when we set up a tent, we provided a proper bed and a bedside table. So it was the luxury end of camping.

Harris: There is a special meaning to the name “Gunnebah”, isn't there?.

Peter: I believe it's meaning is 'place of birth and joy', and on the bank of the creek, which flows through, there is a place where aboriginal women came to give birth. Everybody talks about the wonderful energy of the place which must be related to that. The whole area of Wollumbin is bathed in aboriginal presence, both because many aboriginal people are still living around here, and also because these traditional owners seem to have left their imprint on the trees and rocks and streams.

We have also hosted a number of Subud events there – especially in the first year, I think we had three. It was really wonderful to see the place come alive with so many people.

The great thing about Gunnebah as a business is that people are so happy to come there and are overwhelmed with the service that we give. And so rather than dealing with difficult customers, it's like we're dealing with close friends and it feels more like a collaboration providing what they need and supporting them and everyone enjoying being there.

Harris: What most impressed me on my first visits to Gunnebah was that you owners yourselves had been powerfully transformed. This was particularly evident in the case of Muhsin Raven, whom one always knew was a very fine person, but he was extremely quiet. He never said anything. Suddenly, he had completely come out and become an extremely talkative and articulate human being full of interesting ideas and things to say. And you summed it up very well on one occasion when you said that “We are doing well by doing good.”

Peter: Yes, we all went through big changes. Of course, there have been frictions, tensions, fallings out and disagreements from time to time but the overall the proof of the pudding is that the original owners have hung in there in one way or another to this point where we are now all agreed to sell the property and move on in our different ways in life.

Harris: What has led to the decision to sell?

Peter: Well, I guess we're all getting a bit older and tired and I know that for Isti and myself, we really enjoyed several years of Gunnebah, but Isti who had done a lot of hard work in the kitchen found it difficult to cope physically with the big saucepans, larger numbers and the trauma of car accidents – I had two major car accidents while I was at Gunnebah. (*Editor's note: See Part 3 of this series of interviews with Peter, coming up in July issue, for more about these “accidents”.*)

But fortunately, when we started running larger events at Gunnebah, and there was a lot more physical work to do and we became aware of this wonderful group called “Woofers”. Woofers are young people who are traveling and it means actually, “Willing Workers On Organic Farms”.

And now we find that we can have as many young people as we want. And we provide them with accommodation and feed them very well indeed. And they work four or five hours a day for their board and keep. Future owners please note this is invaluable and also enriching, in the personal as well as the financial sense.

It's something which really enriches our life because we have a constant stream of not just young people from all over the world, but young people who for the most part have a really clear sense of their identity and ideals and are generally, very good people, especially the ones between 25 and 35.

I guess the real reason deep down that we are selling is we feel we have “done this thing” and now it is time to move on. In a sense we all feel we have grown beyond Gunnebah and now I am preparing myself to take the Yes Quest to a new level by running a Quest for Adults in January 2013

Harris: Is Gunnebah a company?

Peter: There are two companies, one which owns the property and one which runs the business and the one which owns the property is set up as a unit trust, so we're all equal unit holders in that unit trust.

All six unit holders have now agreed to sell the property and the business. We are looking for a buyer, in or out of Subud, who could live in the house at Gunnebah and enjoy a very pleasant lifestyle and with good financial rewards..

Contact Peter Jenkins at peterjenkins4@gmail.com and see the ad in this issue.

“
The wonderful energy
of the place...
”

INDONESIA'S POISONOUS RIVER OF GOLD... The Mercury Dilemma

Esrum has always gone to the river near his house when he needs something for his family.

“Our ancestors always had two things to sustain them: the jungle and the river. The jungle provided us with our basic needs and the river with gold, so we could buy what we could not get from the jungle,” Esrum said.

For decades, villagers in Tumbang Anoi in Central Kalimantan have panned for gold in the Kahayan River, and for generations the system worked well. But at the end of the 20th century, a relatively cheap and efficient way of extracting gold was introduced that used mercury.

A deadly combination

Mercury binds particles of gold together, forming an amalgam of metals that miners are then able to burn to remove the extraneous mercury. The process works well, but what Esrum and his fellow small-scale miners did not know was that this deadly toxin can enter the air, water and ground, poisoning the fish they eat, the water they drink and the air they breathe.

Even in small quantities, mercury can cause severe health problems like miscarriages, brain damage, tremors, kidney, skin and eye problems and even death. These symptoms can appear quickly, or over a long period of time. Mercury is especially dangerous to young children and pregnant mothers, who can pass on the poison to the unborn child.

As background levels increase in the environment, more people, even outside of the mining community, are threatened.

The worst recorded case of mercury contamination was in Minamata, Japan, where thousands of people were poisoned by methyl mercury as a result of eating fish. The mercury was released in the industrial wastewater of a Chisso Corporation chemical factory, taking place over decades from 1932 to 1968.

The mercury accumulated in sea life in Minamata Bay and the Shiranui Sea, and while human, cat, dog and pig deaths continued for some 30 years, the government and company did little to prevent the pollution. As of March 2001, 2,265 victims had been officially recognized — 1,784 of the victims have died — while more than 10,000 other related parties have received financial compensation from Chisso.

By 2004, Chisso had paid \$86 million, and was also ordered to clean up the contamination. In 2010, a settlement was reached to compensate as-yet unverified victims.

“We want to prevent the Minamata incident from appearing here in Indonesia,” said Sumali Agrawal, head of the Mercury Project, part of a nonprofit foundation based in Central Kalimantan.

“But mercury contamination is already widespread in Kalimantan and Sulawesi, as well as other islands, including Java. Small-scale gold mining is by far the greatest cause of mercury emissions in Indonesia. Even in Bogor, near Jakarta, 17,000 kilograms of mercury are emitted by gold processors every year. In Central Kalimantan, over 50,000 kilograms are emitted into the environment each year in one location alone.”

The Mercury Project was implemented by Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta, a nonprofit foundation set up by Kalimantan Gold Corporation, a minerals exploration venture that supports sustainable mining practices. Its mercury remediation program receives support from the Blacksmith Institute, the United Nations Environmental Program and the US Environmental Protection Agency.

A way out

The foundation works with local miners and introduces recycling technology that reduces mercury emissions by up to 95 percent. But it's not just the miners who need to understand the dangers of using mercury; the entire community must be made aware of the risks in order for real change to occur.

“I really didn't understand how mercury could hurt my family,” said Nyai, who lives in the mining area. “My kids even played with it. We would burn the amalgam in the open. I never thought breathing the smoke could harm us.”

Getting mercury recycling equipment to gold miners and processors is just one way to help reduce the impact of mercury on the environment. Each of the cheap and simple retort devices supplied by YTS recovers mercury directly and immediately reduces the quantity that escapes into the environment.

In January 2007, YTS created a water-box condenser as a low-cost solution to prevent pollution from gold shops as part of efforts from the United Nations Industrial Development Organization and the Global Mercury Project. UNIDO provided these mercury recovery systems to 36 gold shops in a village in Katingan district. Their mercury-pollution program has since been extended with funding from the Blacksmith Institute, and now covers six districts in [cont >](#)



Young miners in Kalimantan burn mercury amalgam in the open with no protection from the fumes. (Phot: Courtesy of YTS)

Central Kalimantan.

The water-box condenser traps mercury fumes inside a plastic box filled with water. Equipment distributed last year directly prevented 3,400 kilograms of mercury from being released into the air.

YTS is also working to introduce mercury-free methods such as gravity separation and direct smelting with borax. This method has been used successfully in the Philippines for decades but has not yet been implemented in other areas.

A 1967 law on mining practices prohibits small-scale mining except in designated community mining areas. However, the rising price of gold, decentralization, lack of natural resource management and unclear regulations have contributed to the rapid spread of mining with mercury across Indonesia over the last 15 years.

There is also a lack of alternative employment for many of the people in these new gold mining communities. In 2006, 570 mining hot spots were identified that involved 50,000 miners and 300,000 ancillary people who depended on small scale mining activities.

By 2010, more than 800 hot spots were found throughout the archipelago.

A global issue

Nearly a third of the world's gold production comes from more than 15 million small scale miners, including one million child laborers. The mercury problem affects many developing countries in Latin America, Africa and Asia. In many countries, small-scale mining is an important driver of economic development, but one that brings unacceptable health and environmental consequences.

Experts from MercuryWatch estimate that small-scale mining releases at least 1,400 tons of mercury into the environment every year. For every kilogram of gold mined, at least three kilograms of mercury are released into the ecosystem.

The international effort to ban mercury has caused a sharp rise in the price, which is having a beneficial impact, limiting some of the worst practices such as pouring mercury into rock-crushers.

Indonesia is one of 140 countries that has agreed to outlaw the use and production of mercury by entering into a legally binding international treaty on the toxic liquid metal.

“Now, more than ever before, it is vital that artisanal miners are empowered to change their practices in order to prevent further mercury contamination of our environment,” Sumali said. “This will require a coordinated effort from all stakeholders in this sector, working hand in hand with the government and the global community.”

Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta

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tambuhaksinta@gmail.com www.tambuhaksinta.com

“
Levels increase, more
people threatened...
”

THE GROWTH OF SUBUD

Lewis Herlitz writes in response to Hanafi Fraval's article in our last issue about “numbers in Subud”...

I suspect that you might be inundated with responses so I'll endeavour to be brief.

My own views about core Subud issues have remained unchanged for the last 10 years or so.

1. Helpers. I believe that 90% of a helper's time should be spent ensuring that members' latihans are working for them. Sure they can sit in on meetings and provide some spiritual energy but no more than that, and certainly testing ONLY when those with responsibilities for making decisions really are stumped. If decision makers can't make decisions, then what should be tested is the state of their latihans not what the decision should be. So I believe I accord with Hanafi's views.

2. Enterprise. I believe that how Subud members are and interact in the world is being enterprising. Do we behave in a qualitatively different way? Is there something about us, through our latihans, that makes others go, hmm, that's kind of interesting, what's all that about? That for me is stage 1. Stage 2 is then, well how does that quality entangle itself in how we work with others in our workplace, or in our communities, or at a workshop or a conference, what's the hmm factor there. Stage 3 is, we do a business something with others, run a stall at one end of the spectrum, run a commercial enterprise at the other – do we think and act more clearly, do we handle tensions more effectively, do we think out of the box with greater freedoms and subtleties, and so on.

I think that somewhere along the road, we've forgotten that the latihan is about developing us as individuals. We then, together take that development into the world, which includes our own Subud world. We therefore have to take responsibility for our worldly decisions as individuals, because, presumably our inner has been growing. It won't grow very much if in our own Subud World, we can't make decisions without testing about them. It is us, the individuals that should be able to read our own inner compasses and act on them. That's the challenge as I see it.

lewisherlitz@hotmail.com

SINAR INVESTORS ASSOCIATION

Ruslan Morris, chair of SESI (Subud Enterprise Services International and Sinar Investor's Association (SIA) President) writes...

WSA has set up an association to act as a channel for communication between KGC and Subud investors in KGC. It is called Sinar Investors Association (SIA). Attached is an overview of SIA and a Membership Application form. Membership is open to all Subud members, free of cost.

On 22 Feb 2012 SIA had its second meeting with the KGC Management, and I have had another meeting with KGC management since then. I cannot publish the minutes of these meetings as SIA has signed a confidentiality agreement and some of the matters discussed have not been disclosed to the public.

Nevertheless, here is a report on some of the discussion which took place.

1. Status of SIA was reviewed. It was agreed that aside from KGC public announcements SIA is the primary channel of communication between KGC and the Subud Brotherhood

2. SIA will respect public company disclosure rules. A confidentiality agreement was signed.

3. Information on KGC stock options was distributed and discussed.

4. How to create liquidity for KGC shares held by Subud members and others was discussed, and there may be some favorable developments in the future.

5. Frank discussions took place regarding past, present and intended future relationship between KGC and the Subud brotherhood. It became clear that KGC management is committed to Bapak's vision. KGC is a publicly owned company with non-Subud shareholders as well as Subud shareholders, and that acts as a constraint

6. SIA will endeavor to improve the perception of KGC among Subud members, consistent with the present reality.

7. The subject of SIA nominating an independent Director of KGC was discussed. As the relationship between KGC and WSA is becoming more harmonious and two of the four KGC Directors are in fact Subud members (Faldi Ismael is an Executive Director, and Rahman Connelly is a Non-Executive Director), Faldi suggested that WSA might not need any additional representation on the KGC BoD. SIA will refer this to its ex-officio Governors for consideration.

8. Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta (YTS), the charitable foundation established by KGC to improve the welfare of Dayak villagers, had income of \$360,706 in 2011. 41 % came from KSK, the company which owns KGC's mining concession, and 21% came from the Ford Foundation.

9. KGC has 2 joint ventures and several subsidiary companies. We discussed the organizational structure, Directors, Patrons, and Shareholders.

10. According to a recent regulation, mining companies are required to divest their shares such that 51% are ultimately held by Indonesians. The timing and application of this regulation with respect to KGC will require further elaboration.

11. KGC has cash of about US\$300,000 and will need to raise funds in the near future. Subud members may have an opportunity to participate.

On March 12, 2012 KGC announced that KSK, which is jointly owned by KGC and Freeport, obtained permission from the Ministry of Forestry to conduct exploration on 7422 ha. Mobilization for deep drilling on copper porphery prospects has begun.

On Nov 10, 2011 KGC had previously announced that its Jelai joint venture with gold prospects in East Kalimantan had obtained permission from the Ministry of Forestry to conduct exploration on 4,675 ha. Mobilization for drilling is nearing completion.

It is possible that KGC may be offering shares to the public. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PURCHASING SHARES, PLEASE CONTACT ME OR "Faldi Ismail" <Faldi.Ismail@kalimantan.com> ASAP to express your interest now and for any future offerings.

KGC shares last traded in London at 6.85 pence, equivalent to 10.9 Canadian cents. Trading volume has increased, particularly in London, where 2.8 million shares traded last Friday.

AMERICAS GATHERING

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH TRAVEL FUND INFORMATION

Financial Assistance from the International Youth Travel Fund, Subud Youth Activities International (SYAI) and the International Youth Travel Fund (IYTF) have committed to put up to US \$3000 towards youth wishing to travel to the Americas Gathering this summer.

Funds will be granted to cover up to 50% of the travel costs of youth who propose projects that will make a significant contribution toward Subud, either at this gathering, in their countries, or in preparation for the World Congress. Interested youth can apply by downloading and filling out an application, in which they specify the *cont* >

aim, details, and timeline of the proposed project.

The application form can be downloaded in:

English: http://www.subud.org/dyn/file/prgs_f_subud/youth/IYTFAppForm2012-ENG%20online.doc

French: http://www.subud.org/dyn/file/prgs_f_subud/youth/IYTF_Form2012-FR.pdf

Spanish: http://www.subud.org/dyn/file/prgs_f_subud/youth/IYTF_Form2012-ESP%20online.doc

Russian; http://www.subud.org/dyn/file/prgs_f_subud/youth/IYTF_Form2011-RUS%20online.doc

Indonesian: http://www.subud.org/dyn/file/prgs_f_subud/youth/IYTF_Form2011-IND%20online.doc

Only applications sent to sya-international@subudyouth.net by April 30th will be considered.

And, please note: Only youth who have proposed a project will be considered for funding to travel to the Americas Gathering.

If you have any questions, please contact the International Youth Reps at: sya-international@subudyouth.net

We welcome you with open arms to this Gathering of Subud members from the Americas and other parts of the world. We know that you will have a wonderful time in Vancouver. Please remember that further information about the Americas Gathering can be found at www.americasgathering.ca

FAVOURITE PHOTO...



BIRDS *Harris writes...*

Last year in Subud Voice, in our rock n roll issue, we published an interview with “Top” Topham, now known to us by his Subud name Sanderson. The interview came from Guitar magazine and it talked about how he had been the original guitarist with the famous rock band the Yardbirds. He accomplished this feat at the age of 15. Unfortunately, his career was cut short because his father would not let him tour with the band.

The article said how he might be considered to be the predecessor of the ultimate “guitar hero”, Eric Clapton, who replaced him in the band. Fortunately, Sanderson is still playing and touring and there are some clips of him on Youtube.

Recently, he turned up in Melbourne for a visit. I enjoyed spending some time with him and found out that he *cont* >

is not only a musician, but also a painter (as, I believe, his father was before him). He showed me images of a number of his works. He has specialised in painting elaborate *trompe d'oeil* scenes in the homes and yachts of very wealthy people. These are works of very great skill and accomplishment, exquisitely drawn and painted in a classical style. He has also been painting natural history/ornithology subjects.

He is a keen bird-watcher. I went for a walk with him and some other people in the forested hills around Melbourne where are to be found many birds including parrots and the legendary, almost mythological, lyrebird. This bird has a tail like a lyre and does the most amazing courting dance. A famous Australian ballet was once based on the dance of this bird.

Well, we did not see a lyrebird, nor even many parrots, but we did see many cockatoos. Cockatoos are big white birds with a sulphur-yellow crest and many people keep them as pets because they learn to talk quite well. Sometimes they embarrass you by repeating things when company is around that you wish the cockatoo had not heard you say.

They are also bullies. They always seem to me to be the louts, ruffians and hooligans of the avian kingdom, ruthlessly pushing other birds aside.

We came to a place where the Parks Department had made a place for viewing birds. The first thing that happened was that we wandered off into the bush in search of birds in a more pristine setting and a lady from the Parks Department chased after us and said we could not do that, but must go to the place that had been especially prepared for us for viewing birds.

This was a concrete enclosure, rather bare and barren one must say, hardly conforming to contemporary standards of an eco-friendly environment. We had brought some seed to feed the birds but the lady from the Parks Department said we must not do that, but only use their special authorised seed which could be purchased from the kiosk.

As could have been predicted, there were virtually no other birds to be seen in the concrete enclosure except hundreds of cockatoos. Cockatoos are not interested in having other birds hanging around to get free feeds.

Sanderson took the photo of Albert Bryson-Haynes with some cockatoos, who are never backward in coming forward. ●

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBUD HOUSE FOR MY DEVELOPMENT IN SUBUD *Marie Bramwell writes...*

My parents (Helsa and François (ex Michel) Rousseau) have been Subud members since I am 8 years old, since 1970 when they were opened. When we moved from the countryside to Montréal, I really appreciated the Subud House which had a very big kitchen, a huge living room, plenty of space to hold social events with a lot of people, and, of course big latihan rooms of 45 m2 each* .

I especially remember Sunday mornings there, celebrations like Christmas, birthdays, selamatans etc, the warmth of Subud members towards me and, when I was a bit older, enjoying playing with the children of Subud parents and taking care of them.

During my teens, when I was going through a particularly tough phase, the women of the group really helped me a lot and I thank them from the bottom of my heart. Obviously everything was not always perfect: I remember while I was taking care of the children at a Subud congress, a woman from the group started yelling at me and telling me off in a very awful way because I was walking barefoot all night!

That same night, I had a spiritual experience that marked my life very deeply: I saw my future husband and I got “hit by lightning” and it was like the skies opened; I fell in love with my (now) husband Hasan Bramwell. I was only 13 or 14 years old at the time! We started going out when I went back to the Subud group when I was 18 and was interested to be opened. I was opened shortly after. We got married in the Subud house on Cherrier Street.

I remember the inner peace I felt when I was in the Subud house and the world of good it did me during my youth to have had this contact with the Subud group and, I think, the latihan.

I had never mentioned all this to my parents before my opening and they were wondering if I would ever be interested in Subud. Well, one morning that I was free during the week, I thought of phoning my father François to ask him about Subud, but it occurred to me that he was probably getting ready to go to work. Meanwhile, François was trying to open the front door of his apartment to go to work, but he could not reach the door knob, try as he might, he couldn't get near it! So, he decided to test to see if it was important for him to stay at home.

The answer was to stay put and wait. I then phoned him and soon arrived at his apartment where he answered a lot of my questions about Subud. We talked for over two hours! The next day, I talked to the women helpers of the group (of Montréal). Soon after, I was opened in Subud, as I already mentioned earlier, and for me it was something I had already felt, like for example when as a child I would fall asleep fully dressed on my bed in a state of bliss and happiness that I later learned was the latihan, that connection with the creative force that embraces absolutely everything. And this is how my path in Subud started.

This article was written by Marie Bramwell who has been living in Ecuador for 20 years with her husband and what is left of her family, the rest now living in Montréal, Canada.

* Footnote cont >

* Seven years after Bapak had said in his farewell talk, in 1979, that he hoped the group would get larger latihan premises, the group sold the house 14 years after its purchase (five times the purchase price) and bought a three story building (light industry type) in a cheaper neighbourhood of Montréal. The first floor was rented to a picture framer, and the two last floors were remodelled, one for women and the other for men, each with a big latihan room (90 m²). Thus, the income from the first floor reduced the group financial weight. A few years later, the group moved again, to Bordeaux Street, in order to have all the rooms on the main floor, thus avoiding to have to climb to the second and third floor. The second floor (30% of the main floor) is rented to a psychological therapy clinic.

REMINDERS OF REALITY... from Latifah Taormina

Emmanuel Elliott writes... Greetings! Asked recently to explain how our Reminders of Reality website came into being, I wrote that it is so named because so many of the stories bear glorious testimony to a shining Reality waiting just beyond the sometimes shadowy and often harsh appearances of our everyday world – a world once described by Bapak as “the only satanic planet in the solar system.”

The utterly moving and compelling narrative that follows could be said to be the perfect expression of this description. I have read the account through three times, if only to be sure that I fully appreciate the subtle interplay of the various elements that make up the denouement of this gripping story. Thank you, Latifah, and God bless Sally!

www.remindersofreality.weebly.com

SALLY'S PASSING... by Latifah Taormina

I want to tell you about the death of my sister, Sally. Sally was eleven years my senior. My half sister really. We shared the same father but not the same mother. And I adored her.

Sally was an incredibly talented artist — but a burdened human being. She could make everyone else laugh, but could not get rid of her own heavy heart. She could really listen when you needed someone to listen, but I don't know if anyone really listened to her. Or even if she could listen to herself. I really don't know all that she went through.

I know that as a young woman, she had debated and debated whether to sleep with a man she'd fallen in love with before they could get married. (People did that back then.) It was during WW II. She was in her twenties and was in London working for the Office of War Information – doing radio communications work. He was an RAF pilot. She decided yes, be with him, and they spent a wonderful night together. The next day, he did not return from his mission. Killed in action. She never quite got over it. She thought it was her fault somehow.

I don't think it was the first awful thing that happened to Sally. But I think it deeply wounded her in a place that was somehow already wounded.

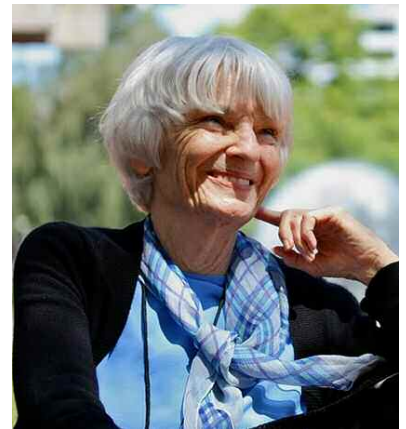
She went from man to man after that. She was always going to get married, but then would break off the relationship. She had abortions, and tried several times to kill herself. I was really not aware of any of this until I was an adult. She was the only other artistic person in the family, and so I felt very close to her. She encouraged the artist in me. And she taught me how to draw. (She herself went to Parsons School of Design and worked as a Fashion Illustrator.) It wasn't till I was out of college that I began to have any clue about what she'd been through or how difficult her life was.

That's when she made yet another very serious suicide attempt. We didn't know at first. The doctors were saying it was some serious liver condition with some very long name. It was only later we found out she had swallowed cleaning fluid in the hopes of dying. She was subsequently institutionalized. Her elder brother and his wife went to court to seek legal custody so she could be in an institution near them. I visited her there once. It was a terrible place. I thought it was awful that she was there. But I couldn't spend more time with her. The institution was on the east coast, and I was on the west. She was there for maybe four years. When she got out, she went to live with an aunt in Greenville, South Carolina. There she met an old boyfriend, and at the age of 47, married him.

But on the night of her wedding, she became very ill. She threw up in the john. And he walked out on her. She was subsequently diagnosed with cancer of the colon. Although they caught it in time, it seemed she had no wish to try to get better, and refused any surgery.

I was in Subud by then. That summer, I went to visit her. I felt so strongly to tell her about Subud and even felt to encourage her to get opened. I was not yet a helper and questioned this feeling to almost push her towards Subud. I would test in the john. No, no, go ahead. Push.

So I gave her things to read and then scrounged up some Subud members in South Carolina for a latihan so Sally [cont >](#)



Latifah Taormina

could be opened. Off we went in a car to find this woman's house out in the country. But as we drove, Sally asked if it would be OK if she just sat outside the latihan. Well of course. Just sit quietly, I said. So I and this other woman who professed to be a helper but seemed to spend most of her time doing Scientology rather than Subud, did latihan in one room, and Sally waited in the woman's kitchen.

I was so aware of my longing for Sally to have the blessing of the latihan that I had great difficulty letting go of this awareness in my latihan. I begged forgiveness of the Almighty that I couldn't be in a more surrendered way. I will just have to accept that this is how it is, I decided reluctantly. I'm just not good at this surrendering.

On the way home, Sally confided that she had felt her tumor move during the latihan! I was astounded! I felt so hopeful, but I could not stay in South Carolina, and the woman helper I had found did not follow up as she had promised.

So Sally experienced the latihan just that once while sitting in the next room. Months and months later, in November, it was Ramadan. I was living in Bolinas, California, a tiny village on the coast in Marin County. My husband, Alan, had left me, and I wasn't sure where my own life was headed. It was around two in the morning, and I was boiling a kettle of water for coffee. Suddenly, I had a spontaneous daydream-latihan experience.

This was my "daydream": I was at Siti Rohana's house in Mill Valley when there was a knock at the door. Rather than sit while Rohana opened the door — I mean, it was her house — I went to the door and opened it. Sally was standing outside. She was wearing traveling clothes, the way people used to dress up to take a trip. She was wearing a hat, a suit, and carrying a purse. She looked very happy. I was ecstatic.

"Sally!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I just passed on!" she burred happily. (We were both burbling like two college chums meeting after some years and squealing in delighted high voices with each other)

"Great!" I exclaimed. "How perfect that you should come here because Rohana's a helper and she can open you." And then I turned to Rohana to introduce Sally.

"Rohana! Look who's here. It's my sister, Sally, and she's come here to be opened!" And then I suddenly wondered if you could open someone who'd passed on.

Right then the day-dream stopped, and I found myself saying out loud, "Just say Allah, Sally. Just say, Allah."

I was quite shaken. Had my sister just passed on? Oh, it couldn't be that I had experienced my sister's passing, I thought. I'm not a helper. I'm not anybody. It must be a sign that I should call Sally in the morning to tell her not to be afraid to pray to God. I knew she had no wish to be a hypocrite, to be someone who wonders about whether God exists, and then, at the last minute, prays just in case. But I also knew that was just her own head-trip. So I planned to tell her to not feel shy to pray. I'd tell her it's really OK to say something like: "Dear whoever you are, if you're there, help me now." Like that. That would be just as good I felt.

I noted the time.

The next morning, when I called, Sally had indeed passed on at exactly the time I had that day-dream latihan.

Rosalind

A week or so after that, at the end of Ramadan, I was doing latihan with the group in Marin. One of my Subud sisters who was usually always present was not there this time. Rosina was pregnant with her first child, and the last 100 days of her pregnancy had begun. So she was not at latihan.

In my latihan, I suddenly saw my sister Sally walking with Ibu Siti Sumari, Bapak's former wife. Sally was holding a parasol for Ibu -- like the ladies did with Ibu in Cilandak when Ibu would go to latihan from the Big House. And they were just strolling and chatting. And Sally was so alive and so happy! And I was in Marin and somehow seeing all this with my eyes shut. And the tears rolled down my cheeks. And I kept saying something that I didn't understand until later.

I kept saying over and over as three separate 'words':

Mee, Rah, Cull

Mee, Rah, Cull

And then, while I was still seeing Ibu walk with Sally, I saw Ibu suddenly be in front of Rosina. Ibu reached out to pat Rosina's belly. "And how is Rosalind?" Ibu asked.

That was it. I have to tell you that at that time, Rosina was absolutely convinced that her baby was going to be a boy named Maxwell. I had no idea what the child was to be called if it were a girl.

After latihan, I asked Rohana if she knew what Rosina's baby was to be called if it were a girl.

"Rosalind," she said.

And indeed, three months later, Rosalind was born.

Miracle! Miracle! That's what I had been saying. And just in case I might doubt what I was seeing about the next world—that Sally was there and in a wonderful place and with Ibu—I was given proof in this world. I was shown the child that was to come and the name of the child.

So... it is a miraculous place we go to. Even with less than one latihan.

*The tears rolled
down my
cheeks...*

STRANGE PROPHECIES...

Imron Comey concludes his series of three articles

We have been running a series of three articles by Imron Comey. In the first, he described his experiences at a Subud gathering in Sydney in 1987. In the second, he talked about what happened to him immediately afterwards. In this final article, he talks about what happened when he went home to Adelaide.

We leave it to our readers to evaluate for themselves the validity and significance of Imron's feelings about a change in the state of Subud and other "prophecies"...

I left my friends' house in Sydney and left the door ajar, not having a key of my own to get back in and not wishing to disturb my friends. I would spend the rest of the night roaming, sleepless, and knowing the real meaning of "the birds have their nests, and the foxes their holes, but the son of man has nowhere to lay his head, and to rest".

Sleep, in the sense of 'losing consciousness' simply could not occur.

At dawn I was made to pray in the nearby park, near a tree I had been talking to earlier.

I had 'come down' a lot since the condition of that 'Second Coming' I had experienced in the latihan the night before, and in fact longed to be 'normal' again and just me. But it was not to be. Not yet. And there was something else in store for me, that which gives me the purpose for this writing.

There was
something else
in store for me...

On the Train

The next morning Ruth made a lovely breakfast and Mathew seemed returned to being a normal Baby. Robin then took me to the train station. I had not slept now for perhaps 72 hours and would not sleep on this 24 hour journey home to Adelaide either. Many things occurred on that train journey, a catalogue of 'crisis' manifestations.

On the Sydney to Melbourne leg I had to sit next to someone with a supply of that day's newspapers. Curiously, I was to notice that several of the articles my travel-mate was reading were producing an extremely fine brown dust which misted off them like steam from fresh coffee. I peeked a bit and found that they were 'gossip' or 'character assassinating' articles.

From departure on the Melbourne leg till arrival in Adelaide two Chinese children glued them selves to me and insisted I must be educated in the joys of Chinese Poker. Hundreds of giggling hands were passed in this simple pastime. It was a relief to be protected by children from the adults on the train who were giving off dark masses of unpleasant information about themselves.

Early into this section of the journey I had noticed a young man rather intensely watching me. I knew why.

While I was having a smoke break between the cars (those were the days!) he approached me, mentioned that he had to get off at the next station, and that he had noticed the attentions of the young children to me. We then passed a few remarks about the children as one would about a turn of pleasant weather. Then he said "I have to get off at Bordertown." And looked into my eyes, imploring. Asking.

Brothers and Sisters, I have been reluctant to include this part of the story when telling it for it involves a terrible shame that I, to this day have not shaken off. I tell it as a lesson, as much to myself as to anyone who would wish to understand more of 'who' we are.

I saw his question, as clearly as if it were written on a neon signboard. Words rose in my throat, and would be spoken. "It is alright, you will find what you are looking for. Have faith in your inner voice. It will guide you, within the next two months, to a path. Listen to that voice."

I did not let such drivel come out, rather I bit my tongue and said sensibly and with an offhand disinterest, "well, Bordertown heh? Right then, see ya.", striding away to avoid further communication.

I assure you I did not get more than ten meters before I was accosted with a massive attack of shame that sent me running to the toilet like someone suffering from severe dysentery. There I burst into tears of disgrace, even of grief, spending the next 15 minutes asking for forgiveness for such behaviour.

Strange Prophecies

In brief I returned home in full blown crisis, not knowing whether my 'true self' or my 'ordinary' self would move my body or my speech at any moment as they struggled for position. This condition was something that I was more familiar with as I was the professional 'crisis' case in our group, having, let's say, 'had a few'.

My wife, Fidelia, picked me up at Adelaide station, and was immediately aware that I was not my usual self.

On arriving home I was feeling extremely vulnerable, like someone without a passport caught in an airport security check. These were lovely children I thought, but they weren't 'mine'. I immediately sat in the living room of this family's home, on their sofa chair, fixing myself in its secure comfort.

There then occurred something that remains a puzzle to me to this day. As I sat my five children came into the room and sat down cross-legged at my feet in a perfect semi-circle in front of me, formal, silent, and with veneration, a quality of *cont* >

feeling I cannot recall normally receiving from them. I must presume it was not I to whom they were drawn but another.

I was not able to speak immediately of what had happened to me. An early attempt was stifled by a powerful clutching of my throat by a force that literally took my voice away, physically preventing me from speaking. But Fidelia, who knew there was something going on, wanted an explanation. Nothing clenched at my throat during this attempt. I proceeded.

We were sitting up in bed. I had just told her of the events I have described here, but with this first recounting of these events caused, I can only say, something new began to occur.

Suddenly, as I spoke to Fidelia, my forearms – my hands to my elbows – began to buzz and burn in etheric flames, and as they ‘burned’ I began to speak, not of the things that had happened, but of things that had not yet happened.

Bapak’s picture, which was in the room, spun faces, not his face, but the faces of thousands of people, taking the shape of what I believed to be every member, every child of his.

“
*Buzzing and
burning in etheric
flames*
”

A Change in the State of Subud?

The voice spoke of many things. Among those things was something pretty close to this:

“There is shortly a time coming when Subud will be locked away in a shell; this shell shall form over the next five years and this will harden until finally the real Subud will be locked away. It will be replaced by a False Subud, and this False Subud (that was the term used) will reign for seventeen years. Only then, after this time, shall the True Subud break out from its shell and come out again, reborn.”

The voice also said that the experience I had in Sydney was not unique to me and that fourteen other people had also been given this experience, and that by the late nineties a total of 45 Subud members would have had this kind of experience. And it spoke of new souls, real human souls, coming into the world.

For prophecy and channelling buffs you can calculate that the year of ‘rebirth’ of the ‘true Subud’ should be 5 plus 17 years after 1987 or 2009 or immediately ‘after’- that is 2010.

Five months after I had this experience, Bapak died.

At World Congress 2001

The flaming arms thing was to happen to me on another occasion.

I was working ad hoc to the organising committee of the Kalimantan Congress. I was visiting Bachtiar Lorot at Wisma Subud in Jakarta and we were drinking tea.

He innocently asked me how the congress plans and so forth were going in Palangka Raya, where I lived at the time. This was November, some three months before the Dayak-Madura War, and 7 months before the planned World Congress.

Suddenly I felt a change come over me and my arms lit up, burning, as in 1987, in those gaseous electrical flames. In a changed voice, my vocal chords no longer mine, I uttered: “There shall be no congress as they plan.”

The flames died away from my arms, the voice left, and you might say I was left feeling a little awkward.

We finished our cups of tea.

Postscript

I wrote the above back in 2007. I have often thought about what it might be that is ‘false’, missing, or changed about Subud in the years following Bapak’s death. The latihan is certainly still with us and its potential seems unchanged.

What many agree has changed is that which we might call ‘The Family Feeling’; that unique sense of real relationship that bonded us to one another with a familial intimacy in the days when our father, Bapak, was still with us. Many feel that it was just this that has been lost or taken away.

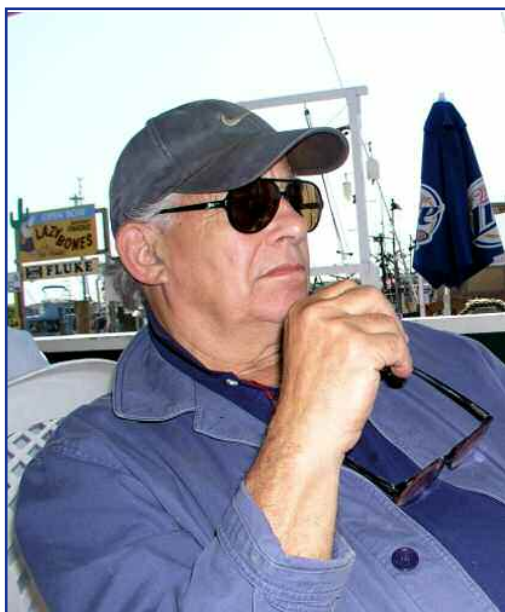
The awareness of this lack and an emerging focus on finding a way to return to it do seem to have become very important in Subud during last few years.

It was never a policy or a practice when we felt it in the old days, rather it was a condition of being ‘one together’ that came naturally. I suspect that it is unlikely that policy or practice can return it, but rather that it will be returned to us within the fold of changes already occurring, and those shortly to come.

These changes I explore in a small book entitled 2012: The Generosity Factor which the interested reader can find on Lulu or Amazon.com.

This concludes the series of three articles by Imron. A section from his book 2012: The Generosity Factor was published in a previous issue of Subud Voice.

JERRY CHALEM



Our dear brother Jerry Chalem passed on March 17. Jerry was a long time member of Subud New York. He had been ill for a long time. His suffering is ended now. His was a big, wide generous soul. Jerry will be long remembered for the great legacy he gave us, of forming a team of people who interviewed hundreds of Subud members about their experiences with Bapak and Subud. Jerry wanted these interviews to be used, made public, as a testimony of Subud members' experiences. There are several sets of these interviews on DVD/CD in archives, at Subud USA and in New York, plus they are being transcribed.

Jerry wrote of the Interview Project: "This project began in 1995. The interviews asked questions such as "What are your experiences with Bapak?" and "How has the latihan affected your life?" We have accumulated over 100 hours of interviews. From two interviews with Lusanna Faliks we produced a double video called 'Stories of Bapak and Ibu'. Harun Murray at ISC at the time helped to finance this and the content is Lusanna Faliks telling of her experiences living in Wisma Subud, Indonesia, with Bapak and Ibu. Someday someone will edit parts of this material for a video presentation to the public."

In addition, Sharifa Benepe, Subud NYC member said: "We all are so indebted to Jerry for how he supervised the construction work when the Subud

New York House was first bought and renovated."

For more information about the interviews, write to Subud USA at subudusa@subudusa.org or Joshua Vervoordt, Chair of Subud NYC at joshuavervoordt@yahoo.com

BAPAK TALK

AFTER DEATH

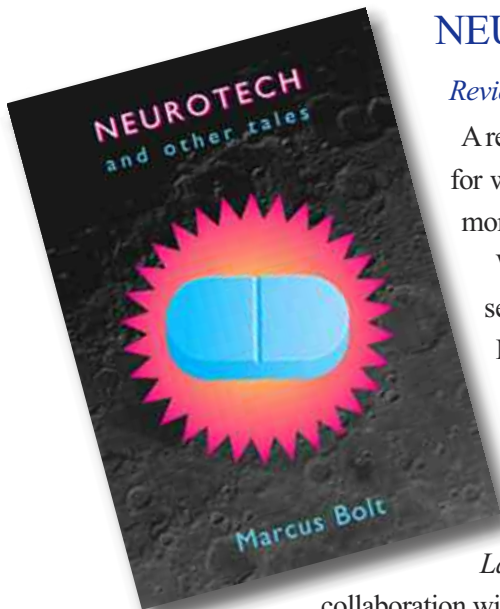
In each issue of Subud Voice we suggest a talk by Bapak or Ibu Rhayu that members may be interested in reading. In this issue we are suggesting the talk 84 CDK 7 which may be obtained by Subud members from: www.subudlibrary.net. Here is a quotation from it...

Will the Jiwa Remember?

When we face death, the nafsu or the body, is already sick and because of that sickness, it can no longer remember anything. Little by little as you face death, everything that belongs to the heart and mind and the nafsu disappears. What remains at that moment is the jiwa. What does depend on your health or your sickness or your state of mind, is the jiwa. It is the jiwa that does not die but simply experiences a transition at that moment.

The question is now whether the jiwa will remember what you experienced in this life or not. This depends on whether your being or your nature is already complete or not. If your nature is complete in this life, you can take with you, through the transition of death, the consciousness of what you experienced here. That is the significance of what goes on in the latihan kejiwaan. That is the significance of this dividing line between "I walk, because I want to walk," and "I walk because I am made to walk."

That difference which you are trained to perceive in the latihan, is the transferring of the experience of this life to the consciousness of the jiwa. So to the extent to which you are able to experience this life, in the manner of "I am being made to walk; I am being made to think; I am being made to understand," – that consciousness will not be destroyed by death. It is not bounded by death because it belongs to the jiwa. It is not the property of the nafsu.



NEUROTECH Marcus Bolt

Reviewed by Harris Smart...

A recent survey carried out by the United Nations has at last provided the hard evidence for what we always knew anecdotally to be true... that is, that Subud members write more books per head of population than any other group in the world.

What an interesting fact! The books now come out at the rate of two a month. The second of this month's efforts to which we must draw your attention is Neurotech by Marcus Bolt, a collection of 25 science fiction tales. Most of us know Marcus Bolt as an artist and a graphic designer but he is also no slouch when it comes to the words. He has actually published 10 books before this one, including a novel, 'Monkey Trap', his marvelous and marvelously named autobiography in Subud, Saving Grace, plus four books of Subud humour, *The Bletchley Handbook*, *A Laugh Within a Laugh*, *The Great Laugh Force* and *The Great Life Farce*, all four in collaboration with Dirk Campbell.

And now he has turned his hand to science fiction. Do you like science fiction? It seems that generally speaking people either like it or they don't. I personally am a great admirer of the great science fiction writers such as Michael Moorcock, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Philip Dick, Ursula Le Guin and the list goes on.

Of course, science fiction these days is only marginally about science, it is more about ideas, philosophies. It is a way of exploring our current reality through the medium of metaphors, symbols and imaginative stories.

Marcus Bolt's book is in this category. The world of science fiction has not previously been bereft of references to Subud. In one of Brian Aldous's stories a spaceman returns to Earth where he is interviewed by a reporter from The Subud Chronicle. I don't know where the reporter from Subud Voice was that day... perhaps reporting on a kejiwaan gathering somewhere.

Marcus Bolt's stories do not refer to Subud, but many of them seem to me to be about Subud. What I find most interesting about Neurotech is that the discerning Subud reader will find in these stories explorations of our shared experience and understanding of the latihan imaginatively rendered, and we reprint here (page 18) the final story in his collection as an example...

But first, a review by Boo Cook, one of the world's top Sci-Fi comic illustrators...

Just finished reading 'NEUROTECH' – a great 'weighty but fun' read, and I have to say the final wee flurry of stories that I just read really left me on a mental high – job done, good work!

In places it does become overwhelmingly belittling in a massive cosmic sense, but never in a way that left me feeling inadequate or 'doomed'! quite the opposite in fact, so I guess you got the balance right...

The stories that I felt worked the strongest were the ones that seemed to have big doses of YOU woven into the narrative – 'Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne' being a prime example of this. You're clearly a big fan of Picasso and you poured that into a brilliant sci-fi time-twister skit. I think you also write realistic people very well, so the stories that centred around strong characters with well rendered lifescapes such as 'Time After Time' really drew me in. 'All The World's a Stage' was another particularly amazing example.

'The Moon Rock Runes' was great. 'The Suit' – brilliant. They're all pretty damn good on one level or another, although I was bound to be a tricky guinea pig to test these stories on as I've been plowing through sci-fi stories at the rate of between 5 and twenty a week for about 35 years in their various forms, be it comics, books or films, so I'm sure you won't be hugely surprised if I said I'd come across one or two of the ideas before, albeit served up in different forms, but they were all entertaining in their own way nevertheless... I suppose that's why the ones that have maybe come from your personal experience pool resonate the best for me, because only you have had those experiences (or have you?!). I thought 'Reminder' framed the whole book rather well though.

Sci-fi is a tricky ol' genre but what you've created here is a real 'mind-switch: ON!' kind of book – very colourful, humorous and thought provoking... when's the next one?

You can order Neurotech (paperback/186 pages/£10 plus postage) from lulu – just click:

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/marcus-bolt/neurotech/paperback/product-18963213.html>

cont >

THE JOURNEY

Silence. Nothing. Then a gentle whisper...

'Can you sense our presence?'

No response.

'Are you aware of us now?'

A pause... Then acknowledgement.

'Can you understand us?'

'Yes. Yes, I can.'

'Do you know where you are?'

'No... disoriented.'

'You're home.'

'Home?'

'You've been on a journey. Try to remember.'

'Ah, yes; a journey. But so much... all jumbled.'

'What can you recall for us?'

'Uh... nothingness – the densest imaginable; then an explosive urge – huge... unbelievable energy, then dazzling light, chaos... outward motion and space-time unfolding. Plus and minus, particles cancelling, coalescing, one in a billion forming, crystallising... Then mass, gravity, density, atoms, elements, molecules... And form, galaxies, stars, planets, all whirling, circling around... Then finally, balance... order.'

'And after?'

'Life – myriad forms, developing, evolving... interaction – mating, breeding, predated; and then the miracle of self-awareness! Civilisations, society... culture... And opposites; always opposites – negative and positive, light and dark, male and female... Power, politics, greed, money, ownership – everywhere, no matter what the sentient species. Wait, there's a scene unfolding:

"I'm afraid we can do no more for you, Sir Henry. The cancer is metastasising."

"How long have I got?"

"Three months perhaps..."

"Huh! I've spent a fortune on treatments to no avail then?"

"I'm sorry. Luckily, you are in a position to buy the best palliative care available. We'll set up a team of specialist nurses around the clock and..."

"How long will I be compos mentis? Handing over the reins of a multinational is not a simple matter. The board, lawyers, the family... I'll need my wits about me."

"You'll have to balance all that against the pain management regime, Sir Henry."

"You know, it's ironic. The tenth richest man in the world and I can do nothing to avoid a horrible death..."

'The memory fades now...'

'How did it feel to be that individual?'

'Good. I enjoyed gathering wealth, succeeding, outsmarting others.'

'Do you remember the death?'

'No. Yes! Suddenly slipping away, waking as a child on another planet, with past memory traces. Connections, always connections, time and space warping...'

'Anything else?'

'Yes. I remember a forest. Covering half a planet, growing towards the light as one. We absorbed our energy from the sun, we sighed in wind and rain, our roots delved into the rich earth, our branches stretching for the sky. And the *cont* >



rhythm of the seasons – we shed our crowns, lay dormant and when our sap rose, produced buds and fresh, new growth.

We sheltered and cared for thousands of creatures. It was good. One long inward breath throughout the day – exhaling through the night while we told our stories – the joy of it, the togetherness, the harmony. But then another, more developed species destroyed us, cut us down for fuel and building material.’

‘What emotions did you experience?’

‘Anger. Sadness... Then acceptance... of playing our part; of returning to pure energy.’

‘What next?’

‘I was alive, a male being on a planet called Arxus... I was strong, a warrior skilled in fighting. I defended my own ferociously and attacked and killed men and took their wives and enslaved their children. I fought wars, we conquered and raped and looted and plundered. I revelled in victory, gave no quarter to the vanquished... Yes, yes... remember now – I was killed, in battle.’

‘How did that feel?’

‘Agonising pain. Horrible... Defeat and hatred. I experienced hatred of my enemies...’

‘Tell us more.’

‘I remember being female. Carrying eggs... then a foetus in my womb. Oh, the joy of creating another being and of giving birth, despite the travail. And the love I felt for my baby... Beautiful... No, oh no, no...’

‘What is it?’

‘The horror of losing a child – I experienced that, too. I can feel the sorrow – deep, deep sorrow; grief and despair again...’

‘What else can you tell us?’

‘I remember being a great artist and the joy of searching, finding, working, tuning in to creative forces. And being a musician, too – then everything was music and rhythm and texture of sound. I was a scientist, a mathematician, cracking the codes of the fabric of the universe. And a drone – a labourer toiling in fields and down the deepest mines, sweating, muscles aching... I was many a priest, as well, both saint and charlatan – and a Shaman, and a showman... a Pope, too. And a poet, a magician, an addict, a madman... I’ve also been a thief, a murderer and a paedophile. I’ve lived on numerous planets in many, many life forms – carbon based, hydrogen based, even lead... I’ve lived so many lives as microbe, insect, bird of prey, animal, herbivore and carnivore – everything and everyone... It’s all coming back to me now. It was glorious, glorious!’

‘It has been another remarkable voyage.’

‘It has, it has. I’ve sailed vast seas of methane on gas giants, running before mighty winds; plumbed the depths of oceans, circumnavigated galaxies, dived into black holes, seen stars born and die, climbed mountains, explored caves; and I’ve wooed and won and been abandoned by lovers; I’ve danced and laughed and cried and lived... I’ve seen great civilisations rise and fall, species come and go. I’ve experienced the dark and the light, the good and evil. I’ve seen horrors, experienced terror, but above all, love. So much love...’

‘And what is your overall impression of this creation?’

‘It’s good, very good.’

‘We’ll leave you now, to rest.’

‘Rest?’

‘You usually need time to reintegrate, to come back to being the selfhood you abandon in order to travel.’

‘You mean I’ve done this before?’

‘Yes. You’ve journeyed an infinite number of times, through innumerable creations.’

‘Yes, of course, of course... I’m still a little confused. And I’m puzzled by something... On this journey, I experienced Nirvana, was enlightened, had epiphanies and mystical experiences galore, ever sensing the Creator’s presence everywhere, His hand in everything, but never once come face to face with Him. Why is that?’

‘Perhaps because you *are* the Creator...?’

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For an application form, please email Silvana at silvana@yesquest.org

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

email: editor@subudvoice.net

Tel: + 61 3 95118122

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Articles should be written in such a way that they are intelligible and interesting to both Subud members and the general public. Sometimes this sep mean providing an explanatory introduction or notes for the non-Subud reader

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