Chapter Five

Preparations for Cilandak

In 1960 Bapak lived in Jakarta at 68 Djalan Tjokroaminoto (also Jalan Jawa), Menteng. It was a single storey brick house in the same residential area as many of the foreign embassies. The streets were lined with large and colourful flame trees which shaded the sidewalks. It was an elegant and quiet suburb where the main road traffic was bicycle rickshaws.

Bapak welcomed me like a father, tolerant and encouraging to my willingness to help. He arranged our accommodation as his guests and I became an employee of Subud on a small retainer. He gave us the new names Lionel and Helena. It was not uncommon in Subud for people to change their first names. Although the practice was part of Indonesian-Islamic culture, in Subud it was a matter of choice, based on a person's feeling for the need to change. Bapak gave new names when asked and occasionally suggested a change. He once gave this explanation:

'There is no compulsion or obligation in Subud to change your name. It is up to you whether or not you wish to do so. However, a name does, in fact, have a strong influence on the self of man, because when a person is called by his name, he will certainly respond from his whole being, so that his entire self, when called by name, feels as if it is being awoken from sleep, or stirred out of passivity.

If a person or child is wrongly named, then when his inner feeling is awakened and rises, it becomes adjusted to a name which does not correspond to his inner self. As a result, his outer behaviour and his inner feeling are not in harmony.'

[Recording 63 BCL 3]

First we lived with Bapak's son Haryono and his wife Ismana in their company-owned house, a few streets away from Bapak's home. They had one daughter Isti, from Ismana's former marriage. Haryono was an engineer and managing director of Logam Mulia, the government-owned gold refinery. As the only foreigners, we lived entirely within the Indonesian culture. I was flooded with new and exotic impressions—sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and feelings.

In August Bapak formally established the secretariat for the Subud Spiritual World Centre. Those appointed were his existing secretarial assistants, Sudarto Martohudojo, Brodjolukito and Prio Hartono full time; and Muhd Usman, Rusli Alif, Aminamza, and Rachman Pane part time. The office was Bapak's large garage.

Meantime Bapak was preparing to establish a Subud Centre and had begun looking for land south of Jakarta. He asked me to design a house for him. Although I protested that I was not an architect, he said 'It's all the same, engineer or architect.' He made a rough sketch of the floor plan from which I drew a house and made a balsawood model. Helena and I worked every day at Bapak's house, I at a drawing board and she helping with typing and proofreading.

Within a few weeks of our arrival Bapak bought land in the area known as Cilandak (old spelling Tjilandak) near Pasar Mede. Much later when the Subud International Centre was built on this land it became known as *Wisma Subud*. In those days the district was completely rural, much of it paddy fields, and was well beyond the built-up area of the southern suburb of Kebayoran. Once the land was purchased we travelled every Sunday with Bapak and his wife Ibu and others out to the land for a picnic, sitting on mats on the grass under the shady trees.

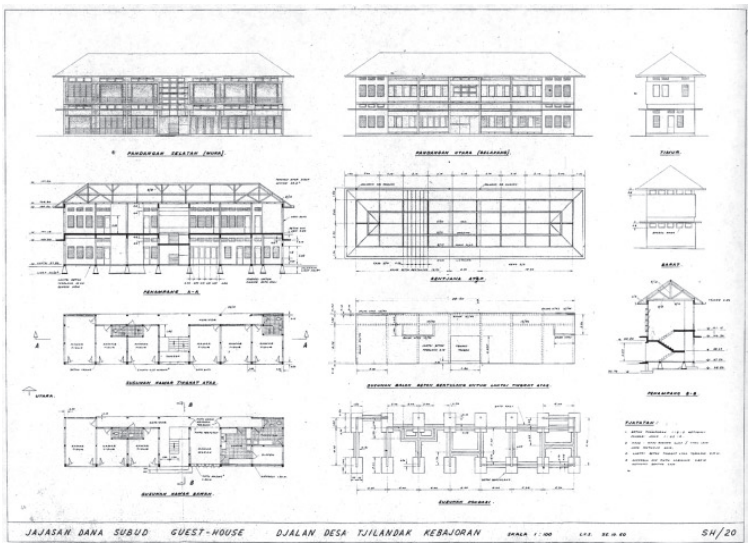
Now Bapak asked me to leave the work on his house and design a guesthouse with nine double bedrooms and a dining room suitable for foreign visitors. From my experience working on Bapak's house I had become familiar with the basic principles of tropical architecture—orientation, sun screening and cross-ventilation. I also had a generous attitude towards the provision of bathrooms.

The building was to be of brick and have a reinforced concrete frame. In a few weeks I completed the drawings necessary for City Council approval.

I then set to work to survey the land and prepare a contour plan marking all the fruit trees for protection during development. Brodjo and Sudarto helped with the measurement. In all this, although Bapak and those around him had an adequate standard of living, there was no luxury. I noticed that the money for Subud activities was managed very carefully and was often the topic of discussion with Usman and others. Personal assets, such as jewellery, were often sold by the family to fund a new activity or purchase. Everyone was a trader. This was probably true of the whole society, which was still suffering from inflation of the currency. The black market exchange rate for the US dollar was something like four times the official rate.

It was at this time that Bapak published the first issue of the *Pewarta Kejiwaan Subud* (The Subud Reporter) magazine. Money was short and paper difficult to get but Bapak said it was the right time and it should go ahead. It was typed and assembled by the secretariat. Brodjo designed the first cover. There were stories of strange experiences connected with its production. At the printing shop, the non-Subud typesetters were affected by the text and fell asleep over their work. This I was told was the effect of the spiritual content of Bapak's writing on people who were not opened. Certainly I got quite dizzy when I thought too much while trying to improve the English translation.

We were children in the spiritual life, protected by our naivete and Bapak's tolerance. Our presence in Bapak's secretariat every day and my work on the buildings for Cilandak may have had the value of accustoming the members of the secretariat to foreigners. They were able to see our fallibility as much as our Western capacity for independence and action. Later, Usman, Haryono and Rachman, in whose homes we stayed, as well as the members of the secretariat, were all to be exposed to Europeans in their work for Subud.



Detail design drawing of the Guesthouse, Cilandak, 25 October 1960

Hand sawing of timber on site for building components, Cilandak

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SUBUD *continued*

by
MUHAMMAD RUSLI ALIF

In 1958 Bapak made a journey to several countries in Asia, and again visited England and some other countries in Europe. Then in 1959 Bapak presided at the First Subud World Congress, held at Coombe Springs, near London, after which he proceeded to other countries in Europe, and to America and Australia. All these tours were made while Bapak had his home in Jalan Djawa. On returning from the last trip, Bapak requested me to look for a site suitable for establishing guest houses and a latihan hall for foreign brothers and sisters who might wish to visit Indonesia, and for building a house there for Bapak. One of the three suggestions I made was the Cilandak site, which Bapak approved, and soon afterward the deal was closed. This was in 1960.

At that time, committee members and helpers used to sit with Bapak every Saturday night, the whole night through until morning, at Bapak's house at Jalan Djawa, listening to Bapak's various stories or kejiwaan experiences; and although we had been up all night, yet we felt fresh and healthy when leaving Bapak's house, and after having breakfast in our own homes, we later met Bapak again on the Cilandak site. The first foreign visitors we received before the Cilandak Complex was established were Keith Rogge from Holland, Viktor Gebers from South Africa, Elizabeth Aitken from New Zealand, Dr. Ruzo and his wife Ellya from Brazil, John Bennett and his wife Elizabeth from England, and Dr. Leonora Kuplis from Germany.

In August 1960 Bapak, as the Spiritual Guide of the Subud Brotherhood, started the International Secretariat Kejiwaan, consisting of S. Brodjolukito (who had previously acted as Bapak's secretary, replacing Indra Sjafrin who remained in England), Sudarto Martohudojo and Prio Hartono as full-time members, and Muhammad Usman, Muhammad Rusli Alif, Rachmad Pane and Aminamza as part-time members. From time to time, Dr. Achmad Subardjo Djojoadisurjo, the former Indonesian Foreign Minister and Ambassador, also gave assistance in translating the letters that began to flow in from abroad. Bapak also issued in that year the first official Subud magazine for the Subud World Brotherhood—the *Pewarta*. (From that beginning has developed a great deal of publishing activity connected with Bapak's talks and letters and writings, and this is now handled by Subud Publications International—S.P.I.—a sub-Committee of the main executive body of the Brotherhood: the International Subud Committee in Wolfsburg, Germany. To feed the S.P.I. with material, there has come into being at Cilandak a translating team of Indonesian and Western brothers and sisters, whose main task is to evolve an authoritative English text, from which translations into several other languages are also made. The best-known member of this team was the late Mariamah Wichmann. The translators, in turn, depend for their material on tape recordings transcribed into typed texts in the Secretariat).

Bapak also established in 1960 the first Subud company, with Mas Usman and myself as the managing directors, to which Bapak gave the name of *Karya Budhi Dharma*. This company, of which Bapak and his family are the main shareholders, started the construction of the first international guest house at Cilandak, in which Bapak stayed, after his house in Jalan Djawa had been sold and before his present home was built. Work on the Wisma Subud international complex was started by the Indonesian contractor Hadisaputro and our Australian brother Lamaan van Sommers, a civil engineer. (At various later times the Indonesian contractor Martono, and Subud architects Abdullah Pope, Ramzi Winkler and Lambert Gibbs, civil engineer Sjarif Horthy, and electrical engineer Irwan Maindonald all took part in its development.) The whole complex is administered by a foundation called *Yayasan Subud*.

The beginning of Cilandak and other Subud events 1958-1960

Bapak, Ibu and family at 68 Djalan Tjokroaminoto, Jakarta 1960

Usman, Arminah, family and friends at their house in Jakarta 1960

Bapak visiting the newly-purchased land at Cilandak in 1960

Bapak's secretariat in the garage of his house at 68 Djalan Tjokroaminoto, Jakarta, 1960. Left to right: Lionel & Helena van Sommers, Rachman Pane, Sudarto, Aminamza and Brodjolukito.

(left to right) Helena with Isti, Ismana, Ismana's brother, Haryono 1960

Picnic at the Temperate Climate Gardens, Cianjur, West Java 1960
(left to right) Haryono, Lionel and Helena, Isti, Rahayu, and Ismana

Bapak also used us an example to show the international character of Subud to other Indonesians. Officialdom under President Sukarno required that all religious movements be registered. Bapak sent me with Brodjo to the Department of Religion, where I was asked questions about Subud. Another time Bapak told an Islamic visitor that I said 'Allah' in my latihan. I had some doubt about this at the time, but in my next latihan I found myself repeating 'Allah, Allah' in a loud voice! I had no way of knowing if I had been influenced by Bapak's remark, but the exclamation continued from that time on to be a part of my latihan.

The atmosphere near Bapak was very much a family feeling and I felt close to those with whom we stayed. I enjoyed living in an ambience of feeling, so strong in Indonesian culture, rather than thinking. I was delighted with the sights, sounds and smells around me. I found the Indonesians I met were refined and sensitive and had that calm attentiveness which is the essence of good manners. Bapak treated us like everyone else with loving kindness and openness. We took part in most of the outings with him, going together to latihan, sitting talking about new developments in Subud, going on regular Sunday picnics to the land at Cilandak, and even attending an occasional local movie together.

We also joined Haryono and Ismana on many of their activities. Simple pleasures, like sitting out on the terrace in the cool of evening, listening to the hum of passing bicycle rickshaws and the sounds of vendors, and sharing coconut cakes cooked in steaming kettles by passing traders, were delights unmatched by any relaxation I had known in the West. We travelled with Haryono and his Dutch mining consultant, Mr Heyden, through bandit country to the gold mine at Cikotok in south-west Java. Together with Haryono, Ismana and Rahayu we went on outings to the mountains. We also became friends with Musa Djoemena, who had been Indonesian Ambassador to Portugal, and his family. Laughter was an important aspect of all relationships and the Indonesians I met had the capacity to enjoy life as it came without the need for luxuries.

I don't remember Bapak giving me any direct personal advice at that time, nor did he give general talks to members. We would sit in the secretariat while he discussed the day to day happenings. This was only translated on the rare occasion of a foreign visitor, or if one of the secretariat felt it was of particular interest to us (our Indonesian was still inadequate to understand). Among these translations, it was Bapak's seemingly casual remarks that I remember best. 'The latihan can be done any time, even after the movies,' he said. The emphasis from the translator was that the latihan can be done anytime, but the message that I got was quite different. It said to me, 'It is a good idea to do the latihan after the movies, or any other time that your feelings are invaded by an experience.' I came to realise that this way of passing on guidance was not only totally without pressure to learn (as from a teacher) but also it could by-pass the thinking and enter the inner feeling.

In August 1960, in order to extend our stay in Indonesia, we flew to Singapore to have our tourist visas replaced with short visit visas. We were put up in the flat next door to the NG Nair family at the Subud House at 18 Leicester Road for the two-week wait. During this time we went with Maarten Giel and a Tamil helper to Kota Baru in Kelantan, on the north east coast of Malaysia, to open a group of local people who had been gathered together by Arifin, a Malaysian member. We travelled the thousand mile round trip in two cars, crossing fourteen river ferries and staying in Government rest houses on the beaches. We arrived to find a crowd of candidates collected at a small sportsground pavilion. For several hours we opened group after group—more than seventy men in one weekend. Until that time I had opened few people and it was evidence of the miracle of the latihan to see the spontaneous movement and song of these brothers. While I was there, I opened the older brother of the Sultan of Kelantan in the privacy of his palace. Years later Bapak recounted an earlier expedition to Kelantan by Gordon (Edward) van Hien and his wife and Maarten Giel when a similar number of men and 20 women were opened.

On our return to Jakarta Usman had completed an extension to his house and we were invited to stay with him, relieving the pressure for space on Haryono and Ismana. We stayed with Usman and Aminah for about three months and then moved again to live with Rachman Pane and his mother, nearer to Bapak's house.

More and more I loved Indonesia and the Indonesian people. As the latihan enlivened my feelings, I delighted in the simple daily impressions. I wrote at the time:

'Rachman lives in the residential district of Menteng in a main street lined with fine old Dutch houses. Some have been converted for business use. Although it is a good class neighbourhood, behind the elegant plastered bungalows, and clustered along the steep banks of a yellow-brown stream, there is a small slum village of bamboo shacks. This afternoon I stood there, resting one foot on the bridge railing, looking down into the river. It was a clear hot day and a light breeze was cooling the humid air. I could see the shacks jumbled together above the high water mark and separated from the water by a pile of rubbish and a few banana trees. Peals of laughter were coming from the children jumping into the water from the rafts of bamboo moored in the stream. A mother on a raft was soaping and bathing a small brown body. Simple coloured kites in red and white, on strings that reached just above the trees, soared and dived as they were tugged and released to catch the wind. I felt myself part of what I was watching—and yet separate—the bridge, the stream, the shacks, the rubbish, the children, and the kites.'

Now with barely enough funds to get started, Usman arranged for a building contractor to begin construction of the guesthouse. It was to be a race to get the foundations complete before the monsoon rains. I began to go to the site to check the work and answer any questions. I remember travelling out one day with a member, Rolandin. He said to me, 'Since my crisis* my tongue can taste the harmony or disharmony that has occurred during the building of a house. It is very important that all of you who work on the Subud guesthouse are in harmony so that the people who come later and live in it will have a good feeling.' I believed him, never imagining it would be otherwise.

* A rapid acceleration of the spiritual process of the latihan.

Bapak visiting the Cilandak land with family members in 1961
(left to right) Bapak's mother, Tuti, Adji and Hardiyati

Rice paddy-fields immediately behind the Cilandak land 1961

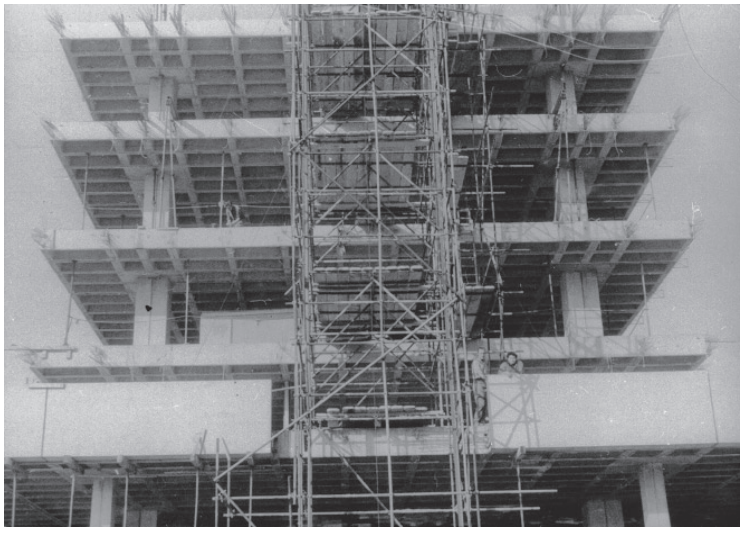
Hardly had this idea been registered in my mental list of good intentions than I had a disagreement with the Indonesian contractor when he wanted to reduce the amount of steel reinforcement in the foundations. I had been on the safe side when I calculated the steel but being young and inexperienced did not have the flexibility to reconsider my specification. Our argument came to Bapak's attention and, although he didn't say anything, I understood through Usman that it would be better if I were to leave the contractor to do the work his own way. 'There is no place for the generosity of materials that is normal in the West,' Usman said. 'Here every bag of cement has to be bartered for and every reinforcing bar is expensive.'

Bapak did not want to go ahead with his own house, so, with no other work to be done, I asked him if we should now go on to New Zealand, as he had earlier advised us to do in England. He agreed. We had been in Jakarta for six months. Before we left Indonesia we arranged to visit Yogyakarta, the ancient capital of Java. We contacted the Subud group, some of whom were longtime members from the days when Bapak lived there. They were exceedingly kind to us, taking us at a leisurely pace by horse and carriage to see the tourist sights. The main attraction was the world-famous Borobudur Buddhist stupa built in AD 778-850. On the way we visited the large complex of Hindu temples of Prambanan, of a later period, located on the Yogyakarta plain. I was feeling very sensitive, noticing the difference of atmosphere in the many shrines, and when I came to Borobudur I clearly felt that I wanted to be alone. I began walking around the stone terraces, winding my way up the seven levels of the unique open air temple. The walls of the lower four levels were carved with elaborate scenes illustrating man's outer life, while at intervals on all four sides were statues of seated Bodhisattvas in cave-like recesses. The three upper terraces were circular with plain walls, two with rings of perforated stone bell-shaped retreats containing larger-than-life seated Buddha figures in meditation. Finally the pyramid was topped with a huge single solid bell-shaped centrepiece. Here, as I paused before it, wondering at its meaning, I passed into a state of bliss, then into an ecstasy of transcendent oneness. … As I came out of it I knew that this was the experience intended by the builders of the stupa.

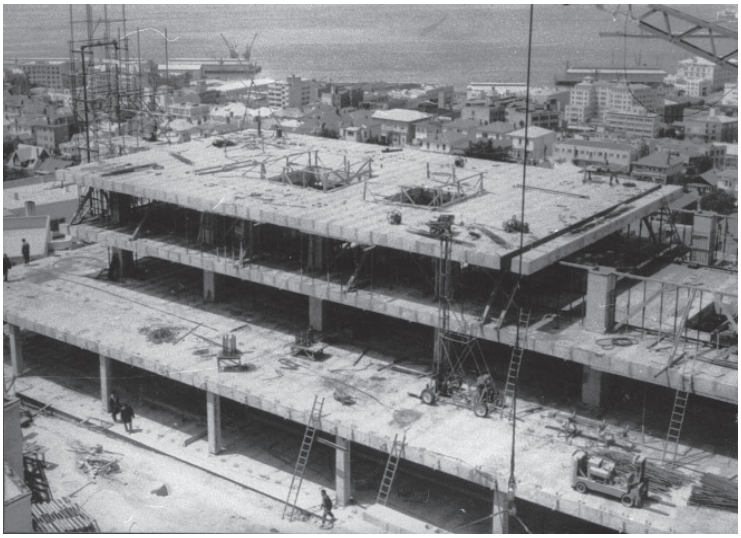
On 18 January 1961 we took the ship *Willem Ruys* from Jakarta to Melbourne. We visited our families and began to adjust back into a Western culture. It was not always easy. After being entirely with Bapak and Subud members for six months, I now on occasions felt physically nauseated and distressed when I was with non-Subud people. I was sensitive to the forces but still did not know how inwardly to separate from my responses. On 19 April we re-boarded the same ship and sailed to New Zealand.

I now turned my attention to finding a job in consulting engineering. In England I had been part of a team of engineers investigating the application of prestressed concrete, a relatively new technique in tensioned steel reinforcement, and had studied the design methods of the American Professor T.Y. Lyn, a world leader at the time. In New Zealand, on the strength of my short experience, I applied for and got the job of design engineer for a company in Tauranga producing prestressed concrete bridges. It transpired that this technique suited the economy of New Zealand and my interest in its application had started me on a successful career. This 'happy coincidence' I would later see as guidance.

Within a year, as a result of my Tauranga experience, I was offered the position of Resident Engineer for a new Arts and Library building for Victoria University in Wellington. The job was practical project management, the type of work that Bapak had confirmed as my right work back in 1957 in Coombe Springs. Over the next three years I supervised the construction of a ten-storey high-rise building made up of precast concrete parts, prestressed together. It was the first of its kind in New Zealand and won awards for its innovative design. At the same time, negotiating and managing the financial and quality aspects of the contract brought me daily in contact with strong-willed building contractors, an experience which helped me quickly become a more self-reliant engineer. When the building was completed I was appointed manager of the Wellington office responsible for supervising the construction of a computer centre for the Bank of New Zealand.



University Arts and Library Building, Wellington, NZ 1962-64



Innovative prestressed concrete construction in an active earthquake zone

New Zealand Subud members 1963. On the left Irwan Maindonald who later established PT Asian Area Consultants in Jakarta.

Victoria University Wellington, library interior 1965

Meantime in Subud we had a congress in Christchurch and I found myself elected National Chairman of Subud New Zealand, with the particular task of producing a constitution and arranging incorporation. In March 1963 Bapak visited New Zealand and came to Wellington. Not having our own hall, we hired the Friends House for the latihans. As Bapak entered the building he paused and said, 'These people [Quakers] had something real in the beginning.' [When their movement started.]

On the following nights Bapak gave three talks at the house of Dorita Edmunson in the room where the group usually held latihans. In the final talk he gave this guidance:

Brothers and sisters, Bapak would like to explain about the desires, which are in fact the obstacles in your worship of Almighty God. There are four kinds of desires. The first is called angkara, the second murka, the third keinginan, and the fourth jatmika. The influence of angkara in your inner feeling causes you to want to sow dissension, to quarrel, to argue; in short, to create a commotion or disturbance. The second is murka. If it influences your inner feeling, it causes you to want to be the best, to want to win, to want to be the cleverest. In short, you do not like to be surpassed, you do not like to be exceeded or even equalled by other people. And keinginan is the desire that causes you to want to possess things that you have seen and thought about.

The fourth is jatmika, the desire that is gentle, that likes to give way and to help: to help one's fellow human beings, to show love and affection towards others, and to be in harmony. The fourth desire is the desire that can always accept, so it causes a person to remember to worship God and to remember their responsibility as a human being who has been given life by the power of God.

Indeed, these four kinds of desire are necessary for human beings, so that they may possess enthusiasm, the motivation to go after what they need; because without these desires people would have no enthusiasm to work. But human beings should be careful; they need to reflect that their desires —which create the enthusiasm that motivates their wish to know something or possess something, or whatever—need to be limited.

And as for how to limit these desires, for this we need to use the fourth desire: to ensure that we do not use the other desires excessively.

However, at the times when you worship God you do not need to use the desires. You should not let them have any power or influence over your inner feeling; because when the desires are there, God cannot give you anything, and you yourself cannot possibly receive what you ought to receive. … [Recording 63 WLG 3]

At the end of one talk Bapak did testing. He asked me to show: 'How does a racehorse feel when it is being ridden in a race?' My response was immediate. I felt the experience of the racehorse and galloped spontaneously with tremendous exhilaration. (To the laughter of everyone!)

This was the first time I had been personally tested by Bapak and the experience made a very strong impression on me. Although the horse was being used by the rider, I felt its nature was to respond automatically and gallop. It was a long time before I understood that this test was intended to show me that I had the propensity to be used by others and yet at the same time to feel good about it, even exhilarated.

He had earlier explained that testing was carried out by simply doing the latihan after asking a question:

In order to be able to receive and to feel a test, you are not required to do anything but to remain in the state of receiving your latihan; that is, not to think and imagine things, not to identify with anything, not to represent any picture for yourself, but only receive as in the latihan. Testing in its nature is similar to following the latihan.

The years in Wellington were very pleasant. The work was interesting and we had good friends in the Subud group. We lived well, renting a comfortable house with a wide view of the harbour. We visited and entertained, we gardened and kept bees. During this time I heard news of the political unrest in Indonesia, first the confrontation with Malaysia and then the serious internal struggle for power that culminated in the deposing of President Sukarno and the banning of the Communist party, however I felt myself settled in New Zealand and didn't relate personally to these events.

In mid-1966 our situation began to change. Helena's sister suggested that we might take care of her new baby. We wanted to start a family but we were undecided about the idea of adoption. While we were considering this I saw, in the latihan, a house for sale nearby. I took it as an indication to accept the offer to take care of the baby. Instead of checking this interpretation by testing, we went ahead and bought the house. Soon afterwards the mother decided that she didn't want to part with her child. We were left to conclude that the house purchase had nothing to do with the adoption of the baby and felt rather unsettled by the whole episode.

At this point Ramzi Winkler and Tom (Abdullah) Pope wrote to say that Bapak had suggested they set up an architects' and engineers' consulting company in Jakarta and that I come back as engineer. The proposal was that we would provide the design services for the continuing development of the Subud complex in Cilandak and at the same time develop a commercial enterprise for projects outside. I liked the idea of returning to Indonesia to take part in Bapak's activities again, but found that I could not sell the house for enough to repay the mortgage, without first renovating. As that would take some weeks, we decided to go to Indonesia. I would return later to work on the house. We sold all our personal belongings, including part of Helena's jewellery (a sacrifice which, in retrospect, I should not have expected) and raised enough money to buy our air tickets. We arrived in Cilandak on 21 November 1966. It was my thirty-eighth birthday.

Ramzi, Abdullah and I immediately started work. Bapak gave us a space in the front of the old latihan hall, near the secretariat. We had to take any job we could get and began with the remodelling of the Australian Ambassador's house in Menteng. Abdullah made the contact, Ramzi prepared the detail drawings and I managed the contracts and services. At the same time I turned my attention to an apartment building for Erling Week and Abdullah in Wisma Subud which was being built without engineering supervision and where parts of the concrete structure were in danger of collapse.

Although our work outside Wisma Subud was not for Bapak I felt that everything we were doing was for his mission and under his guidance. This was dramatically illustrated for me in February 1967 when Bapak departed on a world tour. I went back to New Zealand to prepare my house for sale. I was doing all the renovation work myself and it was going slowly when one night in mid-May I had a vivid and impacting dream. I saw Bapak coming back to Wisma Subud from the World Congress in Japan and with him about a hundred people. In the dream Bapak told me that he needed another floor on the guesthouse to accommodate these visitors. I awoke filled with a great sense of urgency—I had to get back to Indonesia and put that extra floor on the guesthouse. There was also pressure for me to finish the house so I could settle my affairs finally in New Zealand. I don't know where the energy came from, but I worked day and night for the next seven days, barely sleeping. I was able to mobilise Subud friends and together we completed new plumbing, wiring and painting. The amazing thing was the amount of work we were able to do. In the last few hours I packed all my household belongings and organised the sale of the house through a friend as we drove together to the plane. I arrived in Cilandak in a heightened state of consciousness and immediately organised the extra floor of the guesthouse. Repeating the floor below was straightforward concrete construction, but the underground drainage system built in 1961 had to be completely rebuilt. When construction got under way and the structure was loaded with tonnes of concrete and masonry, the question arose in my mind, *had the contractor put sufficient reinforcement steel in the foundations back in 1960!* It seems that he had, because the building neither settled nor cracked. The work was finished just in time for Bapak's return in August when he was followed by a hundred people who needed accommodation, as the dream had shown.

Cilandak guesthouse after the third floor was added in 1967

Visitors meeting on the guesthouse porch in the early 1970s

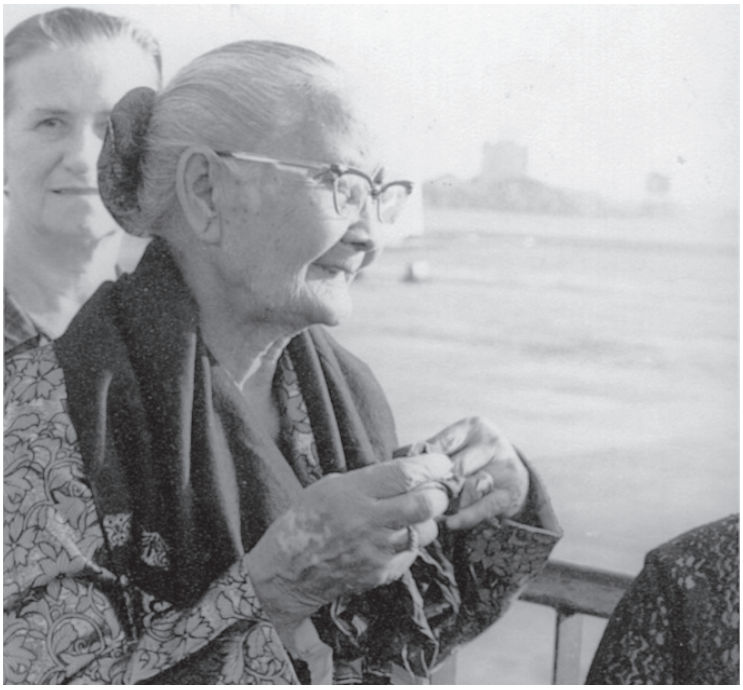
Chapter Six

Subud in Indonesia

In November 1966 Indonesia was still recovering from the trauma of the 1965 coup by the Army and the massive purge that had followed. The tension which existed under Sukarno and the Communists had gone, but local security was still a concern. In Wisma Subud there was a night guard to patrol the compound. Bapak would sit up with the men every night until after midnight, usually outside the secretariat. He would then go to his office and work until 2 am. The rostered two-man guard would stay awake until dawn.

At these sittings, which were attended by up to a dozen men, Bapak would quietly let the conversation develop, talking about everyday things. Sometimes he answered questions. Although there was some practical need for the security of a night guard, it was well understood that the content of these gatherings was the inner experience. Reducing sleep was a common *prehatin* (self denial) practised in Indonesia to subdue the *nafsu* (passions) and, although Bapak was not teaching us with words, he was using these occasions to give spiritual help. He left it to us to respect this and to stay inwardly aware. This routine continued every night for about two years.

It didn't occur to me at the time, but there was a certain ambiguity in my attitude in going back to Indonesia. Subud—following the latihan—did not require the help of a teacher or guru, and yet my principal motive in going back to Indonesia was to be near Bapak.



Bapak's mother Eyang with Istimah Week's mother Mayko 1967

Bapak talking with men outside the latihan hall, Cilandak 1967

Bapak, Ibu and Arminah departing from Jakarta for the 1967 World Tour

Members gathering at the entrance to the old latihan hall 1967

Bapak was of course father to everyone. Every aspect of life in Wisma Subud was lived within the ambience of his values and guidance. We were members of his extended family, gradually acquiring his outlook and his customs. Bapak took an interest in everything that happened, he attended countless latihans, gave hundreds of talks and testing, directed the affairs of the community and initiated new projects. He also gave personal advice, directly when requested and spontaneously when the occasion arose.

Luckily he was the ideal father, because he was not only a reliable and loving protector, strong and wise, but he also encouraged his children to find their own independence and maturity. This enabled us to be in the community and yet strive to be somebody apart.

Although the political situation in Indonesia in 1966 was stable, the economic condition was still depressed. This meant that Bapak depended on money coming from overseas. The advantage of this was that the cost of building, such as Bapak's house, with local materials and local labour, was extremely low in US dollars terms. Against this Bapak saw the opportunity to press ahead with the development of Cilandak and other projects putting a high demand on the available funds. Usman, as financial manager for Bapak, had the task of deciding the priorities. Running expenses often competed with new development costs, and funds were co-mingled. Usman had to be pragmatic to meet Bapak's goals.

Living in Cilandak I did a lot of latihan. For a while it was a vicious circle. The more latihans I did, the more I felt I needed to do. The whole thing was a kind of *crisis*—doing more latihan, following Ramadhan to extreme by staying up all night, doing Monday and Thursday fasting, and adding any other form of self-denial that I could find. It was a purification of the self-will—I was trying to measure up to standards that I set for myself. It ran its course for two years then gradually the self-will lost its force. I began to see that the need was not 'to try to remember the latihan at all times' (an act of will which was impossible) but to 'not forget the latihan.' This change of centre from my self-will to my inner guidance (attitude) brought me enormous relief and better results.

Bapak's house designed by Ramzi Winkler

Meantime there were special moments when Bapak saw the opportunity and gave some personal guidance.

I found Bapak's personal advice, however informal the tone, or minor the occasion, was always important. When he helped me, he dealt with fundamental obstacles in my spiritual life. For example, one of the earliest happenings I remember during this time was at the completion of his house. I felt I'd like to give Ibu (Bapak's wife) a present for the occasion. I had little money, but I asked Bapak what Ibu would like. Shortly afterwards he called me and said, 'Come, we'll go to Pasar Baru.' This was a Jakarta street with shops that sold Indonesian paintings, carvings, ornaments, and so on. Usman, who was driving, parked the car and led the way along the crowded pavement to a shop that had silver figurines made in Yogyakarta. Bapak looked at them with interest and said, 'I think Ibu would like that betjak (bicycle rickshaw).' I thought it was nice and was delighted that Bapak seemed pleased. Bapak went on looking and said, 'Yes, this one of the woman sitting at the loom, I'm sure Ibu would like that one too.' 'Yes, er …' I said, somewhat surprised. Bapak went on looking and pointed to a figure of a street trader and my solar plexus started to tighten. At that point Bapak brought me face to face with the power of the material force in myself. He was quiet for a while longer and then said, 'Ya, ya.' (Meaning 'that'll do'.)

At first I thought *Bapak had shown me that the measure of giving is how much it hurts,* but later I realised that he had taken me though a barrier in my character so that I could recognise and know how to handle the material force.

Bapak also helped in other ways—direct ways beyond the heart and mind. One day on a Sunday outing to his farm at Patjet, Bapak was sitting talking with us on the terrace. We were about a dozen men. The ladies were inside with Ibu. When Bapak talked I always relaxed and felt the latihan, so my mind would quieten. This was so normal that I can't say I noticed anything different that day. But at a certain moment Bapak looked at me and started to talk.

I felt so open that his words passed into me without obstruction and went on into some place deep inside me. I felt like an open window through which Bapak was speaking. He was talking to my inner self. I just stayed perfectly still, in that receptive state, as Bapak continued to talk for half an hour or more.

Suddenly I wavered ever so slightly. Bapak stopped and it was over. I had followed the feeling of what he was saying rather than the detail and could not remember what he said. The nearest I can say was that he was talking to my past, or to that part of my soul that had been in the past. But I felt changed. I felt more connected with my past, more connected with my ancestry.

In those early days in Cilandak I would occasionally visit Sudarto at his home in the evening and ask his interpretation of a dream*. The things he said about dreams were mostly explanations of the symbolism rather than interpretations of the personal meaning. He was always hospitable and kindly. Sometimes we would be alone, at other times with a few others who had come to ask questions or simply listen to his spiritual experiences. He often volunteered his advice on how we should benefit from being near Bapak. When I started to go to his house in December 1966 I made notes of what Sudarto said:

'When Bapak talks with us late into the night he gradually raises the spiritual level. By so doing one by one those present fall asleep. He then drops the level and each one wakes up. What Bapak talks about may be daily matters, but at the same time Bapak is passing things to our inner feeling, individually. If we are sensitive we will feel this happen.

'If we use our thinking when we are with Bapak (on these nights) we will also probably fall asleep. A useful technique for freeing oneself from thinking is to drop the tongue from of the palate and breathe easily —if possible receiving the latihan at the same time.

* Bapak's explanation about dreams at the Tokyo Congress in 1967 was that whereas most dreams are a projection of a person's own unresolved concerns, there are 'sometimes, too, dreams which are an indication of what is going to happen.'

'If we are ten per cent purified then we are taken care of by our guidance ten per cent, the remaining ninety per cent has to be dealt with by the passions. Sometimes Bapak may see that a purification will take a long time but he doesn't tell the member because it would only cause the person to feel discouraged. Instead Bapak indicates the direction and improvement possible bit by bit—like when one wants a child to cross the room one offers a series of attractions which will encourage the child across.

'While undergoing purification it is better to find a job which you really understand and which satisfies your feelings.'

Sudarto often spoke at that time about the reported signs of Bapak's coming and what Bapak would bring:

Rofé, he said, found in Holland a prophesy written five hundred years ago, that said a man bringing a true message would be born at the same time as three kings. Bapak was born in the same month as Sukarno, and the same year as Leopold III and Emperor Hirohito.

Bapak's great grandfather had a vision before he died that his third generation descendant would receive the way to God. This was passed down to Bapak's parents. Bapak's mother experienced a light from heaven entering her and radiating from her body during her pregnancy.

Sudarto also liked to advise the visitors about their relationship with women:

'A woman's nature is of this world—of the heart—so if her heart is satisfied then she is satisfied. A woman likes her man to be relaxed so that the vibration from his inner feeling will enter her heart and she will be satisfied. Every woman has an affinity for a certain flower. If we see this flower in our latihan, [it is a sign that] our wife will love us.'

I enjoyed the company of my Indonesian brothers. I often visited Haryono and would go out to eat with him and Asikin and sometimes Sjafrudin (Bapak's son-in-law). Such occasions were full of fun. Talking was always mixed with laughing and joking.

In 1967 Sjafrudin died. I happened to be near him at the time and at Ibu's request I tried to revive him, giving mouth to mouth resuscitation. He showed no signs of life and I soon felt I should stop. His death was a great shock. He was only thirty-five years old but had had a heart attack. He left a young wife and four children.

The Subud Indonesia National Congress was held in Cilandak immediately after the 1967 World Congress in Toyko. It was attended by more than a hundred foreign visitors— Americans, English, French and Germans—and a hundred and fifty Indonesians from other centres. With the local members we were about four hundred. The guesthouse kitchen was extended and a large round bamboo building was erected as a dining hall. People flowed out on to the lawns and gathered, often in national groups, chatting under the trees. The atmosphere was like a festival.

For those of us who were unable to go to Japan the National Congress offered the opportunity to hear Bapak's assessment of the World Congress proceedings and then to share his talks to the local delegates. Bapak said that in Japan the number of days devoted to discussion and debate was reduced significantly by 'finding solutions which are at the point of balance between everything to the right and left.' This was only possible, he said, by the Grace of God. Where his talks in Japan covered primary topics such as the principles of Subud, its origins and growth, and the development of Cilandak, his three talks to the Indonesia Congress were addressed to the personal needs of members, with detailed explanations of how the lower life forces influence human lives, the need to work, and how our actions can be assessed. This is an excerpt from Bapak's first talk on August 20:

Brothers and sisters, it is very necessary for you to be very careful and vigilant in all your actions. And in order to be vigilant you need to be free from self-interest and be based on the feeling of patience, submission and sincerity. … Based on patience, submission and sincerity, your inner feeling will become free from the influence of the nafsu and then you will be able to feel how the life forces work within your self.

In the inner feeling you will be able to regulate the connection of the material life force that is within you with the material life force that is outside you. … Thus you have to remember that these various forces are within you. What are they ? They are created within you as servants. This is the Will of God. For if these various forces, the forces of raiwani *(material),* nabadi *(vegetable),* chewani *(animal) and* djasmani *(human) were not within you, you would just remain like a statue. Yes. For that which is able to look for money is the force of* raiwani*, brothers and sisters. If there is no satanic (material) force in you, you cannot find money. Do not abandon Satan. No! That will get you into trouble. If you are left by Satan, then in ten days you will have no money. What is important for you is the way you make use of the satanic force. Use the material force when you look for money. Use the vegetable force when you plant this or plant that. Use the animal force when you eat meat. Also, use the* djasmani *force when you marry and when you come together with your wife. Thus, these forces are very necessary for your life because with them present you become a complete being, a perfect being, called* Insan kamil *[a perfect human being].*

To convince you about the result of any action you undertake, it is written in the holy books, the Psalms, the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Qur'an, and it is also said in the sayings of people who lived long ago who received Grace from Almighty God, that before taking an action you should first check it with the following: Dzat *(the Essence),* Sifat *(the Fact, the Nature),* Asma *(the Application, the Practice),* Afngal *(the Result). You need to take these four factors into consideration.* Dzat *means* kersa *(will that comes from the inner feeling). But your will is called* karep*—that is, imagination, picturing of ideas, intellect. For example: first you have the idea of becoming a doctor. Then you really become a doctor , that is the* sifat *of it, the fact.* Asma *means to practise; after you have become a doctor you should practise what you have learned and prove whether or not you can cure somebody who is suffering—for instance, from an ulcer. Just an ulcer, first; do not go deeper than that as yet. If your prescription is effective and you can really do the job as a doctor, then you can be called doctor. Thus, the* afgnal*, the result, has become a reality.*

So do not just stay doing nothing, saying 'Bismillahir rochmanir rachim, qul huallahhu ahad' *[Islamic prayer: 'In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful. Say He is the One and Only God.'] and with this expect money to fall into your lap. Don't do that. God will not give you money if you do not work, because there is no money in heaven. Up there is no money as it is made here. So do not just daydream or do* samadi *(meditation) or just pray in order to receive money, no. You have to work! We have already experienced this fact, brothers and sisters, through the latihan kedjiwaan. The latihan, in fact, brings to life all our five senses; all our physical organs come to life. If all these are alive, it is an indication that we must work.*

[Recording 67 TJK 5]

In his last talk Bapak elaborated on the effect of the each of the lower forces in our lives with many examples from Javanese stories and myths. Then at the close of the Congress there was an all-night *wayang* performance (shadow-puppet show). Although wayang shows were still common throughout Indonesia, we seldom had an opportunity to see a classical performance and moreover by a top *dalang* (puppet master). The music was provided by a full gamelan orchestra of about a dozen instruments—gambangs (wooden and metal xylophones), gongs, drums and stringed instruments—with the players sitting in front of the white screen. The dalang with his hundreds of flat leather puppets sat behind, so that we in the audience saw only the shadows of the intricately-designed and stylised puppets as they moved, quivering and tilting. The dalang, accompanied by the high treble voice of the female singer, spoke the voices of heroes and villains of an episode from the great Mahabharata myth. Although I had no idea of the story, the sound conveyed the drama. The tension waxed and waned, high points emphasised by the percussion, serenity created by long phrases from the soprano, and humour in its turn from the versatile voice of the dalang. As dawn approached and the climax of the story broke upon us with a crescendo of sound, I swear the flickering light behind the screen turned to fire. The battle between good and evil was over. The gods from the safety of heaven sang their haunting song of reconciliation.

Like others who had come to live in Cilandak I was concerned with my inner life, with the effects on my feelings of things happening inside and out. Bapak's talks gave direction to the development of my understanding. His explanations were timely and were based on the experiences we all shared. For example, at the end of Ramadhan he talked about how we felt and how we handled the results of fasting; in other talks he explained what we were experiencing in our relationships, and proposed solutions to our concerns; and on his birthday, when guests performed dances and sang, he explained to us about culture.

When Bapak gave a talk I would come out moved by the wisdom of what he had said, then two days later I could recall very little. However, as time went on I found that certain things had remained and had become part of my understanding. For example about culture:

'Kebudayaan' *(culture) means in Indonesian: 'Actions through receiving from God.' True culture is expressed through dancing and singing when the parts of the body are already clean and God's power can flow through them.*

If we can follow this we should then be careful not to take as our own what we receive from God. Next to heaven is hell and the higher we rise also the greater the fall if we make a mistake. This is the reason that in Islam every action is prefaced with the prayer: Bismillahi-r-Rahmani-r-Rahim.*' ('In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.')*

In those days I often dropped into the secretariat for an hour or so to sit and enjoy the peaceful company. Sometimes Bapak would be there and I would listen to him discussing things. If Bapak sensed I needed to know something he might involve me in the conversation. At other times if Bapak was not there, Sudarto might volunteer to speak about something that had come up in the correspondence or that he felt was important to share. About the working of Bapak's secretariat he said that Bapak replied to most spiritual questions and was the only one who answered questions about fate: names, partners, occupations, and places to live.

He said that he himself helped with some spiritual questions, 'not because of a high soul, but because of wide and long experience.' Brodjo, he said, helped Bapak with general matters and Prio with matters of organisation. Usman was responsible for finance.

Indonesia was a predominantly Islamic country and the effect of this religious environment was that a number of Subud members were converted to Islam. Although I was not active in my Christian religion neither was I attracted to join Islam just because others were doing so. I respected the teaching of Islam and was aware of its place in the religious history of the West. I also noticed that Moslems in Indonesia had a greater sense of brotherhood than Christians in my own society. In October 1968 I had a clear dream:

I was dressed in a simple long white linen robe walking alone down a road in open countryside. I came to a place where the road divided into two and as I arrived I heard my name called from the minaret of a mosque down the left hand fork.

I awoke with the feeling that I would like to enter Islam.

Soon afterwards, together with six other Westerners, I went through the preparations and on 30 October 1968 before about two hundred guests made the declaration of faith: 'There is no God but the One God, and Muhammad is God's Messenger.'

At this ceremony Bapak gave me the Islamic name *Lamaan*.

This conversion had a strong impact on me. I felt cleansed by the circumcision. I learned the five daily prayers and practised them conscientiously. I felt that I was starting a new inner life. I accepted the value of the annual Ramadhan fast observed by the majority of Subud members in Indonesia and committed to it, otherwise conversion was a very personal experience and therefore remained a private matter. I never identified with the wider public aspect of membership of Islam such as worshipping in a mosque or seriously studying the teachings of the Koran.

Helena also joined and was given the name *Hassanah.*

In the months that followed I attended the general latihan held three times a week in the hall near Bapak's house in Cilandak and the extra latihans for men helpers with Bapak. In one of these latihans for helpers I had a strong spiritual experience. As I stood with my eyes closed a bright light came towards me and entered me. I felt that it came from a high source. It filled my body so that for a few moments I was completely made of light. My whole body was transparent light. I was conscious within it and outside it and in all directions. It was a wonderful experience and the knowledge of it has never left me.

In those times we saw Bapak every day. He would come to the secretariat during working hours, and regularly sit with the men on someone's porch in the evenings. We would also go with him when he went up to the hills on a Sunday. On one of these trips I was sitting out with some visitors on the terrace. Bapak began to explain that when we have the latihan alive in us we can understand things through any part of our body. For example, he said, 'Bapak's hand can read Lamaan's way of doing things.' He then proceeded to let his hand move: up for a while, then across for a while, up again for a while, then across again. This way of acting: action, stand back, action, stand back, he said, was in my character. 'This means,' he said, 'that Lamaan starts something, then leaves it for a while and then goes on with it.'

I was unaware of this characteristic and it was some time before I noticed the truth of it. Some years later a secretary told me that I had this pattern of behaviour. She did not know what Bapak had said to me.

My health was always good in Indonesia but at one stage I began to get chronic hay fever. Melbourne was a bad place for this and my mother suffered severely in the pollen season. I thought my attack may have been caused by some kind of spiritual stress or purification, rather than pollen. I went to see Bapak and told him my problem. He simply laughed. The hay fever stopped and never returned.

As the Wisma Subud community grew in numbers so did the social life. There were many selamatans, a kind of thanksgiving party for all occasions—birthdays, circumcisions, and new names—and at intervals of 3, 10, 40, 100 and 1000 days after someone died. As we were living in a bed-sitting room in the guesthouse, it suited us to spend most evenings out after dinner. My first choice was to go to where ever Bapak was sitting, outside the secretariat or on Usman's front porch. Women visited each other indoors. Overseas visitors liked to go to the homes of Mas Sudarto and Prio Hartono where they could ask questions and listen to stories. I also continued to visit those I had known in 1960—Haryono and Ismana, Asikin, and Usman and Aminah—and for a time we played tennis in the late afternoon. This was the outer activity of an inner life aspiring to human values, and it made community life an experience beyond any other I had ever known. It was a taste of a Golden Age.

In early 1968 Hassanah and I went with Rahayu to stay two weeks with Eyang, Bapak's mother, in Semarang. This was the house in Bergota Kalisari where Bapak received the latihan. Bapak's mother (Ibu Kursinah) was eighty three at the time. She stood very erect and appeared in good health. She had a quiet dignity and a gentle loving manner that made her entirely endearing. As well as Rahayu coming regularly from Jakarta, part of Eyang's extended family from Yogyakarta visited and lived with her. She was active, going to the market, enjoying cooking, and delighting in the babies of her grandchildren.

We shared in the daily activities of the household, going to visit members of the family and out to entertainments such as the Wayang Orang—the Wayang plays presented by actors instead of puppets. We met Bapak's younger sister, a very active and intelligent person, who with her husband ran a highly-respected clinic and pharmacy in the area. I became very fond of Rahayu and Eyang. When we returned to Jakarta we regularly visited Rahayu and her husband Pak Menggung at their house in Menteng.

Bapak's mother Eyang, Hassanah and Rahayu, Semarang 1968

Bapak's house, Semarang 1968

During our visit to Semarang we visited Pak Slamet and had latihan at his house. (He was one of the first two or three people to receive the latihan from Bapak). The room where we did the latihan was so small that only four or five of us could fit at one time. The remainder sat quietly outside and waited, one going in as one came out. This meant that much of the evening was spent waiting for the half-hour latihan, but this was the normal tempo of life in central Java and it was quite usual for people to sit up late into the night.

Pak Slamet was an artist, respected for his paintings of the spiritual character of people. I commissioned a painting which he later brought to Jakarta. It was a large Javanese landscape in vivid tropical colours showing a figure in a forest in the mountains. What I found interesting was his explanation that the forest, as a place where certain animals feel safe, symbolised my capacity to provide a secure environment for certain technically-qualified people—in the sense of providing work for their skill—was pertinent to my role as employer in IDC.

Much of Javanese culture was concerned with the inner life. However these interests were not all directed towards the worship of God, as in Subud. Magic and the use of spiritual forces to achieve one's aims were not uncommon. I found that even among some Indonesian Subud members interest in magic was not far away.

On one occasion a member from central Java, who saw that we did not have children, offered to lend me a kris—a magical dagger. He said I should put it under my pillow at night. I could not offend him so I accepted the dagger. Then I went to see Sudarto and told him the story. I said that I didn't want to get mixed up in magic. 'Oh, that's very easy,' he said, 'You put the kris away in a safe place, say at the office, and wait for about two weeks. Then you return the kris to its owner and tell him that you had a very big experience. You say that you put the dagger under your pillow and as a result you had the most extraordinary dream. He will be most interested, but you then have to say that in the dream you were told that you were not to tell anyone, not even him.'

I did as Sudarto said, and sure enough my helpful friend was completely satisfied.

Even senior public figures in Indonesia had their *dukuns* (soothsayers) and owned magical objects. There was a story at the time that General Suharto had been advised by his dukun that he should obtain the mask of Gadjah Madah if he was to have the confidence to confront President Sukarno. The mask was said to be endowed with the wisdom and power of Gadjah Madah, the Javanese warrior/ prime minister of the Madjapahit Empire—1295-1525. The story was that General Suharto went to great lengths to obtain a loan of this magical mask from Bali and as a result his confidence increased to the point where he could finally take over the role of President. Such stories were of great interest to the Javanese.

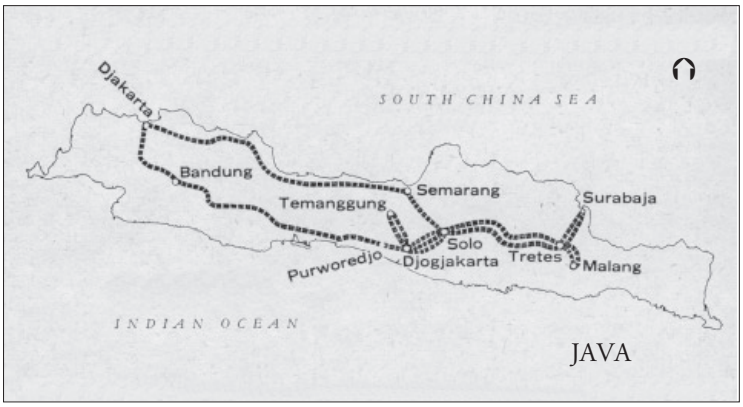
In October 1969 I travelled to Australia for two weeks with Haryono and Ismana and Istimah Week visiting the Melbourne and Sydney groups as helpers. This was one of Haryono's first trips abroad for Subud and he was well received, bringing a light touch to difficult problems.

In December 1969 Bapak and his family made a two-week journey around Java. This was immediately following the Ramadhan fast when according to custom Indonesians visit their elders. I went along and kept a diary:

Saturday 27 December 1969

CILANDAK. Today was the eighteenth birthday of Muti, Bapak's granddaughter, and this evening Ibu arranged a party in the Big House for Bapak's family and the residents. It was a quiet affair, partly because the lights had failed and the sitting room was lit only with pressure lamps. It finished at 10 pm so Bapak can make an early start tomorrow on a trip to East Java. The family has invited us and others to go.

At the start of Bapak's trip around Java 1969. Right: Erling Week



Bapak's route … 2,500 kilometres in nine days

Sunday 28 December 1969

SEMARANG. Indonesians joke about their disregard for time—djam karet (rubber time) they call it—but not Bapak. This morning he was as usual on time as we assembled for the 6 am start. Many of the residents were also there to wave farewell to Bapak, some still in their housecoats at that early hour. Luggage was loaded into a new VW Combi wagon which has been sent by the Subud groups in Germany.

Usman was driving Bapak's car, with Bapak and Ibu sitting together in the back and Aminah (Usman's wife) in the front. The idea was to drive in a convoy. Haryono and Ismana with their family (on a mattress in the back) were first to follow Bapak's car. The Chairman of the National Committee, Commodore Sutanto, with his wife were next and with them Tuti, Muti and Indra, (Bapak's granddaughters). Members of the National Committee, Wahana and Sudono, together with Usman's children were in the new Combi. In the fourth car was Ashadikun and his wife and children and his brother. Ashadikun is an active member of the National Committee and the SES Representative of Indonesia. He is combining this trip with a business trip to sugar factories in East Java.

In the last two cars were Oswald Lake and his wife Asa from the USA with their two boys in the secretariat's old Chevrolet station wagon, and Erling Week, an American business man who had come to live in Cilandak at Bapak's invitation, Dr George Baerveldt, a visitor from South Africa, and Helena and I, in our car. We were in all twenty-two adults and as many children in seven cars.

We wove our way through the Jakarta traffic to the main bypass, then through some twenty kilometres of suburbs strung out along the coast road to the east. It was a narrow two lane road crowded with bicycles, rickshaws and pedestrians, as well as trucks and all manner of other vehicles bringing goods and people to Jakarta. Although we were early the going was slow and after an hour and a half we were still in the built-up area. It made me realise why it was going to take us all day to drive the five hundred kilometres to Semarang.

The convoy seemed to have a life of it's own as it sped along. Bapak's car led the cavalcade almost all the way, with the rest of the cars changing position from time to time. There was the usual urging by the children to pass their friends. There was some doubt about the old Chevrolet but it performed well. In fact no one had car problems although more than a hundred kilometres of the road was very rough, with large pot holes. In some places our speed was reduced to walking pace. Around midday we wound down from the hills towards the northern coastal plain. Stretched out below was a vast patchwork of paddy fields as far as one could see. It was mostly intense green mature rice, but here and there were vivid splashes of yellow seed rice and a few contrasting fallow ponds of rich brown soil edged with straw where groups of women in bright batiks were weeding and planting. We stopped to stretch our legs in this fertile place. A wide canal ran beside the road full to the top of its banks from the recent rains. Ibu walked with Aminah, her pink parasol aloft. A clear blue sky stretched to the horizon ahead.

Our next stop was for a late lunch at Tegal. Then more driving across the plains in the afternoon heat, until we came—with some relief—to the shady teak forests on the hills of Pekalongan. We arrived in Semarang just after dark.

We went directly to Bapak's house where his mother and Rahayu welcomed us. We all found chairs and were served cool drinks. Bapak explained that it was here that he first received God's Grace in the form of the Subud latihan. He also told us a little about the history of Semarang and how several centuries ago there had been a land promontory running out into the sea. In those days it was the meeting place of the Nine Walis (Saints) of Java. Just sitting with Bapak took away all the fatigue of the twelve hour drive. He was attentive, asking about our hotel accommodation and said that tomorrow we would rest.

Monday 29 December 1969

SEMARANG. I overslept this morning and arrived around 11 am at Bapak's house. Everyone was already there sitting around in a relaxed manner. It reminded me of those Christmas days at home when all the family gathered, totally at ease. Bapak's sister and her husband came with their children, then Bapak's younger brother. This meant that, with the exception of Hardiyati and her children, who had stayed in Cilandak to look after Bapak's house, the whole of Bapak's family—four generations—were here for Hari Raya Lebaran (the feast to celebrate the end of the fast).

Now one by one, from the youngest children of three years old through to the oldest relations, members of the family paid their respects to Bapak and to Eyang (Bapak's mother), each kneeling and touching their elder's knee with their folded hands. It was done in reverence and received with love.

In the evening we dressed in our new clothes (according to the custom at the end of Ramadhan) the men in suits and the women in kain and kebaya (sarong and lace blouse), and gathered again at Bapak's house. Ibu called all the ladies into her bedroom to see how they looked. We then followed Bapak to a large upstairs hall in the city centre where the group had invited him to give a talk. There were about one hundred and fifty members seated in rows as in a theatre. Pak Slamet was the respected elder.

It turned out that the group was using the occasion of Bapak's visit to elect a new chairman with the main task of preparing the Semarang group to host the Indonesian National Congress in 1971—a big job for a small group. When asked, Bapak declined to test the new chairman, short cutting the procedure by saying that he could see that he was suitable. We were then all served an evening meal.

In his talk Bapak gave clarifications about the aim and purpose of Subud. He said that we each have the responsibility for our own progress. Our mistakes and sufferings are due to our own situation, but this can be alleviated and made right by God's Grace.

I taped the talk for the Cilandak Tape Unit, who have given me their equipment to record all Bapak's talks on this trip. These will be translated and sent to ISC in UK. I enjoy doing the taping as I get to sit close to Bapak while he is talking and so can enter into the feeling and follow more closely what he is saying.

Tuesday 30 December 1969

TRETES. Yesterday Sutanto announced a change of plan. Instead of us staying one night in each place that Bapak is visiting, we would go to Tretes near Malang for two nights and make the journeys to the Surabaya and Malang groups from there. Similarly in Central Java we are to spend three nights in Yogyakarta and visit the groups in Solo and Temanggung from that base.

We made a late start this morning then drove to Solo, a hundred kilometres of winding mountain road. Although it was only 11 am when we arrived, we stopped at a restaurant in the gardens at the City Recreation Centre and had our midday meal. It turned out that Bapak's family had started the journey without taking breakfast. I think Ibu (who has diabetes) had not been so well the night before. The feeling between us all is now very close. Rahayu has joined us in our car.

The drive from Semarang to Surabaya via Solo and Madiun must be one of the most beautiful in Java. After leaving Solo the road runs along a wide fertile valley dominated by huge volcanic peaks. At first the volcanoes appeared grouped together and then as we approached them they separated into a line of three distinct mountains. The colours were striking, particularly in the late afternoon from 4 pm to sunset. At that time of day the towering cones became blue-black against the orange sky. The huge cumulus clouds of the monsoon reflected the sunset and transformed the green forests and fields into shades of purples. It was twilight as we turned off the main road in the direction of Mount Bromo and started climbing through farmlands towards the holiday resort of Tretes. In those magical minutes the landscape became translucent. A cluster of lights of the township could be seen sparkling like a tiara on the velvet black volcano.

Bapak, Ibu and family were accommodated in the main house of an Indonesian Navy Rest Centre and the rest of us were given rooms in the bungalows of the tourist hotel next door. We had been ten hours on the road, so with another sixty kilometres to drive to Surabaya ahead of us, we quickly showered and changed. Time and distance have become unimportant; we were now attuned to the spirit of a Bapak journey.

Surabaya is the site of Indonesia's Navy headquarters and the meeting tonight was arranged in the large Navy assembly hall. About a hundred and fifty members attended. I guess some are from other Subud centres. After the welcoming speeches, Bapak gave a talk lasting two hours. He said that the Association Susila Budhi Dharma had no existence apart from us, its members, and so Subud's progress and reputation rested with our progress and diligence. (Bapak often makes this point, to draw people's attention back to the fact that Subud is only an expression of the individual latihans of all of us.)

Bapak told the creation story as given in the Islamic holy books. He then went on to explain that the original light of creation divided into the four basic elements and that these re-combined to become the life forces of our world. We can, he said, experience the difference between these forces which make up our passions (nafsu) and the higher force of the latihan.

Wednesday 31 December 1969

TRETES. As we drove back to Tretes last night in the early hours all I remember was the closeness of the feeling between us in the car, and the echo of our hard-driven motors along the empty roads. This morning I could see the beauty of Tretes in daylight. From high on the mountain side, a vast soft blue-green plain spreads out below, while close at hand is a mass of brightly-coloured gardens. Temperate as well as tropical plants grow well here and the holiday houses are thickly planted with flowering trees and shrubs. Mid-morning Bapak and Ibu went for a walk to Haryono's bungalow. We followed and joined the relaxed and laughing group sitting listening to Bapak tell stories in joking mood. Some children were there, others had gone riding.

Thursday 1 January 1970

TRETES. Last night (New Year's Eve) and again this evening we went to the Malang group with Bapak. Both times Bapak gave a two hour talk to about a hundred members. After the talk on New Year's Eve a Javanese gamelan orchestra played and one by one people got up and sang.

Tonight we had latihan and afterwards Bapak did testing. Bapak encouraged the group to get their own premises. I feel that Bapak is using the example of Subud abroad to encourage the Indonesian members to improve their situation. 'Bapak will come again (only) when you have a latihan hall, but don't take longer than a year!' he said.

This mountainous area of Malang has a temperate climate and is famous in Java for apples and tobacco. This morning we bought apples to take back to friends in Cilandak, where they are a great luxury in the Jakarta market. Because there is no autumn season the orchardists have to pull the leaves off by hand. As the trip progresses our station wagon and other cars are filling up with the overflow of Ibu's packages. She is the Great Mother, always collecting and giving.

Friday 2 January 1970

YOGYAKARTA. We started early this morning for the three hundred kilometres drive from Tretes to Yogyakarta and made good time, arriving in Solo before lunch. Solo, the popular name for Surakarta, was in early times the capital of one of the old kingdoms of Java and enjoyed a high culture. To this day the people have a reputation for their refinement and almost excessive courtesy. The Solo group entertained us for lunch at the home of one of the members, an elegant old-style house with an elevated verandah shaded by a huge tree.

Bapak was obviously at home talking with old friends, while some of our party admired pusaka (heirlooms), kris (daggers) and other ceremonial weapons, prized for their magical powers, in the house of our host. The women brought and traded beautiful batiks. Everyone wore traditional clothes, adding to the ambience of a former era. It was as if little had changed for hundreds of years.

Bapak and his family have been accommodated in four flats in a modern guesthouse. We the foreigners (as we are called) and the National Committee are housed in a smaller guest house nearby. It is close enough for us to take part in Bapak's hour-to-hour activities.

After the greetings we showered and changed and drove back to Solo for Bapak's talk. The group's hall was filled to capacity—at least a hundred and fifty people were seated and more standing behind. I noticed many young people in the men's group. Bapak gave a two hour talk and afterwards some testing, restricted to a few of the women because of the space. The visit ended long after midnight.

Saturday 3 January 1970

YOGYAKARTA. Today was a rest day. We went to the station and booked a seat for Erling who has to return to Jakarta, then came back via the shops so he could buy presents. Yogyakarta is famous for its batiks and silverware, both ornaments and household ware.

Yogyakarta is flat but from the city you see the mountains, particularly the three thousand metre peak of Mount Merapi, an active volcano. I remember that as recently as last year it erupted, causing several villages to be evacuated as lava poured down its slopes. The city is the old capital of Java and was the centre of one of the great Javanese kingdoms of earlier times. It has an atmosphere of past greatness and present mystery.

Bapak's talk to the Yogyakarta group tonight was held in the hall next to the guesthouse. First we had latihan in a part screened off for the purpose. It seemed to me that Bapak's talk was particularly warm and cordial, reflecting his close connection with this group. It was a large hall with plenty of space to spread mats for testing between Bapak and the audience. Bapak called two groups of twenty women, one after the other, then two groups of about the same number of men. The testing was (as we have had in Cilandak) to show to what extent the various parts of the body have been purified.

Sunday 4 January 1970

YOGYAKARTA. This morning Bapak and Ibu went out for a drive and invited us to join them. The road to the beach was impassable, so Bapak decided to go to the hill station of Kali-Urang on the slopes of Mt. Merapi. This was a series of holiday bungalows and restaurants popular for the cool mountain climate. We had a most enjoyable morning relaxing and strolling around the roads of this colourful place. Rahayu bought us omelettes filled with spicy vegetables from a roadside stall set up for Sunday tourists, while some of the ladies walked with Ibu to see a waterfall. In the evening we visited the group at the town of Temanggung.

Our group is now noticeably reduced since most of the children have returned to Jakarta to start school tomorrow. Some went by train and some in the Combi.

Temanggung is very close to Wolono, where Ibu was born. It is a medium size town almost half way between Yogyakarta and Semarang. Two hundred members gathered from various groups in the district and gave Bapak and Ibu a extremely loving welcome. We were treated to a meal and then Bapak gave a talk. Many of the members here are rural people and Bapak spoke almost tenderly—no wonder everyone loves him! Because of the hospitality and because of the long return journey, there was no time for testing.

When we got back this evening Usman said the arrangements for Bandung had been changed. After the talk tomorrow night Bapak will drive on, either to Tjipanas (Bapak's house halfway to Jakarta) or go through to Jakarta.

Monday 5 January 1970

JAKARTA. Yesterday morning we took the southern road out of Yogyakarta towards Bandung. The country was flat and dry yet seemed to be densely populated. The crops were corn, dry rice and millet. Rahayu said that millet—djuwawut—was Java's original staple food, from which the island gets it's name. The land holdings were small, very different to the large wet rice paddies in the north.

As we approached the coast we came upon large coconut plantations. The roads were narrow and crowded with bicycles and horse-drawn vehicles, mostly four-wheel buggies. There were few motor vehicles and our convoy, now six cars, had constantly to sound a warning to the slow local traffic.

Two hours from Yogyakarta we arrived at Purworedjo, where Bapak had been invited to give a short talk. I stopped for petrol and arrived late to find Bapak already sitting down before a group of about fifty members.

The building was the Kabupaten, the formal residence of the Regent. The architecture was impressive, in the traditional style of the old Javanese aristocracy, and set in gardens with a sweep of lawns and driveway to the entrance. There was a large semi-open front reception hall about twenty meters square with a high ceiling and low walls, known as the pendopo. Its fine low angle roof was supported on four carved wooden columns in the middle of the tiled floor space. Behind this was a hallway opening into a more intimate reception room in the form of a T. It was here that Bapak had been welcomed. Behind this were the private living quarters.

About thirty of the members were sitting in front of Bapak and the remainder on the two sides. Many of those in front were government functionaries and military personnel. I judged they were high-ranking persons by the brass on their uniforms. The Bupati (Regent) sat in the group on Bapak's right. He was the civil administrator of the district. In earlier times, I was told, the Regent was related to the royal family of that kingdom. Nowadays he was a person trained in a special school for public affairs. Everyone looked immaculately dressed except we travel-worn foreigners!

I set up the tape recorder while light refreshments were served. Bapak began his talk very quietly and intimately, leaning forward towards the party, gathering them into the feeling of his explanation. I was captivated by the intimacy Bapak created. His talk was the essence of refinement, a masterpiece of nuance and elegant gesture. The effect (as I experienced it) was to make us feel that we were special people, privileged to be at this gathering.

After a brief farewell, we quickly settled down to fast driving for the long journey to Bandung. It was 3 pm before we stopped for lunch at a restaurant in a small country town. There was no sign of the Chevrolet station wagon with Oswald and Asa and Dr George. As we left the restaurant I lost sight of Bapak's car and for the rest of the day we drove somewhere behind the convoy, concerned to catch up as I had no address to go to in Bandung—a city of several million people.

The mountains of West Java were no less beautiful than those we saw in the East, but different. The road wound through red soil hillsides of tilled cassava crops and brilliant green valleys of rice terraces, and on every horizon that enchanting soft blue-green haze of Java that makes near hills look distant and mysterious.

It was well after dark when we arrived in Bandung. Luckily, by asking someone, we found our way to a large brightly-lit hall just two minutes before Bapak began his talk. When I heard that we were to drive another five hours tonight back to Jakarta I gave the tape recorder to Dr George and, following Usman's example, stole out to the car for a sleep. Just after midnight Bapak emerged and waved farewell to the crowd of some two hundred members. Our small convoy slipped easily along the quiet roads through Bogor to Jakarta. At 5 am Bapak and Ibu stepped lightly into their front sitting room and we, tired but happy, dissolved into our houses.

...

In October 1970 Bapak left Cilandak for his fourth around-the-world journey visiting thirty groups in twenty countries and travelling for three and a half months. Soon after his return in February 1971 Ibu died. Although she had not been in good health her death was totally unexpected and a great shock to everyone. Ibu was beloved of all Subud women and deeply missed. Her passing marked the end of a unique relationship between the Big House and the women residents of Cilandak. It was also the end of an era of cultural life in the compound which was based on Javanese tradition which Ibu had sustained.

...

Bapak departing from his house in Cilandak for the 1970 World Tour

Bapak talking with members in Spain 1970, Istimah Week translating

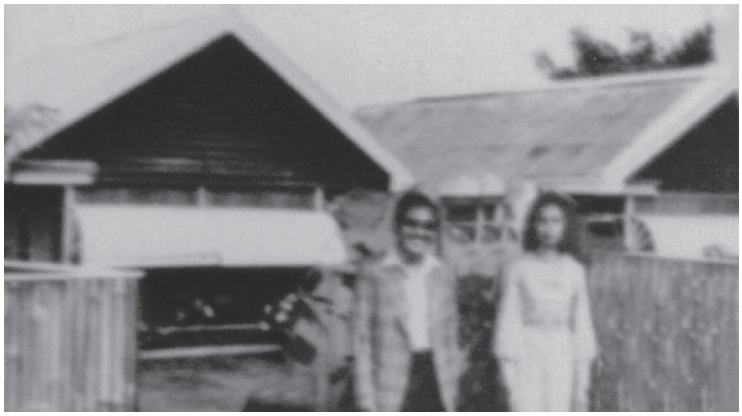
While Bapak was travelling, Ramzi, Abdullah and I were busy with the work of a growing business. We gave our firm the name International Design Consultants (IDC) to emphasise our overseas skills and our advisory role, as distinct from designer-builders. Ramzi and Abdullah continued to expand their contacts—Ramzi had been working as supervising architect on the new German Embassy and Abdullah had been assisting with the construction stage of the Australian Embassy—and I began to set up the client agreements and the procedures for letting and managing building contracts. These had to be based on a combination of Indonesian practice, international terms of contract, and our own specifications and costing information. Fortunately our first job at the Australian Ambassador's residence was small, giving us the opportunity to gain experience with local contractors and costs.

We also needed time to become accustomed to the practical difficulties of building in Jakarta at that time. The infrastructure had failed—public electricity and water supply served only part of the population and often broke down, telephones did not work, roads were in disrepair and were regularly flooded in times of heavy rain. The economy was bankrupt and the chaotic political situation of recent times simmered under the surface making important decisions by government officials subject to endless delays. There was a serious lack of trained tradesmen in all areas.

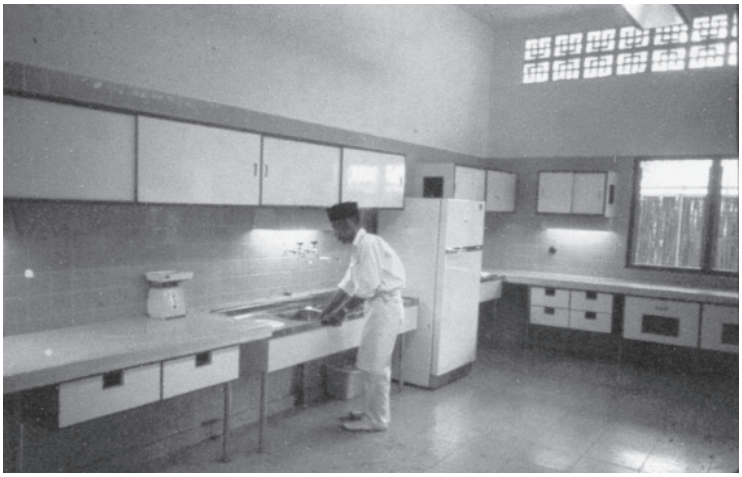
In 1968 IDC began to get factory projects for foreign investors. The company started to grow as clients recommended us to others. The next year, at Bapak's suggestion, Haryono and Wahono joined us as non-working directors and we made application to the Indonesian Government to form a joint venture company under the Foreign Investment Law.

Up until this time Abdullah, Ramzi and I worked together on every project and on all the administration issues faced by the practice. This period of sharing everything was very important and built the basis for our personal cooperation in the years to come when we had to divide up the work.

(Left to right) Lamaan van Sommers, Abdullah Pope and Ramzi Winkler



PT IDC office next door to Wisma Subud in Cilandak 1970



PT IDC's first project: Australian Ambassador's Residence kitchen 1968

PT IDC's first factory project in Jakarta 1968

Joint Embassy School (later renamed Jakarta International School)
Architecture by Abdullah Pope, PT IDC

Joint Embassy School Gymnasium and Assembly Hall by PT IDC

As the number of projects increased, we followed the expectation of our clients to deal with one director—designated the 'director-in-charge' of their project—and divided up the work. We continued to attend the initial meetings with new clients together, and it was here that the latihan noticeably helped us to establish good working relationships with strangers from many countries. We had a tacit agreement that we should arrive in a quiet inner state and then consciously support each other when we spoke, by remembering our latihan state. Clients invariably left our office satisfied and often with some comment like, 'How quiet and peaceful it is here.'

Although we now portioned out the work, my feeling of responsibility for the whole did not diminish. It usually fell to me to worry through the contract clauses with the lawyers of American companies who were not familiar with the UK 'Conditions of Contract', which we always used. I took an interest in everything and was always ready to back up the staff. We were like a growing family, particularly when new employees came to us untrained. Where projects were demanding I became meticulous about how things should be done in the name of IDC. I had the highest regard for the company and felt that it enhanced the name of Subud. I felt that what I was doing was for IDC and what my partners also did was a gift to the company. I delighted in everyone's achievements. All these things flowed naturally from the latihan.

Bapak's role was advisory. He was there if the partners wanted his advice, but he didn't lead. We occasionally asked him about matters of policy and about the work we were doing in Cilandak. At Board meetings Bapak left it to us to set the agenda. He would take an interest in what was said, commenting when asked or showing his assent to our discussions. The effect of his presence was to bring out the best in us. When my partners spoke at these meetings, I was filled with gratitude to God *that I was sharing this experience, at this moment, with these people.*

By the end of 1969 IDC had established technical departments responsible to the three directors: Abdullah and Ramzi had an architecture group, under Pak Umar*, and I had a structural engineering section, under Ir Soetikno†, and a small quantity surveying team, under Pak Hartono. This was a time when I spent much of each day with my staff. They were dedicated to IDC and eager to do well at their jobs. They were reliable, punctual and never absent. It was a time of training, of establishing methodology and of fostering skills. They learnt quickly and produced excellent work. They were a happy and harmonious team. I felt at home when working with them and discovered that my willingness to take responsibility gave them, as technical people, confidence and security. There grew a strong bond of affection between us which the latihan protected from declining into over-familiarity.

Meantime on Bapak's advice we bought the land alongside Wisma Subud to build an office and staff houses. Ramzi and I and Lambert Gibbs, an English architect who had joined IDC, began building our houses in 1970. At the same time Irwan Maindonald, an experienced mechanical and electrical engineer from New Zealand, decided to set up a building services consultancy, which he called Asian Area Consultants (AAC) and rented the house next door—between Bapak's house and IDC. In Indonesia at that time the public utilities were inadequate to meet any extra demand, so every new factory or building had to provide its own electricity generators, its own water supply, and its own waste treatment system. AAC engineers designed these services as well as air-conditioning, telecommunications, and fire protection systems for the factories, schools and office buildings handled by IDC. AAC became vital to IDC, as it complemented the architecture and engineering of sophisticated projects. In January 1970 Irwan asked me to recruit staff for AAC and manage the business. I worked as managing director for two years until he came to live fulltime in Indonesia. This meant that I was dividing my time between IDC and AAC.

* Pak is an abbreviation for Bapak. † Ir is the title for a qualified engineer.

During all this period we enjoyed both the confidence of being under Bapak's guidance and the optimism that pervaded business life in Indonesia at the time.

Towards the end of 1970, Bapak began to prepare Cilandak to host the Fourth Subud World Congress in August 1971. Although IDC was occupied with the design of several large factory projects, office buildings and the Joint Embassy School, we took on the extensive preparations for the Congress. Sharif designed a new latihan hall and Ramzi Winkler designed and supervised construction of temporary accommodation for 1500 guests built entirely of bamboo. I was responsible for the electricity and water supplies, including installing new generators and drilling a deep bore to an aquifer of potable water.

The Congress was attended by over 2000 members from more than 50 countries making it the largest international gathering ever held in Indonesia. President Suharto, Ministers and the Mayor of Jakarta were invited, bringing Subud to the attention of the nation through the media.

As IDC expanded, financing became critical and we had to look for loans as working capital. Sharif Horthy, who had meantime joined us as an engineer, now provided much-needed finance. On 27 June 1970, with the help of Erling Week, acting as IDC managing director, we obtained the President's signature approving our application to operate in Indonesia. In November when Erling left, I took over as managing director, so that for several months I was deeply absorbed in staff matters, financial control and company administration for both companies. Money was short. The company had no bank credit and was depending increasingly on private loans to meet the cash flow requirements of its expanding business. In June of the following year Sharif became a shareholder of IDC and was appointed managing director. I returned to the technical direction of a pharmaceutical factory for Bristol-Myers and a factory and offices for Danapaints. By this time IDC and AAC were ready for a much larger project.

The new latihan hall designed by Sharif Horthy PT IDC 1971

Awaiting the arrival of President Suharto at the opening of Congress 1971

The van Sommers' house adjacent to the IDC office in Wisma Subud

The Winklers' house on IDC land (later part of Wisma Subud)

In December 1972 IDC and AAC were appointed by the Canadian mining company International Nickel (PT INCO in Indonesia) to produce a design report and contract drawings for a township to be built near the village of Soroako on the shore of Lake Matano in a remote area of the island of Sulawesi. It was to include a staff town of 600 houses, schools, hospital, supermarket, clubs, roads and all utilities, and serviced lots for 1000 local employees, growing to a population of 8000 in ten years. I became the director responsible, with Lambert as architect and with Irwan taking care of the utilities. It was the chance of a lifetime—total freedom for planning, layout, building details and materials on a virgin site in a beautiful location. We had no town planning experience but were able to use the topography of the undulating terrain and tree cover to suggest a certain arrangement. We chose the flatter areas for the town centre and sports fields and used aerial photographs to lay out the roads according to the contours. As we grouped the houses to take advantage of the lake views, it became clear that we had not succeeded in creating a functional town centre. We had not resolved this problem when Lambert suffered a heart attack and had to withdraw from the project.

In May 1973 Fernando Davanzo, an architect from Chile, visited Cilandak and I asked him if he could help us with the project. The timing was remarkable. Fernando was experienced in social planning of remote communities and he immediately took Lambert's place. In the next three months he helped develop a successful town plan around his concept of using the schools as centres of educational, cultural and recreational activity for adults as well as children. Here is how he described his work with IDC in an later interview:

> I had worked in Chile on schemes to meet the social needs of isolated work forces. The principle was to extend the role of schools so that they became centres for family activity and adult learning out of normal school hours. My idea was to apply this principle to the INCO township.

IDC was to prepare a presentation of their approach to the township design for the head of INCO engineering who was arriving from Toronto that month. We set out to draw a five metres long layout of the town to scale. The housing was divided into two distinct areas: the management at the far end where the land sloped to the lake, and the workers nearer the mine where the land was flatter. There was a large park and sports fields connecting them.

A glow of exhilaration surrounded the work at IDC. With a very tight program we called on women in the Subud compound to help colour-wash the large drawings. These volunteers included: Halimah Geiger (later Mrs Russ); Shirley, wife of Musa Djoemena; Toti, my wife; Renée (from Germany); Latifah (later Mrs Asikin); Sylvia des Tombe; and a daughter of Dr Rachman Mitchell. We finished the proposed layout the night before the arrival of INCO's chief engineer, Mr Crouch.

Our strategy was to emphasise the social dimension on which the ultimate success of the town, and therefore the project, would depend. The school was to be the community centre—the hall for school assembly would be used for cinema and theatre; classrooms would be open for adult education and interest groups; the library for the school would be combined with a public lending and reference library; tennis courts, sports fields and swimming pools, etc. would be managed for both school and residents' use, and all these activities would be organised and run by the residents. Mr Crouch saw that the emphasis was right and was happy with the ideas. He instructed us to continue along these lines and said he would come back in a month. It was clear that IDC had been selected as the consultant.

We settled down to perfect the layout and prepare the descriptions of the buildings —the schools, supermarkets, clubs, hospital, mosque and churches, and the township offices. INCO began to send their staff to consult with us; a young American woman teacher about the schools, a Japanese doctor to discuss the hospital and clinic requirements. The IDC architects developed house designs and the engineers prepared building systems, using locally milled timber.

Meantime Lamaan, Soetikno and I flew to the Sulawesi site. It was on the shore of Lake Matano, a huge deep freshwater lake surrounded by a pristine landscape of hills and bushland. We used an STOL aircraft, which could fly very slowly, for observations that would help us adjust our layout. In the sloping area, the location of roads and buildings was determined largely by the land contours, giving the plan a settled and natural appearance.

Back in Jakarta I worked on designing the schools, the supermarket, and the hospital. Lamaan arranged for staff architects to work on the various house types and other buildings, and his engineers designed the roads and recreation areas. The draftsmen made a two-metre long scale model. We worked very hard, sometimes until 2 am, and then returned early the next morning—some staff did not go home but slept at the office—so as to finish the plan before I left for Chile. Many things had to be considered, including the impact of the mine on the people of Soroako village, the port township Malili, and the island of Sulawesi as a whole.

When Fernando returned to Chile I was left to prepare a detailed report suitable for INCO to use in going out to tender for construction of the township. As the end of year deadline approached I slept little, working day and night for the last several weeks to complete a description of the town and its buildings, illustrated with scores of drawings and specifications. I worked until I thought the last drop of energy was gone, and then I went on. The surprising result was that I passed through the fatigue and—*feeling totally at one with my own nature*—I was able to complete the extensive report and documentation on time. This was such a powerful spiritual experience that when it was complete I felt that I should present a copy to Bapak. I knew that he would understand.

The report was favourably received by INCO, and IDC was commissioned to carry out the detailed production drawings, specifications and bills of materials—to the last nail—for the project. It was IDC's and AAC's largest-ever project. To meet the program IDC expanded its staff to sixty-five and AAC to forty-five.

Fernando Davanzo (left) and IDC Chief Engineer Soetikno at INCO site

West end of the INCO new township, Sulawesi, designed by PT IDC

Robin Ripley (who later worked on the Anugraha Conference Centre in Windsor, England) came from the UK to design the timber housing construction system, a key element of the project. This was a time of prosperity for IDC and of satisfaction for the staff working on the project as they grew in experience and skill. By the time it was finished in August 1975 IDC had worked 30,000 manhours and AAC 20,000 manhours, completing six hundred detailed production drawings. The program involved thirty fulltime technical staff. With the team working efficiently and harmoniously the INCO project was for many the high point of IDC's first ten years. The township when built was one of the most modern in Indonesia.

The income from the INCO project carried the two companies through the initial effects of the 1975 Indonesian financial recession, and when it was completed, with most levels of staff competent to manage their own work, the directors had the chance to take their first significant holidays overseas.

The next large project for IDC was the structural engineering design of the S.Widjojo building, a fourteen storey office block on Jalan Sudirman in central Jakarta, initiated by Bapak. The architect for the building was Hassan Vogel, a Swiss Subud member who had had extensive experience of designing office buildings in Bangkok. IDC was responsible for the engineering. Java is a region of high earthquake activity and Jakarta is built on layers of water-logged silt. This meant that both the foundation system and the frame analysis would require the latest international design techniques. I employed specialists within Indonesia and from Australia. The Indonesian consultants, Luthfi and Associates, were invited to do the seismic analysis and to obtain the Government building permit. Matthew Shanley, a Subud engineer working in Perth with CMPS, an Australian company, conceived and developed the structural design. It was the first multi-storey building in Jakarta to be supported on a 'raft' foundation instead of on piles.

It was coincidental that this concept of 'floating' the building was consistent with its ship-like shape. I sent Sahlan, the senior draftsman, to Perth to work for three months at CMPS and on his return he and the others under Ir Soetikno did the structural drawings and reinforcement schedules.

The design process was a complete success and helped to establish the international competence of IDC's Indonesian engineering staff.

All this work activity was balanced by added attention to our inner life. Bapak continued to give talks on Sundays, sometimes to all members, at other times to the women helpers alone. He also gave talks at Ramadhan and to National Congresses, Zonal Conferences, and on all special occasions.

But life was by no means all work and prehatin (self denial). We regularly took weekend breaks. For some of us Samudra Beach Hotel on the south coast was a favourite destination.

The success of IDC during its first ten years went far beyond its important role in the development of Cilandak. It contributed to the economy of the country by building good quality factories, schools, housing and offices; it provided the study places for thousands of students in the schools and work places for hundreds of workers in the factories and offices; it gave a secure livelihood to a large technical staff and their families; and it set an example of good practice and honesty in the investment community of Jakarta.

PT IDC was founded by Bapak and those of us who worked as directors were related to one another through our relationship to Bapak and the latihan. Our reward was being near Bapak and the personal experience of working with brothers who, in Bapak's words, *'felt most comfortable close to latihan and who felt uncomfortable when, in what they were doing, they got away from the latihan'.*

S.Widjojo Building: architecture by Hassan Vogel, engineering by PT IDC

Samudra beach on Java south coast. Hotel pool in the foreground.

Left to right: Iliana Bartok, Erling and Istimah Week, Deana Bartok, Hassanah van Sommers, Lestari Vittachi and son Imran, at Samudra.

Each year in Cilandak, like all residents, I followed the month-long Ramadhan fast. For three consecutive years I found myself in an outer situation that reinforced the experience of the fast. Each time, towards the end of the fast, when fasting had made me feel more sensitive to people's condition, I found myself in a place where the human situation was desperate. These synchronistic conjunctions of outer and inner events had a strong impact.

The first year I had to go to the slums of Jakarta because a servant was ill. I had never before been down the narrow walkways between the shacks built in the swamps. I felt moved with shame at the kindness and respect given to me by the family in the small and crowded servant's room. The second year I was asked to go to a hospice to give advice on building improvements. Ibrahim, a Subud member, had begun to pick up the dying from the streets and take them to this primitive hospice. He had only just started the project and the conditions were still much as he had found them. Gaunt people lay dying in bamboo shelters with only a cloth for cover. I had never had direct contact with such abject hopelessness.

The third year I was called to Sumatra to prepare a feasibility study for the development of Medan harbour on the north-east coast. The work was soil sampling on the tidal flats. This wide expanse of bare black mud, remote from the city, was home to the poor who couldn't find a shack in the city's slums. Dotted about in tiny temporary shelters to protect them from the pitiless tropical sun, these were forgotten people. Surely this was the last place on earth and yet these simple people had no where else to go. Still fasting, I worked the whole day deeply touched by their situation. I came away thankful to God for this experience of compassion.

...

In June 1975 I attended the Fifth Subud World Congress in Germany. It was well organised and very active, lasting eight days. Almost two thousand members attended. The venue was the Wolfsburg Civic Centre with plenary sessions held in its three-thousand-seat hall. The Congress was opened by the Mayor of Wolfsburg, who was then shown around an exhibition of Subud enterprise displays set up for the public in the foyer. IDC was represented. Most people were accommodated in the two-storey dormitory buildings in the permanent Volkswagon motor company village but some chose to stay, as I did, in one of the comfortable local inns. After the evening sessions we gathered in the coffee shops talking late into the night and eating German cakes.

Bapak was housed in the castle at Wendhausen, a beautiful old building in its own parklike grounds, half an hours' drive away from the congress venue. On his birthday all the members, many dressed in their national costumes, came to visit and pay their respects. Forming into a great line a kilometre long they filed past, country by country, each greeting Bapak and his family seated on a carpeted dais. Some, like the Germans, played music as they walked, some brought gifts.

In the evenings, Bapak gave talks and held latihans. I remember his analogies in his advice to the helpers. It is very important, he said, that we allow the latihan to move us according to our real nature. In that way our life will go well. If a goat acts like a tiger it will certainly not make a good tiger. In our latihan we should start relaxed and quiet so that we can follow the true movements according to our nature. The helpers should respect this. They should not interfere with a member's latihan, even if he barks like a dog. Through the latihan a person can come to know themselves. There were two evenings of testing with members. Each ended with showing how people of different races move and behave. How does a German walk? How does an American dance? The latihan was strong. Bapak said it was particularly good for newer members to be able to have a strong and clear experience.

The Fifth Subud World Congress, Wolfsburg, Germany, in session

Bapak at the Subud enterprise displays. PT IDC was one of sixty exhibits.

The third night of testing was for helpers. Bapak said that where Subud membership had fallen off, it was to some extent the responsibility of the helpers, so he would test how helpers should be. He asked us to receive:

Q. How does a person who will make a good helper feel to you? [Bapak: 'Like a father to his children.']

Q. How does a person who is not suitable to be a helper feel to you?

Some helpers made a big noise in this test and Bapak said, 'If you test like that in front of a candidate you will frighten them.' Then Bapak asked us to test about ourselves as helpers:

Q. How does it feel when you are acting with the correct attitude towards the members?

Q. How do you actually feel towards the members?

Q. Feel the quality which attracts the members towards you as a helper.

At the plenary sessions Bapak set the direction and the tone for each day by giving a short talk. On the third day he described the international organisation, with its two distinct sides—spiritual and committee. He announced that on the organisation side, Herbert Stewart from Toronto would head the International Subud Committee (ISC) for the next four years. On the spiritual side Bapak nominated two North American helpers to work beside ISC in Toronto and four others to advise Varindra Vittachi, who would be 'Bapak's assistant on organisational matters.' Bapak also said he would send Roespono, a helper from Indonesia, to live in Canada. He confirmed that members of Bapak's secretariat had no position in the running of Subud. He outlined the guidelines for Subud enterprise contributions and the use of funds for helper travel, and so on. It was a very comprehensive congress.

After Germany I had the impulse to travel through the Americas. It turned out to be an odyssey of Subud visits where I shared with others the events and substance of the World Congress and showed slides. I went to groups in Santiago, Chile; Buenos Aires, Argentina;

Rio de Janerio, Brazil; Lima, Peru; Toronto and Vancouver, Canada; and Albuquerque, Flagstaff and San Francisco in the USA.

In Chile I stayed two weeks. The group arranged an evening for the congress report and finished with questions about life in Cilandak. I visited a farm where Latif Petric and three other members were working hard to establish a cheese making enterprise.

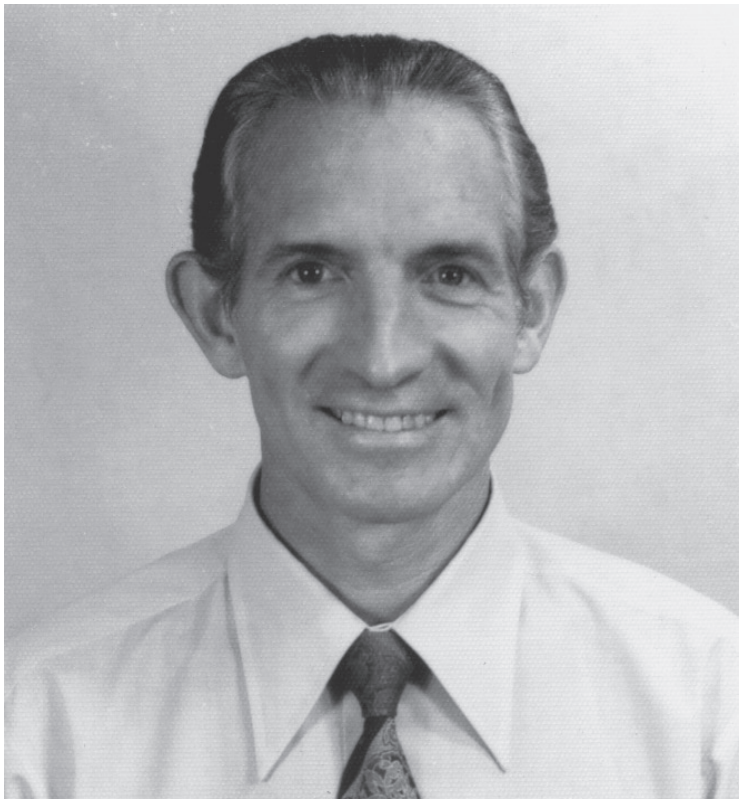
In Lima I stayed five days with Eduardo and Anna Massini, the Kejiwaan Councillors for Peru. The group was small but we met several times for latihan and dined out together. One night at a restaurant we were laughing and enjoying ourselves so much that the waiters, after standing all the spare chairs on the tables, finally had to turn off the lights to get us out. In Mexico City I stayed with Hosanna Baron, who had been several times to Cilandak, and with her visited the ancient Aztec pyramids. It was here in her house in the grounds of Chapultepec Golf Club in 1968 that Bapak had a strong receiving which caused a number of people to have visions and other extraordinary spiritual experiences.*

In New York Varindra and Lestari Vittachi invited me to dinner. Lestari was our neighbour and close friend in Cilandak in the days when Imran was a small boy and Varindra had had to spend much of his time elsewhere. Varindra was at the time director of information and public affairs for the UN Population Fund and arranged for me to visit the United Nations building and Security Council chamber as a tourist. In Toronto I went to see Herbert Stewart, who had been appointed ISC Chairman at the Wolfsburg Congress. We did latihan and tested together about his coming task.

Everything went so well during this journey and people were so appreciative of getting first hand news of the World Congress that I felt quite sure that my impulse to travel had been a right indication. In between the group visits I had the chance to travel to the famous tourist sites of Brazilia, Machu Picchu and Cusco in Peru, Mexico City, New York, Niagara Falls, the Rocky Mountains National Parks, the Grand Canyon and Hawaii.

* See account by Lydia Duncan in *Subud Journal* 1968

On 14 February 1976 my mother died in Melbourne. She had been bravely battling a long illness. She had been in Subud fourteen years and, thanks to God, I was able to be with her for the last three weeks of her life. As I sat beside her bed I received very emphatically the word, ' … indestructible.' I understood that in the state of latihan that I was sharing with her there was a part of her which would not be wiped out by death. When the time came for her to die I felt assured in my latihan that she left gladly and that she was in God's care. I wrote to Bapak, who had recently given my mother the new name Maria.



At forty-eight

Back in Jakarta, I found IDC struggling to find new projects in a national economy critically short of foreign investmentdue to the oil shock of 1973. With no significant work and the engineering division functioning well without my supervision, I decided to retire and leave Indonesia. It felt as natural to leave as it had been to join. I had been drawn into the possibilities of IDC at its inception and helped it grow to maturity and self-sufficiency. Now my contribution was complete. I told Bapak of my decision and he agreed. On 30 April, at forty-eight years of age I resigned from the company. I parted with mixed feelings. I knew it was the right thing to do but I also felt very close to my engineering staff and left them with enormous goodwill.

While my years in Indonesia and my time with IDC had given me great satisfaction in my spiritual and professional life, the same cannot be said of my marriage, which had foundered in the last years and finished in separation in 1975. As the financial situation at IDC had declined, I had to settle with no retirement benefit. This meant that I left Indonesia with very little capital to start a new life. This didn't bother me at the time. I had enjoyed such a rich spiritual experience that I never thought to measure my ten-year stay in Indonesia in terms of money.

At first I felt that I would like to live in Canada, but when I told Bapak he advised me to return to Australia.

Postscript 1976

The inner changes that led to my leaving Indonesia were to continue. From that time on my interests were radically different. I was drawn to matters of feeling in preference to thinking, to inner things rather than outer, to relationships rather than projects and achievements, and I entered into life with a new optimism.

As I prepared to leave Indonesia, I had a dramatic spiritual experience, which was to strengthen my move to independence.

One day I was moved to lie down and to do the latihan. With it came clear consciousness and a blissful feeling. I was inwardly separated—an observer. As the feeling and the separation intensified, my *self* was suddenly beside me. He was a very large figure, several times life size, towering over me to the left and above. He looked down on me, knowingly, as apparently my *self* had always done. I looked up at him in awe. No recognition was necessary, as it was *me*, but I was amazed. It was wonderful to meet *him*. There was so much more to him than I. He was more *real* than I. Being me, he knew all about me and was constantly aware of what I was doing. When moments later he was gone I was left thrilled with the wonder of the experience. My reaction was to want to find *his* plane of consciousness but gradually I had to accept that I could not. The important thing was that I was changed by the experience. I was reassured of a substantial and eternal dimension to my existence, even if I was usually cut off from it.