



# The Light Is Yours

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# EDITORIAL

The Foundation of Revelation is not a religious organization.

It is not a cult, nor any kind of ashram. It is not an institution of higher learning. It is not a democratic form of government, nor a monarchic (or tyrannic) form of government because it isn't a government at all (yet)!

It is not a bureaucracy and it is not a scam. It is not a family and it is not a clan.

What is it?

"The Foundation of Revelation is the Real Idea of Lord Siva's omnipotent imagination getting into the possession of the first wave of awakening in the glorious images of 108 goddesses, beginning with ---- and ---- through the charming personalities of ---- and ---- and on and on and on.

So what else is new?

What's new is a little more will to achieve it. What's new is a fine springtime feeling of spunk and independence from all formalities and formalizations and rationalizations, justifications, obfuscations, intellectualization and any kind of b.s. you can name.

Other than that, "it's still the same old story, a tale of love and glory, a case of do or die..."

(And there's still the same old garbage, a case of dirty baggage, a dream to live, or die...And life is still a pressure for the body...)

...as Time goes by...

But we're working on it, and we've decided that a constant application of the will is the only power to hold back the tide of chaos and affirm self-respect.

This publication is written and published monthly by those who uphold Lord Siva's Idea of reintegrated orders of existence, who understand that he came here to show us the way to achieve it, who believe that the divine plan for harmonious life on the planet earth is already in progressive manifestation, since 1966.

We need your continuing support and conscious self-expression. We welcome contributions. We try to publish everything we receive and only edit was is necessary in true accord with the dictates of taste, clarity and of course, space. We are an independent journal of Truth and we are here to "tell it like it is" without undermining or hurting anybody. We eschew blame; we love to praise. Please write to us and tell us how you feel about what is happening in this brave new world. Write on!

love,

Stephanie [Ed.]

## Dear Subscriber,

During the past 4 months, The Light Is Yours has been expanding and is now produced by a cooperative activity of its Staff. In the middle of this period of evolutionary change, we have been forced to change printers and for that reason, the cost has quadrupled. So we have increased the rate of subscription to \$10 per year for all subscribers. The price includes mailing anywhere in the world and is still less than the "news-stand price" of \$1 per copy.

Starting this month, subscriptions are being dated for one year from the first issue received. So, if you began in November, your subscription runs out the following October. If you have not renewed your subscription lately, this is the last issue you will receive until you contact us. Because there are few back issues (nearly all that we print are distributed by the end of the month!) it will not be possible to fill such orders until and unless we reprint old issues.

Due to the emotional irregularities of our founder, we ask that you make your checks payable to The Foundation of Revelation for the time being, so that we can put your dollars to work without the intervention of individual egos. (The F.O.R. is still the most trustworthy banker in town!) The Light is Yours is produced by and for the family, and the feeling of the family in this moment of time is what possesses and sustains it. It's alot of work but we love it. Please let us know that you still want it; without your support, we stop. Unless we all can unite as a family, we will continue to dangle in the limbo of our multiple refractions. That's ok, but we could do better. B.S.B., E.S.H.

## Time to Remember

There is an eclipse of the sun occurring at this very moment. It is said they do not happen but every 11 years. So it is, that the moon, possessing no light of its own, will have its fleeting moment of glory to blot out the sun. Every dog has his day.

The beginning of this month was my tenth anniversary of meeting Father. That was back in India. It presents itself, that auspicious event, as a light eclipsed in its own peculiar way. There were 30 of us, the central group, in those days; half of them have no contact with us in these times, yet the half that remain can remember the price that was paid for the good fortune we all are blessed with in these halcyon days.

Halcyon days?! My god, that boy must be crazy! If I change another pamper I'll go out of my mind. Yeah, I know, it's a funny notion. Years ago we wrote letters to the immigration department about the persecution in India. I had the opportunity to describe a bit of it for "Revelation: The Way to Supermanhood, Part II". I wonder if people around me in my family thought that was some kind of hype. A jive rap to make bureaucrats feel sorry for Father and his family. Unfortunately, it was not.

Occasionally, I have the opportunity to listen to a family member grumble about how poor he is. More often than not, he's stoned on substances that cost over \$100 a gram. Or sitting behind the wheel of a car or bored with his \$300 colour T.V. set. It is not hard to recall Mishtu popping one ball of pressed rice and dahl in your mouth for an evening meal. It is impossible to forget 30 people tramping through the streets of Calcutta looking for a place to sleep that night. Mobs throwing rocks and spitting at us. One is not apt to forget the night the mobs stopped a TAXI and dragged Udit and Nando into the night to tie them and beat them and attempt to hold them for ransom.

Seven or eight years ago, it irritated me that everybody in San Francisco was having such a good time. It was inconcievable to me that we suffered such deprivation in India. Just to create one long party! But I realised that God's presence wasn't meant to be all that sobering an experience. We could leave that to the Christians. In the light of the incredible self-abuse one can hear in the middle of the night at least four times a month, I wish those crazy happy drinking parties would resume.

But let us please recall in the midst of this revelry we subject ourselves to, that there was a price to pay for it. Some of us were mobbed, all our possessions were stolen from us. We went to prison just because we refused to deny him. If we slip, if we forget that, it just may have to happen again.

Subalah

FOUNDED by John Morton

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"Once started, a journal must be run conscientiously and well. This is the responsibility of the readers as well as the staff. It is very important that the readers send in suggestions and write brief letters and articles indicating what they like and what they dislike, for this is the only way to make the journal a success."  
--Mao Tse Tung



# INTERVIEW with CAROLINE

(This interview is the third in a series of interviews with the officers of the Foundation of Revelation. Caroline Grey is the treasurer of the Foundation.)

Doing an interview you always have to wait for things to settle down. I sat at the table in Caroline's living/dining room waiting patiently while she was waiting for the dryer to finish with Father's only pair of Levi's. Like most of us with children, her apartment is decorated in Early American Mess or organised disorder.

Lord Siva himself came in, wearing his nylon puff coat and lungi (a garment that is something worn around the lower body, looking like a decorative table cloth). It's the casual look in god's wear this kalpa. He was on his way out with Shotsy. Caroline shooed Gerald away from the T.V. The parakeet above my head tweeted like mad - a very happy bird. Caroline sat down with her tea, while I had my hand wrapped around a bottle of Tuborg. The interview started off casually enough.

"Caroline, do you think the Foundation of Revelation still exists?"

"Definitely. What we had to do from the beginning was to lay a foundation from which to reveal. And that's been happening on all three planes; mental, vital and physical. To begin with, Father spent five years speaking with all of us. Then we started to manifest vitally what he was talking about. We then started to organise ourselves in family units and deal with personal relationships. Have children. The third thing is manifesting on the physical plane what we have heard, thought and felt and now we are going to show that these things are real. They're not just a tradition from the past but they are really an idea based on reality and brought to life by a feeling. The physical plane is the most inert and the slowest. That's why there is the apparent disorder and chaos, whether in the Foundation or the family households. Things aren't perfect."

"What is it that people can do to bring a little clarity in feeling so that things are manifested a little smoother?"

"One thing is what Father has manifested: extreme patience. And patience is an attribute of maturity. You can't push maturity. We're overcoming the negative aspects of our eternal adolescence. What is happening is we are becoming mature adolescents. Not throwing things at each other either verbally or physically. Overcoming all those tendencies that children express without a bad feeling. We had a bad feeling. Hurting each other. I see that passing away. The way it has to happen is to follow the priorities. Hold your family unit together. The unit is Father."

"The Foundation is everybody's Foundation. It has eight officers who, for sure, represent something that is very real. The Foundation is a family, and each of us is a person within the family. We have our own personal everything to deal with. It's like one giant picture with many little microcosms within it that have to all fit together. And they are slowly moving, and the picture is slowly coming into focus. We have to be patient with one another and not compromise with the truth in our hearts. Sometimes you have to wait before you speak, not just act if you see something you don't like. Sometimes these things work out by themselves; sometimes you have to speak out. You just have to know the right time."

"Father hasn't spoken or done anything but be very patient with us. We've seen him with every change, from being very bouncy to being very slow, ancient Siva, but the twinkle is always there. He always says, 'Aren't I the same?' So if you see him and not his appearance, you see he is the same. If I feel confused, frustrated or impatient I look to Father's example. Not to be like Father for he is Siva and I'm not, but to follow his example of behaviour and to express it in your own way. Your own life. That's what is going to put us together. We don't have to interfere with each other. When everyone does his own job well and happily the while picture will be perfect. I see it coming together. That's why the occasional outbursts of chaos and confusion stand out so much; it's because the background is basically so calm. There is a growing maturity. There is a real desire for us to get down to brass tacks. Okay, now we've heard the revelation. We know it's going to happen. Are we going to do it gracefully or continue to act like spoiled children. I think everyone wants to do it gracefully and know what that means."

"Caroline, can you give a good clear-cut example of ...?"

"You mean of bad behaviour?" (Much laughter)

"We know that. I mean of good behaviour; outstanding examples."

"I think within every household there are examples of it. I see many cases in husband and wife relationships where one or the other goes bananas and the spouse is being very patient and wading through it. Taking care of the kids, putting food on the table, and no one is running off to Kathmandu. It happened many times to families in the past, 15 years ago. You don't freak out in the middle of a dark tunnel, the light is there. That's why couples are there, to maintain the balance. When the scale tips then one or the other pulls it up. The pendulum is still swinging. That's the process of evolution. An upward spiral. But you are always going to hit the valleys and the peaks, but they are becoming less extreme. I know when I become completely ecstatic with feeling God and revelation and everything looks golden and perfect, I know soon that it's going to look just the opposite. Father always says...it's in the Gita, don't be attached to happiness, pleasure or pain. Once you can enjoy both of them you will really feel bliss. That's Saccidananda, bliss. You are blissful within yourself. When I think the whole Family or Foundation is falling apart, there's Father shuffling through the house, blissful. "Can you fix me some fried eggs?" The children don't change either. They reflect what has to change but they don't. I find everyone's ability to change right now is very great, really within a microsecond. There is an undercurrent that is moving uphill."

"Caroline, I personally feel a great change in myself and desire for change. Other gods I've talked to feel the same. Do you?"

"Definitely. I think the boys have come into their manhood. I felt that since the beginning of 12th year. I watched the dhunis change where Father was with the goddesses. Then he sought out the boys. I've seen lots of the gods seek out Father's company on a high plane, not just to try to zap him out of the cosmos, but relating with Father on a level of inspiration to provide the basis for him to reveal. And I've seen the male forms looking to enjoy him on a human plane. Also, not just hanging out but looking for purposeful activity. You know, taking care of their families first and then the larger family. There's lots to take care of in this village."

My mind starts to drift. I see the sunshine reflecting on Caroline's hair as her voice flows on. I see the sparkle in her eyes. I think I'm falling in love with her again.

"We're learning to relate on a social level, where before we related to the divine only individually. That's why Shotsy is president. Socio-political knowledge. The order is we have to be a social unit. That's how we'll show our divinity. We're certainly not going to be the Moonies or any of those creepy groups that have shown their shortcomings of being not real; formal rules and not allowing for natural evolution and involution. We have certainly had the chance to express our negativity."

"So you feel for the first time we are considering relating with the rest of the world on a basis of reality?"

"Yes. In the old days I remember the old schemes fell apart. Someone would come to Father saying they knew how to make a million dollars and no one agreeing how to do it. Now I've been hearing from different people, like Bill Kitchen, who is working in the real world and learning. Learning practical omnipotence. I listened to him for years with his incredibly wonderful imagination about the world and evolution. Now he's coming down to a very intelligent, well-expressed and un hysterical plan. That's how we'll do the job. He says it will take three or four years for it to happen. And he's not attached. We have to maintain our order and continue to perfect it, and things will happen. Maintain our self respect and respect for each other. The ideas that are right will manifest and those that are wrong or, if it isn't the time, will slip away. We have to keep our eyes

Interview with Caroline Grey, cont'd...

open and not be attached to apparent failure. Not see that the Foundation is falling apart because all the officers are not living in the house. There is no reason why they should have to, if they're not happy doing that. Better they should do what will make them happy, so that they can respect one another from a bit of physical distance because we are growing up now and we're not the children we were. We need more space to express our natures. Our natures are expanding and expressing themselves more actively. As long as the communication is there. And the respect."

I go up to give Caroline a kiss. Her eyes sparkle. Her hair has the fragrance of springtime. She's happy. I'm happy. As I walk out Jonathon, Timmy and Donald Tucker are making candles in the kitchen. It's a beautiful day.

Richard Fiorentino

**The Man at the Corner Store**

Some people find it hard to take that Father is himself the God, that Father is God. I tell them that you don't have to take it like that, you can take it that Father is a different kind of person, that he comes here from somewhere else. If we can't take it in our regular minds that Father is God - which we, in the family, believe in our deep hearts - you can look at it from another corner, that this form has been given to us from the Absolute God, from the Power, who created this earth which we are living on, and all the things that are here for our comfort, like the sun, the days and nights and all these things. And this power gave to this form which is living here among us, whom we call "Father", a special kind of power which is beyond our limit of knowledge, to teach us who is God. We call him "Father" because Father is the top. In the family, there is no more valuable position than the father, who has the responsibility to take care of everybody in the family, to support them, to understand them, and to show them by his own example what is the right way to be. In our siva kalpa family, father is the person who is showing us, not only who is God, but how to behave with God.

So we have to make a kind of separation, and think of this person in two different ways, as the God who reveals through him, and as the person who is here like us, living his life with us and thinking always of God. He is showing us that, to behave right with God, you have to behave in the right way with each other. That is self-respect. And from self-respect, you treat the others as you like them to treat yourself. That is the law, the simple rule. We must appreciate the life and take everything that comes to us as coming from God. Because it all comes from God and must go back to Him! We must behave in the right way to give his message to people who didn't recognise him until now, who miss the joy of His existence. To do this we must be honourable in all our actions with each other, so that we can share with everybody the happiness of knowing God. We must be honest with the people, to help the people, to support the people who need support and do our best to make everybody happy as good as we can. That's the thing!

Now another thing which people want to know and don't understand is the eight goddesses. The point is, there aren't eight wives, there is one wife and eight goddesses. Not wives! And he needs these goddesses to keep his circle and maintain the family. These eight goddesses are the connection to the world, to carry his message throughout the world, and to translate his message to this world. Between the goddesses there can be no class, no 1-2-3-4-5 or whatever you call it. There can be no separation, because each of these goddesses represents one of the eight natures which complete the Nature of all people, and together these eight natures are the counterpart of God. The eight complete each other to make the One, and the One has to be eight to complete the job to carry the message to this world honestly.

What we hope is that these eight goddesses recognise the time we are passing through - how hard it is to live on this earth - and that they will prove Father's message, to help everybody change his life or his regular life to that life of God which Father embodies, which he teaches us and which he talked about for six years. What we hope from the eight goddesses is that they will forget their individual selves to fly over everybody's selfishness and live as One, in harmony and love with one another, according to their real natures which God created and has given them to express.

So have a nice time!

Joe Qaré

A POEM by Marilyn Altman - 19th Sept, 13th Year

I begin again  
Time is a totality  
But I must begin again and again

Not to get it right  
Or to make right the wrongs  
Just to get the beat  
Feel the rhythm  
Fall in step with Siva's horde  
Oh Lord! Lord!  
To be brave and hear my heart  
The inner beat  
That echoes through my private  
And sometimes too solitary temple  
To have the inner ear  
That knows the endless waves  
Of my soul breaking  
Over the rocks of the ages  
The wages of war  
Have left scars on my heart  
No one should know  
But I must look back  
On the ruins  
Of yesterday's follies.

Give thanks for life's gifts  
When the very words choke me  
When pride asks for pay  
Get up from my knees  
Stand and face the new day  
With visions of a future  
That my love can respectfully nurture  
For the children

In the glorious arc light  
of His knowledge  
I stand on the edge of eternity  
And quietly tap my toes

Marilyn Altman

A GOLDEN AGE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Here is an excellent opportunity for all family members to invest a small amount of money in a new family project with a guarantee of getting your original investment back, plus a profit. The business is OMKARA PRESS and the project is the publication and sale of the HARIYANA, Part One - a great literary service recalling the events and feelings of our own Hari Meyers' meeting with Father and many of our family in India. I have studied Hari's plan to publish and sell the book and have found it to be a SOUND, BENEFICIAL and REALISTIC plan and have already invested in it myself. Since OMKARA PRESS needs additional investors, and since I feel this is a worthy enterprise, I am now soliciting your investment.

By investing \$25 in OMKARA PRESS you will receive your original investment back in full, plus 8-15% per year profit within 12 to 21 months from the date we receive your funds. You may invest more than \$25, but make it a multiple of \$25. Send your investment to: Robby Young, F.O.R., 9915 Tolman, Houston, Texas 77034. I will keep track of your investment, your earnings, and your repayment. Bom Shankar Bholenath!

Please note: Do not confuse this business opportunity with your order of a special 108 edition. In the one case, your \$25 represents an investment loan; in the other, a purchase of the deluxe edition of the book. For the special edition, still order through me and make your cheque for \$25 per book payable to either Harvey Meyers or Omkara Press.

Love, Hari

# FAMILY FOODS BENEFIT

\* \* \* \*

Family Food's 3rd Anniversary Party was a smashing success. We got smashed, smashed each other, and even smashed a window and a toilet. We also made a little money.

We sold 129 tickets, resulting in a profit of \$254. Of this, \$42 went to the repairs of the Polish Hall, \$44 to door prizes, \$18 to Family Foods and \$150 is going into our savings account to be sent to India at the proper time.

Our special thanks go to all who came, especially those who worked so hard to make this party happen: Sarada and all who helped her prepare and serve the delicious chicken curry; Mimi Carr and her crew who did such a wonderful job serving and taking care of the children; Tim Begun and all the bartenders; Eddie, Hal and Victor for doing their best with the sound and the various incidents happening around, on and behind the stage; Mala and Chitra for helping to maintain some sense of order; all the musicians who consented to play for us, especially the girls choir and last but definitely not least, the clean-up crew who survived through the afternoon and evening to still be able to pick up a broom or a mop.

When some people are given a little authority to do something, it seems they can't help grandstanding and showing off to the detriment, not only of themselves, but to the occasion. Our stage manager became power-crazed, opening and closing the curtains and switching the lights off and on. Our master (?) of ceremonies became so drunk and obnoxious that all he could do was antagonise all those around him. Fortunately, we had Hope as mistress of ceremonies, and she did a great job.

Our profound apologies go to Anon who had the curtains drawn on him halfway through his act. We hope he will forgive our very amateur behaviour and will consent to play for us again sometime.

One of the high spots of the evening was the drawing for the door prizes. The winners were: 1st Prize of four of Father's tapes to Dr. Dennis Myers; 2nd Prize of dinner and drinks for two at Father's Arms to Tim Weller, and the 3rd Prize winner was Samantha, who requested a substitution for the subscription to The Light is Yours since she already has one. We are giving her three of Father's Gita tapes to take back to London.

All in all it was a great party and again thanks to all whose support we enjoyed. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

David L. Letourneau

\* \* \* \* \*

The Family Foods Benefit Party was also a birthday party for Alexander Stock, Swasti Proietto, Janemajaya Ackers and Nancy Collins. There were many games and prizes and much food, with all the birthday sweets and treats children love, while beer, wine and champagne flowed profusely for their elders. At one point in the afternoon, however, it became unclear whether a stage show and birthday party could co-exist in the same space and time. As day turned into night, the party shifted focus to the big people and the lights went out on simple order. Still, there are many people I want to thank for thinking of the children as the frenetic energy intensified.

The I Ching Hexagram, LIMITATION, keeps returning to my mind at this time:

THE IMAGE:

Water over lake: the image of LIMITATION.  
Thus the superior man  
Creates number and measure,  
And examines the nature of virtue and  
correct conduct.

A lake is something limited. Water is inexhaustible. A lake can contain only a definite amount of the infinite quantity of water; this is its peculiarity. In human life too the individual achieves significance through discrimination and the setting of limits. Therefore what concerns us here is the problem of clearly defining these discriminations, which are, so to speak, the backbone of morality. Unlimited possibilities are not suited to man; if they existed, his life would only dissolve in the boundless. To become strong, a man's life needs the limitations ordained by duty and voluntarily accepted. The individual attains significance as a free spirit only by surrounding himself with these limitations and by determining for himself what his duty is.

by Sarah Hutt

When confronted with the story that "a punch had been thrown" at our recent "benefit" (although I am hard put to say who could possibly have benefitted from such an affair), my humorous nature took delight in knowing the source of said "punch" and the errant path this story had taken to reach its conclusion. In truth, champagne had been thrown (which one might easily mis-label "punch" at a "family" event), but the addition of that teeny article "a" had turned one action into a highly sensational tale. It is amazing to realize how idle minds will jump at, seize, and even savor, such unprincipled behavior has come to be commonplace in our daily lives.

It is the simplest of truths that behavior is a learned thing, an habitual act which is subject to change only by an act of will. The commonplace has a distinct tendency to become quite boring when there is little or no interruption (or relief) in the chain of events. Anything can become boring if it is over-used. A steady diet of sensationalism can turn the most inspired and idealistic activities into sordid disasters. Where has that tasty morsel, Variety, gone? Perhaps the imagination hibernates, and the current dream repeats like a scratched record the same boring, mundane and unattractive situations with the same faces recurring with each repetition.

In the face of such monotony, one simple solution appears to the mind's eye: I will not be boring. What bores me I will replace with a variety of things that do not bore me. Ah! but to succeed, one must awaken one's hibernating imagination. A challenge! An exciting possibility that will, no doubt, bring forth more exciting possibilities!!!

by Christie Hutt

## CO-OP CLOSED THIS MONTH

Family Foods' food co-op will be closed for the remainder of March. Many of our members cannot decide whether we are a food store or a trash-collecting point. We are neither. We are a private co-operative food buying club. By definition, a co-operative is a group of people working together for a common pragmatic purpose. Our biggest problem for three years has been our inability to get the co-operation we need to be a continuing success.

Now we are giving everyone a chance to see if we have really been of service or merely a convenience. If we are a service then, at the end of March, we can come together, reorganise ourselves, renovate the garage and continue.

D.L.L.

## SUNDAY MEETING

A Sunday Meeting was held on 11th March at 51 Scott (Uncle Lou's) to try to bring about a more coherent feeling after the chaos of recent weeks. The feeling was, reassuringly, civilised and accordant. Subjects discussed included the future of Family Foods and developments in the Family Home School. Caroline Grey reported on the Actualisation experience in Los Angeles last weekend, a successful event by all accounts. Jude Buckman summarised recent DEVA activities. Two tacit resolutions were made: 1) That if the Co-op reopens, the Café should be made separate from the Co-op and open on another day; and 2) that we shall have family meetings bi-monthly.

- Stephanie

## KARMA

If to people you are bad  
Then from your karma you'll be sad.

If bliss is that which you lack  
Then give out love, you'll get it back.

Do as you wish but don't oppress,  
Then the world's problems will be less.

When judgement comes, knowledge leaves,  
And a confusing web it weaves.

If to this poem you take heed,  
To happiness your life will lead.

By Gahan Garner, David Dayton, Scott Ganz and Donald Tucker

Feb 13, 1979

# From My Seat in the Stadium

"Who's on First?"

Art Hoppe  
S.F. Chronicle

Dear Art,

You are great! Your column of Feb. 4, titled "Secret Weapons": "We've made some terrific breakthroughs this year ... The Pentagon's research and development bureau commander, Homer T. Pettibone (no laughing please) said proudly. A new death ray, a sophisticated new radar system, more than 1,000 new ICBM's, a new long-range bomber capable of wiping out the enemy's first strike, and you wouldn't believe some of the other new weapons we're still working on."

Sick you say? Is this the thinking process of the majority, of how we think in terms of strength? How about Harold Brown, our foot-in-the-mouth Secretary of Defense, who brags outright of America's strength and capabilities as far as defense...and how great our technological staff of scientists are doing their job of destroying the planet. Is it defense or offense? I say it is very offensive and a quick way to make enemies not friends.

At a time when our would-be supportive sister country [i.e., the U.S.S.R.] looks to us for the slightest move towards detente, our actions show that we are not only trying to promote the idea of war, but closing our eyes to any possibility of an alternate peaceful lifestyle, I feel that we should begin now to realize our ignorance and quit supporting the consciousness of war-mongers whose blind inflated egos have become oppressive to those of us who have been known in the past as "bleeding heart liberals." We are being lied to and brainwashed into believing that the USSR is planning on attacking us and may strike first. This installation of imaginary fear is a colossal waster of time and energy. The Russians in fact have offered the laurel wreath more than once, and our incessant belief that we must defend ourselves against any or all aggressors has led us into an out-of-proportion arms buildup, that, now stockpiled, we don't know what to do with.

Who will be the first to admit their past mistake and say, let us start over and not repeat our actions, but take a new road towards detente and building new friends and relationships with other self-respecting human beings.

Yours in the service of Truth,  
Nancy Collins

Feb. 22, 1979

Dear Nancy Collins,

Many thanks for your letter. I agree with you completely about the benefits of that "new road".

Gratefully,  
Art Hoppe

President Jimmy Carter  
The White House  
Washington, D.C. 20005

Dear Mr. President,

This letter is a follow-up to my telephone call to your office this morning.

While I agree with your strategy on the international fronts in South East Asia and the Middle East, I take exception to certain of your domestic budget plans. Specifically, the high priority you have placed on nuclear overkill while, at the same time, raising the prices for use of national park lands by peaceful, happy citizens, shows a remarkable lack of intelligence. It is also way out of line with the traditions of the Democratic party, which historically supports the welfare of the general population against the limited interests of large, profit oriented corporations.

I strongly urge you to consider these points and may God guide you in your important missions as President of the most powerful nation in the world today.

With best wishes and a hearty Bom Shankar Bholenath I remain,

Your servant in Truth,

John Morton  
Past President of DEVA

Now that it's finally March, spring fragrances of trees blossoming fill the thawing air, and pot seeds germinate in greater numbers than ever, while men with hopes of glory trek south to Florida and Arizona to sweat away the winter banquet bulge; to stand with hands on knees, with peaked caps, knickers, socks, and cleats to say once again with glove in hand, "Play ball!" The national pastime begins another season which ends on the other side of the year in the World Series.

Baseball, which is said to have originated in a children's game called One Old Cat, has held a nearly mystical fascination over millions upon millions of Americans since the Civil War. Just when you think baseball is on the decline it comes back bigger than ever. Boys are programmed to love baseball just as girls love their Barbi dolls. It is said to help develop the manly virtues, and for the few who become great players, baseball is a veritable Philosopher's stone, for baseball is big business these days. Many players make millions of dollars by signing multi-year contracts, plus endorsements, advertising, speaking engagements, clinics, movies and television exposure.

Utilizing a field, divided into the infield and the outfield, the infield is shaped like a sun rising on a diamond with each corner base of the diamond dressed with a square bag called "base," while the base of the diamond is called Home Plate and is shaped like a house. In baseball, time takes on another rhythm of motion than the clock. Time of the game is determined by innings, outs, balls, and strikes, rather than hours, minutes and seconds. Detailed records of each moment in a game are kept. Baseball is as much a game of statistics as throwing, catching and hitting the ball. For instance, the batting average of any player may be determined by a simple equation: batting average = number of hits ÷ times at bat. Lifetime records are kept to help conclude who might be good enough for the Hall of Fame or baseball's version of physical immortality.

Baseball has become an international sport played in Japan, Mexico, the Dominican Republic, and Cuba, to name a few. One of Cuba's best players was a man named Fidel Castro. Instead of going to the major leagues and becoming a hero to American youth, he went into law, politics and military science. His early experiences in baseball no doubt helped pave the way for his later success because baseball combines art, science, organization, leadership, skill and luck.

Last season the San Francisco Giants created a phenomenon that caught the attention of all America. The Giants were in first place until September when they stumbled and finished third in their division. Nevertheless, the fans returned in droves to Candlestick Park and even God is said to have intervened to make the weather nice. The fans became known as the Candlestick Crazies, and the team jelled with such rabid support. This year, "My Seat in the Stadium" unequivocally picks the Giants to go all the way to the World Series. This prediction (not prophesy, until it happens) is based on my computer's uncanny bias to sense the currents of time, the tides of fortune, and my computer has been picking the Giants ever since I got hold of it at a garage sale in 1958.

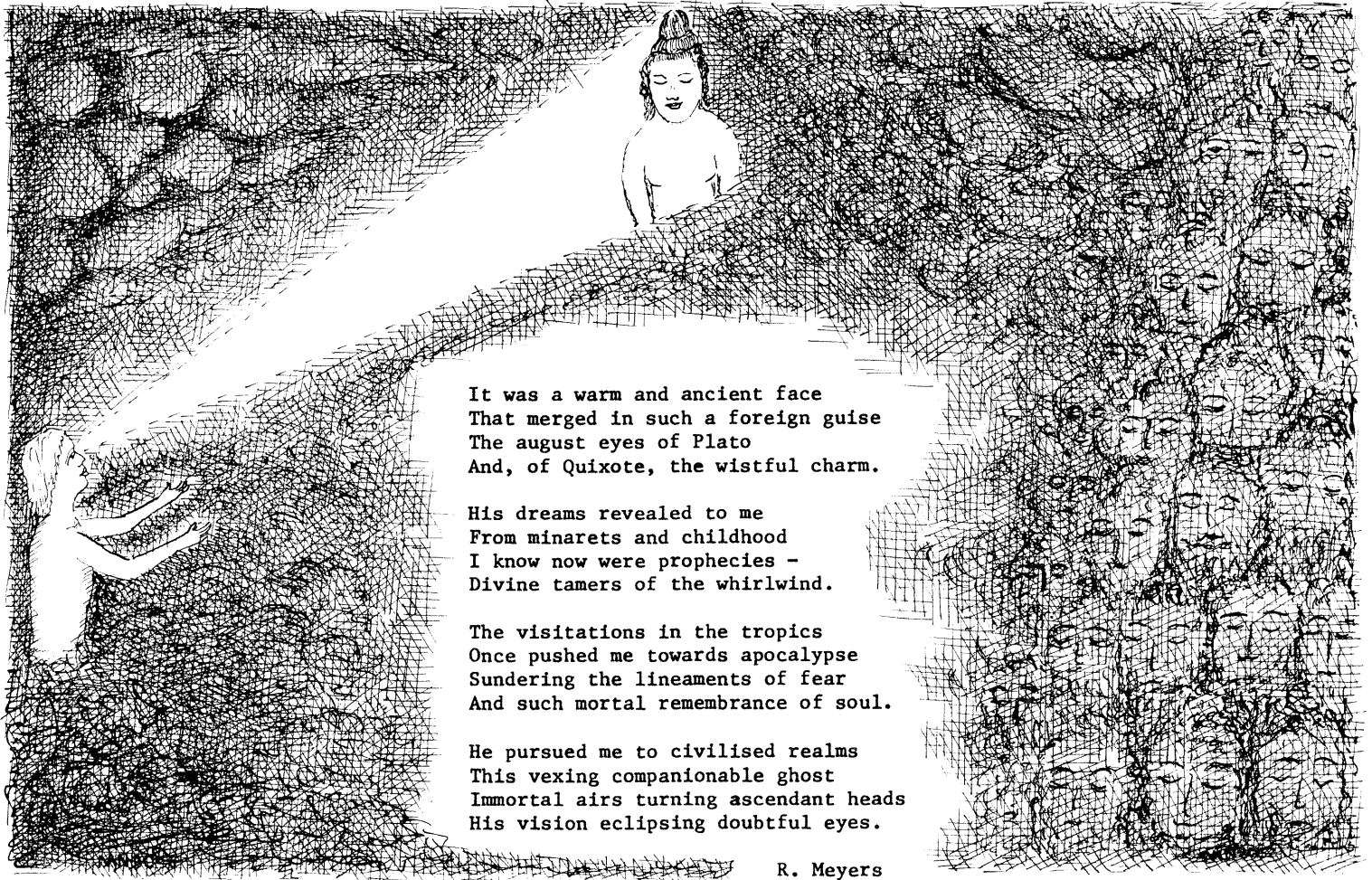
-- Hal Kuchins

"Our vision must be as great as our goal. Wisdom and courage are required of us all, and so, too, are practicality and realism. We must pray as if everything depended on God, and we must act as if everything depends on ourselves."

President Carter  
March 13, 1979

# THE MEYERS BROS. IN INDIA

1966 - 68



It was a warm and ancient face  
That merged in such a foreign guise  
The august eyes of Plato  
And, of Quixote, the wistful charm.

His dreams revealed to me  
From minarets and childhood  
I know now were prophecies -  
Divine tamers of the whirlwind.

The visitations in the tropics  
Once pushed me towards apocalypse  
Sundering the lineaments of fear  
And such mortal remembrance of soul.

He pursued me to civilised realms  
This vexing companionable ghost  
Immortal airs turning ascendant heads  
His vision eclipsing doubtful eyes.

R. Meyers

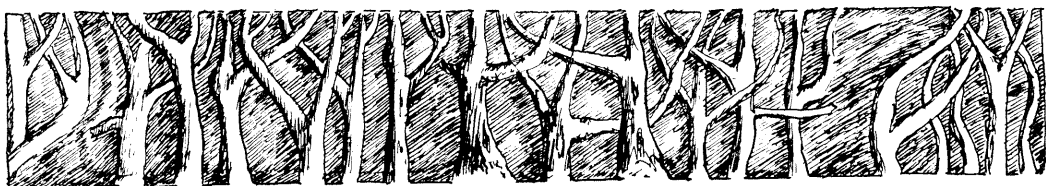
## SUMMER OF '66

Dear Brother Harve,

I am glad to hear that radios are turned full blast in America. It seems an apocalyptic time. I hear reports of bombs bursting over oil dumps in N. Vietnam and that Gemini is now coasting above the milky horns of Asia Minor. Destruction and exploration, America's contradictory currents, seem to be moving the world towards the end of this era and hopefully towards the dawning of a new one. Could it be the darkness before the light, a spiritual second coming? I feel a new age stirring and am prepared to witness it from this jungle outpost. Surely my true purpose here could not be the American missionary in loincloth, the Peace Corps Quixote with a medical kit for a lance. No, as a knight-errant of the U.S. Foreign Aid crusade I feel powerless. India's depth of poverty is unfathomable and the greed that exploits its enslavement is inexcusable. One attempt to attack these windmills would only cast me down into the mud. Rather to follow these flashes India creates in me I feel may cast my mind up among the stars.

I feel reborn here in these remote jungles - free of the nets of past identity and its myths, free to create my own order out of this chaos. I've escaped, lost at last I can't stop laughing. How in the name of sanity will I ever describe this fabled place? Shall I tell you that I no longer know the colour of the sun and live along the banks of a river crawling with snakes, 105° in the shade, where daily I hear the distant drums from a tribal ceremony. I can no longer discern where the landscape ends and I begin. I feel hypnotised, lighter than air, weightless and every moment pulled nearer to the wild heart of this vast ancient land. I am alone here, more alone than I have ever been before, yet my nights are the most restful of my life. Above my bedside under the mosquito nets is a picture of Sri Aurobindo, a yogi I heard about in Pondicherry. I don't know if its cynicism or reverence but I commune with that picture. Aurobindo I know is part of this trance, something palpable in this puzzle. Yesterday I walked miles past the village temple until I felt the earth tremble and came back somewhat frightened. I tell you the earth stirred, tilted. I felt myself being tossed into a force field, some new dimension or galaxy. That is why I ask you about the possibility of new age and energy. Can you feel it also? More real than that journey we took through the LSD crack in the mirror at Ron Thelin's, I came out of this experience clear and elated. This old earth pulled away from me Harve, I tell you, and it was not the blast of a bomb bursting over Vietnam. Not since childhood have I felt such an intense sense of wonder. The gates of my imagination are flung open. Although you are not physically next to me, your forehead, as it would be, smeared with ashes, squatting in a dhoti, hair greased with coconut oil, yet I know you are part of this ultimate voyage which begins here in India. So I am the drunken oarsman taking us madly out to sea again. India! Where will our journeys end dear brother.

Love,  
Rich



From: Philadelphia - 2nd October, 1966

Dear Rich,

God, you are the only one I can really talk to. We are all part of the same dream-journey. My mind troubles me as I contemplate going back to Berkeley. My life seems open to me now; ready for new roads and I don't want the intellectual spirit to put me back in any ruts, whether they come in the form of art, knowledge or justice. Because nothing essential in my personal life has been solved. I perceive the same old marital patterns emerging. It is my doing. I must understand and accept that. I don't want to fall into the mental malaise of Berkeley again. I guess time and commitments compel us to live in separate realms for a while.

Really, I love you more than art or books or any of this, but I have had to become content to let you become abstract - you are "brother", a warm memory, an impossible figment, a rehashed story ("You see, I have a brother - he and I are very close"), even, at times, a *raison d'être* (I got to make it for the kid), but they are no compensation for the loss of your humorous, light, reassuring presence. I miss you so damn much that I have lost interest in the dream without you here - it can all be a dream for all I care - what difference does it make when I know you are also me. God, what a dream you must be having there in India. I puzzle about it all, picturing you most of the time raving mad, talking to spirits and monkeys. God, you're there, flashing on the next stage of energy discovering itself. Sometimes, much of the time, I think this old world of ours is exhausted and wants to rest. If you can help make it breathe and dance again I lend you my heart. Adieu for now.

Harve

From: Madras - 20th November, 1966

Dear Harve,

Yes, I am here at the crouching edge of a jungle town called Musiri, not far from the crocodile river, the drums and temple tantrums of rural Madras. The river Cauverie runs a muddy, crooked course through deep mango groves and green rice fields until it empties into thick swamp, where the buffaloes bathe. A branch of this river winds down into the temple pool where broken idols of mythic deities catch and collect the nettles and slime. When the monsoons come the thunder will last for days. The enraged sky will crack and streak into veins of livid grey lightning. The earth will appear motionless for a moment. Always there is that serious stage of waiting, a mood of tension like the solemn fear of penitents awaiting fiery sermon. The swollen sky then unleashes its burden. The river swells, the streets are flooded within minutes. Even nature can't contain itself in this passion-purging, over-ritualized world.

I've now been in India almost seven months and I am still overwhelmed, spellbound, crazy, in an enchanted way. My writing about this frenzied dark continent is a miracle of detachment. Words do not completely capture the flow and texture of life here, the rhythms of the day and the tropical stillness of nights. Pulsating from behind the manifold threads of India's phenomena is the sound of the prime mover, the loom of Vedic knowledge. Everything that has ever compelled the mental nature was created here, scripture and its mythologies. All knowledge experienced a golden age here. Now that knowledge is dissipated, disembodied. How I await the body that can contain it all, resurrect the truth of the scriptures. I know this heritage of knowledge will pull us together someday on some distant shore. Our mutual love for this force of truth will provide the way. Reunion.

Love Rich

From: Berkeley - 31st January, 1967

Dearest Rich,

Listen old man, I don't know what my future plans are and the next few years are at the disposal of fortune. A good feeling. When you went to India I immediately thought that I would have to show up, knapsack on back,

in your village. It seems to me that we have already grown up more than we imagined, that things aren't going to be quite so "significant" from here on out and that to have travelled together around the world before we give in to separate destinies would be more compensation than this world usually offers. I can't resist the lure of your letters any longer. What do you say brother? Shall I join you in Madras? Plane fare to that city is \$632.12. It's our one chance. It is crazy but I think I'll meet you at the Y.M.C.A. in Madras - why not!

Love Harve

From: Madras - 17th March 1967

Dear Harve,

My God, you are really coming! Bless every outrageous nerve in your body. Meeting you on the docks of Madras seems a prophecy easily fulfilled. We can make it! Financially and all. We'll do it. In fact, it is already being done through us. The plot thickens. Listen to this irony. Remember that girl from Kerala, Ruckmani, I wrote you about. Well, Jim Russell fell in love with her and lo and behold was married to her by an Anglo-Indian Justice of the Peace in Ootacamund. Well, this act was considered unjust to the Peace of the Corps and Jim has been summoned to Bangalore to be discharged for "marrying a host country national". The top brass seized the opportunity to rid themselves of all three of us, Jack and myself. My time with the P.C. is definitely over. The die is cast. We are independent, unsponsored entities. In fact, I am now an evader of the hounding draft board. It's either Vietnam or journey's end. So I address you as a man without a country. India is my mother, my home. Welcome to the derelict brotherhood of sadhus. The play goes on. Laughingly yours,

Rich

To: Calcutta - 3rd October, 1967

Dear Rich,

I am at Kai Tak airport in Hong Kong waiting to depart for Singapore. Japan was an island of order. Hong Kong is chaos (I'm sure a preparation for India). Believe it or not, I'll see you at Dum Dum airport, Calcutta, on Sunday. I somehow envision my travelling from east to west as a sort of parallel of my historic evolution, that I will emerge as culture does and finally we will stand together on the neighbourhood corner except this time around it won't be Philadelphia but Calcutta. This time around you are my older brother, my guide in this new world that awaits me. You have prepared the stage by moving to Calcutta, a proper starting point, Tagore and the films of S. Ray, the roots of our fascination with India. So let us begin. See you Sunday in the next dream.

Love Harve

To: Ujjain, Madhya Pradesh - 5th May, 1968

Dear Brother Harve,

Stranger than fiction seems the real story of our journey together in India. I didn't imagine that time and our own personal needs to grow would part our ways. That is what happened: a personal need for evolution. That is why you are off with your pilgrim-hordes, moving sadhu-style from temple to ashram in a kind of survival through worship, while I am here in Kathmandu again trying, like a householder, to stabilise a relationship through the myriad scenes of the road. This time her name is Rebecca. I see now that the real name of the game for both of us is working through the unresolved, an ultimate yoga. We are socially reintegrating back into ourselves. When Rebecca came all the way from Berkeley to find me in Bombay, I knew that blissful chain of bliss-consciousness was broken and that I would have to grow responsible to all the links. When we found ourselves in those Kathmandu hotel rooms with hundreds of Europeans I really freaked. The



illusion of the self-contained sadhu was dissolved and the memory of a shy, vulnerable and incomplete nature surfaced. Being responsible for a woman, I assure you, was not part of the plan, but then we are really instruments of a will for a higher plan, aren't we? Having your Bolex camera stolen by the Ranas was not part of our plan either, nor being driven out of Bengal by gunfire when the United Front Government dissolved. These two "misfortunes" however unburdened you of any movie-making illusions, freeing you to encounter the unshaped, limitless forces ahead. What lies ahead for me as far as I can see is return to India and reunion with you in Kashmir. It was funny hearing word of my draft notice in Benares. Can you imagine putting an ash-smearing sadhu into a uniform for the rice paddies of Vietnam? I'm going to blow the draft board's mind with Hindu riddles and pacifist puzzles and probably come out of it all with a conscientious objector's status. If they choose to be foolish enough to think of me as a useful negotiable property then it's fare thee well American citizenship. I am a seeker in the Indian labyrinth, a hound of heaven. For the draft to seek me out in my territory would be their hell. However, I don't think anything shall be lost, citizenship or sadhuship. While we ride this highest wave of our times, all shall be gained. I feel all of us are pioneers for a new age and that we are creating the steps for the future dance. See you down there in the sub-continent dance floor.

Love Rich.

From: Srinagar, Kashmir - 30th July, 1968

Dear Rich,

I just received your postcard from Tehran. Marc Hirschman and I survived our hepatitis in Kashmir, the mad hatters are still at large. So you're off to explore west towards Europe. I guess the Bengali police finally got heavy and forced an exit visa on you. Am I right? The scene is moving down towards Delhi. I expect I'll enter Pakistan by mid-September, Kabul by mid-October. That's as much as I have figured. I'll be out of bread by then. I'll need it for the last lap into Europe and perhaps sanity. Or perhaps by then, mid-October, you'll pick me up on your return trip and carry me home to the Ganges - I'll still be in time to get my head shaved and leave the hair at the home temple in Pali, Kerala, in celebration of Jim Russell and Ruckmuni's child. Really, you are moving so fast I can't keep up. Where shall I write to: Istanbul, Athens, Paris? Where shall this journey next find us?

Love Harve

From: Morocco - 25th December, 1968

Dear Brother H,

I'm in the Arab kingdom of Morocco. I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere and turned up here in this demented fairytale land. You thought most Indians were a nuisance; well, Arabs are a threat. Con-artists and hustlers in biblical costumes. What can I say about Europe? I enjoyed the museums but couldn't find a place to get stoned. It's a glossy veneer of quaint desperation. It has its countries for the contented mediocrity, its domineering presence of history. After India it felt like a land of organised boredom. Anyway, its not the place but the time that's ripe. I feel the earth stirring again. No turning back or coming down. I feel a heatwave. An apocalyptic fire. Is the hour of illumination coming? Our lives are old stories aren't they Harve? I know you have prayed for me in those dark temples. I've danced for you the dance of Shiva in the square of Marrakech with the black Senegalese dancers. A wonderful lady named Hope and her friend Irene watched and later took me home in a horse-drawn carriage. I hope the fever breaks soon, the dance completed, the journey ended. I await that cool wind out of India to sweep over the weary heads and hearts of the West.

Love forever - Rich

From: Calcutta - 31st December, 1968

Dear Rich,

In the tourist bungalow in Benares we prayed that we would still be "in exile", still travelling by next New Year's Eve. We've both made it. Happy New Year, Brother.

Soon we will clasp each other with a resounding Happy New Life. Eureka! I've found it. It's name is God - It's name is Ciranjiva, a Bengali beggar-aristocrat whom I call, in all sincerity, Father. It's name is Love - It's name is Ram, It's name is Hare (my new name given to me at rebirth by my Father) - It's name is Enlightenment - It's name is Saccidananda. It's name is Siva Kalpa.

Don't worry, I can explain everything - even eight-fingered Eddie. I completed the trip Rich. So have you. If you are not completely certain about it all at the moment, don't worry. You are but a delightful distance away from total awakening into the world of incarnate divinity. Don't worry, there will even be time for all the rap - the earth plane stories. I can still hold the whole divine novel in my head.

Love Hare

\*\*\*\*\*

KUMBA MEELA

Here at the river's edge  
And here upon the sodden floor  
The mortal hoofs of ancient pilgrims  
Pursue their pattern as before  
When the Gnostic pot, a spoil of war  
Spilled in four holy places and  
From the thunder of dual forces came -  
A brightness sealed in silence,  
And in the single eye of the dubious devas  
And ashuras, light answered light  
And pointed the way to the four corners  
Of wisdom: from the height of Hardwar  
To the banks of Ujjain, Allahabad  
And the bathing ghats at Nasik.  
There they are, austere, intractable ascetics  
Moving without effort in the hypnotic heat  
Through the vibrant incense-swollen air  
Moving like migrant birds of ceremony  
Untamed, chastened, driven on beautiful winds  
Towards purifying minion when mantra  
And gong echo in one heart, towards one end  
Which is here and now and always present.



\* \* \*

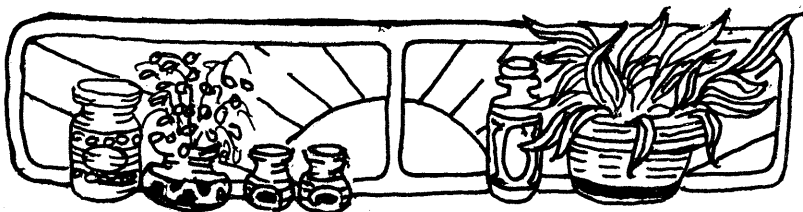
Among purifiers, I am the wind, the Ganges  
The beginning, the middle and end of all beings  
Behold in my body I contain the universe  
Behold my supreme yoga power  
Because this body is no longer a body for desire  
But merely a vessel to be emptied into air  
My heart is stiffened with understanding,  
My bones are drier than the will and my head,  
Like dust in an arabesque of bright smoke,  
Clings to no memory, apprehension or image.

I have shaken all whispers from the ancient vines  
And care not at all for the profit or the loss  
Turning shadows into clear stillness  
Abandoning the sensual with joy of denial  
Loosening attachment from the temporal  
I journey only towards the solitude of stony  
Sanctuaries and the desert altars where  
No lights of fancy flash on empty forms.  
Here voices do not call nor do visions push one  
Towards an imagined end and the dividing fear.  
I am the silence of secrets, the rod and not the key  
For the seeking of the key only confirms the prison  
For the search is to be lost again in movement  
And the finding is the waiting without thought  
Desolate of motive and still loving deeply  
Unparalleled by duration, intensely still  
And still uniting moving with the bright wings  
That hold me and will not let me fall.

R. Meyers

# HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE

## 2: The Common Cold



The best way to handle this malady is to avoid it. This is simple and will be explained later. First, the commonest physical treatments will be covered as some basic principles of exoteric and esoteric medicine are thereby revealed. These principles give you clues of how to treat illnesses for which there are no known cures. The cold fits this category as it is caused by a virus, initially anyway, and there are no medicines available yet that kill viruses. There are as many ways of treating the symptoms of a cold as there are people but the important thing is that you do something at the first sign of a cold. As stated in the last newsletter, the vital feelings of irritation and congestion precede the physical manifestation of any physical symptoms and this is the time to start caring for yourself. If it proceeds beyond this point though, and you do start to manifest the symptoms that we all know so well (tiredness, a sore spot in your throat and/or runny irritated nose, possibly headache or body aches, easy irritability and possibly fever with cold sweats or chills), then the important thing is to do something right away. Don't try to convince yourself that nothing is going on, that the symptoms are "all in your head" or are emotional manifestations. To say that all disease has its roots in the vital or mental body is one thing, but to disregard a physical ailment, saying that it will go away by itself, is not the point. If a symptom appears in physicality, it must be dealt with physically; this is one of the cardinal rules of healing. For this type of thing, almost anything you do will help if you do it sincerely and with love. If a patient trusts you, you can give them colored water or use acupuncture or give them the accepted allopathic drug and it will work, assuming that the patient really wants to get better. Of course, if you recommend something strange you may lose trust and then the efficacy is lost, so it is best to use conventional medicines that are in vogue wherever you are.

At the first sign of a cold, begin taking a decongestant. The adult dose of Actifed is one tablet (60 mg) 3 times a day. Sudafed is the same thing and can be bought without a prescription. Coriciden-D is as good as it can be obtained anywhere in the world. The stronger decongestants, such as Allarest and nose sprays, should be avoided because, when these wear off, your nose becomes more congested than it was before you used the drug. Decongestants shrink and dry up swollen membranes that line the nose and throat. When a cold virus invades these mucous membranes, the blood vessels in them expand and begin to lose mucous. Decongestants dry up your head by causing these vessels to constrict. This prevents the cold from running down the back of your throat, which causes or irritates a sore throat or cough. Sweating by promoting fever, taking hot baths, hot teas or using lots of blankets, does the same thing by drawing fluid from the congested blood vessels. Apple cider vinegar and honey mixed in water with as much cayenne pepper as you can stand will promote sweating also. The fumes of boiling bay or eucalyptus leaves inhaled, relieves a stuffy nose. Garlic is very good also. Take a few cloves, crush them and put them in water for a few minutes so that the oil floats to the top. Use your finger or a medicine dropper and inhale the oil through your nostrils. Water without salt is excreted quickly by the kidneys and does not expand the blood volume which causes dilatation of the blood vessels. Any infection that strikes the body generates unwanted poisons and toxins that need to be eliminated quickly so copious amounts of salt-free fluids should also be taken at the first sign of a cold. Drink a large glass of water or tea every time you urinate so that these wastes can be flushed from your system quickly. Peppermint and lemon grass tea are good for clearing the nose too. Red clover is good for cleansing the blood of unwanted toxins and rose hips and hibiscus flowers are good sources of Vitamin C. Camomile tea is a good relaxing drink. Everybody knows the value of chicken soup. For sore throat, menthol-eucalyptus cough drops are good, as is chewed licorice root.

Actually, what the above things do is make you feel better fast so that the cold doesn't progress. This also makes it easier not to get into self-pity, the downfall that is avoided at all costs by those who really want to get better, quickly. Decongestants should be used for no more than three days at a time; if a cold progresses beyond the initial symptoms by running down into your chest, they do more harm than good.

As said before, colds have the symptoms of irritation and congestion. The vital causes behind these physical manifestations are the same, that is, allowing one's self to succumb to the pressures of irritating feelings (yours or others') and to the pressures of congested environments. This is the same for most diseases, i.e. that the physical manifestations are the same as the preceding vital or mental causes. Don't get irritated at your self or anybody or anything and a cold can never get you down. Why should you? Anything that happens to you is God's will, the only choice you have in the matter is to enjoy or suffer it. Besides irritating feelings are extremely contagious and why spread your lack of ease? Don't irritate anybody with your symptoms by complaining and maintain some distance from others to minimize congestion and no one else will become sick. Fresh air is mandatory to prevent congestion. Again this is true preventative medicine. Nip it in the bud while it is still in the vital or mental stage and no lack of ease will become physical. So at the first sign of a cold, feeling tired or a little irritable, restrict your activities (physical, vital and mental) to the point where you no longer feel fatigued. Much energy is used in thinking, pondering, worrying, so stop this first. Don't ever try to figure out why you are sick when you're sick. The answer to this will come to you as you get better so there is no reason to think about it. Do what there is to do and then forget it and let your body heal itself. If you still feel fatigued after you stop thinking then you must withdraw your emotional involvement in what is going on around you and then if you are still feeling tired, put your physical body to bed. Usually by slowing down your mental and vital activities you can still move around and do what has to be done in the day without becoming tired. If not, then you are obliged to tell those that you live and work with that you need help so that you can rest for the day. Otherwise your cold will still manifest physically, others will become sick and much time and energy is lost by all concerned. Besides this, stay warm, don't get chilled even if you have to go to bed. Get one good night's sleep any way you can. If these things are done, very few colds will last longer than a day, 2 or 3 at the most. Of course, and this is very important, if you start feeling sorry for yourself and get worried, it becomes very difficult as these feelings are the fuel that feed the fires of any disease. The mind focuses energy and directs it to the part of the body you are concerned about, it fans the flames and makes them that much more intense. Allow these things, self-pity and worry, to enter your consciousness and you will become much sicker for a longer period of time. You can control your feelings just as you can control the things you allow your body to do and the things you allow your mind to think. Most of the things you do, mental vital or physical, you do out of habit. Change the not-so-good habits to healthy ones and you will never get sick again. It is rather hard to become old if you are never sick and always feel good in mind, heart and body. The key to happiness is to do whatever makes you feel good, without hurting anybody else.

The usual virus cold, if not nipped in the bud, begins in the head and then progresses down the respiratory tract to involve the lungs. Each cell that is attacked develops its own immunity and then is cured. Your head heals itself first and then the lower respiratory tract (the bronchae) becomes infected and then heals itself. If a virus cold runs this full course and you take care of yourself then it should not last longer than three days. For the bronchitis and these later manifestations of a cold, mullein leaves and peppermint make a good tea against cough and congestion. Wintergreen leaf tea, slippery elm and horehound are also good. Such a virus infection does wear down one's resistance so that if it lasts longer than three or four days, bacteria can take over and make the illness worse. If this occurs and the cold lasts longer than 5 to 7 days, antibiotics are indicated. It's silly to let it go beyond this as pneumonia and other complications can develop. Other indications for antibiotics are earache, sinusitis and strep throat. These will be discussed in forthcoming issues.

Continued on page 16...

# Message from the Obsolete

# Two Family Car

There has been displayed recently in the public media a tremendous concern ,,, concerning the existence of religious "cults". We at the Dept. of Apathy don't care much for religious cults, or for much of anything else. We do, however, feel obligated to report on a certain religious cult or faith which is quite dangerous and extremely expensive.

Thousands upon millions of individuals have squandered fortunes and even gone into debt, just to become members of this faith or cult. Countless thousands have been injured, maimed and even killed, attempting to follow this faith. By far, the most dangerous aspect of this religion or cult or belief is that few if any of these individuals who worship cars are even aware that they are members of:

"The Internal Combustion Religion"

GENERATOR:

In the beginning there was ignition, And Ford said, "Let there be headlights."

EXIT:

Mazda led the children of Industry up the freeway unto the City of Carlot.

THE TEN HANDY HINTS:

I am the Ford, thy car; thou shalt have no other car before me.

Honor thy Starter and thy Motor.

Thou shalt not stall.

Thou shalt not commit upholstery.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Porche,

nor his jeep, nor even his boat-trailer.

Hail motor full of grease

Blessed art thou among engines

And blessed is the fruit of thy varoom

Jesus Chrystler.

"Pay for us now as at the moment of our wreck."

"Extinguish me, for I have singed."

Jesus Chrystler was betrayed by one of his twelve passengers:

Suffered under Pontiac Pilot;

Crashed in the crosswalk.

After three days, and a major overhaul, he drove again.

Not only will you buy cars,

You will worship them.

Blessed are the poor in credit, for we accept cash.

\* \* \*

"CAR LOT"

(a drive-in musical for drivers and passengers)

Starring: King Auto and the Knights of the drive-around table.

You're not allowed to park till after sundown

By six, the mourning smug must disappear

And there's a legal limit to the speed there

In Carlot, In Car...LOT! (Thanks a lot!)

"CAR WARS" (another spinoff)

"PAVE THE WORLD"

(Close encounters of a mechanical kind)

There is great trouble across the sea in Carland between the Cadillacs and the pedestrians.

Pedestrians are not allowed to enjoy wrex. They have it only for transportation.

The pedestrians can drive for fun, and they can walk as much as they want to.

If you are a pedestrian, please consider becoming a hitch-hiker.

If you are a cadillac and believe in the immaculate contraption, Please go to compression.

This will be the final installment of "Messages from the Obsolete."

With all my Apathy,  
Ph.D.

Just before Christmas, the problem of borrowing a car in our village got to me. It was true that I learned the beauty and efficiency of the San Francisco Municipal Bus Service, yet the realization that my life was incomplete without my chariot moved me to purchase a station wagon. Mimi and I had both independently dreamed of the perfect, well-running comfortable car, which needed to be a large American station wagon.

The very first advertisement in the paper that I flashed on became our new car, a 1966 Ford Country Squire Wagon, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Scott Street's old car. The perfect physical embodiment of my imagination manifested before my eyes so fast that I didn't have the financial resources to act on it within the 24-hour deadline.

Fortunately, my great friend and next door neighbor, Dave Letourneau, appeared in my kitchen saying that he and Pam would purchase the car if we couldn't raise the money since it was such a good deal.

My heart jumped into my throat as I envisioned my next door neighbor driving the car of my dreams right in front of my eyes since just last week he had demonstratively expressed his lack of desire for a set of wheels.

Within the next 24 hours, a synthesis in feeling for the need of the time came about when Dave, Pam, Mimi, and myself agreed to buy the car together with the aid of a Family Foods Savings loan. So now our venture in co-op-eration through sharing a vehicle has produced a two family car serving four adults and six kids.

The economical advantage is that we as couples each paid half the buying price and that all the cost of future repairs and maintainance will be shared. Since the City of San Francisco is really quite small and compact, we really don't require the use of the car as much as those who live in cities like Los Angeles, or Melbourne. Quite often we hop a bus if it's more convenient than driving.

Since both of our families are so involved in family activities, the car is in constant service to the school, Family Foods, and Father's Arms Restaurant as well as our personal home needs and those of our friends.

At this point, all ten of us involved feel that our venture is working out. We take turns and so far the Beguns have made trips to Sebastopol, San Diego, and L.A., and the Letourneaus have made trips to Sebastopol and soon are off to San Diego. Our constant communication has left each of us happy as to the success of our joint imagination. For example, Mimi and I plan to go east to Arkansas, Chicago, and Boston in June, and Pam and Dave plan to go to Idaho in August so we will work around our schedules together so that we can all do both while none of us will be missing the use of the car when the others are away. This is possible because our work and home lives in our great base of S.F. will keep us busily happy while the car is away because we have the assistance of the rest of our friends in the village available to us then.

If a situation arises where we both need the car at the same time, the priorities of importance are apparent and that which needs to be done first will happen. Oh, the green fields of agreement. Thank you, father

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH

Tim Begun

Who wants conflict  
Who needs unease  
Why can't we live together in peace?  
We seek the same goal, harmony, ease  
Why don't we do it, we all want to please  
Ourselves, that is, and others around  
It's what we all want, and that's pretty sound.

If we can do our own thing  
And others do theirs  
If we have our own space, without any cares  
And leave people be, or help if we can  
We don't need bad words or negative vibes  
and surely good fortune will harmonize.

So let's be ourselves, all of us true  
Stand on our own two feet, others too  
Trust to God, or trust to ourself  
If you're not happy where you are  
It's a big, wide world.

--Lewis Taylor

# DEAR FAMILY

CALCUTTA - Sakti Deb - 12th Feb, 13th Year

Dear AnnaLynn, Bom Shankar.

Just received your wire as under "No word from you 3 months. Please write immediately important decision awaiting news from you. Much love."

In the meantime I wrote two letters and advised Terence to post. I enquired and he said he posted. Do not understand as to what had happened. I write this from my office since I cannot enclose the copies. Send them later.

News of Calcutta family is okay. You know Sandhu is staying at 117 Rippon Street. Chamman's son came, he spent here for more than a month and he was naturally busy with his family. Hence he could not join Friday meeting regularly. Maya Debi was also busy. She could not come. In fact, Friday meeting is now being held as routine and regular attendants are Panchi's mom, Saraju, Sandoda, Ramneroyan, but we meet there simply for dis-bursing money as it was being held. Maya is still suffering from spondolities and having physio-therapy treatment. Saraju has yet to finish the quilt. Anna Lynn, it is really difficult to organise foundation in India in the manner we are doing. Here we meet only to distribute money. I do not know how to handle it. Please suggest.

I am glad to know that you have started an ideal school. Everybody is happy. I close today. Write you soon.

Love Sakti

20th Feb, 13th Year

Dear AnnaLynn,

The day before yesterday I mailed one letter addressing you. As you know that my uncle died on the same date I had to undertake and observe certain rites and rituals.

Yesterday we had our Friday meeting where most all the forms were present. Sandhu was in Sharma's apartment and he gave us to understand that he received one letter from Diana Young. Later he showed us the letter. Please extend our sincere love and regard to Diana. I hope that she would sometime come to India and witness our problems; negativities and positivities.

Just today I received one letter from our Banker, Allahabad Bank of India, Southern Avenue Branch, intimating that all the pending outstanding cheques are collected. Now this account position will enable us to pay the recipient money even for the months of April and May.

From Monday we will start a kitchen there at Rippon Street. We have planned to serve midday tiffin to the offices around the locality. At present Terence's wife and another lady, whom she will fix, will take care of the kitchen. Maya and Maya Debi will supervise. Let's see what happens.

One Mr. Lahiri came yesterday with one of his friends. I met Lahiri while Father came here last time. Mr. Lahiri wishes to visit your place and requested me to write to you if you can accommodate them. He said he is a distant cousin of Father and Father invited him there. They have their passports and passage money. They will donate us rupees here for our F.O.R. Please write your comment.

No dear, there was really no reason for my silence other than my inertia. You may know that I was suffering from some disease; lost about 9 Kg. and with other ailment. At present too I am not feeling physically well.

I promise I will write you at least twice a month.

Yes, we have become more regular in getting money. In fact, we have now some money left in our Bank.

Very happy to know that Carolyn is bringing another divine form here in this earth. I pray for 'His' assured arrival with the wisdom and with a sense of humour of an Indian sage.

Sandhu has come back from Orissa. I do not know how long he will stay here. Manurama came one day to visit Sandhu. Gorkhara is fine.

I close today with all the warmth of my love and regards. Bom Shankar Bholenath. Yours ever,

Sakti

21st Feb, 13th Year

Dear John, Bom Shankar,

The 'Light is Yours' Vol. II, No. 5, February 13th S.K. reached me yesterday evening. I love to receive the 'Light' - maybe everyone wish to be illumined. The language has the intense power to ignite when communicated with harmony and creativity. It can immediately change the egos by breaking the bricks of "Sanskara" gathered through five external sense-organs and put an additional lens to witness the same pragmatic phenomenon-off from the illusions.

But dear, dear John, this publication brings to us 'the Yogagni' yet it becomes difficult for many of our family people to unfold the torch covered by English print (hence requested Annalynn to send us 10 copies only).

John, while writing this letter I am constantly being flashed and having vibes from Alan. I withdraw. I cannot write.

23rd Feb, 13th Year

John, I cannot but write you as to why I withdrew. You can call it emotion but I know that the weaklings shed tears to bereave, not the man of vision, yet even tears rolled down and I withdrew. I sat whole night, I found Him - assuring me with His eternal laughing smile and say 'Hey Sakti - see'. I saw Him and was reassured. He spoke and went away bidding me 'Goodbye'. Bom Shankar. At present I am sick physically - you may call it whatever you can, but I felt that I would never die. None dies. When Father was here, fecundated Knowledge in me, I felt all the time that I will never die - but the long detachment with Him sometime made me feel simply a physical being and I suffered specially from last September - the period my form is experiencing infections of various type.

I am glorified by Father's constant association for at least three years and found this form as one of the most privileged ones since I was coronated by Father as King, initiated as God, brought all forms of Gods and Goddess closer to me. I had a further boon from Father which gave me the opportunity to take care of my 'self' in my other playmates to enjoy love. As a child I cry when one of my toys breaks, as a father I am consoled with the firm conviction of matured creativity to reincarnate.

Lots of love to you all. Yours ever,

Sakti

SAN FRANCISCO - Annalynn - 6th March, 13th Year

Dear Sakti,

Thanks for writing so quickly. I guess the mails between here and India are really messed up since I did not receive your last two letters which you mentioned when you replied in response to my telegram. The decision awaiting news of you was that I was seriously considering coming to Calcutta this month. I felt such a strong supraphysical calling from India. I also felt a strong communication with Alan after he died. This may sound crazy to you but I felt he was telling me how to make money. Very concrete plans came through to me and they all involved travelling to India. Well, one thing I have discovered about my flashes is that they seem to always take more time to materialise than I expect.

I'm trying very hard to get others in the family to overcome their addiction problems and do something real. We can make a really successful Import business in cloth, silver and rugs. I'm going to spend the next months researching the market and raising investment money. I've already started. Chiranjit is back. I just saw him last night. I'll meet with him this week and hear his stories. Father is in L.A. at a meeting and having a very good time. He has stopped drinking and is getting healthier. Our relationship is very good these days, I'm happy to say. I'm going to Colorado next week to visit the family there. Also my mother lives there. My grandfather died, the patriarch of my family, so I may go to Houston to see my grandmother. I would see Robbie Young and family there, as well.

Annalyn, cont'd...

My aunt in Louisiana has encountered a lot of tragedy this year, so I hope I can see her too. So I will be travelling a lot between now and the fall. I may not see the letters you write here, but I will keep writing to you from wherever I am.

You know it isn't permitted for us to lean on anyone but God. That is a tough lesson to learn, but the rewards in the end will be very great, I know. As for your problems with the dull wits of India, I know how you feel. It is very frustrating work. Still, you have to remember that until a person's material needs are fulfilled, it is very difficult for him to think of anything else. That is why Americans are becoming so spiritual, because the material needs have been satisfied for two generations. That's why Father came here to reveal his Knowledge. He isn't beating his head against the brick wall of India, he's just trying to find money to make charity. But, as we know, Father never was any good at getting money, so I feel that is going to have to be the work of myself and others.

How long will the genius of many be wasted. God, I'd like to see us really start to work, so I just pray to become a good example myself (and that's a hell if a job, I'll tell you). So for the time I send you all my love and I'm sorry to see that Maya is still in pain. She carries the weight of India on her poor back. I want so much for her to have a vacation from that. Can God grant us a little speed? Bom Shankar.

Annalynn

LONDON - Tina Balfour - 28th February, 13th Year

Dear Sam,

"So you wanna come home" and "I wanna go away!" Well, I can understand how it has been difficult for you. We thought it a good idea for you to take a long break away (it's been rather bleak over here, with a few heavies which you'll hear when you return) but of course, one needs money and I guess its hard for you to organise work. Your letter in L.I.Y. shows you back to your usual self.

Winter has been extremely icy, snowy, and we are just out of hibernation! We are getting geared to be off in the summer. Dave and I are stronger with this imagination and we are seriously thinking of selling the house and doing it that way. I keep feeling to write to Father and the goddesses explaining all. Otherwise, it will take too much time and money before we'll be free to leave. Please send my love. Lorelei and Jessica are great and keeping us together - talking lots about "travelling around the world and living in the country with animals". We talk with Pete Laughlin and Phil about in a few years hence, all living close in the country - we'll see!

Well, I must send this off to you. Keep smiling. Love to all around and especially to Dave, Julia and Janmejaya. B.S.B.

Tina

ENGLAND - Tony Niazi - 22nd February, 13th Year

Dearest Sami,

Bom Shankar Bholenath. You can't even imagine how happy I am to hear that you are out of hospital and that you are feeling much better. I heard the news the same week you went to hospital but didn't know to which hospital you were admitted and the other thing I thought you wouldn't recognise me by my letter or telegram. The only thing I was doing was praying for you. Anyway, keep yourself together and happy please.

Sami, I'm okay. Surviving. My parole interview has started and if you do get time, pray for me okay.

I sent some money to Father a few weeks ago and a letter to Annalynn and also a telegram to Nancy. I haven't heard a word from anyone. Please find out and let me know if they received everything, otherwise I can make an enquiry. How is Nancy these days? I'm very sad about Alan's sudden death. Give Nancy my best regards and ask her if I can do anything for her or for the children.

So Sami, how is the family? How is Father? Give him a kiss from me and ask him if he likes something from the U.K. Ronnie came to see me a few weeks ago. This coming Sunday Jis and Tina and Dave and also kids are coming to see me.

Please Sami, look after yourself. Be happy and healthy. Eat well. Sleep well. Do write to me soon. My love to all the family. Kisses to goddesses and kids and regards to all gods. Much love to you.

Tony

(For any of his friends in New Zealand and Australia  
Tony's address is: House Block 5,  
H.M.P.,  
The Verne,  
PORTLAND, Dorset.

LONDON - Dolly Midgley - 14th Feb, 13th Year

My dearest Françoise,

Forgive me for having waited so long to reply to you. I am thinking about you every day, and every day I am telling myself that I have to answer your letter. Thank you a thousand times for your letter that I have found, as you had imagined, on my return from our trip.

The week I spent in Belgium was very full and I have never been so happy to see the members of my family again. Then we spent two weeks at Peter's mother's in Yorkshire.

For the holiday season Davide also went to visit her parents in France. She did not meet either Christine or Roselyn, nor anybody else. They were travelling too. Just a phone call with Claudie. She also really enjoyed to be with her family. Frankie had to come home earlier than planned to welcome Pop, his dad, who has been living with them since then. Pop works with Dave and Frankie, and Peter Laughlin, Sue's husband. He has been living with us for a month and goes back home to Stratford each weekend.

Last week we had a visit from Phil, Martin and the children and Anne and Neville who have been staying with them for a week. They all came for the day. Dave and Frankie took the day off work to enjoy our visitors and, as always, the children were happy to be together, especially Guy and Nicholas who get along really nicely. Anne and Neville were going to stay one more week in Sussex and then go to visit France. For their return to England Dave is going to fix up the little room on the first floor, and then they will be able to stay with us, which I shall enjoy a lot. We just received a very beautiful letter from Roselyn yesterday saying that they are waiting for Anne and Neville with open arms, and Claudie saying that they are her best friends from Australia.

I am very happy for Roselyn who is reassured now that she knows it is possible for her to have another baby. Her next stay of one year in San Francisco seems to me an excellent idea. She is exemplary, as you, Françoise, and the exchange of your wonderful natures with the S.F. family can be only profitable in both ways, of course, but you will bring them a lot.

We received the visit of five members of the Renaissance Church on their way to Findhorn. They stayed for three days at our house. Robin stayed with Davide. They knew each other already and love each other a lot. Michael and Lois Sellers and Gary and Steven stayed with us. I love them very much. They offered me a wonderful feeling of Love that I enjoyed with delight. I also had nice talks with Lois and Robin concerning the children in general and the school in particular. Then I asked Michael to talk to me about meditation, which he did very gracefully and gently. Françoise, I'm going to try meditation. I believe that this exercise of the mind will do me good.

It has been snowing for two days but it's not too cold, so the snow is melting immediately to the big disappointment of Lorelei and Nicholas, who have been manifesting more friendship between each other since a while. It is so much more pleasant for us to see our children play gently.

Tonight I am going to call Philippa to see if we can stay the weekend with them

PARIS-CHELLES - January 30, XIII S.K. - André

Dear Francis, Françoise, and Dharma,

We were very happy to have some news from you. I am still working as fur-seller, my new job, and by myself now, because the profit is not enough for two. It feels springtime around after the cold (-7° C below).

We are making a good team, the four of us: John, Gerard, Christine, and me. The money is already distributed, and the feeling is excellent. I wish this will last and grow for many winters. I still have this big old wish to go to S.F. Christine is telling you about our plans in her letter.

We had a good time together, Suredege, Roselyne, Jacques and me in Burgundy for New Year's. I admire a lot the courage of those improvised Burgundies. I liked the "chaunu" Café a lot and we danced there til dawn. We were invited by Annette, Benoit, Raymond, and Sylvie, who found a nice house (the town hall) spacious and comfortable and practical, with the windows looking out on the countryside around. It is pretty and harmonious, this Burgundy.

Benoit is coming to our house each week to spend a few nights, as well as Olivier, who works in Paris. We invited Ivan three weeks ago to come and stay a few days with us. He wanted it so much. He asked me "to come see Christine in Chelles". This little man had grown up a lot and we all have enjoyed to have him. After this experience we will try to do it more often with all the friends of Sonia and Suredege.

Since 2 months I am practise Aikido with Edith Noreau, a good teacher, sympathetic and friendly. It does me lots of good. I needed some exercise as much physically (for souplesse) as mentally (for control and balance). Monday we went to a restaurant with the aikido club. Edith enchanted Christine with her humor and joy of life. It's fantastic to see all the relationships of love that we can have with more people around us.

Receive all my love,

André

GAGNY - le 6 February - ]3th Year Siva Kalpa - Roselyne

Dearest Ron, Marsha, Kira, Jasper, and Ace,

It's always a great pleasure to receive news from you all. Thanks for the pictures. The kids are more and more beautiful. Kira is a beautiful young lady, and Ron is always so attractive...I am very happy that the dress fits you.

We have been thinking a lot of you when we knew that Alan left us in form. Jacques and me knew him mainly by the great service he has been specially for the Indian family and by the way he used to with Nancy host so warmly everyone in their home. Such events must strengthen our friendship and our constant mutual services. I am sure that Nancy and the children will be helped a lot by all and specially in the Red House. I think specially of his three elder children. It's always so hard to lose one's Daddy so suddenly.

We are preparing ourselves to spend a year with you all and this idea is giving us wings.

Françoise is sending us the papers for Nanouche's inscription in the French lycée of San Francisco. She is so happy of this new experience. She will need a student visa. In order to get that visa, we think the best thing to do is to present her trip as a family exchange. She stays one year in S.F. hosted by a family and the next year we host the child of this American Family. So naturally we thought about you. Is it OK for you? If yes, could you send us a letter explaining it (but don't worry, Kira, you won't have to spend a year in a French school!), and we wish very, very much that we will soon host the five of you for a year at least in France-

How are Susy, Anon, and your other sister, Marsha? We haven't known if Danny and Vicky had a baby girl or boy? I am going to write to Linda Lawrence; we could not see her where she was in France last summer, but we heard about her projects, that she wanted to create a shop.

We are still decorating pieces of old furniture and she may be interested by that. So we are preparing a photo album with our creations.

Everyone is very active in France. The fur

workshops are really taking shape, it's really a gold mine, with a good organization. We will sure bring a lot of stuff with us, fur, small antiques, and everything of worth we can find.

Life in Bourgogne is settling down and everyone waits for the good days, the work on the village.

We will spend a month and a half there on a camping trip before we leave for the States and give a hand for the Village.

See you very soon. I send you all my love and kiss you all a lot.

Bom Shankar Bholenath

Roselyne

P.S. We will send you pictures of us in our next letter.

GAGNY - February 6, 13th Year S.K. - Jacques

Dear Family,

Thank you for the news. We have been very lazy to write but we feel more and more that communicating is a real pleasure and brings us closer and closer, so we will write more and more!

Françoise and Francis must have told you how we live and what we are doing. They are wonderful guests, aren't they?

I am still doing the same job, driving people through Paris, and I'm still thinking it's one of the best jobs I can do when in Paris. This month (February) is very calm for work so I can rest and stay at home a lot. The three of us are more and more happy and together and we really look forward to see you. The family in Paris is in good shape and the feelings we share are sweet and positive. Of course, no one thinks of staying along time around Paris; life here is really expensive and the activities we can have together are really limited, but it's a good platform for new projects. André, Christine, and the children don't think they can make it this year to America, but certainly next year. They are leaving tomorrow to the Alps for two or three weeks with a good stock of fur to sell in the markets. Jean Claude and Agnès are alright; they plan to get a house in the south of France where good friends of their's are already living, but it will be for next year also.

John MacCuaig, Annie and her two little girls are really happy together and John finally got a brand new American passport from the American Embassy in Paris. They plan to marry soon and create a new fur workshop near where they live, for next year.

Marcq is now back from the hospital for the second time and the last. One of his feet had twisted 30 degrees inward after his terrible accident, so they had to break his leg again and replace it the right way. He has to stay three months at home with a plaster cast. So we often go to see him with Jean Claude and John and play cards together. Catherine (his wife) and he are also planning to live in the south of France. I am sure you will meet all of them soon, when they'll go to America or when you'll come to France.

Burgundy is a real feast for the eyes and I am sure you will fall in love with that part of France.

I am going to leave you now, but not for long, I send you all my love, see you soon, B.S.B.,

Jacques

All our love to Anon, Susy, Vicky and Danny. We will write them soon.

June 21, 12th year s.k.

Each day is like a piece of the road to Immortality  
Each night is like a death on the way to perfection  
and each morning brings the memory and reassurance  
of love and friendship in the making...

The battlefield is ours  
For ever yours

Rita [Fiscus]

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LONDON - Dolly Midgley - cont'd

How is Father? Is he still thinking of coming to France this summer? I hope that I will be settled somewhere on the continent and that I will be able to receive him in my house. Did Vishnu make his trip to Colorado as he planned? If Francis has made a recent picture of Vishnu it would be really nice of you to send it to me. I will send you some money later. What would please me too Francis is some pictures of the children. I would like to put some together in a collage for Nicholas's room. Dharma should be doing good in English by now. Tell him that I love him and that he has a big place in my heart.

Thank you again Françoise for the map of the village that you drew for me. I really enjoyed it.

I will close sending you all there lots of kisses. Tell Ruma that I wish with all my heart to see her again and meet all her children. My love to all the Family. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

Dolly

ANNE PIMLOTT - BURGUNDY - 18th Feb, 13th Year

Dearest Françoise and Francis,

I really love France - we've been having a wonderful time since we arrived a week ago. We came by ferry after spending two weeks with Martin and Phil. They were really happy to see us and the love and country air did wonders for my health. I'm feeling so much better than the last time you saw me. John McCuaig and Gerard met us at the station and we travelled by Metro to John's place for a beautiful dinner prepared by Annie. Claudie and Annette and Benoit were there, so it was a really happy reunion and we all got very high. We stayed at André and Christine's house in the beautiful attic room. It was such a peaceful space and the wallpaper filled my dreams with roses. Every night has been a party. What a wonderful family you have here. Everybody stopped work just to entertain us. Jean-Claude has been making us delicious French breakfasts with fresh fish and mussels, gallons of red wine, and calvados coffee (and calvados neat). André and Christine have been in the mountains selling fur products, but will be in Burgundy soon for the birth of Françoise and Jean-Louis' new baby.

We spent a beautiful evening with Jacques and Roselyn. Roselyn is such a great goddess. I am really inspired by her beauty. She is starting to speak a little English and I'm sure will have it quite together by the time they arrive in America. We have a date to tour Paris by night when we return.

We had a nice drive up to Burgundy with Annette and Benoit and are now enjoying their hospitality. Sylvie and Raymond are very happy with their baby due in two weeks. It is a welcome change living with other couples and feeling that special loving contentment that comes from happy marriages. Yesterday we spent the day with Anna and Louis, Gilles and Shanti. It was a great reunion and the revelations were high. The village is an exciting imagination. I could not dream of a more perfect location. It has been snowing since we arrived and I have fallen in love with the countryside. It is so pretty it is magical. Today we set off to go tobogganing but ended up at Richard and Kamalah's little house drinking homemade pastis. Très bon. On Thursday we are driving up to Marseille with Gilles and Shanti. I am happy that we are able to visit all the family while we are here.

We are returning to Australia from London on 5th March. It will be great to see everyone again. I am an Aussie after all and so often missed that special Australian energy and attitude to situations. We only have a week with Ganga and Danny before they leave for America. I wish we could spend more time with them. I guess I'll be operating on the supraphysicals again. At least I am finding it easier to write these days.

I want you to give Corinne a special big hug and kiss for me. I dreamt about Ishvani last night and woke up laughing. She always made me so happy. I'll write to you again from Australia. Lots of love to you both.

Anne

NEW ORLEANS - Sonny Duprés - February 20, 1979

This evening it was announced by 18 of the 18 of the most prominent carnival crews, that all parades this season are cancelled. The announcement further stated that Carnival was a People's celebration, not a teamsters' tool. The teamsters have 600 members of a 1400-man police force out on strike - part of a teamster/ Mafia effort to take over the city of New Orleans again (sanitation, docks, truckers and firemen are teamsters). Last year Mardi Gras generated 254 million bucks for this city - so we are VERY SERIOUS about preventing this takeover. Pollsters inform us that support by the public of the police strike has gone from 68% to 17% in the last 8 days. Everyone is losing lots of money but nobody cares. In my city, the police must remain removed, detached from other organizations with whom they could go on strike, sympathetically.

Carnival has been around since 1828 and this massive union bit off alot more than it could chew when the police struck to shut it down - the people shut it down - thereby pulling the rug out from under their #1 bargaining point instantly.

Now there is gonna be NO Carnival, it's raining, the teamsters were dumbstruck, flat on their butts and EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE in this city is talking, and listening -- community in action.

B.S.B.

Sonny

AFGHANISTAN - Zafar Hassan - 14th Jan, 13th Year

Dearest Yamuna jan, salam!

It's been a long time that I haven't written to anybody, but then you are not anybody to me and I know that you would not ask me even the reason Yamuna jan, and for this I love you the more.

I'm sure you are well aware of my 15 years of draft-dodging and most of my worries arising from that. Now hear this story: When the authorities started hounding for me, in a dream or rather in a nightmare, I found myself surrounded by a flame of fire aimed at my destruction. When this fire closes up on me and I have covered my face with both hands, I heard someone shouting at me to wake up! I see father inside the flames, telling me with anger: "Why don't you go fight, you stupid bastard!"

"Fight who?" I ask feebly.

"The doctors, you know...the health authority."

He yells at me with an accusing finger.

So I got the message, Yamuna: Two weeks and alot of revelation to both M.D.s and I become relieved of the service. Now I am a free man; that is, if my country can be called free as a whole.

Now I work in a transport and forwarding company owned by Afganistan and Soviet governments. I'm stationed in a small town in border to USSR. Tourghundi is a port of Herat, which I'm sure you know and like very well. It's here that I need alot of letters from all my divine friends, for I am away even from biological family. When I hear from you or anyone I promise a long reply. My love to you all and kisses to you & family: Bom Shankar Bholenath,

humble Zafar [Hassan]

c/o Musawer Photo-house

Shari-Now - HERAT

Dem. Rep. of Afganistan

[Please note Zafar's new address.]

# Season's Eatings

Spring comes on March 20th this year, and San Francisco is cooking like Spring. New Englanders feel spring isn't special until they've had new maple syrup. Others sup on greens and pot liquor as spring tonic. Strawberries are showing up in markets. Some people regard them as the harbinger of spring. Europeans value strawberries so highly they wash them in sweet wine. They are also an excellent source of Vitamin C. For egg economy, large ones conveniently become most abundant at Easter when children want to hunt and color them.

## MARCH BEST BUYS:

Basic vegetables: mushrooms; cabbage; carrots; radishes; rhubarb; asparagus; green peas; spinach; greens: mustard; turnip (or beet), collard, Swiss chard; kale, broccoli.

Odd vegetables: Chinese cabbage (noppa); Japanese radish (daikon/dikon); Chinese mustard (gar choy); Chinese chard (bok choy); Chinese broccoli (gai lon); chayote.

Basic fruits: Florida strawberries; California avocados; navel oranges; tangerines; grapefruits.

Exotic fruits: loquats (Japanese plums); cactus pears (prickly pears); kumquats.

Fish, meat & Poultry: pork, veal; mussels, butterfish, fluke, hake, haddock, shad, cod.

## MARINATED MUSHROOM - SPINACH SALAD

1/2 cup oil  
1/4 cup white wine vinegar  
1 small onion, sliced  
1/2 teaspoon basil  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon fresh ground pepper  
1/2 lb. mushrooms, sliced thin  
1 lb. spinach, torn into bite-sized pieces

Combine oil, vinegar, onion, salt and pepper in medium bowl. Add mushrooms and let stand at room temperature 2 hours or refrigerate overnight, stirring occasionally. Place spinach in salad bowl. Add mushroom-oil mixture and toss well. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

--Cecelia Joan Price Gaytan

FATHER'S ARMS will open for cocktails and dinner on Friday, March 23, at 51 Scott Street, 7 p.m. Indian cuisine prepared by Lopa. For reservations contact Hope Green, 626-4159.

## HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE (cont'd from page 10)

You will also be less susceptible to colds if you accustom yourself to changes in temperature. Because you get cold doesn't mean you will get "a cold", unless you think it will. Drink fresh fruit juices during the time that they are in season, the time of greatest temperature change, fall to winter. Citrus fruit ripen during this time of year for a purpose. Of course Vitamin C is good, at the right times and in the most natural form possible. We were often told that "if you go outside without a coat you will get a cold." This is not necessarily so as any child will tell you. Overheated, stuffy rooms and excessive clothing are unhealthy. This doesn't mean that you should let yourself become chilled. The point is that you cannot be physically cold or even in pain unless you think about it; forget about it and you are no longer conscious of the cold or pain. In time you get used to it anyway. The nature of the physical body is inertia, i.e. once set in motion it tends to keep going in the same direction until a new force or circumstance is encountered that changes its direction. Inertia in behavioural terms is called habit. A physical body that has had all of its habits changed to good ones never becomes ill. Before physical habits can be changed, changes in mind and feelings must occur first. The physical body can get used to anything, it becomes habituated. It can get used to hot or cold, pleasure or pain; best to get it used to both extremes, to get used to change itself. When this happens, no attachment can develop, neither to hot or cold, pleasure or pain, and then you are free of all dis-ease or lack of ease.

by Dennis L. Myers

## WHERE GOD IS

[As dictated to Hari Meyers by his 5 year old son.]

Om Vishnuhu paramam padam shavihu hontralai is up high. Up above the sky. In heavens of space. Earth is up in space going around and around the sun. Up at space is God. Way down is Father. Up is Jesus. Age of space is young and they grow when they get around the sun. They get to be older and older each day they go around the sun. Up above are twinkling stars. God is way up so high and so down from God is Father. In the middle is Jesus. Up. People get older and older as they go around the sun. When they go around the sun they get bigger and bigger, older and older. When they die they go up to God and come back as a baby. Then the babies get bigger and when they get bigger, each time the earth is spinning around and the moon is up in the sky and the stars is twinkling all over the sky and shooting stars is up too.

Father has a gun and rifles and a pocket knife, has a pistol also long rifles. God high up in heavens. He made the world. Dinosaurs were here before we were and they made cracks when they stomp. People aren't there because in the old days when the dinosaurs die, the people come. When the people come they come like a baby and they go around the sun and when they go around the sun the earth starts to spin around. When down below Father is not talking so much. After he doesn't talk so much he gets tired. God wasn't tired of working as he worked on the world. People built the buildings and workers build the cement, after they build the cement they have to wait for it to dry. When it dries, it gets hard and harder and they have to wait until it gets so hard and they build the street. Cars ride on the street when it's done. They drive where they want to go. When they drive they can go to Safeway. When the earth spins around again the people get bigger and bigger as they go around the sun. God is way way way up so you can't even reach Him...

--Matthew Meyers  
February 18, 13th year

Even before the children can write, they love to see the magic of their verbal expression appearing in written form. These are some examples of April Hirschman's recitations put down on paper by her mother.

If you have a spare minute, try it with your children, it encourages them to learn to write themselves.

Apple blossoms  
in the trees  
making sun  
above the sky  
with flower blossoms all over

Telephones in the house  
ringing all day long  
leaves growing in the trees  
and pens writing in the house  
coloured

Books not being opened in the library  
little snow white earrings  
in the store  
and fires in every house  
and a whole bunch  
of pieces of wood in the fire

Whistles blowing  
and someone sharing their books  
sleeping bags being folded up  
and pictures on the wall  
and satin pillows shining.

\* \* \* \*

I love you to pieces  
and meeses  
and geeses  
and Jesus

\* \* \* \*

THE FAMILY HOME SCHOOL wishes to announce that beginning April 1, any child whose tuition has not been paid for two preceding months may not receive instruction in our school. Naturally, exceptions can be made; contact Carolyn Cugini, Treasurer, 864-0470. The school exists by your will.

Pamela Letourneau, President





Father speaking on KPOO Radio, cont'd from back page...

It's easy to react to a slanderous comment. Somebody tells you a slanderous comment, and you immediately react to it and give him the retort of a slanderous comment. Somebody calls you a beast; you call him a beast. It's very easy. But if somebody calls you a beast, you say "Yes, I am a beast", that's knowledge. All you have to do is remove bestiality from human forms. Human forms are the best forms. God created man in His own image, not in the image of a beast. Any human form can be shaped into a bestial form. It's only the elongation of nose, ears or chin. You see cartoons in newspapers. What are they? They are nothing but the distortion of human forms, and they look bestial. That's what you are doing all the time. You cannot improve on God's creation...there is no way out of this confusion except thinking about God and listening to Him. Bom Shankar Bholenath. Wake up, my angels.

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# D.E.V.A.

EMISSARIES OF DIVINE LIGHT

Spring is near and recent sunny days have drawn us outdoors to lovely gatherings around the Pirate Ship. A taste of this "summer fun" renews interest in the improvement of the Park and in the plan of action of the Duboce Environmental Village Association.

As of February 20, our acting officers are: Jude Buckman, president; Vince D'Aluiso, vice-president; Judy Pixley, treasurer; and Connie Autuori, secretary. Our meetings are held, as always, at the Recreation Center, 50 Scott Street, the third Wednesday of every month from 7-8:00 p.m. We need more new members. Yearly dues of \$2.00 should be paid now to the treasurer. (Contributions are also appreciated.) These dues and your attendance at the meetings insures that your vote is counted and that the decisions made by the organization are truly representative of the neighborhood.

At our last meeting, February 21, those present unanimously agreed to hire Mr. Andrew Butler as design consultant and construction supervisor for the completion of improvements at Upper Duboce Park. Mr. Butler is a licensed landscape architect, experienced in working with neighborhood park projects, and his supervision of the project is, in fact, a city requirement. Part of our grant will be directed to the payment of his fees. Working with Mr. Butler will be a crew of volunteers from the neighborhood. This work force is being organized by Vince D'Aluiso and those wishing to contribute their time should contact Vince at 552 - 5834. The last details of design and the estimates for materials are being worked on now. Ground-breaking is scheduled for the second week of April. Your time and work are proportionately rewarded.

--Constance Autuori

A letter from the City and County of San Francisco Recreation and Park Department to the Internal Revenue Service, dated 1st March 1979.

Gentlemen:

This letter shall serve as verification of the following facts.

- 1) D.E.V.A. (Duboce Environmental Village Association) has been in intensely sustained community work with this Department for several years. The common area of concern is Duboce Park, which is under our jurisdiction. Initially a grant of \$5000 from the N.I.I.P. (Neighbourhood Improvement Incentive Programme) was expended in the design and composition of a children's climbing apparatus. D.E.V.A. played a major roll in the donated community labour for this project.
- 2) Currently pending is the amount of \$8000 in Bicentennial money that will also be used to further enhance Duboce Park. D.E.V.A. is deeply involved in this project and will be co-ordinating the design and supervision of construction with this Department.

If you have any further questions in this regard, please do not hesitate to contact me at 558-5373.

Very truly yours,

Peter D. Ashe  
Asst. Superintendent of Recreation

Their church is an association of angels who speak a language similar to me. They invited me to a house-warming in celebration of capturing all three floors of 2355 Bush Street. Goddesses welcomed me into the elegant Victorian house. Mulled wine and sweet desserts were served on all three floors and Greg Botz played dulcimer with a trumpeteer in an improvised duet. A hundred or so peopled the house with their conversation. I surveyed that most worked on jobs outside the family. Achal Bedi is vice-president for international marketing for an electronics firm. He is currently on a tour for the church, visiting centres in Japan, India and England.

The greater church was established around Lord Martin Cecil and Lloyd Meeker forty years ago and now has centres in many major cities around the planet. The Hundred Mile House in British Columbia, and Sunrise Ranch near Loveland, Colorado, have large families.

They publish a newsletter, a news magazine, pamphlets and two books containing services by Lord Martin Cecil. The church sponsors seminars on self-actualisation, leadership, integrity and the art of living.

In contrast to the two big communal ranches, the San Francisco family members are generally single. Two children were present at the open house. Services are held there each Wednesday at 8.30 pm, and Sunday at 11.00 am and 8.30 pm.

I went to a Wednesday meeting where a cosy living room held fifteen chatting forms. Rod Shorter said "Welcome to the present moment. How relaxing it is to not have the feeling that you have to say something." He read from some printed material. The divine tone of life was invoked. Angelic expression is the potential experience of every being in human form. It was not important that great crowds of people were not swarming into the church seeking knowledge, but that each individual grow and evolve. Disdain for relative existence accompanied the exaltation of the absolute.

At a dessert dhuni, I asked for long range projections of these feelings. "Are we immortal?" They played it safe. We exist for the present moment. Exist divinely now and the future will take care of itself in the same light. The individual is the incarnation of God. Greg Botz said work for the joy of working rather than focusing on the material reward.

I gave them a copy of our newsletter and told them a bit or two about the Foundation of Revelation. They had not heard of us and were surprised to discover such a large group living so near with these aspirations.

Is this the time of God or what? I'm feeling that small adventures into our surrounding super-society will reveal the re-tribalisation of America and its spiritual awakening. The Renaissance Church, The Love Family and the Emissaries are evolving by the attainment of Knowledge. May our limitations dissolve! Bom Shankar Bholenath!

- James Strobe

A STORY by Sherry Tucker - MOTHER NATURE

Once there was a girl who always talked to Mother Nature and all her friends always laughed at her, but she never bothered to listen to them. So all her friends talked to her too, and the whole world turned so pretty and they lived happily ever after.

\* \* \* \*

# LISTENING

FATHER SPEAKING ON KPOO RADIO, 21ST APRIL, 8TH YEAR SIVA KALPA

Bom Shankar Bholenath! Now my angels, I don't expect 3.6 billion people to understand me or listen to me. I don't expect it; I don't want it. If I had wanted, I could speak to 3.6 billion people, but I don't want it. I want a handful of people who can understand and listen. The art of listening is a great thing. I'm not speaking about God, I'm speaking about men today, humanity, entire humanity. Though I want to speak to entire humanity, I can approach a part of them at a time. But the time will come when I'll be able to receive them all and to be listened by them all. It's not my power to be listened; it's their power to listen. Art of listening. Now, what happens? When I talk to you, you listen; but when you listen, you begin to think at the same time. You don't talk, but you begin to think; and when you begin to think, you cannot listen because listening interferes with your thinking. When you think, you cannot listen; when you listen, you cannot think. So we have to have an open mind. If you listen to me for five minutes, or ten minutes, or fifteen minutes, or twenty minutes, or two hours, or fifteen hours...fifteen hours to supermanhood - that's what I said. I had to come to the level of humanity and its limitations, and I control myself and limit myself consciously to the human limitations. Can you listen and think at the same time? No, sir. You have to listen and not think; and when you have listened, you can think after you have listened. When you listen and think at the same time, they get into confusion.

This method of listening is very great. It's available to a few people who are the harbingers of tomorrow, who'll give you tomorrow. Those people who can speak shall be listened. What we listen? We listen to thousands and thousands of things - football- baseball. We listen to music. We listen to lots of things, but we get checkered by listening to all these things. Very few people know how to listen. I haven't come across many people who can listen. Does that hurt you, my angels? It shouldn't.

Now, somebody is famous. One can become famous by being printed in publicity materials, like newspapers, magazines. When you read books, you listen to the person who wrote the books. You read the books, and you listen to the persons who wrote the books; and there are thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands and millions of books. Can you read them all? No! But all they say is the same thing. This is bad, this is good, this is good, this is bad, this is bad, this is good, and you listen to bad and good. But how you realise that this is good and this is bad? I'm here. I'm listening, you know. I'm in the air. But there is lots of noise around me. There is lots of noise around me. Therefore, those who are here are not listening to me. They're listening to what they are talking because there is nothing to listen, there is everything to talk about. You talk, talk and talk and never get to listening. You talk, talk and talk and never listen. Nobody listens to anybody. Thousands of people are there in five hundred groups. Everybody is talking to everybody. Somebody is talking about football, somebody is talking about ice cream, somebody is talking about beefsteak, somebody is talking about food, somebody is talking about dancing, somebody is talking about listening. Nobody listens really. So what's the use of talking to you, my angels? You cannot listen and talk at the same time. Are you aware of it, my angels? That's how it is.

I have to talk on the lowest human level, the lowest human level of comprehension. For the lowest human level of comprehension you'll listen to thousands of things and never listen to anything really. They just vibrate your eardrums. Do you understand what you are listening? This whole world is like that. It's not the children who don't listen; it's the adults who don't listen either.

The art of listening is a great art. Listen...you might ask me what shall I listen to? Millions of people are talking at the same time. If you read newspapers, it's just like a huge sheet of paper, millions of tons of pulp converted into paper, and lots of cockroaches dipped in ink are let loose on the sheet of paper and they're crawling around, and what they crawl around is what you read every day from morning till night - newspapers, magazines. You listen to la cucaracha, cockroaches. You never listen to a man. If you listen to a man, you'll understand you're listening to sense and not nonsense. That is the kind of world we are emerging out of.

Now in this station, KPOO, 89.5, the humdrum of talking around the station is stopped. Now, I speak about God all the time. For the first time I am speaking about humanity - humanity like la cucaracha - cwawawawawa-wawarrrrrrrawra; do you understand anything?

Now killings - this morning's paper. If I talk about God, nobody will be interested because God is never printed in newspapers. God is never printed in magazines. God is never printed in books. God is never printed anywhere. But God has a voice. One can listen to God when one can listen to himself. What the Americans do? They turn on the radios and begin to talk among themselves. The noise of the radio must be there in the background so that they can never get into silence because silence is oppressive. It's called the oppressive silence. Why don't you listen to yourself? If you can close your mind, your mind will speak to you; and that's the God's voice.

Now, some big guy comes from somewhere and he's represented as a great man because some premier or president or dictator listens to him. But do you mean to say that God is below the dictators, presidents or premiers? A president without his chair is a pompous rhetorician; just as the general without his army is the hero of a market town; the effervescent old salt who twists his whiskers, well-dressed, with a glass of cocktail in his hand, talking nonsense to a young lady about the last World War II. How long can you continue the last World War II in future? It will never come to an end; if you dig, you'll dig, and you'll dig, and you'll dig, and you'll get corpses and corpses and corpses and nothing else.

In San Francisco life has become hazardous because...Well, I don't understand your reporting. I understand but I say I don't understand. Zebra killing. Somebody, trigger happy, goes out into the street and shoots anybody he comes across and kills a few and goes back. There is no modus operandi behind the killing, therefore the cops cannot find the person who is killing, because he is killing for nothing. If you do something for nothing, there is no modus operandi and you'll never be able to find the culprit. And unless the God keepeth the city, you are in danger. You go out and get shot. But what does it matter if you kick the bucket today, or after twenty years forward. You do the same thing - eat, sleep and multiply. And what you multiply is yourself. Right? You don't multiply God because you never listened, and your children will never listen to you either. Does it hurt you, sir? If it hurts you, it should hurt you. If it hurts you, you'll wake up. If it doesn't hurt you, you'll never wake up.

The whole existence is a dream - an involuntary dream or a voluntary dream. A dream which is dreamt voluntarily is a dream of consciousness. A dream which comes involuntarily is a dream which you are dreaming in a world of chaos and contradictions. I can speak like a human being. Sure I can. And that will hurt you most because I speak like you. But if I speak like myself, nothing will hurt you; it will please you.