Part Two

Chapter Seven

Helper Activities

A month had past since I arrived in Perth. I still enjoyed feelings of wellbeing and confidence for the future, although in reality I had made little progress towards a new career. I felt as if I was on extended leave from my work in Indonesia. This emphasis on leisure time was most obvious in my routine of early rising to answer correspondence or read a growing collection of new books. By staying up after the Moslem dawn prayer I had four hours to myself before breakfast.

Yesterday's letter from Emilia lay on my writing desk. Emilia was a Subud helper who had frequently visited my mother during her last months in hospital. As a result of their closeness we had kept in touch. As was my custom I had read her letter immediately it arrived. The feelings it evoked returned again and again throughout the day. Now I would answer it, searching for the stillness of my feelings where an insight might bring some resolution to the unfolding drama that I had come to share with my Subud sister, two thousand kilometres away. It was 4.00 a.m.

Now and then, when the flow of my letter writing slowed, I would leave the study and take a walk outside, as Bapak had once advised me at the IDC office: 'Get up and walk around a little, loosen up those shoulders!' he said. I remembered too how he wrote that as a young man in Semarang he would take late night walks after study. Now I sought the fresh air, to clear my head. I walked on the brick paving around the pool, staying close to the wall that blocked the light of the single distant street lamp so I could see the wonder of the night sky. It was translucent in that dry climate, the great arc of the Milky Way revealed in all its splendour.

How different from the dark blue velvet sky of tropical Jakarta, I thought, now far away to the north, *and how different is this Australian city's silence to Jakarta's wakeful sounds of early morning, with its distant calls to prayer.*

I sat at my desk and re-read Emilia's letter.

June 1, 1976

Dear Lamaan,

Of all Subud people, you perhaps know me best. Yet even you cannot imagine my agony of mind. I would not wish that you should. Why should you suffer? It does not solve anything. My problem is that I have absolute confidence in the latihan and yet the large Subud enterprises show serious signs of failure. Where is the mistake?

I go over and over the options. The truth is that there is no answer in the arrangement and rearrangement of the facts available to my thinking. I ask the latihan for more guidance but—on this issue— I can find no resolution.

You might say, from the viewpoint of idealism, (or perhaps the dogmatism of a Subud member?) that the choice is obvious—I should have faith that all will work out right in the end. I agree with you, my trust in the latihan and in Bapak is unquestionable. That is the problem—it is *also* the latihan that is pushing me to trust in my own feelings, and my feelings say that all is not well.

The result is that I am now split in anguish between two states of honour. I begin to have two selves. They alternately take the high ground of the argument. And the energy of this inner conflict even manifests in my dreams. Day and night the struggle for my soul has continued over these recent months with little respite.

But now, dear brother, into this turmoil has come an explanation like a ray of light in the darkness. I have found someone who understands my experience and has given it a totally new significance.

It happened like this.

Soon after we came back to New Zealand and moved into this our new house in Auckland, your family sent me two of your mother's books. They seem to have been oddments in her library. One was by Khrisnamurti, the other *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* by CG Jung. I knew of Khristnamurti's writings but was surprised because your mother never mentioned him. Regarding Jung, all I knew was that he was a Swiss psychologist. I had never read his writings. I put the books away and had forgotten them until a few days ago, when I heard Jung's name mentioned on the radio. Something clicked and I felt I should find the book.

I was soon engrossed in it and continued reading the following day. Towards the end, to my joy, I came to a description of my situation—how it can happen to a person that circumstances in life can present them with an impossible choice. When both issues are equally driven by a sense of duty, deeply held, they may well enter into a state of inner conflict with no way out. This is the excerpt:

> … if a man faced with a conflict of duties undertakes to deal with them absolutely on his own responsibility, and before a judge who sits in judgment on him day and night, he may well find himself in an isolated position. There is now an authentic secret in his life which cannot be discussed—if only because he is involved in an endless inner trial in which he is his own counsel and ruthless examiner, and no secular or spiritual judge can restore his easy sleep.
>
> By no means every conflict of duties, and perhaps not even a single one, is ever really "solved" though it may be argued over, weighed, and counterweighed till doomsday. Sooner or later the decision is simply there, the product, it would seem, of some kind of short-circuit. Practical life cannot be suspended in an everlasting contradiction. The opposites and the contradictions between them do not vanish, however, even when for a moment they yield before the impulse to action. They constantly threaten the unity of the personality, and entangle life again and again in their dichotomies.

> Insight into the dangers and the painfulness of such a state might well decide one to stay at home, … Those who do not have to leave father and mother are certainly safest with them. A good many persons, however, find themselves thrust out upon the road to "individuation". In no time at all they will become acquainted with the positive and negative aspects of human nature.'

As I read this, I knew that I was in the midst of an *individuation process*. Jung was explaining, to perfection, and in detail, the psychological trauma in which I had found myself. The knowledge that this condition of unresolvable inner conflict was a recognised process, a path trodden by others, brought me enormous relief. I was particularly struck by Jung's understanding, that this type of inner conflict must remain one's own. It is as if it has to be contained within oneself so that the opposites are constantly forced into contact with one another.

I am sure that, if you want to read it, you will find a great deal that interests you in this book.

Much love, Emilia

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June 3, 1976

Dear Emilia

Your letter moved me deeply. I'm so glad that you found this explanation in Jung's writing. I think of Bapak's aphorism, *Experience first, explanations afterwards.* You certainly have had the experience of the inner conflict—and in full measure, and were ready for (and deserving of) an explanation. Who would say that it was not the will of God that you should get this explanation from another source of wisdom?

Your relief is my relief, just as your distress has been mine.

I will certainly get Jung's book and share what he has to say.

Love, Lamaan

Emilia's previous letters were always cheerful . Only now did she dwell on her inner conflict. She had perhaps, as Jung had said, felt compelled to keep it secret. I felt her distress and was very touched by her suffering. I knew about the failure of enterprises and I knew that some members were discouraged however, I had not been disturbed in the same way because I saw the setbacks as due to human failings, not a lack of guidance. Meantime, the subject of my letters had been about the outer impact of arriving back in a Western culture and my early encounters with the Subud group. My next letter showed that, although I had left Indonesia to make a new start, I still saw my life bound up with Subud activities.

June 11, 1976

Dear Emilia,

My impressions of Perth are very favourable. The people are friendly and the tempo of life is easy going. It appears prosperous, without ostentation. Of course my perceptions are bound to be comparative—after ten years in Jakarta! The feeling of the city is light. I mean that there is no heavy ambience—the daily struggle of life in Jakarta is a heavy emanation. You can feel it subside around 5.00 p.m. as the short twilight closes down the city. It is tangible, the collective relaxation of the daily stress of millions of people struggling to survive. Here the absence of this experience to which I had become accustomed—like a greater air pressure—makes me a little light headed. Emotionally I bounce along like a spaceman on the moon. Visually the city is modern and clean. The lamp posts are vertical, the kerbs unbroken, the lawn unworn. The suburban houses and their gardens are manicured, but the streets strangely deserted. It seems that even the wives and mothers go out to work each day. These are the simple contrasts to Jakarta.

I have started going to the latihan and have met most of the Subud group. There are about thirty men and women, several of whom I have known for many years from their visits to Cilandak.

Vernon Blakey was the Gurdjieff follower who told the ship's engineer, whom I met in 1954, about Ouspensky's books. I knew Vernon (then John) and his wife Hilda at Coombe Springs. Matthew Shanley, the engineer with whom I worked on the structural design for the S.Widjojo building, is here. There is a fair share of artists and teachers, mostly younger people, married couples and a few bachelors, all struggling to make their careers—film-makers, painters, and musicians. Keith Ewers, author of *With The Sun On My Back*, is the most successful.

I went along to the helpers' latihan and meeting last week. I had been looking forward to taking an active part in the helpers' work—expatriates in Cilandak did not participate in the organisation of the Centre. (We were not excluded, it was just that committee and helpers' work fell naturally to the Indonesians because of language). Although it is the normal practice, that helpers in Subud may be active wherever they are, I was told by one of the helpers that I should wait three months before participating in the meetings and testing. 'It is Bapak's ruling,' he said, 'It is a familiarisation period.'

I was angry—surprisingly angry, in fact! During the week, I was told that this ruling originated from one of the women helpers. 'She has control of the group's affairs,' my informant said, 'and her attitude has been a source of some discord amongst the members.' No doubt something in me felt personally frustrated, but perhaps I also had picked up the feelings of others.

Normally if there is a lack of consensus, the matter is referred to the helpers to test in the latihan and everyone abides by the outcome of testing. It seems that she will not agree to test—preferring to decide all issues from her interpretations of Bapak's talks. As consensus is essential, she effectively holds a veto.

Considering my reaction, maybe it's just as well that I do have a familiarisation period!

I hope this finds you well.

Love, L

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June 22, 1976

Dear Emilia,

Today being Bapak's birthday, we had a party at the Subud House—trestle tables with white table clothes in the garden. There must have been almost forty of us with the children. Subud House is an old Federation style house with wide verandahs called *Brookside* on the Albany Highway, Maddington, about twenty minutes drive south from the city centre. It is on a large section screened from the road by trees and out of earshot of the neighbours —a quiet, very suitable location for latihan.

When I arrived in Perth, I found that the group had purchased a block of land in Wilson, closer to the city, with the intention of building a Subud hall. There was strong support in the group for the project and I was asked to join the building committee. I was full of enthusiasm and began by surveying the land. However in planning the site works I found that the section, which was near the river, would need so much filling—to raise it above the flood level—that development would be uneconomical. It would be cheaper to sell the land and buy elsewhere.

Meantime doing latihan in a number of small rooms in the house was unsatisfactory, so I suggested that we get the owner's permission to remove the interior walls and make the space into a hall. This sounds audacious, but the owner agreed, if we promised to put back the walls at the end of the lease. Everyone joined in the work. We installed a steel frame to support the ceiling so there was no need for columns. It went very well, except that I touched a live wire getting a electric shock which put me to bed for a few hours. With the whole space painted, carpetted and new curtains, the conversion is a very nice Subud hall at little cost.

I hope you are well.

Please write.

Love L

July 30, 1976

Dear Emilia

I'm working again. It became clear that it was going to be some time before land could be found for a new Subud hall, so I decided to take a job. Last week I signed a contract with a firm of consulting engineers to prepare a feasibility study for a new township for a gold mine. It suits me very well. I can use my experience of the INCO mining town in Sulawesi and at the same time become familiar with Australian building practices. An angel must have passed this way.

I've also become active in the helper's group.

Love, Lamaan

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A week or so after I received Emilia's letter about her reading Jung's *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* I bought myself a copy. It was a memoir of Jung's lifelong exploration of his inner life and the psychology he developed from his work as a psychiatrist.

I found that, for Jung, psychology was not a theory, but an empirical science. He supported all his descriptions of the structure and function of the human *psyche* with clinical observations and the study of human history. At the same time, he was a spiritual man who respected religious experience. He saw the *psyche* as boundless and therefore in large part unknowable, hence mystical. He called the totality *the Self*, which he saw as comprising three broad realms: *consciousness, personal unconscious, and collective unconscious.* These we experience, he said, as: *the ego, the complexes (good and bad), and the archetypes of human behaviour,* respectively. Evidence of the existence of the *collective unconscious,* he showed, was to be found in the recurring symbolism of dreams and in the common themes found in the mythology of the world's people. He postulated the meaning of human existence as the unconscious psyche striving to become conscious of itself. (In *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* he describes this process as 'self-realisation of the unconscious.')

As a psychoanalyst Jung examined the interaction between our conscious and unconscious processes, but he went much further than analysis, evidencing that all creative activity, artistic and scientific derives from this interaction. The highest of these he saw as the development of the individual's potential wholeness, which he called *the individuation process.*

His description of *projection* as the way in which we attribute our own unconscious qualities onto others was for me one of his greatest spiritual insights. The withdrawal of our projections, on which individuation depends, is none other than the separation from our reactions central to, and made possible by, the latihan. *Individuation* was Jung's name for the spiritual or mystic path of true religion. He then went on, in his extensive writings, to identify the *archetypes* (imprints or patterns) met with in the process. In order of encounter: *the shadow*, (the rejected or undeveloped side), *the anima or animus* (the contra-sexual components), and others, leading ultimately to *the Self.*

When it came to religious experience, Jung continued to use his psychological language. He said that, 'In view of the clash of traditional symbols and psychological experiences … instead of using the term God, (he would) use *unconscious,* instead of Christ *the Self,* instead of incarnation *integration of the unconscious*, instead of salvation or redemption *individuation,* instead of crucifixion or sacrifice on the Cross *realisation of wholeness*.' 'I think', he wrote, 'it is no disadvantage to religious tradition if we can see how far it coincides with psychological experience.'

Soon I began to see in Jung's writings events in my life as recognisable psychological happenings. Particular among these was the breakdown of a marriage resulting from a *mid-life crisis.* The overwhelming *anima* affects, he said, signalled a reversal of character to meet the needs of the second half of life. What I did not realise until later was that I was also undergoing a critical adjustment to meet the change from community life in Cilandak to solitary life in the West, an adjustment involving deep unconscious forces.

Meantime I found that Jung put great emphasis on dreams as the symbolic messages of unconscious activity. As a result I began to pay more attention to my dreams. I would write them down and try to interpret their meaning. My understanding of the imagery increased. It was fascinating. It was soon a kind of infatuation; I would spend my early morning hours engrossed in the interpretation of the symbolism. The more I attended to my dreams, the more dreams I had. On my own, without a busy social life, I was open to unconscious affects and did not recognise what was happening. Where Jung said we must respect the conscious viewpoint and maintain a balance with the unconscious, Sudarto once said: 'The inner world of dreams is an unbounded space. We are responsible to discriminate what is appropriate to follow in ordinary life.' I had allowed the dream world to be stronger, to encroach on my consciousness. In the weeks that followed I spent much of my spare time interpreting dreams, keeping a diary of explanations. For a time I was recording an average of three dreams a night.

I had been warned of the danger of being taken in this way by a dream I had had in Cilandak:

> I was in a room in the guesthouse which had a dividing screen of three panels made of woven raffia-type material. I walked around it and on the screen I could see a series of symbols or hieroglyphs. I realised that I could understand their meaning. Bapak was standing nearby and, seeing my obvious satisfaction in this newfound skill, he just smiled. His smile said, 'Don't be inflated, that's no big deal.'

I understood now that the screen was the barrier between the conscious and the unconscious. (In Indonesia these screens are used to divide off the sleeping space.) The symbols were dream images on the unconscious side. Bapak was a figure of higher wisdom who had cautioned me not to get caught up in this new ability.

The Ramadhan fast started on 25 August 1976, and as in recent years I followed it diligently, staying up until dawn most nights. On the twenty-first night I fell asleep in the early hours and dreamed:

When I did something to enjoy myself I became sad; when I tried to be comfortable I was uncomfortable—*everything I did had an opposite to the expected result*. The more I persisted, the less it was resolved.

It seemed to last forever until at last I awoke exhausted with an inner locution which pointed to a new balance between conscious and unconscious which had yet to be realised— *Dive not into the sea when you are called, but walk upon the shore and gaze into its depths.*

The dream showed me where my inquiries were taking me. I could now see that my work on dreams had become out of balance. I had gone 'behind the screen' (my Cilandak dream) and had become fascinated. I had forgotten Bapak's warning smile. Now the fasting had broken the spell.

I went out into the silent street and walked, seeking escape from the mind into my body. Gradually the winter darkness paled. Seldom had the light of dawn been so welcome.

During this inner excursion I had neglected my long-term needs. I had not tried to set up my own business, being content to earn only enough for my living expenses. For the past ten years in Indonesia I had found meaning in my work as part of the great unfolding of Subud activity near Bapak. In IDC I had also found fulfilment by being able to use my talent for organising work with other people. Now, without work in Subud and with an inner demand for new interests which were not yet clear I could find no enthusiasm for engineering. As a result a year after arrival in Perth, when offered a new contract with a mining company I felt that I could not go through with it.

In April I attended the Subud Australia National Congress in Sydney held at Pennant Hills hoping I might find a new opportunity to work with Subud members in Eastern Australia. Instead, on meeting old friends from New Zealand, I decided to visit them and see what was happening over there in Subud.

In Auckland I felt prompted to call on KRTA, the firm of architects and engineers, with whom I had worked in 1966 in Wellington. They now had projects in South East Asia and the Pacific and to my surprise offered me a job as a Public Relations Associate to produce their promotional literature. This seemed to be the change that I was looking for. I gave notice to my employer in Perth and moved to New Zealand. I was soon writing and engaging artists, photographers and printers—all activities of my feelings. It was also satisfying to be back at director level of a sizable firm and working with architects.

Once established in my work, I rented a house on the beach front in Howick, south Auckland, not far from Whitford where the Week family and other Subud families had recently settled. I had been a close friend of Mark and Istimah in Wisma Subud and now visited them regularly. Sandra their youngest daughter was ten at the time and I enjoyed being an 'uncle', helping with homework and reading books together.

I began attending the latihan in Auckland. It was a strong group of about one hundred men and women and had its own Subud House. I knew many of the members from earlier days and soon felt very much at home, joining in the helpers' work. This was to be the most active helpers' group I had known. We regularly tested questions for members and I learnt much that was valuable for my own understanding—sometimes from my mistakes.

One such mistake happened with a member with whom I had been testing questions for some weeks. During a general latihan I saw an image of him with disorganised office furniture in a latihan hall. I felt responsible to help him. As the image finished I heard the words 'Rose Cross'. When I told him my experience he became very excited and said that Rose Cross meant Rosicrucian. A week or so later I found that he had approached and joined the Rosicrucian Society. I was sure that this was not the correct interpretation of my receiving and regretted that I had not been more circumspect in talking about it.

Later I came to see that this kind of insight in the latihan carries with it a *feeling* from which we can decide what action, if any, to take, and that we have to stay in the latihan state until this *feeling* is quite clear. In this way we can understand what we have been shown. If the feeling is not clear we can make a wrong interpretation, as had happened with the Rose Cross = Rosicrucian assumption.

My experience with the member had been a statement of his condition, not an indication of an action that he or I should take. By doing latihan with him my inner feeling had recorded and revealed something about his problem. Until then, all I knew was that he was constantly questioning his life situation in terms of esoteric teachings, even his work and career. No sooner would we test one question than he would be back with another. The image in my latihan showed that something he was bringing to his worship, represented by the office furniture, was an obstacle to his latihan. I was trying to help him but couldn't (move the furniture). I continued to be puzzled about the meaning of Rose Cross. If Rose Cross did mean Rosicrucian, I thought, then the member must be doing something like a Rosicrucian.* I put it to him that his following of esoteric teachings may be an obstacle to his latihan.

The reader may ask if I am implying that the member's action in studying spiritual knowledge was an error. It is not a matter of judgement but rather of understanding the choices. Bapak was at that time travelling in Mexico and used a mythical story about two sons of Adam, *Sajid Anwar* and *Sajid Anwas,* to illustrate the difference between Subud and other spiritual groups which follow a way of study with the mind. He re-emphasised that the latihan kejiwaan of Subud is a receiving of the power of God.

* When I was writing this memoir I looked up a reference to the Rosicrucians. I found that the Rosicrucians had inherited their name from a movement which was expressed through the formula 'through the cross to the rose'. With it was an earlier alchemical drawing published in 1629 showing a rose growing out of a cross. The rose was shaped like a Subud symbol with seven layers of seven petals. The cross had a Christian meaning and the rose was described as an allegory of the seven stages of spiritual transformation. Applying this to the member, it appears probable that his preoccupation with esoteric teachings was his cross and this held him back from simply surrendering and following the transformation of the latihan.

You don't have to study, Bapak said, because the spiritual is in the hands of God. But it's up to you if you want to use your mind:

God is all-loving, God is all-giving to his creatures, so whatever man desires, whatever man hopes for, God gives him … However, this latihan is not the way of Sajid Anwas [meditation or self denial], but is the way of Sajid Anwar [surrender to Almighty God].

Helpers in the Auckland group were very committed, both to serving the local members and to sharing their experience with helpers elsewhere. During 1977 our activity was extended to two nation-wide weekend meetings of men helpers, one in Wellington and one in Christchurch. Both went well.

When I heard that Bapak was attending the Australian National Congress in January 1978, I flew to Brisbane to meet him. I told him I had moved to New Zealand. He repeated his original advice, given to me in Indonesia, that I should return to Australia. This time he was more specific: 'Sydney or preferably Melbourne, but not that new place' (a group of members were newly developing land in Wollongong as a Subud centre). I felt that he had answered my unstated wish to be useful as possible to Subud.

Chapter Eight

Kejiwaan Councillor

In June 1978 I left Auckland and, after two weeks in Sydney and finding no immediate work possibilities, I moved to Melbourne. I had been living away from my home city for twenty-four years.

I soon felt settled. I attended latihan at the Heatherton Subud Centre and joined the helpers' group. It was a time when individuals worldwide were trying to follow Bapak's suggestion to start enterprises. I began looking for opportunities to work with other Subud members. Sinar Australia Pty Ltd had, with the encouragement of Sinar Enterprise Development in UK, just been incorporated as a trading company. I prepared a feasibility study for a small production plant to manufacture solar tiles for heating swimming pools. Most of those interested in the project were without business experience or capital and so it never proceeded. At this point, I had used up my capital and for the first time in my life I had to borrow money from my family. This period would have been more difficult had it not been for the fact that I was in Melbourne on Bapak's advice. As it turned out, I was approached soon afterwards by a large Australian firm of consulting engineers to prepare their company brochure. The work was extended to a series of capability publications—written project descriptions, illustrated with drawings and photographs. I began to travel to Brisbane, Sydney and Canberra for my client. Over twelve months I visited some hundred projects—highways, dams, bridges, coastal developments, environmental studies, etc. I set up a company and employed a graphic artist.

Through attending latihans in the cities that I visited and being an active helper in the Melbourne group, I got to know most of the Australian Subud membership in the eastern States. At the National Congress in Adelaide during the following Easter I was confirmed as a National Helper and tested to be the men's Kejiwaan Councillor (Spiritual Councillor) for Australia for the next four years.

The Councillors' term was from one World Congress to the next. This meant that I together with the women's Kejiwaan Councillor and the Committee Councillor for Australia were to attend the Subud World Congress in Toronto in August 1979 to get our briefing. Like many other members, I had always experienced a heightened state of wellbeing at Subud gatherings, particularly World Congresses, however my experience at Toronto stands out among the most special. Relationships were universally harmonious and sincere. I felt it was a glimpse of the understanding that the latihan could bring to mankind. I'm sure the fact that many of the almost two thousand attending were following the Ramadhan fast contributed to this feeling. A highlight for me came at the Idul Fitri *sungkum.** Bapak greeted me with surprise and joy, lightly touching my arm in a gesture of affection. I felt like a son receiving a blessing.

Bapak's testing of a member from Colombia in his last talk of the Congress made a strong impression on many I spoke with afterwards. Bapak had appointed several International Helpers and now showed us, by example, how they would fit into the helper organisation. After testing the talents of individual members from England and North America he asked if there was someone from South America. A man named Leonardo came forward. In reply to Bapak's questioning he said that he had just lost his job as an accountant. He was a very cheerful fellow and immediately had our sympathy. Bapak asked him to test and show his true talent, but he didn't receive a clear indication. Bapak then asked for a helper from Leonardo's home group to come up and test with him.

* Sungkum: Javanese gesture of respect to an elder performed at Idul Fitri (the end of the Ramadhan fast). It includes asking forgiveness for past mistakes.

The result was again unclear and Bapak now asked for a Regional or National helper. After some discussion someone was found but the testing remained inconclusive. Bapak then called one of the men who had been appointed as an International Helper. His testing was able to show that Leonardo would no longer be satisfied working as an accountant and that he would be better suited working with his hands as a mechanic. Bapak asked Leonardo if he felt he could find work in the technical field.

Leonardo didn't seem very confident. Bapak went on asking, 'What now? You can't leave a person in this situation. Subud Enterprise Services (SES) should now be asked to give some practical assistance. The two should work together, the helpers and the experts.' The incident was very moving. Not only did Bapak show us what to do, but he showed us by his example how to do it with the utmost concern, patience and perseverance. He was not content to finish the testing and discussion until an answer was found and Leonardo was genuinely satisfied.

Back in Australia the National Helpers Dewan (Council) set about organising a program of group visits. We were four pairs of men and women, representing the four regions of Australia. Our task was to support the local helpers. We lived great distances apart but had been allocated money by the membership to travel. Funds were sufficient for us to meet together as a full Dewan twice a year, each time in a different State, and travel in pairs of National Helpers within our regions at other times. This meant that in the Victoria-South Australia-Tasmania area we visited a group every six weeks.

When we met we had to adjust to working together as a Dewan. Even after we got to know and trust one another there were other lessons we had to learn before we became harmonious. One essential was to stay close to our latihan in everything we did—pausing frequently or stopping to do some latihan and testing. This was necessary because, in dealing with the problems brought to us, our feelings would become invaded by the force in the problem.

When this happened we would all talk too much, or disagree. We were passing the force on, causing disturbance and misunderstanding. Once we realised what was happening, we learned to restrain ourselves and hold the force inside until it *went to its right place.*

At other times our correspondence got at cross-purposes. The more we disagreed, the more the correspondence grew in volume and the more the problem grew. We were constantly being stretched, working at the edge of our capacity to go beyond our hearts and minds. Gradually we understood that the solution was to see our job, not as individual National Helpers with particular responsibilities, but as part of the National Dewan. We finally established a very close and loving relationship. Being a National Helper was an enormous privilege because of the understanding of human problems that it brought and for the inner blessing that the role carried.

We had our second National Dewan meeting in February 1980 at the Heatherton Centre. We had so many matters to discuss that had been referred to the Dewan that we were in danger of neglecting our contact with our host group. Fortunately someone realised this and we arranged to meet the members after the general latihans and test together. In the men's meeting this informal sharing paid off dramatically, resolving a number of personal problems.

A long-time member wrote in the Subud magazine *The Reporter*:

'The members of the National Dewan came with a"the-door's-open,-come-on-in" attitude that I had never seen before, and for which they have my admiration and my gratitude. The willingness with which the members rushed on in, and the results of this, were really astonishing. After all my years in Subud, I understood for the first time, this harmony of feeling that Bapak tells us is necessary for the growth of Subud.'

In those days there was strong financial support for helper and committee travel which meant that as Councillors we were able to to attend a national gathering of helpers in New Zealand in May.

This event strengthened the relationship between the two countries and led to a reciprocal visit by New Zealand National Helpers to Australia. It was also from this visit that we brought back the idea for holding a national gathering of helpers in Australia, such as had proved successful in New Zealand.

Throughout 1980 my work continued to require travel to all the Australian States except the Northern Territory. Wherever I went I took the opportunity to attend latihans and helpers meetings and so extended the contact of the National Helpers with the groups and the local helpers. This attention, like the earlier continuous travel around the country by the previous councillors, Leonard and Aisjah Parker, was much appreciated by the members, particularly in small groups, and contributed to a feeling of national brotherhood.

Early the next year I went as a Councillor to the First Subud Asian Zone Conference in Cilandak. It developed into an international event with the attendance of members of the World Subud Council, International Helpers, members of ISC, as well as the Councillors from fourteen South East Asian countries, a total of some hundred and fifty delegates and foreign observers. Bapak officially opened the *S. Widjojo* building and spoke of the great task facing Subud. He said the key to all achievement was harmony.

Bapak presided over the Conference plenary sessions. After the opening day the Councillors separated into Kejiwaan and Committee working groups where they discussed the issues active in each of the countries represented. It is difficult to describe the extraordinary love that grew between us as we each, of different cultures and religions, put the latihan into effect, speaking with respect and listening with patience, until we came to a consensus. At the closing session, a spokesman for each group reported to Bapak in the plenary session. On the Committee side Bapak said two things particularly pertinent to our enthusiasm:

Don't keep changing things or you'll make no progress.' And, *Don't get ahead of yourself with big plans for enterprise cooperation between countries. It is too early to expect much practical business interaction between countries in the Asian Zone.*

Bapak at the Subud Asian Zone Conference, Cilandak 1981
Photograph by Sahlan Cherpital

Bapak giving a talk in the S.Widjojo building Conference Room

The Subud bank, BSB, at the front entrance of the S.Widjojo building

Delegates at the Subud Asian Zone Conference, Cilandak 1981

Bapak and his wife Mastuti with delegates

On the Kejiwaan side, Bapak gave the memorable analogy:

The latihan is like a self-winding watch. You don't have to do anything to it. It just goes on working by itself, provided that you use it. But if you take it off and put it in a drawer, it stops. He also gave a comprehensive explanation about the use of testing and introduced what was to become known as *body testing*—receiving (in the latihan) and allowing movements in each part of the body, one after another, until the whole body was moving, then adding the voice. He told us to take this back to our membership.

Bapak's final talk on19 January 1981 contained this passage:

Brothers and sisters, you need to understand something: If you want to be helped by people, you must also help people. If you want people to love you, you must also love people. And if you want people to cooperate with you and assist you, then you must also have that attitude towards them. This is what is called human justice.

Now in facing our human life, we should understand that we have received the latihan kejiwaan from the power of Almighty God. So there is no lack or shortage of advice, teaching, instruction or guidance for us in our everyday lives and for our everyday needs.

Why is that? Because we have within us God's guidance and this guidance envelops our whole being inwardly and outwardly. And not only our own being but all of this created universe. God's knowledge and guidance are boundless and without boundaries. It encompasses the whole world and all God has made.

Bearing this in mind, brothers and sisters, why is it that you in Subud, still easily lose your way or come to the end of your tether, getting depressed with your life and your progress? How can this be when you have at your disposal the guidance of the power of Almighty God?

The duty of a Subud member is to create his own happiness. A Subud member may not in fact allow his life to sink into a state of disrepair, neglect or shortage. It is your duty as a Subud member to create that happiness, to create peace within yourself. Such is your responsibility to Almighty God.

Bapak takes the example of a bird. A bird when he leaves his nest in the morning can already sense which direction he has to fly in to find his livelihood, to find what he needs for food for himself and his family. It is as if he can already smell this before he leaves the nest. He senses where he has to go and what he has to do. Why then can't human beings be like the bird? Bapak doesn't say you have to be more than a bird. Bapak just means that you should be able to do at least like the bird does: You should be able to sense for yourself what direction you have to take for yourself in order for you to find your livelihood. That is the very least you should be able to do as a creature of Almighty God.

Bapak of course knows why you can't do that. The thing that stops you from ever reaching even the level of an animal is your own nafsu. The nafsu which is always worried. The nafsu which is always worried about what will happen if you do this or that, the nafsu that always wants something for nothing, that always wants to get as much as possible and give as little as possible. It is our tendency always to calculate to our own advantage. We always like to get as much money as possible for as little work as possible. We always like being helped but we try to avoid as much as possible having to help. On the other hand, we think to ourselves before we do something, 'Oh, if I do this, I'll fail.'

Don't precede everything you do with deciding what will happen afterwards. It is enough that you just follow. Follow what you receive or what you have to do within your life, your duty in your life. Then you will be given God's guidance. God provides man with everything he needs to fulfil his life in this world. God provides you with all the means of your livelihood each day of your life. That is why Bapak advises you: Don't put a curse on yourself through your own words.

Brothers and sisters, as Bapak has just told you, a Subud member is not allowed to let his life slide. It is his duty to form his own happiness, stability. But similarly, we are not allowed to let other people go short either. We are not allowed to have people around us who are poor or destitute. We have to help them. This is not only true of people who are in Subud but people who are outside of Subud as well. In order to do this, you have to be like Bapak: if you see a balance sheet, you only look at the expenditure. Like Bapak, you have to know that the income will

come to fit this expenditure. If you want to be able to help others, you have to have that attitude. And for that attitude, you have to have a change of heart. You have to change your heart from a heart that worries, from a heart that's small, to a heart that is great.

A Subud member who has received the grace of Almighty God may not have a heart full of worries. You have to have a heart (such as termed in Javanese) that is as broad as the ocean. A heart that can truly contain the whole world. And this is something that, if you pray to God in Subud, you should pray for that thing. Pray to God to give you a heart as wide as the ocean. [Recording 81 CDK 3]

During the first quarter of 1981, I was able to travel to the groups in Sydney, Wollongong, Brisbane, and Adelaide to pass on what Bapak had shown us. *Zone One News,* published by the Zone Coordinators of the Asian Zone, did a splendid job in reporting the Conference, with full-length transcripts of Bapak's talks. *The National Reporter* also continued to perform well, communicating within Australia the sense of belonging to a Zonal neighbourhood which had developed at the Conference. This was a high point for Australia and the Zone.

At Easter the Subud National Congress was held in Brisbane. The National Dewan had decided to arrive four days before the Congress and prepare themselves by doing latihan and testing. Such was the close feeling of brotherhood with the Subud New Zealand National Helpers that, when invited, the whole of their National Dewan joined us, staying two weeks from 8 April to 21 April. A number of group helpers also arrived early. This was the first time Australian helpers had deliberately taken the step to prepare themselves in this way for a Congress.

The National Committee were invited and took part in the preparatory latihans. This arrangement meant that in effect the Congress started four days early, and in that time the participants had established a calm and quiet state in themselves. Instead of the first meetings of Congress being marked by long discussions and a sense of heavy business, it was easy, light and joyful.

Bapak's message to the Congress seemed like a confirmation: *...The right way is that you should preface anything you are going to discuss with your worship of God.*

About this time the timber house at the Subud Centre in Heatherton became vacant. I decided to move there and, because it was forty minutes drive from the centre of Melbourne, I would work from home. The Centre consisted of a hectare of land with two houses, one brick and one timber, and the latihan hall. Subud families lived in the brick house and in two neighbouring houses. I entered into an agreement to provide the capital to renovate the timber house and this was to be offset against the rent. I hired my niece, who was an architect, to remodel the house.

Living at the Subud House inevitably meant that members began to drop in with questions to discuss or test. My life was more than ever taken up with helper's work. It was a full and wonderfully rewarding time. Added to this I was to have the opportunity to visit groups in the Subud Asian Zone.

Chapter Nine

Visits to the Asian Zone

In May 1981 I began to travel to Thailand for my work. The project was a feasibility study for a fertiliser handling facility in Bangkok for the ACFT, the Thai Government Rice Cooperative. The funding came from the Australian Government Department of Trade and Resources. When I arrived bulk fertiliser was being imported through an existing wharf and warehouse on the lower reaches of the Chao Pyha River. Here peasant workers spent long hours in the dusty atmosphere hand-filling sacks and shouldering them on to barges for shipping up country. The study was to investigate the possibility of expanding and modernising the facility. I had an intense program of research, spending the days with local engineers, politicians and government officials, and the evenings writing up my findings. I also spent long periods at the existing fertiliser warehouses on the river collecting data to design a new wharf and bagging factory. It was important to choose a handling system that would increase the efficiency and throughput without reducing the labour force and one which would improve working conditions. This was done by introducing small conveyors for higher stacking and installing simple dust controlled bagging equipment.

It was my first visit to Thailand and I quickly came to appreciate the people's Buddhist attitude of tolerance and quiet acceptance of life. They were very nice people to work with. On the down side, the Thais are called the 'You-can't-do-anything-about-it-people.' The labourers working in the choking dust were an example of this and in Bangkok it was reflected in the chaotic traffic with its noise and pollution, and in the urban poverty and acceptance of prostitution.

There was a small Subud group in Bangkok which held latihan twice a week in the home of an Englishman, Kristiaan Inwood, married to a Thai. In one of these latihans I had a strong experience. I became deeply quiet and entered a state of extreme bliss. As I continued to surrender I saw inwardly, a short distance away, a statue of the Buddha sitting in the lotus position on a raised dais. My near surroundings were dark. The Buddha was translucent like green jade. I felt that the blissful state was connected with the image, as if I were experiencing a Buddhist state emanating from the Buddha. I noticed that the statue was lit from behind and I felt that the light from beyond the statue was the power of the latihan. My understanding was that the latihan was higher or more ultimate than the state of bliss. Along with this insight I was aware of a separation between the bliss and my inner self. The separation was tenuous. I did not want to give up the blissful state and leave it. The latihan lasted for about forty minutes and only when the helper called 'Stop!' did I gradually came out of it. I remained strongly affected, as one is in a state of love, for several days. This experience showed me the compelling attraction of Nirvana-like bliss and how I could easily wish to stay in that state. But I had also experienced that there was something beyond the bliss which was the goal of my surrender.

At the Subud Asian Zone Conference in January there had been some talk of helping Subud members to leave communist Vietnam. Most delegates had agreed that it was too dangerous for amateur intervention. At best, we could send them things they needed. When Ramdhan Simpson, who was the Australian Committee Councillor at the time, had said that he might go there I had tried to relieve the seriousness of his idea by quipping, 'When you come back, I'll have a cup of tea ready for you.' Now in a hotel room in Bangkok I welcomed Ramdhan. He had just come out of Vietnam. Normally he was a person who joked about everything. The Ramdhan I now met was badly shaken. We immediately did latihan. In my latihan I experienced utter despair. The suffering that Ramdhan had picked up I felt was unbearable. I don't know whether I felt the suffering of the members that he had met or the ugly ambience of the war-torn society, or both. When that was 'unloaded', he got his cup of tea.

The opportunity to travel in South East Asia fitted very well with the Kejiwaan Councillor role of fostering closer relationships within the Asian Zone. I was to return to Thailand three times and each time I extended my trip to visit other neighbouring countries.

The first of these visits was to Japan. This was a natural choice as Bapak had appointed the Japanese Councillors, Rozak Tatebe and Ichiki Toida as Zone Coordinators. We talked about their ideas for Australian cooperation with Zone publications and budget management. Almost immediately I arrived I felt myself following and participating in the nuances of Japanese manners and refined courtesy. This was the clearest experience that I had had of the potential of the latihan to allow us to enter into the character and behaviour of another culture. As a result I felt very much at home with my Japanese brothers and sisters. From their side the Tokyo group was most hospitable, providing accommodation in Subud House and delegating members to take care of my needs for a week, cooking meals and acting as travel guides. One, a professor's wife who spoke English, took me to the gardens near the Emperor's palace where, from the arch of a classic wooden footbridge, we watched golden carp swim in circles around our reflections and walked in a sea of purple irises bounded by aged and manicured pines. The men members worked long hours at their businesses, leaving home before dawn and returning after dark, yet some found time to take me to visit the Subud enterprises. DaishoTradingCompany was the most successful but there were several others, including one for building interiors, another for paper-making and a baby-minding creche. Outside the creche there was a neatly painted sign with what I thought was an incorrect Subud symbol. It had only four of the seven circles with seven rays. The family however explained that they had asked Bapak and he had given them this symbol for their enterprise. During an evening out at a restaurant I discovered another face of the Japanese—a night of almost continuous jokes and unbridled laughter. In Kyoto I was guided around huge timber temples and elegant gardens of sculptured trees thronged with tourists but wonderful to see. In Osaka I was accompanied to latihan down a maze of narrow lanes where I'm sure no foreigner was ever seen. The visit to Japan was in every way a most joyful experience.

On the way back to Bangkok I stopped over in Hong Kong, hoping to meet the group. Getting no reply from the contact numbers, I took a taxi to Husein Rofe's address. I found him at home and when I showed an interest in his translation services for my clients he enthusiastically showed me his new equipment for printing reports in foreign language characters. About Subud he explained that the group was fragmented and there were no regular latihan times, but he was able to give me the address of Nicky Carim, the Kejiwaan Councillor. It was late in the day before I was able to track Nicky down and then only to be told that everyone was too busy making money to be much interested in Subud Zonal matters or even to arrange a latihan with a visitor. 'Life is unashamedly materialistic,' he said. However we had latihan in his small apartment, and I departed for Bangkok the next morning.

A few years later Bapak's grand-daughter Indra said that Bapak had recommended that she and her husband Leonard not live for long in Hong Kong because of the strong effect of material forces.

In September I attended the National Congress in Christchurch with my fellow Councillors. In the evenings after latihan the men helpers conducted testing for individual members. The topics covered such important issues as finding the right type of work according to one's talent, becoming aware of personal blockages to spiritual progress, and for some, the direction of education for their children. Many people were helped. I took the opportunity to test with the helpers which countries in the Zone I should visit during my future travels. We received that Bangladesh was a high priority.

When the time came to go back to Thailand I decided to go via Jakarta and tell Bapak of my travel plans. Bapak asked about the situation in Australia and I was able to report on the recent close cooperation between the National Dewan and the National Committee. Bapak confirmed the value of such working together. 'It will help the Committee to avoid having doubts about their direction.' he said. 'And for the helpers it will avoid isolation of the spiritual from the material, which gives rise to problems of authority.'

He then cited as an example Sadat's confrontation with the fundamentalists of the Islamic clergy in Egypt, leading to his assassination. At the time the implication that I may have been divorcing the spiritual from the material at my personal peril passed over my head.

Bapak agreed about my going to Bangladesh and advised me to appoint more helpers and encourage the members.

After a week in Bangkok, working with a local economist on the ACFT feasibility study, I went to Dacca. I telephoned the Subud contact I had been given, Dr Mokaddem, who recommended a hotel near his home. It turned out to be a remnant of colonial times, spacious, high ceilings, tile floors, ceiling fans, and staff in white uniforms. It was a small oasis of cleanliness and quiet in a dusty and noisy city. He arrived an hour or so later and greeted me with a natural ebullience, speaking good English with charm and a ready smile. He explained that he was a medical doctor working for the government running a clinic several days a week, and went on to share with me the details of his life and plans. He was, he said, the only Subud member living in the city; the other three lived some hours away up country. He invited me to his home for the evening meal and left me to change. As I looked from my second floor balcony across the eastern landscape of low roof tops and mosque minarets, I remember feeling both the timelessness of the moment and strangely delighted with being here. Had I picked up these feelings from my new friend? I wondered. I left for his house in the growing dusk travelling in a battered taxi along dusty streets past broken plaster walls ancient with layers of faded posters and political graffiti. Most people walked and all were men in this strictly Islamic country. Mokaddem's wife served us a tasty meal of curried vegetables and other dishes, standing apart from the table and replenishing our plates, then joined us with her daughter for tea in the sitting room.

The next day I accompanied Mokaddem to his clinic. It was small and very simple in a poor and run-down district of the city—one room plus a bare waiting area—where the sick could come for

free advice and basic treatment. I waited an hour or so while he attended to his patients, watching the passing scene on the worn and broken pavement outside. In a crowded minibus, he explained that he could leave the government and start his own practice but was continuing in the job because he felt useful. His happy demeanour and optimism confirmed he was at peace with his choice. We had lunch at the hotel and later did latihan in my room. Mokaddem hadn't been long in Subud and was grateful to share the latihan. I introduced him to testing, which was new to him. We tested to see the benefit to his country if more people could receive the latihan and, remembering what Bapak had advised about appointing more helpers, we tested how it would be for him to become a helper. He was reluctant to put himself forward but he did receive that he should approach his brothers and sisters, who were well-known people in Bangladesh, and tell them about the latihan.

It happened that the next evening one of Mokaddem's brothers was to have a family party. As a result of his receiving in the testing, he decided to go along and asked me to join him. Near the city centre we arrived at a large two-storey house set well back from a wide street. The cars parked in the driveway and the light streaming from the windows showed that the party had started. Mokaddem said that he didn't keep up with his family's social life, as his work and income were modest. Inside the well-appointed house I found a gathering of about thirty people including children, three generations of his extended family. I was introduced to an older brother, Mr G Kibria, Finance Secretary to the Parliament, and recently appointed to be Alternate Director of the World Bank for his region, and Mr Kibria's wife Nedera, a Professor of English at Dacca University. Nedera's sister, a heroine of the Bangladesh independence movement was there and a number of high-ranking army officers and other public figures. I felt the latihan flow strong in my body and feelings and, with some encouragement from Mokaddem, was soon answering questions about Subud.

The latihan brought a numinosity to the discussion which the people picked up and responded to enthusiastically, calling more of the adults from other parts of the house to come and hear about it.

The economist showed particular interest, asking about Subud in the USA. While I was talking I felt that something miraculous was happening. There I was in a state of latihan with people who were important to Bangladesh and I was telling them about Subud. I felt that this was an assignment from Bapak and carried a blessing.

Returning to Bangkok, I wrote to Livingston Dodson, a Subud friend in the USA, asking him if he could follow up the contact with the World Bank economist in Washington. As for the others I had met at the party, I could only report to Bapak what had happened and leave it to the Zone Coordinators to follow up.

Mokaddem confirmed the benefit of the visit for him and he remained an active member of Subud thereafter.

Back in Australia, Halimah Armytage and I as National Helpers for the South East Region visited Adelaide and Hobart. In Adelaide we were welcomed with enthusiasm and joyful feelings but soon found there was some tension in the men's group. The problem was that an older man was disturbed in the latihan by the noise made by a younger member. The latter in turn felt he should have the freedom to be noisy. They were irreconcilable on this issue. At first it seemed obvious enough that the older man should be more patient and try to surrender his feeling of disturbance. However, when I did latihan with them I received that there was more to it. The older man's desire for quietness was a kind of rigidity limiting his surrender and the younger man was adding to his already very active latihan additional sounds which did not come from his latihan. While both reacted to the other they remained unaware of their own manifestations. Armed with this understanding I tested with each of them. Unfortunately neither could separate from his reactions to the other enough to see his own situation. It was not a problem that could be solved in one short visit.

In Hobart we found that attendance at the men's latihan had been falling off and the helper had become rather discouraged. All the members turned out for our visit and there was talk of moving the latihan from the present small rooms to a larger venue.

I suggested instead that they enlarge the two rooms into a small hall by knocking out the dividing wall. They obtained permission from the owner and we did the work ourselves, making the occasion an opportunity for remembering our latihan as we worked. The benefit of these three days together revitalised the men's group.

In November the Dewan of National Helpers met in Perth. It was for the first time in four years. The National Committee Chairman and the Committee Councillor decided to visit at the same time. As Bapak had suggested a few weeks earlier, we had brought the helper and committee activities together. The visit was a great success. For the committee it was an opportunity to involve the Perth members in the discussions then under way in Australia about an International Subud Centre in Sydney. For the helpers we achieved more than we could have hoped for. We were given a house for conducting interviews and for four days met continuously, daytime and evenings, testing individually with members who, through their isolation, were stuck in some aspect of their Subud or private life. We were also able to break a long deadlock in the helpers' group and confirm the appointment of new candidate helpers.

It was during this visit that I had an experience in the latihan where my inner feeling was used to help someone without my initiative or direction. It was in the group latihan. I suddenly started to weep and felt a terrible grief. I continued to surrender until it finally lifted, leaving me feeling deeply cleansed. I knew that it was connected with one of the members. After the latihan the member came to me and said that he felt a great burden had been lifted from him in the latihan. He said that some weeks before he had allowed his baby daughter to play near some wire in his factory where she had damaged one of her eyes. He blamed himself for the accident and could not escape the despair. I understood that through the latihan I had, entirely without my conscious intention, experienced and surrendered the grief and despair which the member could not surrender for himself.

I returned to Thailand for the third time in December and took the opportunity to travel on to India and Sri Lanka. There had been few overseas visitors to India since Bapak's last world journey in 1970 and it was clear, when the Indian Kejiwaan Councillors had failed to attend the Asian Zone Conference, that there was a need for someone to go there and see what help could be given. The Asian Zone Coordinators, who themselves were not free to travel, warmly supported any visit. I contacted the Indian Councillors and they suggested that I go to the three main groups, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and in this way see as many members as possible. I arranged to stay two days in each place and two days in Colombo.

I flew from Bangkok to Calcutta. I found the conditions for the people of the city worse than I could have imagined. Devastation had been added to the desperate poverty and neglect that was endemic. Long stretches of the main streets in the city centre had been excavated for a subway and left to lie open for lack of funds.

In Subud I found that there were only ten active members and one remaining helper, where a few years before there had been several hundred. I was asked on my arrival to visit and do latihan with a dying member, lying gaunt and wasted on a rope stretcher. Strangely, this latihan was a turning point for me. Where my initial reaction to all this wretchedness had cut me off, I now felt myself belonging in that moment, in that place, close to these people and their situation. From the dying man's house we went to collect a long-time member who, I was told, had not done latihan for some time. We were asked to come in and wait. A few minutes later a holy man with robes and long hair appeared from inside the house and departed through the front door without a word. Soon after, the member came out from the same place. From his flustered welcome I realised he was embarrassed because we had interrupted him with his guru. We crowded into an ancient taxi and arrived at the house where latihan was to be held just as rain began to fall. After the latihan I gave the latest Subud news about the developing activity in our Zone. It seemed to touch a chord in their feelings.

They had known better days in Subud, when there had been a flourishing group, and they had looked to the latihan as the promise for a better life. They began to talk with enthusiasm about the inactive helpers coming back. It was a lesson in hope.

As the evening went on I could hear the wind and heavy rain beating down outside. We had been on the edge of a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal and now it had arrived. By midnight the electricity had failed and objects could be heard crashing around the house. There was no chance of getting a taxi, so my host said he would walk with me to my hotel about a kilometre away. Outside, the howling wind, loaded with solid sheets of rain, battered every moving thing. The noise was deafening. Loose shutters banged and clattered, walls and buildings seemed to scream, trying to escape the relentless gale. Flashes of lightning lit the total blackness of the night. I glimpsed trees and branches fallen across the road, which had become a river of swirling water, its surface whipped into a frenzy. I had come out with my umbrella up but it was blown inside out. In a moment I was drenched. All I could do was follow the dancing torchlight of my friend. By the time we got to the main street two blocks away the water was above my knees. As the water became deeper the spray was blinding. I wondered where the open manholes might be and thought I might be swallowed up. I tried not to lose my friend, now well ahead, a small silhouette in a lightning flash.

My mind was suddenly clear and still. The latihan was strong. I felt at one with the dramatic surroundings. *Alone in a dark flooded street in Calcutta in a cyclone*. Rising water. Lashing rain on my face. The roar of the storm. I thanked God and pressed on against the wind and water.

Half an hour after leaving the house we arrived on the steps of the hotel. My brother turned back without a word and disappeared into the darkness. I pulled off my shoes, adding to the pool of water on the smooth marble floor of the brightly-lit foyer.

My next visit was Bombay. I wrote at the time:

'Manavendra Bose, the Committee Councillor for Subud India, met me at the Bombay airport. Looking well and prosperous, he greeted me with his warm and humorous smile and took me to his comfortable apartment. His wife Hasiyah is from a Bangladesh family and has the characteristic interests of her people in the arts—which has made them the poets and writers of the sub-continent. They were the perfect hosts, treating me to lunch at one of Bombay's new luxury hotels and taking me to see the new and fashionable high-rise developments near the ocean. The weather was balmy.'

After my experience in Calcutta the contrast could not have been more extreme. It was as if, through providence, I should see the two sides of India—the poverty and the affluence.

Membership of Subud in Bombay had never been large but now it had almost totally dispersed. Some, I heard, had re-established a Khrisnamurti group. In spite of this my hosts spoke with hope of reinvigorating Subud throughout India. Manavendra and I did latihan and tested about what he could do. It was clear that he would have to have a much stronger intention if anything significant was to happen. Hasiyah was the Indian Kejiwaan Councillor for the women. I told her about the two women probationers waiting to be opened in Bangladesh. She agreed she would go there if funds could be found. Later in Australia I was able to arrange her travel costs.

After two days I flew to Madras in the south of the country. The Madras and nearby Bangalore groups were the most active in India at the time. I was met by Maitreya, the Indian Kejiwaan Councillor for the men. Devoted to the latihan, he was the local helper and elder figure to a dozen or so young men who made up the local group. That evening we did latihan in the open on the flat roof of one of their houses. Miraculously, the sounds of their vigorous latihan vanished into the night air and surrounding coconut palms without seeming to disturb or draw the attention of neighbours. Afterwards we sipped tea together under the stars as they enthusiastically plied me with questions about Subud.

They were mostly young bachelors, well educated, but poor. I found out later that they spent most of their meagre incomes on charitable works in the community.

Maitreya and I met several times at my hotel for latihan. Our testing showed how important it was for Subud in India that he travel to visit other groups and, on the question of funding, that he should accept financial help from the Zone—although accepting charity was against his principles. He confided that he had felt isolated and was particularly grateful for the opportunity to do testing with another helper. For me, sharing worship with this good man alone justified my trip to India.

Established in 1957, Colombo was one of the first Subud groups outside Indonesia. When I visited there were about fifty active members and they had long owned their Subud House. The group, I found, had been for many years almost completely isolated from contact with other Subud members because of the country's political situation, which made foreign travel impossible. After the latihan the ladies had arranged a supper but before it was served I was asked to answer any questions. Whereas in Madras the members were relatively new and needed to confirm their latihan experience with a visiting helper, here in Colombo the situation was quite the opposite. Most members had been in Subud since the early days and all but three of the twenty men were helpers.The questions centred on the responsibility of helpers to expand the membership. Speakers expressed their opinions rather dogmatically, as if, I thought, to provoke the views of others without exposing their personal doubts on the issue. Someone asked about testing. Here my examples of questions that we had tested in New Zealand—where we spontaneously followed the needs of the situation in framing our questions—brought an explosion of debate. Some said that this approach validated their long-withheld feeling that everyone should be free to follow their own receiving. Others disagreed. Having gone through disappointing experiences where rapid growth in membership had not been sustained, they insisted that there would be problems unless questions were prepared before testing began.

It seemed from the passion of these discussions that a lot of energy was being suppressed by the prevailing dogmatism. Some wanted to test; others resisted. Nothing happened. Instead question time ended and we retired to a banquet-sized supper. Later I realised that this propensity for vigorous debate was what made some Ceylon people such excellent public speakers. I passed on all this to the Zone Coordinators and the International Helpers whose job was to travel regularly to isolated groups to help with such questions.

Throughout the visit my hosts were extremely hospitable, entertaining me to dinner and showing me the sights. As I was driven through the city I recognised several faded buildings that I had seen in their colonial splendour thirty years earlier. Colombo like its people was caught in a time warp. After two days at Subud House I returned to Bangkok. This was the last of my business trips to Thailand and the last of my opportunities to visit Subud groups in Asian Zone countries. I travelled from there to Auckland.

Bapak's world tour that year had been reported regularly in Subud World News. Now, talking to Erling (Mark) Week, who had travelled with Bapak in North America in June and July 1981, he fired my interest to get a copy of Bapak's talks of the journey, published as *All of Mankind*.

I was particularly interested to read Bapak's insightful explanation of the problem of *I* as encountered through the inner process of the latihan—the problem of *I* that had sparked my interest in the inner life at Coombe Springs twenty-five years earlier. I read:

… Bapak wants to explain to you about the word 'I'. The word 'I' is a very important thing to have and use. But if you misunderstand it or misuse it, or if you are not clear about it, then it can also be very dangerous, because we say all the time, 'I do this' or 'I do that' or 'I know that.' But who is 'I'?

The nature of a human being embraces what we call the lower forces. These are elements of life in this world which participate in our being and through which we are able to live here. They start with the material force. If we were oblivious to this force we would be unable to create our houses, clothes, transport and so on.

There is the vegetable life force, which we get from eating and so makes up our physical body, and the animal force which comes to us through the meat and microscopic organisms.

Then there is the life force of human beings. All these and higher forces co-inhabit our being. These are our friends. So we have to be aware of them, and we have to live with them and know how to deal with them. If we really knew it, God has been incredibly wise, kind and perfect in what he has created for us in this world. But these life forces are only for this world. They accompany us only to the threshold of death, because beyond that we no longer need them and we no longer can share our life with them.

To repeat, our being is filled with life forces, each of which is vying for influence within our being. [We feel them as our needs, wishes and desires.] So when we say 'I', it's not at all easy to be clear who is 'I' and who is influencing 'I' at that moment.

The purpose and significance of the latihan kejiwaan is to enable us to experience the separation of 'I' from all the lower forces which manifest within us through the nafsu (passions). The latihan trains us to constantly experience the separation of 'I', or our real 'I', from all these lower forces so that gradually we get to know who is 'I' when 'I' is no longer influenced by the material, vegetable, animal and the human.

[Recording 81 YVR 1]

CG Jung describes the same dilemma in psychological terms in his *Collected Works 11*, pars 138-49: 'We have got accustomed to saying … "I have such a desire or habit or feeling of resentment," instead of the more veracious "Such and such a desire or habit or feeling of resentment *has me.*"'

Mary Watkins in referring to Gurdjieff's claim that we spend most of our lives in a state of waking sleep also puts it clearly in her book *Waking Dreams*, 1971: 'As our thoughts, feelings, and actions come to the edge of our conscious field, our awareness goes out to meet them and merges with them. As our awareness becomes absorbed and attached to the emotion, thought or action, *we become it.*'

The year 1981 saw Subud activity in Australia and the Asian Zone expanding rapidly. A growing closeness between members in different countries in the Zone was reflected in the publishing of *The Reporter* as a joint Australian and New Zealand magazine and the launching of *Zone One News* with Japan. Although we didn't know it at the time, this enthusiasm and show of capability was a prelude to the coming of the International Subud Committee to Australia, and the attempt to build an International Centre in Sydney.

So much was happening in Australia which required policy decisions from the members it was decided to call an Australian Compact Congress in Sydney at the end of January 1982, instead of waiting for the next bi-annual National Congress in 1983. The National Helpers Dewan would meet at the same time.

It was an extremely busy occasion. The National Committee had its agenda of business to complete with the group delegates; the Sydney group members expected time with the National Helpers; and the International Centre Project team wanted to use the occasion to present their progress report—all in three days. In addition we were joined by the New Zealand National Helpers, swelling our Dewan meeting to fourteen men and women.

Soon after arrival matters became complicated when the National Helpers were asked to resolve a problem in the Sydney helpers' group. It transpired that prior to Congress one of the older men helpers had unilaterally appointed several members as candidate helpers. Several of the other Sydney helpers and a majority of members did not agree with these appointments. Because of the seriousness of the difficulty and to increase the chance of us receiving the right answer in our testing, we asked the New Zealand National Helpers to join us in the testing. This meant we were seven men National Helpers and seven or so Sydney men helpers. First we had a latihan together with the proposed candidate helpers. Then we tested with each candidate separately, asking him to show his suitability to become a helper at that time. The receiving of the National Helpers was unanimous that three of the candidates were unsuitable. The older helper who had appointed them disagreed and insisted that he had received otherwise. He would not accept the testing.

The candidates agreed to follow the testing and withdraw but the older helper was for a time upset with us, and with me in particular because as Kejiwaan Councillor I had been spokesman on behalf of the Dewan.

Apart from that one incident the Compact Congress went very well. On the Saturday night the men's latihan was crowded with about fifty members. As it finished we tested together—receiving the latihan in parts of the body in the way Bapak had suggested at the Asian Conference. It was dramatic. Almost everyone responded with vigour. It was the first time I had tried testing with a group and I only did so with such a large number because it felt right at the moment. (Normally we did this testing with individuals or small numbers). Several people came up afterwards and said that they had greatly benefited from the experience. Two or three had to be told to stop because it was overwhelming.

In April 1982 Bapak began a two-month Asian tour, coming to Australia, New Zealand and Japan, and arriving in Sydney on 8 May. The Melbourne group made a big effort to prepare for the visit. The brick house was extended and the new wing furnished for Bapak, the latihan hall was redecorated, and garden paths paved. The car park was also completed and a marquee erected in the grounds as a dining hall for visitors. The timber house was used as a centre for helper activity. Bapak stayed ten days.

When it came to his four talks to the group—Bapak emphasised the need for helpers to care more for the members. He seemed disappointed with their progress. He then tested some of the helpers and National Helpers. I particularly remember three of us being moved to show the walk of army generals of various nationalities. This type of testing served to show that the latihan developed our capacity to know the character of people. These talks were recorded on video tape. (Melbourne, 7 May 1982)

Bapak had started his visit in Perth and had been joined by a number of overseas visitors. Among them was a group of about ten South African members who had taken the opportunity to see Bapak in Australia because they could not get visas to enter Indonesia.

When they arrived in Melbourne they asked Bapak for an interview. The meeting was held in the sitting room of the timber house and may not have been recorded. Bapak was asked, 'How can we attract the black people of our country to the latihan?' He said:

If you go to them and try and encourage them to join, they will be nervous of you and your intentions. They will certainly not be comfortable to join you. But if you really want them to join, then they will feel the sincerity of your attitude and will feel free to come. It is a matter of attitude.

A number of us travelled to Sydney where Bapak confirmed that the next ISC, starting 1983, would be in Australia. Then, with an ever-enlarging party, we continued on to New Zealand for Bapak's ten-day stay in Auckland. He arrived in mid-May and moved into Mark Week's beautiful house in Whitford. The party consisted of Bapak and Mastuti, Rahayu, Muti, Tuti and Sjarif. No expense was spared in preparing for and taking care of them. A large part of the New Zealand membership attended Bapak's talks and a school hall was hired for latihans. As the visit progressed he conducted a series of tests in front of the members—to choose a new committee, to illustrate the action of forces in our lives, and to show individuals traits in their nature.

One of these sessions was particularly important for me. In testing me he revealed *a priest* in my character. The test clearly showed that I was not balancing my outer and inner life. This had a very strong impact and I resolved to redress this inbalance by turning my attention more actively to my professional work.

Some time later I recalled an experience that I had in the first years of latihan at Coombe Springs in which I rejected my maternal grandfather. The experience had always puzzled me because he was the most religious person in my family line—a Baptist lay-preacher who had lived an exemplary Christian life to the end of his days. Now I saw that what I had received to reject was not my grandfather *per se*, but a propensity that I had inherited, or learned in childhood, to live like a *priest* in outer life.

After the Idul Fitri celebration at the end of July I visited Central Kalimantan with a small group of members, which included Harlinah Longcroft, Sahlan North, Simon Gerrand and Hassan Vogel, to see the site for the proposed Subud township at Tengkiling. We flew from Jakarta to the southern port city of Banjamasing and then travelled by speedboat up the huge rivers of the southern delta. It took six hours to reach the inland provincial capital of Palangka Raya. From there we were driven along an old Russian road to the village of Tengkiling. It was a joyful trip, the more so because we had just completed the Ramadhan fast. I felt a great sense of optimism. Here was a virgin place free of constraints. At the village of Tengkiling I immediately saw from the high water marks on the houses that the Subud land was susceptible to flooding. I hired survey equipment from the government offices in Palangka Raya and examined the river level records. My measurements established that about one-third of the land we had bought was regularly flooded and was therefore unsuitable for housing development. I wrote a detailed report for the Subud Kalimantan Committee who, as a result, began to negotiate for additional higher land.

Back in Australia, Sharif Horthy called me from Jakarta asking me to bid for the engineering design of Bapak's hotel project. This was a proposal for the S.Widjojo company to build a large modern hotel in Jakarta. An architectural concept had been developed by Hassan Vogel and preliminary feasibility studies had been produced. I contacted Mathew Shanley, with whom I had worked on the S.Widjojo building design, and Warnock & Chapman one of Sydney's best structural engineering consultants. We prepared a joint-venture offer detailing the complete design and drawing schedule with manhours and costs. It was used as a comparison with an offer by the Hong Kong branch of the international consultants Ove Arup & Partners who designed the engineering of the Sydney Opera House. The hotel project did not proceed because the cost of other large scale Subud projects was stretching the investment capacity of the Subud membership.

Meantime I continued to travel as a National Helper to the main centres in Australia, then in November flew to New Zealand to attend a men helpers' gathering in Wellington. These nation-wide gatherings had been held three times a year since 1976 and attracted twenty or so active New Zealand men helpers. Helpers need experience if they are to assist members with testing questions and the intent of these gatherings was to widen the helpers' experience through extended periods of latihan and testing over three days. There was no agenda. The latihan produced the topics for testing. There was, however, a conscious decision to avoid hypothetical problems and deal only with real situations. This meant that the helpers' own personal questions were as much the topic of tests as were the unsolved problems they brought from their groups. A feature of the meetings was the testing with the candidate helpers present to find their strengths and weaknesses. Clearly they gained confidence by this experience and their attendance at the gathering did much to forge a good working relationship with the older helpers. Later this experience was shared with the helpers in groups around Australia.

Chapter Ten

International Subud Centre

In April 1982 we heard that Bapak had a special receiving in Perth which indicated that Australia should be one of five locations in the world for an International Subud Centre. These Centres are physical facilities with a latihan hall, resident helpers and a secretariat where the worldwide spiritual and organisational activities of Subud are administered. The first was *Wisma Subud* in Indonesia which had a large residential component, and the second was *Anugraha* in England, a conference centre being built at the time.

When Bapak arrived in Sydney he launched the Australian International Centre project and gave it the name Susila Dharma. (Later this was changed to Project Sunrise.) He selected five directors through testing, Ramdhan Simpson, Joshua Baker, Luqman Keele, Livingstone Armytage and myself. Whereas Bapak had personally directed all previous international projects—Cilandak, the S.Widjojo Centre, the BSB Bank, Anugraha and the Jakarta Hotel, he now indicated that the Australian International Centre would be up to us. Sydney was confirmed as the location. With the coincidence of the Subud World Congress with the Australian Bicentenary in 1988, Subud's interest focussed on Darling Harbour where the Sydney City Council had proposed an extensive re-development of the railway yards into a multi-purpose public and commercial facility to celebrate the event. The decision on the project was to be made by the New South Wales State Government. Our idea was that Subud might build a conference centre along the lines of Anugraha as part of the re-development.

Luqman had experience in theme-park design in the USA and led the concept planning. I had met him in Cilandak and knew that he was creative, talented and hard-working. Under his direction the scope of the Susila Dharma project rapidly expanded into a re-development plan for all of Darling Harbour, comprising a kilometre of waterfront bordering the central business district. To an extent this was justified. Any opportunity that Subud might have depended on the government developing the whole site.

On 3 July 1982 at the end of Ramadhan, after presentation of the plan to the Premier of New South Wales, Neville Wran, the Susila Dharma team travelled to Indonesia to report to Bapak. About the meeting with the government he said, 'Bapak feels that we are going to meet with thorns along the way. …' 'Thorns' were not a 'brick wall', so we assumed we should persevere.

On 7 January 1983 I moved to Sydney to work fulltime on the project. Apart from director's duties concerned with company matters, property purchases, and so on, I prepared a number of engineering studies—the excavation of the harbour to its original shoreline; the repair of Pyrmont Bridge (support from the Institution of Engineers Australia, contributed to it being saved from demolition); and traffic patterns and parking requirements for the adjoining Pyrmont peninsula. I also worked with quantity surveyors to produce construction programs and cost estimates for various schemes.

The scope of the project continued to expand and with it the costs of the studies. At the personality level it wasn't long before there were difficulties. The board of directors would meet and agree a budget only to find at the following meeting that the company had been committed to new expenditures beyond its resources. Borrowings began to soar. The directors became concerned and some alarmed. The problem was taken to Bapak. He suggested that the consultants (architects, engineers, planners, designers, etc) be set up as a separate entity to the holding (finance) company. He referred to the Anugraha project, where the architect was in the holding company and things were not going well financially for the same reason. Bapak gave the consulting entity the name *Budhi Susila*.

This separation of responsibility had always been the most common form of organisational structure for development projects worldwide. It provides the necessary checks and balances between finance and design which make projects economically feasible. The importance of this advice, however, was not appreciated and Bapak's guidance was not implemented. In my view this was the turning point for the project. From there on there was no accountability. We began to 'reap the whirlwind'.

As time went on another problem developed. This was a loss of direction. Bapak had given us the task of producing an International Subud Centre, a building. This required an architect's professional methodology starting with an assessment of Subud's needs and production of a clear brief. Luqman had no architectural training or knowledge. He was a filmmaker. As I saw it, he treated the project like a film story; it wasn't grounded in material reality. Bapak tried to solve this by advising him to study architecture. In spite of his willingness to study, there was of course not time to master the disciplines of building science. And the fact that the team did not have a clear brief for the International Subud Centre building meant that every time a practical difficulty arose, such as our siting of a Subud facility on public or prohibitively expensive land, the project was redefined. At one stage the International Subud Centre project was changed from a building to a consulting enterprise. After a time this way of working became a headlong rush from scheme to scheme, hoping to strike the right answer. Bapak said, 'Luqman has too many ideas' and tried to help the situation by appointing an American geologist as managing director. This didn't solve the problem. Although the responsibility for administration was separated from the design function the lack of clear direction continued as before.

By July I had become very dissatisfied with the situation. I several times sought guidance through testing as to whether to resign. The receiving was that I should not.

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During this period, from 13 to 22 March 1983, I attended the Asian Zone Congress in Jakarta. At that time congresses made up of Councillors were the point of distillation of World Subud experience. It was still possible for Councillors through their dewans and committees to know what was happening within the membership and so truly to represent them. Although Compact Councils and International Helper meetings later took over this role, I remain convinced that the original Councillor structure produced the most effective exchange of real experiences. The (later) upper layer tended to lose touch with the membership.

The Conference was described as: 'The long-awaited forum for Councillors to discuss overall trends in Subud life and the chance to check and compare progress in each others' situations and circumstances.' It was a most harmonious and productive time. The Kejiwaan Councillor meetings were conducted with such respect for the latihan and each other that it was a joy to participate. There was a variety of opinions about the use of body testing. A concise report on the topics discussed was submitted to Bapak with questions, one of which was: 'To what extent should helpers practise body testing with the members to feel the latihan in all parts of the body?'

Bapak responded with a long talk. He said, 'To answer your question, Bapak wants to start by explaining to you that in tackling a problem we have to approach it comprehensively and not piecemeal.' This made a lot of sense to me. I felt he was saying that we should try to understand the principle instead of looking for a ruling.

A theme of Bapak's talks was the results of the latihan. 'Subud is based on proof,' he said. He asked us for examples of the benefit of the latihan in our lives. He went on to say how everything has its consequences. Even birth deformities of children (which often seem so unjust) were a consequence of something. *The Zone Reporter* brought out a special issue which gave an excellent coverage of the proceedings and SPI published Bapak's talks in the colour magazine *Subud World*.

Two weeks later in Australia the spirit of cooperation enjoyed at the Asian Zone Conference became a cornerstone of our National Congress in Melbourne. The needs of the other countries in the Zone became our needs and Bapak's explanations to the Kejiwaan Councillors became the starting point for a fresh look at helpers' work. The Zonal Conference was achieving real results.

As the World Congress at Anugraha in England approached, I decided I would visit Muchtar Martins in Portugal. I had known him in Sydney during his work as an architect on Project Sunrise and was interested to know more about his current plans for a Subud development at Albergaria, Bucelas. At least that was my intention. I arrived in London on 24 July 1983 and immediately took the ferry to France and the train through Spain to Lisbon. From the moment I boarded the cross-Channel ferry my attention was drawn to the young people going on holiday. I was shocked by their rough behaviour. Their language and movements were coarse and they acted without consideration for anyone or anything. It was more than the exuberance of youth, there was something wild and barbaric about them. I was dismayed and sad—this was the next generation whom I would rather have loved and respected. On the train in France the European students were much the same.

Muchtar kindly, and at some inconvenience, put me up in his flat for a four-day stay. What I didn't know was that I had arrived at the same time as the Subud Youth Camp was being held at Albergaria. I went out to the site and found it attended by a large colourful group of young people from many countries. I had a good impression of their demeanour compared with those I had encountered on the ferry. As time went on I found that there was a wide range of ages and backgrounds, and this meant that younger children from more conservative backgrounds were brought together with older youth from more permissive cultures. Parents had allowed their children to attend on the understanding that it was a supervised Subud camp. In fact there were too few adults to set and maintain the ground rules. Soon I heard that there were problems with minors drinking alcohol in the local village.

Muchtar Martins and guitars at Albergaria Youth Camp 1983

Subud Youth entertain themselves with music and outdoor theatre

The adults in charge seemed to be caught unprepared. I stayed much of my time at the camp as it gradually settled down and became more creative, with music and theatre.

Looking back, I believe my reaction to the state of the young people on the boat and train was an intuition of the potential danger at the youth camp. In fact my whole trip's value, if any, was to be another adult presence at Albergaria during those few days. The responsibility of parents for the supervision of their children was confirmed by Bapak two weeks later in his talk to the Subud young people at a special session of the World Congress. In a moving talk Bapak described the importance of the young for the future of Subud. This is an excerpt:

Brothers and sisters it is really very important for human beings, and that includes all of you, to understand the history of mankind in this world and the background to our lives here as human beings. Of the equipment that God has given to man, the most important part is that which is within his own being; that is, his physical body, his faculties and his heart and mind. The heart and mind will work and will operate in this world providing they are accompanied by and fuelled by the lower life forces … that is, the material, the vegetable, the animal and the human.

It starts with the influence of the material. When a child is very young, he loves to have toys to play with. And also he cannot cooperate with other children. If children of that age are together they must quarrel. It's part of their nature. All they are interested in is having a toy. They are just happy to grab it. So, whatever it is, they will grab it. If it's a knife, they will grab it and cut themselves.

So that's the function of the parents. It's the parent's fault if he gives them a knife at that age. It's the parent's responsibility only to give them things that cannot hurt them and that help them to develop.

The first influence on a child is material things, but then gradually we come to the influence of the plant world or the vegetable world. That is when children suddenly become interested in eating and they eat an enormous amount; and they just want to eat and eat, so people say they

eat like buffalos but their work is not as beneficial as buffalos because they are not yet able to translate all that food into useful work. But eating is good for them because at that moment their bodies need to grow and this wish to eat is necessary. But it also signifies the influence of the vegetable forces upon their being.

Then at a certain age children come to the point when the animal forces begin to influence them. And this is the moment when a boy begins to find looking at a girl gives him a feeling of pleasure and a girl finds it enjoyable to look at a boy. This is called the age of puberty.

But here, also, girls and boys of that age are not able to mix together freely because they are still children. It is still like having a toy. So they have this feeling of pleasure but they do not yet know the purpose of it. So that, actually, if parents are not careful at that point, and they just let boys and girls mix together freely, there is the danger that they do not know the character of the children because some children have a good character and are well brought up and others are not and have bad habits. So by just mixing together freely they'll experiment until finally they find out how it works. So that is why at that age girls and boys should not be allowed to mix freely.

The human forces which permit children to really learn seriously, to study, come after puberty. It is only at that point that Bapak allows children to enter Subud and do the latihan. Starting today young people who want to be, may be opened at age seventeen. That is low enough because if they are younger than that they will not feel it as something important for their lives, but they will treat it as a pleasure and will not want to study any more. …

Bapak concluded by saying:

It is God's will that we should worship Almighty God with our jiwas in the latihan kejiwaan and also use our heart and mind and our nafsu and our whole physical makeup to earn our living and to work in the world so that the jiwa and body develop together. And it is that parallel development which will enable us when we come to the moment of our death to leave behind the heart and mind and body and return fully conscious to the world from which we came. [Recording 83 LON 18]

After the Congress I went to stay with Marc Vouga in Lausanne, Switzerland, for a holiday. Marc was a successful architect with his own practice whom I had met through the Subud architects' group. I loved the beauty of the scenery and buildings, and the elegance of living. I visited other Subud families and joined in latihans and testing with members who had not been to the World Congress.

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Back in Australia I wanted to resign from the Project Sunrise board, but again testing showed that the outcome of the project could, even then, yield a good result. As it went on, members of Subud from all over the world—architects, planners, economists and other professionals—offered their services (usually travelling at their own expense to Sydney to do so). They came and went, their advice largely ignored. Finally on 17 February 1984, convinced that the project had no hope of success, I sent my resignation to Bapak. He accepted it, but I felt that he was disappointed.

By the time the design report by Project Sunrise came out, it had influenced the New South Wales government to develop Darling Harbour, but Subud got nothing. Project Sunrise had accrued huge debts and many Subud members had lost their money.

Bapak described us as pioneers. Someone said, 'Pioneers often perish on the frontier'. As for the International Subud Centre, I believe we failed because we didn't use our latihan as guidance.

When I talk like this about Subud projects, my friends ask, 'Why do you have to make excuses? Couldn't Bapak have made a mistake in the people that he appointed?' Although Bapak never claimed to be exempt from error, for my part I will not criticise his judgement, as I believe he saw a bigger picture. But as for Bapak's responsibility, he did say at the outset that this project was not under Bapak's direction—it was a test, he said, for us to see if we could succeed on our own. Obviously, not yet!

Bapak looking at Project Sunrise's plans for Darling Harbour, Sydney. Left Luqman Keele and right Sharif Horthy translating, 1983

Delegates, members and children at Bapak's talk to the youth of Subud 14 August 1983 at the Anugraha Conference Centre, Windsor, England

Chapter Eleven

National Committee

In the turmoil of my last months with Project Sunrise salaries were not paid in full and sometimes not paid at all. The result was that I had completely used up my savings. I applied for, and got, the newly-created position of Executive Officer of the Civil and Mining Engineering Foundation at the University of Sydney. This was a half-time job requiring me to establish a liaison between the university and the engineering industry in New South Wales. It provided a basic income with time to rebuild my publishing business. I had come from Melbourne so it was also an opportunity to gain entry to the engineering profession in Sydney by meeting the academics, the heads of government utilities, and the chief executives of major engineering companies. I was given an office and, like the University staff, the freedom to arrange my own work program.

At this point I had a clear receiving that I should move into a larger apartment which had become available on the fourteenth floor of The Berkeley, in the CBD. Such accommodation in a new building seemed beyond my means but with that glow of feeling that accompanies the following of true guidance I went ahead, negotiating a lease and moved in. It had two bedrooms, one I used as a reception area, and a large sitting room which, with its wide view over Darling Harbour and the Pyrmont peninsula, made an ideal office. I began writing and designing engineering publications, first for the Foundation as part of my need for promotional literature. Then, by good fortune, the engineer who had been my principal client for publicity material in Melbourne took a position as a director of BHP Engineering and was transfered to Sydney.

Finding himself faced with the need to improve the technical literature for marketing he contacted me and offered me the production of a series of publications. I employed an illustrator and, as further work came in, Sandra Week joined me as secretary. Gradually work came in from other clients and for a time I employed a journalist to write project descriptions from my research. All were Subud members. Later David Week, who had an architectural business in Papua New Guinea, shared the office while he became established in Australia.

Meantime I continued to be active as a helper in the Sydney group. Then in March 1985 I had a dream in which Bapak's son Haryono indicated to me that I should be willing to work on the committee side of Subud. As this was a dream, I took it that I was meant to take the job for my personal experience, as much as for any help that I could give to Subud. (Perhaps all Subud activities can be seen in this light. Helpers are needed in Subud but also what they do is often largely of benefit to their own process.) The next month I attended the National Congress in Melbourne and was nominated chairman of the National Committee. I accepted and was elected.

The Subud organisation which had grown up under Bapak's guidance was clearly divided into spiritual and committee responsibilities. On the committee side it is a representative democracy. Members decide local policy and elect a committee to manage their affairs. Countries decide their national policy and elect a national committee. A committee councillor represents the country at a Subud World Congress held every four years. Policy is decided at the World Congress and is administered by the International Subud Committee (ISC) elected by Congress. In this way every member can contribute and participate. The spiritual side of Subud has a parallel structure of helpers at local, national and international level, appointed by Bapak.

Back in Sydney, Aisjah Parker agreed to be national secretary, bringing the professional skill of her many years as private secretary to the managing director of the large department store, David Jones, and her valuable experience on a previous National Committee.

I asked Helena Jansse to be the vice-chairwoman, both for her capability and as a deliberate move to include Subud's young people in a real, rather than a token, way. A previous local treasurer Raphael Favre, offered to be treasurer and the existing Committee Councillor Freeman Wyllie agreed to continue in office. With this strong team we set about doing our best to serve the needs of the membership across Australia. In the pleasant surroundings of the new office it was easy to enjoy ourselves, starting our Saturday meetings with festive breakfasts overlooking the harbour.

This harmony was to prove to be the basis of our capacity to achieve a great deal together during our two-year term.

Our task was to implement the policies of Congress and to act as an information service to the groups. Past National Committees had been largely autonomous in their work, refering back to group chairmen and women only on an adhoc basis. To overcome this disconnection a National Council was under consideration for the next Congress. Meanwhile we planned to foster the widest possible contact with the membership. Soon we found ourselves with long agenda and the need for fortnightly meetings. In June we took over the *Subud Australia Newsletter*. To speed up policy decisions we arranged for the groups to have telephones with speakers, and on Bapak's birthday held the first Australia-wide tele-conference, a ten-phone hookup. By getting local committees to gather around each speaker-phone, we were able to engage nation-wide participation.

With my strong bias towards helpers' work, it was natural that I should continue to be a champion of National Helpers' travel and latihan facilities, making sure that these were given priority within a balanced budget. This was a change in policy from the trend which had been leaving local services short of funds in order to meet high contributions to ISC.

Subud property ownership had been an important issue for many years in Australia, with several groups purchasing their own premises. Now congress had resolved to transfer all Subud halls into National ownership. This would make it easier for the properties to be used as a collective asset for buying new halls for other groups.

It was also a conscious move on my part to protect the existing latihan halls from being used by committees as collateral in enterprises at a time when there was great pressure locally and around the world to do this. (Members in several countries had mortgaged their houses to lend money to Anugraha.) The Sydney members probably still have their hall today because of this national ownership policy. When this transfer of ownership was completed Subud Australia (Inc) held the titles to the halls in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. Subud Darwin meanwhile found a church hall for sale and asked for help to buy it. Although the group was only ten members, Subud Australia (Inc) agreed and I travelled to Darwin to negotiate the purchase, taking out a local bank mortgage.

The major task of the committee arising from the Congress resolutions was the incorporation of Subud Australia using Subud Human Welfare Incorporated (SHW Inc), a company limited by guarantee. In the process a new constitution for Subud Australia had to be prepared to bring it into line with that of Subud UK, the accepted International standard at the time. As the ten centres were to become the members of the new Subud Australia (Inc) it was also necessary to prepare a new Memorandum and Articles of Association and Regulations for the Subud centres, and register each under the Associations Incorporation Acts in each state. Throughout the first year in office I worked on these constitutions, falling back on Rod McKechnie (an accountant) for support. This turned out to be an enormous task, as each of the seven States had its own Act. The centre constitutions also had to be consistent and compatible with the new constitution of Subud Australia (Inc). The problem I had set myself was to achieve a common constitution for all centres which would meet all the legal requirements and be agreed to by the whole membership.

We took the draft to the National Congress held at Noalimba in Perth at Easter 1985. Those who were there will remember the patience needed to deal with constitutional matters from the rostrum. But we had done our homework and the Memorandum and Articles of Association and Regulations for the Constitution of Subud Australia and for the ten Subud Centres were adopted.

National Committee at the Australian Congress Perth 1985

Delegates play music and dance at Australian National Congress 1985

On return to Sydney we used a city law firm to handle the Subud Australia company registration. They went through the fine points required by Corporate Affairs and finally got permission to change the constitution and name of SHW Inc to Subud Australia (Inc).

During this time we worked with the National Dewan to arrange a four-day helpers' gathering at The University of Sydney St John's College. Groups of men and women from around Australia and New Zealand met and discussed topics of common interest which they then tested in smaller separate groups. It went well and was repeated later with members and helpers.

In the last weeks of my tenure I made a personal attempt to get the Australian International Centre project going again with a new initiative. I enlisted the help of David Week as architect to prepare a new proposal based on a largely residential component and presented this through the newsletter to the membership. However, the project had run out of steam and, although I had obtained Bapak's support, it never got beyond one committee meeting.

My two-year term as National Committee Chairman came to its end at the National Congress held in Sydney at Easter 1987. The committee had established a National Council and it had achieved three long-term goals: an international constitution for Subud Australia, incorporation of Subud nationwide, and the collective ownership of all latihan halls.

…

At dawn on the 23 June 1987, the morning following his birthday, Bapak died at his home in Pamulang, South Jakarta. When I heard, the latihan coursed through every atom of my being so that I stood, infused with inner life, entirely loving of Bapak. Then into this stillness, mute with respect, came the words: *The message is more important than the man.*

For three days I was in a crisis state as the latihan filled the infinite inner space left by Bapak's passing. With this latihan came a new strength like an inheritance—an inheritance with a clear responsibility.

Meantime towards the end of my term as National Chairman, I had started to receive inner questions about the meaning of my name. This was strange but insistent. I felt that it was a response to the tensions of that time. It persisted and on 16 October 1987 I asked a helper to test.

The questions and answers were like this:

'What is the meaning of Lamaan?'

(a voice) 'Faithful to God.'

The voice continued: 'His name should be Raymond, which means strength of the sun and equals masculine consciousness. … It also means not easily taken advantage of.'

I was surprised, but soon understood the significance of the test. My growing concern about my name had been an indication of a need for a change of attitude. I had, in those months of work on the Subud constitutions, allowed myself to be taken advantage of and my inner self was now indicating that I should not allow this to continue. Questioning my name was the way that my inner feeling prompted me to call up a different response in myself. Changing my name would be a confirmation of my commitment to this new response. It was time to be stronger and the name that symbolised this was Raymond. I knew that I needed to change my attitude and should change my name.

At first it was difficult to adopt the new name—it made a particular demand to bring something new into being. Gradually I began to see that it supported a change which I needed to make in other aspects of my Subud life. Although I had considered my activities in Subud as my conscious choice—as a helper, as a member of IDC assisting Bapak in Cilandak, or as National Chairman—I now realised that there was an unconscious aspect to my 'dedication'. For example, as a helper I had never turned away anyone who asked, although there were some who called at all hours for months before they came to stand on their own feet. Now I asked: Wasn't this the attitude Bapak had tested years earlier in Wellington: *How does a racehorse feel when being ridden in a race*?

I continued to be an active helper. Sydney had had a strong and numerous men helper's group for the years leading up to the 1989 Subud World Congress, but after Congress numbers had dwindled, with several helpers going overseas and interstate. Although we were few, members continued to come for testing and we had many valuable experiences. It would be out of place to discuss other people's testing, but I can relate one or two of my own receivings.

During this time we had a member from another group come to the general latihan. When it began I started to make a sound like an Aboriginal didjeridoo and in the same experience I felt suffocated by what I recognised were forces of Aboriginal culture. This was a totally new experience for me. I felt that the blowing out which made the sacred sound was connected with my need to surrender (let out) the pressure of the Aboriginal forces oppressing me. The experience was very interesting but I also realised that it was meaningful and was somehow connected with the visitor.

After the latihan he came to us and asked if the helpers could test something for him. We gathered two or three others and listened while he told us that he was finding his work very heavy and unsatisfactory. He said he was teaching adult Aboriginals. He had started out liking the job and entered into the task with enthusiasm. From what he said, I realised that he had been rating himself beneath his pupils. In his idealism, which was to respect the culture of the Aboriginal people, he had surrendered himself. I also understood, from the experience that I had just had in the latihan, that his pupils had a collective racial psyche (their spiritual cultural force) and that he, by losing himself in the face of that force, became overwhelmed by it. I knew also from my experience that, in the face of this Aboriginal force, it was necessary that he maintain his self-respect. In Subud terms he had to *inwardly separate* from the effect of his pupils' feelings and so avoid their nature from invading his inner feeling*. This understanding, which all came in a few minutes of latihan, was readily accepted by the visitor. It remained only for us to test with him so that he could experience the truth directly for himself.

* In Bapak's words: '… the inner feeling will awaken and be able to recognise the existence of the various kinds of life forces which flow in and out and move it.' (1969)

Some time later one of the members was diagnosed as having cancer and asked the helpers to do latihan with him. He was a particular friend and I was glad to take part. In the last weeks of May, as the illness progressed, although he had pain he showed great fortitude and remained cheerful. During one of the last latihans at his bedside I cried freely with deep sobbing. It was a latihan experience from beyond my heart and without sentiment or sadness. After half an hour it ended spontaneously, just it had started. My friend, who had not wept, said that he felt quite surrendered about dying as he was sure it was God's will. 'The only problem I have had,' he said, 'is that I have not been able to cry, perhaps because of my childhood in a Japanese concentration camp. Thank you, I needed to bawl, but could not. I feel relieved by your crying.'

…

In February 1992, coming home from an overseas trip to a disharmonious situation in the helpers' group in Sydney, rather than once again being drawn into the problem as requested I decided to become inactive as a helper. This was a major decision as I had been a helper continuously for more than thirty years. It was, however, the natural response of my new attitude and with it came a sense of relief and independence.

The decision was followed by an important dream:

I had been at the altar of a large cathedral and was coming out the side door. Instead of leaving the porch and going to the street, I turned back to enter the nave where the congregation sits. The porch was partitioned from the nave, and as I looked in my eyes were drawn up to the cathedral ceiling high above. I was filled with awe to see that it was a wondrous mandala pattern formed by the beams and vaults rising from a perfectly symmetrical square surround. Lowering my gaze I saw, showing above the partition, a crown on the head of a statue of a huge serpent. I assumed that it was part of a great sculpture of St George and the dragon in the midst of the nave, but I didn't see St George. Because of the partition I could only see the crowned dragon's head. It was exactly under the centre of the mandala ceiling.

The dream confirmed the rightness of my decision to withdraw from being an active helper. It showed that my decision was based on an important change in attitude from approaching the latihan as a helper (a priest at the altar) to approaching the latihan as a member (represented by the congregation). The importance of this change to my personal development was shown by the archetypal symbols: the mandala ceiling with its sense of wonder—a symbol of wholeness—and the crowned dragon* representing the transformation process.

What followed was an intensification of my latihan. I was beset with a burning need to find a higher source of moral guidance, to know *from a higher level* right from wrong and have the inner certainty to act accordingly. As my present value system lost its authority, I searched deeply in myself for an answer. It was all in vain; I was left in limbo. Gradually over several months a new viewpoint established itself. The problem had required a change of attitude—a spiritual change. Meanwhile the decision to withdraw from group activity released new energy for outer work.

~

* The crowned dragon was a strange image to occur in a Christian cathedral, but according to CG Jung it has the same meaning as the phoenix, a symbol applied to Christ's resurrection.

Chapter Twelve

Personal Enterprises

Whereas I had spent much of my working time in the last few months on Subud administration, I now felt some urgency to return to my own business*. Simply, I was approaching sixty and needed to provide for my retirement. I returned to writing and graphic art, travelling interstate to visit engineering and environmental projects. Gradually by my employing artists, photographers and printers, a small publishing enterprise emerged. When Ramzi Winkler decided to retire from PT IDC in Indonesia, I sponsored his move to Australia and registered a branch in WA.

BHP Engineering was the consulting arm of Australia's largest company so through them our publications came to the notice of other engineering consultants. Our main product was promotional literature—annual reports and brochures—but we also prepared exhibitions for trade fairs in Australia and mainland China. We continued the established glossy quarterly colour magazine for BHP Engineering, which was to run to a quarter of a million copies over eight years. For a time we shared offices with David Week. Drawing on his skill with the Macintosh computer we extended our work to BHP Steel and were awarded the contract to produce a series of illustrated operational and maintenance manuals for Australia's major steel plant. As this work required a staff of five we leased a larger office with a wide view of the Harbour. I employed Subud members and for a year the business prospered, providing us all with good incomes and making a profit for the company. Sandra Week continued working with me as secretary.

* Consulting Associates International Pty Ltd

All our staff were Subud members and I'm sure that their reliability and goodwill was a major factor in our prosperity at that time. (This good fortune extended to the BHP representative, who won a lottery and was able to retire at the end of the project.)

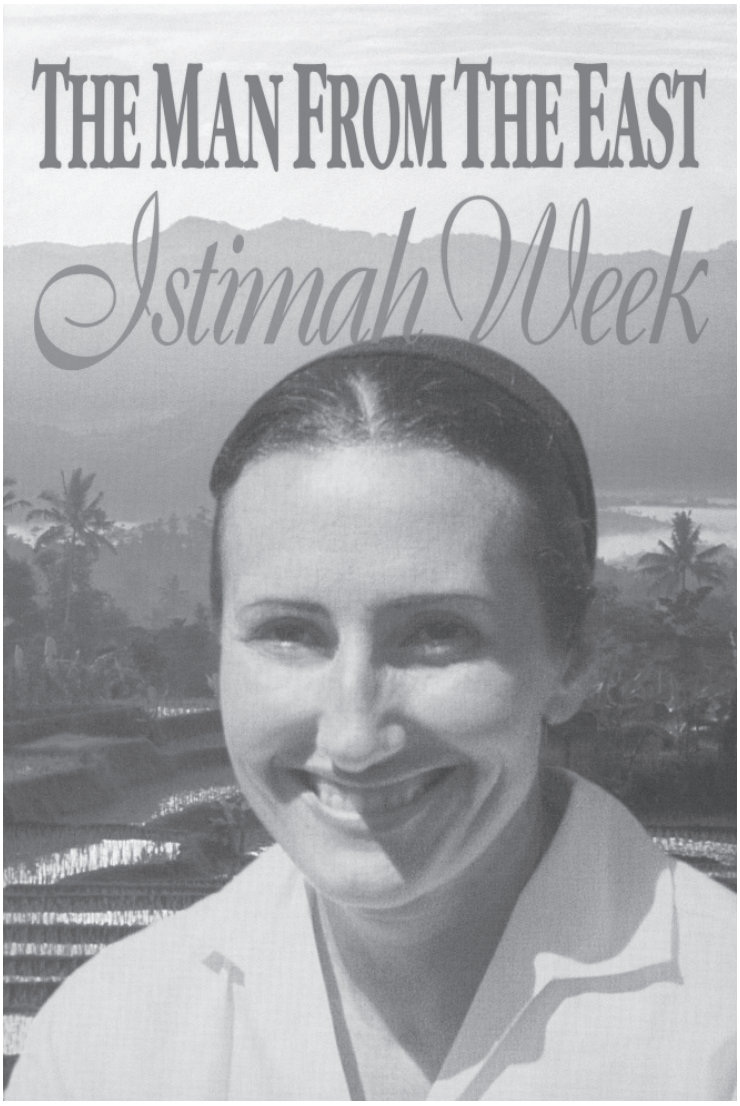
In August 1989 at the Subud World Congress in Sydney, I met Karsten Smith, a graphic artist from Vancouver. I showed him the work we were doing and suggested that we collaborate. When the next major brochure for BHP Engineering came around I travelled to Canada and worked with Karsten producing the concept design. From that time on I directed all my graphic artwork to him, making two further trips to his office in Vancouver. Karsten had a very fine art sense and his designs were appreciated by my clients.

In addition to the publicity business, I revived my engineering activity, applying computer analysis to the structural design of buildings in cyclone and earthquake zones of the Pacific—schools, a hospital, a cathedral, housing and new building methods for Aboriginal housing. I produced David Week's illustrated architectural book *Building Hotels in Papua New Guinea—A Cultural Approach*, sponsored by the European Community Development Fund. The same year I became associate editor of the magazine *Australian Concrete Construction*. Working as a journalist I interviewed people and wrote articles about current building projects in Victoria and New South Wales. Travelling again, I brought myself up-to-date with engineering development in Melbourne and Sydney.

In 1993 I turned to fulltime writing and co-authored the book *The Man From The East* * with Istimah Week. It was the story of her experiences near Bapak. It was an opportunity to participate in writing about life in Cilandak at the time I was there and about the latihan. I also researched the historical background. I did my best to keep my contribution secondary and supportive of Istimah's story, and to respect the spontaneity of her feelings.

I have not included many extracts from Bapak's Talks in this memoir as I felt that Bapak's explanations about Subud had been adequately covered in *The Man From The East*.

* Published by Vantage Press, New York 1996



Istimah Week's autobiographical account of Subud

The impetus for Istimah to write came, as she says in her Introduction, through the encouragement of her friends, as a record of her experiences with Bapak and as a token of her gratitude for the latihan. Unwavering support for her writing came from her husband Mark. For my part, I *had* to do it—my inner feeling had decided.

Then there was my sister, Tess, who became the editor. Strangely, her participation seems to have been presaged twenty years earlier.

On 28 June 1975 Tess wrote to me in Jakarta from Sydney. She said that her step-daughter Blanche d'Alpuget had been granted a Commonwealth scholarship to write a history of Subud. Would I do whatever I could to help with her request for permission from Bapak? Tess commended Blanche for the task, saying that she had lived for several years in Indonesia and that her recently-completed novel, although not published, had received acclaim from the Australian Fellowship of Writers. I came to learn later that Tess, who was journalist, had been Blanche's editor and adviser. Bapak declined permission and it was left to me to explain to Tess that the reason was that Blanche had no direct experience of the latihan on which to base her writing. So it was that a book about Subud by Blanche, with Tess as editor, did not proceed. Blanche went on to become one of Australia's best-known authors, writing several novels, including *Turtle Beach,* which was made into a film, and the biography of Bob Hawke, the Prime Minister, whom she later married. Blanche eventually was opened and became a regular member of Subud in Sydney.

When it came to working on Istimah's book, I approached Tess for advice. I asked her because I knew of her experience as an author including, appropriately, the book *The Religions of Australia**. I later discovered that she was also an editor and had been Executive Editor of Books at *The Reader's Digest*. I had completely forgotten the episode with Blanche. Tess agreed to become the editor of Istimah's book.

* Published by Rigby in 1970.

Tess van Sommers (Mrs Lou d'Alpuget) author, journalist and book editor

As I worked on the manuscript of *The Man From The East* I was not only making a transition from technical to biographical writing but also I was moving unsuspectingly out of full-time work. By mid-1994 I had withdrawn from my engineering and publishing contracts and my inner feeling, which seemed to be making the decisions, left me little option but to formally retire. I was happy to go along with this and began by tidying up my personal archives.

The first thing was to type my mother's story of her life with my father, which had come to light among family papers. From this I was drawn to know more about the places where we had lived in my earliest years. In June 1994 I hired a campervan and travelled over the route of my parents' wagon journey (1931-1934) through Victoria and New South Wales, following my mother's written account.

I was deeply affected, as can be gauged by this letter which I wrote to my sister Tess, who had been on this journey as a young girl:

> My trip along the route of our family's four-year wagon journey made during the Great Depression was a very important and healing experience. I started out with no recollections of that time (I was only three years old when it started) but I followed my mother's joys and sufferings by reading her story while I was surrounded by the places and conditions that she encountered. I consciously put my normal judging self aside and let the impressions enter me like a child. The result was that a part of me that was unconscious emerged. I can't say how much this connected with the feelings of the small boy who originally made the journey.
>
> Where I had no recollection of anything visible, I began to realise that I had been carrying obscure feelings of that unknown childhood, feelings that, for some reason, I had never acknowledged. The effect of this unconscious part of me emerging was that a burden was dispelled. It was like a mist lifted and the feeling revealed beneath was easy, simple, accepting—the emotional state of a child. In this condition I stopped thinking and criticising, and yet, unlike a child, I still had my adult awareness.

> Not only was this a fulfilling experience which has added to my wholeness, and changed me, but also it has resulted in my being left with a new connection with our father, my mother and with you, my older sister Tess. Whether this connection is a product of the journey or is related to the original unconscious knowledge, I don't know. But as Jung would say, 'The experience itself was real for me.' In some way I have redeemed my parents. The burden I carried before the journey may well have been their troubles. If it was their sins, they are now—in my psyche anyway—forgiven. I now feel only love for them.

I can't leave this account without acknowledging the latihan. Throughout the journey, the latihan was never far away, often filling me with gratitude to God. As I sped along a country road, these feelings came out as a spontaneous cry into the wind and the vast spaces around … 'Allahu Akbar. Allahu Akbar.'

Retracing the wagon journey raised many questions about the early years of my father's life and his work. To answer these I got his military record from the Australian Archives and found where he was buried. I traced a few examples of his work as an artist before the war which showed that he was a talented and experienced painter. I was able to investigate his post-war career as a writer and poet by going through the newspapers and magazines of the period. For the rest there were notes by the family which gave the flavour of his life: 'brimming with whimsical humour … well-read and versed in all the arts.' In this desire to know my father I felt the latihan cleansing some essential connection. I wept at his grave.

By the end of 1995 *The Man From The East* was complete and I had arranged for it to be published the following July in New York. It was my hope that it would reach a wide public readership. When it was clear that the publisher was having little success in selling through his agencies, I concentrated on distribution through SPI, UK, Subud USA, and other Subud outlets. As it sold, Istimah received many letters of appreciation, including one from the director of the Vatican Library, Leonard Boyle, who found it 'fascinating and uplifting'. The book enjoyed its best sales to the public during the 1997 Subud World Congress in Spokane, USA.

During the last days of the Congress men and women met separately to test 'how to bring the latihan into daily life'. This question arose from Istimah Week's description of 'inner separation' in *The Man From The East.* Forty women attended the testing with Istimah.

In the smaller men's group after doing latihan together, each one tested two questions to do with a recent incident in their lives where they were overwhelmed by an emotional reaction:

First (to re-experience the reaction): What did I feel when I reacted?

Then immediately afterwards: What is the feeling of being inwardly separated from this reaction and its cause?

Each person reported experiencing a state of separation of their inner feeling from the emotion—a state which the latihan could bring into their daily life. This separation is described by Bapak in many talks. This is from the 1969 *Basis and Aim of Subud* booklet:

… in the latihan kejiwaan of Subud one really feels that one's inner self is no longer influenced by the passions, heart and mind, which means that in the latihan kejiwaan of Subud the inner feeling has truly been separated from their influence.

Why should the passions, heart and mind be separated from the inner feeling, when these are man's most important equipment for his life in this world, which can be used to increase and broaden his knowledge? It is because, unless the passions, heart and mind are separated from the inner feeling, it will not be able to be in a pure state in receiving the latihan kejiwaan, so that it will be impossible for the inner feeling to receive the contact from the Great Life Force which in fact has permeated it inwardly and outwardly.

Letters after the Congress confirmed the value of this experience and the recognition that this separation is known to everyone who does the latihan, but is not always put into practice in daily life.

After the 1997 World Congress, Istimah accepted an offer from Amalia Sanchez Caballero in Argentina to translate her book into Spanish. I took on the role of publisher, travelling to Chile, Istimah's country, to arrange the editing, and then printing it in Australia as *El Hombre del Este*. It was well received, particularly in in Spain, Colombia and Cuba.

The Congress also opened up new opportunities for me to write about the Subud experiences of others. It started with an offer by a Subud sponsor and the ISC media group to prepare a collection of Bapak's explanations which were not in his talks and his correspondence. This was to include members' accounts of meetings with Bapak. Jerry Chalem, whose team was making video-tape interviews at the Congress, offered to provide transcripts for the project. Back in Australia I began research in Harlinah Longcroft's *History of Subud* archives and had completed about 100 selections from Subud magazines when the sponsor had to withdraw. The association with Harlinah led to assisting her with the preparation of the illustrations for the *History of Subud , Volume 1, Book 2*, which describes the eventful coming of Subud to Coombe Springs in 1957. This was followed by writing the story of the first ten years of *PT International Design Consultants 1966-1976* for a later volume (reproduced in part in the Appendix).

Here I draw this memoir to a close with a short epilogue, and the hope that those who have followed my experiences through these pages have been able to take away something of value to themselves and of benefit to others about life in Subud.

All Praise be to God.

Epilogue 2003

As with others of my generation, ageing has brought new responsibilities and interests into my life in Subud. Where my helper activity in the past was directed exclusively to my brothers and sisters in Subud, it is now shared with the needs of others, and with more time devoted to my affection for relations and friends who do not yet have the latihan.

The way of sharing the benefit of the latihan with those not yet in Subud is the same as 'helping'—quiet attentiveness—but adapted to each situation by the inner feeling. This does not mean imposing anything on another person or intruding in any way into their privacy. It is just the responsibility that receiving the latihan carries, to manage one's own actions and reactions in a constructive way—known in Subud as *Susila*, right living.

As I see it now, everyone I meet is a participant in my life and, to the extent that the guidance of the latihan suggests it, they become part of my life in Subud.

Meanwhile, within the brotherhood of Subud members continue to be served by the active helpers who carry on Bapak's mission. For them Bapak has left in his many talks signposts like this:

If people always love you and respect you and always ask you for advice, for help, then that is the proof that there is within you the nature of the Insan Kamil*, that is, the perfect man. … And (with the latihan) this will progress to higher and higher levels.* [Recording 82 SYD1]

Appendix

Reference

*PT International Design Consultants**

Bapak founded International Design Consultants (IDC) in November 1966 when he called Ramzi Winkler, Abdullah Pope and Lamaan van Sommers to set up a company of architects and engineers in Jakarta. All three had already helped Bapak with the early development of land in Cilandak, South Jakarta, purchased by Bapak in 1960 in order to build an International Subud Centre.

In October 1975, Bapak described IDC in this way in an address to the staff:

IDC is a company or enterprise which does not just seek to make profits, but is a company which seeks to make a living so that it can be said to maintain the life of society. … It is not an enterprise that seeks profits just for itself, or for its own group, but for the general good. Therefore it does not follow the way of capitalism. It teaches and trains you, the workers and staff, so that you can work properly, so that you can stand on your own feet. In so doing, this policy follows the will of Almighty God that people should divide the profits they obtain equally or fairly, so that life on earth can be safe and happy.

It is very necessary that people should really go in for activities which have the quality of development. Development does not just mean building houses, but developing everything which is in the inner self. They should become skilled or clever, and capable, and have a firm character, so that they can believe in themselves and not always have to be dependent on someone else for their living.

* Written for the *History of Subud,* Vol 3, Book 2—The Latihan and Commerce: PT International Design Consultants, The First Ten Years—1966 to 1976 Edited 21 June 2000. (Part only reproduced here.)

Therefore, as Bapak explained long ago, you should not just work as labourers. No! Work as if it is for the sake of your own interests and for your own needs. In the same spirit the directors for their part should not feel that they have authority so that they only consider themselves to be important. No, they must give importance to the whole enterprise, not just to themselves.

If this kind of thing can be done by you and by our people of Indonesia, as well as by the people of other countries, the world will become orderly, just and prosperous. [Recording 75 CDK 8]

The three partners called by Bapak in 1966 had joined Subud at Coombe Springs in 1957 and had in the intervening years each found his way to Indonesia.

Lamaan van Sommers was an Australian structural engineer who had supervised the construction of the Gurdjieff meeting hall at Coombe Springs. In September 1959, during Bapak's second visit to England, Bapak invited him to Indonesia. In May 1960 he travelled to Jakarta, arriving just before the Cilandak land was purchased. Bapak asked him to design a two-storey guesthouse with nine bedrooms and dining facilities, which he did, staying six months and seeing the building construction started.

Abdullah Pope was an English architect who had in January 1962 first visited Indonesia on his way home to the UK from working in the USA. He stayed a year and worked for the Jakarta City Council. In January 1965 he returned again to Jakarta and worked for six months as an architectural supervisor on the new Australian Embassy building. During this time he helped with the design of a house for Bapak. He then had to leave because of the political unrest.

Ramzi Winkler was a German architect who had arrived in Indonesia in December 1962, having asked Bapak if he could help with Cilandak. He designed Bapak's house and supervised its construction for three years until it was finished in April 1966. During this time on Bapak's advice he took a position as an architect for the new German Chancery building and lived in Jakarta through the September 1965 coup d'etat disturbances.

Each of the three partners was a qualified professional and each brought several years of experience in building design and construction to the enterprise. Abdullah had specialised in office design, Ramzi in construction supervision, and Lamaan in structural design and project management. Their years of working in large companies and in various countries had prepared them to be self-reliant in a developing environment. The timing was good. Indonesia was beginning to open again to the outside world after two decades of political and economic isolation.

When Bapak suggested that Abdullah, Ramzi and Lamaan start a company together, he said that they should look for work in Indonesia—outside Subud. It was to be a business based on architectural and engineering skills which could be called on to help when necessary with the development of Cilandak.

A company registered under the Foreign Investment Law offered the best means for the expatriate partners to be allowed to stay in Indonesia and establish a business. This law had been set up to encourage overseas companies to invest in Indonesian ventures, many of which would require architects and engineers. When a joint venture was proposed a year later, Bapak suggested that Ir Haryono, a chemical engineer, and Wahana, a lawyer, should be the local counterparts.* Bapak agreed to be Chairman of the Board.

The company was named PT International Design Consultants.†

* In September 1967 Abdullah, Ramzi and Lamaan prepared a letter of intent to the Minister of Public Works (PUT) applying for permission to set up a company under the Foreign Investment Law, which had been promulgated earlier that year. In December they were referred for advice to Ir Soehoed, Vice-Chairman of the Indonesian Foreign Investment Board, an engineer with his own consultancy. He was very supportive of the three bringing their professional skills to his country and suggested that they apply for permission to establish a 100 percent foreign owned company, with provision to make 30 percent of the shares available to Indonesian nationals after five years. Although they could only hope to raise US$10,000 in capital, he said that he would recommend the submission. (Footnotes continued on the next page.)

Although in 1966 Bapak did not refer to IDC as a *Subud Enterprise*, it was one of a line of enterprises of Subud members that he had earlier fostered with local members in Indonesia—trading businesses, a bank and a contracting company. IDC was the first with expatriates. The aim of the three partners was to carry out all aspects of their work together according to the principle of Subud—*right living concordant with the Will of God*. Years later Bapak was to speak of this principle being attained through *Enterprise* and would describe IDC as an example of a *Subud Enterprise*.

The three partners set up an office in the original latihan building in Cilandak, next to Bapak's Secretariat. Their first project was the renovation of the Australian Ambassador's Residence in Menteng. This modest beginning led to more work—a shoe polish factory for PT Kiwi, an Australian investor. Factory projects were to become a mainstream activity and were to increase in size and complexity to include several of the major pharmaceutical factories built in Jakarta in the next ten years—Ciba Geigy for the Swiss, Natterman for the Germans, Warner Lambert for the Americans, and many others. The partners found that initially work came to them almost without asking. The harder they worked, the more projects were offered to them.

* *(Continued)* In January 1969 the submission was revised to be a joint-venture company with 30 per cent Indonesian shareholdings. The partners offered the whole 30 per cent to Bapak, but he declined and instead suggested Haryono and Wahana represent the local counterpart. In February 1969, PUT forwarded the application to the Foreign Investment Board and in February, after changes defining the company's work as 'Human Skill Investment', the Board approved the application. The Foreign Investment Board Sub-Committee approved the application. No more was heard of the submission until May 1970 when Erling Week was managing IDC and he hired Dr Santoso of the international accountants Arthur Young to re-apply. IDC received the President's signature on 27 June 1970. The Minister of PUT issued the 'Permit to Work' on 11 September 1970, and Haryono and Wahana registered PT IDC as a limited liability company on 25 September 1970.

It was largely due to the support of Ir Soehoed that the expatriate partners were able to obtain visas and work in Indonesia during the three years it took for IDC to be granted permission to operate as a company.

† PT is an abbreviation for Persoalan Terbatas meaning Proprietary Limited.

The first task of the partners was how to expand the enterprise—engage new staff, provide office space and buy equipment. Recruiting was an unexpected problem. Bapak said that if there were no architects or engineers available from among the Indonesian Subud members then non-members could be employed, so long as the management was in Subud hands. However, in 1967, after decades of anti-colonial national sentiment, and almost twenty years of anti-Western rhetoric under President Sukarno, many Indonesians were reluctant to work with a foreign company. Nevertheless this gradually changed and in the years that followed eighty percent of new employees were recruited outside Subud.

An architectural and engineering consultancy is a complex business. It has to create buildings within hundreds of social, technological, environmental and economic constraints. Every project is unique. First the partners study in depth the client's needs —the processes of a factory, the functioning of a school, the uses of an office building, or the pattern of life of a whole township. This information, which may run to volumes, is developed into proposals and then into a design with engineering calculations, drawings, specifications, cost estimates, tender documents and construction timetables. After the contract is awarded the construction is supervised for quality and for cost compliance. For the documentation, senior architectural and engineering design staff are needed, supported by draftsmen, quantity surveyors, project managers and quality control supervisors. An administrative team takes care of finance, employment, office space and equipment. Everyone from manager to clerk is essential to the operation.

Another complexity is the extent of the information required. It includes building codes and practices; current material, labour and equipment costs; government regulations; company law, taxation and insurance conditions; and local knowledge about contractors and construction rates.

Bapak had at first said little about the direction of IDC's work. The partners had set up the company as a consultancy, a form which maintains independence from the building contractor.

The alternative is where the architects and engineers are also part of a construction company. Sometime in the early years Bapak said that he would like IDC to go beyond designing buildings and into construction. The three partners felt that they did not have enough local knowledge of labour employment, equipment hiring, financing, etc. and did not attempt it.

Bapak did not press the issue. It was to be six years after the founding of IDC before Bapak set up a company to construct the S.Widjojo office building in Jakarta. By then it was clear that Bapak's vision for a building company was total management—as a developer—included self-financing through a Subud bank.

IDC had started with assets of only US$2,000 but two years later the partners were able to buy a half-hectare parcel of land south of the Subud compound for an office and directors' housing. They put a simple timber building on the street front, giving IDC office working space and its own public entrance.

In 1967 Bapak suggested to Sharif Horthy that he come to Indonesia. Sharif had graduated in physics and civil engineering in UK, and had worked for a time as a structural engineer with Ove Arup, a leading international engineering consultancy. At first Sharif worked at investigating business opportunities in Indonesia with Erling Week, who had personally been invited to live in Wisma Subud by Bapak. In June 1969 Sharif joined IDC full time. In March 1970, Lambert Gibbs, an English architect who had also been at Coombe Springs in 1957, left his successful design practice in UK to come to Indonesia and join IDC.

In 1969, Irwan Maindonald, a New Zealand mechanical and electrical engineer, decided to set up an Indonesian branch of his building services consultancy to work with IDC. He called it Asian Area Consultants (AAC). This company became vital to IDC as the need grew to work closely with the engineers designing the electrical, water and air-conditioning services for pharmaceutical manufacturing plants and other sophisticated buildings.

In May 1970 Bapak, at Sharif's suggestion, asked Erling Week to act as Manager of IDC. Under his direction the Indonesian President's approval was obtained and IDC was able to be registered as a company under the Foreign Investment Law. This law carried with it the important provision of long-term visas for expatriate company directors.

IDC grew steadily into a significant consulting business in Jakarta. As the company expanded, financing became critical and the partners had to arrange loans for working capital. This was resolved by increasing the company's share capital from US$10,000 to US$100,000 and converting the outstanding loans to shares. Sharif and Irwan became directors. IDC was four years old and was enjoying the confidence of being under Bapak's guidance and the optimism that pervaded business life in Indonesia. Its list of factories was growing and it had added office buildings, schools, a sports club and several houses.

When Sharif and Lambert joined the team IDC had enough new contracts for them each to manage his own project. The directors came together only at weekly project meetings and at monthly Board meetings on company policy. As a result, for a time IDC became a group of independent project managers sharing the staff and facilities.

Meanwhile towards the end of 1970 Bapak began to prepare Cilandak to act as host to the Fourth Subud World Congress. No international conference facilities existed in Jakarta. Although IDC was occupied with the design of its largest pharmaceutical factories and the Joint Embassy School, and the partners were busy with the construction of their own houses, they took on the extensive preparations for the Congress. Sharif and Abdullah designed a new latihan hall. Ramzi designed and supervised construction of temporary accommodation built entirely of bamboo for 1000 people. Lamaan designed and installed new electricity generation plant and deep aquifer pumping equipment for water.

A year later Sharif transferred from PT IDC to head a construction company for Bapak, which later became PT S.Widjojo. When Ir Haryono returned from the UK in April 1973 the IDC Board decided to separate the administration from the project work of the technical directors and asked him to become Managing Director. Maksum Stafford, a retired Company Secretary from the UK living in Cilandak, joined him and they set about improving accounting and company reporting, regularising staff conditions, and introducing policies to include senior staff in the management.

In the next two years the number of employees rapidly increased from thirty to a peak of seventy-five as the company embarked on two major projects—a new township for INCO's large nickel mine on Sulawesi and the engineering for Bapak's special project, the S.Widjojo building. As IDC prospered the income was distributed to the employees as housing, transport and medical allowances, and bonuses.

In Bapak's talk to IDC on 31 October 1975 (page 231) he described the principles and attitudes to which the company aspired. The personal stories of the directors show that these ideals were arrived at gradually. They were not the result of a policy laid down by Bapak at the beginning or even by prompting later. They were the outcome of a natural growth towards human values as a result of the directors working together and following the latihan privately in their daily lives.

Bapak

Haryono

Sharif Horthy

Lamaan van Sommers

Abdullah Pope

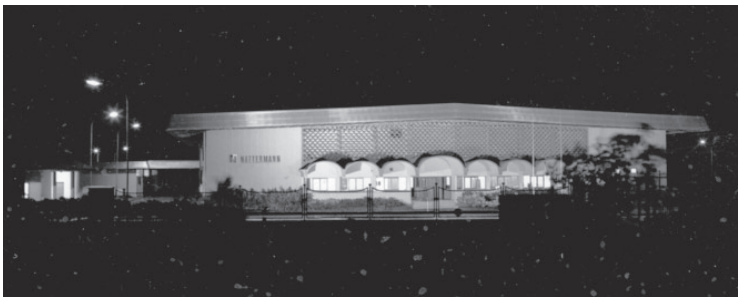
Ramzi Winkler

Wahana

Irwan Maindonald

Bapak and the IDC directors at the IDC Idul Fitri celebration 1975

Nattermann pharmaceutical factory designed by Ramzi Winkler IDC

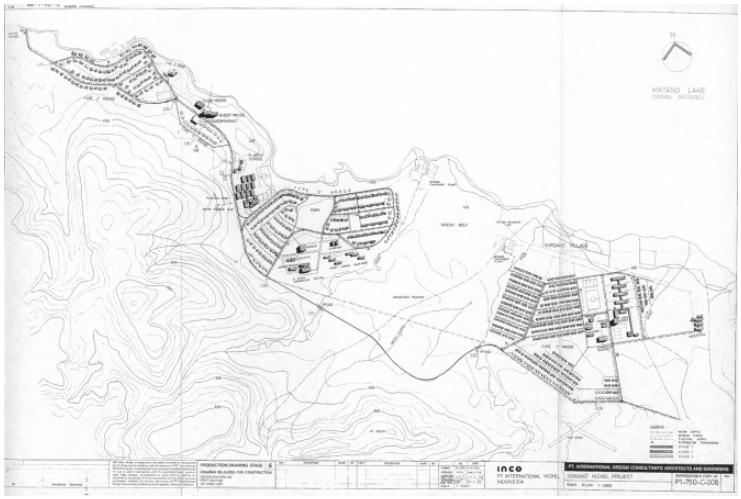


Nattermann factory at night from the Jakarta-Bogor highway

Ciba Geigy pharmaceutical factory designed by Lambert Gibbs, IDC

Ciba Geigy office and employees' canteen

Part of the 600 houses and community buildings of the INCO township



IDC Layout Plan for the west end of the INCO new township, Sulawesi

Glossary

Bapak	Indonesian word for Father—used for a respected older man. In this book it refers to Pak Subuh.
Pak Subuh	Bapak Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo.
Subuh	Indonesian word meaning dawn. Also the Islamic dawn prayer, Subuh. Bapak was given the name Subuh because he was born at dawn. The word Subuh has no connection with the word Subud.
Ibu	Indonesian word for mother in Indonesian and a term of respect. In this book it refers to Bapak's wife Siti Sumari.
Cilandak	the suburb of South Jakarta where Pak Subuh established his home and the first International Subud Centre.
Contact	initial receiving of the latihan, also known as opening.
Helpers	those who according to Bapak have had enough experience of the latihan kejiwaan to be able to explain Subud and to pass on the contact to others.
Jiwa	spiritual content of the self, usually translated as soul.
Kejiwaan	Indonesian word meaning spiritual.
Latihan	Indonesian word which literally translates as training or exercise. Here it means the spiritual exercise of Subud.
Nafsu	the passions that animate feeling and thinking.
Testing	the name given to receiving answers to questions in the latihan state. Its function is to check the progress of the latihan or to gain insight into a problem.