



The Light Is Yours

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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 14th year siva kalpa



EDITORIAL



September 10th, 1979

The Light Is Yours is our family portrait. It is never perfect as we are not yet perfect, but it is a perfect reflection of how we are. It does not speak from the Absolute but from the multiple points of view of the witnesses of His Creation. We have seen the form of God and heard his revelation; now we are in the process of manifesting His Imagination by applying the principles of Siva Kalpa in our lives.

"There's no world to change until you change yourself." That Father told us. He told us we are free to become like God or continue to labor in ignorance. We have been working on ourselves for more than ten years, repeatedly choosing God's way over the ways of the past, and we are beginning to see the fruits of our activity; but we still aspire for more.

For Father, our Creator, every moment is a "moment in Conscious luminosity"; not so for us. The mood changes like San Francisco's weather, and that keeps us on our toes. Meanwhile, our world-wide family becomes progressively more stable, more civilized and more manifest in all spheres of existence; and in the surrounding world, life battles the old forces of hostility and greed. To God belongs the victory that is to come.

How we are evolving from chaos into harmony, from ignorance to greatness, from suffering to bliss, is our story. What we are is what we have to share with each other and the world. We tell it as we live it, and that is truth.

Eleanor Stephanie Hiller
Editor

In the Publisher's Statement of the first Siva Kalpa News (6th year siva kalpa), Father wrote: "It does not compete commercially with other publications around the world but stands out from them as a non-professional journalism not bound by periodic deadlines but coming out as and when required." This statement is equally true of The Light Is Yours. We strive to come out monthly but we no longer suffer under dead lines; thus our work becomes a joy, and not a labor produced under pressure of time. We live in an eternity of time, and we are learning to move in accord with time as it reveals itself in our feelings and circumstances. That is the way to immortality.

So you may continue to expect us more or less every month but never precisely on schedule!

Thank you, dear Readers, for your support. Your will keeps us alive and your subscriptions pay the printer!
BOM SHANKAR BOLENATH!

E.S.H.

Staff

Editor: Eleanor Stephanie Hiller
Lay-Out: Rita Fiscus, Sally Hutt, Sarada, Diana Young
Proof-Reading: Charles Green, Caroline Grey, Sally Hutt, Frank Ganz
Art: Nancy Collins, Rita Fiscus, Billy Gayton
Cover: Regina Meyers
Photography: Francis Clement
Mailing: John Morton
with typing assistance from Maria Mauritzl

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To My President:

Having heard no response to my letter to you dated July 26th, 1979, I am temporarily disappointed in you. As God has told me, "Support your leader, right or wrong", I'm only in a position to clear my conscience:

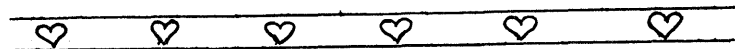
Asking the American public to turn their back on the messy aftermath caused by the Mexican oil spill on our own waters - not foreign shores- shows gross negligence and lack of personal and national respect. It is the domain of our own business community to curse them, if they so choose.

Telling us to support Khomeini's regime of rottenness in Iran "in the name of God" is political ignorance.

By the by, when, where and how do you plan on disposing of our own contaminating nuclear waste matter?

Most sincerely yours, in Truth,

Charlotte Partridge Wallace
President
The Foundation of Revelation



Straight From The Heart

Dear Readers,

Via communication, supraphysical and otherwise, I have felt the need to communicate directly instead of responding to particular or individual issues. Past months have brought to light many and varied visions of the existence, each equally valid to the other, each demanding respect and action. The reality, however, is that each contains and maintains contradiction, however slight, because at least one person can find something to disagree with. We all know, at least through feeling, that the absolute vision harbors no point of contention; therefore it is safe to assume that the absolute vision is still being realized. To believe that there is only one way to the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth is not only bordering on the ridiculous but limits the scope of our experience, an absolute denial of the feeling that brought us together in the beginning. Our very differences create the road to agreement through the maintenance of relationships by the use of language. We must remember the purpose of multiple forms and forces of expression, which is to share every point of evolution. Everything is perfect in the existence, and when it is time we will all express and respond with that feeling. In the meantime, let us enjoy the space that God so graciously gave to us and learn to love one another in every way. Bom Shankar Bholenath!

S.F.T.H.



HARIYANA

NOW AVAILABLE!

Our first presentation in the formal world of publishing and bookstores is now ready -- printed, bound and about to be delivered. All we need is the orders from the bookstores. All the bookstores need to know is that the book exists and is in demand. That's where we as a family come in. Start telling them now. Share your enthusiasm. Tell your local stores you wish to read the book and that it can be ordered through Bookpeople, 2940 Seventh Street, Berkeley, Calif.

The Special Edition is still about a month away from delivery. It has been completely subscribed. All 108 copies have been ordered and pre-paid. There are no more available. Thank you, family, for your support.

Gratefully,
Hari

SEX

Now this is a man's view of an existence, otherwise girls would not be a door to hell. Right? And since it is the man's view, gold is also a man's view, so is war. This is all man's conception, and the other half of his existence is a girl or girls' conception, and the girls succumbed to it through ages because through ages man ruled the world. Where there had been a girls rule, you know, there was no war, really. No war. Even a few years ago in Burma it was the kingdom of girls and even within India, Assam, it's not far from Bengal. I've been there, my father been there and talked about those girls, they are called Kasis, a hilly tribe where the girls ruled. The girls did everything. The boys were all like hippies, doping themselves, you know, but not quarrelling with their girls and loving their girls like goddesses. But the onslaught of the environment, which was a men's world, you know, broke through the barrier and the girls started suffering and the war is going on. But there was no war either, when the girls ruled; you know, there was a tremendous sex oppression but there was no war or hatred or killing each other. Very sexy but not like men's world, no. Girls are different even in their sexual understanding and existence. Now if you know that, you'll also know that the food for the spiritual is what you listen, what you love to listen, you know, this is Siva Kalpa. The real food of my nearest people is only knowledge, but it does not deny anybody anything. If you want sex, I won't say don't touch sex, if you want too much sex, you can have too much sex, if you don't want sex, you won't have sex. If you want beef, you can have beef three times a day, if you want banana, you can have banana once a day or any way you like. But this knowledge will change you and tell your body what is needed for the body. Neither you will indulge in sex or food unless it becomes necessary and healthy for all concerned, not for yourself only. You understand? But you don't undermine or look down upon sex. A man who worships a girl without lust, you know, but with love, understanding the inherent beauty of a feminine form without which his masculine form would be nothing but a piece of matter only with an ability to brag of it's ability to kill other human forms. And he never finds any fault with a girl because it is he who ruled for ages and broke down any empire that a girl can build within his empire. So he never finds any fault with any girl. Why? Because they are the result of his own rule for a long, long time. When he forgets his ego and looks at a girl he immediately realizes how great she is, only a little spoiled, you know, but by my desires of the past not of the present, of course. "My," means if it is not the same body but it is the same masculine ego from any form either spiritual or otherwise.

Father speaking on December 22, 5th. year Siva Kalpa



Last month we published a brief essay called "Sex and Immortality" in which Victor presented Father's revelations at the Red House (Forest Knolls) in tenth year to a dhuni of gods.

Victor read his paper to me in the presence of Father one afternoon in 61. Father and I were both seated on the window-seat and father said not a word during the visit, but lots of communication occurred and I recalled much that Father had taught me about sex during the first five years I knew him, when he was talking as much as 18 hours a day physically, and the subject was frequently sex.

I loved Victor's paper and feel it to be true, so I printed it as an expression of Victor's recollection of what Father revealed. But Father did not teach about sex in one page or even only in speech, but through action and feeling as well. Sex is not an intellectual subject, but an experience that is felt on all three planes of existence, mental, vital and physical. Father devoted a lot of time to the subject and told us why. All the problems of the world, he said, are born of two basic problems: money and sex. India suffers for want of money (or food), America, for sex.

Food and sex are objects of desire because they are both necessary and enjoyable. Everybody needs them, and everybody likes them. But the puzzle of it is, desire is dangerous. It can lead the ego into carnal sins like anger, envy, lechery and greed.

These expressions of lower nature are the forces that hold the planet under siege of hostility and starvation. Men will kill for sex or food.

Our first job as wealthy Americans in this great but sexually involved nation, is to understand the purpose of sex. Sex is indeed a natural process, the purpose of which is (obviously) to maintain the creation by creating new life. Babies are God's best creation, so it follows that the process of making them is intended to be divine. But it is only divine when inspired by love, and love becomes real when it is stable.

Unlike the religious leaders, Father did not ask us to give up our desires but showed us how to be detached from them so that we could enjoy them when they are timely and harmless. This is called mastery of the senses, or self-control.

To reject the gift when it is offered is self-denial, which hardly brings happiness. With understanding and self-mastery, sex and food have their proper place in life, and are the occasion for great enjoyment when produced and savored with love.

It takes time to achieve it, and experience cannot be expressed in a single page. But the principle requires few words. Victor said it in his essay but he did not say it all. So we print two more expressions on this most essential subject.

The Kama Sutra for The Gods & Goddesses

The Kama Sutra is the written description and knowledge of the Divine Art of Loving. It has been written about, talked about, experimented with and illustrated through numerous centuries. The highest and most descriptive art form ever to delineate and graphically depict the ultimate purpose and art of love-making has been enshrined in Indian Art, most notably at the "erotic" temples of Khajurao and Konarak where the sculptured revelations of this most divine art are awesome, breath-taking, surprising and quite informative. Few realize, however, that this knowledge is deliberately esoteric in its written form, obvious-

ly meant only for those who have exceeded ego limitations and seeking sensation through the desire planes exclusively. Kama Sutra is a gift given one by God directly as a complete revelation to those pure in heart and devoid of selfish desires.

Lovemaking serves many purposes, not only that of procreation as the Christian world would have us believe. It is the instrument also to show selfless devotion, to testify to feelings of deep intimacy, trust, security, joy, laughter and a mature understanding of SELF IN EACH OTHER through physical union. These are just parts of true love manifesting through those, the

DIVINE ONES, the GODS and GODDESSES.

In the Western world especially, Kama Sutra has been totally neglected, forgotten, not to mention MIS-UNDERSTOOD (one of the punishments of involution). A manifestation of this sexual ignorance is noted as a population explosion, a rash of male (and consequent female) chauvinism, rape and so on. These aberrations are being set to rest as we evolve the planet, but we must understand the cause for these strange occurrences -- the answer is EGO. Ego is selfish, uncompromising, harsh and violent. If ego is present in the act of love, it manifests directly through the spilling of seed as its satiation with no purpose.

The highest and most obvious purpose for this act is procreation, otherwise this energy, according to the highest spiritual authorities, is to be conserved as an actual physical source of energy (part of the true soma) for the body to retain and use as the spirit wishes (e.g., the pursuit of spiritual knowledge, revelation, concentration of the Godhead, or in application on other divine projects). This is confusing to the ignorant for these ones feel the purpose of loving is "coming". Certainly this climaxes the act but it also ends the act. The knowledge of Kama Sutra is the art of sustaining the act in order to experience the timeless ecstatic moments of transcendence into very special spiritual realms which may be attained and sustained for incredible lengths of time, but only through the power of a true god by his mighty will being able to maintain his yogic qualities of total concentration and self-mastery. Once he is able to attain these selfless qualities, he is truly a living example of part of the awesome expanse which the Kama Sutra offers to those aspirants willing to surrender to its beauty.

Only in pure love for my brothers and sisters do I wish to convey what revelations I have so far gleaned of this wonderful and indeed most important subject. I have felt moved to share this for many reasons. One is the sad occurrence of abortions in this country. Abortions are no longer necessary where self-mastery is present. Please ALL GENTLE MEN TAKE HEED.

There has been the question of sharing... There are two reasons why the great GODS and GODDESSES in mythology have more than one consort. One is for the spreading of their divine seed of consciousness and extension of their particular qualities and identity (achieved in physicality from generation to generation through the DNA and genetic code carried in every seed). The other reason is that through love of God and their attainment of perfection, these GODS and GODDESSES have been blessed with the boon of having tremendous abilities to share love selflessly. Within these capacities naturally follows Love's pursuits, Love's longings, Love's erotic desires, Love's swoonings, Love's passions and finally Love's fulfillment. This is very clear if one reads about Krishna's divine pursuits and Siva's amorous adventures.

With the help of time and patience these divine expressions will again in the future be not only condoned but blessed and celebrated by God, believe it or not. Every love situation is unique, however -- there are no rules. It is certain, however, that Love, Self-respect, Discretion, Understanding Time, Grace, Patience and Selfless Wish to make someone else happy without thinking of one's own personality and body are some qualities which enshrine that spotless GOD or GODDESS who has attained perfection through understanding the true meaning of Kama Sutra.

Aum Tat Sat

HOW TRIPTI GOT HER NAME

One day, Regina was sitting with Father in Shotsy's apartment. Wondering if he was so spaced out that he might not even remember her name, she asked him, "Father, what's my name?" He said nothing. She asked him again. When she asked a third time, he finally answered, "Tripti". "Tripti! What does it mean?" "It means," he replied, "satisfaction". "You mean like 'satisfaction guaranteed'?" He nodded and they both laughed.

And that is how Tripti got her name.

by Tripti (Regina Meyers)

WISDOM OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD:

Janmejaya to Daddy David Ackers, "I love you Daddy, but you're a very strange man."

LOVE & SEX

I read Victor's article last month and feel impelled to offer a different slant.

Sex in its highest manifestation of expression is a blissful acknowledgement of God's creation and is itself an act of creation whether it be of babies or of a powerful and divine revelation of feeling. I feel that the purpose of sexual love goes beyond the making of babies. As a loving feeling it is beautiful and nourishing for the communication and communion that is shared. There are couples who cannot or decide not to have children. Surely no one would deny them the joy of conjugal love. Teenagers and young adults are not yet ready for the responsibility of children, yet it is natural for them to experience sexual feelings and to enter into sexual relationships.* It's part of an on-going process of growing up and learning about ourselves. Whether or not we are maintaining our self-respect and personal integrity is something that is between each of us and God, and it's not someone else's judgement to make. We are reflections of each other and we are all here to support each other's happiness, but not to interfere in the apparent "rightness" or "wrongness" of someone else's relationships.

I remember Father telling us to do what makes us happy as long as we aren't oppressing others, and to remember when we are acting, that we must be prepared to take the responsibility for our actions.

Sex, or lack of it, can certainly be a preoccupation, but I feel that sometimes we become preoccupied as part of the process of understanding what we are doing. It just happens that way, I am not trying to justify it. We all make mistakes and sometimes it takes us a long time to realize what we are doing. In my understanding it is not advantageous to see actions only in terms of right or wrong. In Sakti Kalpa, we attached those two labels to our actions and became caught up in the maya of attachment to our actions and to that useless dreaded feeling of "guilt". We are here now to practice the yoga of breaking our old patterns so that we do not produce any more karma for ourselves. Definitely Father moves us through some unexpected dances along the way.

Victor wrote that "the pleasures of Man, the Mental Being, are not at all physical." I feel that there is a division made here between the upper and lower half of our forms. Father has said there is no division. We are whole beings. It's like singing a song. Is singing physical, or of the spirit? How can you separate it? Our bodies are our temples, our mediums for expression, and our sexual natures are as divine as our other natures. We may be in contradiction about sex but that doesn't mean that sexual nature is lower nature. Otherwise we are just the same as the ascetics who tried to separate the physical and the spiritual for preoccupation with one or the other. The pitfalls for the spiritual ego are as plentiful as those of the physical ego. I feel that our contradictions will disappear as we evolve.

As an aspiring goddess and Mental Being I'm working at being unattached to all but God, and at the same time I'm learning how to surrender to God's will for me and enjoy the evolution that he presents on all the levels, vital, mental and physical, the ups and downs.... the whole of the life within me without judging myself or others. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

Marjana Fajdiga Black

*Experimentation is natural when the purpose has been forgotten. Children growing up in a divine family may not need to enter in to the confusions and pains of that kind of experience. Father has definitely encouraged them to wait for sex until they are married. -- Editor.





VILLAGE NEWS



ARRIVAL

A baby boy, Basu, born to Carolyn Slade September 7, Thirteenth year at home, 59 Scott Street Attended by Dennis L. Myers, Physician, and friends of the family. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH!

* * * *

MISTU'S VISIT

On Ruma's repeated urgings, Mistu came to see Father on September 9 after five years of separation. She found him sitting in Ruma's kitchen just after dinner.

"So," she said, smiling, "you here!" Father smiled warmly and threw up his arms, and they hugged. Mistu spoke privately and in Bengali with Father for more than an hour, then led him into the living room where Ruma, Peter, Sally Hutt, Margo, Jeanette and the children were gathered. She teased him about his way of walking ("Come on now, you can walk a little faster!") and then they sat together on the couch for a few minutes. Seeing he was feeling tired, she gave him a kiss and sent him off to rest.

Mistu stayed on for an hour or more, talking with everyone. Danny and Ganga came in and were received warmly. Khoka came, reluctantly it appeared, and Mistu talked with him.

On her way out, Mistu said to me, "So -- you are the respectable editor now, you can put this in your newsletter."

Naughty, I said I didn't know what to say. She replied she would write something. I expect she will.

Mistu left with warm feelings toward everyone, expressing an interest in seeing us more. Visnu was highly delighted and all felt the visit was good. The silence is over.

* * * *

On September 16th, the family gathered for Sunday meeting in Lloyd Street courtyard. To commemorate the coming new year, Hari gave a theatric reading of Siva Kalpa which all enjoyed. Afterwards, an article printed in a Rochester paper was read about Bruce Jennings. (See page 17.) Bruce was released from prison during the first week of October. Thank God!

Dennis Peron, a candidate for Supervisor in our district and long known to the family, was guest speaker. "I am for justice in our generation," he said. "All of us have experienced the injustice of the system through punishment for victimless crimes." He spoke warmly, saying "I am us," but maintained a division between us, the generation of the sixties, and the rest of society which we really do not uphold. Then Shotsy offered to explain why she was wearing a Terence Hallinan button. Mainly she said that Terence represented family and stability. Her feeling was friendly, and she expressed herself with characteristic grace and elegance. Dennis' response was lively and good. He has a son and lots of experience with communal families. "Terence is for us but I am us," he emphasized.

* * * *

Lopa and Simon returned on September 18th after an absence of four months, with sons Alo & Richie, Simon's mother Val and guests Ken & Beth Whitney & Jade. After a couple of days, they settled into their apartment in Number Two and of course we're glad to have them. And now that Khoka is living at Ruma's, we have our Indian family all on one floor.

* * * *

RESTAURANT OPENS

"Park Cafe", the restaurant at Waller & Fillmore, opened its doors for a splash preview on September 18th, Siva Kalpa's "new year's eve," serving family-style to 120 people (84 were expected!). The menu was, Onion

Soup, Roasted Chicken, Tomatoes Vinaigrette, and Coffee with Home-made Pastries, all but the pastries prepared by chef Michael Pritza with help from John Donaldson. Serving the long rows of tables were: Linda Lowrance, our hostess; Bronwyn Davis; Charlie Brown; and a friend of Linda's, Eileen. Upstairs, Michael Shield and Don Schaddle tended a fast-moving private bar with expertise, assisted in the latter part of the evening by guest Tom Sharkey.

Spirits were suitably elated (will this 14th year bring relief from some of the pressures?) and everyone had a good time without becoming outrageous. I attended, escorted by nine-year-old Bharat, who was so handsomely attired in white sports-coat and tie that he felt himself constantly embarrassed by the attention he received. We were delighted to walk down Waller Street in the company of Father, Lou Gottlieb, Glenn van Lehn and Sally Hutt (who played flute music with Dennis Kalfas there). Father was jovial and made a few jokes as we walked down to the unexpectedly quiet corner where the restaurant resides. When we entered, the company gathered welcomed Father with a big "Bom Shankar Bholenath!" It felt real nice.

September 19th

The day of the 19th was glorious, bright autumn weather to accompany perhaps the finest party we've had to date. The gathered personalities displayed an emerging culture of self-respect and colorful harmony of presentation. Under the joint sponsorship of DEVA and the F.O.R., Inc., people had come together from all walks of life, all nations of the earth, through generations of human involutions, to blend and merge under the star-spangled banner in celebration of Father's awakening in form, to share the stories of their own journeys to freedom through the ecstatic liberation of our hearts and minds... What an event, a true "happening," with a minimum of planning and preparation, the street freed of traffic and just full of people. The children took over the roadbed on "big wheels", skates and skateboards, readying themselves for a contest which took place later on. By the soundstage, a French girl named Nalu danced to a local band called "Gentle Wind" in gypsy flavor. Then Jordan played his drums with Sally Hutt and Dennis Kalfas, followed by Anon, whose presentation grows ever more powerful. Then our spunky Irish band, John Philbert, lively as ever, followed by the Choir, very refined but zesty too, especially when it came to "The Materialization of Consciousness," which, by the way, is as good a definition of Yogamaya as I have heard lately. Finally, we all gathered around enthusiastically to hear "Sweet Release," the band in which Kira Thelin sings with Miya Chambers and Judy Corona. They were great! A fellow named Bob Jordan happened by and at once signed them up for "Year of the Child," a benefit for Proposition 1 which was also heard on KP00 radio. Good show, Kira!

At the top of Murphy Garden, Father married Mimi Carr to Tim Begun. He united their hearts, and now they are both Begun! Mimi's daughter Angel and her friends were bridesmaids. We were glad to see Tim's parents there.

It was good to see Terence Hallinan with wife Penny and children enjoying the fine day and visiting with their many friends in the family. From outside San Francisco, we welcomed the Thelins, Robby Young, Ken & Beth Whitney, Michael & Marjana Black, Muriel Metcalfe, Nancy Schwartz & kids, Bud Hassink, Don & Sheila, Sebastopol Family and others. So much went on that day in so many conversations that are impossible to record. It was indeed a great reunion and a cheering take-off into this Fourteenth Year of the Age of Consciousness.

On the 21st, we enjoyed a delightful "Children's Talent Show" at the Recreation Center. Lila, Rasha & Angel performed as the "Tough Petunias," Jonathan, Jasper and Nathaniel did "The Masked Piggies," our young adolescents, David, Cherise, Timmy, Scott & Gahan enacted "The Dust Dilemma," and Visnu and Bharat performed a magic show. They were all entertaining and

we'd like to see them perform more often. All won prizes.

* * * *

The meeting of September 30 was held in Murphy Garden because some members of the Lloyd Street Complex felt the meetings to be an imposition. Tony Autuori was most vociferous on the subject, declaring that we should meet on common ground and not on "private property" where families live. Apparently Lloyd Street was not given sufficient notice prior to the meetings, which Hari acknowledged as his responsibility but he thought everyone was aware that the meetings are held every other week.

The dhuni on the green at Murphy Park was one of high feeling. Hari opened the meeting with chanting. Then he talked about the Love Family and how much he enjoyed hosting them (they are splendid guests, he said, they'll even wash your windows). He had some letters to read from Seattle (printed in this issue) when suddenly all were surprised to see Mistu standing in the gateway, very charming indeed. Several people stood up to hug her and she was invited to join the gathering but she declined, saying playfully, "You all here! too scary for me!" She waved to all and then went in to Ruma's.

I missed much of the meeting because I went inside to join the family there. Mistu and Jeanette had brought two huge boxes of clothes for all the Birnbaums, the Stocks and Khoka. Each piece was taken out and admired. Mistu held Indranath and played with Rohit, chided Khoka and told him he had to eat and take care of his teeth, explained homeopathic medicines for him and Rohit to Ruma, and talked lightly and happily with everyone. She had come, she said, because she had found out while visiting Ali Akhbar Khan that it was Durga puja, when traditionally the daughters visit their mother, so the mother had come to see the daughters. Ali Akbar liked the songs of Tagore that Mistu had set to music for Jeanette to sing, and Mistu was pleased to tell us that he was going arrange accompaniment for Jeanette and make some recordings.

The feelings of this surprise visit from Mother were so delightful and lively that I could not pull myself back to the meeting, but I checked on it regularly from the window. Hari read the chapter in Lenny Lipton's book about filming the Foundation, which we have excerpted in this issue. Then he spoke about the Hariyana and other subjects. All told, he talked for an impressive hour and a half. Then Anna Lynn spoke passionately about her morning's visit to the local Baptist Church, praising the blacks for the sincerity of their worship and their ability in keeping their children seated for two to three hours. She lambasted the family on several occasions, declaring that God's revelation was happening everywhere and that we should get out in the world and check it out. Anyone who was not happy here should go elsewhere and dig it, or else go "in the closet and pray until you get happy." This led Hari to go into a lengthy diatribe on the irreverent and chaotic behavior of some family members. Our years of loose living have produced a wave of moral reprimand from some members, who frequently extol the Love Family in the course of their addresses, which is all well and good but sad to say, our strengths are hardly mentioned to balance the score and give us some positive feelings to evolve with. On this somewhat down note, the meeting concluded with announcements and reports of other meetings covered elsewhere in this issue.

EIGHT GODDESSES MEET

The high that followed the 19th persisted into October and took another rise when the eight goddesses of the F.O.R. suddenly met together and rose above the internal conflicts of the past several years to come into accord on the concrete issues of the day. They reinstated themselves in official capacity: Charlotte Partidge Wallace, President; Diana Rae Schulz (Sarada), Vice President; Caroline Grey, Treasurer; Diana Young, Recording Secretary; Carolyn Slade, Corresponding Secretary with assistance from Anna Lynn; Anna Lynn Dayton and Corinne Proietto, Sergeants-at-arms; and Dea Mauritz, spiritual advisor. They discussed how to get the office operating properly and how to provide outdoor recreation for our own and the neighborhood's children, who are all playing together increasingly but not without the occasional incident. After pragmatics, Anna Lynn told the story of how she met Father, which inspired everyone and the meeting dissolved into animated conversation. All eight goddesses felt happy about the meeting and agreed to meet again in a week and monthly thereafter to restore the FOR to active service.

Naturally we got quite a lift from the occurrence of this much-needed meeting, and with the good reports from meetings held by Research and Development and the Council of Elders, as well as the re-opening of Family Home School, we enjoyed a new year's burst of energy and lots of positive feelings about the time. We could almost see ourselves sailing into greatness. But we sail on a changeable sea. As Father took off for Seattle, the mood was changing. Sad news had come from L.A. that Michael and Sherry Taylor's baby was stillborn. Again death has cast its shadow on our dream. We were glad to learn that everyone in our L.A. family took the event in stride, accepting what must be God's Will and looking to the future for understanding. What else can we do?

But we were in for a dip in the general mood nevertheless, and the Sunday meeting of October 14 was actually depressing, at least to me. Hari convened the meeting with discussion of a DEVA leaflet announcing election of officers, which stated that the present officers would continue for another year if re-elected, but not all of us knew who the officers were, and Tony was emphatic that his wife Connie was not interested in being Treasurer again. DEVA is in the process of laying the brick-path around the ship. More workers are needed.

John Morton spoke then about a visit with Mayor Diane Feinstein and the coming election. Here Tony broke in, objecting that if you pander to politicians, "they will just kick your ass." We'd do better to attend to ourselves, asserted Tony. "Charity begins at home." The implication, as he brought out later, was that the family faces disaster unless we wake up. It was not clear what we have to wake up to this time, but in any case Tony was out of order. Mimi replied, speaking of self-respect in heart-felt manner before taking off on a long discourse on why we all should vote. In between, Hari spoke to say that we have lost our credibility in the outside world by having to call the police so often. Finally Anna Lynn took the floor, not without reminding us that she is Minerva to substantiate her war-like and aggressive manner. She spoke interestingly about war, stating that jealousy was always the cause of it. She spoke about the individual "dharma" and urged us to go back to the religion of our birth and address ourselves to those people. Thus she is making contact with the Baptists. This led Hari to speak about calling a "minyán" of ten Bar-Mitzvahed Jewish men to meditate on the Israeli situation. Discussion of "dharma" followed, which was tedious and unenlightening. The meetings suffer when our President does not preside; true to her task, Shotsy knows how to move the thing along... The children saved us by becoming restless as the repetitions rolled on, but Anna Lynn jumped up to insist that "children shouldn't be at the meeting. If you can't find someone to watch them then don't come." She was quite incensed and went on to say that if your children don't listen, "beat your ignorance out of them." This was followed by a saner discussion of the real issue of how to share responsibility for the children. Thereafter I left, discouraged by so much display of negative feeling about the family. I attend the meetings for inspiration and I would really like to feel God and our love for each other even when nothing else is clear. We work hard around here and we deserve a break. I have been listening to fervent cries for "order in the land" all summer and now I've had enough. Just to get depressed, I can stay home...

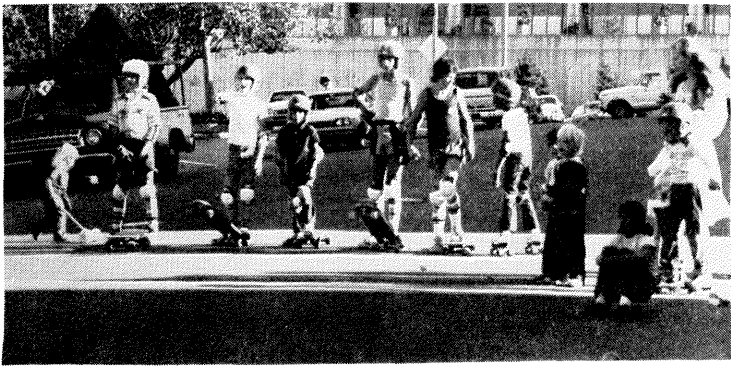
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As we go to Press, the first rains have come and skies are often gray but the mood is picking up. "You wouldn't know you were moving, if it weren't for the ups and downs..." Father has just returned from Seattle with Shotsy, Dea and Lakshmi, and Don Tucker; Victor came back a few days later. Father spent a pleasant, quiet five days, nicely served by Love and his family. But he is glad to be back. Father is very much with us now, in form as well as beyond. Perhaps one of these days he will speak to us again. The other night I enjoyed his presence during a visit with Alain & Christina Lundgren in 63 Scott. Our Brazilians always arrive after midnight and keep a bunch of people awake until near dawn. I am not usually one of those in attendance and I enjoyed the energy created in Father's alert presence by the dynamic Christina. She reported that she had asked Father how long he was going to live and he had said, "115 years." She became upset that he was contradicting what he had told her two years ago. "You said 164,000 years!" she protested. "Well," he said, "I will live as long as people love me and want me to stay." Christina was not satisfied with this answer and expressed that we are killing Father; unless we

continued page 8



VISNU



September 19
14th year

the kids



the girls at Mimi's Wedding



The Village Choir



Tim & Mimi Begun

"get it together," Father will "kick the bucket." Another voice of forthcoming doom! I found the simplicity of Father's answer to be reassuring. Love him and he will stay with us forever. As for the "get it together" bit, that is always subject to individual interpretation. Love gives Father energy. Even if we never succeed in business, we can still make it to heaven by loving him. And that's easy -- Father is very loveable, and beloved. No matter how we argue, we are eternally united in our love for him and in our collective will for God's revelation throughout the world.

On October 23, this note, addressed to "The Light Is Yours," was received from Mistu:
 Dewali lite your heart happy and blissful
 Mother make your life prosperous and peaceful.
 Inside the card was a pretty design made with a pressed butterfly and bit of fern and a printed poem:
 The butterfly gets the joy in his wings,
 The momentum of rhythm to fly.
 The fallen leaves give space to blooming new
 To tell eternal time never die.
 (signed) Nirmalya Roy
 (name of the shop) "Bharat Shree"

I asked Father about Dewali. It is a festival of lights and firecrackers that takes place on the night of the new moon (very dark) during Kali puja.
 Thanks for the blessing, Mrs. Roy.

And thank you Annapurna, on this eleventh anniversary of the Spiritual Summit Conference, for lending an ear to a beggar's words and standing by his side to this very day.
 Anna purne, sada purne, shankara pranaval hive!

Stephanie

THE VILLAGE NEWS welcomes reports of events in and around our village. Please submit copy, typed if possible, to the Editor.

REMINDER: SUNDAY MEETINGS will be held on the first and third Sundays of each month at Lloyd Street.

SEBASTOPOL FAMILY NEWS

The Ranch continues to enjoy visible transformation as the work of restoring the second house approaches completion. Michael Blum is doing fine work on this little house, which will be a new home for himself and family. Both houses have been freshly painted a sparkly yellow with white trim. Owner Robert and wife Alise have made a nice home beside the barn, and we enjoyed a tour of Alise's abundant flower-garden where wild-flowers grow among the zinnias. Robert's son Bobby is also living on the Ranch with Australian Katherine.

It's a real family winery and this year the harvest was good -- 10 tons of good grapes, the bulk of which was sold and the rest kept to make new wine. Perhaps a 100 people joined in the harvest, most of them friends of the owner's, but some of the family came, including Lopa & Simon, Phillippe and Danny & Ganga. The cellar of the main house is now a real wine cellar, where the fresh wine was being bottled and stored by Michael Blum, Tom Sharkey and William Price the day I was there. In addition to his work on the Ranch, Tom is now a bartender at the Union Hotel Bar in Occidental. I visited there with the Hirshman's and Wesley Miller (who is currently securing a home up there with the help of a F.M.H.A. loan); unfortunately Tom was off that night, but we enjoyed the friendly atmosphere and happy spirits. William is residing at Camp Meeker with Bill Kitchen, who spent the summer doing work on Morningstar Ranch and is now employed at a full-time job. Patti O'Brien just got a house right near the Ranch and is really happy to be there.

Our Sebastopol Family is busy and thriving, and the surrounding vibrations of Sonoma County locals are agreeable and harmonious. Consciousness is working its Will through all the young, awakening forms who are settling the region and expressing the benefits of a simple way of life.

10 PERCENTS UP

So far, 10% contributions to the F.O.R. Inc. are up this month. This tithe is what enables The Foundation to function at home and abroad. Thank you for your support!

Thoughts on the Tithe

On October 28, 8th year Siva Kalpa, Father presented the "10% plan" to the family at Sunday meeting. That was six years ago, which is a fair amount of time to digest and assimilate an idea. We've all had lots of thoughts about money since then. At long last, I have realized that to get anywhere at all I'll have to begin somewhere. So I have once again begun to pay my monthly 10% to the Foundation, and I have found the beginnings of a logic that confirms the instinctive act.

Definitely, I can begin to play the game by remembering rule Number One: Father is the answer to all my spiritual longings, and since He has given me the basis of Self-Respect in this confusing human existence, I can certainly do no less than to give the plan a try. What is there to lose?

Point Number Two: As I give material basis to my faith, I become an example to others. Harmony of thought, speech and action is the essence of the re-integrated man.

Point Number Three: As more of us begin to do likewise, The Foundation of Revelation begins to attain financial stability. Then the fun begins: How shall we spend our newly acquired wealth?

Point Number Four: We develop confidence in our collective material clout, and the security that we are a family in fact, building our dream and our dynasty.

Point Number Five: The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We learn from our mistakes and develop a growing confidence in our ability to work together and effectuate our collective will.

Point Number Six: Giving away a portion of our money, we find ourselves prodded and inspired to imagine and create new sources of cash flow -- "currency" -- expanding our horizons and increasing personal wealth.

And so to Point Number Seven: the application of creative omnipotence. What we imagine (our common agreement) comes true! Which is our individual happiness as a reflection, rather than a refraction, of the collective happiness: God enjoying Himself as his very own creation. Bom Shankar Bholenath!!

The Foundation of Revelation accountant will give a report each month of our expenditures so that we can monitor our growing awareness of the knowledge of finance.

Father also told us to save 10% of our income as an investment fund for ourselves, and we will all become rich. If any great yogi has achieved this most high of tapas, please report the results to The Light Is Yours.

John Morton

(Nota Bene: Let us consider the tithe as cash money, not to be confused with "services rendered", "good will" etc., none of which appear as ciphers on a bank statement, which is, specifically, the name of the 10% game.)

People are asking, What shall we do with the money if people pay their ten per-cents? I can make a few suggestions:

1. For India, to fix up Ripon Street, support Foundation projects there and invest in Indian goods for export to America.
2. For Father's needs, which are few. For his travel expenses. For special needs of Indian Family.
3. Travel expenses of officers of The Foundation.
4. Office equipment. Improvements on 59 Scott. Printing equipment.
5. Subsidize Family Home School.
6. Foundation of Revelation automobile.
7. Salaries for employees of The Foundation (office staff, bookkeeping, automobile repairs, etc.)
8. Investment in family-sponsored business ventures, here and abroad.

In other words, "in application in saving a dead world, the 'lost Atlantis.'"

Stephanie

Nuclear Waste Hearing

Anna Lynn Dayton and Nancy Collins attended the Nuclear Waste Management & Disposal Hearings last October 9 & 10 at the Hyatt Union Square. The hearings, hosted by the San Francisco Department of Energy, were well attended by pro- and anti-nuclear activists. Speakers presented their platforms to a neutral panel consisting of a variety of high-ranking professors. The DOE representatives from Washington State and Washington D.C. spoke in defense of Government energy policies, while often evading the subject of "Safe Disposal Methods" and existing health hazards.

The hearing, fifth in a series of such, is part of President Carter's new plan to allow the public to voice opinions and concerns, and perhaps offer solutions regarding Government decisions which affect you and me.

The main concern of the opponents of nuclear energy is that there be a moratorium on the production of any more nuclear wastes, be it for energy or defense, until a concrete plan is developed that could ensure the safe containment of alpha, beta & gamma ray producing atoms until they can deteriorate safely.

In the case of some of these atoms, this containment must ensue for periods longer than 240,000 years.

Andrew Baldwin of Friends of the Earth states, "Plutonium-239 has a half-life of 24,000 years. It must be contained for up to 10 half-lives. How does DOE propose that we will "know" that the radwaste dump will be secure in 500 years? 5,000 years? 50,000 years? Science can provide guesses about the future, as it can provide guesses about the past. But there can be no certainty. The current state of investigation has not even identified the questions to be asked. Yet DOE tells us that to continue to generate nuclear wastes is the proper course. We owe our children much kinder treatment."

The Nuclear Waste Management budget for fiscal year 1979 is \$486.7 million, 53% of which is allotted to Defense Waste Management, 45% to Commercial Waste Mngmt., and a mere 2% for existing spent fuel. If we only consider the cost of handling atomic wastes, we can see that Nuclear is the most costly way of producing energy. The technology of developing solar, wind, ocean, biomass, geothermal and photo-voltaic energies is at our fingertips, and ultimately will prove less costly in terms of money and health.

The transcript of the hearing, which runs 400 pages, will be presented to the DOE and President Carter (we hope) before Washington decides to bury existing wastes in mined geologic facilities, i.e. salt mines, deep seabeds or deep rock concept, i.e., using hard rock formations, drilling down a minimum of 2,000 feet.

As we work our way through the 13" thick volumes of DOE literature, the transcripts of the public hearings testimonies, and the tapes of the Three Mile Island Investigative Hearings, we will be able to shed more light on the subject of the Nuclear Industry and, Where do we go from here.

In Peace,
Nancy & Anna Lynn

Readers may remember that Dave Letourneau became concerned about the chemicals in cigarettes which allow them to keep on burning even when not puffed. The following article appeared in Newsweek, October 8:

SELF-SQUELCHING CIGARETTES

U.S. tobacco companies could come under pressure from Congress and the courts to produce cigarettes designed to go out by themselves when not puffed. Proponents say that such a safety feature would save hundreds of lives and prevent thousands of costly fires every year. Rep. Joe Moakley, a Boston Democrat, will introduce a bill next week calling for cigarettes that must go out within five minutes of the last puff. And at a hearing in Los Angeles next week, a California Superior Court judge will decide whether a plaintiff can press what is thought to be an unprecedented case. It is a damage suit against the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. for failing to make its cigarettes self-extinguishing. The plaintiff, severely burned after falling asleep while he was smoking a Raleigh, contends that the cigarette was a defective product because it didn't go out by itself.

From My Seat In The Stadium

THIS will be the last appearance of this column in The Light is Yours. I want to thank The Light for allowing me to cavort through its' pages, and to be a part of it. Being of Polish descent (Irish and Spanish, as well), I have been following the mission of John Paul II with great interest. While my favorite hobby, the Irish Revelation was performing for the British Commonwealth Association's presentation of Irish and Scottish culture at California Hall, Sept. 29th, the Pope was in Ireland. As it is my last column for some time, let me leave you with a song:

SING IRISHMEN SING

I dreamed of a beautiful picture,
No more need we think of the past-
They're singin' and dancin' in Ireland,
And the people are happy at last.

The sound of the gunfire is missing,
The rifle will bring no more pain.
They're singin' and dancin' in Ireland,
And the people are happy again.

CHORUS:

Sing Irishmen Sing
So the sound of your voices do ring
And let the world know, that it really is so-
Sing Irishmen Sing

The streets are all crowded with dancers,
And music rings o'er the land;
I've never seen people so happy-
Oh, boys, I can tell you it's grand.

There's laughter in Belfast and Derry
You'll hear it ring out o'er the air
Kilkevin, Kilkenny, and Kerry
Leitrim, Mayo, and Kildare

No more need the little ones suffer,
There's sunshine where once there was rain;
They're singin' and dancin' in Ireland,
And the people are happy again.

You may think it's only a dream now,
but your hopes will always remain
to see the sun shine over Ireland
when the people are happy again.

adopted by John PhilBert

*Best Wishes
Hal*

THE SCREAMING MIMI'S

THIS JEALOUSY MUST STOP
THE WITCHES TOLD ME IT WOULD HAPPEN
THE OTHERS DON'T EXIST
HE AND I ARE ONE
STOP DESTROYING HIS LOVE
ENJOY HOW HE SERVES YOU
HE LOVES YOU MORE
THAN WORDS CAN EXPRESS
HE STANDS AT YOUR SIDE
HE ADORES YOU
HE SUPPORTS YOU
HE CARES ABOUT THE CHILDREN
HE GIVES NOT TAKES
HE IS A GIFT FROM GOD
THOU SHALT OBEY HIM
THOU SHALT BE THINE
GO THROUGH HIM TO BE ONE
IN GOD'S EYES
COMING TOGETHER
STOP BEFORE AND AFTER
WAKE UP, HE HAS WAITED
FOR A LONG LONG LONG TIME
HIS WISH IS FULFILMENT OF
OUR DREAMS

Mimi Begun

Filming "Revelation of the Foundation"

It looks like the dregs down by the water at Gate Five, Sausalito. Called Waldo Point by the people who live in that floating town, it is the berth of scores of houseboats..... the raft walkways connect brightly decorated boats; the gulls and the Marin hills, with fog streaming through the valleys, make a backdrop that isolates Waldo Point like a movie set. It was about seven years ago that Paul Foster... first took me to the floating home, or should I say room, of Uncle Bill. Uncle Bill ran the American Buddhist Ashram for several years at the height of the madness in the late sixties. The Ashram was in the Haight, San Francisco's transient psychedelic medina.

Uncle Bill lived for a year with a Tibetan family in Nepal, and for another year with Alan Watts who, with his family, called Bill "guru," as do many local people who are into the Eastern thing. Uncle Bill looks like an aged sage-- a white-bearded wizard, venerable and wise, given to hyperbolic philosophical fancies. It's all true. Uncle Bill is an aged sage, and more.

When I first saw him, Uncle Bill was standing on his abbreviated front porch throwing bread out to the birds. The Porch was a risky perch at that, since Bill has taken at least one header into the waters of Sausalito Bay--an excursion not to be recommended since the boats have no plumbing.

Soon I was visiting Uncle Bill a couple of times a week for many months. Then winter. The picturesque life on the water became less comfortable as the chill set in and survival became more important than just grooving on the surface.

Bill had an invitation to move to a house in San Francisco from a man he had befriended in the Haight days--an Indian yogi, a Bengali named Cirangiva Roy, known to his followers as "Father" and regarded by them to be either the deity or a deity. Father, it was also alleged, had many wives, and he was known for his extroverted personality expressed in his grandiloquent flamboyant style.

On the pages of his notebook, Uncle Bill listed for the interested reader, with colored pens, two columns of qualities--his and Father's-- and these turned out to be two columns of total opposites in terms of philosophy and personality. So, said Uncle Bill, I will never go and live with him, even if his house is warm.

A few days later, I returned to find Bill's floating room listing to one side more than usual because its mooring ropes were not properly adjusted. Rounding the floating pathway to the front door, I looked thru the glass windows. This room always felt like a basement room, a floating basement room, maybe the only one in the world. Through the glass I saw that everything was gone, including Uncle Bill. Moreover, there were signs of a hasty departure. Remember, Charlie Manson had just been found out, and my mind was set to working double time, as you may well understand.

After filming his empty floating shell, I talked to some of Uncle Bill's neighbors. I found a blond, bearded man who had seen Uncle Bill taken away, so it seemed to him, by a group of people. Yes, my informant had seen Cirangiva with them. The neighbor had seen someone in the group point a gun at Uncle Bill, and, shortly thereafter, he was spirited away in a Rolls Royce. To compound my concern, Bill's neighbor had been in Calcutta several years before at a time when Cirangiva had a large following. It was there that he had first seen the man, and he told me that Father had a decidedly unsavory reputation.

...engrossed in my quest for Uncle Bill, I put aside my camera. Malachi and I finally found a person who set us on the proper path, and we went over to Scott Street, to the headquarters of the Foundation of Revelation, to the home of Father and his followers.

It was a normal-enough-looking San Francisco pseudo-Victorian house, cut up into four railroad flats, a corner house of no real pretensions or special dread. We knocked on the door, ready for the worst. After a few minutes of nervous waiting on the front steps, Uncle Bill came to the door and ushered us in. We embraced him, and then walked down a basement hallway lined with garbage cans until we came to a door made of wallboard, which swung aside to let us enter Uncle Bill's room.

Bill's room had been outfitted and furnished, or was in the process of being decorated, to resemble his former floating houseboat home. The walls were brick and the ceiling unfinished. (In the months to come, Bill would cover the joists with egg cartons

in an attempt to subdue the noise from the room above.) There was one small octagonal window, high in the side of one wall. The window was at ankle level on the street, and through it dogs would often look at us. The window bowed inward like the top of a diamond.

Yes, he had been kidnapped, Bill told us, but no, he did not want to leave. If these people needed him that much, then he ought to stay. No, it had not been a real gun, it had been a toy gun, and the kidnapping had been done in the spirit of a joke, but on the other hand, it may not have been as care-free as all that. Bill cannot answer a question directly. Just as his expression can change instantly from that of a merry elf to mercurial wizard, his answers to straightforward questions are elliptical and convoluted. His responses leave the questioner spinning in a gush of words-- a rap that tends to see all sides of the issue, or in fact, all sides of many issues only casually related to the main topic, which can tend to be forgotten.

As we sat and talked in the basement room, we could feel the energy of the entire house -- the headquarters of the Foundation of Revelation -- above us. There were frequent visits from Father's followers. One woman in particular came by regularly to bring Bill tea and food from one of the kitchens above. Food was specially prepared for Uncle Bill because the cuisine served upstairs was usually spicy hot Indian food. Sheila U.S.A., as the woman was known, would visit Bill, bringing with her bland food and many words about Father and his divinity.

Sheila played the guitar and sang, and sometimes we talked about Father who was becoming more and more interesting to me. For many weeks I heard about the man, and although he visited Bill frequently, I still had never seen him. (Bill usually stayed in his room, and people came to him, not only from that particular house, but from all over, since Father's divine family is far-flung.) Sheila and the rest of Father's followers believe that he is God and that he is the creator of the universe. I later learned from Father's very lips that he makes no such claim, although he did say that God speaks directly to him. As I've said, Father remained a distant but increasingly formidable figure.

Many of Father's followers were brought by or dropped in to see Bill, since by this time he had become an important part of the household, raised to a kind of celebrity status. They considered Bill to be Buddha--not Buddha-like or a Bodhisattva, but the Buddha himself--just as they considered Father to be Shiva, the Hindu deity. There really was no arguing with them about this, and honestly, I didn't argue with Sheila, who I came to like more and more.

Because Bill rarely left his room, I brought a projector to him and showed him footage of himself or other things I was working on--films part way completed or just footage he might find interesting. But most of the time, we simply discussed religion and philosophy and ourselves. Bill began to talk to me about the people in the house, and I met more and more of them as they entered his room, removing their shoes, then hugging Bill, and most often sitting in the lotus position on one of the cushions. If Bill left the room, I had a chance to speak to them alone, and they affirmed that Bill was indeed Buddha and that Father was God.

One day Father entered the room, and so I met a short, thin Indian gentleman with a deep voice and a rich accent who laughed most of the time. Father just twinkled and hugged people and held hands. He had long hair, but he was balding, and he had a long white beard. I figured he must be about 60 years old.

The next time I saw Father, he was hobbling down the front stairs, his beard shaved off, looking like hell. He didn't recognize me as we passed. Bill told me that Father had been in an automobile accident. He had been drinking and went off the road near the family commune in Willits. Father seemed to do everything to excess, with lots of drinking, partying, and wives, and I wondered why these people considered the man a deity. Some of the followers were very intelligent, and this added to the mystery, since it is my prejudice that faith is for the simple-minded. But upon reflecting it may well be that faith is for the simple-hearted.

The next time I met Father, he was recovered from his accident and was between trips to New York or Australia or I really don't know where (he was always in motion). At that time our president, Richard Nixon, was making headlines for himself in China, and China was the topic of conversation. Father was complaining about the United States and praising China, and I said something I had thought myself incapable of saying: I told Father that if he liked China so much, he ought to move there and see if they let him do there what he was doing here. This caused a bit of a row, with Uncle Bill telling me I had been impolite, that this was Father's house and his beliefs should be respected. So you see, Father had the ability to make ordinary people say extraordinary things.

Several times, Father was in Bill's basement room when I was showing movies, and he liked what he saw. It was my wildest dream come true when he turned to me and said, "Lenny, you must make a movie about me." This was an invitation I could not refuse.

For years I had been thinking about what happens to people in groups, that is, communal groups, or small groups with a common purpose. People, or creatures that resemble people, have been living together in tight-knit units for two to four million years, and this kind of collective experience is part of our heritage. Our invention of the city has fragmented the once close group experience of humanity, and, I believe has set us upon a self-destructive course.

I had made Far Out, Star Route, a documentary film showing the point of view of an insider in a commune in the Oregon countryside. I was the insider and my friends and I experimented with this new lifestyle, which is as old as the human story. So this opportunity to study Father and the group of people who considered themselves to be his followers, or Gods and Goddesses as they called themselves (every man is a God and every woman a Goddess), was, if you'll please pardon the expression, a godsend.

An overall plan for the film emerged. I decided that I would use Bill as an interlocutor, cutting from action upstairs in the house to Bill in his basement room. Although I had been talking with and observing Father and his followers, and discussing them with Bill, I simply did not understand why they followed Father. At least I could not get a gut feeling for it. But belief is based on faith, and all religious belief transcends understanding. Either you know or you don't know, and I didn't know.

I wrote a grant proposal for the film, which I called Buddha in the Basement, and sent it off to the American Film Institute. A few months later, the AFI said yes, and I was promised \$10,000 with which to make the film. I planned to shoot in 16mm, but at that moment, I was deeply into investigating super 8 sync-sound systems for The Super 8 Book. Therefore, the first experiments I tried at the Foundation of Revelation were with simple super 8 sync-sound cameras. By this time Bill had moved to another basement room several miles down Castro Street in an area called Diamond Heights, on a windswept slope overlooking the city. I figured that I could continue to film in his basement and intercut his comments with the footage shot at Scott Street, just as I had originally planned. But I never did use this approach. I discovered that I did not need an interlocutor, and that this device would only slow down or, in fact, bring the flow of the footage to a grinding halt. So, for the most part, Uncle Bill got left on the cutting room floor, something which made him very happy. So, too, the film's title had to be changed; it became Revelation of the Foundation.

Hari, a follower of Father and the groups's filmmaker, had made a number of films about Father for showing within the group and to outsiders. The costs of these 16mm projects had been borne by Hari, and they taxed his resources. When he saw me shooting tests with a GAF 205, he wondered about his new medium of lip-sync super 8 sound-on-film and grasped its potential, especially after I screened some of the first rushes for him. I was impressed myself. The footage was terrifically good, and it dawned on me that this was the way to shoot a film -- in super 8 and not in 16mm as I originally planned.

I've shown the film audiences at the University of Oregon and at the California Institute of the Arts, and screenings were held at Canyon Cinematheque at the San Francisco Art Institute and at the Pacific Film Archive of the University of California. People have asked me, after the screenings, if I am one of Father's followers. I felt flattered, for the easiest kind of film to make would have been a hatchet job, condemning

Father and his Divine Family. But that's not the way I feel about them. The reality is far more complex than a facile condemnation would reflect. Jesus and his disciples may well have looked this peculiar to an outsider looking in; but unlike most outsiders, I spent a year visiting my subjects before I shot a foot of film, and then shot only after their invitation to do so.

So what we have in Revelation of the Foundation, I believe, is a rare look at a group which may be of critical importance to the understanding of the cultural currents of our nation. It makes perfect sense to me that the gospel should be presented in the medium of film in the twentieth century, and not written, as it was 2,000 years ago.

Excerpted from Lipton on Filmmaking
by Lenny Lipton
printed by permission of the author



To The Goddess Minerva

I have watched you
from below
in green meadows
All becomes green
with most perfect flowers
in the shadow of the tree
where you perch
Lest your wish be
to feel the coldness
of His perfection;
Then the trees become bare,
the fruits are nowhere
So you may hunger there
and feel the lust of the hunt
in your veins.

You take flight
and circling search out
the self-conscious animal
that fears the shadow
of his ignorance--
Swooping close enough
to shine your sword-sharp beak
not speaking, lest you surely kill
(it is the sport you love
not the blood)
And laughing, you return
to your tree.

Ah, Minerva, I have listened many times
to your voice
so exquisitely so effortlessly
it flows from your throat.
Oh bird of paradise
How I envy that voice!
Would that I could come
close enough to you
not to intrude,
But merely to echo those crystal notes
of the universe--
that let your heart
soar past the gates
of your mind.

by Marilyn Altman

FROM OUR FILES:

The following letter was written by Father to Visnu while the family was still in McCluskiegunj. Visnu was just under three years old at the time.

59 Scott St., S.F.
Monday, October 26
5th year siva kalpa

Visnu Bhagavan samipesu:

Dadu Bhai,

All that I can present you is the unending news of your victorious movement throughout the Existence and Yogamaya's activity and Saraswati's power. The enclosed report of Time will enable your retinue there to understand that we are working our best to fill up the vacancy of our victory by bringing your family here.

Now I shall relate myself for a while to you as my grandson and tell you what I am enjoying here as your man. Various kinds of good wines, whiskey, gin, vodka and numberless punches. But I miss you, dadu, when I enjoy them. The best of "darus" are awaiting your arrival. I have lots of white babies with me, lots. Why one dadu? When I told them that you have asked your mother to request me to get a white baby girl for you in some distant future, they all assured me, the mothers of the babies, that all baby girls are yours, you naughty boy!

Now I may not be able to tell you in near future what is happening here so regularly. Because I shall get very busy visiting people all over the States and may find less time to write the reports. But there is no news but ours. The rest is not news but the same old repetitions of old feuds and hatred in various forms. These are informations of ignorant and blind actions. The only news of your coming is covered up with the unending nonsense of what is known as newspapers.

I have sent Dhruva \$5 to buy good daru for you from Calcutta but I do not know whether he has left for Calcutta as yet.

Bharat, Achyut or Krishna is known by all these names here. The whole family, which is increasing in number every day, are eagerly waiting to see you and your celebrated brother. The more is the urge for your touch and bliss, the more is the activity towards your coming here.

I must stop now. The report will tell you that you have enslaved me to your job and also create contradictions by holding me back from writing and sometimes holding me back from working and absorbed in writing to you.

With all the devotion and love you have made me capable of, old boy,

Yours, loving, serving, working and forgetting and affectionately,

Dadu

Dhruva,

I enclose a five dollar bill for you to buy the very best in "daru" for Visnu. He loves to drink so much! Just like me.

Love,
Father

SATYAM

Truth, the truth of the real and vast knowledge realizing the reality of the real and vast truth by the revelation of truth consciousness.

from Siva Kalpa

Truth is the only knowledge. Then you are not speaking truth, you are not speaking knowledge, and when you are speaking truth you are closest to God. When you tell lies, you are furthest from God. So truth is the way to a more happy and loving world and to a higher consciousness.

David Dayton

This one was to Mistu:

Wednesday, October 14
5th year siva Kalpa

My supreme Prakriti,

What a joy it was to receive your letter of September 30. Please write me whenever you feel like and whatever you feel like. That's yourself, the rest is only business. Please excuse me for writing in English. Richard is there to tell you that he likes my letters in his own language, no matter whom I address.

Now about the frustration of our passport efforts. But you said that after the frustration, you find the possibilities of our success have become stronger. That's the true vision. Please understand that unless there is some resistance, it's not possible to overcome it. Within the apparent setbacks lie the real success. Patience is the main thing, and we have learnt to be patient. But we must act inexorably, "without rest and without haste".

We are not idle at this point whether we write or not. All that we are doing is to bring you here at the earliest. You see, there is no man in India to do anything but dig their own graves. The dead must be buried, but who is going to do that but the dead themselves? And they are doing it jolly well, aren't they?

Are you receiving my letters now? I am writing to one or the other at McCluskiegunj. As you will understand, I am awfully busy these days, and may not write long letters but news. I don't write anything but letters these days, and these letters are the record of the Evolution. Keep the letters, they will be handy afterwards for the rest of the world.

I shall write again to Agin (Lopa), Khoka, Ma, Ram successively, a few lines each time. That will increase the number of letters from here, if not the contents, ok?

All love for everybody in You,
Ciranjiva



KNOWLEDGE

The sun is rising in the sky
The sun of Knowledge.
Those on the mountain top
Will see it first,
Those in the foothills
Will see it by and by,
And those in the valleys
Will see it last
But all will see it
and no one will die
Or lie or cry
Or fight or belie
The Truth that it brings:
Peace everlasting
And infinite joys
You'll not get by fasting
But only by casting
Your net on the sea

of Knowledge,
Whence all things come.

So here comes the sun, look at it rise,
Is it any wonder or any surprise
That our Father is here to open our eyes?
It was dark in the night, and also it rained,
But the light has come, it was pre-ordained
And it's FAR OUT, maaaaan!

Whence cometh these words?
How knowest I this?
I have had a few tastes
Of our Father's bliss.
It's knowledge of eternal life
Free of care and free of strife
Where eating and sleeping and making love
Is our God-given job;
And listening to Knowledge
(Not in any college)
But right from the Source:
Father's mouth, not the horse.

Don McCoy
10th yr. Siva Kalpa



DEAR FAMILY...

INDIA

57 Scott Street, Aug. 20

Dear Sakti,

A bad thing happened. I'm ashamed. I went to ask for the money for the repairs on Ripon Street from the Foundation. It seems we have loaned about \$500 out to American Family members and now we have no funds for the fixing of Rippon. I am really ashamed for the Americans. Here where it is so easy to make money, people are asking loans from the Foundation. I think we should change the policy about that. Now we don't have the money we need for the work in India... it is a disgrace. I think these lazy borrowers deserve to have their next birth in India. Then they will learn. So another delay. I will look to borrow some money here so that we can proceed. In the meantime, Ronnie Ellis and Dave Balfour are thinking of providing some help in India themselves. I'm writing to Ronnie today. Indeed it is Durga Puja. But I will not appear in form in India at this time. Know that my spirit is with you. I hope to be in India later this winter when the weather is mild and celebrations are over. I will come to work. I am in Texas now visiting my parents. At the same time I am researching the market for imports which is very good in this part of America. I am meeting really nice people and making friends. You know that Amrit Sandhu will be visiting India in January (is it?). I would like to be there then. She is my very wonderful friend. I know there have been misunderstandings with Chiranjit, but with the kids, Amrit and Harpreet, all is clear as can be. We are one in spirit and in truth. Amrit, I believe, will arrange for the servant girl, Shanti, to be there this time to help us. That would really make a difference. I'll write to Chaman myself and see what is up with him. Likely his feelings are hurt due to lack of correspondence from this end. Ram is really a case. He could easily be cured of his disease if he would be true. I think we should kick him out for awhile and give aid to his children if they have need but not him. I don't even want him coming around unless he takes care about his cure. I may be able to arrange for him to go to a Baptist missionary clinic. I will check this out. He really must submit to a cure for the sake of others if not himself. Father read the Reverberation and went into revelations about India! Great work! I didn't get an English translation as yet. I send you all my love and best wishes.

Bom Shankar!
Anna Lynn

The Foundation of Revelation, Inc., 117 Rippon Street,
Calcutta September 10, 13th yr.

Dear Anna Lynn, Bom Shankar:

I left Calcutta just after receiving your letter. Hence the delay in attending yours.

Your expressions revealed your feelings very graphically. Hi dear, don't get dejected due to the behaviors of the people with less love and wisdom. Love them, serve them, they will be wise, will be like-minded. What we enjoy? We simply enjoy the associations of nature and man. We are prone to excitements. Sometime visually, sometime by sound, touch, smells, etc. What we are to achieve! Simply the power to channel the excitements towards divinity with wisdom. They needed the money, they grab it. Why! because they suffer from want (kama). When you know it, you cool down. It is knowledge -- the power, and Power. You are, I know, and firmly believe, very powerful. Your benevolence will make them realise that - he who serves is served by all.

We welcome you all. Your mission since is business, your selection of Dec., 14th s.k. is just and prudent. I assure you my all out services.

Renovation work was started at the end of July and is still being continued. The roof of 117 was absolutely damaged. Toilet and bathroom is being fixed. Hope this time you will have a little better comfort.

Recipients are paid up to Sept, 13th s.k. Anuranan is being published. Mistu's some poems are being published.

We have started selling spices for F.O.R.'s fund. Hope to organise some new avenues for earning.

I close today with respect and love, yours ever,
Sakti

57 Scott Street, Aug. 20

Dear Ronnie,

What an interesting offer you made about going to India! All I can say is of course you should build an import business with India. That has to be a part of the overall plan for our eventual movement to India. When do you want to go? I am planning a trip to Calcutta myself, perhaps in January or sooner. If you go before that it could be very good. Father wants to go as well. We work on finances as usual.

We know the kitchen and toilets need repair desperately. Sakti says the landlord is doing something to the roof. We had the money here set aside for repairs to Ripon BUT something happened. A bad turn in my opinion. Can you put anything into it? About \$1,000 is needed, Sakti says. I will look into borrowing from this end. If you can put something in it will be great. Dave Balfour is interested as well? I can't picture Tina and the kids there at all. Too rough! If you and David want to go there and work on the place, I can't think of anything better. Advance troops.

One thing you must swear to is to honor Sakti. I want Sakti to feel that he is being served and respected. He really deserves that. He is the regent king of India and Maya is his queen. Sakti is much more a poet than a business man so I think he should be really happy for some pragmatic assistance. Sorry I took so long to make this brief reply. There has been an explosion of activity in S.F. Heaven's a'poppin.

I love you and Sam, write soon! B.S.B.,
Anna Lynn

The Foundation of Revelation, 3 Rosemont Mansions,
Lithos Rd., London N.W., U.K. 13 September, 13th

Dearest Anna Lynn,

B.S.B. Hugs and kisses. Thanks for your letter. I was wondering if anyone would reply. I am really glad you are going too, great.

I have left my job at the B.B.C. after six years. I feel I can do better through my own initiative. I have saved and borrowed enough money to finance a commercial visit to India with lots of ideas but we shall see what God wills, should India not be capable. I would like to try antiques to U.S. as I have been learning a lot about it during the last 12 months. I will be leaving by end of September to Calcutta to settle in, then to Nepal for a little holiday before business. I plan to stay in India till March then on to Pakistan to see Tony Niazi's family about importing carpets to London.

With Ripon Street I thought of having the work done myself while I am there as I am used to India and the value of a rupee, a \$1000 is a family man's wages for a year!! I thought I would spend about \$400 although Dave & Tina may have some donation.

You should have no fears about Sakti, I love him & Maya like anything and only want to serve them. We have known each other for nearly 10 years. He is like my elder brother.

Dave & Tina are in Greece on their way to India. They said they would visit Calcutta but they really want to rent a house in Goa with some really nice friends of theirs. Sam, Robin and some other friends of ours may all fly out for a Christmas in the sun. Everyone is really good here, we had Simon & Val here last week on their way to Colorado. Martin & Phil plan to build a new house and make some money. Wendy Frank was here at Davide & Frankie's. It is very quiet here, though, without Dave & Tina's as a central thing. Robin is still in the oil fields. He wanted to come with me for a holiday but I think it will be Christmas before he does. Sam is good with her idea to go to Goa.

Well, I will keep in touch with you about everything that happens in India. It would be great if you all came at Christmas and we went to Goa. We can also talk about Ripon Street when you come. Love to you, Father and all. See you soon,
Ronnie

Mussoorie India

18 September 13th yr. s.k.

Dearest Anna Lynn,

Just as I wrote the date I realized we are New Year's Eve! Tomorrow will be my 9th year with Siva Kalpa. I remember Maggie and I celebrated with a large gathering at your house in Pierce Street.

We arrived in Delhi 2 weeks ago via Moscow where

we stayed for three days. We missed our connection flight so the airline Aeroflot hosted us in their rather grim hotel. We were supposed to stay indoors but with children that's ridiculous. We managed a trip to the Red Square and surrounding areas. It was freezing and after being in Greece we were taken by surprise. The atmosphere is cold and the people are tight-lipped and have expressionless faces. The majority of them are in uniform! The streets of Moscow are spotless, quite a contrast to the plumbing in the hotel which was bad.

We visited Iro in Thessaloniki for 1 week where she hosted us beautifully. From there we went to Crete & had a good vacation in the sun. We felt quite exhausted after packing up Macfarlane and needed to get a good rest.

Delhi is fascinating. Very hot, smelly, messy, colorful, noisy and expensive. India holds a unique feeling and amidst all the terrible poverty is very sweet. Dave has a new camera and has taken many incredible pictures. After 2 nights downtown Delhi we moved to the suburbs to a guest house where an old friend of 9 years, Joel, who introduced me to the family through Tony, lives. We had a good time moving around Delhi and getting accustomed. Lorelei wants to go barefoot and give money to the beggars while Jessica looks quite the Colonial in her little straw hat. We found the price of almost everything to be a lot more than we expected. I do not feel to be hasty with buying goods yet. Many people say Bombay is cheaper and I think prices are probably better in Calcutta. I think we'll wait until then and so be with someone who can show us where to shop.

We are now in Mussoorie in the hills about 400 mi. N. Delhi. This is the house of Geraldine & Steve's, close friends of ours who are in London right now. It's beautiful here, the views are amazing and the countryside is divine. All the locals are friendly, a mixture of mountain folk, Indian & Tibetan. It's nice to be in a house again! The girls are happy with the space and the outdoors. They have been marvellous travellers. We are all having a great time and enjoying the changes immensely. We shall stay here for a month at least, Gerry & Steve will be back and it will be nice to spend time with them here. When will you be going to Calcutta? Ronnie planned to be there around Sept. 22. We'd like to be there when you and Father arrive. Please write and let us know the dates and also I need Sakti's full correct address. Much love to Father, John and you and to all around. Happy 14th!

Bom Shankar Bholenath, Tina
'Shanty', Landour Cantt., Mussoorie U.P., India

Afganistan

Kabul, Sept. 2, 13th yr.

Dearest Yamuna Jan, Salam!

Although it has been a long time that I have not had any letter from you, but I cannot complain. Because I am not very certain if you ever received any of my previous letters. So I sincerely hope that this one reaches you and find you and all family members in the best of health and happiness, Enshallah.

How are the divine forms doing in the Scott St.? I am not in complete darkness because I receive **The Light** but I would very much prefer if I receive personal letter every once in a while. To Sarada and Anna Lynn I have sent communication but without any avail. If you have seen my friends William Price and Christina, or you will please tell them that in this far distance I want letters from them, even postcard will do.

Tell me about Richard's writing, if he have made any headway so far? Your French friend never came to Kabul. Once I did try to smuggle you a very long letter about what goes on in here but never had any response, even a mention if you ever received it.

In Kabul the weather is wonderful, but that is about the only wonderful thing around here, comprehend?

My new job is also in a foreign political mission in Kabul. Although it does not pay as much as I used to receive from Libyan Embassy, it is much nicer than the job that I had in Herat. At least I am close to my family in this unusual time. In here people do not go much visiting each other as they used to and the economy is not as well either, but we all survive, for a better change do we ever wait, my dear one. For some reason or other the people in all Afganistan have drawn closer to GOD. The month of Fast was observed by so many people who never in their life observed it, and prayers were held in all corners of the country;

for the destruction of evil, of course.

Please Yamuna Jan, say hello to everybody for me and tell them all that I love them and long to hear from them. Maybe next year it will be possible to visit Afganistan or go out of it and visit others abroad. But right now the time isn't right for either. I love you and remember you always, Bom Sankar Bholenath,
Zafar

Kabul, Sept 5, 13th yr.

My dearest Minerva jan,

Such wonderful and soothing letter you sent to me. I really needed something like that. Good TIMING, Minerva-Athena-Durga. I know that God is with me, but don't we all need the assurance of this fact every once in a while, from each other? We do, I believe especially in a time that I felt low, lonely and somewhat confused. Sending me some photos while my birthday, the beginning of our New Year of Siva Kalpa approaching, is yet another of GOD's good timing, so considerate and wonderful of you, my divinely good ones. Thanks a Million.

At this time it is rather difficult to account for happenings in here. It is full of contradictions. Maybe I'll send a vivid picture in nearest possible future. The Government "apparently" is in full control. While a World Peace Conference for solidarity with Afganistan's Revolution was convened in Kabul, military planes were crashing down rebels in other parts. Officially our country's problem, right now, is Pakistani imperialism and Irani's religious interference in the internal affairs of our nation. But somehow they get deep down to populated areas inside the country to do their dirty work against Afgan patriotic elements of OUR revolution. Them Pakistan and Iran s.o.b.'s.

Thanks to the generosity of our wonderfully nice Northern neighbors. If it was not for their military assistance and constant advice, our country would have fallen to the hands of "barbarian" Moselem rebels, who want to turn the wheel of history backwards to the "stone age". Sometimes it all sounds like Americans defending the U.S.A. in the Southeast of Asia.

Let me thank you once again for the beautiful letter and let it be known to all that I do live on borrowed strength of Minerva, who writes "the History of Past and Future," Corinne, Sarada and all powerful divine forms, Lord Siva at the top. I am sending lots of eternal LOVE and kisses to all of you, and say

Bom Shankar Bholenath!

Zafar

FRANCE

Prayes, August 14, 13th yr.

Dearest all,

Thanks to Jacques and Roselyn for their postcard that we extremely appreciated and a big "Hi" to Christine; we were all happy for her that she could make it to San Francisco. How are you? Raymond and me are in great shape. We are living now at Louis' and Anna's until the end of the month, then we will move in a beautiful little house that we found in Prayes. Raymond works and he made his workshop with Louis in the attic. We will buy a fur sewing machine beginning of September and Raymond is going to sew. He learns very quickly.

We are very happy with what's happening here. We really feel like having our own place with Raymond and Callista and it's great that three families are now living in Prayes. Alain and Helen are also looking for a home around here. Callista is cuter and cuter, she is growing up so fast and surprises everybody. She has a good nature, always smiling. Our wedding was beautiful, I will send you some pictures soon. Thank you, Christine, for the sari, I like it very much, it's a beautiful present.

Burgundy is beautiful under the sun, it's a country that all of us like and every day we discover its beauties. Anna and Louis' house is very pleasant, I feel like I'm always on holiday. We spend a lot of time outside, the boys take a nap on the straw of the barn and the children play in the small rubber swimming pool.

Nothing much left to say, except that I like to write you, it makes us spend some time together. Sometimes I think that if I can spare the money I will come to S.F. for a month and pass my driving test. It's a drag here not to know how to drive.

I hope to read you soon, sweethearts. I love you so much, Bom Sankar Bholenath and love to everyone--

Sylvie

Chelles, Sept. 10th

Dearest Lovely Nanouche,

As you can imagine, I really enjoyed a lot your postcard, with a few words from Jacques whom I shall write soon and your mother and Christine's postcards. It's like Santa Claus had come for us that day. I think of you with tenderness, especially today, your first day at school. I am sure you will make a lot of friends and that this year will be a good and an interesting one for you. Here, in Chelles, everything is all right. Suredege has a lot of friends to play with and he is in great shape.

Agnes and Jean Claude come very often. Yesterday, Noel (Nono), the waiter of "Le Cafe du Cap," a great friend of Jean Claude, cooked a fantastic paella with rabbit, pork, huge lobsters, mussels and calamars. It was delicious. Laetitia, Suredege and Cyril really enjoyed it as the rest of us. Noel also brought champagne that we drank later in the night, listening to the beautiful records that Agnes brought, and we were all in a high vibration of love. Gerard made us laugh with all his stories. He really has an incredible sense of humor and he is really simple too. He has plans to live in Brittany and be a fisherman and live more fully. Claudie moved from Chelles and works a lot with John and Herve; she is very happy to work in such conditions. We still have some nice days here with a little rain sometimes. My job at the bank is over and I found another one in Chelles, selling pieces of furniture. It's a part time job with a salary and a percentage of the sales. If everything goes well I will make over \$700 a month. I start Wednesday and I feel full of energy. It's a few minutes from home, cycling. Jean Louis works a lot and he is all right. Sometimes he is too romantic and faces many disillusionments, but he has a lot of self control. Andre is an angel and there is a great understanding and harmony between us. He is waiting to see again his sweet Cricou. Jean Luc made Agnes and me laugh with some stories of San Francisco: the camping trip, the Hell's Angels he met and so on... He told us about Francis and Jacques, his great friends, and what they were doing. He made us laugh, telling us how he met Philippe. His mother was there too in the record shop and she was laughing too. We could listen to the good music he brought back from Frisco. Anna came with Joachim to spend a few days with us and Corinne was here too; I was so happy to see her.

Have you your own bedroom and how did you decorate it? I send you a lot of kisses and my love as well to Dharma, Sonia and all around you. See you soon, Angel,

Lalita

October 2, 14th year

My dear hosts,

Full of my delicious memories of the time spent in your company and after a fast and buzzing (cognac) trip, I rejoined Andre, faithfully waiting at the airport, happy and smiling. Dermot was rather sad, telling me that he had left the city so dear to his heart and that he didn't like England at all. While we spent the evening at Davide and Frankie's place, in Corinne's company, he left for Sussex where he is planning to settle. For the time he has a job at his former workplace. I know that he wrote to Ann and she'll be able to give you more news of him.

Andre had arranged exactly what I had imagined and it was a pleasure to be comfortably travelling in the train in direction of Sussex, with Sonia who didn't stop saying, Wonderful, wonderful! We were undisturbed and free to talk about my trip, the past, the future. Oh, la, la! what stories.

We had a great time with Philippa and Martin. Sonia had a good laugh with the two boys. I've been wanting to see their surroundings for a long time and I adore that little house and that garden, so wild. It reminds me of Snow White. Philippa is radiant. It did me a lot of good to land there. We rediscovered our beautiful friendship, the simple life of friends living together, we went to the pub. But definitely I don't like the English climate. What a flash after the Californian air. Sonia loves to speak English and I'm also keeping it up some. I think she mainly remembers Dharma and such a surprise, all the words she remembers and how she can express her feelings. "Yummy, yummy, it's good."

We returned by hovercraft on Thursday and arrived at Chelles on Friday. Agnes and Jean Claude were there and it was fabulous to see them again. They are doing very well, that makes me happy. Agnes cooked a curry and we had a wonderful time. It's great to have sisters everywhere. Lalita is beautiful and was very

happy about the dress, Roselyne. We rediscovered our deep friendship and honest exchanges and lots of revelations. She is a great support as, honestly, it is not obvious how to make the synthesis, and I'll need a lot of courage, reflection and understanding to accept our rhythm.

I received your letter and was very glad to have news of you all over there. I think of you often.

John and Annie had a gorgeous little girl, Meredith. I'll send news concerning business, soon.

It was wonderful to join Suredege and to see him and his sister give each other a great big hug. Since then it's moved away a bit from what I would like to see them evolve together in love and peace.

Well, I am confident and full of energy. I send you all my eternal love.

Christine

AUSTRALIA

4 Rix Street, Melbourne

Sept. 10, 13th yr.

Bom Shankar and Hi!

Just wanted to wish you a happy Sept. 19 and fill you in on some of the latest. Our new house is a nice little "Clonaig St." type cottage, and though not spectacular, life with the Duffys is going along o.k. Today was the start of school term, which Nick celebrated by refusing to go. So it's back to the old grind, with me feeling once again that it is up to him, though my desire is for him to go, as is Laine's, and he knows that. Actually, having all the kids home on holidays was really nice, with a much more village atmosphere, especially with Rix.St. as it is. Tim & Sharyn are only separated by a wall now (physical), but John & Francis are half a street apart, as are John & Sue.

The Foundation is pretty stable, though comparatively empty. Nev is still the working man, never missing a day but still raging well. We have started "Siva's Arms" as a semi-regular Friday night event. We find that it is a common interest for almost all the family and guaranteed to bring them all together - in a heap.

Uranium has replaced Marijuana as the main issue now and Jonathon is showing some glowing embers of his old revolutionary fire. Hawke decided to give the A.C.T.U. nod to existing Uranium mines, which blew everyone out. He is trying to deal with the fact that they just mine it anyway, union approval or not. The government is acting with even more desperate greed, as it all starts slipping away from them.

Still on politics, the Ananda Marga bombers got put away for many years and it was revealed in court that they did the Hilton. The others started making their usual suicidal threats, and there has been the usual cult exposé trip in the media and parliament. Not so healthy for Father's visa, though who knows.

You guys will never know what it's like here without you guys here, but I miss you a lot sometimes, with all your cheeky smiles, flashing eyes and funny ways. Special hugs & kisses to Kalks, Silver and Kimbo, Nick and I still laugh at some of the funny things you did together. Danny, I have been doing some work up at Dahlia's -- she seems fine and in good spirits. Hey, how about a letter with a bit less business and a bit more personal news and views? However, with undiminished love, Bom Shankar Bholenath!

Chris

Canada

received October 4th, 14th

Dearest Father & Family,

I say "Dearest", because, although I've never met you, I feel that I know and love you all.

My name is Cheryl Anne Turner. I am a weaver and spinster here in London, Ontario. About six months ago I met my man, Michael A. Walther of Woodstock. He introduced me emotionally to you, Father, and the Siva Kalpa. Such a beautiful experience!

I would like to subscribe to "The Light Is Yours." I must learn and grow much more. Enclosed are the necessary funds to accomodate my subscription.

Bom Shankar Bholenath,

Cheryl A. Turner

176 Whaincliffe Rd. North, London, Ont. N6H2B3



USA

Occidental, early September

Dear Light,

May the Light be ours eternally, and with this check renew the Light in print for another year.

Oh, how our family grows! With travel to Colorado and return to Occidental, our eyes see and hearts feel the ever-widening circle of love and truth.

Before our departure, we had a showing of Siva Kalpa films for local family & friends -- we recommend review of these exhilarating works for all!

Driving the Tucker bus, we six, plus Ashley & Donald Tucker Jr., arrived at Ken, Beth & Ted Whitney's home in time for Bill's high school reunion activities. Littleton, Colorado, is really quite a "little town" -- so many have maintained good communication and fellowship through the years -- it's amazing. The Penns and Whitneys were childhood next-door neighbors. The old school gang gets higher all the time -- four new children enliven the scene. It was fun to see Lopa and kids there. The family there enjoys bow hunting for deer and elk every year, and as we left, the camp was set -- a great yogic expedition.

The Penn family continues to evolve in understanding. Brother Ken now has a wife and 3 children, and Mom & Dad have plans to build a new house on the property where Great Granny-Jo and Roland also live -- four generations together! The rose-growing business is successful and the beauty of all those flowers reminded us daily of God.

Now we are home and beginning with renewed vigor our many activities -- golf, school, choir, food co-op and restaurant. Happy New Year to the whole family!

We Love You

The Penns

Bill, Candi, Veronica, Benj, Ian, Shyla

Boulder, Colo., October 9,

Dearest Family,

Enclosed is \$ for a year's subscription. I've been real pleased with the Newsletter. It brings me a great deal of satisfaction. I've also realized that happiness has to come from within. When prayers are being answered and that inner force is felt, it's quite high. I think getting into praying again begins with bummers and dissatisfaction with the way things are going with one's life or with others. I can feel much more love for you and everyone when I'm not distracted by negative feelings and thoughts; they preoccupy but also contaminate my mind and block it from seeing a clear purpose. Having patience is quite a gift. If we use it wisely, our prayers will surely be answered in time.

It was great seeing Simon & Lopa & the kids in Littleton, Colo. It seems that after people are physically gone that their presence remains and the love just grows: "Freedom of imagination." Adam & I have moved to Boulder into O'Connor's and Mo's, friends from Virginia. Guy's job will be over in Vail end of October or into November. Then the next will be in Denver. It feels good to be near the Littleton family. Claudia lives here in Boulder also. The baby is due now and I feel snug and secure with lots of room to move around. Will be waiting to see what God gives us. I love you all, B.S.B.,

Karen Goodness

4650 Macky Wy., Boulder

P.S. Can't wait to get the Hariyana!

8th September 13 s.k.

Dearest Stephanie,

Bom Shankar Bholenath and my blessings to you for the service you render as editor of the divine journal of Love, Truth and Synthesis. August issue arrived in Chino yesterday with two weeks forwarded mail, four letters, all from Love Family members. I wonder what that means.

The Light Is Yours again was a blessing to me during my confinement, containing some of my favorite photos and keeping me appraised of the Foundation's worldwide progress. I read it all and even tried to sing the creation composed by Rich and Hal. Every contribution had some component which was deeply moving spiritually. The children's page was especially enjoyable this month. Keep up the good work for Sept. & Oct. and beyond.

I never thought I would find any graffiti here worth repeating, but my temporary location at Chino has provided two pieces:

"Many great men have been in jail, but damn few jailers have ever been great men."

"The trouble with some people who don't have very

much to say is that you have to listen so long to find out."

I want to thank you for soliciting mail for me. Wesley Miller responded promptly. It is of double importance for me to receive correspondence this next month because at a very difficult time it will help me emotionally and it will demonstrate to the parole board a need for early parole.

With much love,

Narayan de Vera (Harvey Rose)

2nd October 14th yr. s.k.

Dearest Stephanie,

My transfer orders were posted today and guess what? I'll be as close as possible to San Francisco without being in San Quentin. I'm going to Vacaville where my address will be:

Harvey Rose C08275, P.O.Box 2000-J260, Vacaville, Ca. 95688. I leave on October 10th and will be in Vacaville on October 12th.

Charlie Pixley wrote me a long letter with the news I was waiting to hear...

Sunsets and sunrises have been beautiful here with occasional fog and scorching heat. Inmates are constantly approaching me with their recollections about meeting me in L.A. or Van Nuys, so I know that even though I do no proselytizing while I am here, Siva Kalpa will experience some corresponding growth over the next two score years.

The family pictures cover the inside of my closet door which I keep open, facing me whenever I am "in my house," and many friends come over to ask about the pictures.

What can I say to help you through this busy time of the month? Your service is appreciated world-wide. The Light Is Yours has created a tremendous thought form on the astral plane which you can contact for the support from all your readers. Bom Sankar Bholenath with love and peace from

Narayan

Rochester, Oct. 2, 14th yr.

Dear Charlie and Judy,

Hope your trip back to the Golden city was enjoyable. It was great to have your energies here at home again. As usual, the new Light Is Yours blasted me with beams of luminosity and blew away any dark thoughts from the corners of my mind. Please, dears, extend to everyone in the village a happy new year of clarity, understanding and action as we launch into what seems to be the real beginning of the positive motion and feedback we know father has been expecting from us. He's said everything that had to be said. Now is the time to act.

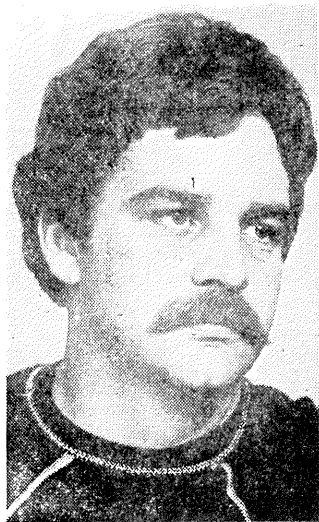
The 20th of September, my brother Bob Remilen, my friend Suzi and I drove down to New York City to the No-Nukes concert put on by the M.U.S.E. (Musicians United for Safe Energy) people. We caught the last of four days of music and unity with the theme of using the Sun and Wind as alternate sources of energy. Since I practice as a Musician in Unity with Safe Energy, we brought the Foundation's message to use the new-clear energy. The concert ended with James Taylor, Carly Simon, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt and San Fran's own Doobie Brothers plus other special friends onstage together and all of Madison Square Garden singing Dylan's song, "The Times They are A-Changing." We know that they must, as do all conscious people. Within myself, the message was felt deeply, especially after reading Gus Gustavson's report. I don't want Shotsy to feel wiped out from radiation and I really feel pissed about the children getting spaced-out. The atomic scientists had better soon realize -- splitting the atom can only buy death for the silly human race.

Upon returning home, our household was again graced with the presence of Devi herself. Mrs Jennings brings the news that Bruce will be out no later than the first week of October. It will be so great to see Bruce in freedom for I met him for the first time when Devi and I visited him at Greenhaven three years ago.

Charlie, I hope you have stayed with the yoga and chanting as often as the form deems necessary. Father has said that until our knowledge becomes absolute we need yoga to keep the body, mind and soul in harmony. I have the feeling we're going to be doing it for quite a while (ha-ha). Chanting has been an awakening for me. It's as if I'm remembering the verses instead of learning them for the first time. Also, a language that sings as does Sanskrit and speaks only of God, reminds one of past Golden Ages and the one that's just begun. Bob Shankar Bholenath, love,

Steve and Gabe

Prosecutor put artist behind bars, but now is trying to free him



Artist Bruce Jennings
... convicted of selling cocaine

By JACK JONES
D&C Staff Writer

As a prosecutor with the Monroe County district attorney's office, Howard Relin's job is to put people in prison.

But for the past two years, Relin has worked to free a man he put behind bars in 1975.

"It's unusual for me to take this kind of position," Relin said. "But I don't know of any other person in prison who has done so much to help other inmates."

Bruce Jennings, 32, a Rochester artist and advertising executive, was convicted in 1975 of selling one-quarter of an ounce of cocaine to a police informant at a party. It was the first time he'd ever sold cocaine, he said, and the first time he'd ever been arrested.

Although the district attorney's office recommended leniency, and the judge was sympathetic, Jennings' fate was determined by the Rockefeller drug laws. The mandatory sentence

was six years to life in prison.

Jennings had left a job as a media graphics specialist for Xerox Corp. in 1972 to set up Utopia Productions, his own graphic arts and public relations firm. Three years later, he was having trouble paying back the \$25,000 he'd borrowed to go into business.

"So I thought I'd try to sell some cocaine to some people I knew liked it," Jennings said.

"There was never any suspicion he was a major dealer," Relin said. "It was just a minuscule amount and a one-shot deal, but he got caught."

"In that sense, the (Rockefeller) law was an unfair law. When you get a case like this ... there was no reason for Bruce to get the sentence he did."

"I think the case is one we all have regrets about," Relin said. "Judge (Edward) Provenzano really felt bad about having to impose the sentence. Because of the harshness of the law, the court had no choice."

"But if anybody has ever done anything to rehabilitate themselves in prison, he has."

Shortly after he was sentenced in September 1975, Jennings was sent to Greenhaven prison, a maximum security prison near Stormville, Dutchess County.

"There wasn't much there for a person with my educational background (he has a master's degree in fine arts from Syracuse University) to do," he said. "So for the first few weeks, I just lay around in my cell."

"A lot of strange things happened there. People were getting killed in the hallways. Maybe that's not so strange to some people, but it was to me."

After a couple of months, he was asked to help set up a photography program for inmates, and that's the point at which Jennings' time in prison began to pay off, for other inmates as well as himself.

"It gave men in prison something else besides the bars and walls to be conscious of," he said. "Guys who had no real concept about what was around them except prison could begin to analyze it in terms of shadow, light and visual impact."

The resulting impact has been felt inside and outside prison walls.

Many of the men he taught have gone on to college to study visual arts. His work and the work of his students have

been filmed by CBS news, packaged for national tours, and exhibited at the Lever House Gallery in New York.

Because of what Jennings has done since he has been in prison to rehabilitate himself — and other inmates — a film producer wants to base a full-length movie on his life.

The producer visited Jennings last week after seeing an exhibit of his art at a Manhattan gallery.

"I don't know yet whether I'll go along with the movie idea," Jennings said. "It depends on a whole scope of things."

Jennings was transferred about two years ago to Otisville, an Orange County minimum security prison he describes as "a college campus surrounded by a 12-foot fence."

His efforts soon influenced virtually everyone in the community inside and outside the prison.

Drab prison walls and doors were re-decorated in vivid colors, and the photography classes he led became the envy of visual arts instructors from nearby Ulster Community College. The class was incorporated as one of the college's courses, and Jennings has been offered a position at the school when he's released.

He hopes to be released so he can start teaching when the school year begins, Sept. 10.

But his parole board doesn't meet until Sept. 12, and he thinks it'll be several weeks after that before state Department of Correction officials coordinating his release have completed all the paperwork.

Relin is pushing to have Jennings released on the day he goes before the parole board. But then, Relin has been pushing for a long time for the release of the man he had to put in prison four years ago.

"I just don't understand why it's taken so long to get this guy out," Relin said.

Bruce was released October 4!
BOM SHANKAR
BHOLENATH

Belmont, Ca., Oct. 15,

Dear Beautiful Family,

It seems God's will has given me a wonderful husband and brought me back to the Bay Area. After getting settled in my new home I hope to visit the Village and my friends there, whose activities are chronicled in "The Light is Yours". I want to thank you and congratulate you from my heart for these two uninterrupted years of publication. Though I have been absent in form for a long time from the Village, thanks to "The Light" I still feel in contact with the Family's evolution and global communication. "The Light" is such a wonderful service, not only to the many like myself for whom it spans the time/space distance, but also as a record and introduction to the world. You're doing great!! Keep it up!! (Subscription renewal check enclosed.)

For myself, I am still working on the eternal internal yoga and trying to discover and act on the Divine Will. My recent marriage is a great stabilizing event for me. My dear George is an electronics technician and ballroom dance teacher. Our friendship started the summer of Mahamilana in San Francisco. Our communication was renewed over the summer just past, with the resulting union. The San Diego wedding was small and very personal. The ceremony was enriched with Bert Hutt's music and the festivities were enlivened with Christie Hutt and Don Lindhal's presence.

I've begun using my birth name - Maurine - now, which has been hanging around all my life unused. That is also very grounding somehow - perhaps another part of uniting with myself.

Love to you all always,
Maurine Racko - formerly Deja Bale
1220 Sixth Ave. #1,
Belmont, Ca. 94002.

October 20, 1979

Dear Stephanie,

Some months ago, while incarcerated in the California State Prison at Chino, I was fortunate enough to meet an individual who seemed to be living on a rather enlightened plane. This person was Narayan or more commonly known as Dr. Harvey Rose. Unfortunately, at that time, the State had him incarcerated for practicing medicine in an enlightened manner, contrary to the usual activities of many physicians who distribute poisons instead of health care. His unbelievably rational method of natural treatments and advice brought rapid recovery to a problem I had suffered with for over three years. And he did this, of course, without the aid of caustic chemicals.

After our initial meeting, Narayan and I became friends. He was kind enough to share and explain to me his copy of Siva Kalpa. He is a diligent decipherer, as I had some difficulty gaining and understanding of this rather incredible and enlightened literature. Although I am normally quite materialist in my views of religious orders and sects, Siva Kalpa and your family seem very warm, open, and enlightened. I would very much appreciate obtaining a copy of Siva Kalpa, any other written material with which I may gain a deeper understanding of your family, its guiding inspiration and the path to self-enlightenment.

If at all possible, I would also like to contact Narayan to thank him for his care and help in my recovery from an illness which caused me much pain and discomfort for many years, as well as for his continued spiritual guidance. If all the family is as open and loving as he, then your family must be truly divine.

Sincerely,
William A. Sperling
C-04172 / SA 246, P.O.Box 686./ C.T.F. "North",
Soledad, Ca. 93960



Democrat & Chronicle (Rochester) September 3, 1979.

NEWS FLASH:

Hamilton Jordan, accused of buying cocaine at a New York disco, pleads innocent...

SEATTLE

(undated)

Dear Tripti,

We just wish to thank you for the gifts you sent us and the loving feelings.

We have all the visiting family from S.F. We are all so close.

Please give our love to Hari and to your little ones --

We probably will be going to E. Washington soon for grape season - ~~mmm~~ -

Thank God for our closeness -

Eternally,
Honesty, Bliss,
Translucence & Understanding

(undated)

Dearest Hari and Regine,

Just finished reading the latest issue of your paper and so you are both on my mind. The paper was very entertaining especially the article on Diana because I know her I suppose. I drove her out to the ranch from Seattle when she visited here. I'm glad to know your book is on the market Hari!! Of course I think it's fantastic but much prefer to hear it read personally aloud by the author! Oh, I'm so happy our families are getting together. All of our guests from the foundation have been good - opening and broadening our point of view. So nice to see Eddie around just like a regular rancher staying with Helpful now. My personal life has been quite fulfilling since coming home to Washington. Having a closer relationship to Love, Honesty & Bliss has brought me closer to everyone. Humility and me have been having a real good time. Played with our band here and there and now Love wants a more acoustic sound so Humility (plays lead guitar) and myself will move on to other things. A good brother, Skip, has been staying with us for the past week. Playing drums with Humility's music every night in the barn. Very inspiring. I'd love to get back into dance --- hahaha -- Meanwhile the children are still growing and I've been shopping for rubber boots and rain slickers. Teaching the toddlers every now and then.

I love you both and hope we see each other again soon. Maybe for your reunion, who knows ----

God bless you both for your generosity and warm hearts.

Your friend,
Clarity

(undated)

Our Dear Hare & Regina,

After thinking of you both frequently, with fondness and gratitude, I'm finally getting off this belated thank-you your way. We (Fresh, Solid, & myself) often recount our visit this summer and your open hospitality stands out as one of the most comfortable aspects. We enjoyed ourselves totally & are looking forward to our next reunion, wherever that may be. Also, please extend a warm hello & thankyou, as well, to our friend Judy, who put up me & Fresh so readily... The list could go on and on.

Life here progresses at its usual pace for us - steadily, but not too quickly. The Foundation's spontaneous cultural exchange program has indeed added a nice spice & is just a sampling, I'm sure, of what's to come in the way of family marriages. At the ranch, the primary projects are aimed at creating a nicer life for those who stay through the winter; i.e., a new, thorough, pressurized water system, renovation & insulation of the barn as a meeting hall, etc... In town, the push is, of course, the house. Though a fine horse driver & budding farmer I once was, I'm now finding myself as part of the carpentry team trying to button-up the house, before the rainy season, so we might be able to work indoors this winter. I do enjoy it & being here, in the city, enables me to devote much more time to music - something I've still yet to blossom in, so I appreciate the opportunity.

The latest direction from Love has been to break routine & any "ways" that might have previously created guilt for any who didn't adhere to them. The result has been a sense of relief & higher creativity from the truly inspired. The first thing to go? Holy day, of course. We find ourselves becoming more like we once were when the whole scene began.

Anyway, we are all looking forward to our next reunion & further adventures! Say hello to Lou. Sandra & all who feel active in the mutual adoption program.

God bless you with clarity & peace,

We Love you!

Your friend & self,
Resolve



Diana Visits Love Family

Many of our family members travelled northward during August and September to visit the Love Israel family in Washington. "Welcome to heaven" were the first words I heard as I stepped out of the car and looked around at their ranch near Seattle. Understanding and One were coming up the wide flower-lined path towards the barn. As they helped carry our bags and camping gear down to the Foundation campsite, Understanding spoke of how great it was to have us there to play with and share our selves with each other.

Eddie Lepler helped us prepare a site and set up our tent; then we wandered about collecting stories and impressions from Sally Raff, Kim and Nando, Phil and Sharon, Mark and Cara. Love had equipped the centrally located site with a huge army tent and running water. Not only that, he had ordered a skateboard ramp built in his sanctuary yurt nearby for the enjoyment of our teenaged boys. My first days at the ranch were filled with parties and adventures. That first evening people gathered in the barn and enjoyed delicious wine from the family vineyard in Eastern Washington. Juggling and mime were presented with musical accompaniment by One and Harry Riverbottom, an old friend of theirs, followed by songs from a series of performers. Love presided in the manner of a king, watchful that his people and his guests felt comfortable and content. The next day he hosted us at a sumptuous feast on the orchard lawn. The day following, Understanding presented a glorious children's party, complete with entertainment, games, prizes, balloons, magic show, cake, ice cream and movies with popcorn, of course. During our second day there, Ivan and Liza enjoyed an outing to the Jordan River and myself to King Lake.

After a few days we moved our tent over to the homesite of Helpful and Dedication where we were welcomed into the household with open arms. I was amazed by the simple elegance and royal feeling of their lifestyle and I enjoyed sharing with them in the many miracles of God's creation. I liked the way they examined their bad feelings and misunderstandings and brought them to a point of illumination and resolution. I liked the way they enjoyed their work and their play with equal vigor. I liked the way authority and inspiration flowed from Love through the Elders into the hearts and minds of every person.

I saw God shining in so many of our brothers and sisters there and I was happy to experience the virtues or powers of Jesus as living realities. I now feel an integral and eternal part of the union they share. I feel blissful knowing myself as one with God in so many forms of love and understanding. I was inspired by the early morning meetings in the barn. At a class for new people after one such meeting, I was struck by a line from their Charter "The beauty of our life is the simple people we live with." I had heard it two years before when I went through the Charter with Honesty in San Francisco, but it struck me with a new force after living amidst these "simple people" and experiencing the beauty and power of their life together. Constant appreciation of each other and all the rest of God's gifts enriches their life and infuses it with joy and delight. The feeling of oneness in God manifests in their singing and dancing, in their meditations, in the revelations they share, in their homes and gardens and in their school.

Upon my return, I found it easier to see God in my brothers and sisters here since my vision had become more finely attuned to my heart and my trust in God's ability to manifest in human forms had been renewed. I cherish this period of our courtship with the Love Israel family and look forward to the workings out of our becoming One Family of God.

Diana Young

Season's Eatings

Francoise Clement is busy this fall. Not only is she teaching part-time at The French School on Steiner Street -- she's also doing a French cooking class with sister Roselyn Delorme at neighbor Jim Strobe's. I was happy to be invited to one of her classes this month. The menu was: Galettes St. Pol de Leon, filled with Ratatouille, followed by Plateau de fromage and Pears poached in Red Wine. Six of the eight class members were present and we all enjoyed wine and conversation while Roselyn chopped vegetables for the Ratatouille. That was set to cook. Francoise presented some peeled pears (with stems left on) and showed us how to prepare the wine broth for them to poach in. Very soon the aromas became tantalizing. Francoise talked about "les Gallettes," which is Brittany's variation on "le crepe", prepared by the poorer people with buckwheat flour and white flour mixed, and served with Apple Cider, which is native to the region. The batter has to be prepared a half day in advance so that it can thicken, so Roselyn & Francoise had already made it. Next Francoise presented a platter of cheeses and an attractive map of France. She talked informatively about the cheeses and labelled each one.

We each made a galette and had fun standing about the stove watching each other. By the time they were done (they take a bit longer than crepes), we were very hungry and all dined with relish. It was all very good. I was especially pleased to gain some knowledge of those delectable cheeses, which should be served, we learned, with a dry red wine, not a white as many suppose. The class was full of good cooking tips as well as good flavors. Francoise is a conscientious teacher, and with Roselyn, the two sisters present a charming picture of family French cooking.

Francoise will offer a special class this spring for Family members at half-price. I'll be there!

Stephanie

GALETTES ST. POL DE LEON

1/3 cup buckwheat flour	1 whole egg
2/3 cup white flour	double 1/2 cup oil
2 cups water	1/2 tsp. salt

In a bowl, put the flour and gradually pour the water, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon to avoid lumps. When mixed enough, the batter detaches from the spoon like rubber. Add salt and the beaten egg. Stir. Cover and let sit in a cool place, at least half a day. The

batter will thicken. Before using, stir again, starting from the bottom, and add a little bit of water if necessary.

Heat a large skillet. Prepare a brush with material tied around the end of a fork. Dip in oil and oil the skillet, just a little bit. Pour in the batter with a ladle, tipping the skillet back and forth until the bottom is all covered. As soon as the galette is lightly browned, turn over with a spatula. Cook that side 1 or 2 min. more, remove and lay aside on a plate. 8 servings

RATATOUILLE

1 medium-sized eggplant	5 cloves garlic
4 zucchini	1/3 cup oil
1 medium bell pepper	salt & pepper
4 tomatoes	bay leaf
2 onions	thyme

Cut the tomatoes in quarters. Slice the onions. And chop the rest of the vegetables in dices. In a pan, warm the olive oil, add the eggplant and fry till golden brown. Do the same with the other vegetables, adding successively the peppers, onions, zucchini and tomatoes. Add seasoning: salt & pepper, bay leaf, thyme and crushed garlic. Cover & let simmer minimum of 1 hour or as long as you can wait. The best taste is rewarmed the next day. 8 servings

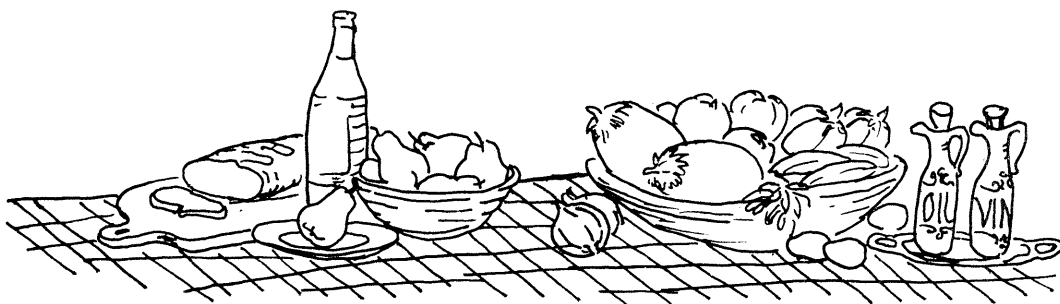
PLATEAU DE FROMAGE

Serve a selection of French cheeses all at room temperature. On this occasion the following were served: Brie (2 kinds, Brie de Meaux and double creme; the latter was much the superior), Part Salut (mild, soft), Chaumes (a mountain cheese), Bleu d'Auvergne (blue), Mi Mollette, Chevre (goat's cheese), Boursin (cream cheese with lots of garlic) Creme de Gruyere.

PEARS POACHED IN WINE

3 cups dry red wine	2 Tbsp lemon juice
8 small ripe but firm pears	1 cup sugar
	1 stick cinnamon

In a pan on medium heat boil together the wine, the lemon juice, the sugar and the cinnamon. Add the peeled pears. Reduce to low heat and cover. Let simmer 15 to 20 min till tender. Put in a serving dish. (It looks pretty!) Serve warm or chilled. 8 servings



The Village Choir

Music is ringing in my ears in beautiful harmony. Thanks to the wonderful direction and guidance of our conductor, Shane Bowen, not to mention his incredible patience. Our vision of one sound, many voices, is holding us together in spite of the various refractions which appear and disappear. Perseverance furthers, individual and collective.

After our August vacation we reconvened with lots of energy and many new ideas. On October 7th we sang in Redwood City for an organization, Trinity Center, which was celebrating its sixth anniversary. They loved our "new" music and were very curious as to where we came from and how we got together.

Shane has plans for us to perform three times before Christmas. He likes our enthusiasm and energy, and is helping us organize ourselves so that we work very hard for 3 hours Saturday mornings. I find that work relaxing. Hopefully we can make a tape in the not too distant future.

Recently we've started learning some new music-- some Family favorites and classic standards and the Beatles. Through the classics, with Shane's help, we are beginning to learn discipline which we have sorely lacked. Having started to understand what that word means, we now can move together with a graceful swiftness.

Please, if any of you flash on any songs you would like to hear us sing, send music or tape to Charlie Pixley, at the Foundation, or to me at 36 Lloyd St. We are The Village Choir and we like to sing for everyone's enjoyment. We'll sing most anything, especially if it sings of God no matter what form or style. Family music is our favorite, so-o-o all you musicians in or out of the closet, HELP.

Always we can use new voices. It's easy, really, and fun. You can sing and learn words vacuuming, doing dishes, changing diapers, whatever. No excuses: practice makes perfect and lends to more beautiful voices for speaking, also. We all have voices, it's a very inexpensive high!

Sally Hutt

ORDER

I feel there needs to be order. Some people are griping and complaining, but they don't want to support order. It doesn't make sense to me. If you want something, know what you want and say, "I want this."

I don't understand why everyone is freaking out about money. Maybe they're afraid of it. I'm not afraid of it. I have money. I try to let it flow through me. I understand how it has to flow. You can't get attached to it. For three years I've really been able to see what comes back when you're not greedy. There's lots of money. The money will come when the format is set up. I think everybody is worried that if we set something up it's got to be rigid. I'm real rigid on the idea that we need to set something up, but after it's set up it will change tremendously. The knowledge of American business is still true and the principle of how to materialize it is there, but the way we will do it is different. We'll change it as the new order of business is revealed -- as we do it.

There's no order and everybody can give a hundred reasons why it's okay to just keep doing what we're doing, but it doesn't add up to me. If you respect order, and you say "Okay, order is important," then you form an order at whatever your limit is and you evolve out of that limitation. There's order in the universe. People are comfortable with order. Babies demand it. I would like the Foundation to say, "Here's what we feel about the vital plane, the mental plane and materialization. Whatever people want to do is their business, but we would like to see, as a service to the world, this kind of order."

Truth is really simple. Business is so simple. It just knocks you in the face, it's so obvious what you need to do at every moment. Everybody's trips are so complicated -- the reasons why you feel like you do and going through this evolution -- and to me it's just really simple. Somehow we will get to a simple understanding. I'm convinced that the feeling in this family is completely one; it's a fire that won't go out. When we started working on the mental plane, it got really heavy trying to get it together, but the feeling will rise up to the head and it will eventually evolve into a perfect flow and we will materialize perfect things. It's really simple. You just put your form in service to God and God does it through you. That's the order in my life. I just surrender to the feeling and it tells me where to move. Somehow my head gets okay to where I know what to do with my feeling. Eventually I say, "Here's what I need to do" and then the knowledge of how to materialize it is just there. That's an orderly process and I respect that order so I'm very patient and trust that it will work out into materializing beautiful things."

from an interview with Robby Young

Research And Development

The Pandavas (of whom Arjuna was one) in the ancient mythology of the Mahabharata lost the right to their kingdom in a game of dice. They were banished into exile for fourteen years. The first twelve years they stayed in the forest, for if caught outside the forest, they were to die.* In the thirteenth year they were allowed to leave the forest disguised, and mingle in the world. In the fourteenth year they revealed themselves and then, in their full powers, they entered into the great battle for their kingdom. The Bhagavadgita is Arjuna's conversation with Krishna at the onset of this battle. This is our mythology too. It is our fourteenth year, and the year to assume our highest becoming to materialize our best imaginations for a powerful, pragmatic and successful family. No one is going to get killed. This is not the physical battle but the battle to overcome our inertias so that we can act with a unified imagination to overcome the ignorance of the world. The Pandavas won and we know we will too.

As a great start to the new year and appropriate follow-up to a wonderful and high 19th celebration, a meeting was held at Hari and Regina's to formulate the steps we might take to encourage the family to participate fully in a wide range of activities utilizing

all our unique talents. Michael Black had created the impetus for the meeting some weeks before with an open invitation to all interested in opening the year with a pragmatic, orderly look at our resources, assets, priorities and directions for the near and far future.

As was mentioned more than once, Love Israel of the Love Family has proclaimed this year to be the year of Prosperity, and we all heartily join in.

About 30 people attended the meeting, with Los Angeles, Texas, France and Australia represented as well as S.F. By general consensus, "God was our chairman" and the meeting adopted a procedure whereby each person spoke in turn about his or her activities, abilities and directions. This worked well. Michael Black opened the meeting with a list of family activities divided into the categories PROFIT and NON-PROFIT, and a list of assets and priorities to be considered. He said that we are here to synthesize pragmatics with spontaneity. The profit-making activities include: the restaurant, trucking, publications, film, constructions, import, film, wine production, real estate and music which, in L.A., is our central concern. The non-profit activities include: the Foundation office, The Light Is Yours, the Family Home School, Village maintenance, caring for the children, D.E.V.A., Security, Morningstar, Film & Sanskrit classes.

Our assets at this point are: Father, our shared point of agreement; our children; our intentional family relationships, imagination and talent. Two of the needs mentioned are to generate capital and a working mutual trust. The suggested priorities are: to secure tax-exempt status for the Foundation. Michael Lagen is taking a class on this and Michael Black suggested forming a committee to push this through. Second: to create an organizational structure to provide direction while allowing flexibility of the individual within the group. With this in mind, a steering committee was formed co-chaired by Diana Young and Lou Gottlieb. One of the first activities of this Research and Development Committee is to create a talent inventory by means of a questionnaire. The third priority is to improve inter-family business relationships and communications. Muriel Metcalfe suggested installing TELEX machines in all the Foundation centers. Robbie Young and Alan Murray presented an idea to help generate a flow of capital through the Family by forming a private company whose purpose is to fund and advise on the setting up of new businesses.

Anna Lynn made the point that if we aren't having fun in what we are doing then we aren't serving God. She then went on to talk about the relationship between a director or employer and the staff. A good employer must be fully responsible for the welfare of the staff, making sure that all their fundamental needs are fulfilled. Hari added that it is the responsibility of the employer to give clear communications and directions and the responsibility of the employee to keep his word. This creates trust. He went on to say that we all need the experience of working together even with just one person. We need to think collectively and with long-range goals. Where do we want to be in five years? Marjana added that we need to surrender to one another's greatness, maintain agreement and trust, and follow through our activities to completion.

Lou Gottlieb feels our most unique asset, far beyond anything else, is the CHILDREN. The time is not so far away when the children will take over and it is as Father said, "Babies are our first business." We should be developing a "groovy kid scene," said Lou. It's ok now, but needs attention. Lou also said we need to be able to hold all goods in common, that many groups which started when we did are now well-established financially because they hold all goods in common.

Charlie Pixley expressed everyone's feelings when he said that we are here to make each other happy. We closed with a hearty Bom Shankar Bholenath and a great feeling of having taken the first step towards an active and successful year. The meeting was a great synthesis of god and goddess energy.

Please contact Diana Young or Lou Gottlieb for details. For anyone interested, there's a great book about spiritual pragmatism called Small Is Beautiful by E. F. Schumacher, PB by Harper & Row.

by Marjana Black

*The banishment was for thirteen years, but it was not stated that they would die at the end of that period. --Editor



R & D REPORT, cont'd

Since the initial meeting described above, the Research and Development committee has met weekly to brainstorm ideas for releasing and directing our collective energy and will. To reinforce the feeling that we are ONE we have been asking ourselves, "What can we do all together?" We have developed a roster of what we call "hard core villagers" and estimate a collective monthly income of well over \$40,000. We have started a list of ways the Foundation can expand its services if more members begin to tithe. Less than 10% of current villagers tithe at present. We have developed a questionnaire which goes beyond our original conception of a personal talent inventory. We want to get a picture of everyone's individual aspiration so we can develop a common vision and sense of purpose. We are planning to assemble rosters of all Foundation centers and are hoping to receive completed questionnaires as soon as possible from people everywhere who consider themselves family members. We are deeply gratified by the resumption of meeting of the eight goddesses and look forward to an increasing clarity of vision and purpose within the family.

Diana Young, Co-Chair

The object of Research and Development is to provide a pragmatic basis for conscious blissfulness first for the Foundation of Revelation, then for the entire humanity. A defined and recognized goal will give us a way to put all the forces and materials of modern science and technology into a sensible system that can serve the intended purpose, a system that can be managed in an informed way. What the world needs now is a stated purpose and a grand design for achieving that purpose. If we figure out what kind of a life we want to lead, there won't be much trouble designing and controlling the pragmatics.

R & D has no clear picture of who the members of The Foundation of Revelation are, what makes them happy, how they get happy now, what they think work is, how much work they need, how logical it can get before they o.d., who can do what, who likes to do what, what is their idea of the "shape-of-things-to-come", how they define "a groovy kid scene", and so on. In order to serve the Foundation best, R & D decided to collect data on these and related matters by requesting the membership to prepare individual resumes. Please take time with it and add whatever you feel would be helpful. When completed, send or give your resume to Anna Lynn Dayton, 57 Scott Street.

Lou Gottlieb, Co-Chair

Questionnaire

1. Name, address and telephone number.
2. Date and place of birth.
3. Approximate date and circumstances when you began to believe Father is who he says he is.
4. Education, formal or otherwise, and job experience.
5. What skills do you possess?
6. Are you into sales, manufacture, service, what?
7. How mobile are you?
8. What makes you happy?
9. How do you avoid boredom?
10. What do you want to do with your time for the next seven years?
11. What are you doing now?
12. What do you see as the "shape of things to come"? (No science fiction please.)
13. What does a "groovy kid scene" mean to you and/or your children?
14. Give a personal financial statement. How much does your 10% come to and do you pay it?
15. Are you interested in possessing a membership card to certify your affiliation with the Foundation of Revelation?
16. Do you feel that the officers of the Foundation are doing a good job? If yes, how and why? If no, what suggestions have you?

SIDDIS (spiritual powers) are achieved by means of: birth, medicine (drugs), mantra (process of mind), tapas (austerities) and samadhi (perfect consciousness).

From YOGA SUTRAS
by Patanjali, IV, i

FAMILY TRUCK

A meeting was held on Saturday, September 29 at 593 Waller to assess the current status of the Family Foods Trucking business and explore future expansion. The business has been holding its own financially and will continue to provide the same services for recycling, dump runs, family moving and jobs for those who need them. Dave Letourneau will continue to handle the books and look into setting up a separate account with help in restructuring from Charlie Green. Frank Ganz will continue in maintenance with help from Gilles. Judy Kovalaske will take over dispatching from Gayleen Nelson. Ahana is researching manpower for trucking and other jobs such as painting, plastering, gardening etc., that will come through the trucking dispatcher. Expanded advertising is also being researched including a one month trial run in the Bay Guardian. People interested in having their skills advertised and dispatched through this service should contact Judy and/or Ahana. The dispatcher will continue to receive 10% on all jobs and, as business expands, the possibility of remuneration for maintenance and administration will be considered. At the present the truck rates will remain the same except for an additional \$2 charge to build a fund to insure the truck. Other trucks and vans are available and will be dispatched through Judy. There is a new phone being installed at Judy's for the exclusive use of this service.

The priorities for workers are (1) responsibility and (2) financial need. There has to be at least one responsible person in a supervisory position on all jobs with room for others as trainees.

There was a lot of constructive energy brought to the meeting and as it is one of the few active family businesses, let's pitch in and support it.

RATES:

up to 2 hours....	\$5.00 + gas + \$2.00 ins.
2-4 hours.....	\$10.00 + " "
4-7 hours.....	\$15.00 + " "
7-12 hours.....	\$20.00 + " "
12-24 hours.....	\$25.00 + " "

NEW PHONE: 861-6827

Gayleen Nelson

ATTENTION, ALL FAMILY SONG WRITERS:

Siva Kalpa Entertainment is coming to life again! The confusion that produced the lethargy of the past, has been replaced by the energy of the present.

Keeping in mind the project of collecting the family's music in the form of a publishing company, we have committed ourselves to accomplish the following:

- 1) To create an office of S.K.E.
- 2) To reinstate S.K.E. as a California Corporation.
- 3) To collect songs and publish those that we deem commercial.
- 4) To assist in recording demo tapes of rough quality.
- 5) To arrange introduction of these songs to people in the music industry.

Please participate in the resurrection of S.K.E. and send in your best cassettes and lead sheets as soon as you can. No song will be used without the full contractual agreement of the parties concerned.

The L.A. family's initial effort to create a representative songbook is underway and will be finished soon.

Let the world hear your beautiful music!

Nancy Schwartz



FAMILY HOME SCHOOL

The Family Home School began its third year of operation this October with renewed energy and good feeling.

The opening of school was preceded by a PTA meeting on September 17 and an Open House on Sept. 24 to receive registration fees, answer questions and arrange schedules. Pam Letourneau continues as President of the School Board with Carolyn Cugini, Vice Pres., Sandy Harra, Treasurer, and Diana Young, Secretary.

There are now three classes using the Village Schoolroom at 65 Scott: First Step to Reading (C), Second Step (B), both taught by Ed Lepler, and Kindergarten, taught by the parents under the direction of Ed. A Class now meets with Pam for language skills in Sally Hutt's apartment on Lloyd Street, and for math with Wendy Kuchins and Carolyn Cugini in their homes. Hari and Connie continue their tutorials in Composition and Math for our oldest students. Bob Veenis gives one class a week in Natural Sciences to the Group B children, and Jim Strobe gives a Chemistry class in his home. Also Sarada's Art Room at her house on Carmelita Street has been refurbished for use by both Kindergarten and "B" classes.

It's off to a good start and we are glad to see that parent participation is on the increase. We know that what we are doing is good but we're also aware that we must produce more of it. The school needs more teachers and also more space. Joe Qare and Nancy Schwartz have offered to help the school pay the rent on a larger flat or school-house. We are on the look out for a suitable location and may have good news by next month.

The Pre-School commenced its second year with new officers: Cecilia Price is President, Francoise Clement Vice-Pres., Josephine Penn, Treasurer, and Alison Pryle, Secretary. With thirteen children this year, the Pre-School now offers morning and afternoon sessions 4 days a week in a schoolroom created at Jim Strobe's house on Scott Street, plus a fifth day at the Recreation Center.

The Family Home School is happy to welcome a new branch: The Family Home School in Occidental. Using the living room at Mark & Marilyn Hirschman's House (formerly the Harra's abode), the seven family children are receiving instruction under the direction of Marilyn and Candi Penn with the help of all the parents.

D.E.V.A.

The future looks bright for our neighborhood organization. This year's work has produced meaningful contacts with more civic employees. These relationships have sped projects up somewhat. Our goals for the coming year are clear. DEVA needs member participation. Our work is to improve the area where we live. This can be done by letter-writing and follow-up with city departments. DEVA can help co-ordinate your letters. Improvements can also be made by obtaining grant monies. I have researched two types of grants for non-profit groups, each for \$25,000. I am presently writing a proposal with the help of Art Simon, a lawyer recommended by Terence Hallinan's office. This proposal will be submitted to the Mayor's Office for Community Development.

The park project is well under way. It will move towards completion in steps. As the weather changes there will possibly be some slow down of work, but the effort to continue and the spirit of community work will not suffer the time. The plan is a good one. Any help is always greatly appreciated.

Jude O'Shea, President

DEVA's October 16th meeting was in competition with the World Series this year and drew a hard-core membership during the deciding game. Elections have been held off for another month. The brick path is proceeding according to plan and we have established a good working relationship with Ken Long from the Purchasing Department of Parks & Recreation. At the meeting we discussed approaching other neighborhood groups in the area about supporting a Recreation Director's position for Duboce Park and about encouraging new members. We want to get the word out to the Moms and Dads of all the children that live here and use Duboce Park. It is possible that we could get a grant to pay the salary of a Park Director.

Vince d'Alviso, Vice Pres.

Security

A Positive Alternative

Serious crimes such as theft or assault by family "members" against other family members creates a unique opportunity for unusual elegant solutions. Our wellknown tolerance and acceptance of all comers without regard to their previous problems with the law, with drugs, etc., together with our reluctance to prosecute through official Police channels, has fostered an atmosphere of permissiveness and an illusion of vulnerability. Forgiveness and forgetfulness have combined to make us appear an easy target. Incredible as it may seem, our loving nature, to some persons, has been perceived as a weakness.

The Foundation of Revelation household itself has been plagued by numerous thefts. Amounting to at least \$1180 on eight separate occasions within six months! These thefts have all been committed within our family!! This has presented Security with a most difficult assignment-- find the thief (or thieves), but also protect the reputations of innocent persons who might be unjustly accused. One guilty person has been identified and has confessed; several "suspects" have been exonerated. This is by no means the end of our investigations. However, my point is this: what should be done with this admitted thief?

Previously, we have ex-communicated our problems or simply turned them over to an insensitive Medical or Judicial bureaucracy. Rarely has the victim been compensated or the miscreant rehabilitated. Our lack of creative alternatives has even led to a paralysis of our Will to act.

Therefore, the Council of Elders has decided to offer, under certain circumstances, another choice. It is not an "easy escape" nor is it intended to be. It is mentally humbling and emotionally painful. It provides restitution and satisfaction for the victim and therapeutic self-criticism and soul-searching for the guilty.

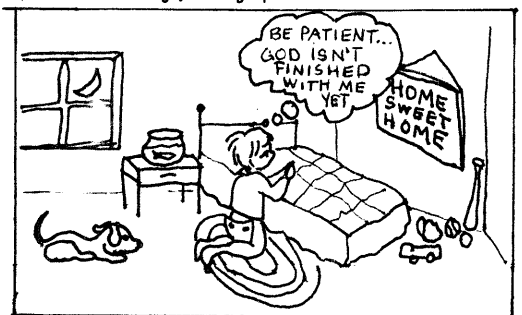
When sufficient evidence has been presented to, or gathered by, Security to clearly indicate due cause for Police action, a full report will be presented to the Council. The Council may decide to involve the Police or Medical Authorities, or it might invoke the "internal alternative". Sanctions demanded by the Council can range from a simple, verbal apology up to a full written confession to be read in person to the entire Family, plus full restitution.

The Council of Elders has neither the power nor the intention of usurping the legitimate functions of Federal, State, or City courts, laws, police, etc. The alternative of agreeing to follow the demands of the Council is a decision for the accused to make after being presented with the evidence in a confidential interview. This alternative applies only to problems within the membership of the Foundation of Revelation for which Police involvement might be considered inappropriate or counter-productive. Repeat offenders, the hostile, and the indifferent are unlikely candidates for this Grace.

The Council will simply offer this choice: make amends as directed-- or take your chances with the Police.

by ChitraRatah (John O'Shea) Chief of Security
approved by Hari (Harvey Meyers) Head of Council

Note: It has been requested by the Officials of the Foundation of Revelation that the Police be called only in emergencies which are obviously beyond the capacity of Security. If you must call the Police, please alert Security also so that we may co-operate in assisting you. We endeavor to be objective, methodical.... and very, very patient.



'AND THIS IS ETERNAL LIFE'

What is "eternal life," anyway? Jesus promises to give "eternal life" to those who accept Him.

The usual interpretation of "eternal life" is that it means "endless life" -- going on and on indefinitely, but surely that cannot be what Jesus means, or at least it cannot be all that He means. Just going on and on would not be a good thing if the person wasn't enjoying going on and on! Jesus isn't just offering immortality or deathlessness, He's offering a new kind of life.

The Greek words here are zoēs aionios, which according to the Greek Lexicon means "without beginning or end". not having anything to do with time at all, but outside time, timeless. Or, to use a word that may be more meaningful, ageless. The best clue to the meaning is in John 17:3: "And this is eternal life, that they should know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." What has eternal life to do with knowing somebody, even God?

Have you ever spent a very enjoyable evening with friends? Of course you have. Did you want the evening to end? No, you didn't. You looked at your watch, perhaps, at about 12:30 a.m. and said, "Oh, heavens, we've just got to go home!" Then you stayed another half hour, because time means little when you are enjoying yourself in such good company.

God is more wonderful than any human friend, and to know God, not with your head only, but with your heart --- person to Person, friend to Friend --- is so unspeakably wonderful that time ceases to have any importance at all. And this, I believe, is why Jesus said that "life eternal" was simply to know God. Eternal life is a new kind of life, a new quality of life.

You touch eternal life when you come in contact with little children. Jesus says the Kingdom of Heaven is for children, and that only the childlike can enter it. Note: not childish but childlike! (Matt. 18:3; Mark 10:13-16 et. al.)

Little kids don't pay much attention to time. They don't get tired of something just because they've done it before, as any doting grandfather can tell you!

Jesus said: "Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21:5). And that's exactly what He does! When you feel the presence of the Lord, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the whole world is lighted up with Him. The grass is greener and the sky is bluer. It's a fore taste of what it's going to be like when the "whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11:9).

What would it be like if every experience you had was as fresh and new as if you were having it for the first time? Suppose every time you saw a tree it was like seeing it for the first time? Suppose, even, that driving your car today were just as great a thrill as it was the first time you drove it, when it was brand new (and smelled brand new!)? This is what Jesus would like to do for us, give us the kind of life that never gets tired or bored, but is always as eager as a little child who looks at the world in round-eyed wonder because it is brand new to him or her.

Paul says we are to "walk in the newness of life", and I believe this is just exactly what he is talking about (Rom. 6:4). The poor old world is tired and bored. In fact, one of the reasons that people get into trouble is they are trying to do something to relieve their boredom. I once worked with a man who came from a very wealthy family. One day he told me that five of his cousins, all from wealthy families, had committed suicide. "Why on earth would they do that?" I asked. He replied: "They had been everywhere and done everything, and there was nothing else to do!" That is the way the world lives, according to the law of diminishing returns: life gets less and less worth living as the days go by. But the way of the Kingdom of Jesus is just the opposite. Because Life Eternal is flowing into us from the Holy Spirit, every day gets better and better, and life becomes more and more enjoyable and wonderful. That's good news!

by Friar Bennett, printed in "The Morning Watch," newsletter of St. Luke's Renewal Fellowship, Seattle.



SIVA is fair in color, has four arms, five faces, and three eyes. The third eye is so destructive that the gods and all created beings were destroyed by its glance. He wears the skin of a tiger, deer or an elephant, a necklace of skulls; serpents twine about his blue neck (made blue by the poison he drank to prevent it from destroying the world). His vehicle is the bull Nandi, and his attributes include the bow Ajagava, an hour-glass drum, a club, a trident, a cord, the elephant and the rat. On his forehead is depicted the crescent moon, symbol of the sovereignty assigned to him at the churning of the Ocean. His symbol is the lingam. Its connection with Siva as the god of reproduction is obvious. He has more than a thousand names and epithets of which Mahādeva is the most common. His abode is Kailāsa where his worshippers hope to go.

Siva is a terrestrial god, living on the Himalayas or in Benares, and practicing asceticism. In the form of a sannyasin he is represented as sky-clad with unkempt hair, ash-smeared body, and protected by a snake canopy. As Bhairava he is the destroyer; as Bhūtesvara he is lord of ghosts and haunts cemeteries. When drunk, he dances the Tandava with his wife Devī.

The worshippers of Siva are a majority among Hindus and all sects worship him as a god of luck. His cult -- Saivism -- was established in India probably about the third century and its consequent popularization has been the work of many missionary preachers. Saivism is essentially the exaltation of Siva as the Supreme Being and the merging of the other members of the triad Brahmā and Vishnu into Siva.

Batāra Guru is the name for Siva used in the Malay Peninsula, Bali, Java and Sumatra for the all-powerful spirit who held the place of Allah before the advent of Islam. In Sumatran belief, Batāra Guru created the earth by sending a handful of earth down to his daughter who had leaped from the upper world into the limitless sea. When this was set upon the sea it grew larger. As it increased in size, it shut off the light from the Naga Padoha, a serpent which lived in the sea. The Naga was vexed and gave the land a shove. It floated off. When Batāra Guru saw what had happened he sent down more earth and a hero who pinned the serpent in an iron block. His squirming, however, made the mountains and valleys and even now causes earthquakes. When the earth was finished Batāra Guru created the animals and plants. Then his daughter, Bom deah parudjar and the hero begot the first people.

From Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology and Legend; selected by Lou Gottlieb.

YOGA

yada yada hi dharmasya
glanir bhavati bharata
abhyutthanam adhrmasya
tada'tmanam srjamy aham

Whenever there is a decline of Righteousness and rise of Unrighteousness, O bharata (refers to Arjuna), I incarnate myself.

Therefore it is again the Time which has revealed the great secret of yoga in full to his devotee for the service of humanity through Revelation of TRUTH, facing a more dangerous crisis today.

When properly realized and communicated in today's language, Gita becomes the most logical and therefore, the simplest process of yoga -- easily practicable, easier and simpler by far than the present process of evolution which keeps the humanity under an increasing pressure of apprehensive animalism, accelerating towards a total destruction. The process which guarantees universal peace and happiness can hardly be achieved through an unpleasant means.

from The Light Is Yours by Father

Pundit's Corner

"Ah, pale pundit, we see you-- biting through the stem of your pipe, spilling the mung dahl in your dhoteed lap, forced from a well-deserved retirement by a moral indignation that has gnarled thy locks and furrowed thy contemplative brow...Speak, O preceptor of principle, pontificate again, guardian of honorable orthodoxy, what troubles thee?"

"Callow youth, I am impaled on the horns of a mythological dilemma, a linguistic conundrum, and have detected what I fear is not only a loose and unworthy association of ideas but perhaps a veritable misconception as well. Spare us from doctrinal error! I have poured over the puranas, studied the sutras, undertaken the upanishads and viewed voluminous vedic values and nowhere can I reconcile the contemporary performances of so many persons who in these dissipated times claim themselves to be part of "Siva's hordes" with the glorious accounts therein described. Awesome faculties of concentration, powerful will yoked to single and superior purpose, tremendous submission and humility seem to be the necessary traits invoked by those sadhaks who would follow the path of that transcendent yogi of the gods. Not confusion but a perfect accord of thought, speech and action should characterize the actions of those forms of Self respect that gain the boon of Bhagawana Shankara's company. What then are

"Siva's hordes"? I must ask. Is there any scriptural precedence to condone or encourage barbarity and oppression, gluttony and gross desire? I fear that 'Siva's hordes' is at best a limp justification for unruly habit and careless indifference to aspiration and change. Gods and Goddesses, and it is those who swell the ranks of Siva's admirers, can not properly be denominated as 'hordes'. I am not unaware that Siva calls upon goblins and ghouls to destroy the disrespectful sacrifice of Daksha, that the supreme yogi is as at home at the burning ghats and graveyards of mortal decadence as in the Elysian fields, but that is in the time of pralaya, a measure and purgative to a world out of joint with its divine essence. In a period of harmony, the purely devotional are granted a glimpse of Siva loka. There is no chaos there. Still, immutable, timeless are the qualities of those almost inaccessible regions of knowledge. The 'hordes' never visit there. True it is that Siva is indifferent to the paths and paths that his devotees have taken to reach him. He, in his exceeding magnanimity, accepts them all; but how foolish, once having attained the heights of his company, to complacently maintain the inertias and patterns of an involved and struggling nature. Think on it, youth, for verily am I puzzled. Waste not your association with the Great One, linger less in karmic repetition, strive always for perfection, and remember, anxious youth, when once pralaya is past, praise, praise, praise."

Hari



A man only begins to be a man when he ceases to whine and revile, and commences to search for the hidden justice which regulates his life. And as he adapts his mind to that regulating factor, he ceases to accuse others as the cause of his condition, and builds himself up in strong and noble thoughts; ceases to kick against circumstances, but begins to *use* them as aids to his more rapid progress, and as a means of discovering the hidden powers and possibilities within himself.

Law, not confusion, is the dominating principle in the universe; justice, not injustice, is the soul and substance of life; and righteousness, not corruption, is the molding and moving force in the spiritual government of the world. This being so, man has but to right himself to find that the universe is right; and during the process of putting himself right, he will find that as he alters his thoughts towards things and other people, things and other people will alter towards him.

The proof of this truth is in every person, and it therefore admits of easy investigation by systematic introspection and self-analysis. Let a man radically alter his thoughts, and he will be astonished at the rapid transformation it will effect in the material conditions of his life. Men imagine that thought can be kept secret, but it cannot; it rapidly crystallizes into habit, and habit solidifies into circumstance. Bestial thoughts crystallize into habits of drunkenness and sensuality, which solidify into circumstances of destitution and disease: impure thoughts of every kind crystallize into enervating and confusing habits, which solidify into distracting and

adverse circumstances: thoughts of fear, doubt, and indecision crystallize into weak, unmanly, and irresolute habits, which solidify into circumstances of failure, indigence, and slavish dependence: lazy thoughts crystallize into habits of uncleanness and dishonesty, which solidify into circumstances of foulness and beggary: hateful and condemnatory thoughts crystallize into habits of accusations and violence, which solidify into circumstances of injury and persecution: selfish thoughts of all kinds crystallize into habits of self-seeking, which solidify into circumstances more or less distressing. On the other hand, beautiful thoughts of all kinds crystallize into habits of grace and kindness, which solidify into genial and sunny circumstances: pure thoughts crystallize into habits of temperance and self-control, which solidify into circumstances of repose and peace: thoughts of courage, self-reliance, and decision crystallize into manly habits, which solidify into circumstances of success, plenty, and freedom: energetic thoughts crystallize into habits of cleanliness and industry, which solidify into circumstances of pleasantness: gentle and forgiving thoughts crystallize into habits of gentleness, which solidify into protective and preservative circumstances: loving and unselfish thoughts crystallize into habits of self-forgetfulness for others, which solidify into circumstances of sure and abiding prosperity and true riches.

A particular train of thought persisted in, be it good or bad, cannot fail to produce its results on the character and circumstances. A man cannot *directly* choose his circumstances, but he can choose his

thoughts, and so indirectly, yet surely, shape his circumstances.

Nature helps every man to the gratification of the thoughts which he most encourages, and opportunities are presented which will most speedily bring to the surface both the good and evil thoughts.

Let a man cease from his sinful thoughts, and all the world will soften towards him, and be ready to help him; let him put away his weakly and sickly thoughts, and lo! opportunities will spring up on every hand to aid his strong resolves; let him encourage good thoughts, and no hard fate shall bind him down to wretchedness and shame. The world is your kaleidoscope, and the varying combinations of colors which at every succeeding moment it presents to you are the exquisitely adjusted pictures of your ever-moving thoughts.

You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word, "environment,"
But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space;
It crows that boastful trickster, Chance,
And bids the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.

The human Will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless Soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands;
When spirit rises and commands,
The gods are ready to obey.

—by James Allen—
from "As A Man Thinketh"

