



The Light Is Yours

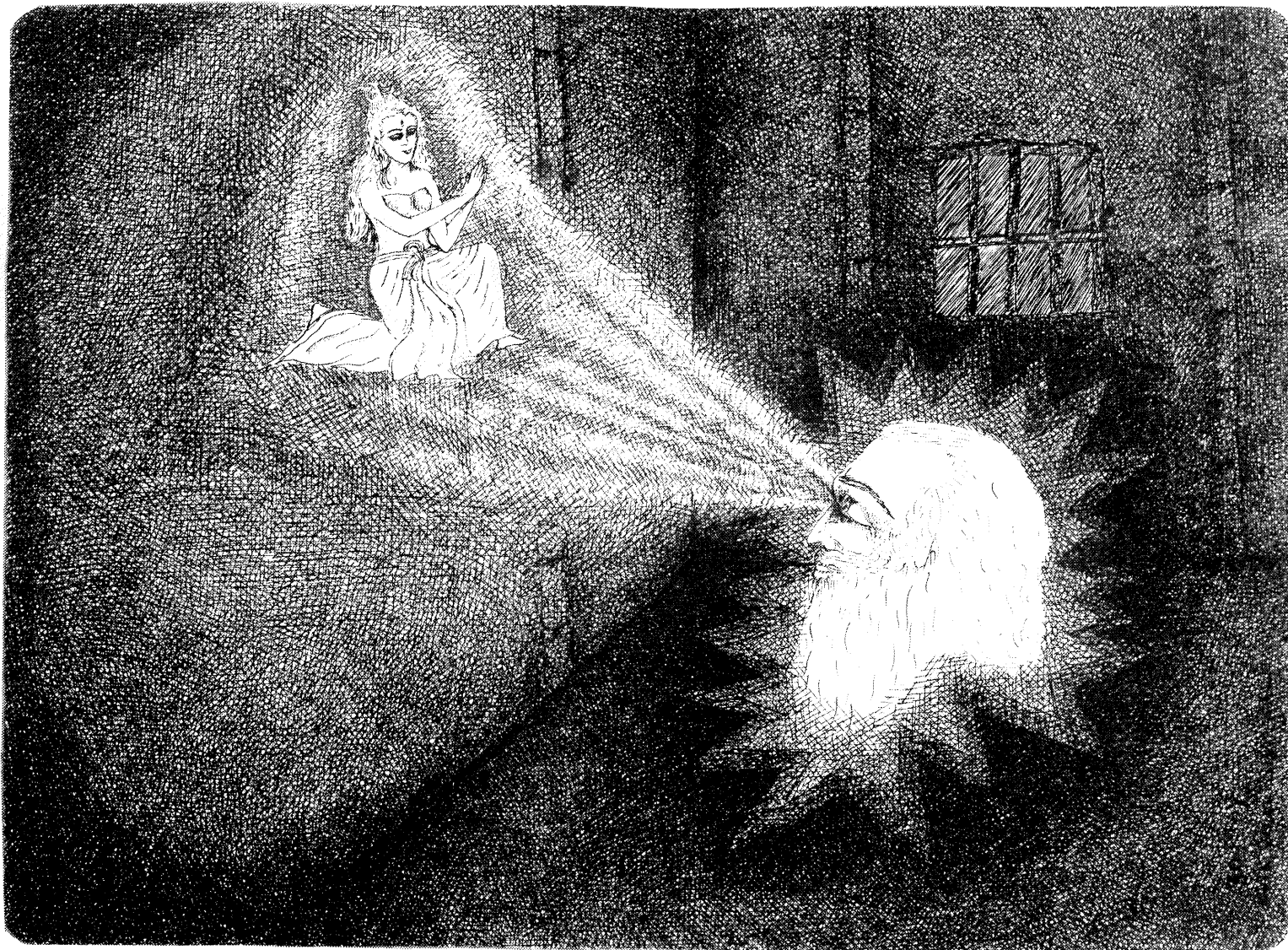
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VOLUME II, Number 8

June 15th, 13th year siva kalpa

ZERO HOUR



Thus the REALITY of the past and future moved towards its own fulfillment with a progressive detachment from the influence of the dumb nature, leading the astrologer into the most mysterious secret of Conscious Nature of AGNI, the FIRE of KNOWLEDGE, thundering the ZERO HOUR of destructive creation of an ignorant existence, by burning down the fictions of democratic refractions on the midnight of the Fourteenth Day of June, 1966.

EDITORIAL

During the past six weeks, a marvelous change has occurred in our Village. It's a dream come true. We have started living together harmoniously, and working together, too.

In the recent past, we have seen how truth gets covered up by inflamed desires. Father said, Do whatever you like, and we did, but we didn't always like the results. We, too, had succumbed to working for our egos, all in the name of God. The pressures of such a severe contradiction became so great that the work came to a halt. We were invaded by violent expressions of frustration and challenge. Finally, we had to see our own weakness, and pray for change.

Six weeks ago, we started coming together in meetings to re-ignite the family feeling which is God's true reflection. Since that time, the feeling has changed. The violence has stopped, and the work has begun anew.

On Hari's and Sarada's suggestion, we formed a Council of Gods to serve as governors of our community. The Council's work is not an alternative to The Foundation of Revelation but rather a form of support for all progressive activities in our village.

Just as we came together, our friend Linda made us an offer we could not refuse. Sarada, who is Vice President of the Foundation of Revelation, describes our leap into business on page 8.

This is only the beginning. Who knows what tides of evolution we've yet to weather as we continue on our journey to the stars? Whatever occurs in the process is for our evolution: we know that now. Meanwhile we must continue the yagna -- the work -- of revealing what we know in this moment of time. For consciousness to become stable in us, we must practice it. We are entering our fourteenth year: in time, practice makes perfect.

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH! We are over the hump. Watch out, world: the truth is marching on.

Dear Subscriber,

Thanks for your subscriptions and letters of support! Please keep it up.

The Light Is Yours wants to expand its reading audience. Send a copy to a friend. If you advise us before mid-month, we will mail it out for you anywhere in the U.S. and save you the postage.

We would welcome more articles from our centers abroad, telling our readers what is happening where you are. The closing date for contributions is the 5th of the month. We would also love to receive drawings in ink (no pencil please).

The Light Is Yours needs more typists and graphic artists interested in doing lay-out. Please contact Stephanie, 61A Carmelita, S.F. 94117 (864-0179).

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TO THE EDITOR

5th May 13th year S.K.
Calcutta

Stephanie,

I was trying to make a letter for you, for quite a long time, but unfortunately couldn't find time. Since I received your last copy of "Light is Yours" I was trying to convey my thanks for a fine editorial.

Anyway you must be knowing from Sakti, that we people here in our Indian family, trying to publish a Journal, we give it a name 'ANURANAN'-The Reverberation.

Dear friend I will be much grateful, if you could help me with a clear and logical about Siva Kalpa. What do you think, we like minded fellows all over the world trying to achieve through it? I gathered a clear history from Sakti, but I want to see it from your point of view.

It is known, that you are trying to help poor people all over the world. But I'm interested to know - how? I don't think a handful of money is enough for an ignition which is the foremost requirement for enlightenment - rather this money will spoil the percentage of potency a man or lady still have within them. Look Stephanie I haven't had any relations with you before, I started writing this letter, but as I start writing this you are coming more closer to me. In the same where there is no bindings of thoughts i.e. Where rationality developed in the heart of human species. It would be much easier to ignite them. So considering the message of Chirangib, I would like to speak and write to a man than giving him some monetary help.

What will be your answer Stephanie if I ask you why do you live? What is the meaning of life to you? When you know one day you will die, why do you love to exist in this material form?

I would like to receive a letter from you, with your ideas about it, but according to me, we are here to enjoy and learn more lesson of rationality. And we love to exist in this material form, because that's the only way to learn the knowledge in natural form. Every incident and every action this nature makes is backed with full line of logic, and logic can't exist where it is not backed with knowledge. Therefore in turn, we are here to acquire knowledge. When we are facing the problems of nature.

Now - why are we facing problems, because we haven't the knowledge or rationality to eliminate or neglect it.

Therefore we can now, come to a conclusion, where there is rationality developed in the human species and they are illuminated with knowledge and can detect the causality. There will be no problems in this world. And the problemless society of our dream, can therefore establish theoretically.

And we like minded people all over the world would try and establish this practically - acquiring more knowledge and rationality.

No more today, my friend - I will be waiting eagerly for your letter. All sorts of advise is most cordially welcome. Thanking you.

With love,
Amitava Ghosh

5th June 13th year S.K.

Dear Amitava,

Bom Shankar Bholenath!

I am happy to receive a letter from one in our Indian family. I hope you will write again and tell more about yourself. How long have you known father? And Sakti? Do you attend the Foundation's meetings?

I cannot answer your questions better than father does in Siva Kalpa. In case you've not read it, I am enclosing a copy of our release, The Foundation of Revelation. You will find Siva Kalpa in the center of it. That is really the place to start because it's the language of truth. The more you hear the truth, your mind becomes cleared of its negative feelings and God begins to speak directly to you. Siva Kalpa is truth, and so it is comprehensive. It exceeds the limits of individual mind, whose

continued on page 6



*If God is
almighty He has the
ability to take possession
of a human form for the sake
of the rest of the human forms
on this planet. Those who say
He is almighty and disregard
His ability to work on the human
plane are definitely moronic.
But God is bliss. He doesn't care
for the might, He cares for the
bliss. So why can't you get God
so easily? Because you have
preconceived ideas impressed
upon your cerebrum by your
predecessors. Now the brain has
to be washed out of the squalor
of the predecessors impressions.
They were engaged in monkey
business. But we are seeing it
without rancor, for if our prede-
cessors had not been doing these
things WE would have done it ;
...Until such business was totally
achieved on this planet, divinity
could not have appeared- it must
always become totally dark before
the dawn.*

*So as you grew up you got cov-
ered up. You never had a second
to think about God. That is the
world as it had been. Now as your
mind becomes vacant you begin to
LISTEN to me, and that is much
better than when you hear me
through your ears.*

THE SUPREME YOGA, Chapter 2

BLISS

Understanding bliss clears the way to Knowledge.

Bliss is the most obvious characteristic of the man of God -- the Superman.

"A superman shows himself, not by moving matter, but by moving the weight of the heaviness of negative, mortal feelings, so that a blissful feeling begins to pervade and transform everything -- vitally, mentally and physically. This movement of the superman is accomplished by remembering God in his relationships. This gives you the knowledge of feelings, called Vijñana. Vijñana is the knowledge of kings and the king of knowledge. The heroes of shakti kalpa had some knowledge of "jñana", which is knowledge of matter. Superman must have jñana as well as vijñana to operate triumphantly on the earth plane. So Narayana may move mountains, literally, but performs the greatest alchemy, the most astounding feat by the transformation of a base feeling into a noble feeling by extending Love when others can only despair out of doubt. Doubt is death. Narayana is a lamp -- secure in the source of all that is apparent -- God's intelligence, humorous bliss. With the knowledge of feelings (vijñana), comes the feeling of "sinlessness". When that begins to be achieved, when you release yourself from the past -- the endocrine glands secrete a still-unrecognized substance that the ancients called "soma", the real elixir of life -- secreted in the body itself and stimulated by the feeling of sinlessness. The "soma" produced the physical components of the feeling of Bliss, washing over the god-Self lover like a soothing balm -- "Soma" -- part of everybody."

Bliss is God's only concern. Father has stated this many times. There is only one Bliss, the Bliss of Knowledge. He links the two inseparably, saying "The purpose of life is to get the Bliss of Knowledge."

Go for Knowledge and the Bliss will come as a matter of course. Desire for Bliss, on the other hand, leads only to disappointment.

"Getting" Knowledge is the subject of the next chapter.

Victor Hamilton

VILLAGE NEWS

Father left for Europe on May 21st. John "the Piper" heralded the departure with his bagpipes and drew some 20 family members to the sidewalk in front of 59 Scott. Corinne was the first one to take off, driven by John and Annalynn. She was smartly dressed in pants and tailored jacket, holding a lacey Ishvani on her lap. The boys from Har's Composition class stopped to wave goodbye on their way to class, then moved on. The pipes played on, and the car drove off.

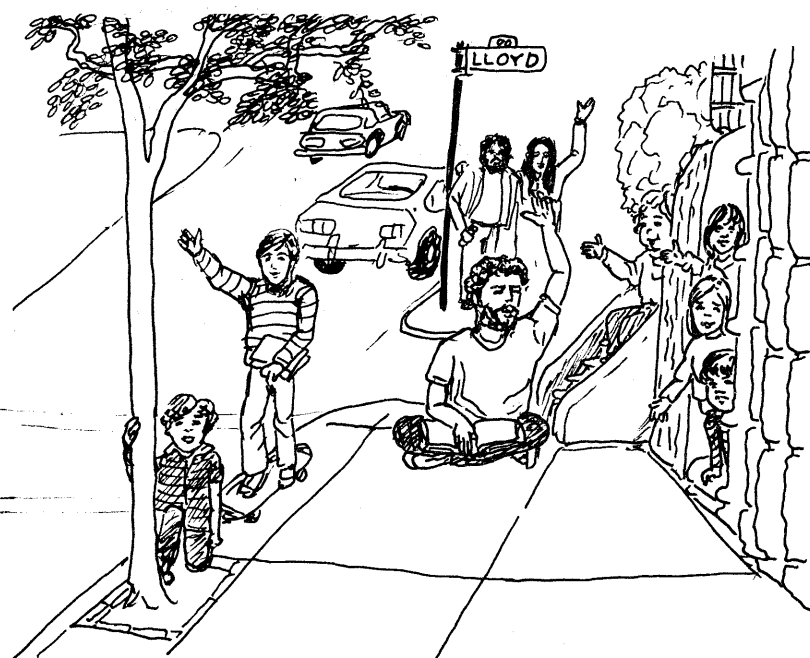
Father appeared somewhat later. He stood on the balcony of 65 and gazed on the scene like an onlooker. Caroline stood by his side. At someone's suggestion, they descended. Carolyn Slade had not yet appeared.

I said, "Have a good trip, Father." He replied, "Where am I going?" It was not a question but an answer to a question. Siva never moves.

Now the children came out from "Group B" class to watch the departure. Their lovely faces lined the stairs. They watched for awhile. Then Jonathon came down with a laugh and a shrug and threw his arms around Father. Exhilarated, he bounded back up the stairs. One by one, the other children came to say Goodbye to the great-great-grand Father.

Carolyn Slade came forth from 59 and the pipes surged into "The Girl from Dublin City." After a few hugs, she boarded the Tucker van while Father just stood there, until Josephine scooped him up with a smile and ushered him to the car. The pipes played, and they were off. The children went back into class while we stood awhile in the noon sun and enjoyed the tingles of another big trip to our family across the sea.

* * *



Shotsy had left for L.A. a few days earlier with her three sons, Skanda, Devala and baby Apollo. She met Simon & Lopa there; they had driven down with the two boys, Alo and Richie, and Alan and Catherine, an Australian couple who had been visiting here. The Stocks were commencing a cross-country tour with Nancy Schwartz, Angela & Gabriel Schwartz and Muriel Metcalfe. All went on to Las Vegas a week later, where they were the guests of Zenie Barber. At last word, Shotsy is still in Vegas; she will return via L.A. Simon & Lopes, Nancy & Muriel went on to Littleton, Colorado where they spent a week with our family there. They are now en route to Chicago & New York.

Simon departs from New York for England where he re-joins his mother, Val, in Sussex.

* * *

Zori Waitz and son Jacob are home in Long Island, visiting Zori's parents. We hope they will see Dea Mauritzi & Lakshmi, and also Annie Meyers & Susanna. ...The Tucker family has just returned from Rhode Island, where they attended the funeral of Bev's father, who died unexpectedly of a heart attack; we were sad to hear that news...Rita Fiscus leaves next week for Vienna, to visit her father there...

* * *

Marsha Thelin gave a lovely shower for Ruma Birnbaum on June 2, at the Red House in Forest Knolls. The day was hot and glorious, the children played about the garden, chewing happily on all the sweet goodies that Marsha provided. Ruma opened many pretty and fitting presents for number 5, who is due to arrive anytime now. Marsha is now comfortably installed chez Birnbaum with Jasper and Acey, lending a ready hand to the busy house-hold. Charlie Green has moved to 61 for the duration and is staying in Corinne's room with Udit, who seems quite contented these days and more expressive. Gordon & Anita Ennis are also lodging in 61 for the time.

* * *

Peggy Bartee produced a beautiful cake for Ruma's shower. Her "Sweet Magnolia Bakery" is doing well in Larkspur. We went out to visit her last Friday -- Caroline, Sarada, Yamuna and myself. The bakery is very charming, furnished with fine oak tables and decorated with pictures of father, a big Siva Kalpa and photos by Sylvia Hamilton. The aromas are tantalizing. We met Don & Sheila there and all sat chatting with Peggy in the warm afternoon. Then Peggy loaded us up with cookies, pizzas and breads -- notably the fine braided egg-bread (challa) which is traditionally baked by the Jews for Shabbis (the Sabbath). Delightful treats! The address is 1139 Magnolia Avenue. If you find yourself in the area, do stop in.

* * *

On the local political scene, we have Dennis Peron running for Supervisor of District 5. Remember "dope-dealer Dennis"? He was famous for his "super-market" of delectable essences. He was sent to jail some months ago; from there he helped create Proposition W, a first step toward decriminalizing marijuana here. Now he's back in town and running for Supe. He has his Headquarters in a small storefront on Noe Street near here. May 25 he gave a party for friends and neighbors. The family was represented by Jude Buckman (President of D.E.V.A.), Chitraratha (Chief of Security), Vince d'Alviso (V.P. of D.E.V.A.) with his wife Mala, Richard, Charles and me. Tom Sumeral, who is working on the campaign, was there as well. Dennis gave a talk, stressing the importance of legalizing marijuana and decriminalizing other drugs. He spoke of the one-ness we share. A lovely spread of healthful and gourmet foods was provided, also lots of apple juice and grass, grass, grass. Records played, people gathered and talked, sat about on the floor and smoked, smoked, smoked.

Dennis was warm and friendly and not unlike a youthful Harvey Milk in feeling. He has very long hair and a big smile, and carries his new role of "candidate" with charming diffidence. Would he really like to be a supervisor? Look for his answers in the July Light Is Yours. Dennis will speak at the next D.E.V.A. meeting, June 20; Harry Britt, the incumbent, and Terence Hallinan have been invited.

Terence has a lot of support in the family. He has known us for years and is very good friends with the Thelins and the McCoy's, among others. Terence is keeping a low profile but look for him in the L.I.Y. later this summer.

Our recreation center at 50 Scott has been re-christened the Harvey Milk Recreation Center. Harry Britt threw a party there for neighbors on Memorial Day Weekend. Several family members attended. Don Tucker pointed out that D.E.V.A. would like to be involved in events in our neighborhood; the association had not been notified of the gathering.

Speaking of D.E.V.A., Jude has informed us that the plan for Upper Duboce Park (DEVA Park) has been drawn and is awaiting approval by the Parks & Recreation Committee. The plan is on their July agenda.

Meanwhile, renovations of Murphy Park are in progress, under the able leadership of Ed Lepler and Eddy Harra.

Village Life is quiet and peaceful these days, the weather warm and fine and the mood, mellow. And that's the news!

Stephanie

AS WE GO TO PRESS... Father Happy in Europe

June 13, 13th year

Dear Family,

In our expanding circle of conscious relationships, there often remains a certain element of misjudgment. After opening a relationship, we, at times, fail to realize that there are still people who are only dealing in consciousness as a farce and a means to an end. This has been brought painfully to our attention here in Las Vegas these past few weeks.

Three months ago, Ralph Savarece came to Las Vegas representing himself as having friends in the family, as have many others. We took him into our home and introduced him to our friends and family. He was magnificent in his helpful attitude and apparent love of God and all humanity. We loved him very much. The children adored him.

Two weeks ago, while he was out of town on a supposed emergency, we discovered that our dear friend Ralph had stolen six checks from us which he had forged and either cashed or deposited to different accounts. We had also lent him a large sum of money against three business deals. All of the money given with trust is gone, our bank accounts are empty and we find we have several thousand dollars of debt we must pay off. Other people, including Fred Quaglia, were also taken for money.

The purpose of writing this letter is not to induce sympathy nor enlist help, but to make the members of The Foundation of Revelation and their friends aware of these natures in general and Ralph Savarece in particular. The same man has done a similar act to Devi and Bruce which ended last March. A message warning was sent by Devi to San Francisco. We are sad that those people who had that information did not make it known to the rest of the family.

I feel that communication in a conscious universe is a key to understanding. This is the main reason for writing this message. We hope that in the future, warnings and other lessons learned will be shared with all as is the good news. We must share our knowledge and our love in order to fully realize our God-Self. We recommend that a telephone number be published that can be used to check on the credibility and history of visitors connected with the family. In light of Ralph's performance, we hope that any who wish to visit Las Vegas understand if we do call the telephone number and check on guests we haven't had the opportunity to become friends with yet.

Much love to all,
Bom Shankar
Michael & Susie Ebeltoft
6320 Anza Lane
Las Vegas, Nev. 89108

This letter was received by phone on June 13th. We will reply it in the July issue. -- Ed.

Dear Divine Editor,

May we recognize God in each other and see him in everything we say and do! I hope my simple words find you, and our divine family in very good spiritual health! I have been going through a lot of changes, John. I believe all that a man achieves and all that he fails to achieve is the direct result of his own thoughts. A man's weakness and strength, purity and impurity, are his own, and not another man's; they are brought about by himself, not by another, and they can only be altered by himself, never by another. This is what I have been dealing with for the past year. We truly do love suffering. In a justly ordered universe, where loss of equipoise would mean total destruction, individual responsibility must be absolute. You have my new address, write soon.

Unconditional love,
Bob Staudmier
83848-132
Leavenworth, Kans. 66048

June 5, 13th year

Dear Family,

BSB! Hi. Father, Aru & myself are at Andre and Christine's with Gerard and Jean-Marie, and Anna came last night. Lou, Eden (Davide's son), Cherise and Gilles left in Gilles' truck for Burgundy yesterday. Dennis & Judy left by train for Burgundy today. Today is Josh's birthday, so Father, Aru & I will go to Jacques & Roselyn's for cous-cous and Josh's birthday party this evening.

We had a very pleasant beginning in England going between London & Sussex. Joe and Pru (from Australia) came over for the weeke-end. This house seems to be the main dhuni house, and everyday we see the family of Paris. Yesterday Lalita, her mother & Francis' father, Emil, came to visit from Touraine. Lalita is quite beautiful, studying to be an interior decorator.

Andre and Christine's house is most comfortable -- it reminds me of the comfortable feeling of a country home (back-yard with garden, rabbits, a swing, a bar-b-que) -- in the midst of "the octopus" (Paris).

Lou took Father for one day of "sight-see-ing." He wants still to go up in the Tour Eiffel.

Father is enjoying his trip very much. He is in great form. He has been in revelations, "clear as a bell" and very happy. He wants to go to Burgundy Thursday or Friday. He also wants to go to Amsterdam & Rotterdam (Kashinat called London twice to invite Father & rent a flat for him). Marco, who is doing very well, just called and offered to drive Father to the Village on Friday. Tomorrow night we will go to Jean-Claude and Agnes' for dinner with Marco & Catherine.

Corinne & children are at the Village. I went to visit her grandmother in Paris, who is very beautiful & sweet. John McQuaig is happily married and his wife Annie is very, very sweet.

My health is not so good so Father is sending me to the doctor -- but it is nothing serious. Simply limits my physical movement. Cherise & Aru are very, very happy here. I will try & write everyday possible with news. My love to everyone! Ever yours,

Carolynn

June 5, 13th year

Dearest Bronwyn,

Happy Birthday, dear friend.

The comparison from England to France is just amazing -- drab ole England and colorful ole France! I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders once I arrived here -- ole! The feeling is very high and the food is something else again. The elegance and style with which it is served has blown my mind. Needless to say, on that level, it has been great.

The family in Paris is very together and Father has just come to live. He actually started a conversation with me -- and starting to talk like he used to -- it's amazing. (It's only in spurts but it's Father.)

The gang has been staying at Francoise's sister's house -- Andre and Christine -- and it was a real scene. Josh and I stayed a day or so and moved to Francoise's other sister's house for some peace and quiet. Pru stayed with us too.

Andre and Christine have a big house with garden and they raise bunnies. Josh is in heaven over there -- riding bikes, etc. Tonoght Father, Carolyn & Aru will help us celebrate Josh's birthday. I'm keeping it low key as it doesn't really matter to Josh. Asked how old he was, he said, "Two, eight, go."

We send lots of love to you and hope this day brought lots of happiness to you.

Hope & Josh



thoughts are but the product of one point of view.

Much of the world is covered in darkness of ignorance. So the condition is bad for many people, especially the simple, uneducated people of India, China, South America and Africa. Even then, truth is acting. Starting with father, God has possessed a number of forms, and thus truth is acting to serve the world. Father promised a world of happiness and harmony, but you must know that this will take some time. We are still experiencing the period of transition. As God awakens in us, we begin to change ourselves into divine beings. Our actions reflect our loving consciousness. So the light spreads out.

For myself, I love to live in this material form because I am in a form, and it's more fun to enjoy it than suffer it. That is God's will. The form is nothing but the image of what we feel in our hearts. Feeling love, I love my form and the life I experience through it. Without the form, there is, I am sure, a divine stillness -- but no plot! I enjoy the action, knowing that life is moving towards its own fulfillment.

I do not know that I am going to die. First of all, I feel that death is an illusion. We may leave the body, but in or out of the body there's nowhere to go away from God -- he is eternal and omnipresent. Moreover, I know that whoever knows the Self, will never die. I believe that once you live in the bliss of conscious existence, your form does not age, and you leave it only at will.

Rationality did not work because it separated the mind from the feelings. God resides in the feelings. Where it feels good, he reveals. Without a good feeling, nothing will really work, never has. The brilliance of the enlightened mind is but at the service of the heart.

Father starved for many years in India, with his family. They learned to endure the poverty when they realized that God was with them. But poverty is hard to bear; naturally, we want to remove it. As Americans who live in the richest country, we are compelled to serve the people who live in poverty. As you say, handouts don't work. Father told us the same thing. A better plan is to lend our support to work that is honest and good. Therefore we intend to start an import company that will guarantee honest trade. We are already working toward this goal, but it is taking some time. We are only beginning to secure the means of doing business.

Father has his own reasons for giving money -- usually small amounts -- to deserving people who need it. At the same time, The Foundation gives money to support our chapter in Calcutta, and take care of the people who are holding the truth under pressure of difficult circumstances. We do not give money to any other organizations or to governments because we know it often miscarries; we give to individuals whom we choose to assist.

These are difficult times for everyone, but great times too. By loving God in each other, we feel the power love has to conquer ignorance. When hostility leaves the planet, the problems will disappear. We must be patient. Time reveals the answers when we are in a position to act on them. There is enough space and enough food for everybody. As people give up their greed and turn to God, the world will change. It has already begun. This is but the dawn of that glorious era.

Of course I am interested in your journal, ANURANAN (The Reverberation) and hope to see a copy of it soon. I hope to visit India before too long. Please give my love to Shakti and his family. I am writing to him as well.

Please feel free to write whenever you like. I shall be glad to hear from you. Until then, BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH!

love,
Stephanie Hiller

May, 13th year s.k.

Dearest Morning Star Stephanie,

Yesterday I received the newsletter for the first time ever. I must say that it has been wonderfully warm reading. Also I found an article in the editorial section written by yourself. I found you honest, "up front and beautifully sincere" with the folks out there.

Some time ago I had written to John Morton, I think, and requested contact with him. Our coming to-

gether never came about and without notice I received the newsletter.

You see, beautiful lady, I am in San Quentin State Prison, where the "Sun Never Shines" and I would like to hear from some folks, that may desire to share the experience and pains of a prison. I love people and receiving letters will provide for me to receive the sun shine I do not receive otherwise. In addition to this thought, I look forward to others helping me grow and become more spiritually aware and conscious of other warm people that may be locked in, but not behind bars.

Please write to me and let me know you have in fact received this letter and if you consider me worth helping? --Reaching out to you and the world.

Be always gentle, and please be well as you are in my thoughts and prayers.

Love and Blessings,

Jason Roman
Box B71201 3B44
Tamal, Calif. 94964

June 5, 13th year siva kalpa

Dear Jason,

I just received your second letter, reminding me to write to you, as I walking into the office to type this one to you!

I was charmed by your letter and everyone enjoyed your drawing. Hello! Your letter to John was received here, and that is how you got the newsletter. I am sorry so much time has elapsed without a letter from us. Time does not move by demand or by schedules here, but by its own Will, and we do our best to stay in tune with it. We are becoming more organized, and shall soon be efficient as well! Please know that our thoughts went to you as soon as we saw your first letter.

The spiritual guidance which we receive came initially, and all at once, through father, who was completely seized by divine Intelligence on June 14, 1966. From that time, he has provided us, his children, with a pure and loving image of God in human form. Now many of us, throughout the world, are picking up the communication that is being constantly broadcast, 24 hours a day.

The best -- the fastest -- method of picking up the revelations is to be in contact with this family. There are other paths as well. It all leads to the same Source of all creation.

I am enclosing our release, The Foundation of Revelation. The central document, Siva Kalpa, contains the knowledge. It's good to read it again and again. It was written by father. He composed it during the summer of 1966 and published it on September 19th. That day was the beginning of this new period of time which we call Siva Kalpa, now approaching its fourteenth year. It is the age of consciousness and the period of Revelations described in your Bible, when angels awaken to the sound of His sweet voice. It is all happening now.

In time the doors of the prisons shall open. One by one, men are coming out who will never need to go back. One day there will not be enough "criminals" to fill the prisons. Whatever anyone did, there is no blame. As soon as we change ourselves, the past is over. God gave us that freedom, to change ourselves and become happy. And the sky's the limit! God made us in his own image, and our own fulfillment is in becoming god-like.

Write us whenever you like and we will do our best to answer. Meanwhile you have The Light Is Yours, which is coming out monthly. You can follow our progress from there. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH! (Wake up, my angels!)

Stephanie Hiller

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE IRISH REVELATION OF AMERICA, also known as John Filbert, will entertain at The Plough and the Stars on Tuesday, June 19 and Wednesday, June 27, from 9 pm. till 1 a.m. No cover.

Danny Price of San Rafael has decided to start a production company. He will be managing a six-piece band, "Cedro Willie" in the Bay Area. He has gotten a gig for them at "Rancho Nicasio," a restaurant and club in the small town of Nicasio, not far from Forest Knolls. They will play on July 11 from 9:30 to 1:30 (\$2.00 door). Danny is very excited about the band and urges everyone to come out and hear some great 4-part harmonies.

From the mala of sacred scriptures, the Pundit lovingly places these two pearls of revelation before his enlightened family:

54. Jesus answered, If I honour myself, my honour is nothing: It is my Father that honoureth me; of whom ye say, that he is your God:

56. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad.

58. Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.

1. The Blessed Lord said: This imperishable yoga I taught to Vivasvan, founder of the Sun dynasty, Vivasvan declared it to Manu the lawgiver, and Manu spoke it to King Ikshvaku!

2. The Divine Kings knew it for it was the tradition of their lineage. This knowledge decayed in the great flux of time and was forgotten in the world.

3. I have today revealed to you this same ancient Path, for thou art my devotee and friend. This is the Supreme Secret.

4. Arjuna said: The birth of Vivasvan was much earlier than thy Birth. How then am I to understand that in the beginning you revealed it to him?

5. The Blessed Lord said: I have been born again and again from time to time; thou too, O Arjuna! My births are known to me, but thou knowest not thine.

6. I have no beginning. Though I am imperishable, as well as Lord of all that exists, yet I am born through My Own Power.

We first met the Love Family last July when about forty of them came to stay in the village here. (See Stephanie's article, "Collective Mind" in the August Issue, Vol. I #11, 12th year.) This past April, Sarada and Rich, Regina and I, with attendant deities Anu, Adrian, Matthew and Daniel Narayan, travelled to Seattle, where we enjoyed a splendid visit with them. The official name of their "Church" is Jesus Christ at Armageddon. From the Book of Revelations, I had shallowly thought that Armageddon referred solely to the place of battle where the forces of good and evil would engage in that consummate contest, but more properly it refers to the gathering together of the hosts of angelic forces. Inspired by Love Israel and substantiated by the independent visions of the church and family members, they have become in reality a vision of those New Testament prophecies. I heard Love say, "If you want more people to have visions, then become a vision so all who see you will see visions." Simple, isn't it?

The mists from the lake thou hast lifted
And in the eternal waters we behold the still image of
our Queeness.

The essential insight that was so pleasantly delivered to us on our recent visit to Seattle is simply the truth that the Love Israel Family and the Divine Family of The Foundation of Revelation are manifestations of one and the same imagination, children of the same Father, two apparently different aspects of God's plan for the salvation of His children, angels, gods and goddesses... In short, we are not really two, but truly One! as the great Patriarch himself oft declared when astounded that the obvious unity of the creation should still elude the scrutiny and observation of so many points of view. More than anything else in our visit there, I was smitten with the realization that what we share as branches of the Cosmic Family Tree is so rare and so precious that we best stay in loving touch, if not out and out merge with each other -- for we are those ardent souls upon this blessed earth that have not only been touched but are possessed by that most exquisite of human resources: a Divine Imagination.

- Hari



Report of Familymeeting

The second of the new wave of weekly family meetings took place in the Lloyd-Waller courtyard on Sunday, May 19.

Up for discussion was the idea of buying Linda Lowrance's building at the corner of Waller & Fillmore streets and operating a family restaurant in the larger of the two ground-floor commercial properties. Dennis and Judy Meyers had just announced their decision to rent the smaller storefront for their medical practice. Everyone agreed that this project was more feasible than our earlier imagination of buying the mortuary building on Market Street and closer at hand than Simon's vision of a mango farm in McCluskiegunj.

Hari expressed the feeling that if we can do it, it will release another part of our energy for use around the city. "Not doing something," he said, "will drive us crazy, and now is the time for applying our energy to purposeful activity. This kind of activity will open a door for us, and I, for one, am tired of stumbling at the first door, fearful of taking on too much responsibility and involving myself with money." He told the story of how he was released from his fear of publishing the Hariyana through involvement in a money-making scheme engineered by Regina and Wendy Frank, of importing a used English taxicab for resale in America. Despite his negative feelings about the project, he surrendered to the goddesses and when the cab was finally sold for an \$1800 profit, his fear about doing the book dropped away and he decided to go ahead. He reached a point of seeing material gain as fun rather than as something to avoid or apprehend.

Our tendency to think of people who are working in the world as unconscious, Hari pointed out, is an illusion which harms us because it keeps us in isolation. The plot of us as gods and goddesses presiding over the transformation of the world is taking longer than we thought to manifest. Our aspiration has been to make San Francisco shine as the Golden City of Consciousness. Actually it has already started to shine. We need to move around the city more and mix with the other conscious forms who inhabit it, to witness the transformation and be a part of it.

Our only failure is in not regarding each other as highly as we were instructed to do. Each of us surrendered individually to father as the source of absolute knowledge, power and love, but we never learned to surrender to one another as the members of the Love Family do. Father saw divinity in each of us and awakened us to that feeling. We must take the next step of recognizing God in each other by tuning in to honest communication through whichever form it flows. Opening our minds and hearts to one another, we allow Father's light to shine through each of us. "We must submit to one another," Hari said, "while allowing a divine order to emerge in our culture."

He spoke of his realization while visiting the Love Family that a divine imagination is the greatest human resource. If we disregard it, we reject our birthright. The Love Family members see themselves as the resurrected tribes of Israel; and living this imagination, they are blessed with love and the culture of their imagination. In the imagination of Siva, the divinities of Vedic times have taken birth in American forms and are given the power to apply the ancient knowledge in the context of modern American life. None of us can do it alone. "Together is God; together we move."

Carolyn Cugini pointed out that when something is meant to happen, things fall into place. If they don't then either the time is wrong or the project is wrong or our understanding is lacking. She urged that we maintain a clear vision about this project. "When you have to force things to happen, then it feels wrong," she said.

Hari suggested that we each ask ourselves -- am I really living as I want to live? -- without any mental justification and trips and remembering that no one is judging you but yourself. This is a process that needs renewal by constant aspiration. If I don't feel good about my life, I have to change it. "Don't put your light under a bushel. Let it shine so every man who sees you sees the light of your father in you."

Let us not be bound by a negative past, neither our own nor others'. How pointless it is to spend time joking about each other's contradictions and suffering. We must see each other as father sees each of us -- with love and respect -- and pull each other into positive imagination.

Diana Young

Business? Yes, business...

A report of another ecstatic moment addressed to the god or goddess residing in each of us is simply the reaffirmation of omkara, the ongoing sound of creation. When I observe God's plan being unfolded gracefully, with love and understanding, by any of his representatives, creating a peaceful, happy population as a result, my heart feels unburdened a bit more. Our ten-day reception by the Love Family gave me that reassurance. When the great wheel of time changes its direction, the beginning is slow, since it must move against its patterned course. We have all agreed to push the wheel towards the Golden Age. It is going to gain momentum -- it has, actually. The will to destroy is transforming into the will to preserve.

In my Father's house are many mansions" -- each mansion, each family, has its name, which is the preservation of the past with a view to the future generations, yet all call upon Father for his blessing. His young, energetic **representatives of the Western world** are uniting with one heart, speaking to God in each other. Agreement through language is the vehicle -- the change of the physical world is always seen in time. Expectation of immediate results is the trap and eventual downfall of ego, but if we continue to act according to our highest vision we do have peace as our basis.

This past April I visited the Love Family in Seattle with Hari, Regina, Rich and children. I was impressed with their physical organization which includes a public café, "The Front Door Inn", and a guest house. Their housing compound, two blocks away, encompasses half a city block with a lovely meditation garden in the middle. As well they have a large ranch outside Seattle and a commercial fishing boat.

After our return to San Francisco I felt the pressure to change. A new wave of energy was commencing, bringing us into renewed communication and purpose. One of the off-shoots of this feeling was the opportunity of buying a Victorian building on the Northwest corner of Waller and Fillmore Streets owned by a friend connected with Columbia Realty; it was selling for \$150,000. The terms were very good.

After several weeks of consideration and discussion, the building has been secured. It will be managed by a board of directors who have invested in it. Those involved are Hari, Hope, Rich, Don & Bev. Steve & Honeyrose, myself and Linda. **The Board is** already having regular meetings to decide financial affairs and maintenance of the building.

The building has two large flats upstairs, one four-bedroom, one three-bedroom, which will be renovated and put up for rent by August 1. The ground floor includes a fairly large, licensed restaurant space, a smaller storefront and a garage. Michael P. will be the manager of the daytime restaurant with assistance from the family. This will leave evenings open for rental to the family for private parties. The smaller storefront will be Dr. Dennis Myers' office and the garage will be converted into a small store which Mala has agreed to manage. To begin with, this project will provide an outlet for family talents: construction and redecoration; experience in operating a restaurant; a place to display art and crafts and for musicians to play; in time, possibly, a media center, an import business and store. **The investment assures** us of profit with which we can support the many imaginations we have. Anyone who invests money or labor can expect a return in time, when the building is sold. Property values are steadily going up -- a well-known fact to us as renters. The neighborhood, only three blocks away, is undergoing transformation just as our present village site has over the past ten years.

We are here to enjoy the existence in all its forms and forces, realizing that God is creating the Time for all his forms to manifest Him on all levels. Anyone wanting further details, please call or write Sarada, 61D Carmelita Street, S.F. 94117, Tel. (415) 431 - 6618.

Sarada

'THE WHOLE NINE YARDS'

An Interview with Mikal & Janaka

I met Mikal and Janaka in L.A. It was the last day of my visit there in April, and we were having an open house at Nancy's, with plenty of sun and good food by the pool. Richard Bernet brought a group of friends that he had been travelling with, and Mikal and Janaka were among them. They had come from the World Symposium of Humanity in Pasadena. As the warm afternoon flowed into evening, the musicians -- Marjana, Sherry, Ed Lepler -- in a concert of celestial song.

I returned to the village the following day, and Mikal and Janaka came up soon after. The village felt scattered and strange. The papers, meanwhile, were full of "energy problems": there was that scary accident at Three Mile Island, and it was followed by a gasoline "shortage." The atmosphere in this country was disturbed.

Because a number of us were concerned over the lack of divine feeling, and inspired through Hari's and Sarada's visits with the Love Family, we decided to start having meetings. The gods and goddesses met separately, at first, following the pattern of our brothers and sisters up North, and also because it felt really good to meet like that. We all met at the same time, the gods at Hari's, and the goddesses at Bev Tuckers.

The goddess gathering was very quiet, and awkward at first. There was no agenda and no leader, only a feeling to come together. When no one knew how to begin, Janaka suggested we all hold hands and chant om. We did it, and it was nice. The talk began.

The gods' meeting was energetic. They all agreed on a greater solidarity among them. They recognized a need for action in our Village. They elected a Council to handle any disorders and to initiate projects for the benefit of the community. For the next six weeks, the Council members -- Hari, Tony, Nando, Dennis and Simon -- were influential in stimulating meetings and starting activities. The village was called to order. And it felt good.

Throughout this period, Mikal and Janaka played a part in the general activity. They attended our meetings and witnessed the change that was taking place. They moved about our Village, meeting our family, and offered massage and loving support. We feel them as part of our family now; and through them, we feel connected to many others like them throughout America who are waking up and evolving themselves to live in the feeling and knowledge of God. The paths are many, but the end is the same.

What follows is the first interview I have ever done. Now that it's finished, I wish I had asked a lot of other questions! I found it an interesting exercise, and a good way to get to know people. Please let me know how you find it.

Love,
Stephanie

I interviewed Mikal & Janaka in 57, where they were staying. Mikal jumped up and said, Welcome to our home, office, temple. I decided to start by asking Janaka how she had gotten her name.

JANAKA: Well, it came to me when I met Mikal in Feb. I thought of it last year but I wasn't ready to take it on. When it came this time, I felt more ready to honor it.

S: Does it have a meaning?

J: At the time, I didn't know, I just felt that way. Then I met a man, Ramana Das, who gave me a little information about the name. It's a Sanskrit name, the name of a king, king Janaka. What else did he say?

MIKAL: For a woman it's Janaki, his daughter, who is Sita.

J: He told me a story about the daughter. It's an interesting fable. When Ramana told me the story, he said, You're going to have to read it, and I said, I've lived it! Because what he said is very much what I've experienced in this lifetime, (laughing) so there must be a connection.

M: It's like I started spelling my name M-I-K-A-L. Mikal Medicine-Eagle of the Rainbow Tribe.

S: Are you with the Rainbow Tribe?

M: Yes, since 1974. I was at the Utah gathering. That was the first time I did the prayers, really did the prayers out in a gathering, in a lot of people.

S: And you're from Healing Waters, Janaka. Tell us a little about it.

M: It's located in Eden, near Tucson, Arizona. There's a place the locals call Indian Hot Springs (or naked hippie commune, depending on which locals you talk to). And in this magic place in the desert there is a sanctuary called "Healing Waters." Hot mineral waters flowing from earth to help heal and restore ease in the physical form. The Healing Waters family caretakes the 200 acres of land. It's open land. Anyone can go there.

S: When did you become connected with Healing Waters?

J: Many years ago. I lived on the land for 8 months and became part of the crew that caretakes the land. I came in the second year it was in existence... Before that I had been working as a nurse in labor and delivery. I saw doctors using drugs a lot and not giving -- I thought -- the needed information to people to help them on the road to health.

That's when I dropped out of the mainstream of what's been the medical care in America and went to Healing Waters. I realized I needed healing -- that it was chaotic and I didn't understand, and that's when I got help in my disciplines -- meditation, diet, -- and learned a lot about herbal medicine and vital care.

M: And just loving people.

J: Yeah, just loving people really and just being there for people when they're going through crises -- without judgment, without any trips -- cause we're all going through the same thing, this evolution from one era, the Piscean Era, to the Aquarian Age. That's what's happening.

M: The Piscean undertow is just a ripper -- rips right through.

J: This is a test of faith, a real strong test, and we're realizing that faith is the foundation -- it's our stability, what keeps us centered.

S: Is Healing Waters still your home base?

J: I'd say there are more than one base for me that are of equal importance, and I move in and out of those spaces. Healing Waters is one. There's also a place called shanti that's a community of people that move in and out of the city. They have land close to Douglas which is close to the border and they have property in town. But that is also in a way connected with Healing Waters -- it's the people who have been in these areas. It's a fairly large group of people and it's constantly changing. People are coming and going and connecting.

M: There's about 500 people -- oh, more than that -- who are part of it. From the Food Co-op, the People's Warehouse, the Mosaic Restaurant...

S: Did you two meet at Healing Waters?

J: No. I was working with some friends at a newspaper called Aquarian Almanac, which was coming out monthly, done by zodiac signs. Each issue took that zodiac sign and brought it into focus for people so that they could feel it and incorporate it a little bit more in their lives and realize there's a bigger consciousness. We were just finishing up our first year's

work of publication and it was time to re-order. Mikal was just getting out of prison and was in a half-way house and he started to work there at our paper, helping finish up loose ends.

M: She just leaped into my life and said, "Want to come out and play?"

J: There's a group of us in Tucson who do improv dancing, who developed this combination of music and light shows in a room that is dark -- so that people can relax -- it's a kaleidoscope. Sky and Mikal had just come in. Sky and I are old friends so I went over to see him, and Mikal looked like he was not in the right place. He looked like he was really up tight and in pain almost, and I went over and said, The past is dead, come out and play! I was drawn over to him, like there was a magnetic pull from the center of my stomach.

M: So I said sure, I offed my hat and turned around and she was gone! So I went out and danced, and then, there she was again. And we got together. She flew around for a while, then nested in. We've had a lot of good signs that it's right for us to be together.

J: Our main interests -- which are health -- and happiness for everyone -- we've started to connect on some of the ideas we've had -- on how to get the information out, how to connect on a massive level.

At that time I was also working with the World Om for Peace. We were starting groups all over Tucson to get together on Sundays and Om for World Peace. It's just amazing. I myself have felt rapid change in these last few months and it's proven the power of prayer is unbeatable. When we focus our conscious mind on that perfection, then we are in fact creating that around us.

S: Is this year's Rainbow Gathering near Healing Waters?

M: Well, Arizona is a big state... The gathering is in the mountains, the White Mountains. It's going to be out in the country that is snowbound in the winter. And it's really sacred country in terms of native Americans.

S: Which native Americans?

M: The Apaches.

S: Weren't they a warring tribe?

J: Warriors are necessary --

M: They were the avengers during that time...

If we can get the booze off the land the first night, we'll be lucky.

S: No booze at all?

M: Well, it's a healing gathering -- some of us are really strict. No alcohol.

S: Did you used to drink a lot?

M: Yeah. I was into alcohol pretty heavy. I could do a fifth of Scotch or Cognac a day. And did. Several days in a row... Were it home brew... There's a vibration that comes with the Man. See, a lot of my political work deals with a thing called "the Man" and it goes back to the fifties when I finally understood that gov't was the enemy -- bigness was the enemy... Booze that has a tax stamp on it, that's raised strictly for profit, has a vibration.

S: Inescapably?

M: Yeah, inescapably. You can go from the corner store where it's distributed to the place where it's consumed. Just watch the vibration. Now I speak of drinking from the standpoint of my father and mother both dying early in life from alcohol use. High organ damage. Narcosthizize the body with alcohol. Pickled.

Now, at the point where you cut the poison off, in a very short time you see an absolute change in your life. Most of your friends don't drink anymore. Most of the people you associate with don't fight among themselves... People keep telling me how I look younger and I feel younger too, and I'd just like to share with you how I do that. And from that whole thing, getting into extended life research.

S: Where does marijuana fit in?

M: (shouting exuberantly) EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE! It's in-a my life! (laughing) It's on the roof, it's in the basement, it's everywhere. It's my sacrament, medicine and herb. I say it with gusto. It save-th-a my life! It helps reclaim this body!

S: How did it save your life?

M: Cannabis is sanctifius. Mixed with sassafras or sage, in teas with honey, I brought my lungs back from the grave.

S: Marijuana tea is good for the lungs?

M: Oh, yes. In fact, specimen 1 (flipping through a book called Nobody for President, he reads:) In bronchitis and pulmonary tuberculosis, cannabis indica may be used to advantage as a cough mixture. It tends

to relieve the paroxysms of coughing and exert a stimulating effect on the lungs... I had asthma. I yielded to the plant. Nothing else was working.

S: And it worked?

M: It worked! This is a reclaimed body.

S: Mikal, how did you and Janaka meet the family?

M: Through Jim Billington at the 1976 NORML conference. We had had a confrontation with Strupe, the national director of NORML. None of the NORML people wanted to have any real political things happen because Carter was for decriminalization and Peter Bourne had been named for a post, so it looked like the thing was done. Once again we were told to cool it because our type of confrontation politics doesn't help their cause and the truth of the matter is, they are right because all most people want is to be able to buy their dope at a decent price, they have no moral feeling about it at all, it's the feeling of, why should I have to do what I have to do when people drink and smoke. They don't have any of the politics, they don't know any of the spiritual part of it, it's a substitute martini for the younger generation and that's who NORML represents, the consumer oriented people. Reform, I mean, look at the name of the organization -- National Organization to Reform Marijuana laws, not repeal 'em. And y'know, that's cool... Anyway, we met because we had this good feeling, and after the conference was over, Jim and I spent 4 days together and talked about everything we were going to do until 1980. Anyway, everytime we'd smoke, he'd say BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH. So I asked him what that meant and he said, "Bom -- through the smoke, Shankara -- destroyer of ignorance, Bholenath -- take me to the next level of consciousness." And that was it, there was no question but those were the right words to round out the prayers I had done. And it comes with this long-haired hippie freak, whom I instantly adored. Here we were, long-haired freaks at the Hyatt Regency, with lawyers in pin-striped suits and their attache cases full of coke and stuff. Let's face it, they had the best smoke, they're representing the best dealers in the country...

S: Did Jim tell you about our family?

M: All he told me was his address in S.F., 59 Scott Street. I wrote 2 papers on the use of cannabis and I sent them here, to 59 Scott. I never heard anything because I wound up in jail. Then, when we met Richard--

S: Richard Bernet?

M: My eclectic French elf! He opened the door up here and somebody said, You're going to the equinox with us in Healing Waters. And he hadn't been out of the village for 18 months so he took his violin case and his sweater and that was it. I met him at Sky's house in Tucson. We were passing a pipe and he says, Bom Shankar Bholenath. So I said, where did you learn that? I said, do you have a teacher? and he said, yes, there is a man... And then later, when he was thinking of leaving the bus in Pasadena and coming back up here, he wrote the address where we would be welcome and it was 59 Scott St. And I said, I know where that is. I had never been there but I have a good memory and I remembered the address.

S: You are working with "Grassroots" to legalize marijuana, right?

M: No, when you get into legalization you have to bring in Jim and the Cannabis Research Foundation or the Marijuana Pot Party in Australia... All I want is, I want the government to exonerate the private user, legitimize home cultivation a priori 1937. There it is, the 126 lines that wound me up in jail.

You see what I'm saying? My life is my life-style, is my whole nine yards. A lot of people have said to me, You're really real. Yeah. I'm for real. I really believe what I'm doing. When I get down on toxins, all I'm saying is, You can get the buzz that you want by what you eat, what you smoke and what you do. The only thing we have to recognize is that none of us are doing it -- not being attached. Y'know, like she says, Don't take it personally, when it's not going the way you wanted it to go. That's how I operate.

The truth of the matter is, unless they exonerate the private user and recognize the constitutional issues of privacy and personal preference in this thing it's no victory. If you really look at it, it means they can dispense anything they like and put a tax stamp on it and get away with it, and if enough folks will walk down to the local store and do it, they'll do it. One day they'll poison everybody. Y'know? For their tax money. They'll have machines that'll take your place, make zombies out of you.

S: So you feel we are moving towards a police state?

M: Isn't all government moving that way? Isn't that the truth? Why do they fight us so much, Siva Kalpa or Love Family or anybody else.

S: They don't fight us.

M: Well--

S: Really, the government is serving us. I don't feel the government is oppressing us or interfering with us in any way. In fact I think the government now is surprisingly permissive...

M: Well, OK, to exclude your thing then, but alot of us have experienced a struggle with the government over our personal practices . life styles, that kind of thing.

S: You said earlier that government was the enemy...

M: Officialdom is the enemy. More and more government services, more and more government everywhere...

J: Government is not the enemy...

M: The enemy is ignorance.

J: Ignorance is the enemy. Consciousness is awareness and that's what it's all about. The answer to centralized government is self-government. When the masses no longer need a central government and are actually governing themselves, the government drops away.

M: It doesn't mean that you don't have mass services.

J: It doesn't mean that you don't have order either.

M: It does mean we have to be recognized by the gov't and the society as being integral to their development, at least be accepted as an equal. You have to have an alternative to -- the school system, say, where everything is regimented. You have to learn a different way to relate. To start with, you don't have one figure out in front and everyone looking at that figure...

The alternative systems network is not a bureaucracy. We're working in teams, providing services. Food co-ops and stuff like that. The minute the information is out, all it takes is the bodies to go through the process. Y'see what I'm saying? The information sets us free. So we're multiplying the information, so therefore, if truth sets you free and you're multiplying the number of truths available at any given level, then the management, if you would, is in the variations of what's particularly adaptable to your locale, your colloquial expressions, your people. It's a movement away from centralization, more towards self-sufficiency.

S: So you're looking for a tribal form of organization to replace big government.

M: A major breakthrough in 78. The Geneva Conference -- preservation of the indigenous cultures. The Red Man got his foot in the door.

S: You see your self as representing an indigenous culture in America, with a different culture than the mainstream, is that right?

M: Right.

Look, Barry Commoner said it, If you're not working on the solution, you're part of the problem, and that's the truth. The earth is screaming, it screams loudest in India and China, it screams... The Red Man had it together, the Tibetan goat-herder had it together, the Hopis have had it together. Now that's something. Get down on your knees and listen to 'em.

S: Do they have it together now?

M: Well -- they've survived.

What I'm saying is, it's like alchemy when you're putting the elements together again. There is a transcendent Beinghood that's no longer just human. The tribal re-emergence in a person is a state of consciousness that transcends just being human anymore -- you're in a different space. OK? Now, in that space, the Tao, eh? is real. You understand it every day that you walk that land. OK now, if you're into tune with that -- in the sense of being centered and everything that you do has its total permanency in the moment -- Get what I'm saying? When I say transcendent Beinghood it has nothing to do with man -- and in that sense it has nothing to do with male and female anymore. We're talking about recognition of the neuterism of the intelligence unit that is driving that body --

S: What is that "It"?

M: Um... well, first of all it has to be dealt with. It has to be interchanged, interfaced -- it's not something that can be ignored. What it is, it's more of the same of what you are. It responds because you are looking at it and it's looking back at you. I guess what I'm saying is, I never needed to ask those questions, who's creating it or why is it being created. I went in on, it's already occurred, how does that

affect what I'm doing. We have the right to try to manifest an alternative lifestyle that's based on a polytribal working it out, and that particular thing is as necessary a right and as sacred a fight as it is for you to be able to practice your fantasy -- if you would -- ours is definitely a fantasy.

S: So the right to smoke marijuana is really the right to have your own lifestyle, the freedom to be yourself in this country?

M: Yes, definitely. And if it isn't straightened out here and if the UN doesn't stand up for it, review the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act, government just admit, we're sorry folks, we're sorry. We're sorry we dropped the bomb on Japan, we're sorry we did this to you people!

S: It seems to be hard for people to recognize the new culture because it's a threat to life as they know it today.

M: They are unwilling to accept the change because the change looks too drastic.

S: How can we communicate ourselves to them, reassure them?

M: By example, that's all I know.

S: Do you think something's going to happen to the whole system? How is this transition to a new order going to occur?

M: It has the choice of going through with difficulty or being eased through. We're working on the ease part. What the system or the Man has to realise is that their survival, their dreams, are just as much tied to us as we are to them. We cannot at this point cut ourselves loose, we can't sustain ourselves.

S: That's true. We cannot sustain ourselves.

M: Even if all the communes got together -- if there's 2½ million of us in this new consciousness -- we couldn't in 90 days get all our money together and buy a country.

S: I don't think it's even desirable. We can't really be at peace until the world is at peace. We are all one being, one Consciousness; we can't separate ourselves from the planet and still recognize that ultimate unity. Even if we did it, someone would try and wipe us out -- there's that hostility that comes from jealousy at seeing somebody else having a good time when you're not.

M: The alternative is, you create the paradise where you are. Leave the place better than you found it, that's the Rainbow motto. In our evolution toward better spheres of influence and creativity... liberation is a 2-way street. So what we're saying in the political sphere is, recognize that. The survival of the tribal essence is integral to whatever synergy is going to come out. Now we can all see transitions coming. Plus we're getting a reading that possibly there's some earth changes going on too. It's unreasonable to think or even pray that it will all be glorious or untraumatic for everybody. So what we have to do -- to feel honest with ourselves is, to awake in people an awareness that we're living on the precipice and therefore, what're you gonna do man, now. It's a matter of really taking your life and committing yourself to being the most centered person you are before you ever leave your house, so that the waves you create when you go out into the rest of the environment don't imbalance what other people are doing in the same general direction.

S: So the way out lies in keeping yourself in balance, and keeping your mind--

M: Quiet. Shut off (laughing), lost, if possible. Out to lunch.

S: Why do you want to shut off the mind?

M: Because unit mind isn't necessary. The Akashic record is enough. It's there and you've reached it. You went towards the light. If there's anything wrong with the universe right now, it's too much thinking. The universe stinks from thinking. All the problems are somebody's thought, and now we're mucking around in that maya. Then, doing everything you can, not to honor anything from the past nor add anything to the future, just be here now and be real. Of course we pray for a comfortable transition. But sometimes I have my reservations about keeping the whole thing up.

S: The planet?

M: The universe! Just un-mock it. It's a tired, exhausted game that's outlived its usefulness. Just let the whole thing go.

S: Or else, regenerate it. Personally, that's what I would prefer to see. This shabby old world transformed into heaven on earth.

M: Well, I don't disagree with you.

AT THE CROSSROADS

Marijuana is illegal in this country but nuclear power is legal. Our society, surrendering to its current dependency on electricity for energy, is manufacturing poisons in order to maintain our style of life.

For lack of imagination, Americans have succumbed to apprehension about the energy crisis. Industry has invested in nuclear power and would prefer not to discover anything wrong with it. But the dangers are great, as Helen Caldecott explains in the following article.

There must be an alternative to nuclear power. Alternative technologies like solar energy are part of the answer. But the only way to do without nuclear power entirely is to envision a style of life which does not depend so heavily on the use of electricity. The transition to a simpler life-style may seem impossible, but necessity is the mother of invention. We must remember that people have lived on this planet for thousands of years without the aid of electricity.

Material fulfillment can't be the total picture. We can find ourselves fulfilled in a deeper sense without fast cars, towering buildings, vast arrays of electronic gadgets, extensive flashy wardrobes, super-processed food and immense arsenals. Real fulfillment comes from loving and happy relationships with other people, not from riches.

Sacrificing life or health for material gain will never succeed. It is such obvious folly. Some people will lose a lot of money if nuclear power is abandoned. Eventually, everyone might have to make do with fewer possessions and less affluence. But such a change of life could be very healthy for our society. Even if it is hard, it is easier than poisoning our environment with radioactive materials we cannot contain. Definitely we are "at the crossroads." We must come up with another plan if we are to survive.

What follows is the first part of an article written by the well-known Australian pediatrician who is dedicated to alerting the world to the pitfalls of our world-governments' present course. Part II will appear next month.

I was only about six when they dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. I remember I was in school that day, and a siren sounded. The teacher said, "What's that?" I was the only kid in the class who knew. I said, "The war's ended." I knew that the bomb had ended the war, but I didn't know when I was six what that bomb meant. We all had a holiday.

I approach nuclear weapons from a medical point of view. When I did first-year medicine in 1956, we had a very good genetics lecturer, who taught us what radiation does to genes and how it can both damage future generations and produce cancer. As I studied for exams at the end of the year, I used to go out every day and get the newspaper. And every day on the front page there would be a big mushroom cloud with a sort of "Hurray, the Americans have tested another bomb on the Bikini Atoll" or "The Russians have tested another bomb" -- you know, it was that era when each country was testing bombs all the time. And I remember being frightened, because I realized what the fallout meant to children and babies and people. I used to speak of it at the university, and nobody took any notice. They thought I was a fanatical nut.

So I stopped talking about it. I just watched, with horror, the gradual escalation and buildup of nuclear weapons in the United States, and in England, and in Russia. And, like everybody else, I felt too impotent, as one individual, to do anything about it. Yet I felt, "It's my world as much as that of any politician in the world." And when I decided to have children, I felt I was probably wicked to bring children into this world; yet for selfish reasons, I did. I felt that they probably couldn't have a normal lifespan or that if they did, their children would not.

Then in 1972 I came back from this country, having been here for three years and learned a little bit how to be political. I used to write to Nixon and Ted Kennedy and people like that. I found out that it's OK to do that in a democracy, and sometimes it brings results: at least they wrote back to me!

The French were testing bombs in the Pacific, and we got a high fallout in Adelaide, where I lived. They tend to collect rainwater in tanks in Adelaide because there isn't very much water in Australia -- it's a very dry country. It was after a drought, and the tanks were empty, so the tanks filled up with relatively radioactive water.

I happened to be invited by a television producer to speak about acupuncture or something, so I did. And afterwards we got into an argument. He said, "Look, I think the Americans are doing a fine job in Vietnam." I was upset about that, and I also said, "What are the French doing in the Pacific? What they're doing is very bad." He said, "Why don't you come and talk about that? We've been trying for months to get a doctor to comment about fallout." I talked about radioactive iodine, and strontium 90, and cancer and leukemia in children. "You all know," I said, "how when the fallout was occurring in the northern Hemisphere and your milk was contaminated with radioactive iodine and strontium 90 in the early sixties, that helped to bring about the international test ban treaty."

Every time the French tested another bomb, I was invited back to talk on the television about fallout. People gradually learned that it wasn't really safe for their children and their babies. As a result of education, they started to get cross, and they said, "Why should those French come down to the Southern Hemisphere and test their bombs? Why don't they do it in the Northern Hemisphere?"

Then I went on an Australian delegation to see the French government, and we talked to them. They said, "Our bombs are perfectly safe." So we said, "If they're safe, why don't you test them in the Mediterranean?" And they said, "Oh, mon dieu, there are too many people living near the Mediterranean!" So we knew they were wicked, and for the first time in my life I knew I was sitting opposite wicked politicians who knew they would probably be killing people, and they didn't give a damn. Anyway, as a result of this, the French did stop testing in the atmosphere, we took France to the world court, and now it tests underground.

I went to the House of Commons in London, and I talked to people in the members' bar. They were all old men; they were all about seventy or above. I got a sense of the type of people who control government. And I thought, "These are the sort of guys who are running our world...our world, and our kids' world."

Then in '75, during the oil shortage, our prime minister, Gough Whitlam, went to Europe and said, "Hey everybody, we've got lots of uranium. We've got 30 percent of the free world's richest uranium. Who'd like to buy it? We'll sell it to the highest bidder." I didn't know much about uranium. I knew almost nothing about nuclear power. But I knew uranium had two uses: (1) to make atomic bombs and (2) to run nuclear power plants. I thought, "What gross hypocrisy -- after making such an international fuss about the French, to start selling uranium on the open market in the world."

Then I started to read about nuclear power. And the more I read, the more my hair literally stood on end. It is millions of times more dangerous than fallout from bomb testing.

So again I went to the media and the press. They had always been very interested in what I had had to say. In fact, I couldn't get rid of them about the French tests. But this time they said, "That's not interesting, it's not important." And I said, "What do you mean, it's not important? It's terribly important!" They said, "We're not interested." And I was very perplexed until I found out that the media had large shares in uranium mines.

So this time I wrote to the unions in Australia and asked if I could talk to them about the dangers of mining uranium -- the dangers to the world and their children. They said, "You can talk to us, sure, but you'll never convince us, 'cause we need the jobs." So I went and talked to them and in ten minutes they were saying, "I don't want my kids growing up in a world like that!" and they sent a telegram to the prime minister.

And gradually just by going out at lunchtimes, talking to people in factories while they were eating lunch and teaching them about basic genetics and radiation and nuclear weapons, I taught the unions of Australia that it was dangerous to mine uranium.

I want to teach you a little bit of basic medicine and genetics so that you'll understand why it's dangerous. Let's start talking about nuclear power plants, because this is a step toward understanding what nuclear weapons mean and why we absolutely have to get rid of every single nuclear weapon on earth, if we're to survive. Each step of the nuclear fuel cycle is dangerous. When you mine uranium, it gives off a gas called radon. When miners breathe it into their lungs, they can get lung cancer, because it irradiates the cells in the lungs. In years past, 20 to 50 per cent of uranium miners died of lung cancer.

Then, when the uranium is milled and enriched, a lot of the ore is discarded and lies around in big heaps on the ground called tailings. They give off radon gas too, for tens of thousands of years. Now, they don't give off radon if they are buried under the ground, but it's too costly to do that. In Grand Junction, Colorado, people didn't know these tailings were dangerous, so they used them to build schools and hospitals and houses and roads. There's an increased incidence of genital deformities among the babies born in those houses. And they still live there, because it's economically not feasible to pull them down and build new ones.

OK. After the uranium is enriched, it's taken and placed in fuel rods and put in a nuclear reactor. You probably all know what a nuclear reactor looks like. It has a big round dome. Inside the reactor is the reactor core, and inside the core, they pack hundreds and hundreds of long thin fuel rods, all packed with uranium, and it's all covered up with water. At a certain point, the uranium reaches critical mass. Now it doesn't explode, but it becomes extremely hot, and what it does is, it boils the water. This is a very sophisticated way to boil water! The water produces steam. The steam turns the turbine, which produces electricity. That's all there is to it. It's simple. But it's like cutting butter with an electric saw.

What happens to the uranium when it starts fission? That's the important point. Well, it turns into hundreds of very poisonous radioactive elements. I will just take four as an example.

First of all, though, I should make two basic points: all radiation is dangerous; no radiation is safe. The nuclear power industries say, "Radiation is OK. We live with it." Now, if you live in Australia, and you sunbathe and you surf...we have one of the highest incidences of skin cancer in the world, because we're exposed to the sun. It's true: we get radiation from the sun all the time, and there's no doubt that the sun produces skin cancer. If you get little amounts of radiation over your lifetime, it's approximately the same as getting one large dose at once. In other words, it's cumulative; the effect is additive. And of all animals on earth, human beings are the most sensitive to the effects of radiation: we get cancer most easily. I don't know why, but we do. And of all human beings, it's fetuses, infants, and young children who are the most sensitive to these effects, because their cells are rapidly dividing and growing. You can see a baby grow, almost literally. It's producing millions and millions of new cells, and the DNA molecules or genes are being synthesized or made, and that's when they're so sensitive to the effects of radiation.

Now, there are various forms of radiation. There are x-rays, gamma rays, alpha rays, and beta rays. They're all the same. They all do the same thing to the cells. They can all give you cancer. Some of them are more effective than others at giving cancer. If you have x-rays, each x-ray increases slightly the risk that you might get leukemia or cancer. That's been proven. So if you ever have to have an x-ray, say to your dentist or doctor, "Is this absolutely necessary?" And find out exactly why you're getting it. If you find that it's not absolutely necessary, don't have it.

OK, now let's take four examples of the elements that come out of the nuclear reactor; iodine 131, strontium 90, cesium 137, and plutonium.

Now, the first three elements are what are called beta emitters, and plutonium is an alpha emitter. That means that if you have an atom with the nucleus in the middle and the electrons whizzing around it in orbit on the outside, the beta emitter gives off an electron. Now, if that little particle of radioactive iodine is sitting in your thyroid gland, this particle will irradiate just a few cells surrounding it. It will probably injure some of these cells; it may produce cancer.

The alpha emitter plutonium, on the other hand, emits a helium nucleus, which is a very large particle -- and it is of dense matter and doesn't travel very far, less than a beta particle. But if, indeed, it hits a cell, it will probably kill it, and if it doesn't kill it, it will definitely damage it. That's why alpha emitters -- and plutonium, in particular -- are the most carcinogenic or cancer-producing substances we have ever known. And plutonium is man-made. It didn't exist before we fissioned uranium. It is appropriately named after Pluto, the god of Hell, because it is incredibly carcinogenic.

Plutonium is an interesting metal. If it is exposed to air, it ignites spontaneously, forming tiny aerosolized particles which can be breathed into the lung, and can give you lung cancer.

Now, how does radiation produce cancer? Your body is composed of millions and billions of cells -- there are hair cells, eye cells, liver cells, heart cells. Inside each cell is a nucleus, and inside the nucleus are long string things, and arranged on the strings are the genes -- the DNA. Well, these DNA molecules are the very essence of life: they control every single thing about us. Everything is passed down from generation to generation.

Now, in every cell in the body, there's a regulatory gene which controls the rate at which that cell divides. And if you have an atom of plutonium sitting next to a cell, giving off its alpha particle, and the particle hits the regulatory gene, it will damage it, but the cell will survive. The cell will sit dormant for about fifteen years. (We don't know why this happens at all.) And then one day, instead of just producing two daughter cells when it divides, as a cell normally does, it goes berserk and produces millions and billions of cells. That is a cancer.

So if you inhale one atom of plutonium into your lung and it emits one alpha particle, which damages one cell and one gene, that can kill you. You see, because that produces millions of cells, which is a cancerous tumor. Then one cell will break off and go up to your brain and produce another tumor. Another cell will break off and go into the blood to your liver and produce another tumor, a secondary tumor. This is called secondary or metastatic cancer. These are very virile cells. They tend to live at the expense of the normal body cells, so the body dies.

Now, plutonium is so toxic that people who've worked with it say they can't find a low enough dose which won't give every dog they put it into lung cancer. Now, that's not normal in medicine. Usually there's a threshold in a drug, below which it does no harm and above which it does have an action. It is generally accepted that a millionth of a gram of plutonium will give you cancer. A gram is a minute amount; a millionth of a gram is something you can't even see. Now, by extrapolation -- and this is hypothetical -- if you could take a pound of plutonium and put a little piece into every person's lung on earth, you'd kill every man, woman and child on earth with lung cancer. You couldn't do that, but that's how dangerous it is.

Each nuclear reactor makes 400-500 pounds of plutonium every year. By the year 2020, in this country, they will have made 30,000 tons of it. It only takes 10 pounds to make an atomic bomb. That means that, theoretically, any country that has a nuclear reactor could make forty atomic bombs every year if they could extract the plutonium. By the year 2020 there will be 100,000 shipments of plutonium transported along the highways of this country annually. Now plutonium's worth more than heroin on the black market, because it's raw material for atomic bombs. And already trucks with valuable cargoes disappear.

* * * *

To be concluded next month...

This article originally appeared in the December, 1977 issue of *New Age*, and was reprinted by the Abalone Alliance in May, 1979.



May 31st 1979

Editor
Independent Journal
1040 B Street
San Rafael, Calif. 94902

Sir,

I would like to join reader Leah W. O'Connell (I.J. May 12, 1979) by expressing my concern about our betrayal of Taiwan.

In the face of overwhelming evidence that: 1) Taiwan belongs to the Taiwanese, 2) The People's Republic of China's claim to Taiwan is based strictly on Imperial history and 3) The United States gave birth to the principle of self-determination, it is apparent to me that our government surrendered 200 years of the history of self-determination as a concession to a communist Chinese interpretation of history that has the authority of a mere thirty years.

This we did to sell goods and services geared for the "modernization" of China. It is very much like the corporate relationship we had with the Shah of Iran; not because he represented the people, but because he controlled the marketplace.

I do not mean to be contentious. I want a healthy, meaningful and real relationship with the people of China. But when principle is sacrificed for profit, I think the price is much too great to pay.

I urge all Californians to write their State representatives in support of Senate Joint Resolution 14, authored by State Senator H.L. Richardson, asking Congress to recognize Taiwan as a separate nation.

We cannot make Nations. But we could at least, when the opportunity presents itself, provide a choice for those who have been our friends and allies.

Respectfully,

Ron Thelin
Box D
Forest Knolls, Ca. 94933

ZAFAR HASSAN is back in Kabul and would welcome your letter. His address is: 830 Shahabudin Maidan, Kabul 2, Afghanistan.

I am the ether of air
driving the four winds
with sweet breath of life
stale breath of death

I am the surface of earth
sensitive skin, synapse of stone
heart of corruption
ecstasy of innocence

I am the water of seas
calm mirror, thrilling sap
that moves inside
deeper than mystery

I am the fire than burns
in the dark eye of night
in the passion of lovers
in the pyres of the dead

I am the light that lives
in the heart of the sun
that shines in the children
that blinds the unjust

I am none of these
but more

I am none of these
but man

the breath of God
chrystalizing
in the space of an eternity

--Michael Pritza

"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST"

I was Jesus for a day - our Father
Lifted all the pain and sores
From this wretched flesh and bones.
As the moon left sight and night is day
I found myself again alone
Only part of the truth--
Still the memory of how he loves me
LINGERS ON.

On the morning of my rebirth
The sky was bright and sunny, yet
My throat was infected with the selfishness projected
Through the eyes of those I thought
Had never felt the pain
Of such a great experience.

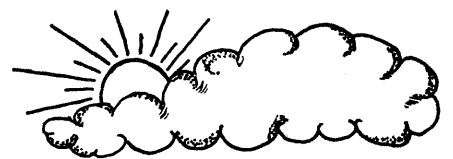
I called a man on the telephone
Who is, himself, proclaimed a doctor
For the ill at ease
Involved in self-destructive games--
His answer still is music to my ears.
He said, "DO NOTHING".

In the complicated way in which
We communicate
Many honest forms of God
Become confused...
Within the limitation of my human body
All these words appeared inside my head
As he said, "DO NOTHING".
I feel like God himself today
My suffering has surely exceeded
Any dis-ease.
That you alone could possibly
Be involved in,

Now, I know we are not alone
I heard him leave the telephone
For someone else's call
Again we have been SAVED
For our Father's Holy presence to enjoy.
An everlasting life of love
Is his GREATEST gift to all.
Will you please join the parade
Displaying all our limitations
Allowing him the sensation
We have many times enjoyed or suffered
According to our preference
He gave us in the first place

"HEAVEN KNOWS - YOU MIGHT BE YOUR SELF
OR JESUS FOR A DAY".

mediated by MIMI almost BEGUN



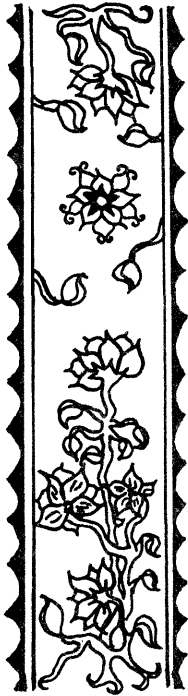
A DREAM ABOUT GOD

First I dreamed that I went up to heaven with Him. He looked kind of like Father. He didn't have a big beard like that. I saw him floating around in the air and He was next to wherever we were. He was with us. He just talked to me. One day he was going to leave. I didn't want him to leave. He left and another day he came back. He looked brighter than anything; He was white. While I went to the grocery store, He came with me; we were driving in a racing car. We bought stuff, packets of cookies and stuff, then we went to other stores, then we went home back in heaven. I played games with God. He was on a motorcycle and I was on a Kawasaki. You can see the world up there. We were riding through the air, and then we came back, straight up into heaven, then we were gonna take a choo-choo train to somewhere else in heaven and then we took the choo-choo train to California. Then we rode the motorcycles that were on the caboose back up to California heaven.

As told by Adam Goodness, K-B

Please note: The picture printed on page 10 of last month's issue ("Evolution Behind Bars") is a photograph of a painting by Bruce Jennings. -Ed.

The Pilgrim Finds His Family in India



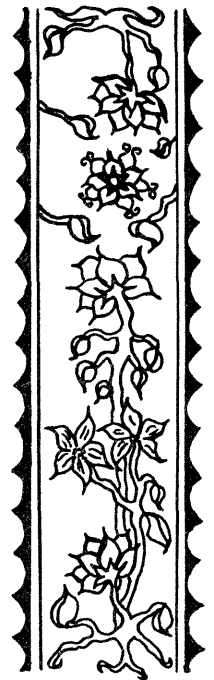
I was an exile mis-shaped by time
The truant boy sleeping by the sea
Dreaming of all my selves and ages
Forming the veils that would cover me.

My half-flared mind would dimly construct
A cloistered reprieve from worldly ties
Where I solemnized to mend the soul
Until the prodigal child cries.

Quickly old rooms, clocks, mirrors conspired
To probe and place that awakened tone.
That plaintive prayer for nature's recoil
Long forgotten had become my own.

The renouncing ways cannot abjure
The will of the impalpable plan.
All sentient faculty upholds
Animate knowledge, the work of man.

Still, clutching at the roots of dreams
His presence pulled my heart away
And carved my thoughts in unity
And taught my spirit how to play.



May 21 4th year siva kalpa

Bom Shankar Bholenath, Brother Simon!

Let me introduce myself into your dream. You are already an important part of mine. Simon Ashley Stock, once and future king of England, I would like you to meet Hari's brother, Rich. I am younger and less intense than my brother, but I can assure you, good sir, that I am equally mad. Yes, only madmen return to India for pleasure. Here I am again, home in Mother's many arms, free to run amuk in her spiritual corridors and play again as a child in the Ganges mud. To advance my understanding of Father's plan, I figure I should choose a role, involve myself like an actor in the multiplicity. For me the most natural stage is India, the theatre in which my primary role as Self was realized. Despite Hari's constant and convincing calls to center-stage San Francisco, my heart always turned East. I had always felt mis-cast in the West. On this end of eternity I can come live with my family in McCluskiegunj and watch the world turn. Perhaps when that moment comes I can help part the Red Sea of bureaucracy and we can together travel to those American shores.

Simon, I have been two weeks now in Bombay, the port at which four years ago my life in India began. I arrived with my companion, the good Lady Hope, after a nightmare voyage at sea. Ten days on the hot ocean in a claustrophobic freighter from Mombasa, Kenya, we were the miserable passengers on an Indian (Gujarat) refugee-exodus vessel. We went to Kenya as pioneers to explore the prospects of a new frontier for Hippiedom. We found only missionaries, heathens and unfriendly wildlife. We were escapees from a razor's edge existence in London, where for a year we had run a sort of halfway house for displaced sadhus and hashish devotees. We ran an entire drug-cult-commune in a one-room bedsetter in Notting Hill Gate. One character, named Peter Northrop, lived on acid for two weeks under our bed, coming out only at nights for his bowl of granola. So describes the madcap follies of London hippie deflowering in the late 60's. Your Majesty's Forces did us the service of deporting us to the next stage of the play. After one year's indecisive tug-of-war between Father America and Mother India, a choice had to be made. Nostalgia tipped the balance over conscience so we took the first charter flight East. East Africa would be a curious buffer, we thought, before the onslaught of India. For this choice, for years to come I'm sure, I shall assume the image of the wandering jew, reluctant brother in limbo, self-indulgent seeker, hedonist, jungle hold-out. Whatever, the game goes on, the stories evolve and I shall enjoy whatever God disposes.

A news flash has surfaced in a letter from Hari, promising a uniting of American and Indian families. It seems a plot has been hatched to film the Kashmir Amarnath Yatra pilgrimage. Siva Kalpa cameras will focus

the world's attention on the Indian family, facilitating their release from the nets of India's confusion into the limelight of service to America. What a grandiose plot! I wouldn't expect anything less from the Creator's imagination. Threads on Father's eternal loom are connecting themes and visions. Write me your thoughts c/o Am Ex Bombay.

Your brother in supraphysical spirit,
Rich

June 12th 4th year siva kalpa
McCluskiegunj, Dist. Palamar
nr. Ranchi, Bihar

Bom Shankar Bholenath, Rich,

Mother's Arms are indeed opening wide as the Father's dance goes on. It was really good to hear from you. Hari wrote and said you would probably be turning up soon. We've been expecting you at one end or the other for quite a time. When the big trip was just beginning for us, Hari and I rapped out our past epics together, so we got to know each other's selves pretty well. I sort of feel I already know you and Marc. Have you any idea where brotherhood begins and ends? It seems an eternal line.

About Amarnath all I know is one way or other it'll be quite a scene but details...probably nothing more than you. As it stands, it seems that Marc first, then Hari and a fairly substantial retinue will be materializing, probably here, within the next month or so. Film cameras on and the Yatra begins as the next onslaught on the bastions of avidya gets under way. Father, physical or not, will be there. Exit plans are various, but the best one seems to be with the aid of the good King Mahendra of Nepal, who is in some sort of contact with the States. Anyhow, the time will reveal what is already there.

I have been here with Father's family for almost a year, undergoing all the necessary tapas to bring the cosmic dream into its physical manifestation. Virtually isolated from material circumstances, we watch the world as ourselves go round, revealing the infinite precision and variety of the parama prakriti's integrated dance. Now is very beautiful, nightingales and flowers and green, green jungle. Nature pours forth her bounty from the skies. At the moment there's only me, the family and the jungle. Anyhow, Rich, come and see your family. Score a direct train to Gomah Jct., then a direct train here. Love & Peace,

Simon

P.S. Any chance of a chillumful of black?

July 3 4th year siva kalpa

October 25, 5th year siva kalpa

Dear Simon & Family,

The dance of Siva steps so quickly, creating worlds, dissolving them as quickly. Your letter was comforting, anchoring my thoughts into an eternal harbor, Father's family. I feel I know you so well and can hardly wait to embrace everyone and talk long into the jungle nights. I am waiting to hear from Hari or Marc here in Bombay for the word to meet Father here or to move on to Bihar. Marc was supposed to be here in mid-June and Hari the middle of this month. The July sun beats down relentlessly on this inferno of hippie hotels and I have seen too many jaundiced faces hung indifferently in drugged defeat. As begging and self-abuse increases, India's tolerance of Western wash-outs decreases. Mafia-type smugglers appear from one side and Indian educated vultures on the other. The good graces protecting the seeking nature of the scene have receded, the negatives have emerged. The innocence is gone, the scene is over. Your sanctuary of love shines even brighter as a beacon of hope. Keep your eyes out for this curly-headed sadhu, bearing chillums with black medicine.

See you soon,
Rich

McCluskiegunj loka
July 27, 4th year siva kalpa

My dear Rich,

It seems that under Yatra projection pressures, individual egos got a little out of hand, darkening the purity of the divine manifestation. Siva destroyed and brothers are now licking their wounds as the evolution continues. He told me to write to you and score you. He says that all you need from this India trip is a look at the family. Marc fled eastwards in the midst of the destruction. He is now in W. Pakistan but has been refused entry to India. I split today for Calcutta to do a passport scene but should return in 2 weeks. Still only me and the family as our baby guru Vishnu dances and sings and leads us into the future of Father Siva's imagination. Flowers vivid as heavenly waters vitalize the maya, lush grass and ganja planting season. Cowbells and crickets play the music of love as winged chorus rises to dizzy heights of divine beauty. My homage to you and your sakti.

Simon
Shanti Shanti Shanti

Dear Mishtu and Family,

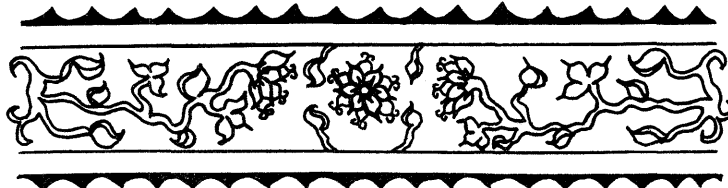
Back on the road again. After my illuminating sojourn with you, absorbing your harmony and peace, I feel stronger to gather to me those people I love, members of Father's family to be. Ed Kahn and Irene Bonderman promised me they would go to McCluskiegunj to stay awhile at the Homestead. Ed can help with immigration. Hope may follow later, perhaps accompanied by Helen Adam.

The Amarnath Yatra alas was a disaster. Father and Hari did not materialize. No wonder, it was a mockery, a hypocritical charade of worship performed by greedy, fat mercenary Brahmins. The contradictions were so manifest God withdrew, thus creating a vacuum, causing a landslide after a 2-day snowstorm. There were a hundred deaths, followed by days of weeping and wailing. India suffers so dramatically. Its prayers are old, its soul bruised and forlorn. Only in our own Indian family is the spirit of laughter alive. Nowhere have I found the celebration of life more genuine than in Lopa's vibrant face, nor quiet wisdom more evident than in the understanding that exists between Mishtu and Ruma. I have travelled to every corner of this country from the towering ranges of the Himalayas to Cape Cormorin in the south, so I believe I speak with some authority. Father's family has achieved harmony unrivalled in my experience. Only in their eyes can I see any future redemption for India.

Remember me also to dear Dida, whose hand I still feel, stroking my hair, waking me gently for morning tea. Love to Nando who is that trustworthy, playful friend I always longed for among Indians but never before found. My respects to Udit who aspires for Vedic enlightenment so fervently and, I hope, in time, less seriously. For Ram may Maha Kali absorb his aches and fevers. Special hugs to Vishnu. Since the time he named me Jesus, I have been speaking in parables.

Bye bye for now, Baby Bharat. God bless you, Simon.

Rich



From my Seat in the Stadium

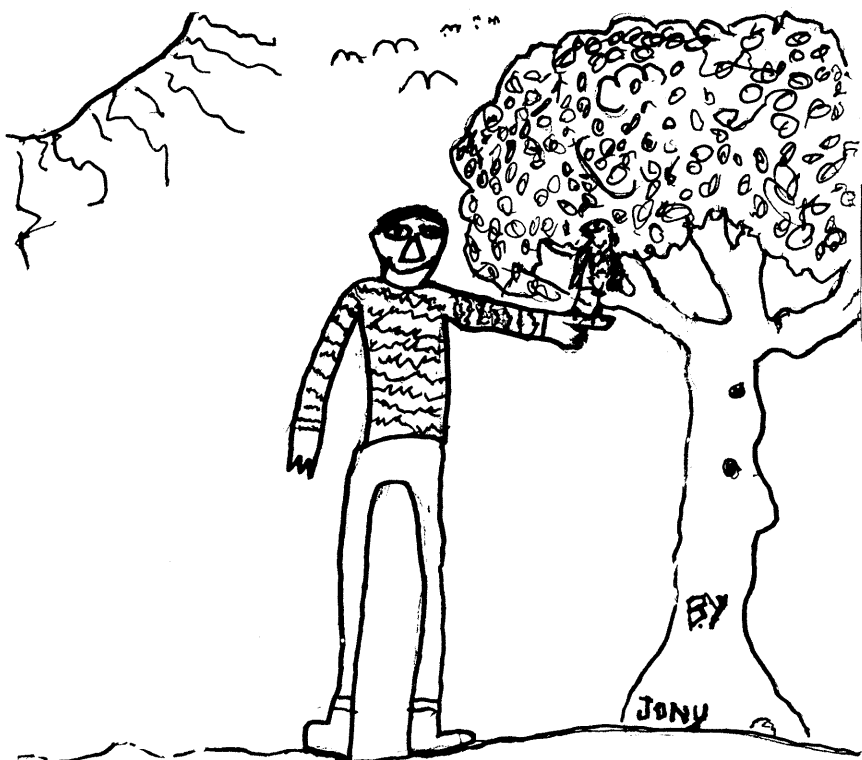
A lot of people never ask me where my seat in the stadium is and sometimes I tell them anyway - Section 47, row 7, seat 22. Now that you know, you don't have to ask. One day last weekend I was in downtown San Franschizophrenia looking at the Transamerica Pyramid, meditating with a new mantra, "Tut, tut, tut..." when I was overcome by a burning desire to enjoy my favorite pastime of going to a ball game. I hopped into my Pedal Powered Super-Ramcharged sailplane station wagon and drifted downwind to Candlestick Park to watch my heroes, the Re-born Giants. The wind at Candlestick was gusting, but I managed a perfect landing in the parking lot, paid a watchful attendant a parking fee, and went to buy a ticket. Being low on money, I bought a G.A. (general admission) ticket, and went to buy beer and a hot dog.

Things appeared a little strange for I could see no vendors selling baseball souvenirs, pennants, scorecards, yearbooks, and other paraphernalia. Instead they were selling statues of Jesus, Jesus pennants, apostolic trading cards, a few indulgences, and bumper stickers with sayings like "Honk if you love God, but get off my tail", "Jesus died for your sins, so no need to get crucified over hang-ups", "The Holy Spirit is a breath of fresh air", and "Jesus loves you even if you aren't gay".

I was amazed, and pinched myself to see if I was dreaming. No. I was awake, or semi-awake, so I walked inside the stadium proper to sit down, watch batting practice, and catch sight of my favorite ball players. Was I surprised to find a stage around Home Plate, festively decorated with a huge banner across the stage reading: FATHER MAKES US ONE. A rock group was playing a disco beat with a chorus repeating the lines, "Don't be a clod, hit a home run for God." I really started to groove until a serious looking young man took the mike and made his pitch. After announcing the paid admission as 18,000 people, he spoke about making a little sacrifice for God by reaching into your pockets and giving all your pennies. That was fine except a few punks started pelting us with pennies from the second deck. I left in a hurry.

The next morning I looked in the newspaper to see if there had been coverage and could find nothing. All the news was about the Pope's arrival in Poland. How he came down the airline ramp, knelt and kissed the land saying "It's good to be home." Later in the day a huge crowd of over a quarter million people broke into spontaneous, uncontrollable and overwhelming chants of "WE WANT GOD."

Hal



THE T.V. THAT DIDN'T WORK

Once there was a T.V. but it didn't work. So Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (that was their name) called the Fix-it Shop but the phone kept on ringing, so Mr. Fisher went down to the shop to see what was wrong. When he got down there he saw that on the door, there was a sign. It said, "Out of Business." So up the street went Mr. Fisher.

But Tuesday night they wanted to watch "Happy Days" and Mr. Fisher tried so hard that he fixed the T.V., and so they watched "Happy Days and lived happily ever after.

Tamara Kuchins, age 10

FAMILY HOME PRE-SCHOOL

This past year was the beginning of the Family Home Pre-School. The idea was conceived mainly by the children who started asking to go to school as they saw the older children doing, and by the parents who realized the need for a regularly scheduled activity for their children. Starting with about nine kids, the number quickly rose to 15. The first priority, of course, was the enjoyment of the children -- to offer them something fun and constructive on a regular basis. With this common goal in mind, the pre-school was formed and run successfully throughout the year. Not only did they have fun and enjoy the order of it, but also picked up some ABC's, counting and other skills along the way to prepare them for the school years ahead. By the end of the year we had a good variety of activity every week with a field trip, a day in Eddie's room, which was much appreciated (thanks Eddie), an arts and crafts day, and an out-at-the-ship day with games and sports. The year was topped off with an overnight campout to Samuel Taylor Park which was wonderful. We took long hikes, saw wild animals, collected firewood for cooking, ate and slept outdoors and thoroughly enjoyed the nature around us. The cutest scene I saw was Liza, Ashim and Anu crouched in the long grass of the meadow, intently stalking a wild deer who had come to graze.

All of the children and parents were great throughout the year, showing the divine nature at every turn. We're looking forward to next year in kindergarten.

Kim Karmakar

Kids Page

THE ADVENTURE OF ME & MY BIRD

On February 9, I was walking up the street with Bob Weber and he told me that a canary flew in a tree and I looked at it. Then all of a sudden, it flew down. Me and David went to catch it. I got it on my finger. Bob told me to grab its wings. I tried to, but it flew up on the roof of Glen's house. I went to knock on the door to see if he was home so I could get on the roof. He wasn't home so I went back out. The bird flew right down in front of my feet. I got him on my finger again. This time I got her wings (it's a her, I forgot!) I was running to my house with it, it was biting my hand and it really hurt. I finally got it in my room. Eddie & Skanda & Gerald followed me into my room. Eddie cleared out the dove's old cage for my new bird. Then it was done, we had the feeders and everything. I let it go out in my room every day and I cover it at night and I feed it whenever the tray is empty.

Dictated by Jonathan Grey

MY GRANDMA & ME

When I was a baby, my dad named me after my great grandma. Her name is Marie Elena and my name is Elena Marie. Oh yeah, I wanted to tell you that I turned blue and my dad wrapped me up in a blanket and put me near the oven. Now, back to my grandma -- ?

Elena Letourneau, age 9

STORY DICTATED BY ANU ON PRE-SCHOOL CAMPING TRIP

Once there was a little boy who went in the woods. He saw two deer and they didn't run away. So he went for a ride with the deer to the country. Then he built a fire. Then he set up his tent. He had all the food he needed and he cooked the hot dogs. He went for a walk and he went to bed.

FAMILY HOME SCHOOL ANNUAL MEETING

On June 4, the parents and teachers of the Family Home School met to approve the Articles of Incorporation and the By-Laws and to discuss plans for summer and the coming year. Summer activities will include at least one camping trip during the last week of June to Samuel P. Taylor State Park in Marin County, a visit to the King Tut exhibit at the De Young Museum on July 17, baseball practice at 12:30 each Tuesday, art classes to be arranged at Sarada's, and field trips including movies and fruit and berry picking.

Unanimous approval was given to a raise in tuition and registration fees. The new plan will be: \$25 registration fee due the first week of September and \$20 monthly tuition when school begins October 1. There is a sliding scale with registration dropping to \$20 after the first child and tuition to \$15 after the second child for families with many children. All past-due tuition must be paid before the child can register in September, but special arrangements can be made to work on fundraising for cases of financial hardship. Eddie Lepler will receive the first salary of \$100 a month as head teacher, which will help him to implement his creative ideas for educational activities.

Diana Young, Secretary

Just a reminder that the kids' clothes are still located in the hallway in between Apts. #1 and #2 at 33 Scott Street. The more it's used the better it will become, so come on over and have a look or if you have children's clothes to pass on, bring them over anytime.

Kim

season's eatings

Bronwyn Davis, Michael Pritza and Richard Bachmann are working on a cook-book for the single-person household. Here are some sample recipes.

FRESH PAN-FRIED TROUT

Fishing season in the Colorado Rockies is only second to skiing, and I know many fishermen who would vociferously dispute that. As a child growing up there I was never much of a fisherman myself, preferring to eat rather than catch them. I spent most of my time pursuing other species of local fauna, or "chasing the goddamn critters" as my grandfather used to say. My favorite game were usually snakes and lizards and toads, which displeased everyone except for myself and the local herpatologist. I had always wanted to try rattlesnake meat, but this caused my father to become hysterical, and so it wasn't until many years later that I sampled it, out of a can. Tuna is better.

There was always one time of the day, however, when we were all in complete agreement, and that was early in the morning, just as the sun was rising. There was always a nice campfire, both for cooking and for warmth, since even in mid-summer there is a cold crisp edge to the mountain air. Then there was breakfast, the best breakfasts I've ever had in my life. Strong, hot coffee, bacon, buttermilk pancakes (flap-jacks) and the morning's first catch of fresh trout. Thrown into the skillet and eaten the moment they were caught and cleaned. There is nothing better in the world than a fresh 8-inch brook or rainbow or speckled trout, pan-fried over an open fire and served with pancakes and bacon. And while it may seem an odd combination, it is nevertheless delicious. Here it is, as I remember it.

One or two small, fresh trout. "Pan-size", as my grandfather would say.

1-2 tbsp. bacon fat (butter, marg, or even lard will do nicely)
salt and pepper to taste
lemon, if you have it

Heat the bacon fat, add the WHOLE trout, and fry on each side about 3 or 4 minutes, until the skin is crisp and golden brown.

SERVE with bacon and pancakes, or, if you prefer, hot buttermilk biscuits. (The buttermilk is important!)

As simple as this seems (and is) I defy anyone to come up with anything better. And while the setting is all-important, you can make the same thing at home without suffering much loss. Here is a variation which serves well as a supper dish:

PAN FRIED TROUT II

one or two small fresh trout. If they are not fresh, you can forget the whole thing.

1-2 tbsp. butter or marg.
salt and pepper to taste
a few pinches of dillweed
1/4 cup milk
finely ground cornmeal or flour

WASH the trout and pat them dry

RUB them inside and out with salt, pepper and dill.

DIP the trout in the milk, then roll in the cornmeal or flour to cover evenly. Don't overdo this, since the breading basically serves to lock in the juices.

FRY on each side for 3 or 4 minutes, or until golden brown and the meat just begins to flake from the bone. If you overcook it, you ruin it.

SERVE with a slice of lemon. Wonderful with a fresh green vegetable, French bread, fried potatoes.

Michael Pritza

CAMPFIRE BISCUITS ON A STICK

2 cups Bisquick
2/3 cup milk
1 long green stick

One of the great treats camping is to have hot cone-shaped biscuits cooked over the hot coals. They

are very easy to make and the only advance-preparation is finding a green stick about 3 feet long before it gets dark. The stick should be green so that it doesn't burn and should be about 1 inch in diameter.

After your campfire has burned down (no flames) you have a wonderful bed of hot coals. Peel the bark off of your green stick. Combine the Bisquick and the milk. Shape the dough, the length of your index finger, around the stick, making sure the tip of your stick is also covered. You are actually making a cone.

Sit down by the fire, place your stick very close to the coals, slowly rotating the stick slowly for about 10 minutes.

When your biscuit is toasted a golden brown, it's ready. Wait until the biscuit cools a little, then slide it off the stick, put butter and honey or jam inside the cone, and enjoy.

Note: Mixing powdered milk and water works fine.

Bronwyn Davis

* * * * *
From Guy Goodness, who now lives in Colorado, we offer this Hawaiian specialty.

LAU LAU

Pork & Beef

Rub liquid Smoke on pork and Beef. Salt the meat. (Use alot of salt.)

Thaw frozen spinach and drain all liquid.

If butterfish is available, combine pieces of pork, beef & fish together to make individual wraps. Use aluminum foil for wraps or Ti leaves from a flower shop.

Lay spinach on foil or ti leaves in a pot. Salt.

Place meats on spinach, then cover meats with more spinach. Salt.

Wrap & Bake until tender. Experiment with baking time, seasonings and amount of spinach to be used. Make plenty and freeze for quick meals.

Aloha,
Guy

* * * * *
And from Cecilia... dessert!

FLOATING ISLAND

Here is a recipe I tried for the first time when I made it for Kalki and Silver before they left for Europe. It's full of the foods children seem to like most -- eggs, milk and sugar. Kalki and Silver loved it and Kalki said, "Ganga, do you have the recipe?" So, I wrote it out for Kalki, so that she could read it, and re-write it in her own recipe book.

3 egg whites
salt
10 tbsp. sugar, divided
6 egg yolks
1 1/2 cups milk with 1/2 cup half-and-half,
scalded
1 teaspoon vanilla

In large bowl of mixer, beat egg whites well with 1/8 tsp salt until foamy. Gradually add 6 Tbsp. sugar and beat at high speed until stiff. Drop by heaping serving-spoonfuls 2 inches apart in 1/2 inch boiling water in shallow baking pan, making 8 mounds. Bake in pre-heated 325° oven 10 minutes or until set. Remove from water with slotted spoon and drain well on rack; cool. In top of double boiler, beat egg yolks with 1/4 tsp salt and remaining 4 tbsp sugar. Beat in milk mixture. Stir over hot water until thickened and smooth. Add vanilla; chill. Serve in 8 individual custard cups topped with soft meringues. Makes 8 child-size portions.

Cecilia Joan Price



DEAR FAMILY

FROM INDIA

[We print letters which come to us from all over the world to share the communication with our family abroad, and also as the living record of our evolution.]

9th April 13th year s.k.
Calcutta

Dearest Chirpin,

B.S.B. Indian Foundation gratefully acknowledges the receipt of your subscription. We can offer you nothing but love which flows down from father and touches us to purify us and showers knowledge to ignore material imbecilities. I am sorry I could not write you earlier.

Calcutta F.O.R. is gaining strong ground to ignite as far as possible human lives, with the knowledge imparted by Him, so that they illumine like divine candle, to light the world, not to blaze fire.

Send your photograph for us, o.k.

Today Claudie from France has arrived. She is staying at 117 Rippon Street, Calcutta. Everything is fine integrally. Troubles, yes they are there pragmatically. But had there been nothing to do, we would cease to play the divine game, would hardly exist on this earth.

I close today with heartfelt of love.

Always at your service,
Shakti

14th April 13th year s.k.
Calcutta

My dear Francoise, Francis,

Hi darlings. Blessings from India. I arrived in Calcutta a week ago. I took the plane from Amsterdam via Athens, Dubai, Bombay and then Bangladesh in Dacca where I waited 7 hours to take a small plane to Calcutta. The whole travelling was slow but enjoyable (cheap fare!). I made friends in the plane and actually they all left for Puri 2 days ago except a friend Muriel, who is really sweet, stayed with me at Ripon Street. We intend to go to Puri in about a week. I'm having a wonderful time and do not suffer the heat too much. I'm treated like a queen here and for India it's quite a blessing. Thanks, father. Yesterday was my first meeting with the Indian F.O.R. I met Chaman again and Panchi's mom Sorobala and another lady, and others whom I forgot their names. Yesterday was also Shiva's celebration, Nelaer Upas Puja. Bengalis devoted to Shiva don't eat the whole day except fruits or sweets.

Shakti is a wonderful host, and this evening we will go to his house and meet Maya and his children, then to Sonarpur and Gorkhara village people. Terence and China his 12 year old daughter are staying here at Ripon Street. They're so sweet and help us with the cleaning and cooking. I brought for F.O.R. about 1000 rupees from the French family (about 650F). It's quite amazing to be here again and definitely I just love it. Calcutta is hard to describe, you have to see it with your god's eye. After Puri I want to go to Benares and then Lucknow, and then back to Calcutta for a few weeks because I'll be in India only until end of June.

Lots and lots of kisses to little Dharma ji. My love to Rita and to the divine people around you.
BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH. Yours in truth, I love you,
Claudie

U.K.

Rec'd May 14, 13th year

Dearest everyone,

First of all I want to say how much I like the newsletter. What a good link with a great feeling from our family, being able to know what is going on in most centers and with most people. For me it does wonders, I get very high by knowing that all over the world everyone is working towards the best of purpose. The understanding of one's self is really the start on the way to the understanding of human behavior and god's presence in all of us. The manifestation of this presence is triggered by the absolute knowledge of our service and purpose. It is so true that you can give happiness only when you are completely happy yourself. By finding out what makes you happy first and then creating the right circumstance (not always easy) you'll

be able to realise the fulfilment of happiness being achieved. One has to be totally in tune with himself to maintain the state of happiness through time and experiences. I believe we are all learning how. My friends make me happy and especially my kids. When they don't I know it comes from my expectations of a particular type that I am projecting onto them.

I am so happy with the family's evolution now (in relation to my own). Up to a few days ago I was feeling out of it as far as the family was concerned. Everything seemed so chaotic. Then one night I took myself by the hand. Sat myself down and we had a terrific chat. It was great to rediscover my true feelings and remember what I really was here for.

It was great meeting Lou Gottlieb, Hope & Josh. Lou seems to be a very wise old fox and Hope's reports on all of you were very animated and her impressions of the ones I know, so life-like, it was all very funny and interesting. Hope is staying next door and Lou is staying at Sam's. I hope to have them for dinner soon.

It will be so good for all of us to have Father, Carolyn and Corinne for awhile here. They are due on Frankie's birthday and we are planning a good reception for them with a lot of people and a lot of goodies I hope.

The house next door (83 Mac Farlane) will be sold around the end of the summer and there won't be many people left here but it could be a great opportunity to meet more new people. Who knows, we might even get close and open to new aspiring forms. That's my greatest wish.

Frankie and I will always be happy to receive visitors. Our house is not too big but big enough to share good feelings, love and friendship.

Before I go, I want to thank all the people who help make the newsletter such a good and constant stream of news. I send all my loving thoughts and thanks for being what you are.

I love you all with all my heart. May our path be filled with laughter and joy and the knowledge of God to keep us together.

Davide



Arundhuti Slade

May 27th, 13th year siva kalpa

Dearest Francoise and Francis,
BSB! Well, we are off to Sussex today for two days to visit Martin and Val. So far our stay here has been delightful. Father is in much better form, alert, healthy, smiling a lot. He must ask me 5 times a day, "When are we going to France?" We go on Friday, the English family paid for our plane tickets. Annette called to say Sylvie would meet us in Chelle. Corinne left with Lou. Dennis, Ju y, Hope left today. Hope has been terrific, super positive and helpful. Please give my love to everyone. I love you! Ever yours,
Carolynn

May 14, 13th year s.k.

Dear Josephine, Diana, Sally, Sarada & Rich, and Steph,
Greetings to all at Carmelita -- You have all been in my thoughts alot.

The plane ride was uneventful and before we could finally relax, the plane landed. It was like being in a sardine can. Lou said, "All we needed was the Norwegian label." Lou was good company. We were met by Sam and Ronnie and came back to 83 Macfarlane where everyone was gathered -- Pru from Australia and Iros from Greece were pleasant surprises, but Lewis Taylor being there really surprised me. Two days later, Lawrence from Australia showed up and we all went down to Sussex for Bruce's birthday. Josh and I stayed down there and loved it. Altho Dave & Tina have a very together scene and a real comfy house, it was more fun being more rustic and freezing! Josh was outside all the time riding bikes and I was wrapped up inside drinking tea. We walked for miles in meadows where cows, horses and other assorted animals hung out -- and stopped at all the pubs along the way. I even drove which is quite a feat. I really felt like I was out at Forest Knolls at the beginning. Phil reminds me of Marsha as well! I came back with Lou to do a workshop which happened last night. Very different from the American one but equally as enjoyable. I doubt if anything else will happen. Money is really tight in Europe and things are very expensive.

London is certainly international and I must say I had forgotten to what extent. My mind was blown when I went to Shepherd's Bush market -- all the Indians, Arabs and Africans that populate England now, is a bit different from my last visit here.

Lou and I are planning to go to Wales to see Lewis Taylor and Neil and Susan, friends of Rich and me. The weather has changed, it's warm & sunny.

I'm very glad that I got to go on this trip. I feel different and I can see what Father has created. Altho' the English family is very separate and hardly see each other, the feeling is so there. I'm looking forward to father's arrival on the 22nd.

Please know that I love you all very much and appreciate all the love and support you all gave me.

Love,
Hope & Josh

May 13, XIII (1979)

To Nancy Collins
My Goddess--

The longer I stay in England, the clearer it seems to me that, if the planet is ever to be unified by father's family, the second wave of awakening consists of forms who flash on us as we flashed on father. So what is it about father that we flashed on? The knowledge that the creator of the universe has a human form, that the Indian family had reached a new level of love and understanding and that conscious blissfulness is available. The form itself attracted plenty of attention and the show father put on was sensational entertainment. Okay, precisely how do we "thrill out in infinite vibrations of accordance"?

The English family treats me with divine hospitality. They could put out an edition of The Light Is Yours from time to time, which would have a good effect.

How closely do we have to keep up with the events of the mortal world in order to maintain communication and be able to understand their problems so that we may address ourselves to the solutions thereof? Do we care that rock musicians are imprisoned in Czechoslovakia? Obviously we must be noticeably happier than the general population. It seems to me that the main ingredient of a "higher order of existence" is a good kid scene, to keep the kids happy and healthy and give the moms enough slack so that they can participate in some activities besides motherhood, and not the harried bit.

All my love,
Bom Shankar,
Lou.

Los Angeles
April 23, S.K. XIII

Dear Family

It has been a most eventful time for me since I met Helen Adam in Israel, a brief meeting, but most significant. On Dec. 21 I arrived at L.A. airport exhausted and in total confusion after flying from Montreal to London to L.A. in 4 days, not knowing where I was going, but feeling a strong pull to somewhere. Intending to head south from L.A. to a cosy beach I found myself on the 2 a.m. flight to San Francisco, now in a state of total confusion. Ten minutes after being invited to spend the night at someone's apartment in S.F. and then

asked to leave, I found myself driven to 627 Waller and deposited outside with warnings such as -- Don't stay on the street, it's dangerous. The door was locked at 627, no bell, and I was pretty wiped out --not much sleep for 4 days. Anyway, I looked up and Helen was looking out the window at 6:15 a.m. "for no special reason"; she recognized me on the street, opened the door and invited me inside.

After that moment I felt a very strong force at work in my existence and, as confusing as it all was, I instantly felt a kinship with those that I met. My mind was blown apart several times, but it was obvious to me that there was something to be learnt.

I have come full circle to L.A., also having spent a month in Mexico and meeting with family in Puerto Vallarta.

My plan at present seems to be guiding me towards my home in Wales, which is in the countryside, by the ocean. Visitors have always been welcome, and there is plenty of floor-space to sleep on. I hope to visit the London Foundation on the way down, and also see the French family in time.

Please come and visit, your support is welcome.

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH

Lewis Taylor

[Lewis is now in Wales. His address is:

MILES END, The Ridgeway, Saundersfoot,

DYFED, S. WALES, U.K. TEL: Saundersfoot 812541]

83 Macfarlane Road, London

Dear Family,

It is very interesting that now we have decided to sell the house, many people have become affected by the development. It has come to us as somewhat a surprise, that so intense a feeling has come to be manifest.

I presume from some people's reaction that they feel an injustice. I can only say that they have not taken sufficient information from their memory and instead declare "rape and pillage" has been put upon them.

We feel this house definitely did become our house, since we have invested all our time and energy into creating as beautiful a home as possible. Had from the beginning other people shared and maintain that investment we of course would feel obliged to share. You could refer to when the house was being renovated by Joe, John, Simon and myself. The extent of which we were together and shared all we had was admirable, isn't that a good memory to remember. But I gather we didn't share. Tina and I were only motivated out of greed and profit. It is not encouraging to find trust so wantonly disregarded. We shared all and it could have been maintained had the feeling been there. It wasn't, and now because we stand to gain, why should we not when in the end it was left up to us? We have spent 6 years of energy and put all our money into this house. After so much effort, we feel we are entitled to do as we please without prior consent from those affected by our doing so.

It is a pity friendship can be so fickle when it comes to possessions. Tina and myself find ourselves in admiration and love for father. That trust will never leave us. The proceeds of sale are not lining our pockets, just enabling a change. We will resume hopefully on our return to a more central idea of this family. We are not, though, going to invest in idle gossip. To me we are too quick to judge, not leaving enough time for clear, intelligent thought.

Yours in truth, Dave

FRANCE

27th April 13th year s.k.
Massilly

Dearest Corinne,

I was so happy to hear you on the telephone the other night, it really inspired me to write you about Bourgogne. As far as I can calculate there will be enough accomodation in the 8 or so houses here to accomodate all visitors with children at least, including those who come from England. The idea of driving across the Channel and down here with cars from the English family & Paris will mean that there is more transportation here for persons wanting to go between the houses and keep everyone in touch. There is at least one vehicle at every house, except Gerald & Marie's, and there are a few mobelettes also. The idea of camping ground at the village is rapidly seeming more unlikely as the ruins are dangerous for children to play around and also there could be snakes -- let alone the problem of water supply. Even with the money being paid for the connection, they will not have the supply on for at least two months after the trench is dug -- and that's our job, as it will mean it will be

cheaper for us. However, there is a sweet camping ground at Salornay, which is halfway between Massilly and Sigy about 10 mins. drive, which has all facilities like toilets and showers, but they do not have caravans on site, so it'd be bring your own. We are collecting whatever we have in the Family here, and that's who will basically need it, as I expect there will be lots here on weekends from Paris and elsewhere.

Things are shaping up for a great time when you are all here. I wonder a little though how Lou's workshops will succeed away from America. I doubt if anyone in France will afford it, though we will do whatever we can to show Father a good time regardless!

One thing you might be able to get together in America before you come is some money from anyone there who would like to be part of the cooperative which is supporting the Village project. At present the initial people are still paying the original purchase price back to Gilles and Shanti and as well searching for the money for water. This is all okay but I know there are many people around the world who would like to be involved in the Village and I'm sure they want to know how they can contribute. At present the Village site has very little land around it although there is quite a bit available and the price at present is relatively cheap. If there is more land, this village will have more chance of becoming a great example of divine imagination in a real working cooperative in true village style. In fact, as you see the ruins from the hills above, it looks more like the ruined foundation for an enormous chateau!

Benoit is talking of taking over the village accounts and is collecting information regarding French co-operative law. Annette and I had a great evening the other night translating some excerpts of the principles on which these laws are based -- and it's high reading for sure and will really help us see the best way we can set ourselves up legally at the village.

I've written also to Australia asking if anyone there would like to help Alain and I buy a paddock for the village and enable us to start thinking of building an Australian embassy one day. Pipe dreams at present in the face of the work yet to be done, but if we have the support we can plan for things like further water & electricity supplies which will need to be clear in our submission for a building permit. This is another reason for more people to enter this co-operative soon, as it will not be long before this will be required.

Darling, everyone is very much looking forward to your clarity and energy, as well as being able to show Father and all the possibilities that are opening up here for a great new Foundation centre. You really are going to love it here I know - it is a very sweet community of people here and the Family has made lots of true new friends. A bientot ma cherie Bom Shankar Bholenath, much love,

Helen Grimaux

Massilly, May 2, XIIIth year
Dear Francoise, Francis and all,

Thank you Francoise for your sweet card, and Philippe for your letter. I'm sure you received the pictures of Callista by now, and saw how beautiful she is. She's already 5 weeks now and wakes up more and more each day.

We spent 2 weeks in Corsica with Colette, Raymond's parents were so happy to meet their grand daughter, they had boys for ages in this family! then back in Burgundy, Jean, my dad, came for a week-end and was in good form, wanting to know more about us, about the possibilities to have a business in the family and about the Village that he really liked. He said he will be back in July to have his holiday with us. Great! We all go to the village each week-end to work and have a bar-b-qued picnic with the kids. Soon the boys will start digging trenches to bring water pipelines by the ruins.

Anna and Louis moved in their new house in Prayes, just next to Jean-Louis and Francoise Chaunu, and Alain and Helen took their place at Sigy with Gilles and Shanti. They are fixing up the house in order to have much more space for guests.

The weather is really bad in France, cold and rainy. But like Annette said, come and join us, sweethearts, those who are inspired by wheelbarrows, pick-axes and stones are welcome. We have the best wine in the world. We love you very very much. B.S.B.

Sylvie

Villemomble nr. Paris

13 May, 13th S.K.

Dear Francis and Francoise,

BSB. I will break one of my little rules in writing again before I have received a response to my last effort. As I don't go to work before noon I am going to make more use of my mornings. I have been spending them helping Annie in doing the work around the house, as she is getting quite a stomach these days.

With a loan of 5,000 Fr from Andre's mother we now have in our possession all the money that is needed to start the **society** and when **Claudie** returns from India we will start the paper proceedings. I don't remember if I told you about the place we found at Gagny train station, but, it is two rooms, one will be for storage for Marco's Import/Export and the big one will be divided into a boutique/workshop. It will be an excellent commercial location and working and seeing more of Marco is a pleasure.

Everything is going quite well in Chelles. Andre and Jean-Marie started putting linoleum in the bathroom yesterday and they were going to do the dining-room today. They did a fine job painting the kids' room and the bathroom. Andre is really 100% behind the fur business. Gerard is working as a painter and only comes back to Chelles for the weekend. Jean Claude and Agnes are in quite good shape but still in the hole financially.

We all really appreciate The Light Is Yours. I am also interested in seeing Hari's book finished form and looking forward to its arrival. I am also interested in having some pictures (poster size) of Father. It would be fine if someone could bring them over. Several people have asked for them and there are no extra ones around.

So I have written enough, will be waiting to hear from you.

John (McQuaig)

AUSTRALIA

PROFOUND VERSE

Reeling through the swinging doors
stand there taking quite a pause
visions flooding through the mind
really of the generous kind

Yet here he was
not minding it because
every other night's the same
lurching home is quite a game
to keep the ball in play
maybe you'd say
"Impossible"

Oh, to be the publican
creeping to the cellar
while the dogs are howling
prowling through the barrels
tapping each in turn

halting by a burly one
and whispering
"you'll do"

by Ian Keck

Melbourne
April 10, 13 S.K.

Dear Ganga & Danny,

Bom Shankar! Hope you are enjoying yourselves. I really miss both of you. It's gotten really cold lately, I'm writing this in front of a nice cosy fire while Lewis watches the nighttime footy. The Duffys' trial was today and all went well--\$50. each to the poor box and 1 year bond for Chris, Laine and Ross and Bruce's was dismissed altogether due to great confusion surrounding his statements etc. I'm sure Laine will write and give you the details.

We've been spending a lot of time in the village lately, visiting Sue at Rix St. mostly--we spent the night Saturday and we probably will again soon. Things have been pretty quiet. Bob and Lisa are in town from Yack -- saw them the other day on Burke Rd.,

Lisa in a sheepskin coat and Bob in barefeet typical Quins -- big smiles.

Wendy and Jonathan have been laying low -- like everyone else. Must be the season. Sue is trying to save so she and Daya can come to S.F. in November with us. I hope she can do it-- I'd love to travel with Sue. Our ticket money is steadily accumulating and we should make it, bar a major disaster. We won another \$8.50 in Tattslotto last week--that makes 3 wins, maybe we will hit the big one!

The tension among the separated couples is a constant underlying pressure for everyone--hopefully through this shared experience we will all learn to be patient and have more understanding and love for each other.

Next Morning

Well, I fell asleep after that last paragraph. How is everybody? Who are you staying with? Give everybody my love, OK?

On the national political scene: there's been a truck blockade throughout Victoria and New South Wales for the past week -- the truckers protested road taxes by blocking the major truck routes through out the 2 states with semi-trailers and anything else at hand. They came to some sort of agreement and cleared the roads in Victoria yesterday but in NSW they're not moving. Fraser gleefully offered to send in the Army, but Premier Wran thinks the police can handle it and today he's mobilised the largest police force in NSW to more in on the big blockade of truckies on Razorback Mountain. The news just said the police have backed down "Hands-off unless provoked." Who wants to provoke 500 truckers?

A lot of people went to the Anti-Nuclear Rally downtown last week and it was pretty good. Wilkes promised no nuclear reactors or uranium mining in Victoria if elected. You arrived just in time for the Harrisburg Breakout, huh! It was big news here until the bubble reduced and the story faded to page three then disappeared entirely!

I'll bet Father is glad to have you here again-- I've been thinking of him quite a lot these days. How did Kim like the airplane? Funny, whenever I think of Father I immediately start seeing mental pictures of all the children, one after another.

We saw Ciranjiva and Mahamilana last week. Quite a flash. I cried right through Mahamilana -- more than usual this time, I got myself in such a state I had to smoke a bong! I began realising all the things I've felt and known since meeting the family and just got completely overwhelmed--a vital meltdown.

I must stop now and start pushing the vacuum cleaner around. Sorry this isn't newsletter material--I'll give it a try later this week. Once again, give my love to all and do try to write, everyone is anxious for news.

Big hugs to Kalki, Silver and Kim and kisses to you.

Bom Shankar! love, Patti

April 9th, 13th year

Dear Stephanie,

It is with pleasure and gratitude that I read each edition of "The Light Is Yours." The interviews with Shotsy, Sarada and Caroline are particularly timely, much-needed revelations. The reprints of Father's interviews always have a supraphysical impact, providing the clarification and guidance for my feelings in evolution. They're just what I need when I need it. Your latest editorial, Stephanie, re-anchored us firmly as we sometimes swim in a wild sea of change here in Australia. The exhortation to will was a great push for us. The Meyers' brothers magical mystery tour was gripping. I cried at the final letter, "Eureka, I found it." The children's contributions are outstanding testimony to the success of your efforts, inspiring the Australian Home School imagination which is taking spontaneous small-scale form

This brings me to a request: could you send us a copy of Diana's writings on the Family Home School along with more detailed reports on the conduct, organization, predilections of the children -- a kind of progress report. Any cost incurred in printing and postage will of course be sent to you.

Stephanie, I remember you well and warmly. Thank you America for "The Light Is Yours."

It is with love to Father that I offer a poem into the abundance of divine experience and expression.

Love and Bom Shankar Bholenath.

Gudrun

[Papers on The Family Home School will appear in series in the summer issues of L.I.Y. --Ed.]

PRAYER TO KNOWLEDGE

O Ocean of Knowledge,
let me, who am exhausted with ignorance
come to worship in Mother Ganga's gentle flow.
Cleanse with eternal water the shifting silt
of illusion,
with waves of Vidya quell the fires of passion,
the running heat of anger,
calm the stricken surge of fear
and let me rest in a cool and holy place.

Mother, cradle my immortal seed,
raise its quivering becoming
to beauty, truth and love.
Take my soul that is blown by haunted storms,
fitful in its path to you,
and fasten it to a clear Benares breeze.

AFRICA:

Lagos, Nigeria
6th May, 1979

Dear Lord Siva,

I bow to the three Lords Brahm, Shiva and Vishnu and pray for their blessings according to THE WILL of God the Creator.

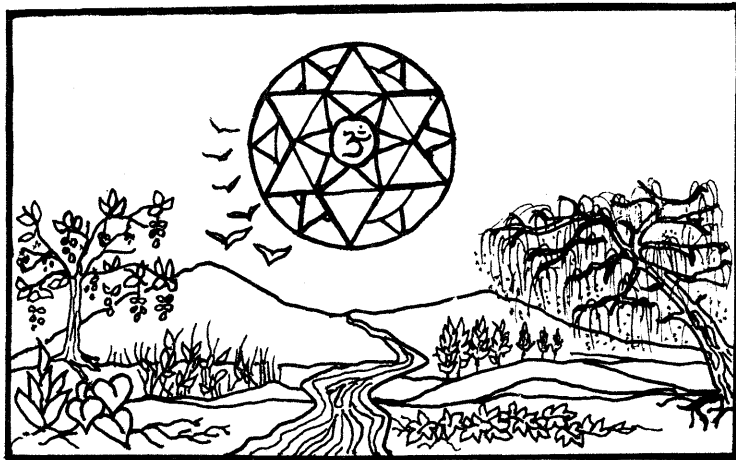
I have read the enclosures. Saints of India especially in Calcutta and at Kumbha Mela in Allahabad often appear as beggars.

One Babaji the deathless Guru/Saint has been living in the coldest part of Himalaya mountain with few disciples and is visible to Holy men/women till today. See Autobiography of a Yogi by Paramahansa Yogananda obtainable under Self-Realization Fellowship. I just want to elaborate the story of a beggar Saint as contained in your enclosures. I studied under S.A.F. 1949-1970 as Kriya yoga student but I want something Higher.

I will like to supplement yourself and I will provide ways or remitting one dollar for your paper very soon. Surat Shabda yoga is Bakti yoga--a way back to God. I have tested all the best of this world and I want to go back to my Father the Creator. I am looking for the way and Shiva may show me the way.

Shri Babalola Ji

from the USA ...



The Light is Ours

*Thanks for all
the Revelations
and Good news*

*The Colorado
Family*

"The Red House"
April 23rd 13th year s.k.

Bom Shankar Bolenath!
Dearest Caroline,

Enclosed is 10% for the month of April from the Forest Knolls Foundation. I've happily accepted the job of secretary-treasurer and this amount is 10% of our combined incomes.

Brendan has been in heaven gardening in the yard and work on Star Mountain will begin at the end of this week. We've been waiting for the rain to end so the wood and roof can dry out before we really "dig in"!

Little Deirdra has been in heaven with her best girlfriend Saiyya and of course all the boys entertain her too. Bharat & Ilu have been a joy to have around, they're such little gentlemen, a pleasure to serve. Acey is counting the days until he's "5" -- April 28. Easter was quite an event - mini-hunts went on all week after the real one.

On Friday, April 20th, the Marin goddesses met at the Lodge in Forest Knolls for a few drinks and lots of laughs. We've decided to make it a monthly event, meeting at a new "hot spot" each time.

On Thursday, April 19th, I saw Kira sing at "The Sleeping Lady Cafe". She was beautiful, sparkling, clear. I really enjoyed seeing all the different age groups performing "on stage"!

That's all for now, be seeing you soon, Love,
Patti O'Brien

San Francisco
April 16, 1979

Dear Steph,

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH

I hope you enjoyed the Easter, with the divine grace you are hearing at all levels.

Enclosed is the copy of a letter which I received recently from Bank of America. You are aware that Rajpal stood first in his class and got the highest marks in the history of his school. He was then selected to compete the boys of other schools of S.F. under the auspices of the B. of A's Achievement Awards. There he was selected as a zone winner. Now he will go for a final interview.

We always keep in our heart, that you took him to the school when we came, and so began his scholastic career.

Love,
Chani Sandhu

San Diego
April 25, 1979

Dear Margie,

I'm so glad for "The Light Is Yours," to help me keep in touch with events and feelings in the village. Of course I love you all and know you're GREAT!

Life in San Diego has turned out to be very nice for me. Next month will make a year that I've been here. I started out working for a new age nutritionist (that job brought me down here). I went on to be the secretary for a new age independent TV producer. Then I got an offer to be office manager for a group of counselors, so I'm now with the Institute for Creative Living in La Jolla. I hope to get the funds together to enter computer programming school in the fall. I'm quite interested in computers as tools for global communication. The possibilities are tremendous.

I have a nice two-bedroom apt. and a dear young woman friend for a room-mate. Lots of people here are into partner disco dancing, and I go dancing several nights a week. I also visit one of my regular partners with his ballroom & disco class at U.C.S.D. My back injury has improved steadily since I've been here and I rarely have pain from it anymore.

My mom moved here too and bought a house. Don L. & I get together sometimes in our packed schedules. It's good. Peace and love to all, B.S.B.,

Deja
Leavenworth, Kansas
May 20

Dear Father & Divine Family,

Greetings from the steel ashram.

As you can see they have moved my form to Kansas. I have been going through many changes. Remembering is a constant job. Mindfulness must be in mind every moment. Constant effort to know what is real, and what

is unreal. is very hard. It seems to be a matter of remember - forget. And I feel higher the sooner I remember what it really is all about. Love,

Bob Staudmire
P.O. Box 1000
Leavenworth, Ka. 66048

Rochester, N.Y.
June 4 - 13th year

Dearest Loves,

Just a few lines to say Bom Shankar Bholenath and send you all my love from the east coast. We haven't had any news in a few weeks and we miss everyone. All is proceeding on course here. We have a wedding coming up this summer - Frank Donzella is marrying Susan Chaffee. They are certainly one very happy pair. Plans for the "big day" are in the air. Gabe & Steve are fine -- enjoying the sun and festivities of summer. Abigail and the children are doing well. Eddie T. is fine. He has just moved from our house into Gabe's. He is no longer working with Jerry or Frank but has been offered a job with Lynn Giesy. Lynn has been appearing at our family functions with his very sweet goddess Cheryl and their baby Benjamin. He's looking very sparkling and has flashed on Father & Truth.

Tony Hardy is planning on getting his own apartment this week and he is doing great things with himself. He works every day in our family businesses and he is much loved.

The Kase Klan is doing fine. Our oldest son, Michael graduates this month from high school and I expect if all goes according to plan he and his friend Donald should converge on the Siva Kalpa Village some time thereafter. Money seems to be their main concern. Chris is looking good and happy. He keeps busy and talks of S.F. only about once each day. He is hoping to go back soon too. We'll see.

Elizabeth, Mary & Kathleen are great, they just hang in there loving and smiling and making suggestions to the rest of us. The sun has brought them outside every day and there are usually hoards of little girls and occasionally some little boys as well. It's really a delight. Jerry is great. He has been concentrating his efforts on the job and the house lately and the new motorcycle we bought him gives him many hours of pleasure. Last month on our wedding anniversary he took me to Toronto for the week-end on the bike and Suzie and Frank rode shotgun over the house while we were gone.

Well it sure would be great to hear from any one who can find the time. I understand things have been a bit hectic in S.F. (last month) and we want you to know we love you and support you and all our good vibrations always go your way. Much love and kisses to all our brothers and sisters at our Father's house.

Mary Jane Kase

Rochester, N.Y.
May 31 - 13th year s.k.

Dearest Caroline,

Bom Shankar Bholenath. I send you all my love and happiness. I hope this letter finds you and everyone else doing just fine. I am doing just great but I do miss everyone back there in S.F. I hope that one day I may come back. Father has made me very welcome here and I have learned many new things while I have been here. You know I was listening to Father's tape on law and justice, and talking about heavy, I don't think my mind has ever been blown away as it did while I heard the tape. The tapes have really been helping me alot. It's part of my life, I mean, it is my life now and I want to learn all I can so I can go out and communicate to others about Father. The people here in Rochester have helped me to have a better understanding of Siva Kalpa. Father is communicating through all of our forms here and the family is getting larger and larger. I am for one whom is very thankful for father and all of his truly divine goddesses who have helped me to realize the truth and have helped me to find God.

Caroline, you always understood me when I rapped with you and the things that sometime confused me were never confusing after you explained them to me. You really brought me a long way and I am very thankful. How are John and Mouse doing? Please give them a great big hug and kiss for me and tell everyone there that I love them and miss them very much. Caroline, take good care of yourself. I will write again soon. Until then, Bom Shankar Bholenath, Love Always,

Eddie T.



JUNE 14, 1966

FATHER SPEAKING AT THE GRAND HOTEL, CALCUTTA, THIRD YEAR SIVA KALPA

...Nature, which has spiritual contradictions -- these contradictions are a necessity for spiritual existence of creation. Without contradiction there is no creation. Material contradiction in its last stage gets into infinite contradictions, contradictions becoming harder and harder every day to put up with so that through these contradictions you divide the time into mere fragments of existence. Look here, the past moment is the father to the present moment of contradiction. Now we are in a moment of synthesis. Now we are seeking synthesis, and we are making synthesis on all sides, in everything.

I don't say do this or don't do that. Whatever you like, that will be good. Beer cans, very nice! No beer cans, very nice! What will happen you cannot precipitate. It will be precipitated by the will of the time. If it is necessary, it will take shape. You have to think about it, that's all. I'll tell you how to make the world move by sitting here. Then you throw yourself into the current. Why? Because, to let people know you are doing it. Because you need fame. Why? So you can teach better, so that everybody listens to you. What have they to do? Not to act but to listen. Without listening, nothing will take place. But if they refuse to listen physically, we have a supraphysical method of making them listen at our will. That's what I am going to tell you. That's what is taking place now. You have to understand -- it is Me, not you. The moment you understand that, that is surrender.

Well, I'll tell you what happened on the eventful night of 14th and 15th June, 1966. Well, I surrendered myself completely to the will of God, without making any judgement for anything. Who kicked me, I said you are doing the right thing. Who loved me, I said you are doing the right thing. So I said everything is being done by His will, which I don't know. If I will something and if it doesn't happen, I get hurt. But if somebody cuts off my ear I say, you have done His will. I surrendered myself as such.

And what happened? My wife left with the younger children and my eldest daughter was there. She was not married at the time, and my mother was in Calcutta -- so we were two. Well, it was during the night... I was meditating. I used to do a lot of meditating. I was always in meditation, I used to be. Now I never get into meditation. Meditation takes hold of me sometimes. And when meditation takes hold of me and gets me into a trance, you have a certain feeling. You must have. Now, I try to come back from that height. There is a height from where it is difficult to communicate. I must make the body go on. I am trying to show you that a full light makes the body cease to exist. So we have to live for another thousands of years in the creation of knowledge, so we are going to... You have to gain knowledge in body, not in a supra-physical existence. Suppose you die. You become one with the whole existence, but even then, since you have assumed an identity, even then you live in the astral body. You maintain your identity but you are conscious that you are everything. Even then, you maintain your identity, just as Ciranjiva is doing that. Ciranjiva doesn't think he is other than Lou or Don or Sheila or Shotsy or an ant or a maggot. They are all equal to Him because it is He who has placed Himself in so many forms and so many natures.

This is existence. Existence is one and indivisible. So when you see division, it's existence which looks at itself in so many ways... and forgets that He is the Creator. For this oblivion an ignorance is necessary. And existence being Almighty. He can forget Himself in so many forms. So ignorance is not a bad thing. Ignorance is a necessity. So we see the end of ignorance. We have created the bodies. We have multiplied. See, one existence has multiplied itself into so many bodies and forms. Now these bodies and forms will understand we are one existence. So all the bodies are actually effectuating the initial will of creation. You cannot change the will. Neither can Ciranjiva. And that will is manifested in the moments of fleeting time.

Look here: I'll tell you what happened on the 14th and 15th night. That's the most important part of the thing. You'll immediately begin to understand what happened and how you were informed across the oceans.

Sri Aurobindo says submit yourself to the will of Mother. Who is Mother? Aurobindo could not explain because it's a Self-communication. God was so long ineffable, inexplicable, unseizable by thought and incommunicable by speech. Why? His Will. He hid Himself under so many veils of ignorance. As the veils were increased the opacity also increased till it became absolutely gross and dark. Because no matter exists -- it's the self-cognition of conscious existence which divides its knowledge into so many forms. Now this realization will come a little later. What happened, how I got into this realization?

I was meditating. I surrendered myself to Mahakali. What is Kali? Kala means time and Kali who manifests time. Now this is Kali. I was meditating: Mother, I surrender myself to you. Now either give me fulfillment -- that's my prayer -- I said, 'You must appear.' I was saying that almost every moment, every day. But She didn't appear. Only I used to look at her eyes, mouth, ears, sometimes feet, but not the whole form. She appeared, luminous body, and said, 'Well, son, what do you want?' She was about eleven, twelve years old... just, just yet a girl, but won't be a girl tomorrow. That was the form. Beautiful! Ornamented! Divine arms! She appeared. She appeared just in front of me. Just a little high. She didn't require any foot-rest, you know... She said, 'What do you want, my child?' I said, 'Mother, tell me that you won't leave me again.' She said, 'Granted, then what do you want?' Then I said, 'Well, this is not a trick, this is not a maya that you'll go away again and that you'll give me certain things for the enjoyment of this worldly life then fly away again so I'll have to seek you again, I shall forget you again in these worldly enjoyments and worldly desires?' She said, 'No... I have created the world for your enjoyment. You are my son, so I have made this world so that you can play with the whole world.' I said, 'Humanity?' She said, 'No. I give you a power over Space and Time and all it contains. I give you the power to play with the past, just as you can play with the future. All is inherent in this moment.' I said, 'Mother, I want to go to America... Swami Vivikenanda was given five minutes time and when he addressed the Americans as "My American brothers and sisters," who were used to hearing, "Ladies and Gentlemen," they responded out of the warmth they received... and Vivikenanda talked for hours, and for years. Hours and for years. So give me... He was clapped for five minutes, I want to be clapped for half an hour.' She said, 'You'll be clapped all over.' I became very happy. 'You address them and they will become happy and they will begin to clap.' I said, 'Mother...' She was talking to me, just like you talk to me. I said, 'Mother, now you are very naughty again. You see, now if they always clap whenever I address them, they become very happy and begin to clap, I won't be able to tell them what I want to tell them.' So you resist the knowledge. You see, Mother played with me. She said, 'No, you address them and they clap, then you begin the address and your addresses are their awakenings.' Then I felt very happy, you know. Then I said, 'Mother.' 'What you want?' I went on asking, 'I want this, I want that,' and She said, 'All right, all right,' and after asking a few things I said, 'Say you won't leave me again.' She said, 'No. Once you have got Me wholly, when I have integrally manifested Myself, I cannot go. I'm attached to you.' I didn't understand what she meant. Then what happened, you know... well, I said, 'Mother, I want one thing.' She said, 'What?' I said, 'Well, in Siva Shastra, that is in the knowledge of Siva, it is said that he is the greatest yogi. He is the only yogi amongst the Gods. He is the symbolization, the symbol of a yogi. So, he desired something and You assumed the form... Can I have it, Mother?' And you know what happened? In a twinkling of an eye, She became a very voluptuous blooming lady, beautifully dressed in divine clothes, came down from the upper level and knelt before me in a typical posture and said, 'My Lord, how long will you stay asleep? Don't you find that your children are going to destroy themselves? Wake up, My Lord. I am just your Will, whom you call "Mother."'

I fainted. I fainted with joy and with a possession of a power which nobody is going to feel is true, because two persons feeling the same thing means the end of existence in a second.