

Sahaja Newsletter

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NOVEMBER 13th '92

11th November 1992

PROGRAMME INDIA TOUR 1992

Programmes near Delhi from Delhi.

25th	FARIDABAD	Public Programme
26th	GARGAON	
27th	PITAMPURA	
28th	"	Free
29th	GAZIABAD	
30th	NOIDA	
1st	DELHI	
2nd	"	Free
3rd	Adi Shakti	Puja
4th	KARNAL	
5th	YAMUNAR NAGAR	Public Programme
6th	YAMUNA NAGAR	Puja
7th	JAGADRI	
8th	DEHRADUN	Public Programme
9th	"	Puja
10th	HASIDWAR	Public Programme
11th	Train from Delhi	
12th	JAIPUR	
13th	"	
14th	AKUPUAD	
15th	AHMADABAD	Public Programme
16th	"	Vishala & Dance (Eve train to Bombay)
17th	BOMBAY WASHI	Drama
18th	BOMBAY	Public Programme
19th	"	"
20th	"	Puja
21st	GANAPATIPULE	
29th	GANAPATIPULE	Marriages
30th	KALVA	
31st	"	Evening Music Programme
1st	"	Puja (AMSAD ALI Music Pro)
2nd	"	Leave for home

JOSHUA NANGLE

Sharon Nangle will be going on India tour this year. She is looking for an uncle or an aunt to look after her son Joshua until Christmas time (after that daddy will take over). Joshua is a very sweet and happy boy (19 months).

Croydon Ashram will be hosting a Haven (for India Tour preparation) this Saturday commencing 6 pm. Please bring a plate of food for dinner.

PRE INDIA TOUR HAVAN

Yogis are needed to strengthen a small collective, help run programmes and generally enjoy life in the mountains. Escape the City! Leave pollution behind! Forget Sydney humidity this summer! Don't delay.. call Raelene now.. 047 824965.

BLUE MOUNTAINS - (come up for Air!)

CALLING ALL POETS AGAIN! Avinash from Croydon and Jenny from Homebush invite poets living in Australia who have not already offered poems for the book for Shri Mataji to do so now by next Friday. The poems we have so far are beautiful and there is always room for more.

Further details contact Pam Jones (666 1919) or Elizabeth O'Gorman.

10AM - 21 Lister Ave, Ermington.
at Jenny Martin's house. Come along and have a most enjoyable day.

"The Quilt"

Another quilting bee will be held this Saturday (Nov 14th) at Jenny Martin's house. Come along and have a most enjoyable day.

Baby News

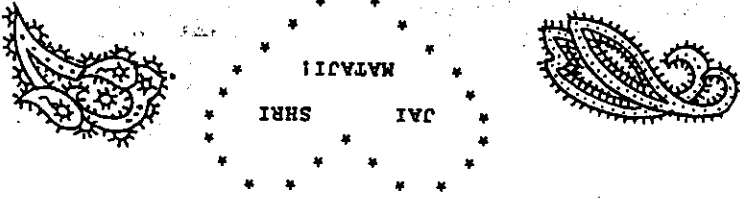
Congratulations to Lyndon & Jayshree De Valle - a son born Saturday October 31st, 2.30pm 8 1/2 lbs.

Subject: Forward from Celeste in Maine. (USA - 31 oct 92)

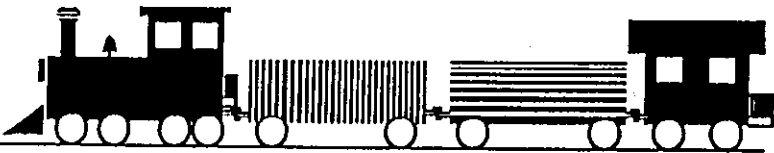
Subject: Thank you for such nice mail, Howard.

I never heard of the Aquarian Gospel. It is so lovely. I will look for it thru the university library system. Did you know there is a "Gospel according to Thomas"? It is also wonderful. I don't think that I have read it all, I think I only had excerpts. It had to be translated from Coptic writings. Here is a bit from it:
(3) Jesus said: If those who lead you say to you: "See, the kingdom is in heaven", then the birds of the heaven will proceed you. If they say to you: "It is in the sea," then the fish will proceed you. But the kingdom of God is within you and it is without you. If you (will) know yourselves, then you will be known and you will know that you are the sons of the living Father. But if you do not know yourselves, then you are in poverty and you are poverty. Well, thank you again for the lovely mail to us all. If you want to send this excerpt from the Thomas Gospel to others, please do. I still can't send multiple mailing files. I have to tag addresses, and don't know how to do it yet, so the addresses get clipped off anyway, much love from your sister, Celeste

Subject: Book project



Hello everyone,
I met with Phil Trumbo (national coordinator of Sahaja Yoga in USA) during our Mother's great Puja last week. We discussed the book idea that a few of us have been tossing around on the network.
He has asked me to put together a prototypical chapter for the book. Then he will present the chapter and the book idea to Sri Mataji for her blessings.
If all is well, we'll proceed with the book.
Here is the idea and you all can help: I am to compile a collection of testimonials describing how Sahaja Yogis received their realization. Each yogi who wants to participate should write up a description of the events surrounding his or her realization and send it to me. I will edit the testimonials for publication and then put them into a book. Each testimonial must end with the person's name, profession or title, and location (city and country).
If you want to help, please send testimonials from yogis in your area to me via E-mail (the sooner the better). I'll put together a chapter and send it to Phil Trumbo and he'll present it to Sri Mother.
Many thanks.
--Nick



30th October 1992

Dear Brothers & Sisters,
Last week six of us had a wonderful time visiting two very sweet yogis in Exmouth - Chris Sandle and Suzanne McHutchinson. They both have a very strong devotion for Shri Mataji.

1270 kilometres north of Perth, Exmouth is a remote but beautiful place with crystal clear sea-water, coral reefs and hills that bear a striking resemblance to the plateaus of Maharashtra.

We celebrated a powerful Divali Puja at Chris's house before the return journey during which we stopped at Monkey Mia to see the dolphins.

Meanwhile, the Perth collective welcomed back Kevin & Barbara and baby Joshua (Yeshwant). Other recent arrivals are Robert & Sue-Ellen (from Hong Kong) and Harish (from India).

The weekend collective working bees have intensified on the Gidgegannup hangar and these invariably conclude with a swim in the lake now that the weather is warming up.

It seems that we will be seeing four or five other young yogis arriving here within the next few months. More are welcome!

Quite a lot of planting has been going on up at Gidge including an orchard, lots of poplars and a permaculture veggie patch and a protea plantation. It is not difficult to see it becoming a real paradise.

The new Mount Lawley ashram is a nice roomy Federation style house with a fantastic garden which waters itself.

Perth has a remarkable quality that is conducive to art. It seems as if the strong influence of Shri Ganesha allows much more spontaneity through innocence.

The address of the new ashram is:

19 Third Ave, Mount Lawley 6050
Telephone: 370 4 108 (a nice number)

We hope to contribute more to the newsletter in the future and always look forward to reading it.

Lots of love from Graham.

Hollywood: the poison factory

■ Author and film critic Michael Medved says Hollywood is obsessed with sex and violence; it no longer makes dreams, but churns out horrifying fantasies which attack our traditional values

THE long-running romance with Hollywood is over. Few of us now view the showbusiness capital as a magical source of uplifting entertainment, romantic inspiration or even harmless fun.

Instead, millions see the entertainment industry as an all-powerful enemy, an alien force that assaults our most cherished values and corrupts our children. The dream factory has become the poison factory.

The leaders of the industry refuse to acknowledge this rising tide of alienation and hostility. They dismiss anyone who dares to question the impact of the entertainment they produce as a "right-wing extremist" or "religious fanatic". They self-righteously assert their own right to unfettered free expression while condemning as "fringe groups" all organisations that plead for some sense of restraint or responsibility.

In the process, Hollywood ignores the concerns of the overwhelming majority of people who worry over the destructive messages so frequently featured in today's movies, television and popular music. Dozens of recent studies demonstrate the public's deep disenchantment.

Hollywood's refusal to confront the substance or the consequences of the entertainment it creates has produced a pervasive emphasis on form over content. The prevailing notion is that a piece of work must be judged by some higher standard of excellence, some objective measure of technical brilliance, rather than an evaluation of the attitudes it conveys.

According to this line of reasoning, a hit song that glorifies gang rape and the genital mutilation of women still deserves praise for its "infectious beat" and "vivid imagery".

Showing a human head exploding on screen is also considered admirable — so long as the brains are splattered in artful slow motion and the special effects are chillingly realistic. By the same token, critics wax rhapsodic about *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* because its images of necrophilia, cannibalism and child abuse are presented with such zest and conviction.

Movies that focus on cannibalism, incest, bestiality or other inherently startling subjects represent only one aspect of Hollywood's current emphasis on ugliness. In addition to cranking out a great many films that concentrate candidly on human depravity, the motion picture industry has also begun inserting ghastly moments and disturbing themes in bland, incongruous contexts where one would never expect to find them.

Lush romances, light comedies, serious dramas, political-message pictures, even movies intended primarily for kids, all contain their share of harsh surprises intended to shock or unsettle the viewer. Hollywood no longer reflects — or even respects — the values of most families. On many of the important issues in contemporary life, popular entertainment seems to go out of its way to challenge conventional notions of decency.

For example, our fellow citizens cherish the institution of marriage and consider religion an important priority in life but the entertainment industry promotes every form of sexual adventurism and regularly ridicules religious believers as crooks or crazies.

In our private lives, most of us deplore violence and feel little sympathy for the criminals who perpetrate it but movies, television and popular music all revel in graphic brutality, glorifying vicious and sadistic characters who treat killing as a joke, and convey a view of the future and important institutions that is dark, cynical and often nightmarish.

Nearly all parents want to convey to their children the importance of self-discipline, hard work and decent manners but the entertainment media celebrate vulgar behaviour, contempt for all authority and obscene language — which is inserted even in "family fare" where it is least expected.

As a working film critic I've watched this assault on traditional values for more than a decade. Not only have I endured six or seven movies every week, year after year, but I've also received a steady stream of letters from movie-goers who are upset by one or another of Hollywood's excesses.

At times, they blame me for failing to warn them ardently enough about avoiding a particular film; in other cases they are writing to express their pent-up frustration with an industry that seems increasingly out of control and out of touch. My correspondents frequently use words such as "disgusting" or "pathetic" to describe the sorry state of today's films.

In 1989, a young woman expressed these sentiments with memorable clarity. "The problem is that whenever I take a chance

and go against my better judgment and venture back into a movie theatre," she wrote, "I always feel like a worse person when I come out. I'm embarrassed for the people who made this trash and I'm embarrassed for myself. It's like watching the stuff that I've just watched has made me a smaller human being. Isn't that sad?"

It is terribly sad, especially in view of the technical brilliance that turns up in so many of Hollywood's most recent productions. When people express their disappointment at the generally low level of contemporary films, they seldom indict the camera work, the editing, the set design, or even the acting. In fact, these components of movie-making have reached a level of consistent competence — even artistry — that would be the envy of Hollywood's vaunted Golden Age.

I regularly marvel at gorgeous and glowing visual images, captured on screen in the service of some pointless and heartless waste of celluloid, or sympathise with an ensemble of superbly talented performers, acting their hearts out and trying to make the most of empty material that is in no way worthy of them.

If Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman have failed to inspire the sort of devoted and consistent following once enjoyed by Jimmy Stewart or John Wayne, it is not because they are less capable as actors. What ails today's films has nothing to do with the prowess or professionalism of the film-makers. The true sickness is in the soul.

This heartbreaking combination of dazzling technique wedded to a puerile and degrading purpose shocked America in one of the most heavily hyped entertainment "events" in history: the music video *Black or White*, from Michael Jackson's *Dangerous* album.

On November 14, 1991, Fox Network, MTV and Black Entertainment Television simultaneously broadcast the first showing of this 11-minute extravaganza, created at an unprecedented cost of \$US7.2 million (\$10 million).

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An estimated 40 million individuals tuned in — helping Fox Network score the highest ratings of any night in its five-year history. To ensure maximum exposure to the children and pre-teens who make up such an important part of Michael Jackson's core audience, the video featured well advertised cameo appearances by both TV favourite Bart Simpson and diminutive movie star Macaulay (Home Alone) Culkin.

The video begins, in fact, with a tender domestic scene between Culkin and George Wendt (of TV's *Cheers*), playing his irritable dad. Macaulay is upstairs in his room, happily listening to music, when his father orders him to turn it down, threatening the child with a wagging finger. In response, the adorable boy hurls some huge amplifiers and speakers downstairs, tells Dad to "Eat this!" and proceeds to blast the music at such an ear-shattering level that he literally blows his parent through the roof.

The video proceeds to a display of a dizzying succession of more or less random images, including dancing cossacks in the Kremlin, whooping native Americans in feathers and paint and Jackson and a partner hoofing their way through hundreds of speeding cars on a busy freeway. The most memorable sequence involves a series of 15 magical transformations in the course of little more than a minute, using the costly computer-generated special effect called "morphing" and made popular by *Terminator 2*.

The most troublesome transformation comes near the end of this incoherent epic, as the song concludes and the soundtrack falls silent except for a selection of jungle growls, screeches and roars. A stalking black panther turns miraculously into Michael Jackson as we've never seen him before — attempting a feeble impersonation of a sulky, menacing inner-city tough guy, tap-dancing down a deserted street. As if to prove his manliness, Jackson grabs repeatedly at his crotch, with close-ups showing our hero pulling the zipper of his pants suggestively up and down.

At one point he performs an exaggerated simulation of masturbation. Finally, this insane episode reaches its creepy climax as Jackson picks up a garbage can to shatter a store window and uses a crowbar to savagely bust up a parked car, for no apparent reason whatever.

Immediately following the telecast, switchboards at MTV, Fox Network and all the network affiliates lit up with outraged complaints. One Fox official commented: "In all my years of television, I never saw anything like it. We couldn't believe the volume, and we couldn't believe the intensity. It was like a tidal wave." A spokesman for Jackson's production company confirmed that negative feedback was coming at them "from all directions".

Within 24 hours, the chagrined superstar agreed to delete the controversial four-minute epilogue from all future versions of his video and issued an elaborate apology to his fans.

THE unanswerable question about this entire affair is how the experienced executives at the network, the record company and Jackson's PR agency could seem to be so sincerely surprised by the public's outraged response. Did it never occur to them that people might find it more than a bit distasteful to use Culkin and Bart Simpson to promote a video freak show that unequivocally encouraged vandalism and crotch-grabbing as forms of self-expression?

With so many tens of millions of dollars riding on the outcome, with Jackson's album setting all-time records for both its production and promotional costs, how could they afford to be so blind?

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The entertainment industry may deny its own impact but ordinary citizens know better. They know perfectly well that if tens of millions of kids watch repeatedly as Michael Jackson gleefully smashes a car with a crowbar, then their own car is that much more likely to get smashed some day — and their own kids are that much more likely to try some smashing.

The logic of this assumption is so obvious and inescapable that only the most shameless entertainment executives and their hired academic experts would even attempt to argue against it. The outcome of the *Black or White* controversy proves that an outraged audience can force changes on even the most powerful figures in show business.

Another key element in the entertainment industry's attack on the family involves its relentlessly negative portrayal of marital relationships. In Hollywood's view of the world, marriage is an institution that is outmoded, oppressive and frequently dangerous.

The 1991 hit *Sleeping With The Enemy* is especially emphatic in its indictment of conventional wedlock as a cruel and unhealthy arrangement. Patrick Bergin plays a domineering yuppie husband who is so abusive that his "perfect" and superficially submissive wife (Julia Roberts) must fake her own death and assume a new identity in order to escape his brutality. When he discovers her discarded wedding ring, he realises she is still alive and tracks her down, insisting she must return to honour her marriage vows.

A bloody and climactic confrontation ensues in which the wife murders this nightmarish mate in order to protect her hard-won freedom. The last shot of the movie shows a close-up of her wedding ring, glinting in the light as it rolls on to the floor, released from her husband's dead hand.

No sane observer would ever suggest that movie-makers should limit themselves to making films that glorify the institution of marriage, or to portraying married life as uninterrupted panorama of sweetness and light. The problems that real people encounter in intimate relations are too dramatic and too absorbing to be ignored on the big screen; they provide an irresistibly compelling subject for serious movie artists.

Nevertheless, Hollywood's current fascination with the most disastrous, bizarre and destructive family situations goes well beyond the normal tendency to focus on dramatic, real-life difficulties and amounts to a stacked deck against the very institution of marriage. This emphasis on the most extreme sorts of intimate ugliness is not only irresponsible, it is self-defeating for the industry.

Anyone can relate to a film that honestly portrays the ordinary ups and downs of family life, but fevered fantasies about handsome husbands who are actually killer con-men or wives who turn out to be vicious and vengeful shrews seem irrelevant and implausible.

The dismal commercial performance of nearly all of the anti-marriage message movies of recent years (with rare exceptions like *Sleeping With The Enemy*) rebuts the suggestions that Hollywood is merely responding to some odd and insatiable public appetite for films that show matrimony to be murderous and menacing. In fact, to the extent that the public has been able to vote on the issue with its box-office dollars, the people have expressed a clear preference for movies that provide a kinder, gentler view of matrimony.

The overwhelming popularity of a handful of such films indicates the existence of a huge movie-going audience that is eager, at least on occasion, to spend its 90 minutes in the dark with characters who are happily married.

In the past few years, industry observers found themselves largely puzzled by the unexpected box office drawing power of two bittersweet Steve Martin comedies — *Parental Guidance* (1989) and *Father of the Bride* (1991); kiddie adventures about loving parents and endangered offspring — *Home Alone* (1990) and *Honey, I*

Shrunk The Kids (1989); and even a Model-Mommy-vs-Nasty-Nanny thriller, *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle* (1992).

Whatever their artistic shortcomings, each of these hugely profitable movies showed devoted husbands and loyal wives who face adversity together. Perhaps one explanation for their stunning success is that they had so little competition in appealing to that substantial segment of the public hungry for motion pictures that display a more affectionate attitude toward the family.

In addition to its increasingly unflattering portrayal of traditional families, the entertainment industry actively promotes alternative arrangements for raising children.

For many of the leaders of the show-business community, promoting single parenthood and out-of-wedlock birth is a matter of conviction, not just convenience. An impressive array of the most prominent entertainers proudly bear children without benefit of matrimony.

"Illegitimacy chic" is as much a part of the contemporary Hollywood scene as a passion for distributing condoms or saving the rainforests. Despite Hollywood's emphasis on "courageous" and well-heeled role models like Murphy Brown, the economic status of the vast majority of single mothers is unequivocally appalling. Finding yourself suddenly saddled with a baby and no husband is one of the worst disasters that can befall an ordinary young woman and often represents a trap that lasts a lifetime.

In addition to its relentless anti-marriage messages that undermine the connections between husbands and wives, the popular culture also helps to poison relationships between parents and children. No notion has been more aggressively and ubiquitously promoted in films, popular music and television than the idea that children know best — that parents are corrupt, hypocritical clowns who must learn decency and integrity from their enlightened offspring.

The portrayal of parents as irrelevant — or outright evil — has become so pervasive in every corner of our popular culture that we have begun to take it for granted as a harmless convention of mass entertainment. We blithely assume that our children can absorb innumerable images of inept and idiotic parents in movies, television and popular songs, while remembering at all times that their own parents are completely different. We dangerously underestimate the impact of an omnipresent popular culture that repeatedly reassures our kids that they instinctively know better than the tired losers of the older generation.

Ultimately, the idea that children will teach their parents, that adolescents will show the way for all the rest of us, is unfair to those on both sides of the generation gap. Young people, however, are its chief victims, since the very idea that kids know best forces them to accept an intolerable burden. They are expected to reinvent the wheel for a weary humanity and are denied the chance to benefit from the experience of all those who have gone before. In the past, the process of growing up has been considered difficult enough in its own right, without taking on the additional responsibility of saving unfortunate adults.

In the war on traditional values, the assault on organised faith represents the front to which the entertainment industry has most clearly committed itself.

On no other issue do the perspectives of the showbusiness elite and those of the public at large differ more dramatically. Time and again, the producers who shape our movies, television and popular music have gone out of their way to affront the religious sensibilities of ordinary people.

In the past, if a character appeared on screen wearing a clerical collar it served as a sure sign that the audience was supposed to like him.

In the past 15 years, Hollywood has swung to the opposite extreme — presenting a view of the clergy that is every bit as one-sided in its cynicism and hostility as the old treatment may have been idealised and saccharine.

Whenever someone turns up in a contemporary film with the title "Reverend", "Father" or "Rabbi" in front of his name, you can count on the fact that he will turn out to be corrupt or crazy — or probably both.

Among thousands of letters complaining about one or another new movie release — or about the sad state of films in general — foul language is by far the most commonly mentioned offensive element, well ahead of excessive violence, graphic sexuality, racial and gender stereotyping or any other grounds for objection.

Certain performers are notorious for their insistence on inserting their favourite words in every film in which they are cast, even when those expletives never appeared in the script.

According to veteran observers, Oscar winners Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci are among those who are especially apt to increase the intensity of their characterisations with an abundance of unscripted, improvisatory obscenities.

Significantly, both men appeared in *Goodfellas* (1990), one of Hollywood's all-time champions when it comes to expletives per minute.

With a total running time of 146 minutes, director Martin Scorsese and his cast managed to pack in some 246 F-words, 14 S-words, seven A-words ("asshole") and five "f---ing" terms for parts of the male anatomy. This means that viewers of *Goodfellas* heard an obscenity nearly twice every minute; or to be more precise, once every 32.2 seconds of the picture's running time.

The attitudes and images of the entertainment industry everywhere around us and they seep into every corner of our daily lives: receiving Hollywood's message is no longer a matter of choice. I imagine that some readers may never have purchased a Madonna record or attended one of her sell-out concerts or even watched one of her controversial videos. Nevertheless, you will know plenty about this public figure — who she is, how she dresses or dances, who she dates and what she sings about.

Even if you never chose to make Madonna's face and form part of your personal consciousness, there she is — on countless magazine covers and talk shows, discussed endlessly in the news stories and at dinner parties, an inescapable force in the world around us.

Movie images are now similarly inescapable. I know many people who would never dream of going to see *Basic Instinct* but they can none the less describe much of its content with reasonable accuracy.

The popular culture is now as unavoidable as any airborne pollutant. To say, if you don't like it you should just tune out, makes as much sense as saying, if you don't like the smog, stop breathing. As the great Joe Louis said, you can run but you can't hide. That is why the perspectives of the popular culture are an appropriate issue for all of us, not just the members of the entertainment elite.

In the final analysis, I worry over the impact of media messages not only on my children but on myself — and on all the rest of us. No matter how sophisticated we believe we are, or how determined our best efforts to counteract their influence, the poisons of the popular culture seep into our very souls. A well known slogan of the 1960s declared, with reasonable accuracy, that "War is unhealthy for children and other living things". Today, one might similarly observe that "popular culture is unhealthy for children and other living things".

In 1990, Australian writer Richard Neville gave memorable expression to the challenges we face: "In much of the world ... where dictators are dumped and walls crash down, the picture seems brighter, but in my local video store I see teenagers stockpiling at least 10 hours of horror, porn and pain for the weekend ...

"Alone in a darkened space our moral sensibilities are no match for the Tinseltown hype and the whizz-bang reviews ... As surely as toxic residue kills the fish and the fowl, so the sloth of our mean-spirited film-makers and writers kills our spirit. It is renewal that is needed now, honour and optimism."

We can find grounds for that optimism in the commitment to change from so many good people, both inside and outside the entertainment community. The struggle for the soul of the popular culture promises no quick or easy victories; all progress will be measured in subtle increments.

Nevertheless, the battle has been joined and the groundwork is there for new offensives. In the words of Winston Churchill, spoken 50 years ago at an early turning point in the most costly war in human history: "Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

From *Hollywood vs America: Popular Culture and the War Against Traditional Values* by Michael Medved, published in the US by HarperCollins.

The end is nigh for Korea's doomsday sect

SEOUL, Monday: South Korea's largest doomsday sect, which expected the world to end last Wednesday night, is disbanding, a church spokeswoman said today.

"Leaders of our church held a meeting on Sunday and decided to close the church," the spokeswoman for the Dami Missionary Church said.

"But those who want to ... will continue to pray quietly, awaiting the Lord, who will come again some day."

The spokeswoman said church leaders would issue a public apology

through the news media for "misinterpreting the Bible on the 'October 28 rapture', thus causing trouble in the community as well as in the religious sector".

Thousands of believers gathered at more than 100 Dami sect churches across the country last week and unsuccessfully awaited the "rapture" — or ascension to heaven — at midnight.

The gatherings were well guarded by police, who feared suicide bids when believers' hopes turned out to

be false. Many doomsday followers had donated property to their churches or given up their jobs ahead of Armageddon.

Most of the followers peacefully returned to reality after their hopes were dashed but some smashed church property and even beat pastors. Some Dami pastors have already closed their churches. Police knew of no suicides.

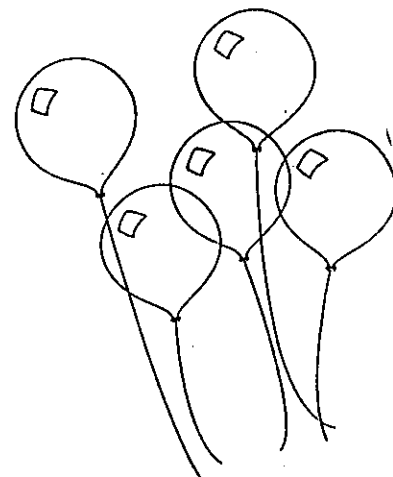
South Korean prosecutors have started fraud proceedings against some of the sect leaders who allegedly

profited from their followers.

Dami sect leader Lee Jang-il was arrested last month on charges of pocketing about a billion won (\$A1.9 million) of his sect members' money.

Lee, with an apparent lack of conviction over his own prophecies, has admitted that some of the money he received was in the form of promissory notes redeemable after doomsday. But he has promised to pay back some of the cash given to him by his followers.

Reuter



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US !!!!!

THIS WEEK WE TURNED THREE YEARS OLD.

THANK YOU TO ALL THE YOGIS ALL OVER THE WORLD WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE SAHAJA NEWSLETTER. WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.

