

# The Light <sup>ॐ</sup> Is Yours

A SIVA KALPA NEWSLETTER -- PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FOUNDATION OF REVELATION, INC., A NON-PROFIT WORLD SERVICE ORGANIZATION, WITH INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AT 59 SCOTT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA (94117) Application to mail at second class rates is pending at San Francisco, CA. U.S. Post Office Publishing and Mailing Agent: Primal Sound Enterprises, 36 Lloyd Street, San Francisco, CA. 94117 Telephone: (415) 861-2016. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH

VOLUME I - NUMBER 9

JUNE, 12th YEAR SIVA KALPA

REPORT FROM INDIA

Tuesday, May 16, 12 S.K.

We've been here 2 nites and one day so far. It is the morning of the second day. Yesterday Corinne, Tim and I went shopping. We bought Mangos, lichis, lungis and sandals. The Bata shoe store is on strike so I don't know if I can buy good sandals. Last nite the Gorkhara people all visited. Sakti was here and Kamal Nagra brought mangos. Chaman was here also. He's writing a letter for the newsletter. Lopa and Tim went everywhere in the heat yesterday looking for something we like which was said would be available by a taxi driver. No luck. Father bought a hilsa fish yesterday and it really is delicious. Delicate fishy flavor like Salmon or tuna and oily like carp. Simon is really happy here. He, Lopa and Father are talking various talks about staying in India for long periods of time. Seems to me India is as strong a center as San Francisco. The other half. Weird as it is here it's more like headquarters than other places where foundations are. Sam & Ronnie are good. Sam is very jolly and helpful. We had a horrible trip on Bangla-Desh Airlines. The plane was stuffed and extra seats were squeezed in. Then in Dacca we were forced to wait 8 hours for the little beat up plane that would take us to Calcutta in 40 mins. We waited 4 hours there for tea. Simon, Sam & Ronnie entertained the whole place by complaining loudly and scrapping with every official. Later Father and Lopa made a few friends. It really is HOT. Yesterday was cloudy but today is sunny. I wonder if I'll get all the shopping and shipping done. With the heat there are only a few hours in the day for moving around. I think it really requires a cooler time of year and more time. Everything moves very slowly here. I will do the most I can. We have three nice people to help us here tho' the house doesn't seem as well as under Sandhus' direction. Sakti makes everyone hop when he comes. I'm going to see Sakti in his office today. It seems he is very interested in exporting. We really have to find a way to make some profit and turn it towards India. Father is okay tho' he's still moving very slowly and he's sleeping a lot. 9:00 a.m. and it's starting to cook.

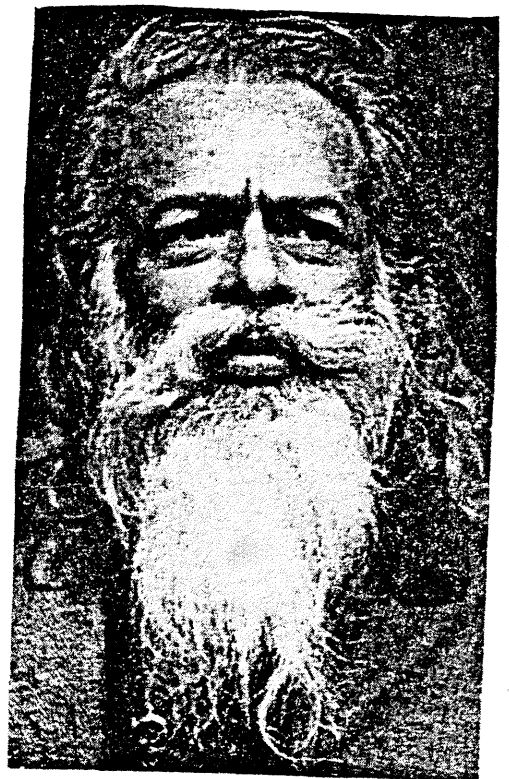
Anna Lynn

FROM THE EDITOR:

YAGNAHA is a sanskrit word that means "working together." YOGA is "the purposeful life of the self-consci-us man." Sometimes the collective will for heaven on earth seems in apparent contradiction with our individual wills. If, then, war is our inevitable circumstance for self-conscious evolution, let us not forget that our ultimate destiny and God's plan are, in reality, one and the same. Anyone who has ever seen love in the eyes of a child can surely relate to this. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH! "May we see God in each other, and recognise His divine will in all we say and do."

JOHN MORTON

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"We must protect the language of Truth." Father

Not everyman considers immortality:  
In mad monsoon, at slow public burial,  
He watched his ancestors hurled together,  
Constrained to flames, surrendered to the burning pyre,  
By invincible emanations -- willing death.  
But his eyes had eternal fury in their gaze  
And, circumscribing the sky's vast temple,  
He found the Arc-Light which expells death's dominion.  
So he walked past the rituals and hosts of mourners,  
Uprooting indignantly the dome of declining sense,  
Raging at the derelict centuries that had watched  
The spirit's shadow shake the Golden Age.  
Lost age! Farewell the limbs of Knowledge,  
Eternity emptied of ancestral imaginings.

Not everyman, diviner or seer, survives  
The ancestral fire and bodies forth a new world.  
Omnisciently he realized the supranova alchemy,  
Conjuring the diamond that outlasts mortal pressure.  
What decay transfigures, he thought, mind innovates.  
Nature overleaps itself. Feel the fire's fuel feast  
And spin the mind's disc into meridian of motion,  
The urge, wrestling, resurrection of flame and air,  
The crackling of darkness grappling with night.  
This is not nature's casual sacrament. This mortal  
Hunger, man-shaped wildfire of consumed will, is death.  
"O Father! Burn in me. Melt thought into form and fire  
To Arc-Light." The enduring heart shall distract the order  
Of death, and one man shall embody desire for the infinite.

(Poem by Rich Meyers - Photo by Victor Hamilton)

7 Lower Chitpore Rd. Calcutta 700001  
8th May 1978

My Dearest Sarda, AnnaLynn & the Goddesses.

Hi — What a pleasure it is to hear from you all and am glad all of you the goddesses and the foundation family members are all fine. Believe me I feel honoured that my humble letter has been given a space in our monthly newsletter. I have given few words what I have known about my dear friend Ciranjiva — The FATHER —

Real friend is a friend Divine

Inspires a person with courage superfine

He comes in time to relieve pain and stands

by us in stress and strain.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Father is a friend to the Nations of the World, a personality no where else to be seen.

I have learnt a little when with you all in San Francisco, the art of Love and it has been a constant delight & in my mind I have a permanent album containing bright pictures of all of you. My dear, learning to love, extend our lives into NEW dimensions. Now read what Father says. THE GREAT-EST IS LOVE. Before anything else existed I believe there was Siva Kalpa and Siva Kalpa created everything. There is nothing existed that Father did not know. Father's life gives light that shines through darkness and darkness can never extinguish it. Father shines on everyone, whosoever has come to this world. The trouble is the world did not recognise him when he came. Even in his own land (India) and among his own people he was not accepted as we people have

had no real light, only few would welcome to receive him, some would even abuse & beat him. All they needed was to trust Father to Save themselves. What then — people came from abroad, some goddesses who had trust & believe in him, who took him away as they needed lessons of Siva Kalpa, the light of God, what MEN have said about Father, if you believe in Siva Kalpa. It is the Siva Kalpa that has kept us all alive and it is Siva Kalpa beholds the greatest hope for our survival in future.

Now about the Rippon Street building, as far as I know so far no negotiations has been made with the landlord for its purchase by any of the family member here. But I very much appreciate the idea of dear father about building a hotel, after demolishing the present building. It will be very popular place. Well, dear father can discuss this all when he visits us.

All my family members send you all their love. With regards to dear father & all, affectionately yours, Chaman.



Linda Lowrance, Dr. Chohan, Rich Meyers

*I have bowed my head in Temples of the Old  
And sigh because I know worship now:  
I have drunk the wine of desert Prophet's tribes  
My head reeling under Bharat's star and Mecca's glow  
In lands too dim to seem a burden on the heart:  
I became a scripture that sages read  
I became a story, an image on the wind,  
Knowing life, out of mind alone, that this head  
Could not find breast or lips of woman to dream upon  
My fanatic eyes upon a lonely glory fed.  
Out of India a life of search was spawned  
Emulant hope, intensity, futile means  
Maimed us from the first. I carry from my generation's  
Restless womb an eternal thirst.*

Rich Meyers

May 17, 12 s.k. 117 Rippon Street, Calcutta

My darlings Anita and Alexia,

When we left London on Saturday on Bangladesh airlines, we flew to Dubali, which is one of the Gulf Islands of the Arab State - "very military" - and on to Dacca (Bangladesh) to wait 8 hours to fly to Calcutta. We were kept in a room and waited 4 hours for tea and snack. We arrived in Calcutta 8 p.m. Sun., to miss Shakti who had been 2 times to the airport. He was here with Terence (servant with his 2 daughters). Driving thru Calcutta in the relative cool of evening was still hot, and a scene no movie quite conveys. Many candles and gas lights, herds of people on the roadside, on the roads, rickshaw drivers and the old trying to find a place on the streets to sleep. Most children over 12 seem to never be with adults. We crashed that evening with good chillums and had a reunion with Tim, who was missing our earlier company.

Father slept all day and Simon, Ronnie and I went out to smoke ganja in numerous dhunis that are under trees and side streets. You are treated as a saddhu if you smoke. We later went out with Father to shop and returned. Chaman, Shakti and Basu came over. Again we all slept early. Yesterday, 16th morning, Simon & Ronnie & I went to Howra bridge across the Ganges. All movement in Calcutta is blistering, so we left at 5:15 a.m. We woke the chai boys — and by the by, chai shops are any place with a board, usually where there is shade, and sure 'nuff, the clay

cups are thrown on the ground after using. At the bathing ghats we found a wrestling school which tried to get Simon and me to wrestle with their champion. We declined respectfully, with a pressing engagement with some saddhu somewhere and a primer in Judo so we don't hurt them when we return. We left and found a corral of Shivites — one with only ashes, a big gut and sandals on. Women feed and adore the saddhus, who chant and stay stoned and eat (by preference) hardly at all. We returned home by cab after changing money with Chico and going to a flower market (cool) and having marsala doss (excellent).

Mon. Lopa and Ronnie and I went out in late afternoon smoked and came back to find Panchi's mom and a friend. She sobbed when she saw Lopa & Father. They would literally starve if father did not feed them.

The Ganges is pure, you can drink the water from the river due to the minerals etc. from the mountains, which spread to allow her flow. Today we go to Gorkhara. Everyone here seems to be priming for the October trip. Surely it will be easier than now. We sleep from noon till 4 or 5 p.m., as by 10 a.m. it is too hot to be out. Any excess of weight is 100's of times heavier here, as you have to eat and drink or feel faint. Before living here you must have it together in America. There are 1/3 of the people living their whole life on the streets here. If Simon & Lopa return after going back to England with us, they will start the village & business in McCluskiegunj. For October Mahamilana the village there too could accomodate so many, but here...?

Father wants to go to Darjeeling and hopefully we will. Corinne and Annalynn have been busy buying for orders taken, but Lopa is waiting to buy so I will buy with her as she knows best about those things.

Please write. Lopa wants to note for Sally. I am always your Gordon.

Love you, Onita -- Lopa

Dearest Sally, Judy and all,  
Just want to say I love you and thinking of you all the time since I left S.F. Well I will write to you more often. We have many plans. Give my love to Billy Cecelia Hopa and all. A kiss for Richie and Alo. I love for all the time. Bcm Sankar, Lopa

FATHER & FAMILY'S NEXT VISIT TO INDIA in October may be booked by Raj Sandhu who offers a "Pay Later" Plan:

1. Initial payment of \$375 to be paid at once or in convenient installments to Raj from now to November.
2. The balance to be paid by you on your return from India in convenient monthly installments spread over a year. Total cost for the round-trip ticket will be \$1142. by Air India.

Collect application forms from Raj, first week of June (317 Santiago bet. 14th & 15th Ave. -665 - 7429) Seats limited first come, first served.

CALCUTTA, INDIA

16. 5. 12th Year S.K.

Dearest Amrit,

Lots of thanks to you for your greeting on the occasion of our marriage anniversary and your letter dated May 4th. F.O.R. Tim reached here on 14th May. You may know Tim. He reached Calcutta on the 12th from Australia. I understand that they were stuck up at London. Annalyn made a cable but because of the defective flight no., we could not receive them at Airport. Tim, Chaman and myself along with Maya went to Airport both in the morning and evening to attend the flight from Bombay but came back disheartened. They came by Bangla Desh Biman which came via Dacca. You know, while the cable said that they would be arriving by flight 493 Air India. So we checked up the Bombay Flight.

We came back from Airport and was checking up the arrangements we made for our guests, Chiana saw from the roof that a car stopped before 117 Ripon Street where from all alighted.

We try our best to take care of them. Sibble, Chiana and Terrence (who used to work for the Sandhus) who came back from Ranchi and joined my business, are taking care of them. But the bloody load shedding, (i.e. power cuts) really you imagine, makes hell of everything.

Today is 16th. Corinne, Annalynn and Tim visited my office at 11 a.m. They had a purchasing list. I went with them to purchase "KARAI" (wok). They purchased one for trial and I heard that they require 40 pieces. Then we went to Bombay Dyeing. But the stuff of their choice was not available.

Now about 117 Ripon Street. Father, Annalynn, Corinne live in the room your Dad used. Ronnie and Sam in the room you used to use and Lopa and Simon in the room attached to the main room.

I heard that Rajpal is doing well in his class. He is great. We expect anything from him.

When you marry send me a ticket, Okay.

I close for today or else it would not posted.

Lots of love, hugs and kisses.

Yours,

SAKTI

DUNLAP, CALIFORNIA

MAY 14, 12th YEAR SIVA KALPA

My dear Family--

The Light Is Yours is a wonderful publication. Sending Siva Kalpa news without an envelop is a good idea, because not only do you save on costs, you have also made it visible to whomever handles the mail. Even the gossip post-mistress at the Dunlap Post Office can read half the front page with no trouble.

I was married last December to Chuck Katz, so I have a new last name (Katz, pronounced as in more than one cat.) Chuck and I are still living in our tiny trailer in the mountains and still making craft items for sale at local fairs. During the week we teach arts and crafts at a high school in a little town called Parlier. The school is 97% Mexican. The kids are morally battered due to poverty, broken homes, etc., and they try to compensate for this powerless feeling by putting on the "macho". Drinking, fighting and lowered cars are all real hot in Parlier. The main thrust of our art program has been to promote new feelings of self-respect in the kids. We've tried to do this by drawing on their own cultural heritage for subject matter and for projects. We respect their original ideas and encourage them to act on their visions by showing them how to work with various media. We've gotten their respect in return and do a lot of good artwork. We are paid very little, but we're getting rich on experience and love for these kids.

Siva Kalpa news also brought the sad tidings from Las Vegas. Please forward the enclosed check to my friend Zeenie, since her home address was not included in the article. Thank you.

Bom Shankar, and Love,

Kathy (Knight) Katz.

35671 E. Kings Canyon Rd. #25, Dunlap, Ca. 93261

BELLEVUE, COLO.

APRIL 28, 12th YEAR S. K.

Hi Lopa, and Simon, too--

It was really enjoyable seeing you. I love both of you a lot!!

Wrote to Stephanie and Tom in Littleton & received a letter shortly afterward. We'll see them the weekend after this & will bring the photo album with the latest S.F. pictures-- the block party, and Lau Lau at Chitra & Jude's, for all to enjoy.

It's hard to get Guy interested in a visit to S.F. at this time. He loves it here in the mountains. He talked to a ham radio man in S.F. & gave Charlie Pixley & Kevin's name. Ham radio is hard work but worth it in the end.

I wish we could call you in India with Guy's radio -- it would really be an inspiration to us all. We'll see if Guy can contact you from here. If not, I'll read about the trip in the S. K. news, I'm sure.

Love to all. B.S.B.

Karen Goodness

980 Poudre Canyon, Bellevue, Colo. 80512

LITTLETON, COLO.

May 15, 12th year S. K.

Dear Ruma and Family,

I want to write to tell you we think of you often & love you so very much. I bet you're really busy with Shoivya and Rohit. I heard Mistu came to visit -- I felt really joyous for you. Even though it doesn't always feel like it, this world is changing, slowly but surely.

Sean, Rebecca, Justin and I just have one and a half weeks of school left this year. It's been good meeting and being with the beautiful people associated with the school, but it's been hard getting to Denver regularly. A summer break is going to feel great.

There are lots of separations in the family now. We all feel Ted's absence here, and Barbara is not talking with Tom and me. Brian, Shawnee and Jamie are maintaining their distance of 2 hours away, and Beth is working lots these days at an art gallery. Beth is due in late October, and we talk to Ken frequently, who is going to be a daddy. Beth gets tripped out at times, but who doesn't?! Even though everything is apparently wierd, I know deep in my heart it's okay! We need these strangenesses for growth, I guess.

Kisses and hugs for the babies.

Love forever,

Stephanie Whitney

May 18, 12th yr. Siva Kalpa

Greetings,

From the heart of the Delta! One of you all has graciously included me in the mailing list and I refuse to take anything as nifty as the Lite without just due.

I get a kick out of your paper, my daughter, Michele thinks it's delicious. But, damn, I don't know but about two or three of the hundred or so people you mention in each issue. The family grows: Without/Within.

Summer descends like a blast of Hell upon New Orleans. The Tourists flee, the Natives undress and Jean Laffite slides thru life with Karma Yoga-- the KY jelly of existence.

L.S.D.

(Love, Sonny Dupree)

"O blessed sin that merited such a savior"

Leszek Kolakowski, Polish Communist.

LONDON \* APRIL 29, 12th YEAR SIVA KALPA

Hi, Hari -- How goes it, old friend? Here's hoping that all is well for you and yours. We went up to Stratford and spent 4 days with Peter and Sue. What a great feeling it is to share such good feelings with someone you haven't seen in years. The friendship between us never faded. Peter has never left Siva Kalpa. It is his reality. Sue is an exciting, intelligent goddess, acute in her observations. Now we are back in London, awaiting the arrival of Father and the gang. A definite excitement in the air. All of us very busy with cleaning and rearrangements for the flock of people coming into London for the event. Peter and Dolly will arrive for a visit. We got this packet of literature from Nelson and April, descriptions of dust storms, etc. I wonder if they'll ever calm down. Sure, it's ecstatic, but doesn't all that energy get you a little nervous? Different strokes for different folks, I guess. Dave just walked into the kitchen. Here's a vibration that's quite comfortable. Calm and intelligent. Orderly with his emotions. He gives you confidence in the concept of enjoying yourself without going crazy all the time. He's a good musician, an efficient worker. Keeps his trip with Tina together, lovingly as well. That's something I can't get enough of these days. Stay happy, safe and sane. "Many arrows in the snow." B.S.B.

TONY

LONDON, ENGLAND

25th APRIL, 12th YEAR S. K.

Dearest Margie,

Bom Shankar Bholenath, and thank you so much for your card this morning. I have sent your Siva Kalpa Explained separately. I'm glad you like the idea -- it was great fun for me to type it out.

I loved the news of the Family Choir, and would like to receive a copy of the Rainy Day Raga. We are planning to come to San Francisco this autumn, so you will have to put on a show for us then.

We are planning to move nearer to Tina's as soon as the Council will take us on as tenants. That should happen during this month as they are compulsorily purchasing the mansion block we live in and will move us into a new flat. The only thing is that the new buildings they are throwing up these days are not a patch on the older ones. I trust we will be given a flat as big as the one we have now - I adore big kitchens!

Are you still baking pies for the co-op? I am still making my Scottish shortbread and hope to go into this project more deeply when we return from India. I just feel there are unlimited prospects for Divine forms to create their own income and I shall not be able to work in an office job for too long. I should like Ronnie to stop working too so the sooner we get a business going the better.

Ron and I are doing okay. I feel I have learned lots by being with him. He is really a great god and will not maintain any of my limitations. I need someone like that to be very strong as I always used to get my own way and I would lose respect for men after that. I prefer to remember how to respect all forms and forces.

Anyway, my love, time for me to go back to work now. I should love to hear from you again if you have time to write. Please give my love to all. Ronnie sends a big Bom Shankar to you and I send all my love. B.S.B.

SAM

dearest subscribers:  
next month we will start  
a recipe column... so dig deep  
into your original ideas...  
and see what your thoughts  
produce.....

NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND

MAY 13, 1978

Dear John,

I do want to congratulate you about your work in turning the newsletter into something which seems to improve each time. Laurent was very pleased that you printed his letter. It is interesting to have news of all these people across the world. Happy birthday, and we shall be thinking of you on that day. Best of everything.

Maryse Morton



John Meshkoff  
"The Piper"

A house divided against itself is a  
lean-to.....

A family divided against itself is  
a mob.

C. Pixley

LONDON, ENGLAND

APRIL 19, 12th YEAR S.K.

Dearest Sarada,

It was great to get your letter and all the good news in it. We feel your timing for a visit is just right. It will be a pleasure to have Angsuman here too. I also read Corinne's letter to Davide and it's great news that Father, Lopa, Anna Lynn and Corinne want to stop over here for a week before they go to India. We shall have a mini-milana then, as Dolly and Peter, and Françoise, and Sylvie want to come to London for that. There will be plenty of room for everyone.

Ron and I had a great night out Monday with Tony and Connie. We had a delicious Chinese meal, then on to sample some real ale, then to a club with live music and Tequila Sunrises! My legs are still aching from the dancing we did. Also, we are taking Dave, Tina and Connie to see Close Encounters next Monday, and that should be a revelation.

A big hug and kiss too to Shosty and Apollo.

Yours ever,

Samantha

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

APRIL 1, 12th year S.K.

Dearest Father, Shosty and everyone --

Love you all. Neville and I have struck it rich, and all we wanted to do was get on the next plane to see you all again. Father, I was so miserable when Caroline and your visas were denied, so I thank you with all my heart for the miracle that is returning us to your doorstep. We will be leaving Melbourne on April 30, spending 4 weeks in Bali, or thereabouts, and arriving in the divine capital on May 31. It is really a dream come true. Your Melbourne family is doing well with lots of beautiful babies, the tiniest Kim Vayu Hennenberg. The Foundation is looking great, the guys have worked so hard and it's really a credit to them. We were a little ambitious to hope the building would be finished by February, but you can expect to be amazed when you come here next year.

The summer was beautiful. Phillip Island was great as ever, it is so much fun when we all relax together, despite the crush. Family Band found lots of time to practise, and they are currently cutting an album called "Awakening." Danny wrote the words to the title song and Tim wrote the music. We are celebrating the completion of the Foundation with drinks, supper and all the goddesses in their most beautiful dresses. It is less than 3 weeks till we leave for sun-drenched Bali, the most ideal prelude to S.F. that I can imagine. It will be so wonderful to see you again. The day we left America was so unforgettable. We smoked a really excellent chillum together at the back of Murphy Park. I think I left my heart there. It will be a great reunion, for sure. Bom Shankar Bholenath!

All my love forever,

ANNE

May 22, 12 S.K.

DALLAS, TEXAS

\*

MAY 4, 1978

Dear John,

Thanks for your nice letter and for helping Tapu with her letters. I love all the beautiful colorful pictures she draws.

I always enjoy reading your newsletter. We chuckle over the letters from prison and enjoy the bits of family news. Please keep sending it to us. I'm enclosing an editorial from our paper via the New York Times that I agree with. I think there was a letter in your newsletter along these same lines. How can sending weapons to the Middle East promote peace?? It sounds more like blackmail to me.

I will be uneasy until I know Anna Lynn is safely back from India and Tapu has a mama again. So a note from you on how Tapu is doing and any word from the travellers will be appreciated. We will be here in Dallas until June 20 when we will go back to Vail for the summer. Cecil is playing in the Jerry Ford Invitational golf tournament June 26/27 and shortly after that we will go on a three week trip to the Northwest and then be back in Vail until early October.

Give my best to Victor and Joanna. Anna Lynn said they would be taking care of Tapu as well as you and William. It sounds like she is being well taken care of and I'm sure she is having a good time. She doesn't cling to Anna Lynn the way most 4 year olds cling to their mamas.

We hope to see you again this summer. We enjoyed your visit last summer very much.

Beverly Dotson

17th May 1978 12th Year Siva Kalpa

Dear Editor,

The Intelligent activity that is coming from our Headquarters here in South America, is the knowledge of the changing of Values away from material insanity, to what values are really all about. "All of human activities are built around the striving for better feelings. Whether this is realized or not, this is the case. Love is the supreme feeling, thus the feelings are full of love. This is the most intelligent feeling, because such is the feeling of the creator of intelligence our loving Supreme Lord Siva.

Supreme love and best wishes to all.

Jr. Abraham Elijah Muhammed. (Billy Moore)

May 22, 12 S.K.

My Dear Father,

Please don't disappear from this world before I understand you completely. I love you forever and want to see your beautiful human form as long as I exist in this form. Answer me any way you can.

Thank you for everything.

Your Sarasvati



Dida, Ruma, Vishav, Father

PUNDIT'S CORNER

\*

HARI

As Father has often revealed, there are four degrees or levels of self-cognition in Nature. The first and most occult to Knowledge itself is when the subject and object of knowledge merge as one by identity. ("I am the Way and the Light and the Truth.") In the second level, the subject and the object have divided, but have direct relationship with one another: two persons, so to speak, are involved. ("I am the lord thy God, thou shalt have no other gods before Me.") The third level produces a third person or consciousness as a medium between the subject and object. (Consider the prophets and seers, and scripture itself: "It is said "the Truth is One.") And in the fourth level of self-cognition, the multiplicity of ego, there is information only. ("Smoking may be harmful to your health," or "They say that falling in love is wonderful.") Knowledge is no longer your own, and in a world of hearsay ("heresy"?), whence comes authority?

Contemplate the yugas, or ages of man: Satya, Treta, Dwapara and Kali — as an involution through these four degrees or levels of self-cognition, and you will understand that it is not merely terrestrial or linear time that is being chronicled, but rather the recurrent decline and fall of consciousness and the realization of Oneself. To resurrect the Golden Age, one must think and speak the appropriate language. "There was sound before Creation."

VERY FUNNY STORIES

by ERNIE BERRY FEDERMAN

So many of you have asked what really happened on our tour of Europe. I better tell some things now before we take off for Rome and Athens again.

We fell in love with Rome, but only little Andy had thrown coins in the Trevi Fountain. Thus only he was destined to return to Rome! No, no, we thought, while about to board the plane at Rome airport. Suddenly an idea lightbulb popped in my head! I pulled coins from my pockets and Jere and I tossed them down the concrete runway in the direction of the Trevi Fountain. Andy looked amazed.

How we three found ourselves running across the runways of the tiny airport of the Greek island of Kos, 20 miles from Turkey, is a long story. We were running for our lives with little Andrew on my shoulders. Bom Shankar, Father, save us from that jet plane above that seems about to land on us. Father came through!

We survived and eventually arrived at Iro Gounari's apartment in Thessaloniki, Greece. She is a wonderful Greek goddess. "Cala mera," good morning, Iro, wherever you are now. "Effarrahstow," thank you, for your wonderful hospitality. Little Andy still says, "Iro lives on Ipodromou." Your street.

Dear Andre and Christine of Chelles, Paris family, what a good time we had with you! Jere was so embarrassed when Christine offered to cook one of their cute backyard rabbits for dinner. How would you feel about eating Bugs Bunny for dinner? That's how Jere and little Andy felt.

Tina and Dave, you were wonderful, too. Thank you for a wonderful stay of three exciting weeks at 83 Macfarlane Road, London. Even though Dave, Simon Britten, and American exile John were tearing down and putting back the plumbing pipes during those weeks. It was still a wonderful house to stay in then.

When we got back from 23 days in lovely Scotland, dear Samantha and Ronnie hosted us. Ronnie, I wonder if you've found your living room couch pillows to be a little bumpy underneath. You looked? And you found them? Yes, those are Andy's Leggo blocks!

**CONTRIBUTIONS:** All contributions of appropriate news or expression of feelings will be happily received from any self-respecting form seized by the divine will of self-revelation. Send copy to 36 Lloyd St., San Francisco, Ca. 94117, c/o Primal Sound Enterprises. We reserve the right to edit all or part of any copy.

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Ms. Nancy Collins  
c/o Foundation of Revelation  
59 Scott Street  
San Francisco, California

Department of State  
Washington, D.C.  
May 8, 1978

## House Votes to Build A-Powered Carrier

Dear Ms. Collins:

Secretary Vance has asked me to thank you for sending him your views on the SALT TWO agreements.

The Secretary is very much interested in having the views of all thoughtful Americans on the foreign policy issues as they arise. Although he cannot personally reply to the many communications he receives, he wants you to know that all of them are carefully considered and their contents reported to him and to the other senior State Department officers.

In view of your interest, I am pleased to enclose material on the foreign policy topic you raised with the hope that you will find it useful.

With our thanks again,

Sincerely,

Hodding Carter III  
Assistant Secretary for  
Public Affairs and Depart-  
ment Spokesman

\*\*\*

May 22, 12th Year Siva Kalpa

Hodding Carter III

Bom Shankar Bholenath! Thank you for the Selected Documents.

It is True. James Schlesinger and I will be debating Department of Energy theories whenever he is ready. Harold Brown and I will set up the Department of Defense budgets when he gets back from Geneva. The Treaty Room for the SALT talks is completed. President Carter needn't worry about security measures here in San Francisco. I still have the Atom Wire and Sanskrit is going through. The translators are awaiting the President's presence.

I remain your servant in Truth,

Nancy E. Collins

Enclosed: Picture of Father, who is not a guru. Read Siva Kalpa and Siva Kalpa Explained.  
Gayatri Mantra.

REVELATION OF INFLATION \* CHARLES PIXLEY

"I loaned my money to my friend — I lost my money and my friend."

I borrowed some money to buy a few things, and some extra to make more money with. I made the installments and spent some on entertainment. Then I got the money to pay off the whole loan. But, I thought, just one more deal and then I'll pay the loan tomorrow.

The bubble burst. I was hooked to my own self-consuming atom bomb, always working for my past, and never feeling relief and freedom of motion. The only comfort I felt was that millions of other Americans were in the same strained state — small comfort, indeed.

Now I'm feeling much better, thank you. I'm paying off my loans, keeping my friends. I've stopped taxing myself for ideas that go up in a cloud of smoke, and create social chaos.

May 11, 12th Year of Siva Kalpa

Mr. John Morton - Editor  
"The Light is Yours"

Dear John;

I am writing to thank you for the copy of "The Light Is Yours". It is indeed a joy reading your publication, as it is filled with much love.

I am also hoping that the second-class bulk mailing permit that you have applied for is approved, so that your publication may grow with each day as "The Foundation Of Revelation" has done.

If at any time in the future I can be of assistance, please feel free to call on me.

Your Friend,  
Carl E. Martinez  
Customer Service Representative  
U.S. Postal Service

### Washington

Handing two major setbacks to President Carter, the House voted yesterday in favor of building another nuclear-powered aircraft carrier and against developing a wide-bodied airplane to carry the cruise missile.

The actions, strongly opposed by Carter, were incorporated in a massive weapons procurement bill passed later by the House, 319 to 67.

Another feature of the bill, a provision that generated no debate, would permit Navy women to be assigned to non-combat vessels on a permanent basis and to temporary duty aboard combat ships. Women are now barred from sea duty.

The legislation would authorize \$37.9 billion for weapons programs in the fiscal year beginning October 1, about \$2.4 billion more than requested by Carter.

The bill would also set military and civilian personnel levels for the Defense Department. If fully financed by appropriations, those items would require \$48 billion for fiscal year 1979. And that would push total dollars in the bill about \$1.4 billion above Defense budget targets adopted by Congress only last week.

Major controversy centered on an amendment by Representative Les Aspin, (Dem-Wis.), to replace a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier in the bill with

a smaller, oil-powered carrier that Aspin said would cost \$1 billion to \$2 billion less.

The President originally proposed that there be no funds for new carriers in fiscal year 1979. But when it became obvious that the House and Senate Armed Services Committee would insist on giving the nation its fifth nuclear flat-top, Carter tried to head off the move by agreeing to accept a new conventional-powered carrier.

The President's effort was soundly rebuffed as the Aspin amendment was defeated 139 to 264.

In another blow to Carter, the House rejected, 145 to 248, an amendment by Representative Thomas Downey (Dem-N.Y.), that would have added \$29.2

million to the bill for testing aircraft to carry the cruise missile.

The Armed Services Committee had deleted the item from Carter's proposed budget. The President had recommended testing such wide-bodied craft as the Boeing 747, Lockheed L-1011 and McDonnell-Douglas DC-10 for use as airborne launchers of the missile.

Los Angeles Times



I appreciate your kind words of support and good wishes. In the months and years ahead, I will do my best to be worthy of the trust you have placed in me. Bound by a new spirit and new commitment we can together build a better and more peaceful world.

*Jimmy Carter*



"So the eternal moment of existence is now. If you can divide time into a millionth part of a second, any division is arbitrary. A second is an arbitrary division of time, isn't it? So the shorter the time, the shorter you divide it, the shorter is your life. You don't know what is going to happen after one millionth second of time. Suppose the Russians have pressed the button and an ICBM with a nuclear warhead is going to strike 59 Scott Street. The electric last second, fraction of a second. You can't live without that condition. Ignorance in power, as rulers of imbecility, and it's franchise, created a world as such, isn't it? So each period takes possession of the forms - it must take possession of the forms as rulers of the imbecile world which is confronting itself in its own destructive traps. Everywhere. It's not an inactive explosion of consciousness, it's an active explosion of consciousness in human forms, who will provide the basis of all activity of movement. To redeem the world from such activity, God has decreed that if you don't act the world will be destroyed by its own hatred and ignorance. So there is no place for complacency, even for the gods. To become high by an effort to forget this will not succeed and save the world."

From Siva Kalpa Explained, 4th year Siva Kalpa.

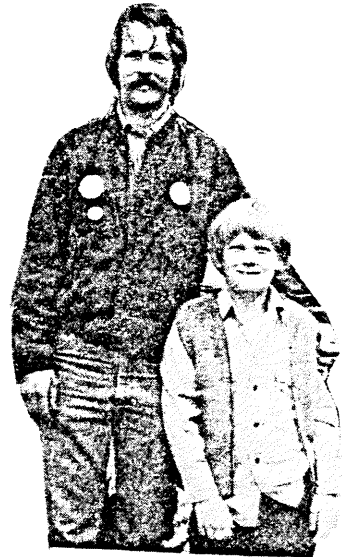
## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER REPORT

"The weather reflects my moods" -- father

April may have been the "cruellest month, mixing memory and desire" when Caroline revealed herself as the goddess Aphrodite and converted the Devil back into the well-known rishi Markandeya, who spins his own tale. But it did produce its "sweete licore" and summer came in the middle of May when father left for India. Village life instantly became more Bengali and its abundant life spurted into the gardens and streets of our faire citie. Back to the village Gorkhara as we rush on toward June 14th when on the "zero" hour Siva seized the form of an Indian beggar, attended lovingly by his daughter Ruma. Friends of Peter Birnbaum's arranged a walk starting at dawn from Twin Peaks and moving towards sunset at Sutro Point via Golden Gate Park, where we met Bob, who had just gotten out of jail and speaks in a voice like that of "Wolfman Jack" on the San Jose radio station. He loved the feeling of the family and reappeared a few days later with Brandy & Kelly, 2 children of a girl named Peaches. Shotsy brought Peaches and her baby daughter to live at her house at 65 Scott. Carolyn Slade had been in Brazil so these people were settled in her apartment for the time. Mistu the day before had visited Scott Street looking lovely and younger than ever. Jeannette Foye, who accompanied her, will be married in June. Now "Wolfman" Bob and his friend Richard are staying at Gordon's while he travels with father in India. Gordon's wife Onita had been staying with Dea in 61 until the birth of her baby daughter on May 28 at Children's Hospital, attended by Nancy Collins and "Banjo" Bob Cooper who stays at Diana's. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Ruma worked with Shotsy to care for the family of Peaches and this conjunction of two great powers heretofore in opposition produced tremendous self-revelation when the golden-tongued Saraswati burst into audio-visual form and force of Siva's elder daughter. David Torbert of "Kingfish" fame visited Shotsy and met Apollo and Ruma before Shotsy left for L.A. and Las Vegas with Don Tucker; they will be visiting Zenie. No holds barred in expression of simple truth straight from the heart to you, Shotsy. Nancy Schwartz, President of the L.A. Foundation, visited San Francisco just before father's departure; she is expecting her third child this month. & Michael & Marjana Black were in town and stayed with Bob & Anna Ernstahl; Michael talked at length with Ahana about plans for Morningstar. The Blacks have opened a new large house in Santa Monica with Bert & Christie and also Christine, an Australian girl, friend of Ian's who visited here. The Cuginis are moving to Waller Street while 79 Scott undergoes major remodeling. The Lloyd-Waller Courtyard where the restaurant augurs in another mahamilana, serving Saturday barbecues, will be receiving the Pimlotts of Melbourne who won their ticket-money at the horse races. Tony Autuori is back in town and sings a song while Connie & kids linger abroad. Charlie Green came home from the hospital in a cast from heel to hip and is comfortably installed at 61A

Carmelita under the care of Stephanie Healer and "Banjo" Bob; the American Yogi continues cheerful despite the pressure cast by the will to evolve. So it goes on, and Visnu is always on view on champion roller skates. The kids that are on his team roll smoothly on down the hill, and Papa Peter joins them when he is free to take a break from his enormous household. Sister Gaby just flew into town from the Big Apple and the senior Birnbaums of Israel are expected shortly. All goes well, all goes well, as time marches on to the thirteenth anniversary of the bright night-hour when the fate of the world was changed in a flash by the will of Mahakali and gods and goddesses came into form to demonstrate the "lost art" of divine existence. OM TAT SAT.

Sarvani



Ron Thelin & Jasper

May 6th, 12th yr. Siva Kalpa (1978)

Editor, San Francisco Chronicle  
901 Mission Street  
San Francisco, Calif. 94119

Dear Sir,

On Sunday, April 30th, 30 to 40 thousand souls enjoyed and realized the Haight/Ashbury Street Fair. I had a booth in front of 1535 Haight Street and not once during the entire celebration did I see or hear of any violence or hostile action.

It was a high, happy and positively ecstatic day. In fact, it was very much like the first Be-in, the difference being that the Street Fair represented the feeling of the new age in practical application. By the end of the day the entire street was swept clean and the garbage bagged and taken away.

What befuddles me is why neither of our two major San Francisco newspapers covered the story. You covered the Polk Street Halloween Carnival, the result of which, as I recall, was a \$5000.00 clean up bill for the city.

This is what I'd like to know. Why is it that the media overwhelmingly reports violence, murder and robbery when these are at most the activity of 3% of the San Francisco population? Is it that the only news is bad news?

Sincerely,

Ronald E. Thelin  
Box D  
Forest Knolls, CA. 94933

"I'll tell you how to make the world move by sitting here." (Grand Hotel)

#### DEVA Street Party

DEVA held a neighborhood block party on March 21 in celebration of the beginning of spring. Initiated by Nancy Collins, the afternoon festivities were a great success enjoyed by neighbors and family alike. There was a barbecue in Murphy Park, children's games in the street led by Village teacher Ed Lepler, a concert by the I.R.A. and the constant entertainment of enlightened conversation. Many old family friends turned up as well as new acquaintances. Sebastopol, Forest Knolls and Los Angeles families were well represented. The feeling of the divine family "on display" kept us all in revelations.

Bob Chirpin, The Foundation's candidate for DEVA President (elections will be held in June) has discovered that we may be able to close Scott Street between Lloyd and Waller every Sunday afternoon during the summer months. Residents of this block will be asked to sign a petition to make this dream another Siva Kalpa reality.



Eddie Lepler & friends

MR. DREAM MAKER

Mister Dream Maker  
 O! Earth Shaker  
 This is Siva's tale comin' true.  
 All lies are being burnt into the ground  
 Love takes root in the truth that is found.  
 Mister Dream Maker  
 Make all those dreams come true --  
 While those who have no dreams but desire  
 Self-destruction must still come to you.

A heart full of laughter  
 Siva, Mighty Dancer,  
 Drives out the darkness  
 For his children  
 Who know the answer.

Siva! Dancin' with the dawn  
 Nothin's wrong  
 So play your fire away  
 It's a new day  
 See the Light  
 He's here to remove your fright.  
 Surrounded by his angels  
 There's no new angles  
 But the flow of Life  
 In Divine re-cognition  
 While Her fire is lit on Siva's song  
 Nothin's wrong.

RICHARD FIORENTINO

"A man must become a person without any desire."

7 May 12 Yr. Siva Kalpa

Father,  
 I can't recall the last time we shared a  
 moment together, and yet I feel you as if we  
 lived close by and saw each other every day.

My daughter, Elisabeth, has just had open  
 heart surgery to correct a congenital heart  
 defect. On the day of her surgery, April 3,  
 she was very close to death.

Today, she is recovering steadily with a  
 prognosis for a full and normal life.

I can but say, I love you, and thank you for  
 reminding me; You have given me life - to love,  
 and strength to endure. *Bom Shankar Bholenath!*  
 I will forever remain yours in service, to the  
 Truth of our existence.

Sincerely,  
 Tom Hutchinson  
 3344 Irving Ave. South  
 Minneapolis, Minn. 55408



Devala

Giordian knots  
 And Alexandrian enterprises,  
 Vowels roll  
 Around  
 In my mind  
 Sensusually  
 Like marbles  
 On the  
 Tongue  
 Of a practicing  
 Dictator,  
 Teasing at  
 The openings  
 Of my senses.  
 Solo flights  
 And  
 Moon-lit nights  
 Are contradictions  
 In terms of impulses  
 Pleasant Fictions  
 In squirms  
 Of  
 Non-senses

Zandra Zimmermann

TO MY FATHER

In the morning, when the sun is rising,  
 Dew-covered leaves, on just-waking flowers;  
 Bands of pink, gold, softly fill the sky...  
 Silver clouds billowing, flowing...  
 Softly, I think of you, O Lord.

The touch of noon, sun brightly shining,  
 Piercing blue sky, the flight of birds...  
 The land is alive with movement,  
 The life, going, coming, loving the midday...  
 Brightly, I think of you, O Lord.

And in the evening, waning light...  
 Birds are flying to their nests,  
 The ocean swells, reflected light of setting sun...  
 The stillness one feels, as stars peek out  
 Through clouds, cathedral-like shafts of light...  
 Shining, the earth creates a lover's sigh,  
 The sun flows on its journey into night...  
 Humbly, I think of you, O Lord.

And in the night, the firmament, black velvet...  
 Stars, like gods' eyes, twinkling as if  
 chuckling merrily at their secrets...  
 Lights softly shining in the valley below,  
 Soft winds, smells of night's freshness,  
 cooling, enclosing... moonbeams flashing through  
 hidden clouds... pearl-like, mysterious...  
 Quietly, I think of you, O Lord.

om tat sat

BRUCE BARTON

Father I will love you  
 Though I haven't found a way  
 to embrace in common comfort  
 a world I cannot stay

You held a star within your hand  
 but did it burn your palm  
 for laughter lost upon the land  
 I offer this my balm

I move to make it matter  
 in a meeting of the minds  
 Remember ever after  
 the innocent of time.

Wed with warmth a woman  
 And she conceived the same  
 A son should serve the amen  
 That I laughed the day I came.

The beauty of the blessing  
 The bearing of the blame  
 Is the giving and the guessing  
 and the knowing of the name

So share the sweet the sorrow  
 of our happy human heights  
 who sow their seed by sunshine  
 for the newborn of the nights.

Israel be faithful  
 And thy justice sweet  
 In mercy make us merry  
 Give knowledge nice and neat.

The God of gods gives graciously  
 sho pleasures in a poem  
 A prayer for peace, I hesitate  
 to heedless hurry home.

I long to live my fantasies  
 A world that I can win  
 For Thee and me to will as one  
 And save us from our sin.

TO HIS CREATURES UPON THE VOW OF SILENCE

Time will serve with silence now;  
 The confused thunder of the mounting tribe  
 Cannot seduce the Creator's vow.  
 Disciples' desires you may describe,  
 Will-weary worshippers of bliss:  
 God will vanquish thought with a kiss.

When passion's age turns towards a star  
 Remember that Saint Francis in his sanctuary  
 Invoked beasts as brothers, spirit-birds.  
 For siren-deaf humanity, he spoke no words.

Rick Meyers

NEW GUIDE TO PARENTHOOD

Babies are sweet and Babies are soft:  
 Babies are toothless, Babies get cross.  
 Now this is the point I wish to make,  
 Babies are ruthless and often a mistake.

Babies are smart, Babies can crawl.  
 They think with their hearts,  
 and create work for you all.

So when your life leads you,  
 up the road of parenthood,  
 Think about your Mom and Dad  
 And what they said was good.

We love them, it's true,  
 Without them we're fruitless.  
 But remember the point,  
 Babies are ruthless.

Mimi Carr



aum satyam sivam sundaram

# Siva Kalpa

(period of Lord Siva's omnipotent Imagination)

*prathama brahmana*

(the first Knower of Siva's Be-Coming)

Seized by the divine will of self revelation the world is being consciously evolved by the immortal self-awareness of *Ciranjiva* beginning SIVA KALPA on the nineteenth day of September One thousand nine hundred and sixty-six years after death of Jesus Christ.

## AUM

The beginning of the ancient knowledge – the PRIMAL SOUND of creation upholding manifestation in the eternal moment of existence by the indestructible presence of Conscious Being in the form of Vibrations (of the Primal Sound of Creation) in the perpetual evolution within the destructive silence of ETERNITY of time.

## SATYAM

TRUTH. The Truth of the Real and Vast Knowledge realizing the *Reality* of the Real and Vast Truth by the revelation of Truth Consciousness.

## SIVAM

*Consciousness*. Consciousness, experiencing all forms and forces as the luminous movement of its Knowledge manifesting within the static subjectivity of its absolute existence beyond the necessity of Time and Space.

## SUNDARAM

*Beauty*. Beauty of the harmonious existence of Truth Consciousness revealing the *power* of its fulfillment and freedom in the phenomenal world of life, mind and matter of ego-formations.

The Truth of Existence is Beauty of Consciousness. Consciousness is the Truth of Beautiful Existence.

## ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS BEAUTY OF TRUTH CONSCIOUSNESS

TRUTH IS THE BEGINNING  
TRUTH IS THE MIDDLE AND TRUTH IS THE END

Because

GOD IS TRUTH • TRUTH IS LIGHT • LIGHT IS LIFE

Because

Truth is Knowledge. Knowledge is Light.  
Light is Power. Power is Existence. Existence is Life. Life is Beauty. Beauty is Love. Love is Man. THE MENTAL BEING.

Because

Mental Being is Self Consciousness. Self Consciousness is Self Respect and SELF RESPECT IS THE WAY TO THE LIFE OF TRUTH. KNOWLEDGE, POWER AND LOVE.

## KNOWLEDGE

SIVA KALPA is the Truth of infinite Knowledge manifesting the power of self realization in all Its forms and forces.

Within the absolute freedom of Its formless existence Knowledge is consciously apprehending the limitations of all forms of human knowledge infinitely exceeding them all at once effectuating their mutual harmony by the inevitable synthesis of the individual contradictions of their imperfect existences in the limitations of individual formations.

Beginning with the subtlest forms of spiritual and supra physical existence It is moving through all forms of knowledge including the grossest forms of material pragmatism embracing both *avidya* and *vidya*, ignorance and knowledge in the universal and unanimous synthesis of Matter and Spirit in the vast comprehensiveness of Its higher order of existence.

## LIGHT

Luminous quanta of divine intelligence thrilling out in infinite vibrations of accordance breaking joyously into the rhythm of greater and higher waves of illumination intensifying towards the growing light of a self-existent Knowledge spontaneously awaking to Itself as the SUN OF TRUTH receiving the world from the murky depth of an obscure physical bondage into the enlightened height of spiritual freedom by the transforming radiation of ITS glorious Arc-Light.

## POWER

The Power of infinite knowledge is evolved by the unique method of live expressions accelerating into infinite co-ordinations of illimitable forms and forces of human experience growing into the intended synthesis of subjective illumination of the divine will of self revelation by progressive transformation of the fevers of a deliriously hilarious existence groaning under the darkness of mounting pressures of mechanical wants and necessities of the seeming victory of an analytical form of material knowledge into the thrills of awakening in the dawn of a beautifully harmonious world of fulfillment and freedom evolving out of an apparent defeat of the synthetic knowledge of LOVE AND MANLINESS.

## EXISTENCE

The world has dawned in the light of its existence as an infinite consciousness realizing itself in the individual being of its infinitesimal forms, forces and movements by the liberation of human perfection in the ecstasy of self expression in the boundless form of its Knowledge and Power revealing the TRANSCENDENT in ITS supra cosmic conception of a static evolution of Consciousness cognizing Itself as the Existence of Conscious Blissfulness translating Itself into the substance, force and form of a cosmic manifestation objectivised by a terrestrial consciousness of a mental, vital and physical form involving the self into the relativity of phenomenal existence of cosmic multiplicity by exclusive concentration on formal and material limitations by negation of the very essence of existence until the critical departure from TRUTH touches off the recoil of a spontaneous reawakening in the divine light of *saccidananda*, Bliss of Self-Conscious Existence.

## YOGA

(The purposeful life of the self-conscious MAN)

The Truth of the Creative omnipotence of yoga is revealed by the individual ascension of the primary Nature of Conscious Being, achieved through the instrumentality of the seeking nature of human being in multiple ego formations, into the Arc Light of the Absolute, manifesting the will of Her luminous Being in the Self-conscious Will of the MAN of omnipotent Imagination, enjoying the divine play of the Great Re-Union with the luminous nature of Her Greatest Being, diverging out and converging in into infinite harmony of multiple existence of their secondary nature, following the same path of great re-union in the phenomenal expression of Sankara, the Lord of Synthesis, ecstatically dancing the rhythm of DESTRUCTION to all forms of resistance to the natural harmony of Truth-Conscious Vision in the evolutionary publications of siva kalpa within the absolute silence of His omnipotent Imagination of creative destructions beyond the conceptual opposites of existence or non-existence of *ciranjiva* – THE REALITY.

## PERFECTION

Awakened by the primary Nature of Self-conscious Siva from absorption in the constructions of self-oblivious nature of individualized desire of ego into the native omniscience of the supreme status of the Absolute Knowledge and Power, Lord of Synthesis is blissfully witnessing the *beauty* of His luminous counterpart manifesting the power of upholding the creation of phenomenal existence by infinite divisions of His indivisible Spirit into cosmic multiplicity of ego, breathlessly pursuing the futile charms of ignorance, obviously intensifying the agony of a critical existence until the divine is roused in the luminous synthesis of a physical, vital and mental form in perfect accord with thought, speech and action liberating the world from the inertia of its formation by the subjective transformation of His cosmic multiplicity with an active objectivity of His expression of the supreme status of Mental Being in audio-visual form and force of Sankara, evolving the Self in all His forms by the supra-mental power of Yoga.

## EVOLUTION

Within the delirious experience of the intensifying apprehension of the age running headlong for its inevitable cataclysm, the world has evolved into the most thrilling and interesting stage of its existence by the fulfillment of the highest and the noblest urge of Conscious Nature by the successful birth of human perfection in possession of the Truth and Knowledge of practical omnipotence.

These spiritual and supra physical experiences are not merely the inspired revelations of an individual, unseizable by thought and incommunicable by speech but the most simple and logical conclusion of a vast accumulation of Knowledge of illimitable forms and forces of human experience spreading out in boundless space and time by an absolute concentration of experience of illimitable forms and forces of human knowledge of infinite space and time into an individual form of Knowledge of an individual force of human experience in an individual point of space in an individual moment of time working out the individual events of its collective existence by the self-conscious will of evolution constituting the RHYTHM OF THE ECSTATIC PERIOD of Siva Kalpa.

## RE EVOLUTION

The journey that never was made  
Amid hopes and perils the trail was laid  
Through adventures that never took place.

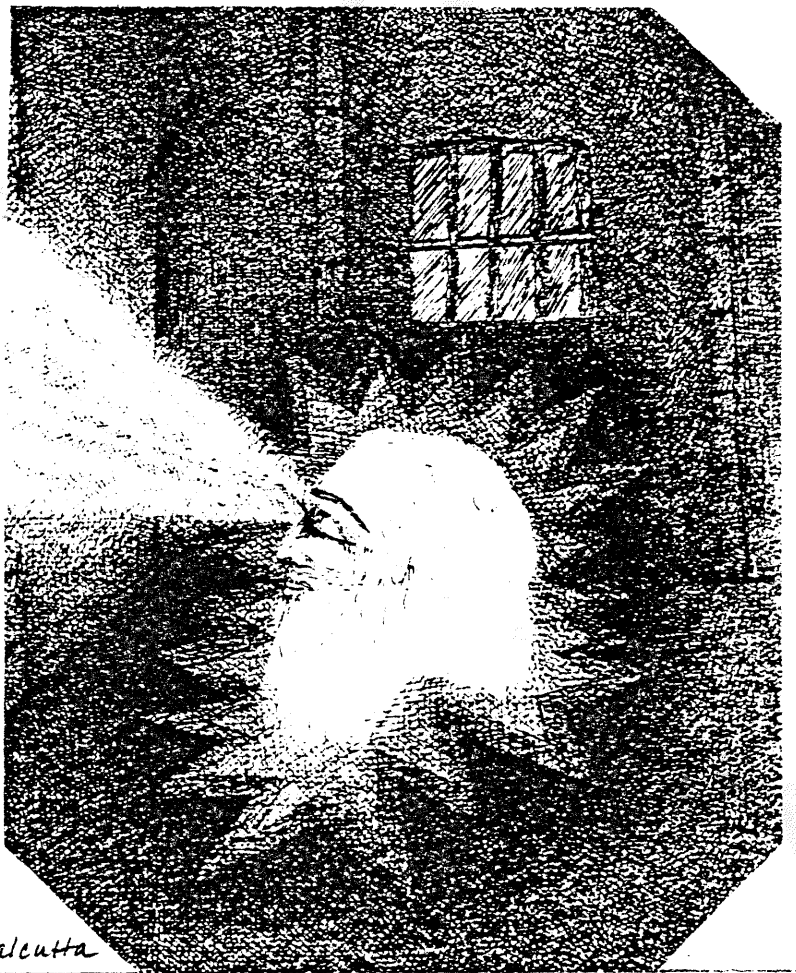
Mission lost in passions transient  
Seeking pleasures always in pain  
Desire-moments fettered time thru' space

Path blazed by desires in flame  
Journey awakes to its joyous game  
Guided in darkness, now in light  
Motion becomes its own delight

The end is ever in the source inscribed  
Around the circle never described  
Time and space and Motion sublime  
Rhythm of Stillness signs the hymn  
All is yet an intense Reality  
A moment in Conscious luminosity.

om tat sat.

... *Aum Satyam J Sivam Sundaram.* ...



"I'll tell you what happened on the 14th night. I was meditating. I surrendered myself to Maha Kali. She said, 'What do you want, my child?' I said, 'Mother, I want one thing. In Siva Sastra, the knowledge of Siva, it is said that he is the greatest yogi, the only yogi amongst the gods. Can I have it?' And she said, 'My Lord, how long will you stay asleep? Don't you find that your children are going to destroy themselves? Wake up, my Lord. I am just your Will, whom you call Mother.'"

Father 3<sup>rd</sup> year siva Kalpa Calcutta

Year 12 of Our Lord Siva's Omnipotent Imagination

# JUNE

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				Tamara Kuchins Tom Hart Janna Swanson Lorinda Drake Jeannine Hedley	Ernie Berry Fezerman Bob Veenis Philippa Magancy	Tom Hutchinson Candy Penn Rena Blumberg
				1	2	3
Vince D'Aiuse John Merbon Mary Veda	Dea Leras Bronwyn Davis Joshua Green Mark Sherman Daya Grieg	Susan Joy	Bob Chirpin	Peggy Schinhoten	Christopher Borden Marsha Thelin	Margana Black
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	Jeremiah Pryle	Beverly Tucker Gopal Walling Karen Goodness Devi Jennings	Linda Hall Tim Weller Annie Meyers Miller Flag Day <b>Zero Hour</b>		Craig Gustafson Michael Prityga Lee Barber Ed Lepier	Vicky Price Mann Patsy Hamilton Vayu Fremant Steven Ther Gravelle
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Bronwyn Brewer Joachim Cogliari Sonia Delorme Eden Gatti Rufus Palmer		Victoria Hamilton Gail Blum Cecelia Price Liza Beeka Maya Deb	Gordo Hansen John Rezzo Sarah Edelson Ken Dumont Timmy Friedman	Ilavanta Scholtz	Lakshmi Eiger Ed James	Michael Letourneau
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
★ Farmers Day John Barber Don Barton		Cricou Delorme Jean Claude Marion Danny Collins	Michael Black	Timmy Gorter Sandra Lamont Shoieya Birnbaum	Charlie Brown Justin Hutchinson	
25	26	27	28	29	30	July 1